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Surrey Constabulary History
'An in depth history of policing in Surrey'

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Surrey Constabulary History Supplement

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As editor I hold a huge amount of material associated with policing in Surrey going way back to the days before there was an organised police force. As I approach a milestone birthday, I was drawn to thinking of those early years of service which I shared with so many of you. From my archive, I have drawn together these strands on how we lived and worked using material sent to me over the years. I am constrained by what you have made available, but I believe there is more than enough detail to take those who were in the Job in the early 1960s on a foot patrol down memory lane. Some of the contributions have come from former colleagues who have since died but are not forgotten.

Winter of 1962–1963 in the United Kingdom

It is not possible to think of policing in the early 1960s without thinking of the very problematic winter of 1962/1963 known then and to history as "The Big Freeze". Those serving during the dreadful winter of 1962/63 without doubt recalled the difficulties of the Job in such severe conditions. Policing skills were honed as extra tea stops were found which provided not just a hot drink but warmth. The following comes from Wickipedia.

The **winter of 1962–1963**, known as the **Big Freeze of 1963**, was one of the coldest winters on record in the United Kingdom. Temperatures plummeted and lakes and rivers began to freeze over.

In the Central England Temperature record extending back to 1659, only the winters of 1683–1684 and 1739–1740 were colder than 1962–1963. The winter of 1962–1963 remains the coldest since at least 1895 in all meteorological districts of the United Kingdom, although in north Scotland the winter of 2009–2010 was equally cold. The winter of 1894–1895 was colder than that of 1962–1963 in north Scotland and east Scotland, whilst, although instrumental temperature data for Scotland and Northern Ireland do not extend back to 1740, station data from subsequent years suggest that the winters of 1813–1814 and 1878–1879 were almost certainly colder than 1962–1963 over Scotland and Northern Ireland and that the winter of 1779–1780 may also have been colder over Scotland.

December 1962

A wintry outbreak brought snow to the country on 12–13 December 1962. A cold easterly set in on 22 December as an anticyclone formed over Scandinavia, drawing cold continental winds from Russia. Throughout the Christmas period, the Scandinavian high collapsed, but a new high formed near Iceland, bringing northerly winds. Significant snowfall occurred on the 26 and 27 December as the air mass moved south, the snow arriving in Shropshire around lunchtime on the 26th and parts of Southern England late that same day. The cold air became firmly established.

29 and 30 December 1962

Overnight on 29-30 December 1962 a blizzard swept across southern England and Wales. Snow drifted to more than 20 feet (6.1 m) deep in places, driven by gale force easterly winds, blocking roads and railways. The snow stranded villages and brought down power lines. The near-freezing temperatures meant that the snow cover lasted for more than two months in some areas. Snow was 6 inches (0.15 m) deep in Manchester city centre, 9 inches (0.23 m) in Wythenshawe, and about 18 inches (0.46 m) at Keele University in Staffordshire. By the end of the month, there were snow drifts 8 feet (2.4 m) deep in Kent and 15 feet (4.6 m) deep in the west.

January 1963

In January 1963, the sea froze for one mile (1.6 km) from shore at Herne Bay, Kent. The sea froze inshore in many places, removing many British inland water birds' usual last resort of finding food in estuaries and shallow sea. The sea froze 4 miles (6 km) out to sea from Dunkirk. The upper reaches of the River Thames froze over. The ice was thick enough in some places that people were skating on it, and on 22 January a car was driven across the frozen Thames at Oxford.

However, it did not freeze in Central London, partly due to the hot effluent from two thermal power stations, Battersea and Bankside. The removal of the multi-arched London Bridge, which had obstructed the river's free flow, and the addition of the river embankments,

also kept the river from freezing in London as it had in earlier times. On 25 January there was a brief thaw that lasted three days.

February 1963

Snow continued to fall in February 1963, which was stormy with winds reaching Force 8. A 36-hour blizzard caused heavy drifting snow in most parts of the country. Drifts reached 20 feet (6.1 m) in some areas and gale-force winds reached up to 81 miles per hour (130 km/h). On the Isle of Man, wind speeds were recorded at 119 miles per hour (192 km/h).

March 1963

6 March was the first morning of the year without frost in Britain. Temperatures rose to 17 °C (62.6 °F) and the remaining snow disappeared. The thaw was gradual, and unlike 1947, there was no widespread flooding.

This piece details life as a cadet in 1964 which was no different to 1962/63

Dave Vigar

Police Cadet 1960s

These memories are not about all those significant and exciting things, which happened in the Force and which have already been well documented - just the opposite, in fact!

Becoming a Police Cadet. My police career began in autumn 1964 at Mount Browne. The recruiting sergeant 'Jock' Ball whose principal role in life seemed to be putting the fear of God into all prospective entrants interviewed me. After a visit to the force medical officer, it was off to the attics of the old Woodbridge Road police station to collect a uniform. One of the perks of being a cadet was that there wasn't a huge amount of old, cast uniform with which the force storekeeper, PC 'Jock' Alexander could fob you off so, much against his better judgement, some of it would be new issue. In later years I became well used to Jock's

persuasive powers, as he would always say 'you'll grow into it', 'the Chief likes them to look like that', 'this material has a lot of give in it', 'when you get a pullover on underneath, that will be fine' or some other subterfuge to persuade you that a pre-owned, ill-fitting garment was just the thing for you. Jock would even grab a handful of loose material behind your back when you tried on a tunic……'there we are, that's perfect'…….

Many 'new' tunics arrived with someone's WW2 medal ribbons sewn on, so were clearly second-hand. Over the years, Jock must have saved the Force thousands of pounds by treating everything he issued as his own personal property. Even the metal shoulder numbers, neatly arranged in a little box on the stores counter, were counted out to the exact number you needed – 'one of each, and no more', Jock would say.

Two Force tailors made periodic visits around the county to measure all officers for new uniforms. I never actually saw the tailors' guide dogs or white sticks, but the resulting new uniforms bore little or no relation to your actual body size.

Police Cadets in those days wore a short battledress top, which was designed to be buttoned into the trousers (a forlorn hope in my case), a flat cap with a blue band, blue shirts with separate collars and a long mackintosh coat. You could always identify an off-duty police officer by the red mark on his Adam's apple, made by the front collar stud digging into his neck. Finding a rear collar stud was like searching for the Holy Grail and these were jealously guarded.

The first few weeks of our service were spent on a residential course at Mount Browne, sleeping in dormitory rooms in the topmost attics of the old mansion, above what was then the Force Control Room. On the few nights we weren't beaten soundly by Control Room staff, it was the turn of the dog handlers. We had pillow fights in the top corridors, which culminated in setting off fire extinguishers on at least one occasion. No wonder the Control Room staff came up to see what the entire racket was, and dispensed summary justice! It became a sort of nightly ritual when a certain shift was on nights - I remember the two long-serving civilian operators (but sadly not their names - was one Bob?) who were amongst the ringleaders.

The Dog Handlers were the Mount Browne elite, being resident on courses that lasted weeks on end, and so knew all the ropes, like which window by the dining hall to leave just off the latch in order to come and go at will on nocturnal excursions, without being discovered AWOL by the fearsome 'Basher' Nash.

As I mentioned in an earlier rambling, I began work at Dorking Traffic Centre, as there was no immediate vacancy close to my home, eventually moving to Redhill in late 1965. Other Cadets I remember in East Surrey at the time were Howard Tucker, Arnie Lewis, Bill Wiltshire, Rod Lucas, Dave Morley, John Judd, Ray Hussey, Roy Daisley, John Randy, Paul Kimber, Steve Firman, Bob Murray, Bob Gaywood, Ted Lawry, Paul Stone, Tony Grant, Graham Hardy, Dave Durrant, Bob Garland and Barry Foote. Other Divisions around this period had such luminaries as Dave Bowden, Keith Worger, Andy Richardson, Keith Evans, Terry Ashcroft,

Ian Pedrick, Clive Barham, Roger Weedon, Bill Bethell, Robbie Chapman, Chris Kay and Colin Campbell – there were many others, so apologies to all those I've missed.

Cadet Training Two PCs were responsible for Cadets, Peter Wickens and Geoff Todd, ably assisted by PC Fred James on Reigate Division. Fred was a beat PC at Horley and had greatness thrust upon him because he had spent some time in the Welsh Guards so was presumably seen as a military type who might whip the East Surrey Cadets into an effective workforce, largely by marching us up and down occasionally and teaching a little First Aid. The fatal flaw in this plan was that Fred was such an extremely nice and gentle man that, being teenage boys, we used to muck him about at every opportunity. If Jock Ball was our Prison Officer McKay, Fred James was definitely our Barrowclough!

Once a week the Eastern Cadets were sent to Reigate Technical College for an afternoon of lessons in shorthand, typing and English. Once again, there was a major flaw in the plan – the teacher was Howard Tucker's dad! So, once again, we were able to get round him at every opportunity and very little actual schoolwork was done. One of the other masters even gave up trying to impart any knowledge and showed films instead – I don't remember any shorthand or typing but clearly recall a brilliant film of the 1950s Mille Miglia, which I would dearly love to see again. These afternoons ended in the Gatton Point pub just opposite (now demolished).

There weren't many joint activities with Cadets from elsewhere in the Force, but the Army Youth Team was a highlight. This was a group whose role was to organise adventure training – presumably with a view to attracting recruits, although they seemed happy to run days out for us Cadets. What do I remember? Raft building and dragon boat racing on Hawley Lake, orienteering in Richmond Park, sailing at Thames Young Mariners at Ham, Army assault courses and range shooting – all enormous fun. Transport was provided by the Army, in the form of their standard Bedford trucks – we loved to roll up the canvas sides and sing as we travelled along.

One of these army days led to an unexpected opportunity for police cadets from all over the Force to get together at HQ. Travelling back along the old A3, the canvas was rolled up and

the singing was in full swing as we passed Cobham police station (Metropolitan in those days, of course) and one particular song cast doubt on the parentage of police officers in general. What we hadn't realised as we passed was that the superintendent was out digging his front garden at the time. A few miles further on, a traffic car stopped us and names were taken. The next day, we were all cordially invited to a very short meeting at HQ with the Chief Constable Herman Rutherford who was absolutely BALLISTIC. The chief constable always had a very florid complexion, but he became so red and angry as he bollocked us, we thought he was about to explode! We were told later that he would have sacked us all on the spot if he could, thereby ending at a stroke a number of promising police careers. For some reason, there were no more Army Youth Team excursions.

Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. Another cunning ploy to keep cadets out of mischief was the D of E Award Scheme, to which we were all (compulsorily) signed up. As is well known, this involves project work, community service and field expeditions to gain the silver and gold awards. In our case, this meant camping trips to the New Forest and Snowdonia, having planned all aspects of the trip ourselves and been on a practice expedition beforehand. (**ED:** My Gold community service was with a group of Swedish girl guides under canvas at a place called Woodlarks at Farnham – honestly!)

Walking and camping in the New Forest wasn't too bad – I think it was a three or four-day tramp in groups of four, camping at nights in supervised campsites. Everything we needed had to be carried on our backs – maps, tents, bedding, clothing, cooking utensils and food. This trip was intended to teach us many of the survival skills that would later be needed in the comparative wilds of Snowdonia. One skill that wasn't taught, but which our small group mastered at the very first attempt on the final morning, was how to persuade a publican to open his isolated pub at 9am for us to buy food and drink! I think the assessors may have been just a little suspicious when our group strode up to the finishing point a couple of hours later, looking sated and fresh, whilst all the other groups came in dead beat and half starved.

Snowdonia was a very different proposition, as you can well imagine. Now we were expected to cover about seventy miles over five days in very rough country – all 'up and over' away from roads. Tents were erected wherever we could find a stream without a dead sheep floating in it and sufficient turf to hold a few tent pegs (surprisingly difficult in a region of solid rock). After a great deal of map reading and planning, we set off in a fleet of personnel carriers to a hostel in Penygroes - this was to be our base for both the practice expedition and the actual thing. Our driver on these trips was always PC Sid Crowhurst, the Reigate divisional mechanic and general factotum, who many people will remember with great affection – a real character. Sid was also an assessor for our expeditions and, having set us off into the mountains, would have arranged a rendezvous where we next came close to a road, perhaps the next morning. There were no cell phones in those days, of course – these meetings were the only way of ensuring we hadn't come to any harm (and were also a method of assessing our map reading capabilities).

I can still trace our expedition route on the map. I think we were expecting well-defined pathways with picnic tables and flush toilets every few yards – but, as those who know the wilds of Snowdonia will be aware there isn't much to see when the rain and mist descend and visibility is just a few yards (i.e. all of the time). And we were crossing the wild part of the wilds of Snowdonia, not the nice bits where tourists are found. We'd been taught to navigate by looking for the nearest church spire and setting the map to correspond with its direction – no-one told us that there are no churches in the middle of the mountains, the rain was in the way and Welsh churches don't have spires, anyway. Just miles and miles of stones and bloody sheep stretched in all directions. So, our trip became an exercise in contour walking, climbing to a certain height and then just blundering through everything in our path until we reached our next objective – crude, but effective. Luckily, this was long before the days of the Health and Safety Executive; we didn't fall over any cliffs and managed to reach each checkpoint more or less as planned.

Police cadets win praise for display of physical drill

THE high physical standard of Surrey's police cadets was on show when the cadets held their annual open day on Saturday at the Mount Browne, Guildford, headquarters of Surrey police.

An impressive physical drill display was given by the cadets, who are aged between 16 and 19. "The drill was exceptionally good," said Insp. D. F. T. Tunn-Clarke, the organiser of the open day. "A lot of people seemed to be impressed with the improvements made by the cadets since joining—especially with physical attainment."

About 200 parents and guests, including members of Surrey Joint Standing Committee, attended the event.

The chief constable of Surrey, Mr. H. Rutherford, and senior police officers were present.

'HUE AND CRY'

A humorous highlight of the programme was a demonstration of Anglo-Saxon policing methods called "Hue and Cry."

In those times everyone over the age of 12 had to chase a criminal under the oath of allegiance made to the village elder

The cadets—there were 64 of them—donned dress of the time to give a touch of realism.

Another item in the programme, which was carried out efficiently, was the rescue of an injured person from a ledge.

The "ledge" for this occasion was a bank which runs down to Mount Browne sports field.

The cadets also staged a police

place in police work.

As a final item, cadets from East and West Surrey staged a basket ball match, but neither side scored.

The rules of the game were not exactly followed. "The idea is to toughen them up a bit," explained Insp. Tunn-Clarke.

TOUR OF HEADQUARTERS

After refreshments the visitors were taken on a tour of the headquarters.

The Surrey police mobile police station and some of the police dogs were also on display in the forecourt of the headquarters.

The cadets did wonderfully well," said Insp. Tunn-Clarke. "A lot of hard work was involved, but I think it was mainly on their part that it went so well."

Rescue completed, Surrey police cadets carry away their stretcher case. R. Bartlett, L. Allday, G. Reid, and the "patient," G. Rumery, were taking part in an exercise during Surrey police cadets' open day at Mount Browne, Guildford, on Saturday. (Photo: T. A. Wilkie

Surrey Advertiser 27 June 1964

Away from all this activity, we even managed to do a little police work! Although cadets had once been regarded as just a convenient source of slave labour, in these more enlightened times we were issued with blue boiler suits, so we could clean the Inspector's car and muck out the dog kennels in relative comfort. In actual fact, we were used for various clerical and admin tasks around the station, such as maintaining key holder's registers, assisting in the front office and on patrol with regular officers, so life wasn't too bad.

1964: Dorking Traffic Centre was my first posting when I joined the Force as a cadet in 1964. At this time, I think that Keith Worger was the only other Cadet working at a Traffic Centre, the normal posting being to a police station. I cycled back and forth from my home in Woodhatch, Reigate (and thought nothing of it at the time!). As the first cadet ever to be posted there, I was very well treated and was often taken out on patrol by the officers in their Austin Westminster or Ford Zephyr patrol cars. Very occasionally (let it now be whispered) my bike was squeezed into the boot and I was driven home!

I was privileged to work for two very kindly sergeants, both quite young in service at the time, but who went on to do well - Ken Tyrell and Charlie Brunt. My duties included recording all correspondence, maintaining a register of HORT/1 issues and other clerical tasks, as well as the inevitable tea-making and sweeping up. I soon got the hang of winding the petrol pump and was entrusted with filling the cars as they arrived back from patrol, recording petrol and oil issues on a special sheet. There were always complaints about the quality of petrol used by the Force, which arrived in an unmarked tanker lorry every so often and had to be metered into

the underground tank. I was also taken on occasional trips to Headquarters Garage, which in those days was a small establishment in Ladymead, presided over by Sergeant Doug Buckman.

1960

Peter Wickens: I was issued with Book No1 of the first group of 10 Cadets who started on the Duke of Edinburgh Award on 22nd June 1959. Inspector Ernest Bundy, the then Force Training Inspector was the appointed Supervisor. My Silver expedition was in October 1959. We completed the Silver Award and I went on to complete all of the Gold Award by December 1960 with the North Wales expedition having been completed in June 1960.

In the early days, the Award Scheme [started 1958] had fatalities on the Gold Expedition. I had never been to Wales let alone Snowdon. We left Camberley at 6pm in a 'Force Brown Van' usually used then to take prisoners to Prison. We were 2 groups - 4 Cadets and 4 teenagers from Camberley who were members of a local youth club. We arrived at Conwyn, North Wales at 6am and were told 'it starts here, out you get and off you go'. It soon started raining as we walked all day to reach our camp location. We were soaked all night with little if any sleep for this 2nd night. Morale was very low, but we continued on and by mid-morning the sun came out. We stopped for a couple of hours to dry our equipment and clothing before continuing on. We finished the route mid-afternoon on day four at Betws-y-Coed. We then got straight into the Van and got back to Camberley late that night, virtually exhausted. There were other alarming and fatal reports about the Gold Expedition and in the following years the rules and requirements were changed, including the requirement to train and take part in a practice Expedition in similar demanding areas. I'm pleased I completed the Award and what it did for me in later life. Taking my parents to Buckingham Palace for the Award presentation and speaking with the Duke of Edinburgh was a great family occasion.

Traffic Admin

1961 Traffic Admin: Peter May – taken from Old and Bold: Eric Spurgeon was the shift sergeant in the Control Room when I was hauled in there as a young PC (with ex-cadet capabilities!) in the 1961- 1962 period - just before I was posted to Oxted. Ron Roffey was a sergeant and occupied a chair in the top attic room at Mount Browne. I was called into service at HQ "T" Accident Department in mid 1960 having joined the cadets as Cadet No. 18 which number I took from John Hurst and whose job I had taken at Burpham Traffic Centre when John joined the regular Force in March 1960. After three months, I was swapped with Paul Holt and was sent to HQ "T" Admin - Accident Department. Ron Roffey was the sergeant (and a gentleman to boot) and that's when he, in charge of "T" Admin and accident dept. I believe, occupied that chair. The others in the gang in the adjoining Accident Department were (1) PC Stan Norton - a Guildford die-hard who constantly dropped fag-ash onto and into his typewriter and who enjoyed relating the story of the Spanish gentleman named Manuel Penis who he once had on the Aliens' books at Guildford; PC Eric Skinner, father of Nigel Skinner tragically killed on his motor bike at Chiddingfold, Alec 'Swanny' Gilbert, an ex-RAF man who was recovering from a 'traffic department back'. Incidentally, Alec Gilbert had been paired at Burpham with Doug Brazier and, can you imagine that, at a time when the Surrey Constabulary was trying out the Sunbeam Rapier as a traffic car, having to fit Gilbert and Brazier into that small vehicle? They must have been fifteen stone each! Also in the Accident Department office was civilian clerk, Jenny Blackburn who inadvertently and innocently on one occasion was enquiring about soft-toy making and asked where she could go to get felt. Needless to say, Eric Skinner suggested the Mount Browne basement! Also in the office when I was there in the 1960-61 period was Rosemary Boxall as a new employee! She had finished a sort of world tour and finished up locally needing a job. As a young person, I must say I did enjoy Rosemary's company and we had a mutual relationship, which proved of use in later years when I wanted something out of HQ! Whilst I was stationed at Accident Department at this time, we had a visit from some statistical researchers from the Road Research Laboratory at Crowthorne, one of whom was Valerie Storey - a few months later tragically involved in the A6 murder of her lover, Gregson, which resulted in the execution of James Hanratty. I can still remember Valerie who spent several days poring over the accident registers, which I had so meticulously maintained.

Police Sergeant Fred Booker. From 17th December 1962 we were seriously bothered by a silver thief, 'The Silver Man' to us; he operated off golf courses mainly in the north of Surrey at night. Nearly all our dogs were used to curtail his access to large residences by static observation duties or mobile patrols under winter conditions. Systems changed but did not cease until 30th August 1963, when a breaker was disturbed at about daybreak. I attended with Sergeant Redwood and we were requested to patrol in the Leatherhead area and roads bordering the Ashtead and Epsom commons. At 7 am we were on the Met border approaching Epsom town when a man on foot, came off Epsom Common on to the road in front of us. He answered the description of the man we had been looking for all this time so being in civvies we stopped and offered him a lift. He accepted and we all arrived at Leatherhead Police

Station. It was the 'Silver Man' but not the person C.I.D. were expecting. He took them to where he had left the nights takings and our rather monotonous duties changed.

1962 January 1 New Year Honours BEM Catherine Mary Mackenzie, Woman Chief Inspector, Surrey Constabulary. (Guildford)[1]

1962 January 1: Girl charged with Club murder: Joan McDonnell aged 21 an employee of the High Pine Club, Weybridge was arrested and charged with the murder of William Webster aged 23 another employee of the club. Webster was found on Saturday night close to the kitchen sink, bleeding from a wound.[2] **Remanded on murder charge:** Joan McDonnell aged 21 a kitchen hand at the High Pine Club, Weybridge appeared before Chertsey Magistrates Court today charged with the murder of William Webster aged 23. She was remanded until 10 January. Detective Inspector Owen Breach said that at 2am on December 31 he went to the club. He told McDonnell that a detective sergeant had returned from St Peter's Hospital where he had seen Webster who was seriously ill. McDonnell said, "How is he? Please tell me. I don't know I done it until I done it." She was taken to Weybridge police station and after a call was received informing the death of Webster McDonnell said, "Will you get me a solicitor and a drink?"[3] **1962 March 14: Club maid cleared of murder**: A 24-year-old woman from Liverpool was found not guilty of murder of a kitchen porter at High Pine Club. Weybridge, at Surrey Assizes yesterday. She was found guilty of manslaughter through diminished responsibility. Both came from Liverpool and lived and worked together and they quarrelled, and she was seen to put an 11inch knife in his back. She was placed on probation. She is pregnant. [4]

1962: Cadet 23 Roger Waine later PC/PS 502. I joined Surrey Constabulary around 1962 as Cadet 23 stationed at **Leatherhead.** Insp. Maskell was in charge and Bert Knaggs was kind of station sergeant. It was a whole new world to me, my duties were mainly keeping the various registers ruled up, writing out the constables' weekly duty sheets (journals?) and general dogs' body. I had to listen to the force radio for Serials that came through with stolen vehicle details, absconders etc, then write them out and pass to the duty PC who would copy details into the Day Book, in which all transactions at the station were logged. I wasn't allowed to write in any of the registers and definitely NOT the Day Book. Once I was more accepted, I could write in them. Any stray dogs were for me to feed and water. Then to accompany them to the RSPCA Kennels at Godstone if they were not claimed. We had training at Reigate every Tuesday afternoon, at the local Drill Hall run by a PC or PS Green. this comprised of drill, current affairs, and a lecture given by one of the cadets on a subject he had been previously given. Other cadets were Keith (Joe) Worger, Jim Vear, Brian Roberts, Andy Hasted, Bob Marlow, Tony Jackson and others I cannot remember. I went on a Cadet Course at Mount Browne with

[1] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/1962_New_Year_Honours
[2] The Times (London, England), Monday, Jan 01, 1962
[3] The Times Tuesday 2 January 1962
[4] The Times 14 March 1962

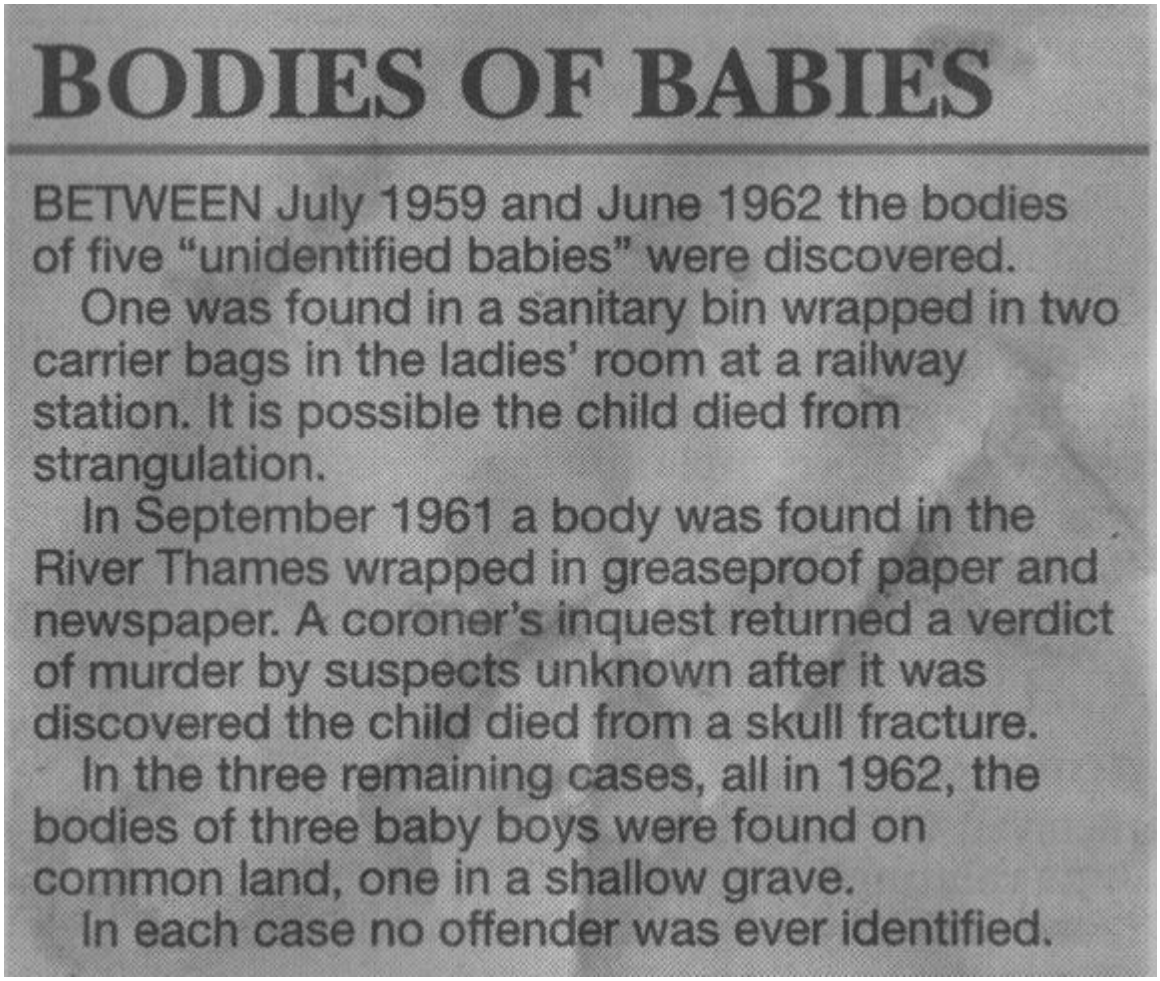
cadets from other forces. This was run by Insp. Bundy, Sgt Green and PC Buxton. Our bunks were immediately above the Control Room. Miss Nash "ran headquarters" in those days.[5]

1963

1962 March 9: Post Office raider gets 7 years: Mr Justice Lawton sentencing a bricklayer aged 25 to seven years imprisonment for his part in a post office robbery in Runfold, Farnham at Surrey Assizes yesterday. "It is quite intolerable that gangs should go around the country frightening women who perform the useful service of running post offices." £59 6s 2d was taken along with a quantity of postal orders and stamps. He was also disqualified from driving for 15 years. The judge said, "This is the third case at these Winter Assizes where in the Home Counties gangs of youths and men have robbed post offices. In each case at least one of the men was armed with an offensive weapon. ---- So far as this court is concerned men using revolvers charged with live ammunition are in grievous peril of going to prison for life."[6]

1962 April 29: Murder: Unidentified baby. Body of newly born full-term male found on common land. Injuries to neck and sides; death from asphyxia. Offender not apprehended. Undetected, **1962 June 5: Murder Unidentified baby** Body of newly born male child found in shallow grave on common. Death caused by fracture of the skull. Verdict of murder returned by inquest jury. Offender not apprehended. Undetected.[7]

[5] Old and Bold March 2023
[6] The Times 9 March 1962
[7] Probably annual report for 1962



BODIES OF BABIES

BETWEEN July 1959 and June 1962 the bodies of five "unidentified babies" were discovered.

One was found in a sanitary bin wrapped in two carrier bags in the ladies' room at a railway station. It is possible the child died from strangulation.

In September 1961 a body was found in the River Thames wrapped in greaseproof paper and newspaper. A coroner's inquest returned a verdict of murder by suspects unknown after it was discovered the child died from a skull fracture.

In the three remaining cases, all in 1962, the bodies of three baby boys were found on common land, one in a shallow grave.

In each case no offender was ever identified.

Bodies of Babies: Surrey Constabulary area Undetected
Dorking Advertiser 16 July 2015

1962 June 17: Three cadets from the RMA have been reduced to the ranks and returned to their units having been expelled by the commandant after they admitted being out of the barracks after 11pm. They were arrested at Camberley on Friday and will appear at Chertsey magistrate's court on July 4 on a charge of unlawfully taking a saloon car. 1962 **July 5: Ban on former Sandhurst cadets:** Three former Sandhurst cadets who pleaded guilty at Chertsey Magistrates Court to offences arising from taking a car without the owner's consent were fined a total of £190 and each was disqualified from driving for various periods. They were expelled from Sandhurst. Chief Inspector E Selwood said that at 2.15am on June 15 two policemen in a police car at Lightwater followed three cars, which turned off onto a track. The police saw the cars in a clearing and the sound of someone running away.[8]

Policing at Woking in the early 1960's

Richard Bond: After Initial Training (at Bridgend, South Wales) I was stationed at Woking Police Station, Heathside Road. I arrived there in September 1962 and was accommodated in

[8] The Times 5 July 1962

a room in the Section House, which had just been renovated and re-opened. Already there were Jim Rankin, Jock Stark, Norman Henderson, John Bartlett, and three or four others who I cannot remember the names of. The sergeants in charge of my section were Ron Bryant and Harry Lee. The first operation was to be taken to the local cycle dealer, to buy a bicycle, I cannot remember the price, but it was probably about a week's wages (about £10) My choice was a second hand orange and white 'Palm Beach' the colour was not approved of and I often wished I had bought a better one but the bike lasted me about six years; I did go through several sets of tyres and brake blocks.

Woking Town Section geographically was, the town centre, which was divided into two beats by Church Path, the Eastern beat (Beat 1) went way down Walton Road and over to the Basingstoke canal. This was the most popular beat to work because it was busy covering the bigger shops, Woking Victoria Hospital, the Odeon and Ritz cinema, the Red House Pub and The Albion Hotel, opposite the railway station, which was derelict and about to be pulled down. The Western beat went down as far as The Triangle, Goldsworth Road covering the infamous Atalanta Ballroom owned by Bob Potter, and the large central car park where I once saw a youth turn a bubble car over. Historically, Woking owed its existence to the railway and was divided by it. To get into the commercial area, on foot from the Police Station you had to walk under Victoria Arch or go to the station and use the foot tunnel (or even the footbridge in the station if you felt like checking the platforms and waiting rooms.) South of the town were Old Woking, Kingfield, Westfield and Mayford as one beat, Maybury, The Hockering and part of Pyrford as the other. Generally, on one shift a cycle patrol would cover 1 beat before meal break and the other, on the same side of the railway line after meal break. It was the same with the Northern Beats, Horsell and Sheerwater, which went up the A320 as far as The Bleak. I once drove round a typical cycle beat in a car and noted the mileage, in an eight-hour shift; it was about 35 miles.

During the day we had a list of unoccupied houses to visit and stolen cycles and cars to look out for. Shift system was 6-2, 2-10, 10-6 night and 10-6 day and 4-midnight and 6-2 late which were normally worked on Friday and Saturday. There were, of course, no personal radios or mobile phones so that we walked or cycled between telephone kiosks and waited for a telephone call or a visit from the sergeant. 'Book me five'. Sometimes he would just drive past and put five fingers (at least I think it was five!) up without stopping. I say he because there were no female sergeants at Woking at that time. WPCs worked sociable hours, never nights and had their own office. Occasionally while you stood at a kiosk somebody would come out of a nearby house with a cup of tea, I even used to get one regularly at 5am in Woodham.

The only way of contacting the police station yourself was by dialling 999 (emergency only) or paying for your phone call, then explaining why you had spent sixpence or whatever it was afterwards. The easiest way was to go to a house or shop and cadge a phone call. Reversed charge phone calls were unacceptable. During weekday and even Saturday evenings – we were out serving summonses and executing warrants. If we were a few miles from the police station, we had to call up for a car if we arrested somebody; sometimes we had to use the subject's own telephone or walk them to the nearest telephone kiosk. There were also enquiries to be made

for other forces, on one occasion I had a firearm enquiry for a Scottish force and, then nobody realised that the interview had to be made by two officers to be admissible. (Preventing a possible enjoyable visit to a court north of the border)

When Woking Magistrates Court was in session there was a good chance that you might have to take a prisoner up the 'smoke' in that case overtime was guaranteed if you were on an early shift. I remember taking the same prisoner to Brixton, then Pentonville, then Wandsworth, then back to Brixton because of a mix-up in the paperwork.

The different beats were all set out in a Beat Book, which you needed to carry all the time. I think there were about thirty different beats, and they were varied so that our routes were not predictable. Visits to kiosks which all had reference numbers (K1, K2, K3 etc.) had to be staggered and most of the meal breaks which were taken at the police station had to be staggered also. There was one beat, at night, which I didn't like because you spent nearly four hours in Horsell, which was a very quiet residential area before meal break and then had to get down to Sheerwater and Woodham and back to the police station in the three and a quarter hours left. The last point was at the far end of Woodham Lane. On the way out through town after the break you just hoped that there might be a burglar alarm going off or some other good reason to rescue you. Every night, on weekdays one of the town PCs had to go straight to Woking railway station, while the section were at briefing, at ten o'clock because the mail train came in on its way west. Again, at three o'clock when it came back towards London; normally the sergeant was there for the second visit. We had to be there because there was a lot of money carried on board. In the summer of 1963, we were instructed to put more security on because there was a rumour that it might be raided. In fact, it was another mail train, from Glasgow to London, in Buckinghamshire on the 8th August 1963 that was stopped and involved in Britain's biggest (at the time) and best-known robbery.

Robin O'Neil:[9] In the early 60s I kept **working bloodhounds** during my time as a DC at Redhill. DS Bill Spenser suggested I use my hound to track an escaped housebreaker in Gatton Park. I conveyed the hound in the CID car (which was slobbering all over the driver's seat and shoulder) to the point of escape and we tracked the culprit to an abandoned car at Merstham. We thought we had done a good job. However, the following morning Bill Spencer and I were in front of the DCC and told our fortune - mostly because an unauthorised dog had contaminated the CID car and we had not disinfected the vehicle afterwards. When I met the DCC (Ted Post) some years later he mentioned the incident with a wry smile. Eric Pole was my immediate boss and a finer man you could ever wish to meet. Oddly enough I often think of Eric even now and was dismayed when he died shortly after retiring. Eric was the master of fraud investigations. Normally when the DI (Basil Morris), shouted that he had a fraud enquiry to be investigated we would run for the door to get out of the way. Eric sat me down on more than one occasion and taught me the art of 'catching thieves on paper'. I still use his system when preparing reports for prosecuting counsel

[9] Email to editor 7 March 2010

1962: Tony Kirton: The Sheerwater Estate at Woking was created to re-house Londoners after the war. Doors were never locked and on Friday nights the husband would hand over his wage packet, his wife would give him his beer and tobacco money and put the rest in the teapot in the kitchen dresser for housekeeping. Disaster struck one Friday night in 1962 whilst everyone was watching television. A thief raided several homes and took the housekeeping money. This happened again a few weeks later. It was decided to flood the area with officers, both CID and uniform, on subsequent Friday evenings (out of sight). I had just been posted to Woking and didn't know the area at all. I was dropped off near the Six Cross Roads and stood back on the edge of woodland in the dark. After about half an hour I heard the most peculiar noises coming from behind me. 'Rattle, rattle, rattle' then' whoosh', 'rattle, rattle, rattle' then 'whoosh' again. I turned and switched on my torch to find that I was in fact standing on a narrow path leading into the woods. The noises continued as I followed the path only to discover that it wasn't woodland but just a belt of trees leading into a clear area with a children's playground. The noises: there was PC…… with his German Shepherd making it go up the metal steps and then down the slide. The thief didn't strike again for three weeks but when he did, he was caught by a PC and subsequently went to prison.

1962 September: Police Sergeant Fred Smith: Circus elephants: Together with other constables, (Frank Beer, Ken Tizard, Mervyn Saunders and Robin Young) I risked life and limb to man between us, two Triumph 650cc Thunderbird motorcycles (call signs J65 and J66) attached to the then Guildford Police Station in Woodbridge Road, (now flattened into a car park). Because each machine was equipped with VHF radio we were assigned to a wide variety of tasks from crime and traffic incidents to sudden deaths and missing persons. This little story concerns another type of task – the escort.

One Sunday evening in September 1962 whilst working the late shift the Duty Sergeant Osman (Ossie) Wright) called me into his office with the news that during that evening I was to go to Billy Smarts Circus, which had been performing on the outskirts of the town for, as he described it, a very special escort assignment. On arrival, and doing as instructed, my attention was directed to a large man wearing a white Stetson hat, brown leather tasselled jacket, riding breeches and boots, seated on a huge, brown and white, horse. Being unsure if I should say 'howdy' or not, I copped out and merely enquired if he was Billy Smart. I should explain here that I was also wearing, as part of the uniform issued to police motorcyclist in those days, riding breeches (often disrespectfully referred to as 'windjammers' by the local yobs). Looking down at me and seeing a similarly attired kindred spirit, he confirmed that he was indeed the circus owner and explained that there would be a short delay before I could commence my task.

Whilst filling in time before the 'off' I observed gangs of men completing the dismantling of the big top with its long poles, ropes and canvas being loaded onto large, long trailers. Also, a variety of four legged animals were being herded into large cage like vans. As I was thinking there was plenty here to escort, up galloped Billy with the news that I could commence this task. Needing to know which vehicle would be leading the convoy in order for me to get into the right position I was just about to check this when he said 'here come my girls' and from behind the parked vans appeared six huge elephants walking in line and holding each other's

tails with their trunks. On enquiring of Billy as to which van, they would be travelling in you could have knocked me down with an ivory tusk, when he, looking rather amused, and explained that they would be walking along the road right behind me on route to Guildford Railway Station in the town before being transported by train to the next venue. I should explain here that due to the unforeseen delay daylight was now rapidly fading and I was faced with the prospect of carrying out this escort in darkening conditions. Whilst elephants have large heads and short tails, they of course are not equipped with either front or rear lights. On voicing my concerns to the 'Governor' he explained that the animal handlers would be walking along with them to keep them under control and in line. Being greatly concerned about this situation I radioed to Control at HQ to see if assistance from other vehicles could be forthcoming but with negative result.

The journey along the reasonably wide and well-lit Guildford By-pass, as it was in those days, was not too difficult with the 'girls' padding along almost silently, despite their great weight, some distance behind me. Billy had explained that they could not stop suddenly (no brakes fitted) and might break into a run if frightened. Because of this alarming fact and in order that the noise of the motorcycle engine should not frighten them it was necessary for me to travel some distance ahead of them. By now it was darker and some motorist travelling from the town centre to the by-pass tended to use this road as an unofficial racetrack. To my horror this began to happen with some cars hurtling towards the approaching 'elephantine' procession. The motorcycles in that era where only equipped with the normal headlights (no blue flashing lights etc.), and with a white plastic faring with POLICE printed on it and certainly nothing as high tech as a PA system.

My frantic hand waving with my black leather gauntlets for oncoming vehicles to keep to the nearside appeared to have no effect as it became obvious that they could, not see me, and my task. Due to this alarming fact I was forced to stand up on the bikes footrest and gesticulate more vigorously. At the height of this activity a motorist slowed down and lowering his window said, "What's up officer?" To this polite question (ah, those were the days), I responded with "Please keep over, the elephants are coming." His face was a picture, as they say, as he digested this news and a complete look of puzzlement spread over it as he continued. I then looked behind me and realised that, because of the now completely dark conditions, there appeared to be nothing behind me, certainly no elephants. They were there none the less with the continuing 'padding' noise present, now punctuated with the occasional loud 'plopping' sound, confirming this. They were not the only scared ones there that night I can assure you.

To cut a long story short I can report that we all arrived safely at the railway station and the 'girls' were safely loaded into the trucks and went on their way. I later learned that a report of an apparently mad police motorcyclist shouting something about elephants as he travelled along had been received at the police station. I also heard that some of the residents of Walnut Tree Close experienced a bumper crop of rhubarb that year. Well, it's an ill wind as they say.

1962 12 October: Farnham: Murder of John Francis Gordon allegedly by Samuel Vbroglo Sodje: Man said to have been held in boiling water: Farnham Magistrates Court a Nigerian

charged with causing Grievous Bodily Harm to John Gordon aged 43 by holding him in a sink of boiling water at the RAOC Camp, Blackdown. Gordon died in Roehampton Hospital late on Wednesday night. Detective Inspector W Pool asked the magistrates for a further seven days adjournment to await decisions of the DofPP. When an application for bail was made the Detective Inspector said the "charge is murder." He was remanded in custody.[10] **1962 November 10:** Nigerian cleared of workmate's murder: Surrey Assizes found guilty of manslaughter, as he had acted under extreme provocation. Postponed sentence until Tuesday.[11] **1962 November 14:** Sentenced to three years imprisonment[12]

1962: November 9: **Police Superintendent dies** at Guildford dinner: Mr Basil Barlow Superintendent of the Guildford Division died suddenly on Wednesday at a dinner of the Surrey Special Constabulary at the Prince of Wales Hotel, Guildford. He was 51 and had been superintendent at Guildford for about seven years. He leaves a widow and two children.[13] Superintendent Selwood succeeded him at Guildford.

Traffic Department- Godstone

1962 Traffic Department: Tony Forward: In 1962 I was a PC on Godstone Section which was part of Oxted Division. I lived on the main A22 road at No 1 Police House, Tylers Green. Godstone Traffic Centre was in Ivy Mill Close, Godstone, where I called occasionally while on the beat and got to know the officers there. They would often stop and chat to me while I was on duty with my bicycle. PCs Pat Buss and Jock Amos were crewed together, and Jock had applied to go on a CID learner. He had been told that he had to find a replacement for the six months he would be away from Traffic. He asked me if I was interested, and I jumped at the chance. I was already an authorised driver but went on an advanced driving course with PC Ernie Oliver before being crewed up with Pat Buss. The inspector was Ginger Thatcher, whose office was at Dorking Traffic Centre. The sergeant was Ken Girling. The officer in charge Traffic Department at HQ was Superintendent 'Tiger' Lake. PCs there to my memory were PC 1 Bristow, Pat Buss, Jock Potter, Wybrow, Artie Watkin, Bob Dann, Eddie Davies, Mick O'Sullivan, Don Vivers and a few others that I cannot put a name to.

There were three cars and two motorcycles based at Godstone. A white Ford Zephyr Six with a column gear change (only three forward gears) and two black Austin A99s. These had leather seats, a walnut dashboard, an Austin-Healy gearbox and a silver bell and black loudspeaker on the front bumper. Two-tone horns and blue lights had not yet been invented! A Sunbeam Rapier that was used primarily on night duty replaced the Zephyr. The A99s had a rack of acid accumulators in the boot to run the radio equipment and a large fan was fitted in the floor of the boot to extract the acid fumes. In a town centre at a fast speed in second gear, the sound was similar to a jet taking off! They were capable of speeds in excess of 100-mph, and this was not unusual. The 70-mph national speed limit had not been created. Within days of the arrival of the Rapier (described by the motoring press as an ideal ladies' golfing car), a message

[10] The Times 12 October 1962
[11] The Times 10 November 1962
[12] The Times 14 November 1962
[13] 1962: November 9: The Times

was received asking us to check the wheel nuts on the front offside wheel as one had been found to be missing on the Rapiers issued to two other traffic centres. Sure enough, ours had one missing. It turned out that in the Sunbeam factory, an elderly worker on the assembly line had the job of putting the nuts on the front offside wheel as the car moved past on an elevator. The poor old boy was only able to get four of the five nuts on before the vehicle moved off! Everyone off the assembly line was one nut short. (**Ed:** As he would have been if the Traffic officers found him) Jock Amos's CID learner course came to an end after six months and I returned to beat duties. In 1976, I was promoted to Superintendent following the retirement of Superintendent Vic Drummond as deputy to Chief Superintendent Gerry Atfield who was in charge Traffic. I was only there for a few months before moving on but in September 1984, I found myself as the Chief Superintendent in charge Operations Department that, from that date, included Traffic among the many departments, squads and teams it took over. Superintendent Danny McNulty was the head of Traffic from that date.

Traffic – radar

1962-1964: Tales of Traffic (Contributor unfortunately lost)**.** I was transferred to W3 Farnham after it had been open a few months as a motorcyclist. The way we operated the "radar" might be of some interest. Generally, it was the driving instructors (presumably when they were quiet on that side) who were in charge with two or three traffic motorcyclists in support. Selected would be a road, which had been subject to speed complaints or was deemed suitable (30 mph straight, schools etc.). This huge unit was set up on the pavement at right angles to the road and the beam projected at an angle up the road. The police car first performed a test run through the beam and then we were ready for business. We would then "estimate" the speed of a suitable transgressor coming towards us, confirm it on the radar meter and "stop" the offender. The motorcycles were, of course in place should a vehicle fail to stop. We once stopped a well-known magistrate at Beacon Hill, Hindhead who went apoplectic with rage.

1963 May 9: Routine Orders: PC 745 Anthony Davie with PC 242 Postlethwaite commended for intelligence and exceptional ability in making arrest of two shop breakers after a high-speed motor car chase.[14]

1963-1966 Bill Bethell Surrey Constabulary Cadet: As World War 2 was drawing to a close, millions of servicemen were waiting to be demobbed. A number signed back on but many just wanted to return to their families. Many had joined up at a young age and were not established in a trade or calling. Many had lost their homes during the war. A lot were comfortable with uniform discipline and would like to carry that over into civilian life. The police and fire brigades, at this time, offered single men and women's quarters as well as housing.

The police had plenty of disciplined volunteers but someone in possibly the Home Office of the day realized that this constant stream of ex-servicemen wanting to join the Police would

[14] Routine Order transferred Surrey Constabulary to PC Davie's Divisional Record of Service and Conduct sheet SC HQ 309

dry up. So, an idea to start a police cadet scheme for volunteers between the ages of 16 and 19 was commenced in 1948. These cadets would not have powers of arrest but would be uniformed and able to assist their older colleagues taking statements and directing traffic. They would also observe their senior colleagues but assisting with giving crime prevention advice and generally learning the craft of a constable. They were effectively office clerks.

I had left school in 1962 with two GCE 'O' Levels and had enjoyed my year out with my best mate, Ollie, who was a police cadet in Warwick where I was living at that time. I wanted to become a policeman and wanted to work near to London and not in it. I stuck a pin in a map and found Surrey, a county I had not previously been aware of. I sent an application in and having travelled to Guildford and undergoing a fairly short interview at Mount Browne, the Surrey Constabulary Headquarters, I received a confirmatory letter of acceptance.

I was stationed at Weybridge Police Station which, I was told, was a divisional station. I arrived carrying suitcase on a hot summer's day. The Station was red brick possibly built in the thirties. There was a front door with a police sign above with an entry in the low brick wall surrounding it. It was a two-story building with an entrance to the tarmacked yard to the left. Directly behind the station, in the grounds was the section house. Also, on the left of the building was one of the oldest hand-worked petrol pumps I had ever seen. I went in through the front entrance and on the right was a door leading to Divisional Office and on the right was a sliding glass window into the Station Office run by a police constable (PC). I identified myself and the officer picked up the phone and I could hear a ring in the depths of the building. The door on my left opened and I was introduced to Sergeant Les Rice (PS) who was to be my supervisor. After introductions he took me out of the back of the station and over to the section house entering directly into the kitchen. Here I was introduced to the section house cook, Mrs. Griffiths, known as Mrs. G. I later found out that she was the mother of Inspector Maurice Jackman (known force wide as 'Jacko') who was stationed at Egham, who made frequent visits to the section house kitchen. I soon learned to make myself scarce when he paid a visit. His hair was cut very close to his scalp, and he would yell at any cadet or young PC he saw, to get his hair cut. I learned quickly not to be around when he did visit. One of his favourite tricks was to pull the back of the hair and tell you that he was standing on it and to get it CUT!

After the introduction I was given the key to my room on the second floor. It was a small room sparsely furnished with a bed, wardrobe, table and chair. PS Rice told me to unpack and then return to the station where he would tell me my duties. Having unpacked, I locked up and returned to the Station Office where I was told to see PS Rice in Divisional Office. There I met the man in charge of the Office, Inspector Bob Kimm. I later found out that he had been a pilot during the war but although PS Rice had a number of medal ribbons displayed on his tunic, I never found out what service he was serving in during the war. I had found that those that had fought in the war rarely wanted to speak of their experiences. I was given a tour of the building. The other side of Divisional Office was the Prosecutions Office run by Sergeant 'Dusty' Miller. Shelves were on all walls and the place was stacked with brown files and folders. Then it was back through the Station Office and up the stairs to CID. I was introduced to Detective

Inspector Owen ‘Charley Harry’ Breach and the CID cadet Brian Carroll who was waiting to go to training school having reached the age of 19.

I started my first day’s duty, the following morning, at nine o’clock. I had not got a uniform so felt very self-conscious. I believe that the first PC I worked with was PC Chris Stemp. I was sat before this very old switchboard with my back to the sliding glass visitor’s area. Chris sat at a desk to my left facing the window. Behind me on the wall was a loudspeaker that was tuned to the force radio. There were two channels. The main one that gave all details and more importantly on a ring of a bell gave the wireless messages (WMs) out to all fixed stations. The other channel was for running breaking operations. I was soon to discover that if you were listening to the second channel you would miss the WMs which sometimes could become rapid. There were two large books sat on my desk. One was named the division book and the other was the section book. All WMs were entered into the divisional book with a red heading i.e. WM 1, WM 2 then the subject was written in verbatim from the message. If a WM was missing due to the wireless being tuned into the other channel, then phone calls to the section stations, Chertsey, Egham or Walton on Thames were made to the cadets or station officer to get the book up to date. The other piece of equipment on the wall was a phone receiver that was the responsibility of the officers trained on civil defence. At this period the country seemed convinced that it was going to be attacked by the Russians. Every now and again the PC would be on this phone listening ready to set off the air raid warning siren situated on the Post Office roof in town. When this duty was not being carried out the phone was tuned into TIM, the post office GMT broadcast; we could always set our watches to the right time. I was soon writing messages into the two books leaving the PC to write in arrests which appeared in both books in red.

The switchboard took a great deal of my time. It was one of those liver brown coloured plastic looking boxes with a number of circles. When a call was made the red numbered flap would drop down. To answer this a plug was inserted into the relevant hole and one of the two switches. In two lines in front was pushed forward so you could speak to the caller. The other cable would then be plugged into the corresponding hole either to another office or to an outside line. When the red numbered disc fell on a call it would make a loud metallic click. If the person calling was in a hurry, they would keep depressing their phone cradle which would make the disc on the switchboard bouncing up and down with an annoying noise. When there was an incident running most of the lines would be full with more callers. I recall that at one stage I was getting very frustrated as I was getting calls I could not put through anywhere and was expected to take messages even though I had to answer incoming calls. My friend, a young PC with collar number 888, Terry Bleasdale said that he would help out and put his arm along all the plugs and pulled them all out with the result that all the numbered discs were crashing up and down. He took over my seat and starting with the chief superintendent he plugged in the cord and apologized as it appeared that he had been cut off and who could he reconnect the call with! On lates if it was quiet, we would dial an outside number at random in the north of England or Scotland and then dial a number in the south of England and Wales and put the two calls through to each other. It gave us amusement and helped a quiet evening go quicker!

The great day arrived about two weeks after I had joined to go to Guildford Police Station to pick up a uniform. The stores were situated in the front of the police station with a PC Alexander in charge. A dour Scotsman who had probably been trained in the Armed Services. Anything too big I would grow into. I was issued with a navy-blue battledress blouse with the silver number 8 in each shoulder. The jacket had two holes in the back which were buttoned onto corresponding buttons on the trousers. The top of these trousers came to the chest but once buttoned would hang fairly comfortably. Light blue uniform shirts were issued, three from memory with six detachable collars. I was told where I could buy the front and rear collar studs, which were all new to me. When I first put the uniform on it nearly choked me as the collar stud pushed into the Adam's apple! I learned later at police training school that the local girls always knew a policeman in civies by the red circle at the front of his throat! So, I was now working in uniform in the Station Office.

I met other cadets who were working at the station. Cadet Brian Monk who was about my age but had been a cadet longer. Cadet Denis Fisher who mainly worked at Walton. He lived in Weybridge and would cycle to Walton. Cadet Max Maxwell who I believe worked at Chertsey and Cadet Roy Grimmett who worked at Egham. Surrey Constabulary was very much a Force of two halves, The west, and the east. I got to know quite a few cadets and PCs on the western half, but the eastern half was an unknown factor.

Weybridge Police Station was a busy station and there always seemed to be a member of the Public at the sliding glass partition reporting lost property of a crime. For the crimes we would call CID and one of the DCs would come down to gauge the seriousness of the crime. Quite often it was DC Colin Brown. He would talk to the visitor and either take them upstairs to CID or ask the Station Officer to find a PC to help the claimant.

The police were responsible for housing lost dogs prior to their owners coming to collect their dogs. One of the local residents was the TV and film actor Ian Hendry who had two dogs and one or the other was always escaping his custody and he would come in to collect his dog. A very friendly person who always seemed to have come from a pub on his way. There were a number of well-known personalities who lived at Oatlands Village or St Georges Hills Estate. Two of the Beatles bought houses there, but I never saw them. The younger PCs with cars would drive us around the estate and show us the houses of interest.

One of my jobs was to supervise the issue of petrol to police vehicles and to keep the sheet up to date with everything properly signed. Traffic cars would call as well as divisional cars. I recall the first day I met the divisional motor cyclist. He was a very noisy PC who always wore a buttoned up three-quarter length Gannex police coat, large black leather gauntlets and a black pith helmet. When the helmet came off he was completely bald but you soon found out what the gauntlets were for if you gave him any cheek! That was my first meeting with PC Mick 'Sniff' Richardson. So called because of his broken nose. I would be with him to supervise the petrol into his bike and always enjoyed a chat with him as he had very gallows humour!

There were two days away from the station each month. One to Mount Browne for the day in uniform and one to Guildford Technical College in civvies to continue GCE studies. The day at Mount Browne enabled us to meet the cadets from the Eastern side of the County, the likes of Ray Hussey, Ted Lawry, Joe Nuttall, Ray Elvy and many others whose names I now fail to remember.

We were drilled by PC Peter Wickens and spoken to by the cadet training Sergeant Chris Atkins. I remember on one occasion we were taken down to the sports field at Mount Browne where we sat on the grass bank and watched the dogmen putting their dogs through their training. One of the disciplines for the dogs was chasing down an escaping fugitive. The 'fugitive' was a dog PC who put on a large protective glove on his left arm covering his arm and hand. He would start running and when he was a good distance across the training field the dog would be told to apprehend him. The dog shot off and in no time was approaching the fugitive who half turned and lowered his protected arm to the dog who immediately clamped its teeth on it. The fugitive would shake the hand and try to pull away to no avail. The dog sergeant then turned to the cadets and asked them to send one of their number down to see what it was like to be halted by a police dog. As is always the way in a number of people there is always going to be one who is not as popular with his peers. This slight spotty faced cadet was enthusiastically pushed down the slope and had the protective sleeve put on his left arm. He then received instructions and started to run across the field goaded on my loud cheers from his fellow cadets. The dog was sent after him and as the dog approached him, he put his protected arm towards the dog that ignored it and latched onto his leg. Howls of pain from cadet, cross shouting from the dogmen and uncontrolled laughter from the cadets. We all received a stern talking to by the dog sergeant whilst our colleague was taken to receive medical treatment.

New PCs were arriving back from training school and being single men were joining the section house. PCs Des Flanders, 'Rosy", Pete Ritchie, Keith Portlock, Tony Grey and many others most of whom went on to become senior officers in Surrey as well as other forces. They would all work on the division whilst on probation, attending an intermediate course at training school about halfway through their training.

Only one PC failed his probation and had to leave, whilst I was at Weybridge, and that was Rosy. PCs had a truncheon pocket sewn into the right side of their trouser pocket. The leather strap on the end of the truncheon could be tucked into the pocket. If a PC or PS ever had to draw their truncheon or 'stick' as it was commonly known, a report in triplicate had to be submitted. Rosy came in one evening. On meal break, really happy as he had had cause to use his truncheon. An elderly lady had complained to him that one of the flashing lights on the orange globe, atop of the Belisha beacon in the high street was not working and should be reported. Rosy had, apparently, drawn his stick and assaulted the pole a few times until the light started to flash again. I did not hear the result of his report, but I do know that he was summoned to the chief superintendent's office later that week.

As cadets we were entered for the Duke of Edinburgh's award scheme taking part in both the gold and silver medal standard. For both of these awards there was a cross country trek using compass bearings and sleeping in tents overnight. This really made a pleasant break from the routine in the station office answering the phone. The silver route was through the New Forest in Hampshire. The weather was really good with our time there and we were able to find our way between the two points we were given using the correct compass bearings. I believe that it was a three-day trek. The gold trek took place in Snowdonia, Wales. This was five days I believe and we were taken down there by PS Kenefick, who had joined the training department. He was always within distance of us in his minibus. The rain was torrential and did not give up and I was never dry. The mud was wet and very sticky and managed to cover most of us. It was good to end the trek as once again we found our way round the course.

14 May 1965 was a day to remember. The American President, John Kennedy had been assassinated and the politicians decided to put up a memorial to him situated at Runnymede near where the Magna Carta had been signed by King John in 1215. American and British persons were invited to attend. They would park their cars at the bottom of the hill and then walk up to the memorial for the dedication. I must admit that the hill was quite steep. The Surrey Constabulary cadets were picked to escort the dignitaries from the car park to the memorial. It was a hot day and we were in full uniform. We stood in line waiting for the dignitaries to arrive and be passed the person that we were to escort. From memory the first to arrive was the leader of the Opposition, Alec Douglas-Hume who arrived in a chauffeur driven Rolls Royce. He walked towards the hill and one of the cadets peeled off to escort him. The next to arrive was the Prime Minister Harold Wilson also in a chauffeur driven Rolls Royce. Then Joe Grimond, the leader of the Liberal party arrived driving a small saloon which he parked at the furthest end of the car park and then started to walk up the hill with his cadet. This continued and the queue of cadets in front of me shrank. I was really hot and did not fancy a quick walk up the hill as I had witnessed the other dignitaries racing up with their cadets. Then I was at the front of the queue looking eagerly to see who my dignitary would be. It was Archbishop Michael Ramsey who was a large gentleman who I believe walked with a stick. I was congratulating myself for being fortunate enough to have a slow walker to escort. I was introduced and we set off at a blistering pace. I was left struggling behind him, whilst he cheerfully waved to people on either side of us moving at an incredible pace. I could not believe it! We got to the top with me red faced and puffing with a wet collar! It was bliss, later, to get back to the Section House and have a shower.

As a rule at Weybridge was we were not allowed out of the police station in uniform, the only time that we were allowed to walk into town was in the evening to take the station's pre-paid post to the Post Office. One evening I was walking down to the Post Office and had to pass a large rambling antique shop. It was in the winter months and it was quite dark. As I passed the building I noticed lights moving within it. I hurried back to the Police Station and told the Station Officer what I had seen. PC 'Dinger' Bell was in the office and said he would accompany me back to the building. When we got there the lights were still moving within the building so Dinger told me to watch for anyone trying to leave and he went round the back of the building. I heard some shouting and a few minutes later Dinger came back with two

juveniles holding lighted candles. They were about 15 years and had got into the shop by forcing a door at the back as they wanted to see what was there. We walked them back to the police station where their parents were called and I belatedly walked the post down to the Post Office. The following day I was congratulated by PS Rice and Inspector Kimm on my observation.

I was keen to try to get involved in police work and PC Keith Portlock took me under his wing. On a 2pm to 10pm shift he would walk out with me to a nearby main road where he positioned me down the road from him. I had my torch and if I saw anything that I thought was worth a stop I would flash my lights to him. I don't recall any arrests coming from these stops but from memory Keith issued a number of traffic processes.

By now there were two further cadets at Weybridge. Terry Ashcroft and Ian Pedrick had joined whilst Brian Carroll had left and was a serving PC at Guildford I believe. Brian Monk had spoken to Charley Harry about leaving to go to training school and he had a few views. So Ian, Brian and I spoke to him and he gave us his view that we would make better, more understanding police officers if we left the police and got a job 'out there' for a couple of years. We all applied to join the Merchant Navy to see a bit of the world. Ian got a job with P&O whilst Brian and I got a job with Shaw Savill on the Australia/New Zealand immigrant run, taking the £10 one-way trippers out and bringing the disgruntled £10 Pommes back home. We therefore left the cadet service on reaching the age of nineteen and went to sea. However, I was to return and attended Course 233 at Sandgate January to April 1968.

A day in the life of a section motorcyclist 1963-1965

1963 John Thorn: Triumph 500cc. call sign M2HJ J94 stationed at Byfleet Office, Woking Division. Shifts worked at the discretion of the Section Sergeant Vic. Holman were 8am-4pm, 4pm-12mt, 6pm-2am, and 10am-1pm then 7pm-12 midnight, 9am-1pm then 8pm-12 midnight. We were the workhorses of the division. Duties included: RTA and fatal accidents, domestics, summons and warrants, enquiries for other forces, statements etc., and unoccupied premises even abnormal loads. You were also expected to get process and arrests. In addition, and time consuming I dealt with all sudden deaths on the section and division, if required. I then acted as Coroners Officer, typed all reports on the office typewriter, delivered reports to the Coroner, Lt. Col. McEwen. Arranged juries for inquests and attended all postmortems; pathologists Dr Hailer and Professor Mant. In addition to all this I covered the front office as required. Carried out maintenance on the motorcycle weekly and was expected to keep it in good running order. Not forgetting court attendances.

Working a beat in winter

Peter Wickens. I was a probationer at Camberley in 1963 when the snow was really deep. I lived in Bagshot and cycled to work usually but after a few days I could not get to Camberley for a late turn. I rang in and was told to work the Bagshot Section and given a set of points for the shift. Into the darkness of the evening, the traffic was minimal and the night crisp and cold.

About 9pm, my point was on Jenkins Hill, Bagshot. The A.30 was deserted as I duly stood outside the telephone kiosk. The phone never rang, but a figure appeared walking towards me from the village. It was the Bagshot Section Sergeant, Fred Sayer, a mature supervisor. He signed my pocketbook and asked me if I'd been around the closed garage down towards the village. I said that I had been all round the building and he said, "I know you have, but did you try the door". I said "No" and he replied, "I know you didn't, the snow was still on the top of the doorknob". A few words, but what a lesson.

Winter 1963: Richard Bond: This was the **coldest** winter since 1740. The winter of 1947 had seen more snow but the temperatures in 1963 were consistently below freezing through January and February. During the coldest and snowiest week, our section was on nights. The station officer was alright, he was in the warm for eight hours, all the others, apart from J40 the crime car, had to work outside, on foot in the cold. We would discuss ways of keeping warm, especially the feet. Somebody came up with the bright idea of putting aluminium foil inside the boots, this didn't work, and I remember some of us sitting in the mess room at meal break stripping the foil off our damp socks. Some people wore ladies' tights, but I usually had pyjama trousers on under my uniform tucked into my socks. Some really cold nights I went out wearing my greatcoat and fleece lining and with my cape over the top, which was unconventional, but nobody seemed to complain. There was a garage in Church Street, behind the ABC or Ritz cinema as it was then called, which had a thermometer on the wall, one night it read nine degrees F.

One nightshift I think it was a Saturday night I was on the Beat which went Mayford - Kingfield - Old Woking before meal break. We could not use cycles because it was snowing so hard, so I was allowed to make a point at Egley Road, on the A320 instead of Mayford Green then walk through to Westfield and Kingfield Parade, which gave some shelter and Old Woking High Street. After meal break, I remember going to Old Woking, walking along the road at Hoe Bridge where the flat fields on one side go all the way to the village of Send and large snowflakes were blowing horizontally and there was no shelter from the wind. The snow was about a foot deep, drifting to three or four feet in places. I then walked up the hill into Maybury I don't remember seeing any traffic at all and anybody who had any sense stayed indoors. I couldn't really see the point in sending foot patrols out in that weather.

Working in Woking Town Centre: **Richard Bond:** In the very early sixties there were no traffic wardens, so part of the time during the day was spent keeping traffic moving, dealing with vans and trucks delivering and giving directions. There was no real pressure to report people, no tickets on windscreens, no clamping. Process usually was given out for offence such as failing to stop at traffic lights, parking on pedestrian crossings, driving the wrong way in one-way streets, that sort of thing. Arrests during the day were quite infrequent, we occasionally went to cases of shoplifting but usually a car was sent straight to the shop. On Friday evenings there was a savings club called the Tontine in a little hall in Church Street, there was a lot of money being paid in and out and as a precaution, the officer on Beat 2 was instructed to go and sit in the hall. At night, at weekends there would often be a minor disturbance near or around the Atalanta or Red House. Any person moving after 2am was

normally a burglar!

On any normal night, after the pubs had turned out we would go round all the shops and property in the town centre checking the doors and windows, front and rear. Part of the duty was spent standing in shop doorways watching out for anybody moving, the streetlights went out at 1am except on road junctions. Nobody could understand why the black helmet plates were replaced with chrome plated ones in about 1965. There were no CCTV cameras then. At that time there was Jimmy O' Connor, nearly every Woking probationer's first arrest. He was a red headed cider-drinking vagrant, normally with a bicycle, often to be found drunk and incapable in the bus shelters in Commercial Road. I once found him drunk during the day completely entangled in his bicycle in Chertsey Street with the traffic going both sides of him. He always tried to get arrested just before Christmas so that he could spend the festive season inside. One year all the sections agreed not to arrest him unless absolutely necessary; we would walk past him in his usual bus shelter even if he was shouting and swearing at everybody and at us. Boy did he get mad. In Chobham Road there was a large ironmonger's shop (Skeet & Jeffes) with several doorways, in one of them, there was a small triangular space or ledge where you could sit at night, observing the street in both directions in the reflection of the shop windows, therefore you could never get caught by the sergeant sitting down, unless you fell asleep!

In the alleyway behind the Red House there were two high window ledges, there often was a bottle of ale left there at night. Likewise, the Railwayman's Club in Goldsworth Road, next to the bus garage where the steward 'Mac.' would often make you welcome in his office, long after the bar closed.

I used to have two torches, one, a small chrome plated one I could carry in my trouser pocket on nights in summer and a larger Ever Ready rubber torch for winter and cycle patrols. Handcuffs were always carried, but they were not at that time always used to restrain people. In July 1969 Inspector Jim Platt–Higgins brought a portable TV into the front office and those on meal break watched the first moon landing live. I was station officer that night and I remember that Fred Drakely the sergeant was not amused.

In the early 1960's Woking's most notorious burglar lived in Rydens Way, Old Woking. I cannot remember his name. I spent several dark evenings in plain clothes with a CID officer in unmarked beige Morris Minor parked on the wide grass central road divider, watching the front of his house; we stood out like a sore thumb. While we were parked there, he was still carrying out burglaries and I could never understand why we didn't put someone to watch his back door. Several years later (1967) I was temporary divisional mechanic. The garage was next to Woking Registry office, I used to see a lot of wedding parties coming in and out, including Sarah Miles and Robert Bolt. One day somebody popped their head over the wall, and I was asked if I could be a witness to a wedding, as there was nobody else available. When I went into the room, it was Woking's most notorious burglar, the same one I had been doing observation on, years earlier and, after the 'service', he had to give me the statutory witness's ten-shilling fee.

Richard Bond: This is a memory from about 1963. I was on night duty at Woking, cycle patrol, standing at the 'point' opposite the Maybury Inn, Old Woking Road, and Junction with Maybury Hill. It was about midnight; a large car came up from my left, from the Old Woking direction and stopped on the opposite side of the road. It was a big black Jaguar Mk, 1V or similar there were two or three occupants. The driver opened his window and shouted 'Rowley Bristow Hospital! As I walked towards him. I said, 'Straight on and first right!' Before I could get close, he drove off. I probably could not see the rear number plate because it was before reflective plates were normal. I thought no more of it, but at my next point, which was possibly East Hill, I was picked up by Sergeant Harry Webb and taken to the Social Club at the Rowley Bristow where the door had been forced and the fruit machines smashed and raided. A witness had seen the vehicle involved which was 'a big black 40's Jaguar. I couldn't describe the driver. After a few minutes the crime car J40 turned up and Jack Hodge on his bike from Byfleet.

There were then at least four PCs and a sergeant in the club. The steward invited us all to have a pint, we all looked towards Harry, and he agreed, so we were enjoying a free pint of bitter, then Inspector Sayer walked in. The thing I remember most was Jack Hodge instantly hiding his pint under his helmet. The inspector said to Harry, "I want words with you!" We were told to go back on patrol, and I never heard any more about it.

On another night at about 2am I was further along The Old Woking Road towards West Byfleet where there was a girl's school, I was checking the windows and door handles, when I looked into the foyer I froze and the hairs on the back of my neck stood to attention. In the gloom there appeared to be a girl standing looking straight at me, I was convinced she was real, she appeared to have school uniform on and a mop of curly hair but was standing absolutely still. When I shone my torch on 'her' I saw that it was a life size bronze statue.

I think my third sudden death, about 1964 was an event that saddened me more than some. One morning, just before Christmas I was called to a smart flat in Maybury, there was an enormous amount of fresh blood on the floor and walls from the kitchen, through the hall and into the bathroom where the body of a woman of about thirty was lying on the floor. She had apparently slashed her own neck with a carving knife in the kitchen then ran into the bathroom, where she died in a big pool of blood. She had been recently divorced and there were a lot of Christmas cards in the flat, some recently opened, in the kitchen. There was a big fluffy white cat dead in the gas oven.

1963: During his European tour, President Kennedy came to Surrey on 29 June 1963, visiting the Runnymede Magna Carta site and the US war memorial at Englefield Green. Surrey Police had to provide a motorcycle escort for the cavalcade at the handover point from the Metropolitan Police at Wraysbury Road Bridge on the A30. This duty fell to motorcyclist PC John Bowra, who must have felt very isolated seeing the cavalcade approach with several Metropolitan Police vehicles providing an impressive escort. He was asked by plainclothes American security personnel what type of weapon he was carrying and politely informed them: "I wear the Surrey Constabulary standard issue motorcyclist six-inch leather truncheon".

Seemingly shocked and agitated, they retorted: “Well, if the wheels come off, get out of the line of fire.” PC Bowra to his great relief proceeded at the head of the cavalcade to the memorial without incident. President Kennedy visited Harold Macmillan’s home in Sussex. Large numbers of Surrey officers on aid to Sussex staying at Hobbs Barracks, Lingfield

John Molyneux: Until about 1970, Gatwick was in Surrey and on Saturday 29 June 1963 a number of us spent the afternoon surrounding the airport perimeter when the US president, John F Kennedy, flew in. I was positioned at the end of the runway when Air Force 1 landed and found out, just before it landed, that it was first time that a Boeing 727 had landed at Gatwick due to the shortness of the runway. His visit was to stay with the Prime Minister, Harold MacMillan, who lived at Chelwood Gate, Sussex, and left, surrounded by G-men, to drive across Ashdown Forest to Birch Grove, the prime minister’s country residence. We were to assist Sussex Police and were billeted at a small army camp at Maresfield. The camp was so small that we managed to drink it dry! (Thirsty coppers plus expenses paid by Sussex Police equals a mess without beer) They went to early morning service at Forest Row church and although numerous armed police accompanied them we were to follow them in our coach. The coach was clapped out and underpowered, so that by the time they reached the church, about three miles, we were just crossing the forest and never reached Forest Row. The whole episode seems to have been organised, not by a gold or silver commander, but by a white metal alloy-ranking officer!

Ken Rosam: Early in the 1960’s, a report was received at Dorking Police Station about an American Air Force jet fighter that had experienced engine trouble and been forced to jettison its external fuel tanks in forestland near Abinger Hammer. There were no reports of injury or damage as a result, but the exact location of the jettisoned tanks was not known. At about 10 pm, just as the shifts were changing, an American Air Force lieutenant arrived with 10 men, a 10-ton lorry, a 2-ton lorry and a jeep. It being too dark to initiate a search the Americans were soon awash with tea once the coffee had run out. At daybreak we made a search for the missing fuel pods but all that was found were pools of stinking kerosene and broken pieces of fuel tanks.

Some weeks later President Kennedy visited England to meet our Prime Minister, Harold MacMillan and several officers from Dorking were sent to cover the visit. Unlike modern times the visit was not considered to be a big security risk so there wasn’t a massive briefing. We were housed in the barracks (Hobbs Barracks, Lingfield) of an army intelligence unit, and I remember that the sergeant major very kindly kept the bar open until midnight. The next day we were taken to Gatwick Airport where we lined up with the VIPs. Air Force One duly arrived and the aircraft stopped in line with the red carpet. The door opened and out stepped an American Air Force officer – the lieutenant we had last seen at Dorking Police Station. He stopped at the top of the steps and looked towards us. Standing next to me was PC (Harry) Robinson (ex-Palestine Police) who had been the Station Officer when the Americans visited us. The US lieutenant called out, in a loud voice, Hallooo Robbie!”

The next day the President went to Mass at a church near to where he was staying. On leaving the church (Forest Hill in Sussex) he was driven out onto the road, and there his car stopped. The President got out and shook hands with many of the villagers who were there to greet him. All the while, his Secret Service bodyguards were frantically trying to form a circle around him! A few years later my wife and I were guests at the home of the American Ambassador in London when I met that same lieutenant again. Recognition was mutual and we had a very convivial evening. Before we left, he offered me a job with the security staff at the Embassy in London. I turned him down, as it would have meant commuting to London and occasionally doing tours of duty at their Embassy in Paris and other European Capitals. With a wife and child, I wasn't keen. Did I do right? Who knows!

1963: Chief Constable: "—we are probably 200 men below the **proper establishment.** The population of Surrey increases by 15,000 a year."[15]

1963 July 9: Gunman holds up couple in a car: Scotland Yard is helping Surrey Police to search for a man after two armed hold-ups in Woking early today (8th). A man who was masked and armed with a pistol held up a couple in a parked car. He took the man's money and drove off in the car, which was found abandoned at Woking. Later a man living at Yarrowfield Drive was robbed of £14 at pistol point. The raider then drove off in his victim's minivan. This was abandoned at Wisley where police found a pistol and a mask in the woods.[16]

1960s Surrey Mobile Column in Sussex

1963 November: Ray Harlow: Mobile Column: This column was based at Shorncliffe Barracks, Folkestone, Kent. Superintendent Ferguson was the column commander and Chief Inspector Henry Leyton was his deputy. I was the column duty clerk with a divisional office sergeant from Reigate who had never been in the armed forces and found it all rather exciting. As admin and quartermaster sergeant he had signed for all the equipment and supplies some of which quickly disappeared around the billets "purloined" by some savvy ex-

[15] Annual Report of the Surrey Constabulary Joint Branch Board Police Federation 1963
[16] 1963 July 9: The Times

forces' personnel. For example, it was very cold and damp and coal supplies for the billet stoves in short supply or non-existent. Kent Constabulary who were in the billets before us on their column had had more than their share of fuel. We soon noticed smoke coming out of one billet and on checking found the billet short of a couple of wooden lockers. As Admin and quartermaster sergeant he was not best pleased! The biggest drama was on the Saturday in Royal Tunbridge Wells when the column proceeded through the main thoroughfare of the town, stopped at traffic lights, moved off and one inattentive driver turned left instead of proceeding straight on. The remaining vehicles all followed him into the railway station yard. The front of the column came to a halt causing traffic mayhem. Superintendent Ferguson was not best pleased to say the least. The offending driver was seen by him in the commander's hut that evening and swayed back and forward whilst getting his dressing down, Ferguson swinging his golf club at an imaginary ball.

This was the time, of course, that JFK was assassinated in Dallas. I was typing up the next day's orders listening to Radio 4 when the programme was interrupted with the news. Initially there were many conspiracy theories involving the Soviets and here we all were on the Mobile Column. Luckily all those theories came to nothing. Surrey obtained the record for the night-time turn out in the quickest time which may have been due to the fact that someone in the office overheard a certain conversation! Chief Constable Herman Rutherford joined us in a TA Hall somewhere and had evening dinner cooked on field kitchen and hall equipment. The rice pudding was badly burned! ACC Ernie Hall was also in attendance. Signing off the equipment, etc. proved rather interesting. There were shortages of course but I think the cost was reimbursed from Mount Browne. It was a well-run and successful column. The vehicles were of mixed types. I remember mainly Austin Champs (fitted with Rolls Royce engines), various 4WD petrol trucks and trailers all finished in police blue and the property of the Home Office I believe.

Cliff Blackford: I don't know how many weeks this ran but when I was involved it was a week's duration. We used large troop-carrying vehicles containing, I think, ten to twelve men, including the driver and me as sergeant in charge. The truck was delivered to Camberley Police Station, the old one, and we drove to Guildford to meet up with the rest of the column. A superintendent was in charge of the whole column. We drove down to Sussex and were billeted in a disused army camp. We had various lectures and exercises in the camp about rescue and taking over whole areas that had been destroyed in a nuclear attack and towards the end of the week each vehicle was detailed to go to various points shown on a map reference, which the sergeant was responsible for finding the finishing point and a time to be there. We set off and drove around various roads and lanes until we were completely lost. It was a glorious day, so we eventually found a narrow lane which had a fairly large grass bank which we used to sun bathe for about an hour before finding our way back to camp with the help of a couple of locals. I did not get any brownie points for my effort.

Ronald Juleff: In the 1950s and 1960s, the Home Office pet subject was civil defence, and each division in Surrey had a civil defence sergeant. At Oxted we had Harry Maurice Harding, and at the end of divisional parade, we had a lecture on civil defence. We were told that if

windows were whitewashed, it would probably stop the flash of a nuclear weapon setting fire to property. After the flash came the blast and any property within a very large radius was demolished anyhow. We were also told of the effects of radiation sickness and other interesting subjects, we were not happy, as very few would survive. I don't suppose many were interested. Harry was later promoted to inspector in charge of civil defence, transferred to H.Q., and later became known throughout the force as "Hydrogen Harry."

In the early 1960s, the Home Office directed that Police Mobile Columns in connection with civil defence be formed and two columns were formed in the Southeast. I was nominated together with Dougie West (P.C. 730) from Oxted. This was the first column. Eric Sellwood (Superintendent) was the officer in charge, a chief inspector from West Sussex, and an Inspector, were deputies. The column was based at an army camp at Crowborough in Sussex. The column was supposed to be self-supporting and various PCs were nominated as cooks and we were supposed to be fed army emergency rations. At Crowborough the Army Catering Corps, took over our rations and really looked after us. We also had use of the N.AA.F.I. I think we were paid extra for the fourteen days we were on the column.

Ronald Juleff: On a Monday morning the old divisional brown van took us from Oxted to Crowborough where we met up with the remainder of personnel. We had vehicles supplied by the Home Office, a Bedford the same model as the "Green Goddesses"" used when the fire service was on strike. These vehicles were slow and ancient, and in addition to the driver, a sergeant sat in the front and about eight PCs were carried in the back, which was covered. There was an open back with seats down each side for personnel. Whenever the vehicle stopped one PC had to alight and stand at the rear. On the vehicle I was in, this was Dougie. In addition to Dougie, and me other occupants were Pat Kenefick, and Roy Proudlove from Dorking, an East Sussex PC and two PCs from Kent. Personnel attended from Surrey, Kent, East and West Sussex. I cannot recall how many vehicles made up the column. We spent a considerable amount of time travelling in column throughout Sussex and Kent. Needless to say, we were not the fastest on the roads, and when traffic built up behind, there was frequent stops to allow traffic past. On long stops we all got down from the vehicles. On one stop, we all stood by the roadway and urinated against the side of the vehicle when it moved forward. Motorists must have seen us but there were no complaints as far as I know.

During the second week the column moved to Eastbourne moving at very slow speed to Beachy Head where an Eastbourne Borough PC who patrolled the area on horseback met us. He was responsible for recovery of bodies of people who committed suicide or fell over the cliff. He gave us a demonstration and went over the cliff to the bottom in his harness. When he came up, he asked if there were any volunteers who wanted to try their luck. Needless to say, there were none. After lunch we went to the main fire station in Eastbourne, where we all went into a smoke-filled building with our noses to the floor to recover dummies, which were supposed to be victims of fire. We were also taught to use high-pressure hoses putting out imaginary fires in very high practice towers. We spent a considerable of time with the fire brigade in Eastbourne, they were pleased to see us and we were pleased to have something to do. Towards

the end of the fortnight the column went to Newhaven where there was supposed to have been a nuclear explosion. Most of the town was supposed to be destroyed with numerous casualties, and we were there with instructions to stop unauthorised people coming into the area and to stop looting, A PC from West Sussex and I were dropped outside a small post office and shop on the outskirts of Newhaven, where we stayed for hours until picked up by the main column. People living near the post office said they had never seen two policemen in the area. As you can appreciate this happened nearly fifty years ago, and a lot of water has gone under the bridge since then.

Len Phillips: Mobile columns brought back memories this was the time when every division had a civil defence officer, ours on Farnham was PC Derek Tunn-Clark. It was over forty years ago. But I do remember what a shambles it was. I was a uniform police constable stationed at Camberley. We were lured into volunteering for this exercise by the promise of PAID overtime a rare event in those days. Our transport was not purpose-built trucks or purpose converted. They were the old divisional brown vans. Used for transporting found dogs, bicycles, and any other odd jobs. No windows or seats. If my memory serves me right, I was packed into this van with about eight other men from the Farnham Division, the only ones I remember were Peter Watts, Tony Kirton and Sergeant Cheeseman We eventually arrived at Crowborough Camp where we found that whilst all the other forces were paying overtime the good old Surrey Constabulary were giving time off in lieu. We were housed in some old spiders (Huts to the uninitiated) but fortunately a lot of us were ex-service men and soon had them ship-shape. Our transport during the exercise was old army three tonners, which at least had open rears and fresh air.

The whole exercise was a shambles and a complete waste of time. But I do remember we went to Brighton and gave a hand in directing traffic for what I believe was the veteran car rally. We also carried out an exercise at Eastbourne, which probably frightened a lot of the elderly locals. One day I got put out at some lonely crossroads and told my job would be to stop traffic going into the nearby town which had been atom bombed out of existence. I wasn't actually to stop any traffic but only pretend to. Throughout the day a motorcyclist would come with notes showing the developments. He complained about the distances he had to travel so gave me all the notes on his second visit. I spent the rest of the day on a deckchair in a local garden being supplied with tea and cakes by the friendly inhabitants. The only other thing of note I remember was a lecture where the question was put to the class "What difference would it make if you were outdoors within a certain distance from the site of an atom bomb blast or if you were indoors. A reply from the back of the class was outdoors burnt to death, indoors crushed to death. Which I thought summed up the whole week.

Colin White: One summer back in about 1965 about one hundred Surrey officers boarded ten purpose-built trucks, or were they purpose-converted? We then set off for Crowborough Camp and a week of Civil Defence training. I recall digging trenches to serve as latrines, handling Geiger counters and attempting to put up overhead cables of some sort. We were at Harold Wilson's red-hot cutting edge of technology all right! Sometimes we raced around the lanes of East Sussex, piloted by motorcycle outriders who stopped everything in our path. We donned

dark blue overalls over our uniforms and caused something of a stir when we all arrived at Beachy Head on a summer's evening and had our dinner cooked in a field kitchen while we lined up with our helmets the only part of our uniform in sight. I must have forgotten most of what happened that week, but I do remember that some of the party played cards twenty-four hours a day! I believe that the philosophy behind this exercise was that, in the event of nuclear attack, several mobile columns would be assembled, and hundreds of appropriately equipped officers would head off to the crater. Even at the time this seemed wildly improbable. Quite how the authorities expected the police to leave their own families and what on earth they could do for an attacked area was incomprehensible.

Robert Bartlett: Bit before my time but I do remember a Civil Defence lecture I think by Inspector Joe Last during several days at HQ in the old lecture theatre, who said that if there was a nuclear attack, we young policemen would be put in lorries/busses and taken off to Wales and come back later to pick up the pieces. When told by some they would not go he said he would be armed and if they did not do as they were told he would shoot them. Interesting viewpoint! Of course, at that time most of the supervisors were experienced wartime servicemen often with some rank, and he probably meant it.

Jeff Bloomfield: November 1963, as a uniform sergeant I was part of a mobile column driving around Kent in three-ton Bedford trucks. Each vehicle had a crew of a Sergeant, driver and six men. The mobile column was a civil defence unit trained to deal with the aftermath of a nuclear explosion. John Harrington was a driver on that column. Charles Mitchell was on the Mobile Column as wireless operator. Two things stood out. At Sandgate in Kent the whole column was lined up for the officer commanding to take the parade when Jeff Bloomfield suddenly appeared at one end and did cartwheels to the other end. It gave us all a good laugh. The second was sitting opposite Sniff Richardson in a billet on camp bed when it was announced that President Kennedy had been assassinated.

Bert Field – an institution

1963 Robert Bartlett: A cadet in Guildford: (Written following the death of Bert Field in November 2004). For the first almost two years of my service, a cadet in Guildford, Bert Field was the most important policeman in my life. Aged just 17, and fresh from being a failed boy soldier, I arrived with one small bag of possessions to move into the section house - with no money. Bert funded me until I was solvent and looked after my interests until I left to become a constable. I have always looked back on those two years in Guildford as some of the happiest years of my service. Along with Cadets Bartlett and Bleasdale were the more senior Cadets Flanders and Clements and several others who I have forgotten. We made the tea twice a day and tried to be useful working directly to Bert whose boisterous efficiency was impressive. Superintendent Sellwood was the boss, along with the three Inspector Smiths, HJ, AN, and DJ working to Chief Inspector Friedersdorf. Bert was the man who organised the administration kept the books, the Impress account; knew everything, sat at the hub. The intercom on his desk would ping and it was usually the superintendent or one of the senior officers needing Bert's advice or help. A good man, a kind man and certainly an efficient one who wielded the

CANCELLED stamp with gusto, as those who worked with him closely, sometimes and best avoided, but will never be forgotten. He was a good, kind man, and an excellent administrator.

Traffic Department-Farnham

1963 Traffic Department: John McLaren Bartlett. I joined Traffic in July 1963. I had a week's experience with Traffic during my probation. Norman Lampard had the problem of showing me the Traffic style. He was crewed with John Tappin. Posted to Farnham and joined Brian Haynes who had been working with Johnny Hitt at Burpham. Johnny or Ron seemed to be known by two first names. For the first two weeks Brian drove. I had never travelled at such speeds. I then went on a five-day driving course. PC Wilson (Chertsey) was one of the PCs I regret I cannot remember the other. I can remember our instructor Ernie Oliver asking for the driver's wristwatch. He put it under the rear wheels of the Hillman Minx we were driving up Guilford High Street. The PC had dropped slightly backward on a previous attempt. He got it right that time! At the end of the week Brian met me at HQ. Ernie said in response to a question from Brian. "He will be alright." Little did I know what was coming; I was presented with the keys," You are driving". We set off back to Farnham out the back way, along the Coombe straight, where the brothers tested their Jaguars. I turned towards the A3 and went to change from second to third. A hand was put on top of mine the other waving in a gesture that only meant more speed. By the time we reached the A3 I wondered what had hit me. We reached Farnham in a time I thought was not possible.

In the section house at Farnham was Jim Rankin and Jim Lawrence, motorbikes, John Parsons came a little later. Cliff Myhill, Robin Chapman and John Lugger In the police houses at the rear of the police station yard was Ken Gosling (stripy) Brian Haynes, John Boyes. I think Harry Sales arrived, Olive Oil sorry John Hoyle. I think John Tappin I am missing one or two. Mike Blencowe arrived. The names I remember include Tim Healey and spaniels, Dave Bowden, Fred Creagh who went to CID A little hazy because when Farnham closed, a sad day, we all got moved to Burpham. I can remember Doug Brazier, Rodney Stone, John Tappin, Eddie Armstrong, Clive Rawlings, Dave Tailor, Brendon Hewson, Tony Keefe with Sergeants Spurgion, Nicholas, Flight Commander Buckman (Ex RAF). Artie Watkins and Gerry Atfield were Inspectors. Norman Lampard had left Burpham on promotion and was at Farnham. Doug Brazier was a huge man whereas his mate was somewhat smaller. I can remember seeing him Garth as he was known, driving the Austin Westminster. It had a flag above the steering wheel, which dropped down when the power steering lacked power? There was enough room for four of him on the front bench seat. He however drove it well.

On one occasion when walking the beat at Guilford I had called for assistance. Doug Brazier and Tim Healy arrived in a Sunbeam Rapier. The two men emerged, and it was amazing how the two of them fitted into the car in the first place. It was strange how that after the two centres combined how we kept to our respective areas. We never knew why Farnham had closed; it seemed illogical. We had been Inspected by the HMI who asked, "What do you know about the Barbed Wire Act?" useful for a traffic man and given a good report. The cars could not have been cleaner. I started driving the Sunbeam Rapier; I think the only car never to have been

on its roof? The Ford Zephyr followed always with Town and Country tyres on the rear. Jim Starkey at HQ garage, when challenged retorted, I thought you liked the tyres" He had to be joking; I think he had purchased a 'job lot'. The billiard table front Ford was due to follow, which the chief declined. Apparently, Ford has other ideas about a contract. We ended up with the totally underpowered GT Cortina.

I remember my first advanced course at Chelmsford. The instructor told me that he could always identify a Surrey traffic man. Why? He always swooped up behind a car to gather speed prior to overtaking. Not a good image. However, I did alright. One day Gerry Atfield arrived at Farnham as I started late turn. He asked me to road test a Ford a 'works' Lotus Cortina. Did that Go! The journey was from Farnham across the Hogs Back, then turning right at the A3 junction towards Hindhead; at Hindhead another right to Farnham and back to the traffic centre. Gerry's face remained a smile. I think he enjoyed the ride as much as I had the drive. Why cannot we have these I asked? No garage expertise was the short answer! (He was a very good traffic man and probably missed his early days.)

A breath of fresh air arrived with the Triumph PI. That was more like a proper car. During my time on Traffic, I worked with, after Brian Haynes, Colin Campbell, Dave Bowden, Gerry Bixley, Frank Bond, Lionel Covey and Geoff Green. Another chap who lived at Ash Vale, one of two brothers also spent some time with me. With due modesty every PC who was put on with me got a `1st. Thank you Brian Haynes, your tuition was first class! Just before I transferred to the Metropolitan Police, I had a new crewmate who lived at Burpham, I cannot however remember his name. It is sad, on reflection that I had formed a desire to deal with crime and wanted to go onto CID. Having completed a learner at Camberley I was subsequently offered a position at Caterham. I had purchased a house in Farnham and with two small children the prospect of a move was not viable. I do not think you can get further apart in the county. Thank you, the management!

Scenes of crime

1963 John Molyneux Scenes of Crime Officers: Prior to 1963 there was no specific scene of crime officer, most crimes being handled by CID who made their own investigation of the crime scene, the taking of elimination fingerprints, etc. It was becoming obvious that the detectives' workload was becoming too great, but the thought of a uniformed officer assisting the CID was viewed, in some quarters, with suspicion and derision. On 20th September 1963, Course Order 469 was issued for a 'Course for Scenes of Crime Officers at Headquarters from 30.9.63 to 12.10.63', for a dozen or so to train to become Scenes of Crime Officers. Some of those listed were already doing this type of work, notably PC 333 Massey. The course was intensive, covering not only fingerprinting but the packaging of materials found, the identification of prints, vehicle crime, and most other thing which could relieve the routine work of the detective. A visit to the Metropolitan Police stolen car squad was included, as was the taking of plaster casts of foot or tyre prints.

Returning to division - I was at Caterham, the theory was that we worked normal duties when not engaged on scenes of crime, but in practice it was usual to get phoned on a conference point (there were no personal radios then), cycle to the police station to collect the equipment and cadge a lift to the incident from the area car - assuming that it was not the vehicle already dealing with the incident. The 'equipment' comprised a box, about attaché case size, made by Detective Inspector Danny Hobbs of Oxted Division CID, containing a jar of white powder and a similar jar containing black powder, together with two pairs of large, fluffy brushes with which to apply the powder. The box also contained a copper faced block, a tube of fingerprint ink, a roller to spread the ink evenly on the block, a piece of rag and a small bottle of white spirit, with which to clean the block. This was used when taking elimination prints. The use of the rag was permitted to remove most of the ink from the fingers, but a wash with soap and hot water was recommended to the 'victims' (Similar rollers, etc. were used to take prisoner's prints, but they were generally in better condition than that in the box!)

Marks found on items which could not readily be removed e.g., window frames, were labelled and Crime Bureau informed for a photographer to attend. (My pocketbooks record DC Mynott, Mr Williams, and a DC Woodford amongst the photographers who attended at various times) Marks on removable items e.g., jewellery boxes, were labelled and taken to CB. At that time, Caterham was the sub-division of Oxted Division. Jeff Tuckfield was the Scenes of Crime Officer there, and eventually (c.1967 - 8) he became the Scenes of Crime Officer for the Division as there was insufficient work for us both (and the duty sergeant got rather upset when he had no driver for the area car as I had been called out earlier)

Another way of lifting prints from paper, etc. was using Ninhydrin spray. The object to be examined (e.g., letter, chocolate box lid) was sprayed with Ninhydrin and then allowed to dry. The active ingredient in the spray reacted with the grease in the print making it visible (and purple in colour). Mainly Crime Bureau used this method because they were the experts at identifying prints. There was also a method of taking a person's prints using Ninhydrin. A pad soaked in Ninhydrin, was rubbed onto the fingers, which were then placed on a sheet of sensitised paper. (Similar to photographic paper) The prints would appear, purple in colour. Although this method was much less messy that black fingerprint ink, it was not regularly used as it was expensive and it had not been proved to be everlasting.

Towards the end of my time as a Scenes of Crime Officer, I was issued with a Minivan, SPD826F, in which to attend incidents. This, of course, passed to PC Tuckfield when he took over these duties for the whole Division. The distribution list at the bottom of Course Order 469 shows a copy to Miss Nash. Would that have been so that she could bring us breakfast in bed? (I don't think so!)

1963 The working week was further reduced to 42 hours. [17]

A Cadet in the early 1960s

[17] http://www.polfed.org/aboutus/69DD9AB47F534348AD5D1415843163AA.asp Internet 19 Jan 2010

Robert Bartlett: I came to Surrey in the very cold and snowy winter of February 1963. It had taken about six months from leaving the army where I had been a boy soldier to arriving in the Section House at the rear of the police station in Woodbridge Road Guildford, having been recruited by an institution, Sergeant Jock Ball. Jock was basically recruiting for the football team and so if an interest was expressed, not only were you in, but you were one of the chosen ones, a footballer. I had played a bit, but was never quite good enough, was very fit and willing to be a part of his team. I had my Army First Class in five subjects which counted against GCE requirements as far as I recall that was about all it took to join. There must have been an interview with someone.

Woodbridge Road Police Station

The police station in Guildford was an ancient red brick building that was sadly demolished and turned into a car park during 2001. Once it had been the County HQ for the Surrey Constabulary. The single men's quarters or section house was to the side with an access into Leapale Lane, a few seconds walk from North Street. This part of the building was "new" compared to the older Victorian bit. There were some single rooms, and on the top floor there were cubicles, known as the horseboxes. The horseboxes were contained within a large room that was divided by partitions, giving some privacy but no peace and quiet for those on shifts. I had a room of my own being "the boy", and comfortable it was except that it was above the cells. I should have known that there was a reason why I had the best room in the place. Noisy drunks were a particular pain, and many an hour's sleep was lost until tiredness or the drink, finally overtook the prisoner. There was one prisoner who on more than one occasion spent a long night screaming and shouting and banging his cell door. He was to die a young man.

On the ground floor there was a kitchen, dining room, a bar and clubhouse with a snooker table. Mrs Hart the cook mothered the policemen during weekdays for breakfast and lunch, with self-catering at the weekend and in the evenings. When Mrs Hart was not there, the kitchen soon deteriorated into a real mess, as there appeared to be a total reluctance by the twenty or so residents to wash up. The next two years was one big moan about the state of the kitchen. For all this luxury I was charged £4 from my £6 weekly pay to cover food, as the room came free. On the other side of Leapale Lane was a converted house, which became the single women's quarters. It was from here that several of the young ladies broke many hearts.

My immediate task on becoming Cadet 14 was to open a bank account and to buy uniform boots and a few other items. The uniform was free and I was advanced some money to kit myself out with other things I needed. At this stage my worldly possessions were in one small tartan holdall, and all my money was in my pocket. My boss was Sergeant Bert Field who was the clerk sergeant for the division, a bright and able man with a sense of fun. We got on well as I did with the other cadet Des Flanders being one of them. Everyone was very kind and welcoming, and I immediately took to the life. Having been in the army helped as I mixed well with the men, and I was used to being away from home and looking after myself. My duties consisted importantly of making the tea for all those on duty in the morning and afternoon. Tea and biscuits we carried around all the offices and the cadets took a great deal of time over what was never seen as too much of a chore. The biscuits were something of an institution, being chocolate McVities, individually wrapped and either milk or plain. They were not included in the tea fund and the biscuits had to be paid for as they were delivered with the tea. There were set times for tea with many a phone call if we were delayed. The worst office was where the policewomen were based, as it was always full of smoke from the cigarettes of Miss Mackenzie the Inspector.

Cadets registered aliens, which meant we met all the au-pair girls; lost property recording and reconciliation with the owners; recording all the road accidents; running the errands. Many duties were spent in the front office dealing with the public and operating the frightful switchboard. Every call in and out went through the board and each line had a cable and plug. A flap would drop indicating someone had picked up a phone, a lever was pressed and hopefully you would talk to whoever was on the phone and then the difficult bit, the correct cable had to be put in the right hole and again another lever pulled to make the phone ring. It was a nightmare and I still recall the rollicking from Superintendent Sellwood for cutting him off mid call. Another close call was when I threw back the sliding window that divided the office from the public and knocked for six a typewriter causing considerable damage. Charlie

Barham the station officer had to submit a report which he put the damage down to "the enthusiasm of youth."

The weather remained very cold and with deep snow in one of the worst winters of a generation. It was so cold that patrolling officers were given double length meal breaks, and some were taken hot drinks on the beat by their sergeants. This was only on night duty. It would have been a poor policeman who could not live off the land during the day and find a place to warm his feet and hands.

It was not all office work. One or two days a week Cadets were on foot or mobile patrol. Being in the section house and living with many of the young officers, I developed a good relationship with them, and they were not unhappy to have me in tow. We worked day shifts and 2-10 or even later, particularly on the "Tilly", or the utility vehicle, a Hillman Husky estate. This was J35, and what excitements, charging around the town and beyond with blue light flashing and bell ringing, responding to all the emergency calls. Burglaries, accidents, chases, fights, disturbances in pubs, sudden deaths we had the lot. One night in what was to be my first excitement in the police we surrounded suspects in the Rodborough Buildings at the bottom of the town. This was an enormous red brick building that was once a factory and in the late 1990s was to become a fashionable pub and parade of shops. It was therefore a large area to search. A burglar had been disturbed in the building and was believed to be still there. All escape routes were cut off and in went the dog to search the building. After a short time, loud barking could be heard and in we went, and I had the good fortune to be the one to capture the burglar – with a little assistance from the dog handler! I had never seen a man so frightened, a man shaking so much. The first road accident I attended was a bad one. It was in Stoughton, and I arrived at the scene in the back of the J35 to find a small boy had been knocked off his bike and was trapped underneath a large tipper lorry. There was the usual knot of people standing around, concerned, wanting to do something or just the curious. Thankfully as there always seemed to be, there was a small group helping to keep the poor lad alive. It took ages to get him out, something fortunately I was not involved in. A wise soul sent me to direct the traffic. The arrival of the ambulance and fire brigade would have led to the lad's release, but the skills of the ambulance staff were very limited. It was known as "scoop and shoot". Scoop up the injured person and shoot off to the hospital.

Cadets were also given foot patrols with constables. We were dressed differently. A cap with a blue band, battledress style jackets with "Police Cadet" on the shoulders with what was still referred to as a "collar number". This term came from the unique number issued to every policeman and when they wore button up tunics without shirt collars and ties, the number was worn on the collar. My number was 14. Our shirts were blue with detachable collars needing collar studs to fit them; impossible to fix when in a hurry and new to the job. In fact, on my first morning, Jim Wright helped fix my collar before my first day's duty. The skill was to secure the collar to the stud at the back of the neck, and at the same time have the tie inserted within the collar. The collar then had to be secured to another stud where the top button now is, and then the tie tied. The uniform came from the stores in the stables at Mount Browne, where an old PC, a Scot called Alexander issued what he had with the cry of "you'll grow

laddie" if it was found that nothing in stock fitted. I suppose he was right. A lot of the young men would grow and certainly expand with the PT and other activities we undertook. Not everyone recognised the sartorial splendour of a cadet's uniform. On one occasion when at the railway station with PC Dennis Edwards someone asked me which platform the London train went from. Did I suffer after that! For many a day I was asked for a two-penny ticket to the terminus by so called friends in the section house!

In 1963 there were many of the old-time sergeants and constables still serving, some from the days when Guildford was a borough force. The term character comes easily to mind. They were mostly very big men, who were brought up to resolve many of the problems they faced with their fists. Many had served in the war, some in Korea. They knew what was right and wrong but probably many could not have been too certain of their powers. If you deserved it, you would be arrested, and the station sergeant or inspector would sort out the niceties of the law. They were well known locally and mostly respected, even by the people they locked up. Some of these men could and did drink enormous quantities of beer, and for some it mattered not if they were on duty or not. One sergeant after a particularly arduous session at the Surrey County Show in Stoke Park got on his bike to go home and fell off the other side, sprawling in the road. He and his bike were put in the back of the "brown van" and taken home. Another sergeant, Bill Leahy would always ensure that the stock cupboard was in order when carrying out a pub check or visit. It is just as well that they had an enormous capacity. He could check all the pubs in the town centre, visiting each and every stock cupboard. For a young policeman it was apparently a daunting experience undertaking a pub check with Sergeant Leahy.

I recall Sergeant "banana-feet" Feehan for a different reason. He was a very large and tough Irishman who had lost nothing of his accent, making him sometimes difficult to understand. It was said that one day he was sent from the police station in Woodbridge Road, to peddle fast on his bike up the top of the hill in North Street to where it met the High Street. He was sent to try and intercept a man on a cycle that had stolen a radio and made off at high speed towards the town centre down the Epsom Road. On coming to the junction with the High Street Sergeant Feehan saw coming down the High Street from the left, a man on a cycle with a radio. That will do. That was good enough. On being commanded in a very loud voice by Sergeant Feehan to stop he did not, and so Feehan. Or so the story went, lifted his bike like a toy and threw it at the suspect who was still cycling furiously towards the town centre. The bike hit the suspect who with a yelp and cry was sent crashing into a shop window. It was of course the wrong person. This story has a number of variations! Sergeant Feehan had been given the nickname because his feet were so large, they drooped over his bike pedals like a banana!

Others, including PC "Tiny" Oliver it was said had in his younger days a favourite method of dealing with the rowdy youngsters, particularly the large numbers of military personnel who descended on the town. The policeman would stand behind the shop blinds that hung down onto the pavement and thump the unsuspecting rowdy through the blind. They never knew what hit them. It is also rumoured that many a soldier or sailor found being a nuisance at the bus station at the bottom of the High Street ended up in the river. It was said that they also

carried their truncheon up their sleeve to give a “tap” to the rowdy youths or military men to encourage them on their way.

Most of the new policemen were ex-servicemen in that they had completed their national service. Some had spent longer in the military many having served in the Second World War. The war and military service generally influenced relationships within the police station. There were several constables who had held commissions in the war, and some had been quite senior, seeing a great deal of action. A major in the King’s Own Scottish Borderers, pilots, commissioned aircrew, prisoners of war. However, after the war many of the men were happy without responsibility, no doubt pleased to have survived and now content with a quieter life. Many were very able, more so than some of their supervisors, but remained constables. Others had come to the area because of a recruiting campaign in Northumbria and Durham, where unemployment was a huge problem. What this all meant was that there was no such thing as a typical policeman. They were all different. Some were personable and bright, other more sullen. There was the odd one who was just so unsuited that they could not survive in the job and were soon weeded out.

About 1993 – the last of the Borough men with Stan Harland Superintendent of the Guildford Sub-division. Mrs Turner ran CID admin in fact was CID Admin. At least six of these men were working Guildford in the mid 1960s.

Back: Unknown, unknown, Jack Gower, Jack Woodford.
Middle: Bill Leahy, Jim Rook, Charlie Barham, and Digger Field
Front: Wilf Sivill, Stan Harland, Joyce Turner (CID clerk), unknown, Mick Feehan

The social life was excellent with close contacts with two nurses training hostels at St Lukes and the Royal Surrey hospitals. We could get into the cinemas free on showing our warrant cards and there was always a Chinese restaurant for a cheap treat. There were a great many parties and social events, but not all ended happily. In a small town like Guildford the policemen became well known to the local criminals and even in those days, drug users. Two events come to mind making this point. One of the policemen from the section house Barry Bearne had an open top Jaguar. We were off duty one afternoon and left the police station yard turning into North Street stopping at a pedestrian crossing. For no reason and with little warning we were attacked by several youths who recognised us as police officers. I had been sitting on the back of the vehicle, something which would not be allowed today; easily jumped from the vehicle and hit a couple of them and they made off! No arrests were made, but no doubt a considerable amount of abuse was exchanged.

Another incident happened at a dance in the Civic Hall in Guildford. This was often the venue for dances with live bands on the stage with many hundreds of the young gathered to dance and drink. I was with PC Garry Askew, ex Merchant Navy, and an accomplished drinker of fourteen pints without any obvious effect on his bearing or behaviour. We had been at the dance for a while when a group of lads started giving us abuse as again, they recognised us as police officers. The abuse turned to threats and one of the yobs we knew to be notoriously violent, came very close and was obviously worse for drink and was about to hit me. After some threats and posturing he came at me and so I grabbed him and threw him to the ground. He decided not to continue his abuse, and his friends backed off. The bouncers came. “Police” we shouted before the embarrassment of being grabbed and thrown out, producing our warrant cards with a flourish. The yobs were ejected, and we carried on with our evening out.

Violence and the policeman have always been companions; a factor that is often overlooked when in the present day quite rightly the level of violence is condemned. In Guildford on a Friday and Saturday night, there were double shifts worked after 10 p.m. covering the bottom of North Street and Swan Lane with as many as twenty police officers there and still there were problems. Frequently at about closing time there would be some considerable ruckus as the soldiery and sometimes the sailors decided to take on the world. We never lost and I do not remember any of the policemen ever being badly thumped.

1963/1964 Cadets at HQ. Keith Portlock front and centre 4th in centre row Bob Bartlett calling the step!

Life was very simple, the public were not demanding, the level of policing problems was low but nonetheless existed as they always have, and there always seemed to be enough police about to do the job. There was no specialist transport, just an old brown Commor van without a radio. You fought with what you had. There were no reinforcements available, no means of summoning more officers. An officer I spent a great deal of time with on the crime car or Tilly was PC Garry Hyldon from Wood Street. He was a character with a larger than life personality but to a young Cadet, he seemed to be the most capable of policemen. Nothing ever fazed him, and he had the ability to get on with all manner of people. It was with Gary that I was introduced to many of the larger houses in and around Guildford. He seemed to know everybody and was welcome in their homes for a drink of tea or usually something stronger. On occasions I earned my keep by staying in the car and listening for Control to call "J35, J35 a message." A quick dash to the house and we were soon on the way. At some "tea stops" the host put on the radio, which was tuned to the Force radio. If the call sign J35 was heard it was a dash to the car with an apology to Control, we were out of the vehicle doing a check. I don't think anyone was fooled. Another character was a tall slim PC with a twinkle in his eye, Tony Forward. He transferred in from the east of the county and was a man with a considerable sense of humour and was great fun to be with. He retired as Chief Superintendent Eastern Division, married to Garry Hilden's daughter, whose 18th birthday I went to. It was that sort of Force at the time

There was a drama early one morning when the section house was evacuated. In North Street just up from Leapale Lane was a theatre, possibly the Theatre Royal. A night duty PC looked through the door and saw that the building was well alight. The fire brigade were summoned after he ran into the station office to report what he had seen. By now the fire had taken hold

and the fire went up into the roof. As the flames and smoke soared out through a gaping hole in the roof close to the top floor of the section house there was a fear that the flames would jump the road and the section house would go up. The theatre was lost but no damage was caused to our single men's quarters. It was far too late by the time we were allowed back in to go to bed and so the kettle was put on and the snooker table well used for a couple of hours.

The "café society" was prominent in Guildford, but it had several dimensions. The young single PCs and WPCs frequented Boxer's coffee bar in Tunsgate during the evenings. This is where the au-pair girls used to go, and of course the "English police are wonderful." A further bonus was that the cadets were often the only English people they knew outside the family, having spent some time on the registration process at the police station. During the day the roof garden of Harvey's, now the Army and Navy, was a favoured watering hole. There were other cafes where the purple hearts crunched on the floor when the police came in. There was one of these by the river. Walking back from HQ one afternoon I saw one of the soldiers from my time as a boy soldier in Chepstow. He was carrying a sleeping bag and was obviously sleeping rough. He had just left the riverside café a known druggie haunt. This man had caused me a great deal of grief during my boy soldier days, as he was an inveterate bully. I was in uniform, and he recognised me and we held a brief and stilted conversation. He probably was beginning to regret some of his behaviour towards me. It was obvious from what he said that he was absent without leave from his unit in the regular army. That was good enough for me and a 999 call summoned PCs Lampard and May in their Traffic car a black and shiny Sunbeam Rapier, and an arrest was made. I got some credit for doing what the policeman thought was the right thing to do now that I had changed from khaki to blue. However, it was an easy decision I could hardly ignore the fact that I knew that this man was absent. He was certainly not worth my job.

The swinging sixties brought many of the famous pop stars to Guildford where they appeared at the Odeon cinema in the Upper High Street. On one occasion I was tasked with "guarding" the Rolling Stones dressing room, which in fact meant I spent several hours in their company in the dressing room as they waited to go on stage. Had I only got their autographs they would be worth a week's pension today! They were friendly, but all I recall know is that they seemed to drink a great deal. Why I was in the dressing room I no longer have any idea. The Kinks were another famous group that I saw and Frankie Vaughan, when the police were given free tickets to the concert because they would not sell. There were still many circuses with animal acts and of course there were those who wanted such practices to stop. Animal rights are not a new concept. One evening I was in the police station when a call came seeking assistance in the Council Chamber where protesters were disrupting business. I went with the duty inspector, and we ejected them with little fuss, but making the local newspaper. The inspector was a huge man, and he and I went into the council chamber. "Mr Mayor, would you ask those that you do not wish to stay to leave", boomed the inspector across the crowded council chamber. This was done, and with no more than a request the protesters left. It was reported in the Surrey Ad and there was some flak for the inspector for taking the boy with him!

Sometimes it was difficult to see the join between work and fun. Cadets completed the Duke of Edinburgh Award, and that took me to Wales in August 1963, for the Gold expedition. We

stayed in a hostel, did a few practice walks and then off into the mountains, including going over Snowdon, for a few days, covering sixty miles. It was very hard. The equipment was very heavy. We had to carry our tent, which was made with the old-fashioned materials, and all the food that we were to need. It rained for a great deal of the time, which made everything heavier as the rucksacks and equipment became drenched. We all did the course and passed, returning with relief to the civilised southeast from the rain-soaked hills and mountains of Wales. With about six others I spent a week with several Swedish girl guides in tents at a place called Woodlarks at Farnham, where a number of disabled youngsters were on a camping holiday. What one did for one's country when young!

The Duke of Edinburgh Silver award was presented by Sir John Hunt of Everest fame, in the hall at the Royal Grammar School. I was also to be a part of a team of Cadets involved in the award scheme that manned a stall at an event in Epsom when the Duke landed by helicopter and toured the stands. "Do not talk unless spoken to and be careful, he doesn't like policeman", we were briefed. Finally in November 1964, with my widowed mother, I attended Buckingham Palace and in the ballroom was presented with my award.

> "*The Equerry in Waiting to the Duke of Edinburgh is desired by His Royal Highness to invite Robert Bartlett to attend the presentation of Awards to young people who have reached the Gold Standard in His Royal Highness's Award Scheme at Buckingham Palace at 3 p.m. on Thursday 26th November 1964."*

Cadets Dennis Fisher, Robbie Chapman and Robert Bartlett at Epsom for the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh

I remember the loos being "posh" and the long picture lined corridors. My mother waited sat in the ballroom with all the other Mums, and in the gallery a Guards band played Beetles music. Along with others, I formed a queue in an adjoining gallery, from where we entered, bowed to the Duke, received the award, and went out the other side. Another royal occasion was when the Queen came to open the Woman's Royal Army Corps depot at Stoughton. I "guarded" the car at the railway station before she arrived and was amused to see the chauffeur polishing the vehicle with polish from Woolworths. It was not a royal visit but during these years President

Kennedy visited Harold Macmillan's home in Sussex. I was probably the only one left in the section house that weekend as everyone else went on aide to Sussex.

There was plenty of sport, swimming in the local pool, PT and football and other games on the vast playing field at Mount Browne. One local invention was murder ball. There were no rules just get the ball across the line of the opposing team. It was more than a little rough but got the young police officers used to rolling around on the ground and being able to care of themselves. Our training sergeant was Jack Packham whose immortal cry of "Twice around the world – GO" as he sent the cadets running twice around the enormous sports field for causing him some grief. We were very fit. Cadets spent quite a lot of time at HQ, which in those days was no more than the mansion plus the stables in which there were the stores and the training department. There was a large kitchen garden, which supplemented the canteen. The whole place seemed to be run by Basher Nash who had a desk in the entrance hall. There were dormitories on the top floor where we often stayed, and which one-day would be my Operations Department office. Some twenty-five years later the room that slept about six cadets including me, was the office for the superintendent operations which I took over from Graham Marshall on my return to Surrey. One of the more onerous "voluntary" tasks for the Cadets was to act as waiters for the celebration dinner held at the end of the dog training courses frequently held at Mount Browne. Do not underestimate the stresses involved in doing this! I managed to spill soup down Sergeant Darbyshire, a very famous and somewhat daunting cornerstone of early dog handling in the police. Dog handlers have always had a broad range of invective!

Chief Constable Mr Herman Rutherford was there somewhere but at my level little contact. He wrote in green ink as it was and remains a tradition that chief constables wrote in green, and deputy chief constables in red. No one else was allowed to use these colours. The chief constable appeared to see most things. I had an unusually good report from the Tech College, and he sent it to me with a "Well done". This is a minor point but indicates the level of the workload, and the involvement of senior staff in all aspects of the daily life of the force that is so different from the modern police. The chief was highly regarded with many still speaking with great fondness of his predecessor who had moved to become Sir Joseph Simpson, the Commissioner of the Metropolis.

I spent some time as the CID cadet in the house in the yard at the back of the police station in Leapale Lane. The clerk was a harsh, apparently humourless, and difficult lady, a Mrs Turner. We shared an office on the ground floor, and I made tea, filed, completed registers, and looked forward to the days on patrol. There was some excitement when watchers from MI5 moved into the front downstairs office. They were there for many days waiting, playing cards, drinking my tea and no doubt eating the McVities. What they were up to I had no idea. One day I was in the front office when a caller came and asked for something using a Box number, of which I had become aware, but bemused the station officer. I took the visitor across the yard, and he obviously thought I knew something of what was going on. "It will happen today, and we will be gone". Whatever it was happened because sometime later the phone rang, the office emptied, and they never returned. Years later I read that an RAF warrant officer was spying for the Russians, and he made a dead letter drop in Guildford at about that time.

The DI was A. N. Smith, not to be confused with the other Guildford Inspectors D. J. Smith and H.J. Smith. The DI sat in an office on the top floor of our CID house with his radio tuned to the cricket, with Sergeants Hay and Wright opposite. They dealt with all the crime, as there were no specialists based in HQ. For some reason I have always remembered one of the early enquiries that took place during my time in the office. R. K. raped an Austrian au pair. She had gone to his flat where he had offered to show her how to make chapattis.

The force believed in further education and cadets went every week to the Guildford Technology College in the Stoke Road, for day release. We shared the class with nursing cadets so there was some purpose in going.

It was around this time that I saw my first body. I was on J35 with Garry Hyldon, and we had to deliver some papers. We pulled up outside a wooden building, I think in Woodbridge Meadows, and I was given the papers to take inside. As I walked unsuspectingly through the double doors it became obvious where I was. The smell is quite distinct and even if it is new to you, it is obvious what it is. There was a body halfway through a PM cut from top to toe with the chest pulled back, and the pathologist head down. It is always the smell of these places that impregnates your clothing, and filters into your inside. It is very difficult to shake off. Back out to the car without embarrassing myself, to be met by roars of laughter at this great joke, and back to the section house for liver and bacon. They may not have realised it, but they may have, these experienced officers, but by introducing me to the PM in such a painless way they had overcome one of the dreads of any recruit.

1963 Radio in a CID car at Guildford: A significant change was the **introduction of a radio** into the one and only CID car, a Morris 1000. A radio so never again would a detective not be available when needed. How wonderfully naïve! There were now three wireless cars on the Guildford Division, the sergeants', CID and J35 a Hillman Husky estate. In addition, there was the Triumph 500cc divisional motorcycle, the real workhorse of the station. In 1963 Mervyn Saunders and Fred Smith were the main men, and how hard they worked. It was these two who dealt with most of the sudden deaths and a great deal of the paper enquiries that came in from other Forces

1963 8 August: Train robbers make off with millions: Thieves have ambushed the Glasgow to Euston mail train and stolen thousands of pounds. Banks estimate they have lost over £2m in used, untraceable banknotes in the biggest ever raid on a British train. The Post Office train - known as the Up Special - had run every night, without interference, for one hundred and twenty-five years until it was brought to a halt by a red light at 0315 GMT in Buckinghamshire. Driver Jack Mills, fifty-eight, has been detained in hospital in Aylesbury with head injuries after being coshed by the raiders, who police believe were masked and armed with sticks and iron bars. But most of the seventy-five mail sorters working on the train were unaware of the twenty-minute incident as the thieves uncoupled the engine and front two carriages of the train and drove them up to Bridego Bridge a mile away. There they broke into the second carriage - restraining the four postal workers inside - and loaded one hundred and twenty mail and money

bags into a lorry waiting on the road beneath. Investigators - including Buckinghamshire Police, the British Transport Police, and the Post Office - were on the scene, near Cheddington, in the early hours of the morning and found signals had been tampered with and telephone wires cut. The Detective Superintendent of Buckinghamshire CID said: "This was obviously a brilliantly planned operation."

1963 Aug 16: £100,900 was found in a bag in **Redlands Wood** a beauty spot two miles from **Dorking.** This was part of the train robbery money. On the **13 May 1966**, one of the train robbers James White was on trial in Buckinghamshire where the prosecution gave details of the £25 notes in the caravan discovered by DC Wally Hammond.

1963 August 20: Caravan searched: A caravan site at Dorking was one of several places searched following the train robbery. This followed a tip that a caravan near Dorking might have been used as a temporary headquarters by some of the thieves. Surrey police searched the caravan and checked it for fingerprints. More than £100,000 was found in a wood near Dorking last week. After studying a report from Dorking Buckinghamshire Police said the caravan had no connexion with the robbery.[18]

1963 August 21: Mail Raid Link in Caravan: Detective Superintendent Fewtrell head of Buckinghamshire CID travelled to Dorking yesterday as detectives from Surrey Constabulary dismantled much of the caravan interior and searched fields and woodlands surrounding the site with the help of dogs. “There is something in the caravan that convinces us that it is connected with the train robbery, but we will not say what it is at this moment.” Interest in the caravan was aroused when it was reported that a couple paid for its hire in £5 notes but left suddenly a few days ago. Police think it likely that some members of the gang planned to use the caravan as a hideout for several weeks but panicked because of the intensity of the police operation. Detective Superintendent E White head of Surrey CID and Detective Superintendent Gunning of Dorking directed yesterday’s search at Boxhill [19]

1963 August 22: £30,000 found in caravan: Another £30,000 of the £2,626,000 stolen in the mail train ambush has been recovered. Police disclosed yesterday that the money, all in £5 notes, was cleverly concealed behind panelling in a caravan removed from a site at Boxhill, near Dorking and towed to the investigation HQ at Aylesbury. Descriptions of a man and a woman with a baby and a white poodle, who stayed in the caravan after buying it for £325 in cash a few days after the robbery have been circulated. Identical descriptions of the couple were obtained from two different sources and it is thought probable that they were responsible for dumping £100,000 found in a wood near Dorking last Friday. Although Surrey police made a detailed examination of the caravan on site and found the £30,000 after much of the interior had been dismantled, detectives at Aylesbury are subjecting it to further structural examination.[20] (Initially the caravan was taken to Mount Browne)

[18] 1963 August 20: The Times
[19] 1963 August 21: The Times
[20] 1963 August 22: The Times

Timber Wood: Two officers I think attended the caravan on Box Hill were Peter Morley and the force carpenter, Cecil Smith. Peter Morley was a Guildford Division dog handler. In those days the force had a constable who was employed as a 'chippy'. It was Cecil's job on this occasion to take down the panelling in the caravan where the cash was revealed. As well as a 'chippy' we also had handyman/bricklayer in Constable Tom Travena. I believe Cecil and Tom came to HQ in the early days of the force taking over Mount Browne. This was in the days of Chief Constable Simpson, the jobs were to be temporary, but they stayed at HQ for the rest of their service, which went well into the 1960's. I understand that Tom was always shown as on the strength of Farnham Division.

Pip Kerridge: I was on my "learner" when the money was found at Dorking. The CID section was either Ron Harvey or Basil West as DI and Nick Carter was DS. Alec Illing, John Maughan, Denis Courtman were Detective Constables. The couple that found the money at Coldharbour, came from the Horsham area and worked on the Westcott Road, Dorking. We believed them when they said that their motorcycle had overheated! The money was counted in the little office just off the main reception area; there were bundles of fivers, two tiers about nine inches high stretching for about eight feet along the wall on the office floor. The other cash on Box Hill was found in a caravan on one of the lesser sites, (I can't remember the name) believed to have been put there by White. The money had been placed behind the lining of the caravan walls. Alec Illing and I were there when the Metropolitan Police Scenes of Crime Officer undertook their inspection. Since CID officers in Surrey had to do their own scenes of crime at that time, Alec and I were not over impressed with his efforts.

Tony May: It was a travelling Post Office that was at the centre of the "Robbery of the Century" as it was known when it was held up and robbed in August 1963. This reminded me of the very tiny part I played in the Great Train robbery when I was stationed at Burpham Traffic Centre on patrol in what was then W2 area. With Danny Shaw as my crewmate, we were instructed to go to Box Hill one evening with the police Land Rover to tow a caravan, in which some of the stolen money had been discovered, back to Headquarters at Mount Browne. I believe it was then systematically taken completely to bits to find some of the stolen money. Following on from this robbery it was part of our duty on the night shifts (11-7) to follow the progress of the TPO's which came through the County, and I can well remember racing to either Brookwood or Walton-on-Thames railway stations just before or just after midnight to check that it had safely gone through. Each TPO was given a code name, like "Milan" and we had to report to M2HJ that we had seen it through. This went on for some time through the following winter.

Peter Wickens: Camberley. The Mail train that came up from the south through Brookwood and Woking. The Camberley car had to go to the traffic lights near Worplesdon Golf Club and wait for the train to pass. On its reaching Woking, the car [J44] then travelled to the Birds Eye Car Park near Walton Station. It remained there until the Mail train had passed and then returned to Camberley. The operation lasted a few weeks.

August 1963. Dorking Advertiser: After the Great Train Robbery, Dorking must have been the centre of operations for some members of the gang. This is now clear following the discovery of more than £100,000 in banknotes dumped in woodland at Coldharbour and in the search this week of a caravan site at Box Hill which revealed a further £30,000 in £5 notes which had been hidden inside the caravan. Scotland Yard now believe they know the names of the people concerned in dumping the £100,900 in Redland Wood, Coldharbour. It is not certain if they were the same people who hid the money in the caravan. The caravan dwellers were described as a young couple with a white toy poodle. The caravan was taken to Guildford before being taken to Aylesbury.

Editor: It was reported in the Dorking Advertiser that the finder of the money on Leith Hill was a Mr John A accompanied by an office colleague. They were forced to stop when Mr Ahern's motorcycle engine became overheated, and he noticed what appeared to be an abandoned picnic some twenty yards into the wood. The holdalls were opened, the cash discovered, and the police called. A local bank manager from the Midland, Mr ED Ford provided two of his best men to count the money. Later two more staff from the bank were called to the police station to help. It took until 7 pm for all the money to be counted after which it was loaded into cardboard boxes and driven to Buckinghamshire Police HQ

1960s: Urgent messages: When on patrol, in those cars or on motorcycles fitted with radio, or even when working in the Station Office, attention was attracted to the radio operator when the call "All Stations, All Stations, standby for a message" came across the air. The station officer would record the message for briefing or telling staff at their next telephone point, the observer if there was one on the car would write the message in the wireless log, and the motorcyclist, often too wet or cold to write anything did his best to remember. More immediate for the mobile officers were **Attention Drawn** messages. "HJ, HJ Attention Drawn. Attention is drawn to a black Ford Popular last seen A24 south. Made off without paying for petrol at Givons Grove- anyone for my last: J35, J35 your location?"

Really serious stuff from anywhere in the country came via an **Express Message** sent originally over the radio but the teleprinter was used where possible and mobile patrols were instructed to go to their nearest police station to read the message. A further transmission of serious information mostly for wanted people was an All Ports warning that went not just to ports but also to every station. The station officer in most police stations had a problem with the teleprinter. The offices were often small and the teleprinter very noisy and the Holy Grail was some form of box on the top to suppress the noise but allow access. The station officer was normally an officer of great experience able to resolve many problems from the public at the front counter or on the phone sending a patrol if necessary. The sending of a patrol was not always immediate as before the personal radio it could be an hour before any contact could be made with a beat officer, and the distance in many parts of the county was too great. The message was therefore sent to the area car/ crime car by using the main scheme on talk through. So, Dorking would call Delta Yankee talk through with J35. Control would call J35, and the message was passed directly from the station officer to the crew. This process could be used in

reverse but be careful- the Control Room inspector was listening, and woe betide you if the message was inappropriate.

The Control Room was not supposed to tout for a car or motor bike by calling until they found one free close to the incident. Theoretically all vehicles were available unless control was informed that they were committed. The right system was for the Control Room to receive 999 call and then "J35, J35, High Street Dorking, Road Traffic Accident, ambulance attending J35." The response, more in theory than practice: "J35 A24 Dorking. Roger. J35."

By this time the old cable and plug switchboard nightmare for cadets had been replaced with one that showed a light when a call came in and was fairly straight forward to operate. It was not unusual in the smaller stations for the station officer to man the office, answer the phone, deal with callers, main scheme, and then local radio, and act a gaoler. These were not jobs for the feint hearted. There was of course the way to send an urgent radio message – "Priority, Priority J35" in one infamous case to be answered by Control: "Vehicle with priority wait; go ahead J97!"

1963 New Year's Eve Guildford: Robert Bartlett: The traditional large crowd gathered in the High Street near to Tunsgate and around the clock. Soon there were so many the road was blocked, and traffic control was put in place to divert cars and motorcycles away from the area. It was noisy, boisterous, and threatening. Young men were trying to climb the front of the Guildhall and get out onto the clock and police were trying to stop them but, there were not enough police for the task. They must have been stretched as I was there, and I was a cadet! There was a lot of threatening, pushing and shoving but I do not remember any hands-on violence against the police. At one stage I was in a shop doorway with PC I think Sid, Warren, trapped by threatening youths. It was unpleasant, and Sid decided to get out his whistle and give a long blast, something he then said to me, "Almost thirty years of carrying it and that is the first time it has been blown!" Assistance came. I was far too low down the pecking order, and time has passed to remember if it was an annual event and how many police were deployed but it was the first time I had been involved with an angry crowd.

1964 January17: Advertiser and County Post: PC John Hodges retires: Retirement of a police officer who when stationed at Caterham was a very popular resident and highly respected for the manner in which he upheld the law during his seventeen years' stay. PC Hodges left the district in 1956 to become the village constable at Dormansland. Residents will remember him as quite a good pianist and a man who took a principal part in many local organisations. Leaving Surrey to spend his retirement in the West Country.

1964 27 February: Roy Stallard: The Sands murder and suicide. I was the divisional motorcyclist and scenes of crime officer. Information had been received that the local paperboy had not attended for work and had not arrived at school; we were asked to check the home address. I went in the house and found that he had been murdered in his bed by slashing both his wrists. His mother was in her bed with severe injuries to her head and was obviously dead. Her injuries had been caused with three-branched boot-menders last. The husband had sat in a

chair in the living room and blasted himself through the mouth with a shotgun. I remained at the scene where Detective Sergeant Andy Ives met me, and I remained with him to carry out scenes of crime duties. This was quite a traumatic experience with the amount of blood involved. The smell remains in my memory forever. Counselling was not heard of in those days, we just got on with the job.

Brian Muchmore: Man named Whittle, owned The Sands post office store, bludgeoned his wife and son in their beds, and then shot side of his face out with a shotgun.

John Doward: I was born and brought up in the Sands and lived there until I got my first police house at Frimley in 1965. Brian Muchmore and his wife Sylvie (ex WPC) lived in one of the two police houses in the village at the time of the murders, (PC Ron Goodburn lived in the other one) Brian said that murderer owned the village post office store, but that's not quite true. William (Bill) Whittle (the village builder) and his wife and daughter owned the shop having taken over from his parents (old Teddie Whittle who ran it when I was growing up.) The murders were committed by Bill's brother Norman, who lived in a cottage just up the lane from the shop. Austen the paperboy was an only child and a very happy young lad, always whistling away when he delivered our morning paper, his father Norman worked at Crosby's timber yard in West Street Farnham (later to become "Crosby Doors". The village shop closed some years ago and became part of the adjoining house that Bill Whittle had built for his family when they took over the shop, and in fact his daughter Sheila and her husband still live there today.

1964 February Britt Ekland Marries at Guildford: Peter May: In 1964 I was a keen member of the Oxted Photographic Society and was attracted to a VIP event coming up in Guildford. The marriage of Peter Sellers to Britt Ekland had received much advanced publicity and I decided to go along to get some pictures. I arrived very early at Guildford Registry Office and found no one there so I decided to go inside. I hung about there until things started to move and a police chief inspector came in (C/I Fredersdorf). He came up to me and said, 'Who are you?' I told him who I was and that I was off duty, being a keen photographer. His very prompt reply was 'Get out then!'

By that time the crowds had started to gather and, on being ejected, I found myself very conveniently at the front, so I managed to get some very good pictures of Britt Ekland. Many years later I recorded a TV programme about Britt Ekland and found I had received TV news fame in the wedding crowd. **WPC Nancy Faull** reflected in the car window

Peter May at Oxted

1964 Surrey Advertiser 21st March - Ex-Woking CID Chief dies at 57.A former detective inspector in charge of Woking CID, Mr **Lewis Geoffrey Roberts died suddenly at his home**, 55 Mabel Street, Woking in the early hours of Wednesday, he was 57. Mr. Roberts had been a detective sergeant at Dorking and moved to Woking on promotion to the rank of detective inspector in January 1950. In the words of a colleague "He lived for the police. He was a policeman for 24 hours of the day."

He was, however, a keen gardener in the little spare time he allowed himself. Mr Roberts was born at Dummer near Basingstoke and joined the Surrey Constabulary at headquarters in 1929.For a time he was the village constable at East Horsley. When he moved to Leatherhead in 1931, he rode one of the first eight motorcycles issued to the county force. Two years later he went to Dorking on CID duties and was promoted detective sergeant there. After 16 years he moved to Woking. During a distinguished career Mr. Roberts gained five commendations, four from the Chief Constable and one from Epsom magistrates following the arrest of four thieves.

On his retirement in 1962 he was a guest at a dinner given at the Cotteridge Hotel, Woking where a presentation was made to him. Since his retirement he had been engaged on security duties at Charrington's Wharf in Guildford Road, Woking. He leaves a widow whom he married in 1947 and a nine-year-old daughter (Margaret Clare bn 24.4.1954). The funeral will be at Brookwood Cemetery on Monday afternoon. Lewis was the brother of Detective Superintendent Tom Roberts.

Margaret Joan Roberts died Jul/Sept quarter 1981 Surrey South Western district

1964 October 2: Burglary: Accused of robbing Florence Desmond: Two youths Ian Fowler, motor-mechanic of Stoke Newington and Steven Raymond a chef of Highbury were charged

at Woking Magistrates Court yesterday with being concerned together in robbing Mrs Florence Hughesdon, Florence Desmond the actress. Of Dunsborough House, Ripley of property valued at approximately £5,000. They were remanded in custody for a week. Detective Sergeant Hughes said he saw Fowler and Raymond at Barnes police station yesterday. Fowler admitted that the property recovered from the car they were driving came from a robbery at Ripley. Raymond agreed. Raymond, "I do not wish to make a statement. We did not get in with the intention of committing a robbery. We thought the house was empty from what we read in the papers." [21]**1964 16 October. Florence Desmond Tells of Raiders**: Florence Desmond told magistrates at Woking how three raiders entered her bedroom and she pretended she had a weak heart. She awoke to find a hand on her face and torchlight in her eyes. A man's voice said, "Don't scream and don't yell otherwise I'll shoot." The youths are charged with robbing when armed with two automatic pistols and a shotgun of two pistols, seven shotguns, jewellery, and other property to a value of £6,902 at Ripley on October 1. All three are also charged with breaking and entering and taking a car without consent on September 30 at Eastcote, Middlesex. The hearing was adjourned[22] **17 October: Youths tried to ram police cars**: The three youths were captured after a 60-mph chase during which they had tried to ram two police cars in Barnes. Raymond jumped out brandishing a loaded revolver and was caught when two officers jumped into the Thames. (Metropolitan Police District PC W Bannell Victor 1)[23] **1964 31 October: Surrey Assizes** both men sentenced to five years imprisonment. A sixteen-year-old was sentenced to four years.[24]

1962 Andrew Hasted A history of service in Surrey in the from early 1960s before transferring to the Metropolitan Police and retiring as an inspector: In 1962 I had applied to join the Metropolitan Police Cadets, but they turned me down. I then applied to join Surrey Police cadets and was accepted. Police cadets have now been extinct for 30 years or so, but I have always thought it was a mistake to stop recruiting in this way. Young boys (No girls allowed then!) could be brainwashed and all the lads I joined with stayed the course for their 30-year contracts. I cannot think of one who failed to complete his full service in the Police. At that time a high proportion of direct entrants into the force as constables left early in their service.

I was told to report to Redhill Police Station, which was part of the old fire station in London Road, Redhill. I started around September 1962. This office was like nothing you can ever imagine now. It was very small with a tiny front office open to the public twenty-four hours a day. The switchboard was one of those with plugs so when the phone rang you had to put a plug into the board and push a key forward. If an extension was required a matching plug went into that socket and the key was pulled back to ring the phone. Upstairs was the shared general and sergeant's office, which was about twenty feet square and beyond that a smaller CID office. At the top of the flight of stairs was the inspector's office.

[21] The Times 2 October 1964
[22] The Times 16 October 1964
[23] The Times 17 October 1964
[24] The Times 31 October 1964

The Inspector in charge of Redhill at that time was a terrifying character called George Allman. He had been in the recently amalgamated Reigate Borough Police and was a big fierce man. He was naturally known as the `NUT`. Any failure to answer his phone extension instantly would be met by bellows of rage from his office and an appearance at the top of the stairs with much shouting.

Cadets were the lowest of the low and were a 1950s invention to help recruiting to the main force, which was difficult as the pay was terrible. They had previously existed as Boy Clerks and were treated just like that. I had no wish to work in an office and my dream of an outdoor job seemed a distant memory and we were used as office skivvies. At Redhill I was the assistant to the station officer and was expected to answer the phone, run errands, deal with found property, and make the tea and any other routine menial tasks. Cadet's hours were 44 per week. This was generally 9-1 2-6 and 9-1 or 2-6 on a Saturday.

At the time the Police pay generally was abysmal and certainly no one joined for the money. My wages were £6.10shillings a week. I lived at home at Purley and travelled eleven miles to Redhill daily. At first, I went by train but then I took to cycling down the A23. I was fit at that time. After I retired many have mentioned the generous police pension. All I would say is when I joined the cadets and later the regular force, I honestly do not believe I gave it a moment's thought. I probably did not even know what the word pension meant. Anyway, we had eleven per-cent deducted from our salary for it for most of my regular service.

I had no uniform to start with but shortly after joining I was sent to HQ at Mount Browne Guildford to do a month's course on how to be a cadet. We were then given uniform, which was like the regular force except we wore caps with blue bands and battledress tunics much like my army cadet days. Luckily, I had been in the army cadets and knowledge of how to bull boots and press uniform was invaluable. `Jock` Alexander issued the uniform from force clothing store at Guildford Police station. Everything, according to him, was a "Pairfect fit."

The month's course was not mentally demanding and as someone with five GCE O levels I was quite unusual. Whilst it was not mentally demanding it was quite physical. I was quite chubby. We were soon running cross-country and doing gym activity. In that month I lost a

stone in weight, and I honestly believe it was a turning point for me. I found that I began to enjoy the exercise and continued it thereafter.

Cadets had to do ` further education`. In my case it was more like the other way round. One and a half days a week was cadet training, and half a day was taken by Sergeant Green. He held this at Reigate Police station. I do not recall what we were trained in, but we did cover current affairs. One full day a week was day release at Redhill Technical College. We did the same things as I had been doing at school which was silly and boring for me as I had already passed GCE in those subjects and I was just going over old ground; stuff I had done years before. All the other lads had little or no qualifications, so it was aimed quite low. I might have been better employed doing "A" levels. At lunchtime our habit was to cross the road to the Lakers Hotel and play bar billiards; drink stout and cider, (most of us under the legal age) and eat cheese and onion rolls. In the afternoon it was back to college, and we would have a long gym session, which I really liked. The one of the masters seemed to take a fancy to me. I recall him leaning right over me looking at the Atlas pressing against me and clutching my shoulder saying `Where is Irkutsk Andrew?" I gave him a good shove and never had any more trouble.

After some time in the front office at Redhill I was sent to Reigate, which was the divisional HQ. This was in an old house in Chart Lane, Reigate. I went into the divisional office (D. O.), which was where administration was undertaken. Sergeant Smith was in charge and treated cadets as real skivvies. I never really took to this type of office work and often got into trouble for misfiling. It was so boring, and I started to become very disillusioned with my choice of job. I hated this uninteresting office stuff. My dad managed to persuade me not to resign.

These were the days when you left school and went to work and not changing jobs much at all. I could complete my work in divisional office. about three hours a day so I obtained a book called `Teach Yourself Typewriting` and learned to touch type reasonably well. This proved a very useful skill in later life. One advantage to Reigate was that there were more cadets there and at least I had some other lads my own age to mix with.

One of the lads I met was `Ted` Edwards. His correct name was Francis but he was called Ted. He lived and worked in Caterham and I got to know him from the training days. Ted was a bit crackers and could be seen doing strange things like typing with his gloves on; and pretending he was German. He was so off the wall and non-compliant that eventually he got the sack. Even in that era to get the sack was pretty unusual. Other cadets of this era were Tony Jackson, Paul Kimber, Ian Clinging, Robert Bartlett, Brian Carroll, Ray Lee, Mick Morley, and Bill Wiltshire. I apologise for any omissions.

After a time in divisional office, I was put into the CID at Reigate. The office civilian was Mary Street who was a spinster lady. She seemed quite old to us, but I guess she was only in her forties. She was fierce. The sergeant was a very nice guy called Bill Church.


Mary Street MBE **Detective Chief Inspector Bill Church RCS**

The CID office work was much more interesting, and we were allowed to go around Reigate town circulating flyers of stolen property to jewellers etc. I quite liked this, but the public tended to treat us as full officers although we had no powers. There was one jeweller called Keith Davis and his daughter worked in the shop. She had lovely big dark eyes and I fell for her but never plucked up the courage to do anything about it. In the office we also got to deal with the reports of crime and see the files of villains and their photos. This was more like good preparation for the regular force. Bill also allowed us out with the crime-car sometimes and one evening I was with the crew having our meal when we got a call to an automatic burglar alarm at the local department store in Church Street. We tore down there ringing our bell (No sirens then) and pulled up outside in our high-powered 1600 cc Hillman Husky. For some reason these cars were known as the `Tilly`. (Ed: Short for utility vehicle) The car crew had been to this place before and I knew what to do. Two of us ran up the side just in time to nab the burglar exiting the side window into our arms. This was very exciting for an eighteen-year-old cadet.

Bill did treat the cadets as human beings and one day he took me down to Earlswood lakes and we fished out some telephone mechanisms, which had been thrown in the water after they had been ripped out of phone boxes for the money in them. After this Bill announced we were meeting some of the other CID men in some pub and after we had drunk six pints each, he drove the CID car back to the station. This was before the days of breath tests and was considered quite normal behaviour.

There was no canteen at Reigate and the officers cooked their own food in a little meal room. I was in there once when PC Gerry Bixley was warming up a tin of baked beans by standing it in a pot of boiling water on the stove. He had failed to pierce it and it exploded scattering beans everywhere and some of them got stuck on the ceiling.

After a while I decided I needed a car, so I went to the car auction and bought a 1946 Austin 8 saloon for £21.10 shillings. This thing was a death trap but of course at the age of eighteen what did I know. It had rod brakes, which even on a good day were hopeless. Oil leaked from

a defective seal into one of the brake drums and from time to time you had to take the wheel off to clean up the oil so the brakes worked better. Naturally it had wonky steering and dodgy tyres. Petrol was about five shillings a gallon, which seems a lot to me at the time.

As cadets we were told we had to complete the Duke of Edinburgh's award. This was compulsory for us, and it was made clear that failure = the sack. Again, I think this was an important crossroads in my life and set me on the road, which I followed later. I do not remember much about the award other than the expedition. I know we had to pass various athletic tests as one section of it. I was very fit at the time and even in the cadets' gymnastic display team jumping over boxes head first etc. It was also compulsory to take part in the annual force cross-country.

The big thing about the D of E award was the expedition. For the silver award this was in the New Forest, but I do not recall much about it. The Gold award expedition was in Snowdonia, and we had to plan our route between campsites, supply and carry all food and kit for four days in wild country. We were allowed one food dump. Dried food was almost non-existent in 1963 but you could get things like Vesta dehydrated curry and milk in tubes. We had to supply all our own equipment and some of this was inadequate and dangerous for the task set. I did this expedition in August 1963, and I was the team leader and so-called map-reader. There were four of us in a group. We were supposed to have had adequate training, but this was not up to much. The Army Cadets had taught me how to map read but a compass is quite essential in wild country. We had a prismatic compass, but I had no idea how to use it properly. Our stove for cooking was fuelled by methylated spirits, which we carried in a glass bottle!

We travelled from Reigate via Guildford in a minibus crammed with our gear and us and loaded on the roof rack as well. This was before the days of motorways. We had to stop in Pershore, Worcestershire for lunch then on to Tan-yr-Alt, which is towards the west of Snowdonia, and I believe was just outside the National Park. In charge were PC Sid Crowhurst and PC Geoff Todd. Sid was a grizzled veteran from the old Reigate Borough Police, but Geoff was a young guy who was very fit. As we drove into Snowdonia, I was quite amazed. I had never seen any mountains before and had no real conception of what they were like.

?, Pearson – joined Bournemouth, 3 left Charlie Emmett, Andy Hasted, Robbie Chapman, Sid Crowhurst, Ray Lee, Collins – left to join Metropolitan Police

Tan-Yr Alt was hostel type accommodation for youth groups. It was quite adequate for us lads. After arrival Geoff announced he was taking us for a stroll. Some stroll – up some 2500-foot peak near the hostel. We came down in the dark and I remember seeing the lights twinkling from the summit to this day. The next day Geoff took us over Snowdon from one side to the other round the Snowdon Horseshoe Ridge. This is quite a big day. The next day Geoff took us up Tryvan, another big slog and the following we started our four-day expedition. To me now, this seems quite foolhardy as a preparation and in later years cadets were given a practice week before undertaking the real expedition.

I was fit and strong but some of the lads struggled to carry their kit and had bad blisters. One actually passed out on the way up Snowdon, but no allowance was made for this during the rest of the week. No one had heard of health and safety. During our expedition the weather was generally reasonable, but we did get caught in a hailstorm at one stage. By some miracle our navigation was quite good, and we only got lost on the last day. On the third day we made such good time that we pushed on past the official night stop and went over south Snowdon from Beddgelert to the next valley and camped there. We got dodgy stomachs from the water from the river and on the last day did get a bit lost on the mountains. Despite that we got back to base earlier than anyone ever had before on previous expeditions.

This violent introduction to the mountains instilled in me a love of them, and the outdoors, which exists to this day. I collected my Gold Award from the Duke sometime in the autumn of 1964.

Andy Hasted on the left

In August 1964 the chief constable deemed me fit to join the regular police at age of nineteen years and by now I was impatient to get on with the real job. Off I went to training school. This was a thirteen-week course at Sandgate, near Folkestone. My friend and fellow cadet, Brian Carroll was in the same class. We remain friends to this day.

At this time England was divided into six police regions and this was No 6 Region training centre. It was a large old country house. It became the HQ of Saga PLC. (No longer and has been demolished) We lived in dormitories. There was a handy pub at the end of the road, but we were only allowed out one night during the week. The PT instructor was a sergeant called `Punchy` Wallace who had done some boxing. He introduced himself by announcing, "My names Wallace and I'm fucking hard." I am sure he was. He had cauliflower ears and looked knocked about. He took us for so called lifesaving training. This was carried out in a murky old green watered swimming pool somewhere locally. It was not heated. As we stood on the edge shivering Punchy would cry "In the water. Go! As quick as flash – move yourselves." A failure to move as `quick as flash` resulted in a push

The police instructors were from all over No 6 Region. I had Sergeant Langrish from Hampshire. I remember him as a reasonable man. Discipline was strict and it should be remembered that many of the instructors, if not all of them, were ex-servicemen. I did quite well at training school, the police and army cadet experience stood me in good stead.

Towards the end of training, we learned where we were going to be posted. I was very depressed to hear that I had been given Caterham. This was a horrible place to be. Not only did it have a huge hill dividing it but everyone else there was married. All my single mates were posted to the west of the county and most lived in the single man's quarters at Guildford Police station. I was expected to live in lodgings in Tupwood Lane, Caterham. This was no more than five miles from my home address at Purley. I thought Caterham was a dump and to make it worse it was very quiet from the policing point of view. As a youngster action was craved and this was an inauspicious start. One of the things we had to do was look after the stray dogs. There was a kennel locally for all the stray dogs from the eastern side of Surrey. Twice a day a policeman had to go to feed the dogs and clean the kennels and the yard out. Whilst I hated the job, I did do it conscientiously.

I could see no point in living in lodgings and felt this would be very lonely. I obtained permission to go back home. The truth was being a county police officer was really a married man's job. I was very envious of my single mates having a good fun social time together far away at Guildford. I felt I was no further forward. I was now on full shift work with one week of seven nights every four weeks and six am starts and two till ten shifts. None of this is conducive to social activity. I mentioned the pay before. At this time, I was taking home about £10 each week but I managed to buy an old minivan. I could have earned much more as a labourer on a building site. It was not until ten years later after the Edmund Davis review into pay, that there were dramatic improvements in police pay. I was beginning to wonder which direction my life was taking. I continued to keep fit by running. At this time this was thought very strange behaviour and you would never see joggers like now. It was not uncommon to be the recipient of taunting comments whilst out for a run.

My first arrest took place in the main A22 road at Whyetleafe. A lady flagged me down as I was on my push bike and told me there was a black Ford Prefect coming along and she thought the driver was drunk. I boldly stepped into the road and raised my hand, not flinching as it lurched towards me. The male driver was fairly paralytic, and I duly arrested him for "Drunk in charge" and received a bollocking for failing to take the name and address of the witness who had promptly cleared off.

After a few months at Caterham, I was sick to death of the place and bored stiff. No one had shown me round or shown any interest in on-the-job practical training. In fact, the idea of that was an anathema. It was sink or swim. I asked for a transfer. Luckily someone sensible recognised that this was not really the place for a young single recruit, and I was posted back to Redhill. This was not ideal but was much more like it. It was busy from the policing point of view and had lots of variety. It also had the main A 23 road running through it. Although I was still on the beat, I used my bicycle a lot for patrolling. There were no personal radios and every hour it was necessary to make a `point`, which was a telephone box somewhere on your beat. If required for a job the station would phone you on the call box number. If a member of the public was using the phone the system failed. If you were on the town centre foot beat, they rang the police phone in a box attached to the town hall. This fired up a light on the roof of the

town hall that you could see from a distance, so you knew you were required. If you wanted to phone the station the trick was to do it from a call box and yell the location down the earpiece. For some reason this could be heard the other end and you would get a call back. The first personal radios, which were almost useless, were issued in 1967 when I was a beat officer at Redhill.

There were one or two other young constables at Redhill, notably Tony Jackson who I had been a cadet with. One of the long serving sergeants was an old boy – George Keeping. George was prone to panic and would never let us `boys` leave the station "you'll only get involved and get into trouble." As soon as his back was turned, we were off. We must have given him a nervous breakdown.

I was an authorised cyclist and used a pink Raleigh for patrolling beats other than the town beat. A small allowance was paid for this. I had a full motorcycle licence and around this time someone asked me if I wanted to be a motorcyclist. This was reckoned to be the busiest job at the station as the bike had a force radio fitted. Motorcyclists worked 8-4 and 4-12 with no nights. There were two full time riders, Pat Nagle and Archie Newman. The force motorcycle instructor was `Bomber` Brown. He came over from Guildford HQ and I passed the force test (No training). I was the reserve filling in for their days off and leave - which meant I rode it most of the time. A police motorcyclist as a probationer! I was certainly no older than 20 years. Our bike was call sign J72 and it was a clapped out 350cc Triumph 3TA. Flat out at 60MPH sparks came out of the exhaust. A new 500cc speed twin that was much better later replaced this. Nevertheless, this was great for me, and I crammed in as much work as I could into my days. Motorcyclists dealt with everything, usually unaided. I dealt with sudden deaths, suicide, road and industrial accidents, crime, statement taking for other forces, serving summons, and executing warrants. I went to lots of postmortems; my record was attending five one after the other in one morning. It must be the best job I ever had in the whole of my Police service.

Bomber Brown

The best bit of all was that on Sundays and bank holidays all the Londoners headed for Brighton. This was the days of "mods and rockers", and I enjoyed waiting for them parked at the roadside of the A 23 to pull them over as they travelled to the coast or home. I was getting regular arrests for crime from such activity and had a number of pursuits on the bike and sometimes on foot as well. It was great fun.

At this time Redhill had a few problems with public order and an Inspector called Maurice Jackman was sent in to sort it out. Maurice was a little alternative and "interviewed" prisoners for public order offences in his office. This always seemed to result in some injury to the prisoner and one apparently had a head on collision with a chair. He was charged with damage to police property and pleaded guilty. The methods might have been questionable, but he squared the place up. He was way out of my league.

One job sticks particularly in my mind. I was attending a school showing the kids the police motorcycle when I heard an explosion and saw a cloud of smoke. I called up on the radio and was told that there was an accident at a local factory. What had happened was some kids had been playing at the side when they had taken the lid of a drum of what turned out to be Toluene spirit, which was some petroleum derivative for an industrial process. It was near firework night, and one had put a banger in it. The whole thing had gone up burning one kid horribly and setting the factory alight. The boy was taken to the burns unit at East Grinstead but died three months later. It was all quite upsetting.

Another occasion I had to break into a house and found the occupant dead with her head in the gas oven. When I was doing my probationary attachment to the CID, we had to deal with a death at the local rubbish tip where a gentleman nick-named "Budgie" had been hit by a truck unloading rubbish and ended up dead buried in the rubbish pile.

One day I was out on the motorbike when the Godstone traffic car crewed by Pat Buss was pursuing a mini which was not going to stop. I boldly arrived on the scene just as they had overtaken it and tried to cut it into the kerb. The mini reversed towards me and I rammed it in the back with the bike. Nevertheless, off it went again, and I was in hot pursuit. The traffic car was unable to turn round in time, so I am now in pole position. We had no in-helmet communications and no way on keeping in touch with control. A mini was not going to escape a 500-cc motorcycle and the driver abandoned it and ran off into the churchyard of St Johns church pursued by me on foot. When I caught him, he admitted stealing the car from London and the large amount of cash he had on him had been obtained by "rolling queers." What on earth was this? He explained that he would pick up an older homosexual and take him back to a room. He would pretend he was shy and new to it all and once the "customer" had his trousers off he would steal his wallet and run off. Of course, this activity was never reported to the police in those days, so he got away with it.

Minis were the favourite to steal as the fuse could be crossed by jamming a three-penny piece coin or a bit of silver paper cross the fuses. It was easy to slide the window back and gain access. No car had an alarm. When I was on foot patrol one night duty making my point at

Reading Arch kiosk just south of the town I heard and saw a minivan rocketing towards me from the direction of Brighton. I stepped into the road and raised my hand. The car failed to stop. What was going on –surely drivers were supposed to stop for Policemen in uniform. The car was found abandoned at Merstham and had been stolen from Brighton.

One dark Sunday evening I pursued another mini along the A 23 as far as Coulsdon where it turned off and headed for Banstead. The driver lost control and it went into a field. The occupants ran off and I never found any of them.

There were a lot more road accidents at this time than nowadays. They were invariably caused by drink but to be arrested you had to be incapable and nearly falling over. It was very hard to get any conviction. No breathalyser then. It was not uncommon to deal with an accident involving several vehicles completely unaided and then it was necessary to get all the written statements and send off enquiries to other forces again with no admin help.

One of the sergeants was Bill Murray, a broad accented Irishman who was well respected and had a son Bob who was a cadet. One day I went with Bill to a house where we kept getting called to domestic disputes. The regular pattern as that the husband would go drinking and assault his wife. She would call the police and then decline to press charges when we arrived. On this occasion he got it wrong. “What are you going to do if we leave?” says Bill to the man. The answer was clearly not satisfactory and was along the lines he could do what he liked in his own house. Bill promptly arrested him for conduct likely to cause a breach of the peace. What a good piece of education for a youngster. It was something I never forgot and used myself a number of times later in my service

I was working nights with PC Ian Martin on the `Tilly`. It was summer and early in the morning it was broad daylight and we decided we did not like the look of this individual we saw walking along the road. We did a stop on him, and he was completely obnoxious and went straight into

the station to complain. He met Bill Murray and a big gripe from him was that we were only kids. Bill had not truck with this and he said "They may be youngsters, but they are police officer and entitled to your respect" I don't think it went any further. I was hugely impressed with this. Bill gave us a good ticking off for not arresting him. "Don't you read your Crime Information and Police Gazette? He must fit the description of someone in those!"

Geoff Breckell was another young and lively sergeant who liked to rush about locking people up; a bit different to good old George Keeping. Geoff sometimes had a short fuse, and I can recall inadvertently lighting this on more than one occasion.

As keen youngsters we liked to lock people up and I was always looking for the time to do some pro-active work. One day I am at the side of the A 23 at Merstham when a motor scooter came by. I did not care for the look of the rider and go after him on the police bike. He takes a few side roads and dumps it in someone's drive and runs for it. No good. I am fitter and catch him. The scooter had been stolen from Brixton that day just after his release from prison. He said, "I should have known better than to come through Surrey. They told me in the nick to avoid it and they were right."

I was required to live in lodgings just south of Redhill. This was a semi-detached two and half bedroom house. I had the half bedroom and paid £3 10 shillings a week for full board and washing etc. I only lasted there for about six months exiting when the landlady, who was certainly as old as my mother, decided she had a fancy for me. Geoff Breckell was the sergeant in charge of lodgings for single men and he was furious with me for leaving. I kept quiet about the reason until I heard that he was placing another single man in the same place, and I then told him my experience. According to him most people would envy me being in that position of opportunity!

My lodgings changed and I went to live at 37 Garlands Road, Redhill. This was a terraced house on three floors just south of the town centre. The lady was Lillian Budgen who was an elderly widow. She bossed me a lot, so I always called her "Chief." She had a heart of gold and I stayed with her for three years until I got married.

This house was a far cry from a modern house. There was no insulation, and the only heating was one coal fire on the ground floor. It was literally freezing in the winter. There was no bathroom. If you wanted a wash you had to boil the kettle on the gas stove and use the kitchen sink, and if you wanted a bath you had to heat the gas boiler, take the worktop off in the kitchen and expose the bath and then bale the water from the boiler to the bath. None of this seemed to bother me. There was no phone and to contact anyone I had to use the call box at the end of the street.

Once I reached my 21st birthday I finished my police probationary period. By now I was a regular motorcyclist rather than the reserve. I just loved the flexibility and freedom of motorcycles. Pat Nagle the regular rider had left to join the Fire Service as their pay was a lot more than ours and he had a young family. I was also asked to help the training department

with cadet training, and I was involved in the Duke of Edinburgh's gold award expedition training in Wales. By now the force had proper kit, which it issued for this, and a practice week was spent in Wales. To "qualify" as an "instructor" I was sent to Outward Bound School, Devon as temporary instructor in February 1967. I spent a month there. I was scarcely older than most of the students. I was introduced to rock climbing on this course. There was none of the modern equipment and it was very dangerous. I continued to take the cadets to Wales two or three times each summer as the assistant to Constable Geoff Todd. Tony Jackson was another helper. I continued to do this until I left Surrey Police. I kept fit for this by going to the gym training with the cadets at Redhill Tech. Again, health and safety was just about non-existent and us young lads had little experience or training in what to do in any emergency. One cadet managed to injure himself in wild country and Tony Jackson and I found the group miles from any road and walked him out before taking him to hospital. It later transpired that he had dislocated vertebrae in his back by falling on the rucksack frame. Another cadet decided to change the cylinder on his Gaz cooking stove inside the tent. He had a cigarette going at the same time and there was a fire, which resulted in him being burned.

1964 Richard Bond: When I see today's Police Officers on duty with their stab-proof vests, personal radios, cell phones etc. I sometimes think back to one night duty in Woking in about 1964 or 1965. For various reasons after 2a.m. the total number of Policemen on duty in the whole of Woking Division was two, Vic Smyth, the Station Officer and me. Normally on a night shift there would be four or five out on foot and two in a car. This night there was no sergeant, no inspector, no crime car (J40); nobody from Knaphill, Ripley or Byfleet offices. Woking Division then stretched from Pirbright to Woodham, Byfleet to Mayford, West End to Ripley and included Horsell, Old Woking, Maybury, Pyrford, Horsell and Sheerwater. (Goldsworth Park was just a stretch of horticultural/agricultural land). I was not authorised, at that time to drive police vehicles and communication was by the point system. Between 2a.m. and 7a.m. there were no incidents reported. (Not even a burglar alarm as far as I remember). Probably not a unique occurrence, but I wonder if anyone else remembers being outside on duty, on their own, unsupervised, in such a large Division. (There was of course cover by Chertsey Traffic Department, but Woking town rarely saw them in that era.)

Traffic Department – Farnham and Burpham

1964 Traffic Department: Colin Campbell: I was Cadet 27 at Burpham Traffic Centre (HTB) in 1964. The inspector was George Young, and the sergeants were John Over, Artie Watkins and John Nicholas. The chief inspector (stationed at HQ) was Arthur Bruce. Some of the PC's names I remember are Doug Brazier, Tony Keefe, Harold May, Frank Kennison, Norman Lampard, Ted Wild, Tom Hamilton, Ron Searle, Jim Platt-Higgins, Brian Richardson, Terry Keller, Peter Barbrooke, Eric Roots. Duties of the cadet included answering the switchboard, writing out the duties, entering all paperwork into various registers, both coming in and going out of the office, dipping the underground petrol tank – this had to be done daily by gently lowering a metal measuring stick into the tank to get a reading of fuel available (in gallons, no electronic or other gauges). If the stick was put into the tank too hastily it created a false reading

by displacing the fuel. The cadet was also responsible for ordering the fuel. Sometimes the cadet would patrol with the crews.
The vehicles were blue Ford Zephyr 6, call signs J13, J14, J15, J18, and J27 (strange how one remembers some things and not others). The motorcycles were Triumph and Matchless.

1964 December 22: The Times: Reprieved child murderer escapes: Guildford "Babes in the Wood" case: Frederick Albert Smith aged 38 who in 1937 was sentenced to death for the murder of a girl aged 7 and was later reprieved escaped yesterday from Wormwood Scrubs prison from a working party in the grounds. At 1.20pm he escaped over the wall with the help of two Dutch hoes and piece of bent pipe. Smith was receiving psychiatric treatment at Wormwood Scrubs. A Surrey police spokesman said last night "We are keeping a close watch on the area around Pitch Place, Worplesdon where Smith used to live." **December 23: Escaped child murderer recaptured:** Frederick Smith was recaptured by a policeman last night on the Guildford by-pass. In a message from the Chief Constable Mr H Rutherford, Chief Superintendent White said, that Smith was arrested at 6.20pm and was being returned to Wormwood Scrubs. The superintendent said that Smith made no attempt to run away. "He was simply arrested by a uniformed constable who was one of a team with the special patrol looking for Smith." Smith was reprieved in 1947 after pleading guilty to the murder of the girl in the "Babes in the Wood" case. Smith was first taken to Guildford police station where he was given a meal of fish, bread and butter and three cups of teas. Smith escaped from a working party at 1.20pm on Monday by climbing the wall with the help of two Dutch hoes and a piece of bent pipe. He was receiving psychiatric treatment at Wormwood Scrubs. Surrey police were alerted when someone who said he knew Smith telephoned to say he had seen him riding a bicycle in Guildford. Police cars were sent out and the crew of one saw Smith pedalling along the Guildford by-pass near Dennis's factory. Smith was arrested 200 yards from his former home at Westborough, just outside Guildford, where his mother lives, and within half a mile of Manor Woods and the place where the girl died.[25] Smith was arrested by Guildford motor cyclist PC Ken Tizzard.[26]

[25] The Times Wednesday, Dec 23, 1964
[26] From Tony Forward who was a DC at Guildford when Smith was brought in by Ken Tizzard.

Bridgend 1962 Initial Course – Sandgate full