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

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Surrey Constabulary History
Journal 38

PC1767 Peter Harris Godalming, 2005 of Surrey Police; how quickly all is history! Uniform, helmet, foot patrol and even the police station

Contents

In the last Journal this photograph apperaed when it was thought the officer on the right was PC Fred Atkins in the Surrey Constabulary before transferring to the Metropolitan Police where he was murdered. However, research at the county archives indicates he never served in the county and it is now thought this may be officers from Windsor Borough Police.

Tribulations of a Village Policeman's Wife

Vivien Edwards 2018

Policeman weds bank clerk

THE wedding took place at St. Peter's Church, Hambledon, on Saturday of Mr. Denis Anthony Edwards, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwards of 8 Hydestile Cottages, Hambledon, and Miss Vivien Mary Hiscott, eldest daughter of Mr. Basil Hiscott, of Cloud Cottage, Busbridge Lane, Godalming.

The bridegroom is a police constable at Guildford and the bride is a bank clerk at Barclays Bank, Godalming.

The service was conducted by the Rev. C. E. Elton (Rector of Hambledon) and the organist was Mr. D. Titheridge.

Given away by her father the bride wore a straight full-length gown of white crystal givrine with a long train falling from the shoulders. Her short veil was held in place by a headdress of roses and she carried a bouquet of blue carnations and white bridal gladioli and lilies-of-the-valley. The bride was attended by her younger twin sisters, the Misses June and Patricia Hiscott, who wore straight full-length gowns of hyacinth-blue crystal givrine with white accessories and carried posies of white roses.

The best man was Mr. Colin Edwards (bridegroom's elder brother) and the ushers were Mr. A. G. Blackman and Mr. I. Durrant.

After a reception at the village hall, Hambledon, the couple left for a honeymoon in Cornwall.

Surrey Advertiser 2 October 1965

So I had passed. Who knew that, before we could get married, Den had to apply for my family and I to undergo “screening” by the Police service for my suitability, honesty and integrity? I can't imagine that being acceptable in these enlightened times! Den and I were married in September 1965, and at the time he was serving Surrey Constabulary as a constable on the beat, and as a Divisional motorcyclist, in Guildford. (Remember back in the day when it was an everyday occurrence to see a copper, wearing the familiar helmet, walking round chatting to people, giving directions, keeping an eye?). Just before Christmas 1965 Den was offered a post as village police officer in Effingham, near Leatherhead, and it came with a Police House, rent-free. So it was that two weeks before Christmas we moved our meagre possessions, packed in a small hired van, from our rented flat in to a three-bedroom house with a large garden, and a blue enamelled sign by the front door, which read POLICE in white lettering. It had small-paned metal casement windows, which we found out had been over-painted for so many years that none of them could be closed properly, and so there was always plenty of fresh air blowing through the house! It was not unknown after a while to find people peering over the front fence or wandering around our front garden looking at the flowers; for some reason they seemed to think our home was public property because it had the blue sign on the wall. In a very short time we had planted a climbing rose underneath it, and by the time we moved on, the sign was completely hidden by the foliage!

Surrey Constabulary Triumph Speed Twin

The house was quite large, not unattractive, with good sized gardens to the front and back, surrounded on three sides by wooden fencing, and along the roadside to the front by a very ugly chain link fence. We planted a lovely Albertine rose in front of this, and by the time we left the fence was entirely obscured by the foliage. At the back of the house was a wooden garden shed, and adjoining the kitchen wall were three small brick built units housing a

wood store, outside toilet and storage space (very useful for the pram later on!), with a coal bunker opposite the back door, and two posts strung with a very grubby washing line along the back garden path. Den's bicycle was housed in the shed in the back garden, and he sometimes brought home the Section's Triumph 500cc Speedtwin motorbike while he was on meal-break, much to the delight later on of the children, of course; the radio, lights and two-tones were great attractions! The motorcycle was later replaced by the infamous scooters or “noddy bikes”, which everyone hated riding and on which the police radio very quickly and regularly drained the battery; luckily they didn't last long.

PC Boyles in 1966

Indoors there was a large lounge with a usable open fireplace, a dining room, (which had been the office), in which the chimney had been blocked off. A large kitchen contained a Belfast sink with a filthy wooden draining board, an elderly gas cooker and a small solid fuel boiler. Off the kitchen was the bathroom, with a large, claw-footed, cast iron bath and a washbasin, and a larder cupboard with a concrete shelf. Upstairs there were three good-sized bedrooms, one of which contained a hot tank, no storage cupboards anywhere, but then, perhaps fortunately, at that stage we had very few possessions. My Dad had a lovely large Formica-topped kitchen table made for us at the factory where he worked, and Den's parents found us four assorted kitchen chairs. My sister-in-law very kindly, and expertly, made curtains for all the windows, and with the bed, wardrobes and dining suite we had bought and stored before our marriage, and the settee and chair we purchased, we managed to at least make it habitable. We spent the first winter making lots of hand-hooked rugs, and even a stair carpet, which eventually improved the feel of the house; the sergeant kindly arranged

for the draining board to be replaced, and before too long the gas cooker had been condemned and replaced. After our first, freezing winter in the house, when all the windows, were covered inside with frost patterns every morning, the old boiler gave way to a huge, new installation, which also ran radiators - luxury! Ours was one of the first police houses to have central heating, so we considered ourselves very lucky, even if it did cost a small fortune to keep it going! I soon found that my stiletto heels made small round holes in the downstairs floorboards. Apparently the house had needed to be underpinned prior to us moving in, and presumably this had caused damp to rot the boards. It was decided that the floorboards must come up, and they were replaced by concrete floors covered with vinyl tiles, which improved the look and were certainly much easier to clean!

We were in the village during the later Cold War years, and when we moved in we found in the shed a large metal contraption with a winding handle. This proved to be the village air raid siren and, as part of the civil defences and the dreaded four minute warning, several times a year on appointed days at specific times, Den was required to take the siren out of the shed, into the centre of the crossroads, wind the handle for two minutes and thus give due warning to all the locals that an air raid could be about to happen. Discretion being the better part of doing what you're told, Den chose to stay in the back garden for this exercise, so it was an extremely loud and disturbing experience for the children and the chickens. The police house was also equipped with a large brown bakelite box

on the hall windowsill, which was connected to the telephone line. Again at certain pre-ordained times during the year, one of us had to be available to stand by this machine, which would spring to life and emit a series of bleeps, buzzes and random words, phrases and numbers; all had to be carefully listened to and recorded so that the powers that be were satisfied that we were prepared and practiced to receive news of potential disaster. I wasn't ever asked to wind the siren, but several times I spent a tedious fifteen minutes noting down apparently meaningless messages from the machine; thankfully, it was all phased out a couple of years before we moved.

Effingham was then a large village astride the A246 between Guildford and Leatherhead. Within it's boundary were two pubs, a parade of small shops, a separate newsagent, a large church, a village hall, a secondary school, two primary schools, a golf course, a convent, a distribution warehouse for the local dairies, a small engineering works, a nursery site growing tomatoes and cucumbers, a gypsy encampment and, at the far end of the village, a railway station serving the commuter line from Guildford to London. There were large, impressive houses along leafy lanes, rows of modern-built houses and bungalows, a medium sized council estate, and a considerable acreage of farmland and unspoilt countryside. The Police house was set at a crossroads, opposite one of the primary schools and the engineering works and, most importantly, next door to one of the pubs, The Plough. There were two 'bus routes running between Guildford and Leatherhead, one conveniently calling at our crossroads. I was still working at Barclays bank in Godalming, on the other side of Guildford, when we moved, which necessitated catching a 'bus to Guildford, running across the river bridge to the south side and catching another 'bus to Godalming, a journey which could take up to two hours, (and back again at night, of course).

In due course, I was able to give up work at the bank to become a full-time wife and mother. Den worked a variety of shifts at Effingham; He had one long weekend off a month, (Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday), and the alternate Sundays, with other weekdays fitted in. The shift patterns varied; 8-4, 9-5,10-6 days, 2-10, 10-6 nights and sometimes split shifts of 9-1and 6-10. He was able to arrange the shifts so that he could play football and cricket (he still played for Surrey Police at that time), as it was Force policy that it was beneficial for officers to keep fit and active by playing sport when possible. Of course, no allowance was made for public holidays, such as Christmas or Easter, so we became quite used to Den having to work at such times. Fortunately, one of his colleagues at the Horsley section, Jock, was a Scot who liked to return to his native land to visit family and friends for New Year, and was very accommodating when it came to swapping shifts over Christmas; the trouble was, he was somewhat outnumbered by colleagues who preferred to have Christmas off.

For some of the time we were at Effingham, there was a special constable, the owner of a shop in Bookham, who used to join the regulars on some evening patrols in the car. He was a pleasant enough chap, and I saw him fairly often when he came in with Den on meal break- I remember he was very partial to homemade cheese scones and shortbread, so I often cooked a batch if I knew he

was coming round. One evening when he was out with Den, his shop was raided by the police from Leatherhead, searching for stolen goods; I never heard if anything was found, but I don't remember seeing him much after that.

Not long after we'd moved in we started receiving lots of mail for the previous occupant, most of which seemed to be the dreaded red final demands. We forwarded them on when we could, but Den answered a knock at the door one day to a rather officious looking man, who turned out to be a debt collector. Apparently our predecessor had bought a large and expensive cooker on hire purchase, and had failed to keep up the payments, or notify the company of his change of address. The man at our door was intent on re-possessing the cooker, but when we showed him the rather sad and dated one in the kitchen, he finally accepted that we were not responsible for the debt, and went away. Obviously not all police officers were honest!

Early one morning we were woken by a scraping and banging noise outside our bedroom window. Den leapt out of bed and peered through the curtains, only to come face to face with a grinning chap up on a ladder, merrily painting the outside of the window frames. Den opened the window, nearly launching the man off his perch, and demanded to know what on earth he was doing; it turned out that the outside of our house was due to be repainted, and as the firm undertaking the work had nearly finished redecorating the school across the road, they thought they would make a start on their next job. Den pointed out to the man on the ladder that the window frames hadn't even been rubbed down, and also that it was pouring with rain. 'That's OK', he said, 'I'm using waterproof paint'! After we got everything sorted out, the decorators were with us for two weeks, and I was allowed to choose the colours for the inside rooms. The old green casements were painted white, the front and back doors were a nice shade of blue, and I was allowed to choose the colours for the inside rooms. It all looked much better when it was finished, but I'm not sure that either the painters or Den were impressed by my choice for the bathroom- off white on the walls, and a beautiful 'Dubarry pink' for the bath!

From our first weeks in the village, we were the recipients of much generosity from several local residents. An important part of Den's duties was the signing of stock registers for the farmers, and during the dreadful months of the foot and mouth outbreak, Den had to go out regularly to the various farms to sign movement licences authorising the livestock going for slaughter. We were frequently presented with gifts of joints of meat, eggs, bottles of homemade wine and garden produce; it was probably against the rules to accept these, even back then, and could have been misconstrued as some form of bribery, I suppose, but it was an accepted part of friendly appreciation between residents and local police, and would have caused much offence had it been refused. Den worked on one of the pig farms for quite a while, helping out in his spare time and sometimes took our children down with him to see the new piglets, they loved it. It was strictly forbidden for police officers to have second jobs, of course, but as police pay was pretty poor at that time, the remuneration received occasionally, in the form of half a pig, was very welcome. Before too long we had to buy a freezer, as we couldn't eat all the bounty that came our way. In those days this was quite a new idea, and the only ones available for purchase were

commercial chest units, so this huge appliance was delivered to our home and the only place that we could fit it was underneath the stairwell.

About a quarter of a mile from the police house was the entrance to a large nursery, Mizens, where they grew tomatoes and cucumbers commercially in huge greenhouses. When Den was on night duty, he used to call in there to chat to the night watchman to ensure all was well, and to have a cup of tea – have I mentioned that tea stops were very, very important? Mr Illingworth, as his name suggests, was a true Yorkshireman, a friendly chap who welcomed someone to talk to during the long night hours, and it became a regular stop for Den on his rounds. Many was the time he would arrive home on a winter morning with a bag of tomatoes hanging from the handlebars of his bike, concealed by his folded cape, or in the summer, on his head secured under his helmet. I'm not sure that was why the helmets were held securely in place by a chinstrap, but it was certainly effective! Cucumbers were a little more tricky, but the long truncheon pocket in his uniform trousers proved to be just the right length!

In the late 1960's into the early 70's, the I.R.A was becoming something of a threat to various notable people in this country. One of the media moguls lived near to our village at Headley Court, near Leatherhead (now known as a Centre for rehabilitation for injured service personnel) and had received threats. Every night a local P.C. and a dog handler were sent out to patrol round the grounds, and one night Den was over there, meeting up with the dog handler that night, Lofty Juniper, who had a large Doberman Police dog. They parked up, and sat in one of the vehicles playing cribbage, while the dog was allowed to roam free; as Lofty said, if there's anyone about, the dog will let us know! In the wee small hours their game was interrupted by screams, and howls and barking from the dog, so Den and Lofty followed the noise to find a terrified man pinned to a tree by the dog. It turned out that he was the son of the gardener at Headley Court, who was serving in the army and had come home on leave to visit his parents. The terrified chap was freed from the dog's attentions and allowed on his way, and though Lofty and Den found it quite an amusing episode, I'm sure the poor young man would have disagreed.

There were a series of burglaries from the very big houses situated around Wentworth Golf Course, a short distance away, and an operation was planned to try to intercept those responsible. Den was sent to join the group one night, with his sandwiches and flask, and my portable radio for company; the area was to be swamped with police officers, dropped off around the perimeter of the course, which was basically a huge wooded area with houses along it's boundaries. It was pitch black, no lights anywhere, none of them knew where they were, and it was impossible either to move without getting completely lost, or to make contact with the nearest colleague. No one, unsurprisingly, was apprehended and the whole exercise was very badly planned and totally pointless - and my radio got trodden on and broken!

I took driving lessons while we were at Effingham, and though I can't say I ever enjoyed driving, or was very confident, it was convenient to be able to get myself and the children in to the shops at Chobham, where there was a supermarket, and to visit my father who lived near Esher, just off the A3. I had my one and

only “bump” in the car while driving over to Horsley to visit the wife of a colleague. I drove in to the space in front of the garages belonging to the police houses there, and tried to turn in a circle, totally misjudging the amount of room I needed, and drove, albeit slowly and gently, into the front of one of the garages. I made enough noise to bring my friend and her policeman husband rushing out to see what had happened, and as they kindly stifled their giggles at my predicament, he unscrewed the damaged front light from my poor Beetle and placed it on the front seat. I was mortified, even more so at having to drive back home and down through our village with the car in such a state, but apparently no one noticed. Den was sufficiently shocked not to shout at me, and I arranged to take the car to the garage next day for repairs. I remember very well that it cost me £30, which was a lot of money back then, but I didn't repeat my error. I did drive after that, but never felt very comfortable doing so, and some years later decided that I wasn't cut out for life behind the wheel, and gave up for good.

There was some lovely countryside around Effingham, and we spent as much time as we could out and about, particularly after the children came along. I spent many happy hours pushing our big “proper” pram along to Bookham, about three quarters of a mile away, to the shops there, and with its big wheels and springs it was easy going. When Nicola was old enough for a pushchair, before Tony came along, we trundled around somewhere nearly every day. There were reports coming through of a “flasher” in the woods near the rugby ground, and Den thought it would be a good idea if we took family walks round there to see if we could find him. We did catch a brief glimpse of a little man in a raincoat in amongst the trees, but he ran off before Den could speak to him, so whether or not that was the offender, we never knew. The 'flasher' was eventually apprehended, thankfully, and we had no more trouble of that sort.

One of the first events of out life in the village was the funeral of the oldest and most important resident of the Gypsy family, Old Albert Smith. I do not use the term “gypsy” in any prejudicial way, for they were real gypsies. They weren't “tinkers”, not having any detectable Irish blood, and they weren't “travellers”, as their lovely caravans were decidedly static. At some point during the war, the family had acquired a couple of plots of land on which Old Albert and his son, young Albert, had put their caravans, and Henry, his second son, had built a bungalow. (Young Albert had two sons, Albert and Henry, and his brother Henry had two sons called Henry and Albert - are you keeping up?) Anyway, Old Albert had just died and traditionally the entire far-flung family, together with friends and acquaintances, gathered for the ritual burning of the deceased man's caravan. All day, a stream of cars, vans and trucks passed the Police house en route to the site, and eventually a plume of smoke rose from the end of the lane as the caravan was fired. I was fascinated- who would have thought that such a thing could happen in the commuter heartlands of Surrey in the 1960's? I got to know young Albert (by that time he was Old Albert- the king is dead, long live the king), a little over the years, and rogue as he might have been at times as far as Den was concerned, he was always polite and kind to me and our children. The wives of Albert and Henry came to the house quite frequently to ask me to make clothes for their small children, and we got along very well. Den often had cause to visit their homes on official business, and was always offered tea in the finest bone china cups; he was impressed by the immaculate and beautiful homes they

kept.

Early one morning shortly after we moved in we were woken by a loud rumbling noise from the side of the house; Albert's truck was parked in the pub car park next to our side fence, and Albert was heaving a large load of logs over into out garden. He topped the heap off with a Christmas tree, being just a week before Christmas. He didn't want payment for any of it, and we didn't enquire too closely where it had all come from, but it was a truly kind thought which was much appreciated- and a good way to start a relationship with the new copper!

Albert had a way with him; there was no doubt about it. The landlord of the pub next door, Harold, bought himself a pair of peacocks. Beautiful, exotic and expensive creatures, they surely were, but somewhat unnerving when they sat in the low branches of the tree by our mutual fence, watching as I hung out my washing, and extremely noisy when they communicated by their curious cries. One day when Den was at home, off duty, Harold knocked at our door to say he had just seen Albert putting one of the peacocks into his lorry, and driving off up the road with it. Den got out his trusty bike, pedalled up the lane to Albert's caravan and confronted him with Harold's accusation. Albert, knowing full well whose bird it was, said as convincingly as he could that he didn't know where it had come from, thought it was a stray, and was just doing his civic duty by rescuing it! He would, of course, he said, have brought it straight round to the Police house had he known Den was at home. Den gave him a few well-chosen words of advice, and we later learned from Harold that the bird had indeed been returned safe and sound, and Albert had been rewarded for his altruism with the gift of a fiver! There were many minor offences laid at Albert's door over the years (such as cow-licks going missing from the farmers' fields, scrap metal vanishing from Alf's yard) but many potential problems could, in those times, be sorted out quickly by a quiet word in the right ear and a little judicious advice; that was village policing. The landlord of the other pub in the village, The Earl Haig, complained to Den about trouble he had of an evening with the younger gypsies and other lads being rowdy and badly behaved in his pub. Den told him that if he refused to serve them, as he was fully entitled to do, there would be no more trouble, and when he took Den's advice that solved the problem- though it may have moved it on elsewhere! A little while after we had moved from Effingham, Den was contacted with reference to an incident near Dorking involving, it was thought, one of Albert's sons. There was some puzzlement over his identity, and it was suspected he had given false details, but no one there knew Albert's offspring well enough to be sure. When Den arrived there, he knew straight away who the miscreant was, and realised that he had given his brother's name instead of his own. The lad gave a sheepish grin when he saw Den turn up, and said 'It had to be you- no one else would have rumbled me'.

The pub next door to us, The Plough had recently been owned by Mr and Mrs Handley and featured as “Jim's Inn” in an early advertising programme on ITV, with their son, Jimmy Handley acting as Landlord and host. Jimmy's parents sold up and moved to the cottage across the road from our house, and were lovely neighbours to us while we were there. I worked as a cleaner for Mrs Handley for some time, and often took our baby daughter Nicola across with me, where she slept in her pram under the apple trees in their garden. Mr

Handley had been a silversmith, and gave our son a beautiful silver serviette ring he'd made.

Mrs Handley probably also saved our son's life; Tony was a placid baby, but he disliked lying awake upstairs in his cot when he awoke from his afternoon nap. He became very adept at jiggling the cot around on the floorboards, alerting me to the fact that he was awake, and one day he managed to shuffle the cot across the room to the window, climb out of the cot onto the windowsill, where he stood waving to the passing cars. Luckily Mrs Handley spotted him from across the road and 'phoned me to let me know.

During our time in Effingham, The Plough was owned by Harold and Vera. I went to work as a cleaner for Harold after Nicola was born, and of course at that time, most customers of a pub smoked. Every surface seemed to be permanently covered with a thin, greasy brown film of nicotine, and the place always smelt of cigarette smoke, despite Vera's best efforts at airing the place. It wasn't particularly hard work, though I hated cleaning the copper-topped tables in the saloon bar, which had to be done with diluted vinegar on a cloth, and an awful lot of elbow grease; Harold always cleaned out the men's toilets for me, for which I was very grateful. I was later asked if I would be able to help out in the pub behind the bar, and I was happy to do so whenever Den was available to look after the children. It was pleasant enough, except on a Sunday lunchtime, which I only worked occasionally, when it was really busy and the saloon bar was filled with what today would be called 'hooray Henrys', few of whom seemed to have much in the way of manners. I always preferred the public bar, where all the locals drank pints of brown and mild or mild and bitter; I got quite good at pulling the old-fashioned pump handles, some of which were beautifully decorated with farming and hunting scenes, for the mild, 'cooking' bitter and best bitter. The till was, of course, quite old fashioned compared to today's gleaming machines, and all the adding up and change due had to be worked out in one's head, or if it was a really big order, on a scrap of paper- though it was sometimes hard to find a pen amid the lemon slices and jars of cocktail cherries.

I'm sure my capabilities in mental arithmetic improved a whole lot during that time- and I learned to make a mean snowball. We served bags of crisps but not much more, until Vera decided we should branch out and offer sandwiches. These were to be made by whoever was serving in the bar, in a small back room with no wash-hand basin, on a cramped table with a slightly grubby wooden surface, and no fridge to store the sandwich fillings in. I was shown how to fill a sandwich, putting most of the filling in the centre of the slice of bread so that, when cut and arranged on the plate cut sides up, the sandwich appeared far better filled than it really was! It left me with a lifelong distrust of pub sandwiches! Harold always insisted on escorting me back to my front door after closing time, even though we only lived next door, but he was a true gentleman, and I became very fond of him.

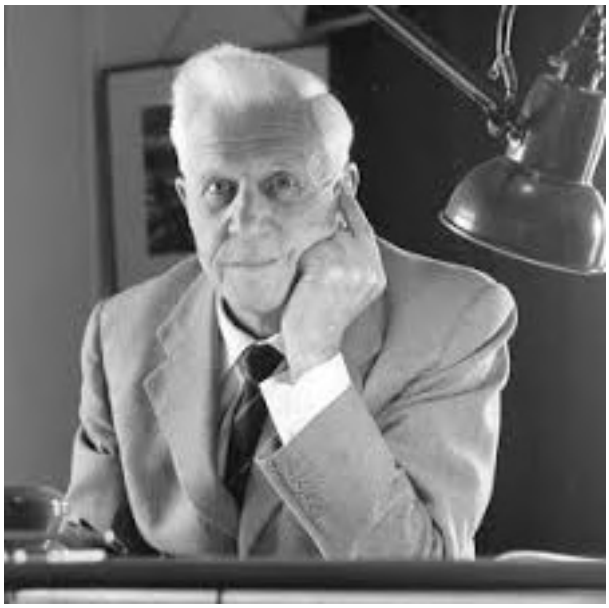
At the same time, I went to work for two retired gentlemen who lived in a lovely, if austere and Spartan house down near the common. They were brothers, and always known as “The Colonel” and “The Major”. When I answered their advertisement for domestic help, I was invited down for an interview, and, not unreasonably, asked for references. I offered my time at the bank as all I had, though I didn't think it was particularly relevant, but when I then gave my address, they went into raptures- the policeman's wife, well, of course that would be just fine! I worked for them very happily for some years, their military training and experience made them very neat and tidy and it was easy to keep their home clean.

Another employer was a really lovely lady who lived at East Horsley. She was the daughter in law of the Chief Cashier of the Bank of England (his signature appeared on all the bank notes) and had a son of similar age to Nicola. We became good friends, and I enjoyed working in her lovely home. Den worked for her in her garden for a while, and she was a very generous employer, giving me some lovely gifts when I finally left. I have to say that all my employers around Effingham were kind enough to allow me to fit in my working hours with Den's duties, as obviously most of the time I had the children to look after, and though I'm sure it wasn't always convenient for them, it was much appreciated by me as I enjoyed getting out of the house and seeing them all every week.

I worked for a very short few months as the cleaner at the Village Hall. I worked hard for a couple of weeks, cleaning up what I thought was a rather grubby hall, toilets etc., and was slightly nonplussed to receive a call from, presumably, the chairman of the hall committee to tell me that the Sunday school had made a complaint that they had found the hall had been left dirty after a wedding reception held there on the previous evening. Since no one had informed me of the Saturday event, I said that I was sorry, but hadn't known. I was told somewhat sharply, that I was expected to clean the hall after every event held there, which was certainly not my understanding of my job. I said I'd do my best, but since the hall was quite well used by many groups, it became impossible for me to keep up with it all, and I gave notice a couple of months later.

Resident in the village at that time was Sir Barnes Wallis of Dambusters fame, and his wife would often ride her bicycle down to bring apples or tomatoes from

her garden, to tell us they were going away for a while and ask if Den would keep an eye on their property. One of the duties of a village 'copper' was to make a note of empty properties in the area, and visit them to check doors and windows were secure, and that all was well; my part in that was to take down the details given at the door or over the 'phone, write them on the special forms and pass them on to Den for action. It was a service that was well used and much appreciated, and gave both of us opportunities to meet many of the folks of the village. Sir Barnes Wallis and his wife were lovely people, modest and unassuming, and Den was very thrilled to be invited into their home during one of his rounds to see their amazing collection of models of aircraft etc. from his long and illustrious career.



Sir Barnes Wallis

One dear man, Dr Sutton, came to our door often with bowls of beautiful strawberries from his garden together with a pot of cream, or sometimes a bottle of Drambuie, “for your wife” as he was always very careful to say! He also brought me copies of the poems he wrote, and would have a cup of tea sitting at our kitchen table as I read them. One wonderful evening he took us both in his exquisite, leather upholstered Rover to see a play at the Sybil Thorndike theatre in Leatherhead, a real treat and a great kindness. When he decided he would no longer drive, he offered to sell us his car; we would have loved to have bought it, but the expense involved in keeping such a big car on the road was beyond our means.

Mr Anderson, who lived with his wife just down along the road to the station, was a connoisseur of Scotch Whiskey, new blends of which he had delivered regularly from his native land. If he saw Den on duty riding his bicycle past his house, he would quite often call out that a new bottle had arrived, and would the constable care to call in to try a dram? Well, of course the constable would, and did, and I still blame Mr Anderson entirely for Den's subsequent liking for whisky!

Then there were Sid and Heddi, who lived up on the council estate and made

vast quantities of very good, extremely potent home made wine from an assortment of fruit, vegetables and grains. Den became a regular visitor there on his rounds, generally for a cup of tea or coffee, but was always offered a sample of their most recently matured brew, and sometimes a bottle to bring home. One Christmas day on duty, the folks along Den's beat were so generous with their seasonal goodwill that he had to be brought home by his sergeant in the area car at lunchtime as he wasn't in a fit state to ride his bike! With advice from Sid we started making our own wines, and soon had rows of demijohns bubbling merrily away in the kitchen, fermenting happily. It's amazing how many different wines can be made, and soon we had quite a lot of bottles laid down in racks above the kitchen cabinet, maturing nicely. One day the elderflower wine, which we had obviously bottled too soon, got ambitions to become elderflower champagne, and one by one the corks shot out of the bottles above our heads, the contents spreading all over the kitchen. The mess was appalling, but the smell was wonderful; just a shame that we had lost so much drinkable loveliness. The only wine we ever made that we just couldn't drink was pea-pod, and even after five years maturing, it still tasted like stewed pea-pods - quite disgusting! We started to give the strained fruit and vegetables from the wine making to our chickens to peck around at, but after we discovered them one day wandering unsteadily around their pen in a semi-drunken state, happily cheeping away to each other, we had to give that idea up. Luckily it didn't affect their eggs.

Several people in the village kept chickens, and we were often the recipients of gifts of eggs. One elderly gentleman, Mr Hughes, who lived quite near to us, had a smallholding, and was kind enough to bring me a box of eggs one day; in the course of conversation I said that I would one day like to have some chickens in the garden, as I thought it would be fun for the children. Before I could think any more about it. He had disappeared, arriving back soon after with a large wooden chicken house on the back of his truck, which we manhandled into the back garden, some wire netting and stakes to make a pen, and the promise to return soon with five chickens and a rooster. A few days later, with the pen made up and ready, he arrived with the promised livestock, Rhode Island Reds crossed Light Sussex, a gorgeous Maran cockerel and a bale of straw. The chickens soon settled in and started laying, and gave us many eggs and much pleasure until we eventually had to move away from the village.

Maran Cockerel

After a time, Fred, the Maran cockerel, was making so much noise that we were receiving heavy, if veiled hints from the neighbours that he wasn't altogether a welcome addition to the neighbourhood, so unfortunately we had to ask Mr Hughes to dispose of him. I hadn't quite expected that he would come and wring Fred's neck right there in our back garden, but he did, and then handed me back the still warm carcase. I braved the plucking and drawing of poor Fred (with advice from my mother-in-law) and duly cooked the bird, but none of us could eat any of the meat, and I think the dog ate very well for the next few days! Our kind benefactor eventually took the three elderly feathered survivors back before we moved, together with the chicken house. We were so sad to hear 'on the grapevine' that a short while after we had left, Mr Hughes had a heart attack at the wheel of his truck, and died in the subsequent accident.

Near us lived the caretaker of the secondary school, and while chatting to Den one day he said that part of his job was to look after the school's indoor swimming pool, which he would be happy to open up for us out of school hours so we could have some swimming sessions. He had taught many people to swim over the years, and it was agreed that we would take the children so that I could teach Nicola to swim, Tony could learn to play safely in the water, and Den would have swimming lessons. We enjoyed many happy hours in the heated pool, our daughter became a confident swimmer, Tony splashed happily around in his inflatable armbands, but sadly Den never did learn to swim- except straight to the bottom of the pool!

The nearby small convent housed a group of nuns who ran a smallholding to supply the Motherhouse, some distance away, with fresh produce. Behind the main building was a huge garden and orchard, and down along our lane they had a small farm managed by a kindly Irishman called Michael, who we got to know quite well. When one of the cows was having trouble calving one evening, Michael came across to ask Den to go and help; after some considerable time, with the two of them heaving on ropes tied around the calf's leg, a huge bull calf was born, but sadly it didn't survive it's dramatic entry into the world. After that, Michael would bring over a small churn of creamy milk from the cows for the children, and suggested that we could buy a couple of calves, which he would rear at the farm for us, and we could take the children down whenever they wanted to see them. Eventually he would take them to market and give us a percentage of the price they fetched. It was a lovely idea, and soon two dear little calves appeared down there (Buttercup and Daisy, of course). We spent a lot of time with them as the children came to love being at the farm, and we helped out with chores when we could. Michael also told us to help ourselves to fallen apples from the convent orchard, which we did sometimes; unfortunately I think he forgot to tell the nuns of his (their) largesse, and we had a rather embarrassing meeting with one of them one day in the orchard, when I'm sure she thought we were “scrumping”!

Bingo was a terrier of assorted varieties, and lived quite happily with his owner, Alf Galloway, at the cafe near the main road through the village. He was also the Don Juan of the canine population of Effingham, and spent a great deal of

his time roaming the lanes and fields around our village seeking out bitches in season whose owners had been careless enough to leave them outside the shops, in their gardens, off the lead on walks - you get the picture. Bingo was a tireless Romeo, and a very successful one at that; it was amazing how many puppies born in our area had a striking resemblance to the wandering one, and there were some very strange crossbreeds around. Today, the age of labradoodles and cockerpoos, that would seem to be quite a popular idea, but back then it caused a lot of annoyance. Now, between Den's duty roster, limited funds and two small children, we didn't very often go out of the village for much more than a weekly shopping foray to Leatherhead. On rare occasions we managed a day out, and went to visit Den's parents who lived some 20 miles away. After one such outing we arrived home in the evening, having been out since about nine o'clock that morning, to find a resigned Bingo sitting by our side gate, tied to the post by a length of rope and out of sight of any passer-by. A note was pinned to the gate, to the effect that someone (anonymous) had found the dog wandering and brought it to the Police house as 'a place of safety'; as no one was at home, the dog had been left for Den to deal with on his return. It had been a hot day, there was no food or water left for the poor dog, and we had no idea how long he had been tied up. Whoever had left him had obviously not stopped to think that we might be out all day, or even away on holiday (rare, but it did occasionally happen), and equally obviously, they didn't care. We gave Bingo a drink, released him from his tether and he trotted off home quite happily. Den had a word with Alf at a later date, but, as he pointed out, boys will be boys! We did acquire one of Bingo's offspring eventually, as a companion for the children and a reason to get them out and about for walks. She was much loved, and we had great fun with her, but unfortunately she became very protective of the children, and took great exception to the baby sitters who we occasionally employed while we went out for an evening. Several times we came home to find that Binky hadn't allowed the babysitters to get into the kitchen to eat the supper I had left for them, and on one dreadful occasion she actually bit one of them. Sadly it wasn't possible for a dog, which could be aggressive to live at a Police house, so I had the heart-breaking job of taking her to the nearby Vet so he could find her a new home.

Both our children were born while we were at Effingham, Nicola at Mount Alvernia hospital in Guildford, which was run by nursing nuns, and Tony at home. The night before Nicola arrived, Den was on night shift, and when he came in for his meal break at 2am. I said I thought it was time for me to go in to the hospital. Den drove me in our car to Mount Alvernia, left me in the care of the nuns and drove home to go back on duty. I actually slept reasonably well for the rest of the night, Den went to bed when he came off shift at 6am, and rang the hospital when he woke up at midday to be told that his daughter had been born.

There was no official office at our Police house that was some five miles away at West Horsley. The blue Police sign by our front door obviously gave people the impression that someone official would be available there all the time, and our telephone number was listed in the 'phone book as The Police House Effingham, so we were very easily contactable. I was happy, (usually, unless I was in the middle of bathing the baby or baking) to take messages, pass on

important information, give directions, etc., but anything much more than that was beyond my remit, though it was sometimes difficult to convince our callers of that. In fact, a local resident called one afternoon to report that he would shortly be going on holiday, and to give all the appropriate information at great length. Though Den was at home, and Nicola was down at the end of the garden with her grandparents, who happened to be over with us for the day, I was upstairs at the time giving birth to our son. Our caller was very upset when Den tried to explain the situation and politely declined to take his details at that particular moment, and only 'got the message' when the midwife rushed down the stairs to ask for more towels and hot water! Our son was born shortly afterwards, but the caller never did come back.

One night when Den was on duty, the 'phone rang at about two in the morning, and since this was an extremely unusual occurrence, I immediately thought that something dreadful had happened to Den or a member of our families. I answered the 'phone, somewhat sleepily, to a reporter from the Daily Mail, calling to enquire about alleged sightings in our area of 'The Surrey Puma'. This was referencing a large, cat-like animal, which had reportedly been seen in several areas of rural Surrey, photographed from some distance by enthusiastic 'believers' and dubiously identified as a puma by 'experts'. No-one with any common sense gave any credence to the stories, which came up in the local press on slow news weeks, and in my sleepy state I wasn't very impressed at being woken up and asked for information which I didn't have anyway. I can't remember my exact response; it was probably fairly sharp, though I hope reasonably polite, but at least my comments didn't make the front page of the Daily Mail- as far as I'm aware.

I took a call one afternoon from a very excited gentleman who told me he needed to contact the police urgently to report the sighting of a rare wild animal down on the common. Den was on duty somewhere in the area, as I explained, but my caller insisted he needed the police straight away; he had rushed home from the common to call, but would be going straight back to watch over his sighting (no mobile 'phones, remember). All I could do was to take the details and try to contact someone at the office in West Horsley to pass them on to Den when he made his next point. When I'd requested details of the caller, the location and the sighting, I had to ask him to repeat himself; he was apparently quite certain that he'd been face to face with a large penguin, possibly an Emperor? At this point I was sure I had a joker on the end of the line, or at the very least someone who had spent a little too long having lunch in the pub, but I made a note of everything he said, thanked him, and called the office. Luckily the sergeant was there to take my call, so though I felt a complete idiot, I tried not to giggle as I repeated the information to him. Apart from almost being able to hear his eyebrows rising, I detected no intimation of doubt from him, and left it with him. When Den got home, it turned out that there had indeed been a penguin wandering around on Effingham Common; it had escaped from the home of a local resident who kept a private collection of exotic animals in the grounds of his property nearby. At that time there was no regulation of individuals keeping such animals, but it occurred to me that it was, perhaps, fortunate that the escapee was a mild mannered penguin and not a large and ferocious carnivore!

In those days there were hostels for the homeless in most large towns, and Effingham was on a regular route between the ones at Guildford and Leatherhead. Since the “gentlemen of the road” were only allowed a couple of nights at each centre, some of them walked frequently backwards and forwards between them, and it was quite common for them to call in on us to ask for a drink and a slice of bread to keep them going along their way. Most were polite and friendly, many being ex-servicemen who had suffered trauma and loss through the war; we always tried to give them a cup of tea and a sandwich. Unfortunately, there were always one or two who took advantage and used us as an easy touch, and some were not so honest in their intentions towards our residents. One of these unfortunate men lived in the village for quite a while, making his home in a hole in the ground under a hedge. He was quite harmless, if a little anti-social, and was known as Turnip. Den kept an eye on him, making the occasional visit to check that he was all right, particularly in the winter months. One day Turnip just moved on; we never did know where he went, or what happened to him.

One snowy Christmas day, Den was on early shift, and received a call to go over to Clandon Park, home of Lord Onslow and his family, just outside Guildford; the alarm had gone off, and attendance was required straight away. Den drove out to Clandon, and by the time he arrived it had been ascertained that one of the Onslow’s many guests had wandered into an out-of-bounds area and inadvertently triggered the alarm. In the midst of the entire family and their many houseguests, Den was cordially welcomed and invited to a seasonal glass of sherry. He was about to accept with alacrity when a large number of police officers, many of senior rank, arrived to deal with the by now silent alarm, so much to Den's chagrin, he was told to return to his rural rounds minus his glass of sherry.

Clandon Park

I took a telephone call one day from a lady who sounded in a state of absolute panic. I tried to calm her enough for her to tell me what she was so worried about, and eventually she was able to say that her daughter had gone out for a bicycle ride some time earlier that afternoon, and despite strict instructions to be out no longer than an hour, an hour and a half had passed since she left home. It was rare, though not unheard of for children to go missing in our area, and they usually turned up safe, well, and hungry having been playing with friends and

forgotten the time. However, it's obviously of great concern when such a thing happens, so I started to take down a detailed description of the child and the bike so I could pass it all on quickly to the office. The lady on the 'phone was only too eager to give me every detail that might help, and painted a long and involved picture of her daughter. As she paused for breath, I asked what I hoped would be my final question, which was to check the age of he child- which, as it turned out, was 48! When I had recovered from the shock, I suggested to the caller that she should wait another half an hour and then call me back to let me know whether or not the daughter had returned home, at which time I would pass everything over to the sergeant for action as necessary. This was clearly not what she had hoped for, and our conversation continued for some further ten minutes, at which point she dissolved into tears of relief, as it turned out, as her missing offspring returned home. I had a few words with the daughter, who apologised for troubling me, explaining, as I had already guessed, that her mother was of a nervous disposition and rather over-protective. I felt grateful for the outcome- how dreadful it could have been if a young child had been involved.

Over a period of time I got several irate calls from a lady called Miss Savill, who lived down a lane on the outskirts of the village. She accused her next-door neighbour, Dr Underwood, of various things at different times, including stealing her cats and their kittens. Now Dr Underwood was a perfectly respectable man who lived in quite a large house surrounded on all sides by a high wooden fence, with locked gates into the property. He was a naturist, and frequently had many houseguests of the same persuasion, as he was perfectly entitled to do, and they enjoyed sunbathing in his garden in the better weather, behind the high fences and trees. Miss Savill was a well-spoken but very straight-laced lady who had obviously got to hear of his nefarious 'activities' and had taken strong exception to them. The last call I got from her said that she had been changing a light bulb when she had seen naked people wandering about next door. On enquiry it transpired that, in order to change the light bulb, she had needed to stand on steps in her bedroom, and it was from this vantage point that she had been so offended. I think it was suggested that, next time she needed that light bulb changed, she ask someone else to do it for her.

There was an incident in the village, when Den was at home one day having his meal break. A mother rang the office to say that her young daughter had just come home for lunch from her private school in tears and with her clothes ripped, saying that she had been pulled onto the common and assaulted by two boys from the local secondary school. Frank, the officer who took the call, went straight round to see her and the girl was able to give a good description to him. He thought he knew who one of the boys might be, and Frank and Den went to the school and interviewed the lad in the presence of the Headmaster; the boy admitted the assault and gave the name of the other offender, and the case later went to Court at Guildford, with a guilty plea. This was another case in which the local knowledge of the officers in the area contributed to a swift and satisfactory outcome to a most unpleasant episode.

Sometimes our home necessarily played temporary host to miscreants. Den arrived home in the middle of a shift one day with a young teenage girl, a runaway from Borstal who he'd found wandering round the village. She was, not

surprisingly, somewhat sulky and uncooperative (what would be called stroppy now) but when she had a cup of tea and a slice of cake she relaxed enough to play with our baby son, and even talk quite pleasantly to us while she waited for an official to come to collect her and return her to Borstal.

One of our local lads had committed a series of thefts locally, though not in our village, and was wanted for arrest on warrant. Despite many attempts by Leatherhead C.I.D. officers, he had managed to evade police clutches, and Den was asked to assist. He knew the lad quite well, and also the parents, who lived in our village, so he went round to see them. He was fairly certain that Paul was hiding out upstairs when he arrived, but he chatted to the parents and convinced them, loudly, that it would be best for Paul if he gave himself up; it was inevitable that he would be caught at some stage. Later that evening a call came through at home from Paul, asking for twenty-four hours grace to say goodbye to his girlfriend, after which he would surrender himself to Den. Thus it was that the next evening Paul arrived on our doorstep, as arranged, and came in for a cup of tea, while Den rang a very surprised C.I.D. to tell them they could come and collect him. Paul was very polite and friendly, and had even brought a selection of handbags for me to look at, in case I wanted to buy one from him “at a very advantageous price”! I have no doubt they were of somewhat dubious origin, but it was a kind thought (I think). Den later received profuse thanks from Paul's parents, who had clearly been very worried about their son's activities, and after serving his sentence, Paul turned his life around and settled down as an honest citizen.

It was part of Den's role as village policeman to get to know as many people in the community as possible, and at that time he played football for the local village team, duties permitting. He thus became acquainted with, indeed friends with, many of the younger men and sometimes their families. We went to several of the social occasions organised in the village, which helped me to get to know their various wives and girlfriends. I'm not sure what some of them expected a policeman's wife to be like, but one of the nicest comments I received at that time was “well, you're quite ordinary really, aren't you?” On one occasion when we were at a Football club dance at the Village Hall, one of the men attending drank too much and started to get aggressive. Though Den was obviously off duty, someone came over to tell him that he might need to take some action shortly to prevent a fight, which would have somewhat ruined our evening, and could have turned nasty. As he moved to go across to the bar to intervene in the impending trouble, two of the lads, Pete and Divvy stopped him, saying there was nothing to worry about; it had all been “taken care of”. They wouldn't say by whom or how, but they were determined his evening shouldn't be spoiled- good friends to have. The lads were very friendly, and we had cause to appreciate them late one night when we heard a loud banging on our door. On opening it we found several locals outside holding a terrified chap in a non-too gentle grip. It transpired he had manage to reverse his car into ours as he tried to leave the pub next door (Harold kindly allowed us to park our VW on his car park next to our side fence). The lads had seen what had happened, dragged the driver from his car and insisted, none too gently that he should come round under escort to confess to the local copper, whose car he had hit. We would never have known what had happened without our bunch of “guardian angels”. As it had all happened on private property, we wouldn't have had any right to make a claim anyway, but the chap was so scared by the whole situation, he quickly offered to pay for any

necessary repairs, and did so. I'm not sure he ever frequented that pub again, though.

On the main road there was school crossing patrol from the council estate across to the primary and secondary schools, manned by a very pleasant older lady. She was very efficient, with her uniform and “lollipop” but she always steadfastly refused to wear her hat. She complained on several occasions that vehicles sometimes refused to stop for her, and when Den went up to talk to her, he told her that unless she wore the full official uniform, hat included, her directions to motorists could not be enforced. Unfortunately she never did wear her hat, but continued to get the children safely across the road for many more years, unhelpful drivers notwithstanding.

The Harry Secombe pro-celebrity Classic golf tournaments came to the golf club at Effingham, and Den was given the job of doing traffic duty up on the main road. Apparently at one point, he got a bit over enthusiastic, and someone followed his insistently waving arm into the car park when they really wanted to carry on along the main road, and mentioned it to the organisers. It was given out over the loudspeaker at the event, 'would someone please go and tell the officer doing traffic duty outside that some motorists are allowed to make their way on to Guildford as not everyone wants to come in to the golf tournament'!

One Sunday in September 1968 we had arranged to take the children over to Hambledon to visit Den's parents, and although the forecast was for rain, we set off early to make the most of Den's day off. We went, as usual, through the back roads and over the river at Shalford, noticing that the water was already extremely high and almost over the riverbanks; this wasn't particularly unusual, as that area is very low lying. It poured with rain all day, and as the children were still young and Den had to go in to work the next morning, we decided to leave a bit earlier than we normally would to get home in good time. Den thought it would be prudent to avoid the back roads, so we went via Godalming, and between Farncombe and Peasemarsh found the main road awash with water. Our little VW Beetle was under-sealed, so Den eased it slowly through the water, past a car that had driven fast into the water and become stranded, and we carried on in some trepidation to Guildford, knowing that once we got across the river there, we could get home safely on the higher ground. Although the road through Peasemarsh was almost overcome by the river water, we were fortunate that we made it through before the river burst its banks at Guildford. In the early hours of the following morning Den received a 'phone call summoning him to Guildford to assist in coping with the flooding. The River Wey had risen high above its banks, and the lower parts of Guildford were flooding badly. He was tasked to go to the Gas Works, in the middle of the flooded area of the town, because the authorities were afraid that it would flood. The turbines ran continuously to produce what was then known as 'town gas' and if overcome with water there was serious risk of real danger and long-term damage. The 'phone lines were down in many areas, so Den was given a basic walkie-talkie radio, and told to monitor the flood waters. He was able to walk in through shallow water to the site, but after standing all night in the rising, muddy, smelly river water the rain eased, and he was brought out by boat, through Millbank, where the 'bus station normally was, and up North Street to safe ground. He was out all night, and came home extremely damp and cold,

but apart from a very soggy uniform, not much the worse for wear. Many areas of Surrey were flooded at that time, including Leatherhead, where the bridge across the River Mole was washed away, and East Molsely, where hundreds of lovely riverside properties were ruined; flood prevention works were soon undertaken to try to prevent a repeat of the problem.

Fortunately, the really serious events were few and far between, but there were two occasions, which have stayed in my memory when I would really, rather they had not. One Christmas Eve Den was late returning home from duty, but as this was not an unusual occurrence, I'd learned not to fret too much. As time wore on, however, I did get worried; eventually he arrived back looking really upset. Apparently late in the evening there had been a really bad accident between two cars on the main road at Horsley, several people had been injured, and the Fire Brigade had cut one, a little girl, from the wreckage. She had been rushed to the hospital at Guildford by ambulance, and Den had followed with the distraught parents. Her injuries had been extremely serious, and Den told me of her screams as she was wheeled down the hospital corridor and examined in the accident and emergency department. I don't remember the outcome for that poor little girl, but I know that for months Den was haunted at night by those screams; he's now forgotten the incident, having witnessed so many similar dreadful things in the course of his service - an aspect of the job that, perhaps fortunately, not many people are aware of.

The very worst event during our time at Effingham involved a young university student, who had come home for the vacation to his mother's house in the village. His parents were separated, and his mother away on holiday- whether the lad had come home unexpectedly, I'm not sure, but he was alone in the house at the time. Den's colleague, Pete, went round there on a routine house check, as the property was on the unoccupied list, and discovered a shocking scene. The lad had blown his head off in the living room, using his father's shotgun. Pete called the sergeant, who went straight over there, and he then called Den to go down and assist. The mother had to be located wherever she was on holiday, and told the terrible news, and the father was contacted. By the time Den got there, the body had been removed, but the mess in the room was indescribable. The three of them started to try to clean things up as much as possible, so that it wasn't too awful when the parents arrived; the furniture and walls were spattered with blood and brains, but the ceiling was the worst affected area. I knew nothing of all this until Den eventually arrived home, looking grim and exhausted, his uniform splashed with red and grey detritus. The grisly scene took two days work for them to clear as best they could, scraping wallpaper off and washing down the ceiling and the furniture; this was not part of their job, but was done to save the family from walking into a totally hellish scene. A couple of days after the mother arrived back home, the sergeant informed the team that she had put in a complaint that the police officers attending had damaged her furniture, ruined her wallpaper and ceiling and had drunk a couple of glasses of her whisky! I always wondered if this gave some clue as to why she was estranged from her husband, and her poor young son had taken his own life in such a way. These days, with no local police checking unoccupied properties, the mother would have walked in to that scene, just as it was, on her return from holiday.

The most exciting incident during our time in the village was a heist! The Metropolitan police had received a detailed tip-off that an armed robbery was planned by a London gang at the warehouse of Cow and Gate dairies, which just happened to be about 50 yards up the road from our police house. The warehouse supplied all the local milk deliveries with groceries, and presumably a substantial amount of cash was kept on site as well. A member of the Gate's family lived near the warehouse, and he and the staff were informed, and primed as to what might happen and how to react if necessary. The local C.I.D. decided to base their operations in our house, with various officers deployed in cars and on foot, patrolling the area to check on the progress of the perpetrators and take down car numbers in case they were of interest as evidence. Den was tasked with arranging with the churchwarden, George, to allow access to two officers onto the top of the church tower, being a good vantage point, though they were warned not to touch the cables that would start the clock chimes into action, thus possibly alerting the criminals. At one point a female officer asked if she could take Nicola for a walk in the pram up the village past the dairy, to see what was happening- and I still can't believe that I agreed! Walkie-talkies (no mobiles then) were used, and eventually the call came through that the robbery was in progress; there were police, plain clothed and uniformed, appearing out of nowhere, running every which way, and shortly one of the robbers came tearing round the corner, past our house and up the lane. Den and a colleague took off after him, and chased him quite a way before he ran out of puff and gave himself up to them. They came back clutching him triumphantly, and handed him over; all the would-be robbers were caught, no one got hurt, nothing was stolen, and it was the talk of the village for weeks. In fact, it all made such an impression that a short while later a call came through to say that a masked man had been seen in a car near the church acting suspiciously. When Den went to investigate, it turned out to be the vicar in his bee-keeping gear.

We spent a very happy seven years at Effingham, but Den felt he wanted to widen his service experience. The M25 was being built, in stages, and a new Traffic Centre opened at Godstone to service that section. Den applied to the Traffic Department, and after undergoing an Advanced Police driving course, he was offered a post at Godstone, along with a brand new house on a small estate of police properties. So it was that we moved from Effingham, having made many friends and been privileged to enjoy a way of life that has now long since gone. Den later received a very nice letter from the Clerk of the Parish Council, thanking him for all his good work in the village. I didn't! In the course of Den's service after that time, I was no longer involved in any policing activities, and village "coppers" were sadly pretty much phased out over the next two or three years.

Police Houses at Godstone

Long Service Medal about 1983 Rear Brian Richardson, Dave Stone, Dave Morris, Clive Hanks, Dennis Edwards, Roger Young, Mick Binckes, Front Derek Cadey, Deputy Chief Constable John Smith Chairman PA, Chief Constable Brian Hayes, Mick Poole and unknown

The Traffic Man

PC Edwards rear right with Kent officers on a card-playing visit to Godstone Motorway Control. WPC Sheila Wyver sat on the right

WPC Pam Greetham retired from the Force on the 20th September. She is seen here receiving her retirement certificate from Mr. Matthews. Pam joined the Force in 1959 and has served at Weybridge, Oxted, Guildford, Leatherhead, Godalming and lastly in the Control Room. She was also on Traffic Department, being one of the first girl drivers. Pam will remain at Headquarters as a civilian operator in the Control Room. She says she is very glad to be staying!

–Photo by Charlie Dobinson.

WPC Pam Greetham retires

Some when in the 1970s from Off Beat – one of the "first girl" Traffic drivers

Prosecutions

Bob Cozens
Former Chief Superintendent Surrey Constabulary and Chief Constable West Mercia Police
17th January 2018

Bob Cozens when a witness support volunteer with Superintendent Graham Hardy then Admin of Justice Department Surrey Police.

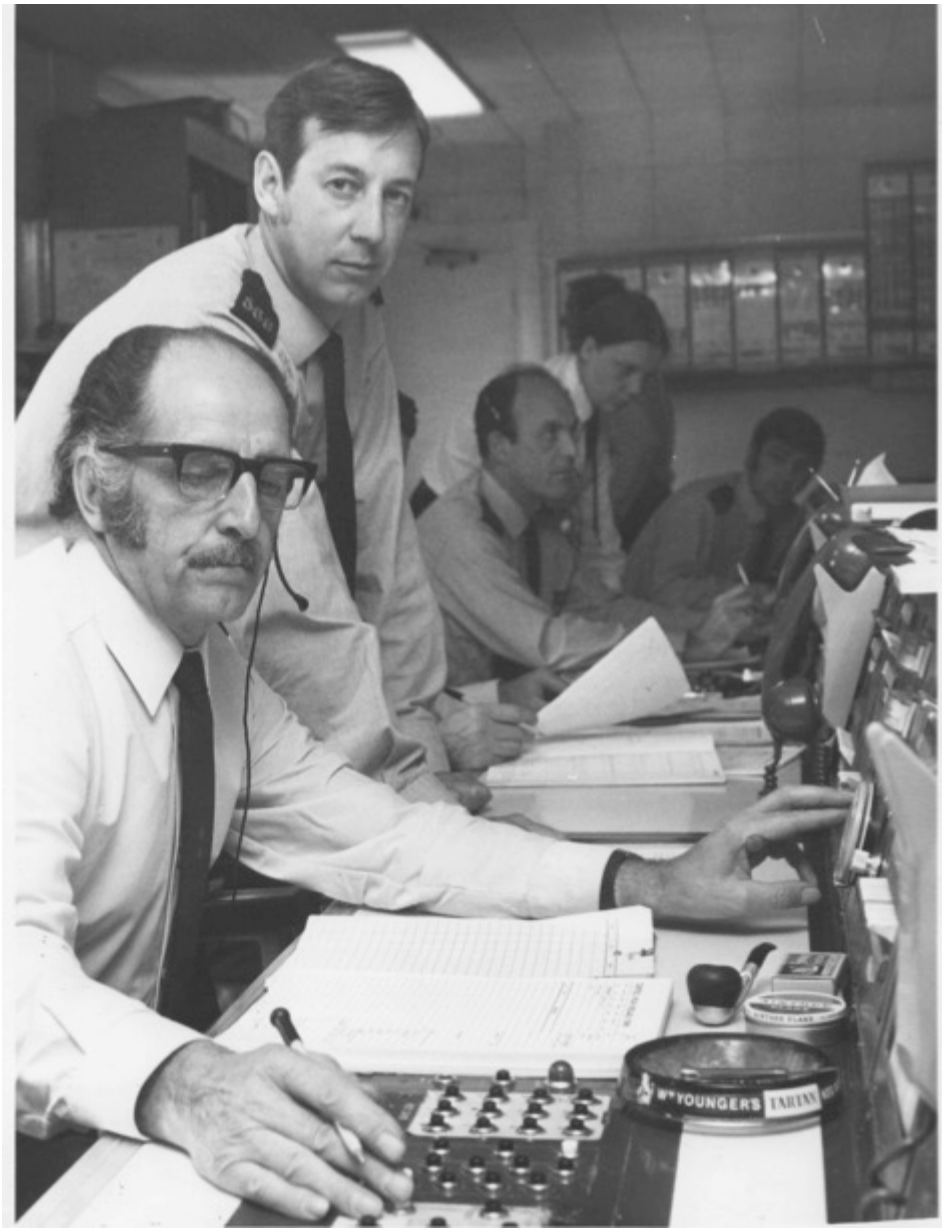
For the past twenty years I was a volunteer with the Witness Service looking after witnesses in Guildford Crown and Magistrates' courts and as such I have seen how the current prosecution system works at the first hand. As someone who joined the job in the early 1950s I can also speak from experience about the way the system used to work. That said I don't come at this from the position that all things in the past were pretty perfect and have gone down hill ever since, far from it, but simply to make a small contribution to the historical record. Partly also because I have found that few officers or legal folk have any idea about how things worked pre-CPS.

There were sound arguments for introducing the Crown Prosecution Service in the 1970s but as with all change there have been gains and losses. Prior to the CPS the police made the decision to prosecute in summary cases and then prosecuted them in the Magistrates' Courts. As an inspector at Guildford in the 1960s one of my jobs was to go through piles of reports each day and decide which to prosecute and there was an hierarchy to the process. The superintendent and the chief inspector made the final decision in the more difficult cases and we then attended court to prosecute. The superintendent and chief inspector prosecuted in number one court in the Guildhall and the inspectors prosecuted in number two court in the back rooms of the same building.

I have fond memories of my first case as Superintendent Eric Sellwood, a man I much respected, took me with him to number one Court one day to watch how it was done. Half way through his pile of cases he handed me a file and said you can do the next one. I can clearly remember every detail of that case to this day but my most abiding memory is that I lost the case. I think the Magistrates were trying to teach me something but I take some comfort from the fact that I never lost another one.

The old system had its weaknesses not least that the police were acting as judge and jury in the process so to speak and the establishment of the CPS was seen by most as a long overdue reform. There was however an immediacy to both the decision making and court appearance and that was a form of deterrence but has been lost today As I understand it officers experience long delays in getting decisions and I can speak from my own experience that some of the prosecutions in court leave a ot to be desired but then so did mine all those many long years ago. I am well aware that there are few things more annoying than the pontificating old timer but you can't help thinking there must be a middle course where the police could be trusted to make more of these decisions.

Superintendent Eric Sellwood formerly wartime Flying Officer RAF flying Dakotas in the Far East. A highly regarded police officer



The Control Room in the early 1970s

From Brian Taylor

Seated in foreground is Garry McGovern (Civilian Operator (Now deceased) standing Police Constable 566 John Coles (I believe now deceased) Police Constable 741 Brian Taylor, the WPC standing, I cannot identify, finally Police Constable 298 Harry Fowler

A long time ago in Oxford

10 February 1335: Riot in Oxford: Following a fight at the Swindlestock Tavern between two Oxford University students and the landlord, the St Scholastica Day riot lasted two days and left 63 scholars and around 30 locals dead

All the Peters in a row: Control Room 1968/1970 Peter Hicks, Peter Bradley, Peter Barbrooke, Inspector Peter Wickens Harold Stevens, Malcolm Shuttleworth, Francis Hunter,

Denis Burfoot who died in January 2018

Michael Lowe: Dennis was my Sergeant on D Section at Leatherhead in the 1980's.

Dennis was also the School's Road Safety Officer, I have a photo of Dennis with pupils from West Ashtead School taken about 1980, my son Allan is in the photo when he was 11. Allan is now a Police Inspector in the Sussex Police.

Tony Suter: I thought the photograph epitomised community policing of the day and Dennis typified what was good relationship with young people who would see the Police as a "friend" and someone who was here to help. Dennis was 'one of the old school'.

Denis Burfoot at 2009 Old Comrades

Some Random Cases Across the Decades
Not a lot changes!

1953 July 2: Alleged assault on a woman: Alfred Whiteway aged 22. Labourer of Teddington was charged with assaulting a woman with intent to have carnal knowledge and with robbing her of 17s. Mrs Patricia Birch of Englefield Green said in evidence that on June 12 about 12.45 pm she was exercising her dogs in Windsor Great Park when Whiteway got off his bicycle and asked the way to the Holly Tree. He put his hand over her mouth and tried to pull her into some bushes. She broke free and called "help". He attacked her again and just as she thought she was passing out he let her get up and he rode away. Detective Sergeant Cooper interviewed Whiteway at Weybridge police station when he admitted being the man who attacked the woman. He was remanded in custody on the application of Chief Inspector Turner.[1]

[1] The Times (London, England), Thursday, Jul 02, 1953

1953 October 5: The Times: Surrey Police are investigating the **theft** of a number of articles from **Clandon Park** belonging to Lord Onslow, including the coronets he and Lady Onslow wore at the Coronation.

1954 February 4: Basil Arthur John Peto, MP for King's Norton 1941-1945: Major John Peto, former M.P. for the King's Norton division of Birmingham, was found shot dead yesterday at his home at Old Enton, Witley, Surrey. Godalming police said that the shooting appeared to be accidental. 'After breakfast yesterday, Major Peto took a shotgun and went out into the grounds close to open country and the Enton golf course, saying that he would be in to lunch. Later his gardener, Mr. A. Fry, found the body near the house, with the gun lying close beside it. It was thought that Major Peto slipped on ice, catching his foot in some wire frozen hard to the ground. The police said that he had fired one barrel shortly before he fell and was carrying the gun loaded in the other barrel.[2]

1954 February 6: Surrey Mail Robbery: Van driver bound by gang: Horley, Surrey: The third mail robbery to be committed this year occurred near here early this morning when a gang of men held up a van on the Redhill to Rye road-mail contract service, assaulted the driver and rifled some of the mail bags. The robbery took place near Shipley Bridge a small village just over two miles from Horley on a secondary road leading from the London to Brighton road to the main London to Eastbourne road. The surrounding countryside is flat and thinly populated and it is believed men swirling hurricane lamps in front of it, while a vehicle also blocked the road stopped the van. When the van stopped the men smashed the windscreen and side windows to enter the driving cab, tied up the driver Mr Blackhall, entered the back of the van, and opened the mail bags. The van was then abandoned behind a haystack in a field nearby and Mr Blackhall was bound and put in the back. He eventually freed himself, smashed a rear window of the van to escape and telephoned the police from a call box. He then walked to Shipley Bridge where he woke some of the inhabitants by blowing his whistle. He was not seriously injured. One of the vehicles used in the hold up was a fishmonger's cream coloured van, which was also found abandoned in a field. It had been taken from the forecourt of the fish shop of C. Gobshill and Son on the London to Brighton road about four miles from Shipley Bridge. Mr Gobshill said that the van was always left in the forecourt at night; it was unlocked but he had removed the ignition key. The Post Office stated later that the van carried about 80 letter bags, about half of which had been damaged. There were no packets of high value. --- The police are searching for men throughout the Home Counties.[3]

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[2] 'Manchester Guardian' of 4 February 1954 http://www.leighrayment.com/commons/Kcommons2.htm

[3] The Times (London, England), Saturday, Feb 06, 1954

1954 February 27: Surrey Police are investigating **three rick fires** at Tilford, Waverley and Frensham.[4]

1963: Chief Constable: "—we are probably 200 men below the **proper establishment.** The population of Surrey increases by 15,000 a year."[5]

1963 May 2: The Times: Captain Stephen Hugh Van Neck CVO MC who was Chief Constable of Norfolk from 1928 to 1956 died on Tuesday aged 73. 1921 was attached to the Surrey Constabulary until 1925.

1963 May 23: Two soldiers being escorted to Germany broke away from their escorts at Gatwick Airport yesterday. One was soon caught and the Surrey Constabulary mounted a search for the other outside the airport boundary.[6]

1963 July 8: Gunman holds up couple in a car: Yard called in: Scotland Yard is helping Surrey Police to search for a man after two armed hold-ups in Woking early today. 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 mini-van. This was abandoned at Wisley where police found a pistol and a mask in the woods.[7]

[4] 1954 February 27: The Times
[5] Annual Report of the Surrey Constabulary Joint Branch Board Police Federation 1963
[6] 1963 May 23: The Times
[7] 1963 July 9: The Times

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.[8]

Ronnie Biggs and the Redhill link[9]

One member of the gang, who later became the most famous due to his subsequent escape from prison, only had a minor part to play in the raid. His name was Ronnie Biggs, and he lived at 37 Alpine Road, in Redhill, where he worked as a builder.

Biggs got in on the job through Bruce Reynolds, a notorious criminal who had been planning a train heist for months. One day, Biggs called Reynolds asking to borrow some money. The men got chatting and Biggs mentioned he was working in Redhill on the house of a train driver who was about to retire. Reynolds saw an opportunity.

Biggs was tasked with recruiting the driver, who would be required to move the train during the robbery once the gang had taken it over. The Redhill railwayman would take the front part of the train from the false 'stop signal' half a mile down the track to a bridge where the railway lines went over a road. Here the mailbags would be passed down the embankment into a lorry and two auxiliary vehicles.

What happened on the night is still a matter of conjecture. According to some accounts, Biggs' driver had only been trained on the shunting locomotives that plied the routes across the south of England. He did not have the necessary skills to operate the English Electric Class 40 diesel locomotive and once inside the cab (perhaps paralysed by adrenalin or fear) didn't want to try.

Ronnie Biggs disputes this in his autobiography Odd Man Out: The Last Straw. Chris Pickard, who co-wrote the book, lives in Woking and counts Biggs as a friend. Pickard believes Biggs' assertion that the Surrey driver was more than capable: "Ronnie took the driver up to Euston station to check on the trains before the robbery. He was an experienced man. Ronnie says on the night of the robbery his driver didn't move the train when he was told to because he was waiting for the pressure to build up so he could release the brakes. The gang might have panicked and shifted him out of the driving seat because it looked as if nothing was happening. In the time it took to get the original driver back in the seat, the pressure had built up to the right level allowing the train to move off."

[8] 1963 August 20: The Times

[9] http://www.surreylife.co.uk/out-about/events/the-great-train-robbery-ronnie-biggs-and-the-surrey-connection-1-2337119

Either way, the innocent Mills was forced, in his distressed state, to do the job. Mills' family say he never fully recovered from the ordeal, and he died of leukaemia, seven years later. Biggs' Redhill recruit has never been identified.

Money reaches Reigate

Shortly after the robbery took place, two big tranches of cash were found in Surrey. In his book, Andrew Cook describes an excellent piece of detective work by a member of the public, just five days after the raid: "On Tuesday August 13, 1963, Mary O'Rourke, a sales assistant at Coronel, a lady's dress shop in Church Street, Reigate, became suspicious of a woman customer who bought a quantity of clothing and paid with 26 dirty £1 notes. When Miss O'Rourke asked the customer for her address, she refused to give it and left the shop."

The redoubtable Miss O'Rourke took it upon herself to give chase, without being spotted. She followed her customer and watched her get into a sports car. Noting down the registration number, Miss O'Rourke returned to her shop and contacted the police.

The car was immediately put under watch, and when a man was seen using it, two police officers decided to ask him a few questions. Unbeknownst to them, they were chatting with Jimmy White, a Great Train Robber.

White was a key member of Reynolds' gang, but gave his name as James Edward Patten, and was allowed to go on his way. Later enquiries revealed that White had bought a caravan at Clovelly Caravan Site in Box Hill within three days of the robbery. When police removed the panelling inside the caravan, they found £30,440. Jimmy White went on the run for three years before being caught and sentenced to 18 years in prison.

The second big money find in Surrey was eight days after the robbery at Redlands Wood, near Coldharbour. A man from Horsham was taking a lady friend for a spin on his motorbike. As they were riding along the country lanes near Coldharbour, the bike's engine began to overheat. The couple left it by the side of the road and wandered down a track into the woods. They hadn't gone far before they spotted two briefcases and a holdall, which had been placed side-by-side, in plain sight. They were stuffed with money.

The couple were spooked, reasonably supposing the person who left the bags was a) potentially dangerous and b) still in the vicinity. They went back to the road, flagged down a car, and got the driver to contact the authorities. The police searched the area and discovered another suitcase, also stuffed with banknotes.

The money was taken to Dorking police station and counted. That day, £100,900 was recovered, as was a receipt tucked inside the bag made out to a Mr and Mrs Field. The receipt led the police to a man called Brian Field, a bent solicitor's clerk who didn't take part in the robbery, but helped Bruce Reynolds mastermind it. Yet, the mystery remained for many years. Field lived in London, so why were his spoils waiting to be found in a wood in Surrey?

Brian Field's German wife Karin refused to countenance keeping his share of the robbery money in their house, so Field hid most of it in his father's garage in Whitton, West London. Field Snr found it, quickly surmised where the money had come from and (according to a statement he made to police in 1965) drove it to "Leaf [sic] Hill, Dorking" in the middle of the night and dumped it.

Great Weybridge Robbery

Perhaps the most startling revelation about the Great Train Robbery was that it very nearly happened in Surrey. According to Biggs' autobiography, in January 1963 Bruce Reynolds was tipped off about a train, which came up during the night from Dorset through Basingstoke and Woking on the way to London.

Like the Glasgow to Euston special, the Bournemouth to Waterloo "money train" had a secure coach loaded with cash. Around 30 of these bags were taken off at Weybridge station around midnight and taken to the local Post Office. Once Bruce Reynolds saw the possibilities, he and his accomplices spent many nights sitting in the dark on the Weybridge embankment, watching the mail staff go about their business on the platforms below.

(Note: Surrey officer around at the time may recall working 8pm to 4am to cover the movement of mail trains through the county)

In February 1963, Buster Edwards, Jimmy White and Charlie Wilson, all of whom later took part in the Great Train Robbery, were primed by Reynolds to strike the money train at Weybridge, but the raid was called off at the eleventh hour when the getaway cars that Jimmy White was keeping in a lock-up nearby were stolen!

The realisation that so much cash was being transported around the country by train would no doubt focus Reynolds' mind and whet his appetite for doing something on a grand scale. It led to 'the Aylesbury job', which the papers soon popularised as the Great Train Robbery. But no one who planned or took part in the raid had the faintest inkling it would turn into one of Britain's most talked about crimes, even 50 years later.

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 sat 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 [10]

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.[11]

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 drivers

[10] 1963 August 21: The Times
[11] 1963 August 22: The Times

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 (left early and emigrated to Canada), 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.

Sunbeam Rapier at Mount Browne 1964

Surrey Constabulary Ford Cortina

1965 Zephyr Surrey Constabulary

1969 Surrey Constabulary Hillman Minx Dorking crime car

1965 Austin Westminster Surrey Constabulary Traffic

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 all right. 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!

Inspectors: Jenny Spry and John Sait.
Photo by PC Hall.

Woman Police Sergeant Jenny Spry, stationed at Woking has left the Surrey Constabulary and joined Somerset Constabulary as a Woman Police Inspector. Miss Spry joined the Surrey Force in January 1964 and began duties at Walton. In 1967 she moved to Caterham and Farnham Division on promotion to Sergeant in 1968. In 1969 she moved to Woking.

Inspector John Sait has been promoted recently from the rank of Sergeant, and has moved from Ripley to Camberley Police Station. He joined the Surrey Force in January 1966 having previously served with Burnley Borough Police. He was in the R.A.F. from 1954 to 1957. He began his duties at Woking and on promotion to Sergeant remained there until 1971 when he was transferred to Ripley. Inspector Sait is married with two daughters.

Presentations were made to both Inspectors by the Chief Constable, at Woking Police Station and they are seen in our picture with their gifts. Miss Spry received a coffee jug, a pen and a plaque and Inspector Sait received an engraved mug from their colleagues at Woking.

John Sait who died in January 2018 with Inspector Jenny Fry

Scenes of crime

1963 John Molyneux Scenes of Crime Officers: Prior to 1963 there was no dedicated Scene of Crime Officer, most crimes being handled by CID officers 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 pocket books 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 by the use of 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!)

1971 Gordon Ellerby SOCO Surrey Constabulary

1963 The working week was further reduced to 42 hours. [12]

1969 January 5: A **Boeing 727 airliner** owned by Ariana Afghan Airlines crashed at Fernhill, Horley, on approach to Gatwick Airport. As it descended it hit a chimney pot of a house, crashed through trees and slid 200 yards before completely demolishing a house and catching fire. Forty-eight people on the plane were killed together with a couple living in the house. By a miracle the couple's baby daughter survived. DS Tappern, PC Simmons, PC Buss, PC Holland and PC Anglim received the Queen's Commendation for Brave Conduct and 'service exceeding the bounds of duty' at the scene of the disaster.

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

Chris Atkins: The incident room was set up at Horley Police Station opposite the mortuary used for the casualties and running the Room and keeping the records was my job. Subsequently I prepared the formal report for Superintendent John Irvin. Alan Hill had done a magnificent job among all the chaos recording the time people arrived, where they were and when they should be sent off duty. The chief constable Pater Matthews always claimed he was first officer on the scene, beating the local hierarchy to it. Alan's meticulous list showed this was false and the chief constable was behind I recall, John Irvin, George Cork, Frank Trussler, Alan Hill and me. This led to the appendix listing arrival being removed from the report at HQ and with it all Alan's work.

THE TIMES

COLOUR PICTURES OF
SPACE: SPECIAL
SUPPLEMENT

d. But in the wreckage a baby girl was found alive. Her high chair (left) remained

Most of the passengers were Indians who lived in Britain. Three of them were children. It was 2.35am. The Times reported on the 6th January " It was in a blazing orange flamed trail of buckled, twisted metal extending along a straight, pathetically marked four hundred yards across two fields that the fifty people died. The wheels of the Boeing clipped the top of a thirty-foot tree in the grounds of a house in Peeps Brooke Lane, Horley, chipped the edge of the chimney pot and broke a window. Fifty yards on the beginnings of a disaster were more apparent. Several stout trees were broken off jaggedly at a height of fifteen feet.

The aircraft shed debris in the field, probably bounced, and struck the home of Mr and Mrs William Jones, who presumably died, but whose eighteen month old daughter Beverley, asleep in her cot survived. She was taken to hospital with a head injury but later was said to be "fine". ---- The nose and front end of the fuselage from which the fourteen survived, eleven passengers and the captain, co-pilot and flight engineer, got out, landed eighty yards away at the end of a fifty yard wide path of charred and tangled metal." The miraculous survival of the child found by PC Simmons in the ruins of a house came about after he heard cries and saw the baby's arm being waved. The first officers on the scene included PC Robert "Dutchy" Holland who with others entered the crashed fuselage to rescue passengers and were to receive a Queen's Commendation for Bravery for their nights work. Traffic officers provided ambulance escorts from the scene to a number of hospitals, in thick fog. There were many horrific stories and tales of difficult and dangerous tasks, but no call for counselling, no one sick with stress. They just got on with it.

The Surrey police officers who, with civilians, have received the Queen's Commendation for Bravery for their rescue attempts at the Gatwick air disaster in January. Left to right: Sgt. William J. Tappern (a P.C. at the time of the crash), P.C. Keith R. Simmonds, P.C. Patrick J. Buss, P.C. Robert F. Holland and P.C. Thomas J. Anglim. (See story on page 19.)

John Molyneux: The Gatwick air crash was at 1.34am on Sunday 5 January 1969, and involved a three engine Boeing 727 of Ariana Afghanistan Airways. It was attempting to land in thick, freezing fog but was slightly off-course and too low. It took the top out of several trees at the end of Fernhill Lane, demolished a house, killing the two adult occupants, before crashing into a field beside the B2036 Balcombe Road. Only three crew and four passengers survived. My understanding is that PC Pat Buss and PC Keith Simmonds were the crew of the traffic car which was first on the scene and that they rescued the baby from under the rubble of the demolished house having heard it crying. I was a Scenes of Crime Officer at Caterham at the time and had a telephone supplied so I was not surprised when it rang in the early hours! The request was to call out the PCs from the neighbouring five police houses and for us all to report to Caterham police station for transport to Horley where there had been a plane crash.

As we neared the scene, there were dozens of fire appliances and ambulances lining the Balcombe Road. Initially, my duty was at Antlands Lane roundabout, stopping

traffic from using Balcombe Road, but most of the morning was spent picking up charred body parts and putting them into black bags. PC Les Curtis drew a plan of the field and the finds were marked on to it. During the afternoon I was in Fernhill Road when a senior officer, in civvies, from Reigate Division, came up to me and asked, "What's going on here then?"

During that morning the Chief Constable Peter Matthews, visited the scene in full uniform and asked a WPC if everything was all right. She did not recognise him, thought he was a fire officer and said, "Yes, but it would be much better if your bloody fire engines were out of the way." Shortly after this, every police station in the county received a frame containing photos of the CC, the ACC and the DCC; with instructions that it should be displayed in a prominent place and that all officers were to acquaint themselves with the photos!

Sometime after the incident a report was issued detailing the action taken. It was about forty pages long and HQ may have a copy. Most national newspapers carried photos of the crash, including The Times and the Daily Mail. PC Buss, PC Simmonds.

The morning after[13]

Alan Bridgeman: On 5th January 1969 an airliner crashed at Gatwick, having underestimated its distance from the runway. It demolished a house, killing the occupants, and all on board, but missing a baby in the house, who was found by PC Simmons. On the 14th January I did a training exam in the morning, as a 9-1 duty, and then set off at 9.30 pm for Gatwick with PC774 Haswell.

[13] http://www.britishpathe.com/record.php?id=45325

Our mission was to guard the crash site. We duly guarded it without incident, other than discussing what expense claim we were entitled to. I quoted the Police Regulations, which I had recently read as part of my probationer training, and stated confidently that we were entitled to claim. Arthur was dismissive. “They’ll never pay us expenses for this” he said. We reached an agreement; I, the probationer, would put in a claim, and notify Arthur if it was paid, in which case he would put in a claim as well. I didn’t seem to work out that such a claim would probably gain me the reputation of a money-grabbing probationer, while permitting PC Haswell to remain unsullied by such notoriety.

On the way back to FD, (Farnham) we dealt with an RTA, and finished at 1015am. I claimed payment of the twelve-hour expense rate, as I was surely entitled to, under Police Regulations. Inspector Alf Everett, a large and authoritative individual, called me in to enquire where I had purchased consumables to the value of seven shillings and nine pence whilst stationed in a field at Gatwick in the middle of the night. I replied truthfully that I had purchased none, but was entitled to claim the sum permitted by the Regulation. Inspector Everett disagreed, and I was advised to withdraw the claim. I believed myself to be correct in my understanding of the Regulation – but was fully prepared to accept the advice of an authoritative inspector, who at that time I equated with God. I informed Arthur Haswell of the result. “I told you you’d never get it” was his response. By such things do we learn!

A detailed search[14]

Keith Simmonds ex 619: I have to correct Alan Bridgeman's bit on the Gatwick air crash; firstly not all on board were killed. I was crewed with PC 230 Pat Buss and we were the first on scene. As we turned into the lane in thick fog, we could see numerous fires and wreckage spread over the whole of the field. Pat stopped the car in about the

[14] http://www.britishpathe.com/record.php?id=45325

middle of the lane leapt out and I followed (we had already reported the location to HJ).

There was a ditch and a large hedge but Pat jumped the ditch and forced his way through the hedge I followed and he went right to where we could see the main fuselage on fire. I went left to the tail section of the plane, which was burning brightly. As I neared the tail a police car pulled in and PC Anglin got out and shouted, "Where is the house?" I replied "What house?" and carried on to the tail. I could see that there was a lot of rubble that the tail was sitting on and part of the tail engine was burning very brightly as I cautiously approached I saw a movement which on closer inspection saw was a baby's arm. She was in a cot and the two ends of the cot had collapsed inwards forming a roof over her. I carefully lifted her out and ran back with her to the lane where the first ambulance had just arrived. Handing her to the crew they asked for my name, which I gave them. (This was to cause a problem later)

I returned to find Pat and saw he was guiding some walking wounded towards the ambulances including two of the flight crew. Fourteen survived the crash from the aircraft. Seven died later and there were forty-one dead at the scene. The mother and father of the baby perished in the house. We spent the rest of the shift pulling bits of bodies from the wreckage and by 6:30am there was not much more we could do and the incident officer released us. We finished at the normal time of 7am at HTG. At about 1030am I was asleep and was woken by a phone call from the very new Chief Constable Peter Matthews who told me "Get back here now". I returned in uniform and by the time I arrived there were loads of officers there, including the HQ mobile canteen, which was trying to park in the drive to the house.

I walked towards the chief (who was in full uniform) just in time to hear him say to a WPC (name known but withheld) "Are you alright?" to which she replied " I will be if you get your ******* fire engine moved." It was her that moved to the other side of the county. The Chief Constable wanted me to show the press where and how I had found the baby and the picture of me standing on the pile of debris was front page on all the national papers the next day. The confusion caused by giving the ambulance crew my name was that the ambulance had listed her as Simmonds. She was Beverley Jones but her grandparents were also named Simmons they obviously thought for a while that one of the parents had given her that name so the grandparents could be traced. I was invited to Beverley's 21st birthday party some nineteen and a half years later.

Brian Cutler: As a sergeant I attended as identification officer. Fifty died, and the seriously burnt were sent to the Queen Victoria hospital at East Grinstead (the McIndoe Unit). They were placed in sealed units with provision for interview through speakers attached to the unit. All were from the Punjab and an interpreter was used. One recalled being in the plane and then finding himself sitting on the grass field away from the crash. He did not recall the impact of the crash. Identification was completed apart

from one missing boy; a father had a son untraced. Kenyon's, the London undertakers, who specialised in major incident casualties throughout the world at that time, had the bodies removed to their London mortuary. I attended the Kenyon's London office with the father of the missing son; the father had explained that two of his son's front teeth were crossed over. Kenyon's brought out a boy's body completely wrapped in cotton (as a mummy) with only the mouth exposed; two top teeth were crossed over and the father confirmed the body as that of his son.

Ted Austin: I remember getting a phone call saying get your backside in or similar! We ended up at Horley and then, it seemed ages, we were marched in columns to the scene. Difficult to put numbers but there must have been 20/30 and maybe more. I was one of those put onto clearing the house debris and later body recovery; things that you never forget.

Arthur Martin: I can recall being sent over to that air disaster to assist with recovering all the aircraft parts and the contents. I remember that some of us were searching an area where there was something in the order of ten to twelve inches of liquid mud and found a number of loose pearls that had obviously come from a graduated pearl necklace. I believe that in due course the relatives of the owner of this necklace were traced and the property returned. Really it's not until you are involved in a major incident that you become fully aware that it is not just an 'aircraft' but all the people and their property - right down to a broken string of pearls - and that the public at large have little or no idea of just what an awful mess it is that their Police Service has to deal with.

The wreck of the house[15]

Extracts from Chris Atkins' Report to the Chief Constable on the crash at 0235 5 January 1969

[15] http://www.britishpathe.com/record.php?id=45325

The crash occurred at Fernhill (map reference 530410) a mile and a half south of Horley in a rectangular area of fields bounded on the north by Fernhill Lane, on the east by Peeks Lane, on the south by Antlands Lane, and on the west by Balcombe Road (B2036). The first three mentioned are narrow country lanes but with good tarmacadam surface. Apparently a quarter of a mile before the crash site the aircraft clipped the top of some tall trees, which was the first object to be struck. It then crossed Peeks Lane at a descending angle, struck the chimney pots of a house and left tyre marks across the roof of an adjacent bungalow. --- after about 220 yards it struck a house called Longfield.

The building, which contained three occupants, was completely demolished by the impact. The aircraft then broke up. -- Fire was present from the moment of first impact with the ground. – The Fire Brigade deployed ten pumps together with ten miscellaneous fire vehicles from Surrey, Sussex and the British Airport Authority Brigades. --- In the light of the blazing wreckage local people worked to assist and comfort (survivors). Some including the crew were taken to a local house until ambulances arrived. At least nine members of the public went to the scene of the crash and searched amongst the wreckage, in some cases returning after taking survivors to safety. They extinguished burning clothing or pulled people further from the wreck. --- The work undertaken by such people was extremely praiseworthy, carried out in horrific conditions with bodies on all sides and with screams coming from the burning plane.

The first call to Control Room was received at 2.38am and Horley were informed immediately. Inspector Adcock was in the police station along with five constables and the station sergeant dealing with a number of prisoners. The constables were sent immediately to the scene soon followed by the inspector and duty sergeant after they had disposed of the prisoners. The five constables, Tappern, Holland, Guiver, Blondell and Anglim arrived at 2.45am followed shortly by two Traffic crews PC Buss and Simmonds, and Vear and Burrows. By now the fire had spread and more or less continuous the length of the wreckage.

PC Guiver remained as the contact vehicle for Control. PC Anglim using his PR spoke with Redhill and said that a large number of police, fire and ambulance personnel would be required. PC Blondell went to the junction of Fernhill Lane and Balcombe Road to guide in emergency vehicles. The remaining officers immediately went to the aircraft to search for survivors. The blazing plane was producing an intense heat and the officers moved any injured persons found to a safe position and pulled any bodies from the flames, but of course the initial search was intended to find survivors.

PCs Tappern and Holland found the surviving crewmembers and ascertained the number and nationality of the passengers carried and passed this to Inspector Adcock and to Headquarters Control. PCs Anglim and Holland each found a child, but they died whilst the constables attended them. The officers in this search were frequently

working among the flames and while explosions were occurring and even knocking the officers off their feet. It was during the initial search that PC Simmonds found a baby Beverley Jones buried in the rubble of "Longfield" the only survivor of the family that lived there.

Inspector Adcock and Sergeant Horne were on the scene a few minutes after the constables and were briefed and immediately organised a search for survivors near the house led by the sergeant. Other officers were directed by the inspector to make enquiries at nearby houses for survivors who were then to be taken to the ambulance RV point near Donkey Lane. By now all the rescuers were operating in deep mud. A police officer booked each ambulance away with destination and number of casualties. Sergeant Cutler was sent to Redhill General and instructed to list the number and identity of casualties, label and list all property, and to maintain liaison with HQ Casualty Bureau, and through the incident room at Horley, the temporary mortuary. The first of 19 ambulances arrived at 2.49 am and at 3.32 the last of the fifteen survivors left the scene. By 4.15 50 police officers were on the site and 31 bodies had been recovered.

Inspector Adcock arranged for a large hall in Horley to be used as a temporary mortuary. Instructions were given for police officers to be sent there for duty, and at 4.28am the hall was ready to receive bodies. Superintendent Cork was in charge at the scene, who had before leaving Redhill arranged for a call out of police.

Keith Simmons, DCC Ted Post and Chief Constable Peter Mathews [16]

BOARD OF TRADE
CIVIL AIRCRAFT ACCIDENT[17]

CREW Captain R Nowroz - Commander -Seriously injured

[16] http://www.britishpathe.com/record.php?id=45325
[17] Report on the Accident to Boeing 727-112C YA-FAR 1.5 miles east of London (Gatwick) Airport on 5th January 1969

First Officer A Z Attayee - Co-pilot - Seriously injured

Flight Engineer M H Formuly - Flight Engineer -Seriously injured

Ground Engineer A H Alam - Supernumerary - Killed

Steward Hahatullah - Killed

Steward G Sakhi - Killed

Stewardess Tahera - Killed

Stewardess Zeinab - Killed

Chartered sister aircraft N695WA pictured

PASSENGERS 54 - 43 Killed, 11 seriously injured

OTHERS 3 - 2 Killed, 1 seriously injured

PLACE OF ACCIDENT 1.5 miles east of Gatwick Airport, London

DATE AND TIME 5 January 1969 at 0134 hours

Summary

The accident occurred on a scheduled passenger flight from Frankfurt when the aircraft was making an ILS approach for a night landing on Runway 27 at Gatwick Airport.

The weather was clear except that freezing fog persisted in places including the Gatwick area. The runway visual range (RVR) at Gatwick was 100 metres. The approach was commenced with the autopilot coupled to the instrument landing system (ILS) but after the glide-slope had been captured the commander who was at the controls, disconnected the autopilot because the "stabiliser out of trim" warning light illuminated. At the outer marker the flap setting was changed from 1° to 30° and shortly afterwards the rate of descent increased and the aircraft descended below the glide-slope. Some 200 feet from the ground the pilot realised that the aircraft was too low and initiated a missed approach procedure. The aircraft began to respond but the descent was not arrested in time to avoid a collision with trees and a house that destroyed both the aircraft and the house and set the wreckage on fire. The report concludes that the accident was the result of the commander inadvertently allowing the aircraft to descend below the glide-slope during an approach to land until it was too low for recovery to be effected.

History of the flight

The aircraft was on a scheduled flight (FG 701) from Kabul to Gatwick Airport, London, via Kandahar, Beirut, Istanbul and Frankfurt. At Beirut a slip crew, under Captain Nowroz, took over the aircraft for the remainder of the flight to Gatwick. The landings at Istanbul and Frankfurt were routine and the only noteworthy incident occurred at Frankfurt when the "stabilizer out of trim" amber warning light illuminated during an ILS coupled approach. The first officer, who was at the controls, disconnected the autopilot, trimmed the aircraft longitudinally to relieve the pressure on the control column, and continued the approach to make a normal landing. This incident was not recorded in the technical log.

At Frankfurt a flight plan for Gatwick with Stansted as the alternate and an expected flight time of 70 minutes was filed with Air Traffic Control (ATC). The estimated time of departure was 0030 hrs on 5 January. The weather information available included the 2350 hrs report showing that the RVR at Gatwick was 100 metres in freezing fog and no improvement was expected before 0600 hrs the following morning. The visibility at Stansted was 2 km.

Captain Nowroz decided to take-off on schedule and obtain later weather reports in flight, having had enough extra fuel taken on board to enable him to return to Frankfurt if necessary. The aircraft left Frankfurt at 0036 hrs and near Wulpen came under the control of London Airways at 0113 hrs.

London Airways verified the RVR at Gatwick as 100 metres, and Captain Nowroz confirmed his intention to try to land at Gatwick. The controller gave a routine onward clearance, adding that Runway 27 was in use at Gatwick and repeating that the RVR was 100 metres. At 0123 hrs the controller reported that he had checked with Gatwick and the runway visual range was still 100 metres and there was no sign of improvement.

Captain Nowroz replied that he would try to land at Gatwick, but as a precaution he obtained clearance to divert to Heathrow.

The aircraft called Gatwick Approach at 0127 hrs, reporting flight level 50 and giving an estimated time of arrival (ETA) at Mayfield, the non-directional beacon for the Gatwick control zone, of 0130 hrs. The controller responded with the landing conditions which included the RVR of 100 metres. He also asked if the commander intended to make an approach and received an affirmative reply. The aircraft was then cleared to 2,000 feet on the sea level altimeter setting (QNH) and at 0128 hrs directed it to turn on to a heading of 360° M to intercept the ILS localiser beam.

At this point the crew of the aircraft began their approach checks. The pressure altimeters were set to QNH and crosschecked: the Operator's weather minima applicable to Gatwick of 200 feet critical height (critical height means the minimum height above the elevation of the airfield to which an approach to landing can safely be continued without visual reference to the ground) and 0.5 mile RVR were checked, and the cursors on the radio altimeters were set to 200 feet on the port side and to 500 feet on the starboard. The compass heading cursor was set to 270°M in preparation for a go-around (missed approach). At 0129 hours the commander told ATC that in the event of a go-around he would proceed to Mayfield and then to London (Heathrow). ATC gave the aircraft a heading of 300°M to close with the ILS localiser and then distances from touchdown of 13 miles and 11 miles. During the turn on to this heading the commander, who was at the controls, coupled the automatic pilot to the ILS, selected the "Glide-slope auto" mode on the flight director and the autopilot selector boxes, and switched on both altitude holds to hold 2,000 feet. The co-pilot's flight director was left switched off, so that only the basic ILS indications appeared on his instrument during the approach. According to the flight recorder trace and the cockpit voice recorder the flaps were then lowered in stages to 2°, 5° and 15° at speeds 223 knots, 200 knots and 166 knots respectively.

At 0131 hours about 8 miles from touchdown the commander informed ATC that the aircraft was established on the ILS localiser. He received clearance to continue the approach and was given the airfield level altimeter setting (QEE). The surveillance radar at Gatwick showed that the aircraft was following the approach centre-line exactly. ATC advised the aircraft to climb on the runway heading to 2,000 feet (QNH) in the event of a go-around and then cleared it to land adding- that the wind was calm and the RVR was still 100 metres.

Approximately 39 seconds later the crew saw from the glide-slope pointers on their flight instruments that they were nearing the glide-slope. Shortly afterwards, when the airspeed was about 177 knots, the undercarriage was lowered and speed and height slowly decreased. At this point the commander asked the flight engineer to warn him if the "stabilizer out of trim" warning light illuminated as it had done at Frankfurt. The appropriate reference speeds of 114 knots (minimum approach speed) and 124 knots

(go-around speed) were set on the adjustable reference "bugs" of the port and starboard airspeed indicators respectively. About this time the co-pilot drew the commander's attention to a single red light on the ground, the only one the crew saw during the approach, which the commander recognised as a light at the other end of the runway, which was in fact a hazard light on Russ Hill. Some seconds after 0132 hours when the landing gear was locked down the aircraft intercepted the glide-slope. The nose went down and the altitude hold switches clicked off. The airspeed according to the flight recorder was 150 knots. From the commander's recollection 25° flaps had been selected by this time but calculations indicate that they were still at 15°. The airspeed then began to build up and shortly after the aircraft had settled on the glide-slope the "stabilizer out of trim" warning light illuminated. The engineer warned the commander who then saw that the autopilot was trimming the aircraft nose-down. Thinking this was wrong he disconnected the autopilot by means of the control column button switch. This switch automatically sets the flight director to the "go-around" mode. To continue the approach with the flight director the commander would have had to re-select the "glide-slope manual" mode. This he said he did. At this time neither pilot noted the pitch indication on the flight director but the commander re-trimmed the aircraft slightly nose-up, using the control column trim switch. According to the co-pilot's recollection the commander then selected 25° flap, but energy calculations based on the flight recorder trace indicated that there had been no change of flap setting at this point.

The aircraft crossed the ILS outer marker on the glide slope at 0133 hrs and the commander called for 30° flap, which the co-pilot set. Calculations show that the change in the flight path at this point was compatible with a change in flap setting from 15° to 30°. The speed, according to the flight recorder, was 167 knots and the rate of descent about 1,000 feet per minute, although the pilots thought the speed was 140 to 145 knots, and the rate of descent about 600-700 feet per minute. As the flaps extended the rate of descent increased and the aircraft began to go below the glide-slope although it remained accurately on the localiser beam. The pilots remained unaware of the deviation from the glide-slope for some time; their recollection was that all the indications continued to appear normal.

The co-pilot had been briefed to call 500 feet on the radio altimeters and 700 feet on the pressure altimeters and this he said he did. The 500 feet call could not be identified on the cockpit voice recorder, but there was a call at 400 feet. The co-pilot thought that at this time the rate of descent was 1,000 to 1,200 feet per minute and the speed about 140 knots. These figures agreed reasonably well with those derived from the flight recorder. The commander queried the height of 400 feet and when it was confirmed he tried to trim the aircraft nose-up using the trim switch on the control column. There seemed to be no response; the aircraft appeared to pitch nose-down and felt nose heavy. Both pilots pulled back on the control column and at the same time the commander applied full power. Both pilots subsequently stated the control column could only be moved back about an inch.

The aircraft continued to descend and seconds later, as the nose began to rise in response to the application of elevator and power, it brushed through treetops, knocked a chimney pot off a house, and then collided with tree trunks. This impact removed part of the starboard wing and the aircraft began to roll to the right. The aircraft broke clear of the trees and the starboard main wheels touched the ground in a field. The aircraft became airborne again, still rolling to the right, in a nose high attitude. Then the aft end of the fuselage collided with a house, which it demolished, and the aircraft disintegrated. The rear portion of the fuselage containing No 2 engine remained in the ruins of the house while the rest of the aircraft structure including Numbers: 1 and 3 engines spread itself over a wreckage trail of some 1,395 feet long. Fire broke out and fed by fuel spray from the ruptured tanks, destroyed the wings and fuselage and consumed most of the instruments, radios and controls on the flight deck.

The controllers at Gatwick, who had been watching the progress of the aircraft on their radar screens, saw the blip disappear when indicating two miles from touchdown. At the same time the tower controller heard a double bang and, suspecting that the aircraft had crashed, telephoned the approach controller asking if the aircraft was still in radio contact. When he heard that it was not, he alerted the crash services.

Injuries	**Crew**	**Passengers**	**Others**
Fatal	5	43	2
Non-fatal	3	11	1
None	-	-	

Other damage

One house destroyed and two houses damaged.

Wreckage

Inspection at the scene of the accident showed that the aircraft had flown through tree tops 60 feet above the ground, 1.5 miles from the threshold of runway 27. About 264 feet further on it had brushed off the chimney pots of a house some 40 feet above the ground before striking more trees that tore off the starboard wing tip and aileron and outer flap. Then the aircraft began to roll to the right and the starboard main wheel touched the ground for a short distance after which the aircraft became airborne again in a nose high attitude. Scorch marks on the ground show that the engines were developing high power at this stage. Then the aft end of the fuselage collided with a house, which it demolished, and the aircraft disintegrated. The rear part of the fuselage containing No 2 engine and with the empennage attached remained among the ruins of the house. The rest of the aircraft including Nos 1 and 3 engines, which became detached, was spread over a wreckage trail some 1,395 feet long. Fire broke out and

was fed by fuel spray (aviation kerosene) from the ruptured tanks. The fire largely consumed the wings and fuselage including the flight deck.

Survival aspects

During the break-up of the structure after the collision with the house some passengers and their seats were thrown out. The crew said that they escaped from the wrecked flight deck through the window escape exits. The flight engineer injured his ankle on dropping to the ground and was obliged to hobble away from the wreckage, while the commander and the first officer assisted a number of passengers from the burning wreckage.

One passenger went back to rescue members of his family, and beat out the flames on the clothing of another passenger who had been thrown clear. Residents in nearby houses and several police officers reached the scene a few minutes after the accident. In spite of the flames and a number of explosions they worked with commendable courage to rescue a number of survivors before being driven back by the heat.

Of the 62 persons on board the aircraft, 14 survived; 7 died from injuries sustained in the accident, and 41 died as a result of asphyxia or burns. Of the three persons in the house, two were killed and one (a baby) survived.

The decision to approach for a landing at Gatwick with RVR 100 metres

Commanders of British registered aircraft were prohibited by legislation in force at the time of the accident from commencing or continuing an approach to an airfield that reported RVR less than their declared minima, which in every case were considerably greater than 100 metres. This legislation did not extend to foreign registered aircraft operating over the United Kingdom. Afghan legislation and Ariana (Afghan) Airlines instructions prohibited landing when the RVR was less than the declared minima (in this case half a statute mile) but allowed aircraft commander’s discretion in deciding whether or not to continue their approach down to critical height (in this case 200 feet). The question of an approach to Gatwick down to his critical height was therefore a matter for Captain Nowroz's own judgement of the weather and his opinion of the chances of a successful landing thereafter.

When he sighted the English coast he could see that the fog was patchy and decided that since patchy fog shifts quickly he would make an approach with a view to landing at Gatwick. About 15 minutes before his estimated time of arrival at the airport he confirmed visually that the fog was in patches. He could see lights on nearby roads, and the lights of London were visible. He again considered the question of an approach to Gatwick and came to the conclusion that it would be worthwhile. That his visual observation of the weather conditions weighed most heavily in arriving at this conclusion may have led to too much concentration on a search for reference outside

the flight deck during the final stages of the fatal approach. Experience in the United Kingdom has shown that surface fog on an otherwise clear night can lead the most careful pilots into disastrous errors of judgment when anticipated visual references fail to appear or when references in use become suddenly distorted or disappear. It was this experience that led to the legislation referred to above, and to its extension in September 1969 to include foreign registered aircraft operating over the United Kingdom.

The difficulties involved in landing in conditions of ground fog were well known at the time of the accident, although the commander of YA-FAR may not have been fully aware of the deceptive and misleading nature of such conditions. His reliance on visual observation from a vantage point in clear air and good visibility at altitude appear to have led him to err in his judgment and decide on an approach in the face of repeated reports from the airport of the conditions existing at the point of touchdown. However, there should be no undue risk in an approach down to 200 feet followed by a properly conducted go-around or overshoot. The commander's decision to make the approach was not in itself a cause of the accident. **Findings**

(1) The documentation of the aircraft was in order, except that 1,362 kg of fuel up-lifted as reserve was not included in the load sheet.

(2) The weight and trim of the aircraft were within the appropriate authorised limits for take-off and landing.

(3) No evidence of malfunction of the aircraft, its systems or the radio navigational aids available came to light during the investigation.

(4) The flight from Frankfurt to the London area was in order, and routine.

(5) The deceptive nature of the weather conditions led the commander to an error of judgment in deciding to make an approach to Gatwick.

(6) The commander's decision to conduct an approach was not in itself a cause of the accident.

(7) Incorrect flap configuration at glide-slope interception led to a temporary out-of-trim condition during the automatic approach and the illumination of the stabilizer "out-of-trim" warning light.

(8) The commander interpreted the "out-of-trim" warning light as indicating a possible malfunction and disconnected the auto-pilot.

(9) Out-of-sequence and late selection of 30° flaps from 15° while the-aircraft was being flown manually resulted in an increase in the rate of descent, causing the aircraft to go rapidly below the glide-slope.

(10) The commander did not become aware of the deviation from the glide-slope until it was too late to effect a full recovery.

(11) The pilot's attention was probably directed outside the aircraft at the critical time in an attempt to discover sufficient visual reference to continue the approach rather than to the flight instruments.

(12) Monitoring by precision approach radar would have warned the pilots of the deviation in time, if corrective action was taken promptly, to avoid the accident.

Cause

The accident was the result of the commander inadvertently allowing the aircraft to descend below the glide slope during the final stage of an approach to land until it was too low for recovery to be effected.

1969 January 15: Ariana (Afghan airlines crash at Gatwick on January 5: Inspector Kingsford-Curran of Surrey Police said “The passenger manifest has not yet been cleared. I have established that 10 extra people boarded the plane.” The coroner said “The inspector has information that there was a stowaway which throws the whole system of identification by elimination adrift.” The inquest was adjourned until Friday.[18]

The following were awarded the Queen’s Commendation for Brave Conduct

Thomas John ANGLIM, Constable, Surrey Constabulary.
Recovered child's body from crash area. Searched area for survivors in the face of great danger.

Patrick James Buss, Constable, Surrey Constabulary.
Assisted pulling survivors from flames. Searched wreckage for survivors with complete disregard for own safety.

Robert Frank HOLLAND, Constable, Surrey Constabulary.
Rescued young boy from wreckage. Searched for survivors without regard for his own safety.

Robert John JEAL, Nurseryman, Horley, Surrey.
Removed child from near the aircraft to a safer position. Searched for survivors with complete disregard for his own safety.

Albert Stanley KEMP, Factory Charge-hand, Horley, Surrey.

[18] 1969 January 15: The Times

Shepherded 2 adults and 3 children to safety. Helped to pull a survivor clear of the flames. Assisted survivors and searched fire area in complete disregard for own safety.

Reginald LONGHURST, Storekeeper, Horley, Surrey.
Rescued a child from the scene of the crash despite flames and explosions with total disregard for his own safety.

Keith Roland SIMMONDS, Constable, Surrey Constabulary.
Escorted crewmember towards houses. Searched wreckage and dragged body from flames. Dug wreckage of house with hands and rescued baby. Showed courage and complete disregard for own safety.

Harbans SINGH, Student, Derby.
Having survived the crash as a passenger he rescued five members of his family from the wreckage and put out their flames. Put out the flames on another passenger. Although almost certainly suffering from shock from the crash he acted with total disregard for his own safety.

William John TAPPERN, Constable, Surrey Constabulary.
Pulled several from the flames. Rescued child from flames and put out flames on child. Searched wreckage for survivors despite several explosions without regard to his own safety.

Miss Rosalind Hilary Middleton TAYLOR Student, Horley, Surrey.
Escorted an ambulatory survivor to her home. Rescued a girl from the fire area and took her to her home. Helped the Flight Engineer to her home. Searched fire area with complete disregard for her own safety.

Timothy Gerald Haydn TAYLOR, Student, Horley, Surrey.
Rescued a child from near the aircraft and took it to his home. Returned twice to fire area searching for fires in the face of extreme danger.

Responding to suspects in 1969

The following two entries are added to show the level of resources available to respond to an emergency call:

> **25 November 1969**: 3-11 Acting Police Sergeant: 1430-1630: Ranmore Common re two men who ran from the church and lost when chased by M2 PC Cutts. Attend with 727 in D7 – also D1 M3 B11 D6 D2 M18 M21 and Inspector Buxton (M call sign were Traffic.) Early evening visits to licensed premises:

1945 charge a lady for non-payment of fine and bailed to Epsom Court: 2130: With 1061 118 605 at Dorking Hospital re attempted suicide; PS Killick at police station. Man found by Burford Bridge who stated he had taken an overdose of tablets.

27 November 1969 3-11pm Acting Police Sergeant: 1500 with Inspector Buxton 817 and 1061 in D30 to Charlewood re a tanker overturned. Not in our division. 1600 Police Station: 1615 with WPC31 re indecent assault: 1700 Chart Downs to warn parents of a youth who had been hitting a ball against the wall of a house: 2015 -2115 D1 PC1061 and 807 1036 1086 WPC31 L18 L21 L3 L6 M8 M18 Station Road Dorking re theft of wire from Seeboard; 2115 return a found purse to Rough Rew [19]

Alan Bridgman in the countryside

1968 April 1: Alan Bridgman: Suicide in 1970: I was transferred from Guildford, which I loved, to Farnham, of which I knew nothing, other than that it was out in the sticks, and not busy, on April 1st, 1968. Was a move on All Fools Day relevant? I feared it might be, but soon found that the crew at Farnham was as entertaining as at any nick in the county, and soon aspired to be a divisional motorcyclist, and work in the manner of PC 1027 Cooper, the ace motorcyclist of the day – and for many years to follow. My probationary service ended in January 1969, and by June I was "Reserve Divisional Motorcyclist". By December, I was full-time motorcyclist, along with Bob Cooper and Terry Ashcroft, and we three were very happy Bobbies.

On **5th February, 1970** I was sent to a disturbance near Frensham Ponds hotel, at New Farm Cottages, which turned out to be a domestic dispute between two married couples; wife one objected to the fact that her husband had left her to live with wife two in a country cottage; husband two wasn't best pleased either! The adulterous couple were obviously enjoying life in their country cottage hideaway, until its location was discovered by their respective partners, who had turned up at the door, and created quite a fuss. I spoke with the resident husband, who was obviously in fear of his wife, and he told me that his wife had turned up at his love nest, threatening all sorts of dire punishment for him and his lover. I noticed in the hallway a shotgun leaning against the wall. I asked who it belonged to, and he said it was his, and he had had to threaten his wife with it to make her go away. I checked it, it was unloaded, and there was no ammunition in sight. I gave him some terse advice on waving a shotgun at anyone, and he promised never to do so again.

How differently modern police are obliged to handle any incident involving a firearm! I know that nowadays an ARV would be dispatched to the scene at the least suggestion of possession of a firearm – but in 1970 Life was different! The man's girlfriend then returned to the house, and I paused long enough to admire her very attractive form –

[19] Robert Bartlett pocket book

before commencing my standard homily on domestic disputes, fairly standard at the time. She insisted on asking what she could do about threats to her made by her boyfriend's wife, and I replied that it was a complex issue in these circumstances. "Oh don't worry about that – my boyfriend is a solicitor"! I then vaguely remembered having seen the boyfriend in Farnham Court some weeks previously, and meditated briefly on the question of how such an unimpressive example of masculinity could attract such an attractive female! Having gained no insight to this question – then or since – I repeated my advice, and departed.

Back at the nick I checked on the address, and realised it was 200 yards inside Hampshire ground. Delighted with this knowledge, I then composed an 8/9 report for transmission to Whitehill nick, identifying the residents, and their respective spouses, and advising that attention be paid to the address, since there would undoubtedly be a repeat of the disturbance there.

A whole month passed, and Frensham remained peaceful as ever, until Monday, **9th March 1970**, when I was working 8 to 4 on Foxtrot 26. As I booked on at the front office, a 999 call was being received from HQ of an attempt suicide at Frensham. The duty sergeant immediately set off to attend in his Morris 1000, and was already driving out of the gate as I ran across to the garage to put on my crash-helmet and fire up my trusty Triumph 500. I sped to Frensham – and I must confess I was very good at speeding in those days – and arrived at the New Farm Cottages to find a farmworker standing at the front door of number 4. He was chewing on a piece of straw, in a remarkably peaceful manner, as I stopped at the gate, and shouted "Is this where the attempt suicide is?" He rolled the straw in his mouth, and said disdainfully "Attempt!" I gathered from this that the attempt had been successful. He told me that the body was in the front room, and the girlfriend was next door. He indicated the front room, and I went in.

The room was in total darkness, with the curtains closed. I put the light on, and saw that the body of the solicitor was laying on a low couch under the window, with a 12 bore shotgun still balanced between the floor and the bridge of his nose – or where the bridge of his nose used to be. It wasn't there anymore, and nor was the top of his head. The force of the blast had blown his brains across the room and spread a very obvious trail of blood about six inches wide right across the ceiling to the far side of the room. I could see that the body was very definitely deceased. I searched the house for a note – but there was none. I rang Farnham nick, and told station officer PC 849 Jones – a very amusing Welshman, who sadly died about 1975 – to call Whitehill and send their coroners officer. I emphasised that there was no need for a doctor to attend, since death was beyond all possible doubt. Taff complied forthwith. Then the duty sergeant arrived, and I wondered how it had taken him so long to get there, since he had left the nick before I did. I was too polite to ask him. He phoned PC Jones as well, and I was mildly irritated that he was telling Taff off for no reason obvious to me. Then he turned to me, and asked whether it was certain that the attempt suicide was successful. I suggested

he should check the body, and opened the door to the unlit front room. He stepped inside into complete darkness, and I switched on the light behind him, revealing the most distressing bloody scene right in front of him. He immediately shouted "My God – its Hampshire ground". He then departed A Hampshire PC attended at 10.00am, and I left the scene to him.

I remember that that evening I heard for the first time the song "Bridge over Troubled Water", and it made me think that the Frensham solicitor had failed to find the bridge he needed. I see him still, whenever I hear the song. It's amazing isn't it, how a particular tune can trigger a memory. What tunes trigger your memories?

Stabbed in the back

From Police Sergeant Bartlett's pocket book when at Ash

1970 May 20:10-6pm: 2100: With PC582 Smith to Tongham interview PAM "I have come about your wife who has been taken to Odiham hospital." "Oh, yes." "It is alleged that she has been **stabbed in the back."** "If she's been stabbed it's a blooming miracle." "She has had to have two stitches." "Well I suppose that's so." "You hit her with the knife?" "Yes but it didn't go through her coat." "What caused the trouble?" He said "Oh, a long history of domestic trouble." Took a statement under caution and seized a knife when he said, "I used this one. You can see." "I can see that it is bent." He said, "It bends very easy." [20] (No arrest appears to have been made which in retrospect is surprising. However more surprising is an entry at 1750 in Robert Bartlett's pocket book for 15 July the knife was handed back to PAM against a signature.)

1970 Monday July 6 8-4: 0925 Tongham – in the main bedroom **I saw the deceased** Mrs DD lying on a double bed. Her head was toward the bottom right of the bed and was lying on her right side crouched up. She was naked except for a pair of black knickers, which were around her knee. The bed was smouldering and I saw a hole in the bedding, which was burnt through to the mattress. The inside of the mattress was burning and was put out by the fire brigade. On the floor was an empty chamber pot with a match and two small amounts of cigarette. On the bedside table there was a menthol cigarette, which had been lit, and the end pinched. There were no matches in the room. On the bed was an electric blanket; however this was not burnt out or charred. [21]

Stolen Wigs

1970 July 15: Wig thieves sought: Police in Surrey are searching for a gang who stole 1,000 wigs and hair pieces valued at £2,300 from Wig Artists in Bell Street, Reigate.[22]

[20] Robert Bartlett pocket book
[21] Robert Bartlett pocket book
[22] 1970 July 15: The Times

Triumph PI 1971 Surrey Constabulary Traffic

1970 July 23: Fast cars for Police: Surrey police have a new high-speed weapon to fight mobile law-breakers. It is the new Triumph 2.5PI (petrol injection) Mark 2, the first of which took to the road on Friday. They are being introduced gradually to replace the Cortina GT cars, which have been in use for five years. The 2.5 PI Mark 2 is capable of well over 100mph. They are white with an orange and blue reflective stripe from front to back on both sides, which makes them easily visible at night. The new cars will be driven only by top police drivers and are full of the latest emergency equipment. They will operate from the Traffic centres at Godstone, Burpham and Chertsey.[23]

1970 September to December 3: WPCs on their way to **Gatwick Airport** for searching duty due to the recent highjacking, in the mini police pandas; all passengers were body searched by police officers before their flights. (Left to right) WPC 52 Gwen Crossan (Cheshire), WPC 41 Marilyn Parsons (Fisher), WPC 1 Sue Matthews (Julian)

[23] Dorking Advertiser Yesteryear 23 July 2015 – 45 years ago

1975 May PC 683 David Stark awarded the **Queens's Commendation for Brave Conduct** when he arrested an armed intruder. PS Stark went with other officers to an incident and talked a man who was threatening him with a gun into surrendering. The man was arrested and admitted twenty-five other offences and was sentenced to eleven and a half years in prison. After the trial His Honour Judge Bolland said: "I would like to say that the police officers, particularly Sergeant Stark, behaved in the most courageous way and in the best traditions of the British Police."

Casualty Bureau- Mount Browne 1970
From the left WPCs Jenny Ball (?) standing, Sue Baker, Geraldine Winnett (Davies), Mary Dobson (Amos), (standing) W/Inspector Jenny Futter, Helen Spence (Ewence), Sue Matthews (Julian), Marilyn Parsons (Fisher), Jenny Fry?

1975 Policewomen to compete equally with men The Sex Discrimination Act required the police to abolish separate establishments, departments and career structures for women and insisted that they be fully integrated into the Service. For the first time, male and female officers competed on equal terms for entry, promotion and transfers, and over the next few years, the number of women officers doubled. [24] Following the Joint Report of the Police Council Working Party, there was a very substantial increase in police pay.

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Personal radios

1974/1975 Harold May: Personal radios were brought to Haslemere in about1974 or 1975 but it was always very hit or miss because of the terrain. I remember the only place you could actually pick up Guildford police station was either up Tennyson's Lane or out at Chiddingfold. Eventually they put an aerial on the old post office roof at Hindhead Cross roads, this helped a little bit. But if you went down the Hindhead road towards Churt there was no hope of receiving anything. I think they eventually put another aerial on the roof of Haslemere police station but this was after I retired in 1977. The biggest problem was remembering to put them on charge when finishing duty as often I went to take one only to find it was flat!

1975 February 21: Gatwick security under police control soon: Surrey police will assume responsibility for security at Gatwick airport during the summer. Only a few extra officers will be required to reinforce the present compliment. [26]

1975 Pay Increase: Following the Joint Report of the Police Council Working Party, there was a very substantial increase in police pay. [27]

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[24] http://www.polfed.org/aboutus/69DD9AB47F534348AD5D1415843163AA.asp Internet 19 Jan 2010
[25] http://www.polfed.org/aboutus/69DD9AB47F534348AD5D1415843163AA.asp Internet 19 Jan 2010
[26] 1975 February 21: The Times
[27] http://www.polfed.org/aboutus/69DD9AB47F534348AD5D1415843163AA.asp Internet 19 Jan 2010