Surrey Constabulary History

'An in depth history of policing in Surrey'

February 2018

www.surrey-constabulary.com
Editor Robert Bartlett
938at938@gmail.com

Surrey Constabulary History
Journal 39

PC Christopher Thomas

Contents

Robert Cozens CBE, QPM 1927-2018

Bob Cozens, Lynne Owens, Sir Brian Hayes

The unexpected death was announced on the 29 January 2018 of Robert William Cozens a former member of the Surrey Constabulary, and Chief Constable of West Mercia. In retirement he returned to his roots living in Surrey for many years.

Bob Cozens was one of those few men who had a significant impact on the life of many as a role model. He was acknowledged as a leader who gave a great deal of thought to how policing should be undertaken and to the future role and activities of the police.

He was kind, always calm and very professional with absolutely no affectations always dealing with individuals politely and with respect no matter what their position. There was not an ounce of arrogance or pomposity in the man who as a chief constable was approachable and welcoming. In his retirement until his death he was often troubled about the way the police were changing, having great concerns for the future of a calling he had devoted his life to.

Bob was married and had a son and daughter. Gillian served as a constable in the Surrey Constabulary and married PC Danny Glover who was tragically killed in a road accident.

The week before he died he was drafting and sending emails about his time in the police and his view on PCCs and they came about. He was starting to work on a piece about his life as a constable in the 1950s.

To meet him was to be met with a broad smile and to be made welcome with that instinctive ability to show interest in what you were doing.

The world is a sadder place for the loss of Bob.

Bob Cozens front row second left at Sandgate in 1954

National Service 1945 and 1947 RAF HQ Middle East Command, Egypt
Joined 5 April 1954 when Joseph Simpson was Chief Constable, living in Guildford

Served Guildford, Caterham, Farnham, Dorking, HQ Admin and Force Planning Officer
1962 Sergeant
1965 Inspector
1966 Chief Inspector
1968 Superintendent HQ
1969 Superintendent Dorking
1970 Chief Superintendent Farnham after 16 years service
1972 Senior Command Course
1972 Directing Staff Police College Bramshill
April 1974 ACC South Yorkshire, then Deputy Chief Constable Lincolnshire and ACC West Mercia from where he retired in 1985 taking up a senior police advisor role with the Home Office.

After leaving the police Bob continued to work closely with the Home Office both as a civil servant and an employee of Deloite.

A keen tennis player and committed to youth work he was also a Rotarian a supporter of Old Comrades and the Surrey Constabulary Chief Superintendent's Club

Bob with Graham Hardy – Witness Protection Scheme in which he was a leading volunteer

Always a smile – how he will be remembered

Old Comrades at HQ Bob with Ken Rossam

New chief of police comes from HQ

NEW police chief of "D" Division (Dorking and Leatherhead) is Superintendent Robert William Cozens, who is at present stationed at police headquarters, Mount Browne, Guildford. He will transfer to Dorking as officer in charge of the division on Friday, August 1, in place of Superintendent Ronald Harvey. Superintendent Harvey is transferring to Hertfordshire Constabulary on promotion to Detective Chief Superintendent.

Superintendent Cozens, who is married with two children, joined the force in March, 1954. Eight years later he was promoted to the rank of sergeant. In 1965 he became an inspector and was appointed chief inspector the following year. He has been a superintendent since March, 1968.

Between 1945 and 1947 he did National Service with RAF Headquarters, Middle East Command, in Egypt.

Superintendent Cozens has a long association with youth work and is a keen tennis player.

No. 21 MARCH 1974

CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT ROBERT COZENS

moving to South Yorkshire Force

* *

Chief Superintendent Robert Cozens is transferring to the South Yorkshire Police on the 22nd April, 1974, to take up the post of Assistant Chief Constable.

Mr. Cozens joined the Surrey Constabulary in 1954. He has served at Guildford, Caterham, Farnham, Headquarters in Administration and as Planning Officer, Dorking and in September 1972, he was seconded to the directing staff at Bramshill.

He is married with one son and one daughter.

Chief Superintendent Cozens.

Chief Superintendent Robert W. Cozens.

Mr. Robert Couzens, Q.P.M., Chief Constable of West Mercia. Formerly Chief Superintendent at Dorking.

Old Comrades at HQ - ex General Office

Surrey Constabulary Chief Superintendents with Mrs Botting and Mrs Stewart

Surrey Constabulary Chief Superintendents and Mrs Botting

Bob Cozens at Old Comrades

Bob Cozens and Paddy Swain

This was received on the 15 January 2018 from Bob Cozens then aged 90 with an active brain undiminished by the years.

Your reminder to put past experiences on record has prompted me to write something from a different perspective. I'm not sure about the ethics of putting such a personal view on record and would very much value your opinion. Feel free to tell me to bin it but knowing you as well as I do I know you don't need any prompting to be honest. Even if I don't bin it I'm not sure what to do with it.

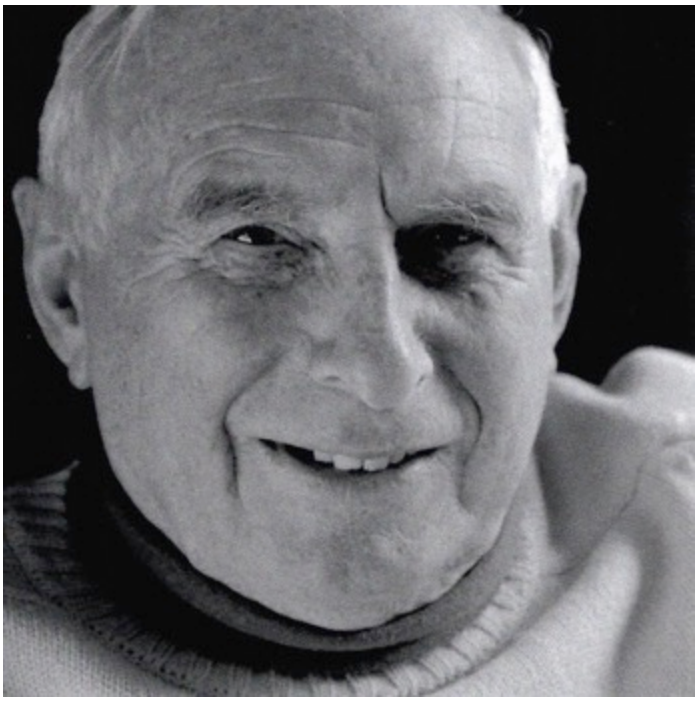
As the Chief Constable of West Mercia I was chair of the ACPO (now NPCC) Computer Development Committee and in that role I worked with a Home Office civil servant named Gordon Wasserman. He was the Assistant Under Secretary of State responsible for the Home Office Police Science & Technology group which covered telecommunications, the Police National Computer, Forensic Science, Scientific R&D and general research. When I retired from West Mercia in 1985 I took up an appointment at the Home Office as senior police adviser to Gordon's group where I worked very closely with him for three years and got to know him very well both as a colleague and friend.

Gordon was married to Hugh Gaitskell's daughter Cressida and had a long association with the Home Office having been appointed by Roy Jenkins when he was Home Secretary in the 1970s to introduce a particular form of budgetary control aimed at identifying the cost in each force of providing specific services, eg., patrol, criminal investigation, etc. He visited forces and lectured at Bramshill on the subject and whatever the merits of the system it was not taken up by Chief Constables. This a highly personal perspective but I think this experience coloured Gordon's view of the competence and willingness to accept change at the top of the Police Service.

Similar experiences followed during Gordon's time in charge of Police Science and Technology as this involved a degree of conflict over certain areas including the early stages of the privatisation of the Forensic

Science Service. When he retired he went to live in New York where he became the adviser to NYPD on IT among other things. I had earlier introduced him to a friend of mine who became the chief of NYPD. On return from New York in the early 2000s Gordon became the adviser to David Cameron, the then leader of the Conservative Party, on police matters and in 2011 he was appointed to the House of Lords where to the best of my knowledge he continues to carry out that role.

I decided to write this note to put an historical perspective on the changes in police governance and of policing in general since 2010. For example, historians may seriously wonder what led to the abolition of Police Authorities and their replacement with Police and Crime Commissioners as there had been no prior research or consultation. In my view this was almost entirely down to Lord Wasserman's experience of dealing with senior police officers in the UK., preference for the US system of elected local officials and his advice to the then Home Secretary. The same could be said of other changes such as direct entry to the Senior



ranks, the abolition of ACPO and the broad sense of dissatisfaction with both senior management and the Police Service in general in recent years.

There could of course be a much simpler explanation for these changes, namely they were wholly justified by the poor quality of police leadership in the past but I doubt if such evidence as there is would support this view but then I am well and truly biased.

Early Surrey Constabulary and Reigate Borough Police Photos

Photos from Dr Peter Kennison son of the late Surrey Constabulary

Frank Kennison

PC94 Surrey Constabulary photo taken by W. Basset Guildford reverse is written Grandpa Charlie. The photographer was located in Stoke Road, Guildford and Peter Kennison can date it to 1890s.

PC66 Surrey Constabulary 1907-1914

Surrey Constabulary PC238 taken at home with underwear on the line! Note the flowers on the table replicating a professional photographer

Victorian believed Surrey Constabulary PC photo taken by an Alton photographer

PS15 Surrey Constabulary with new style belt and the traditional stripes used on into the 1970s/80s

PC 98 Surrey Constabulary believed to be at Caterham when photo taken post First World War - three standard medals plus probably a long service medal

Reigate Borough Police - note the duty band which were not worn by Surrey Constabulary officers so Borough men could be identified. Probably first aid medal on right sleeve

Reigate Borough Police probably acting sergeant with two good old fashioned stripes

Surrey Constabulary police house Dormansland south of Lingfield - plaque above the door

The Good Old Days on Panda 1 in Redhill

Robert Scott[1]

I was night duty the night of the Gatwick crash driving Panda 1 the Reigate area beat vehicle accompanied by Tony Reilly the town beat officer as we had been told by the section sergeant we could team up after meal break. It was a cold and foggy night and as I felt our way gingerly through the murk on Wray Common Jock Donaldson's voice came over the air from the Redhill Station Office. "All units go to Horley Police Station, there's been an air crash" he yelled and we could tell from his voice that it wasn't an exercise. We made our way to the A23 and headed south, adding to the line of blue lights going that way and soon turned up at Horley Police Station. Confusion reigned for a while and eventually we were dispatched to the scene, where the final casualties that could be retrieved were being dragged through the hedge onto the road and into waiting ambulances. At that stage, although these people were still alive, they were clearly beyond hope. Tony and I helped with the traffic for a while and were then told to go to the St Johns Ambulance Brigade hall opposite the police station, where we were to assist with mortuary duties.

[1] Email to Robert Bartlett 29 January 2018 from Bob Scott

On our arrival, Tony and I, together with a sergeant, were joined by local brigade members who helped us get the hall ready. Someone had obtained large tarpaulins and we covered the floor with them (I think the hall was quite new at that time and someone who knew about these things had felt this to be wise – it was).

On a macabre note (not surprisingly), I have a rather clear memory of the brigade guys making a big thing of their anticipated role, ie "this is what we're here for; to help out at times like this." When we had sorted things out and announced our readiness, the ambulance crews waiting outside started to bring in the fatally injured casualties. One thing no one had thought of was a smoke extractor – a pity. Stretcher after stretcher was placed in rows down the hall and us police officers started the process of noting as much detail as we could. After a while, we looked up and found we were all alone (well, sort of). All the brigade members had retreated to the kitchen, where they were busy making tea. This aspect of the tale gets better. As the day wore on, we learned that BUA (the airline based at Gatwick) was sending over hot food for the troops. In due course it arrived and was taken into the kitchen with much cheer from everyone. Shortly afterwards, a brigade member came out with a large tray containing, wait for it, three mixed grills (including kidney) and plonked it down on a table at the side of the hall. The three of us looked at each other and said that if they didn't mind we'd join everyone else in the kitchen.

As the day wore on and passenger lists became available, it appeared we had an extra body. Closer inspection of one of the more charred ones revealed that it was, in fact, a red setter dog – the family pet of the household that had been destroyed.

After a twelve hour shift in the mortuary (on top of the night shift) we were relieved and sent home. It took quite a few days to get rid of the smoky smell that clung to us – or perhaps we just thought it did.

There was also a little bit of intrigue when the inspector dealing with the casualty list (Kingsford–Curran was the name) let it be known that there was an extra casualty to those on the official list and uttered the dread words "illegal immigrant". That was an error and after much huffing and puffing that subject went quiet.

Another aspect of this event that doesn't appear to have been mentioned is the traffic chaos in the area that day caused by people who fancied a day out to drive by the scene and gawp. That was repeated a year or so later at Staines.

And no, no one ever gave or offered any of us counselling. The Chief Constable did give us a mention at some stage but all those in between seemed to think it was all part of the job – which it was.

More on the Gatwick Crash 5 January 1969

Robert Scott:[2] I was night duty that night, driving Panda 1, the Reigate area beat vehicle and was accompanied by Tony Reilly the town beat officer as we had been told by the section sergeant we could team up after meal break. It was a cold and foggy night and as I felt our way gingerly through the murk on Wray Common Jock Donaldson's voice came over the air from the Redhill Station Office. "All units go to Horley Police Station, there's been an air crash", he yelled and we could tell from his voice that it wasn't an exercise. We made our way to the A23 and headed south, adding to the line of blue lights going that way and soon turned up at Horley Police Station. Confusion reigned for a while and eventually we were dispatched to the scene, where the final casualties that could be retrieved were being dragged through the hedge onto the road and into waiting ambulances. At that stage, although these people were still alive, they were clearly beyond hope. Tony and I helped with the traffic for a while and were then told to go to the St Johns Ambulance Brigade hall opposite the police station, where we were to assist with mortuary duties.

On our arrival, Tony and I, together with a sergeant, were joined by local brigade members who helped us get the hall ready. Someone had obtained large tarpaulins and we covered the floor with them (I think the hall was quite new at that time and someone who knew about these things had felt this to be wise – it was).

On a macabre note (not surprisingly), I have a rather clear memory of the brigade guys making a big thing of their anticipated role, ie "this is what we're here for; to help out at times like this." When we had sorted things out and announced our readiness, the ambulance crews waiting outside started to bring in the fatally injured casualties. One thing no one had thought of was a smoke extractor – a pity. Stretcher after stretcher was placed in rows down the hall and us police officers started the process of noting as much detail as we could. After a while, we looked up and found we were all alone (well, sort of). All the brigade members had retreated to the kitchen, where they were busy making tea. This aspect of the tale gets better. As the day wore on, we learned that BUA (the airline based at Gatwick) was sending over hot food for the troops. In due course it arrived and was taken into the kitchen with much cheer from everyone. Shortly afterwards, a brigade member came out with a large tray containing, wait for it, three mixed grills (including kidney) and plonked it down on a table at the side of the hall. The three of us looked at each other and said that if they didn't mind we'd join everyone else in the kitchen.

As the day wore on and passenger lists became available, it appeared we had an extra body. Closer inspection of one of the more charred ones revealed that it was, in fact, a red setter dog – the family pet of the household that had been destroyed.

After a twelve hour shift in the mortuary (on top of the night shift) we were relieved and sent home. It took quite a few days to get rid of the smoky smell that clung to us

[2] Email to Robert Bartlett 29 January 2018 from Bob Scott

– or perhaps we just thought it did. There was also a little bit of intrigue when the inspector dealing with the casualty list (Kingsford–Curram was the name) let it be known that there was an extra casualty to those on the official list and uttered the dread words ”illegal immigrant”. That was an error and after much huffing and puffing that subject went quiet.

Another aspect of this event that doesn't appear to have been mentioned is the traffic chaos in the area that day caused by people who fancied a day out to drive by the scene and gawp. That was repeated a year or so later at Staines.

And no, no one ever gave or offered any of us counselling. The Chief Constable did give us a mention at some stage but all those in between seemed to think it was all part of the job – which it was.

Memories of the old Redhill Police Station

Robert Scott

Actually, my first memory of Redhill Police Station was aged around 16, when I was cycling home from Horley to Redhill in the late evening and came across a cow happily munching away on the open common in Salfords. As my path home took me past the police station. I thought I'd help out a bit by letting Surrey Constabulary (as it was then) know about the impending danger to vehicular traffic on the A23 and, I suppose, the danger to which the cow was also exposed. Even at the age of 16, I left, somewhat bemused at the lack of interest displayed on behalf of both the traffic and the cow. But I'd done my bit.

Three years later, in 1967, having spent that time sailing around the globe on merchant ships, I found myself back at Redhill Police Station sitting the written exam for entry to the constabulary. The maths was easy (I ended up on the fraud squad) and the essay bit wasn't too hard either (judge for yourself) and within weeks I ended up sitting in front of Herman Rutherford telling him why I wanted to be a police officer. The fact that the pay (whilst not good) was substantially better than what I was then getting and “the job” would allow me far better access to a rather lovely young lady (from Horley) who had by then entered my life didn't seem to be a winning argument, so I came out with the usual platitudes, ie the words “service” and “community” featured. It obviously worked, because I was one of those who the recruiting sergeant pulled to one side and made arrangements for us all to be sworn in.

Sandgate was a blitz. The merchant navy has loadsa clowns but prospective coppers are not much different. Bernie Startup from Hampshire was a good example and I won't embarrass the Surrey ones. I'll just mention (in no particular order) a few from Surrey who happened to feature:

Mick Mello (who subsequently worked with me on the Drug Squad and is still a good mate of mine), Jeff Hemmings (ex RAF Police and one of the drill pigs) and still in

my general social circle, Roy Harrison, Paul Hickman, Jerry Martin, Keith Foote (who, amongst other things, was my transport on Sunday evenings), John Blades, Geoff/Jeff Beck who took his attributes to Thames Valley and Bob Ball, who rose into the stratosphere and departed eventually to Devon & Cornwall

Some 20 weeks or so later, I ended up back at Redhill Police Station, fully equipped (ha!) for the next 30 years. Two weeks of tutor constabling left me out there on my own, which meant mostly cycling/walking the beat and being required to visit unoccupied houses as a matter of rigour. Afternoon patrols in burglary rife areas were the norm and my sergeants, Geoff Breckell, Bill Murray, Dick Smith, Dave Maughan and "Harry" Worth would all check the unoccupied house register with a vengeance, largely (I think) because the Chief Inspector told them to.

This requirement became even more earnest and I found myself on Panda 1 dashing from house to house each early turn in order to get them all done. This policy came in for a rethink as one afternoon DS Bill Spencer called me in and wanted to know why the houses I'd visited in the morning were getting burgled in the afternoon. When you think about it, a little white Mini with Police written all over it pulling into a nice house and staying for a minute or so tends to give something away. My first introduction to Police surveillance.

Each sergeant seemed to have his own bugbear. Bill Murray had a thing about noisy motorcycle exhausts caused by the owner deliberately poking a rod through the baffles (Bill was the last, actually only police officer I knew that got wound up about this, more's the pity) and a local idiot who drove around with a blue light on his car but was never (to my knowledge) caught turning it on.

Others would insist that the night beat officers should go round the side roads sticking "NIPs" on unlit cars. Parking on the "wrong" side of the road led to the same outcome. The lighting policy led to the mysterious removal of red oil lamps from road works and their subsequent reappearance hanging from the offside windows of parked cars. Those were the days when (a) policemen actually walked around at night and (b) there were enough of them to do so.

Another knock on effect of the NIP policy was a disgruntled early turn station officer. He had to deal with the queue of unhappy locals all bearing their little pink slip and vehicle documents.

"Harry" was responsible for the duties and wasn't above introducing a double-quick changeover from nights to lates to earlies in three days if it suited him. Keep "Harry" sweet was the mantra. Moaning didn't help.

"Harry" once made me chuckle when I turned up for a summer night shift and, because I was the only beat officer (it occasionally happened), he thought it would be a good idea to give me individual "points", rather than a prescribed beat. He reeled off a series of "TKs" that stretched hourly from one side of the Redhill area to the other (ie Earlswood station to the Jollffe at Merstham). Others on the shift looked at

each other but it didn't seem to register with Harry that I was a mere 20 and had already cycled from Horley (remember?) to get to work. He met me at all of the points, except the last. I smile at the thought, even now.

On that subject, I also smile happily at the thought of PS "Jammy" Jenkins, a Reigate sergeant who on occasion got co-opted to help out at Redhill, much to his evident disgust, especially when it was a night shift. One rainy night, he drew his car alongside me at the Warwick Hotel TK, wound down the window, muttered "book me ten", drove off and then gave me a funny look when he later asked for my pocket book to sign it and noted that I'd "booked him one". It all came back to me years later as a sergeant at Dorking when I saw him collecting my glass from the bar of the Dolphin in Betchworth. Yes, I was working. I was a DS. Remember those days?

Rainy nights. I was there on the night of the rainiest one. I knew it was going to rain, so I was wearing my wellies, leggings, long mac and silly helmet to keep me dry – none of them did. Don't laugh, as I've already said, these were the days when Surrey Constabulary were able to put out not one, but two beat officers in a relatively small town centre such as Redhill and my compatriot that night was PC 189 Arthur Delves (funny how one remembers these things). We trudged our various areas, chatting occasionally as we retreated into shop doorways but as the rain fell we kept an eye on how the Colebrook stream (the one by the station) was rising. It certainly was and by the time our shift had ended the water was coming over the top and the same applied to my wellies (or so it felt). I went home, took my now and present wife (i.e. the lady from Horley) to work at Gatwick airport and returned with a stuttering engine (remember, Mini distributors faced forward, into the airstream), went to bed and then woke up for a 6-2 late crewed up as observer on Bravo 1 with Dave Tame. We didn't go far as Redhill and Reigate were cut off from the rest of the county.

The year 1969 was a funny one for me. Whilst early shifts were a pain (post runs, vehicle maintenance, unoccupied houses) and so were lates (more unoccupied houses, mutual aid enquiries and domestics), every night turn was a chance to do something positive and in my case seemed to trigger a good result, ie a driver I tried to stop would give me a clue by not stopping and then leading me a merry dance around the area until we could gather together enough vehicles to pull the plug on the music and literally stop him. Most of them eventually ended up being transferred to Metropolitan Police District police stations, which was the norm in those days (although the Metropolitan Police didn't seem to appreciate the fact).[3]

And so ended my days at Redhill, i.e. I was posted as far away as possible to Camberley.

One example was an attempt to stop an old Vauxhall, four up, heading north up the A23. I pulled in front, blue lighted and stopped in front only to find it barrelling past

[3] Email Robert Scott to Robert Bartlett 30 January 2018

me. I was up behind it before it reached the town, yelling into my new fangled PR. Through the town we went and it then turned left into the drive leading to St Anne's, the elderly people's home behind the railway station. "Ah", I thought, "he's not going far now". Sure enough, he ended up at the end of the drive, screeched to a halt and they all scattered. Off I galloped and tackled the driver, holding him to the ground until backup arrived. He was carted off and I turned back to my Panda. For some reason, its headlights were pointed at the top floor, illuminating all the residents leaning out, gazing at events. Why? In my haste, I hadn't set the handbrake properly and the Panda had rolled gently down the sloped lawn into a tree. My first polac but I didn't get too hard a time over it.

The major world event of 1969 of course was the moon landing. Again, I was working nights. Whilst the rest of the world was attached to a TV, two nerds decided that would nick a Mini parked outside the shops in Woodhatch. Unbeknown them, the daughter of the owners saw them do this and phoned in. I was dispatched and after an unsuccessful scout round the locality knocked at the lady's door to take details. I sat there listening to the steady beep from mission control and made a remark that history was being made and whilst it all happened I would be driving round the empty streets of Reigate. "Why don't you stay here and watch it?" was the response. The lady happened to be two years or so younger than me, rather pretty and, it transpired, her parents were in Spain on holiday. As my pregnant wife was fast asleep only half a mile away, I did the right thing, declined the offer and left. As it happened, the night sergeant summonsed everyone to Reigate club, from where we watched the night's events. When mum and dad returned and I was finalising the enquiry, their gentle enquiries about my marital status confirmed my suspicion that my personal Eagle could have landed about the same time as Neil's. Such is life.[4]

4

In deep retirement Barry Foot, Bob Scott and Dick Crockford

The Story of Henry Stevens GC

Metropolitan Police

Stephen Smith SC&O19 Historian Date and origin unknown

In March 1958 PC Henry William Stevens was working as an ‘Aid’ (Trainee Detective) to the CID working on ‘P’ district (Bromley area). On Saturday the 29th March Henry was posted as one of the crew of the ‘Q’ car (unmarked, crime car, fitted with radio connected to Information Room at New Scotland Yard), along with DC Bill Moody and PC 203 ’P’ Wanstall as their driver.

At 7.55pm they received a wireless call instructing them to go to an address ‘Geneden’, ‘Bickley Park Road, Bickley, Kent where a central station alarm had been activated at a detached house, owned by a rich American. Although probably a false alarm there were no other takers for the call and as they were only one and a half miles away they took it. The ‘Q’ car pulled up near the front of the house. Henry covered the rear whilst his two colleagues Moody and Wanstall approached the front of the house.

Henry went down the road at the side of the house lit by flickering gas lamps. As he approached the garden at the rear, he noticed a slim man dressed in a long coat and

wearing a trilby hat, climbing over the fence. Henry shouted for him to stop, identifying he was a police officer. This smartly dressed burglar (later identified as Ronald Easterbrook) replied, “Stop, or you’ll get this,” indicating a small pistol he held in his right hand. Easterbrook then jumped down and ran off down the road.

Henry, unperturbed by the threat gave chase. Henry had always kept himself fit and his upbringing in London’s East End had made him tough and determined. He was soon gaining on his quarry, but just as he was about to make ‘the collar’, Easterbrook turned and pointed the pistol at

Henrys face and from a distance of three feet, fired. The sharp crack must have echoed around the quiet back street, but Henry was so focused on catching Easterbrook he wasn’t going to be deterred. Even when the .22 calibre bullet penetrated Henry’s lower lip, broke his jaw and travelled into the base of his tongue where it lodged, he was still focused on catching his man. Henry was suddenly aware of the metallic taste of blood and teeth, but he didn’t have time to dwell on the fact he had been shot. “It just made me very, angry,” he said 54 years later when talking to me for this article, “I didn’t stop but carried on, I caught him from behind and grabbed hold of the gun, I knew I had to control it, I wasn’t even aware that another shot was fired during the struggle.”

Henry now 85 and long since retired, still as sharp as a die, continued, “We had a bit of a struggle and I managed to pin him against a wall, I twisted the gun from his hand. Easterbrook said something along the lines of, “Alright, I give up.” And as things calmed down we just waited”. Henry waited for his colleagues to come to his assistance, as there were no personal radios or phones to call for assistance in those times. He just had to hope his colleagues had heard the shot or the shouting. Henry remarked. “I don’t think I had my whistle with me and couldn’t have blown it if I’d wanted to.”

But Easterbrook at 27 and already a career criminal knew he was in serious trouble having just shot a cop. He wasn’t going to come quietly if he could help it. Henry went on, “I must have relaxed my grip a bit and he took his chance, reached round with his hand and grabbed my ‘privates’.” This gave him the opportunity to run off back the way we had come. By now Henry had a mouth full of blood, (shock would have began to set in), but he was still having none of it and once again chased Easterbrook back up the road. “Easterbrook must have realised he was running towards where my colleagues would come from and he suddenly stopped and faced me. “I shouted at him. You bastard, look what you did, I know you. I’ll have you wherever you go.” Easterbrook then tried to dart past Henry back the way he had come. No such chance, Henry Stevens caught him once again and another struggle ensued in which he was dragged down the road losing the heel off his shoe.

This time Henry was feeling weaker and Easterbrook twisted in his grip and slipped out of his suit jacket and overcoat and ran off. Henry gave chase but had to give up when Easterbrook ran down onto a railway cutting and made good his escape.

His two colleagues found Henry. He still had hold of the pistol and the jacket belonging to Easterbrook, (in the pockets was a pepper pot and a knife). Henry was rushed to hospital in the 'Q' car. As a doctor examined him, Henry's indomitable spirit once again came to the fore as he persuaded the doctor to let him smoke a cigarette. He then proceeded to smoke the cigarette through the bullet hole in his lip much to the doctor's horror.

The following day his fellow officers visited Henry in hospital. Their enquiries established that the jacket Henry had pulled off his assailant was part of a handmade suit traced to a tailor in Deptford. It was one of only two he had made. One was for a banker and one for Ronald Easterbrook. Henry later identified Easterbrook from mug shots.

Easterbrook was soon picked up and charged with attempted murder of a police officer. Although the Old Bailey Jury acquitted Easterbrook of attempted murder he was convicted of wounding with intent to cause GBH. He was sentenced to just 10 years in prison. Henry made a full recovery but carried a scar and lost six teeth.

On 21st October 1958 he was awarded the George Cross for his bravery during this incident. He went on to have a distinguished police career as a detective serving on the Flying Squad and between 1973-78 worked at Leman Street as a uniform Inspector in charge of the divisional crime squad before finishing his career as a Chief Inspector at Kings Cross in central London. Henry retired from the police in 1982 and is now the Honorary Secretary of the Victoria Cross & George Cross Association based in Whitehall.

Footnote. Ronald Easterbrook after his release from prison went on to commit further serious crimes, which culminated in 1987, when as part of a gang he robbed a supermarket in Woolwich, South East London. The gang was ambushed by armed officers from PT17 and in the ensuing shoot out one of the gang was shot dead and Easterbrook arrested, but not before he managed to shoot a PT17 Inspector in the leg.

This time Easterbrook did get a long sentence. He died in prison in 2010.

Frank Kennison and Vernon Watkins on a British Week journey to Hamburg, Germany 1968

Frank had served in Germany where he met his wife. Vernon had a distinguished war record serving as a Major in the Guard's Armoured Division.

Frank with a then famous German boxer Karl Midenbuerger

The late Chief InspectorJohn Sait

Before serving in the Surrey Constabulary John was a PC in the Burnley Borough

Police. Photos from John’s family

Suffragettes - Votes for Women

Bombs and Arson in Surrey

Robert Bartlett

It may often seem to police officers "who were there" that history is written not as it was or should be but includes a huge bias towards the views of the writers or the organisation involved. One of the reasons for the establishment of www.surrey-constabulary.com, is an attempt to have history written by those who were there.

The magazine History Today in February 2018 has an article from Fern Riddell an author of a number of books and article on the Suffragette movement. It will have been obvious that the achievements of the movement received some considerable recognition during February 2018 the 100th anniversary of votes for some women. There are also calls to have the convictions of over 100 years ago pardoned. What is rarely spoken of when pardons are mentioned or the history discussed is the level of violence including arson and bombing that was a part of the suffrage campaign, though this aspect of the movement was not supported by all.

Ridell asks if the centenary was the time to "re-examine a pervasive silence at the heart of the story; that of the nationwide campaign carried out by the Pankhurst's Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU). Previous attempts to examine the phenomenon have been met by criticism and personal attacks as traditional idealists refused to allow an in-depth critique of the leadership of the suffragettes. But according to Ridell, the evidence is clear. Between 1912 and 1915 hundreds of bombs were left on trains, in theatres, post offices, churches, even outside the Bank of England; while arson attacks on timber yards railway stations and private houses inflicted an untold amount of damage. Yet the lives of the women who did this have been largely forgotten and erased from history as a long standing desire to sanitise the actions of suffragettes and portray them as perfect activists, or perfect martyrs, has altered our perception even those whose names we know. For many the thought is that the violence amounted to little more than firecrackers in tins or a few well aimed stones. The cases set out below from Surrey are an indication of how potentially dangerous and disastrous their activities were.

Ridell believes that a group of former suffragettes in the 1920s and 1930s "created a highly stylised story of the WSPU and the history of suffrage in England which emphasised "women's martyrdom and passivity."

There is a central collection of documents in the Museum of London associated with the suffrage movement consulted by researchers. It is alleged the documents deposited were carefully selected to show what was considered to be appropriate suffrage history and which stories should be minimised or left out creating a "master

narrative of the militant part of the movement. The bombs were seen as inappropriate and the perpetrators hidden from view. Kitty Marion a prolific bomber and arsonist for the suffragettes has been consistently ignored by authors on the history of the movement. She wrote her biography in the 1930s given a detailed account of her travels across the country on the orders of the WSPSU to enact they self proclaimed "Reign of Terror." A number of violent suffragettes published or attempted to publish their own autobiographies in the decades following the campaign Fern Riddell believes that there is a need to examine the lives of these women and to gain a clearer understanding of the suffragettes. It might be uncomfortable but it is entirely necessary

Pankhurst called for an end to militancy at the outbreak of the First World War [5]

Surrey Constabulary area 1913: Suffragettes were causing problems and the Surrey Constabulary had to deal with three bomb outrages. The first and most famous happened at 6.10 am on 19 February 1913 at a house being built for **Lloyd George**, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, at Walton-on-the-Hill, in the Dorking Division. Inspector Riley of the Metropolitan Police Special Branch and Major Cooper Keys, the Chief of the Explosives Branch of the Home Office, were notified by Superintendent Coleman the local man. A motor car P8487 was traced passing through Banstead at 2.50 am and returned at about 5 am. The car was heard to leave the vicinity of the house at about 4.30 am and so the fuse must have taken about two hours to burn down. On the 24 February 1913 Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst was arrested in London for the bombing and later taken to Leatherhead Police Station where she was questioned and charged. Superintendent Coleman reported: *"She is being detained in Inspector Tudgay's sitting room, and I have arranged with Inspector Tudgay to sleep her in one of his bedrooms tonight"*. Instructions from the Director of Public Prosecutions had requested that whilst in custody Mrs Pankhurst should be treated with due consideration! Next day Pankhurst was bailed from Epsom Magistrates Court having been driven to the court with the Superintendent which made her the first person in the Surrey Constabulary area to have been "conveyed to court in a motor car".[6] Sylvia Pankhurst was to claim in her 1931 memoir, "The Suffragette Movement: The Intimate Account of Persons and Ideals" that it was Emily Wilding Davison who bombed Lloyd George's house at Walton on the Hill in 1913. By then of course Wilding Davison had died on Epsom racecourse under the hooves of the King's horse.

[5] Fern Riddell Death In Ten Minutes: Kitty Marion, Activist, Arsonist, Suffragette Hodder and Stoughton out later in 2018.

[6] Durant Surrey Constabulary 1851-1951 page 39

Bombing a politician's house on 19th February 1913

Criminal Investigation Department New Scotland Yard 7th day of March 1913

Referring to the recent outrages by the Suffragettes in the Metropolitan Police District and at Walton-on-the-Hill, I beg to report that at 3.25 p.m. on the 19th ultimo (note: last month) a telephone message was received from Superintendent Coleman, Surrey Constabulary, stationed at Dorking, stating that at 6.10 a.m. that day an explosion had occurred at Sir George Riddell's house at Walton-on-the-Hill, and that a tin of unexploded black gunpowder had been found in the house. The explosion is supposed to have been caused by a five pound tin of coarse grained gunpowder which had been

TARGET: Prime Minister Lloyd-George's home at Walton-on-the-hill was bombed on a cold February night in 1913 by women suffragettes, Dorking Local History Group was told

placed in a bedroom on the first floor...The room in which the explosion took place was wrecked in the interior; the western wall was bulging about four inches. Inquiries have been made regarding the outrage...and the movements of car LF4587 on the 18th and 19th ultimo...In consequence of Mrs Pankhurst's public uttering regarding this and other outrages, the Director of Public prosecutions decided to take proceedings against her under the Malicious Damages Act 1861

The Surrey Constabulary at the scene of the explosion

1913 19/20 March Suffragettes set fire to Trevethan, Englefield Green the property of Lady White. The house, unoccupied for three years was nearly destroyed causing damage of £2000. Two ladies on bicycles were seen close by and were in fact seen by PC Pickett who stopped one of them. The Metropolitan Police Special Branch, Superintendent Quinn and Detective Inspector Riley handled the London end of the enquiries and Superintendent Thomas Mears of Chertsey dealt with the Surrey end. One of the suspects Elsie Duval was convicted on the 12 April 1913 and sentenced to six weeks for being in possession of inflammable material, cans of paraffin oil, wadding, firelighters etc., on the 4th April at Tooting. [7]

The Scotsman 21 March 1913: From papers found by police searching the grounds during the day there appears to be no doubt that the outbreak was the work of militant

[7] Durant Surrey Constabulary 1851-1951 page 40

suffragettes and this view is to some extent strengthened by the fact that two young women were seen upon bicycles riding at rapid speed from the scene of the fire shortly after it was discovered. --- About twenty minutes past one, the constable in charge of the district was informed that the house was on fire. With promptitude he summoned the Egham Volunteer Fire Brigade. --- The police throughout the day made a close examination of the small part of the house that remained and of the grounds, which included a large lawn surrounded by shrubbery and a kitchen garden. Remembering the recent attack on Mr Lloyd George's house at Walton they looked for evidence of this being a similar act upon the part of the suffragettes. Ample evidence that this was the case was quickly forthcoming. Underneath the rockery at the back of the house were found three pieces of paper upon which were written in a woman's hand, but obviously disguised, "Votes for Women" "Stop torturing our comrades in prison" and "By kind permission of Mr Hobhouse" -- Entry was made through an unlocked door and the central staircase soaked in oil then a match applied. Windows were opened so the far could be fanned by the draught. Nothing was found that would give a clue to the perpetrators. Describing the occurrence PC Alexander of the Surrey Constabulary remarked that he passed the house at about midnight when everything was secure. As another constable had inspected the residence a quarter of an hour previously he did not pay particular attention to it and he continued on his beat. "About ten minutes past one a man came up to me and said the house was on fire. I was then three quarters of a mile away but I quickly got there on my bicycle, and found the flames were coming through the roof.

The fire brigade quickly arrived but there was no pressure of water they could do practically nothing, and the fire burned itself out." Constable Alexander stated that about twenty minutes to one yesterday morning when he was approaching the house he saw two women coming towards him. They were riding at a rapid speed on their bicycles in the direction of Egham. He did not take much notice of them but thought that one of them wore "a sort of Ulster-like brown coat." Two other constables further down the road also saw the cyclists who appeared to them to be young women of about twenty-five years of age. An endeavour has been made by Inspector Stevens of Egham to trace the two travellers but up to a late hour last night no success had attended his efforts. The damage is estimated to be about £4000 which is covered by

insurance.

At the time of the attack, no-one was arrested. However, on the 12th April 1913 Phyllis Brady (real name Olive Beamish) and Millicent Dean (Elsie Duval) were approached by a police officer whilst walking in Croydon at 1.45am. They were both carrying leather travelling cases and claimed they were returning from holiday. They were followed by the policeman and decided to drop their cases and run but were caught and arrested for being found with inflammable material with the intention of committing a felony. According to some sources, both women had been responsible for burning Sanderstead station and other unnamed targets. They were also suspected of the burning of Trevethan house, and a case was being built against them.

Photograph of Elsie Duval, taken at Herne Bay, August 1915. From LSE Library Collections, ref 7HFD/C/01

However, they were not charged for this offence but instead were remanded in custody and then sentenced to 6 weeks imprisonment in Holloway jail. Both went on hunger strike and were forcibly fed. While they were in prison 'The Prisoners (Temporary Discharge for Ill Health) Act 1913' came into force. Commonly known as the 'Cat and Mouse Act', this allowed prisoners who were in danger of dying to be released and then taken back into prison shortly after when they had recovered a little. Elsie and Olive were the first prisoners to have been released under the act on the 28th April 1913. Both absconded after they had been released and did not return to prison.

Elsie left for the Continent soon after being released and only returned to Britain after the outbreak of the First World War. After her release under the 'Cat and Mouse Act'. Olive Beamish managed to evade capture and continue her militant activity until January 1914. She was then charged, again as Phyllis Brady, with having set fire to Trevethan house, Englefield Green. Olive was found guilty and sentenced to 18 months' hard labour, though her release was negotiated when she promised to cease militant activities.

At the time of the attack, no-one was arrested. However, on the 12th April 1913 Phyllis Brady (real name Olive Beamish) and Millicent Dean (Elsie Duval) were approached by a police officer whilst walking in Croydon at 1.45am. They were both carrying leather travelling cases and claimed they were returning from holiday. They were followed by the policeman and decided to drop their cases and run but were caught and arrested for being found with inflammable material with the intention of committing a felony. According to some sources, both women had been responsible for burning Sanderstead station and other unnamed targets. They were also suspected of the burning of Trevethan house, and a case was being built against them.

However, they were not charged for this offence but instead were remanded in custody and then sentenced to 6 weeks imprisonment in Holloway jail. Both went on hunger strike and were forcibly fed. While they were in prison 'The Prisoners (Temporary Discharge for Ill Health) Act 1913' came into force. Commonly known as the 'Cat and Mouse Act', this allowed prisoners who were in danger of dying to be released and then taken back into prison shortly after when they had recovered a little. Elsie and Olive were the first prisoners to have been released under the act on the 28th April 1913. Both absconded after they had been released and did not return to prison.

Elsie left for the Continent soon after being released and only returned to Britain after the outbreak of the First World War. After her release under the 'Cat and Mouse Act'. Olive Beamish managed to evade capture and continue her militant activity until January 1914. She was then charged, again as Phyllis Brady, with having set fire to Trevethan house, Englefield Green. Olive was found guilty and sentenced to 18 months' hard labour, though her release was negotiated when she promised to cease militant activities.

2/3 April 1913 Oxted Station bomb outrage (Suffragette) An explosion took place in the lavatory at the station, and inside was found a rush basket twenty inches by eleven inches by nine inches deep, containing a two gallon can of Shell petrol, a clock, a battery two firelighters, and a half pint tin that had contained cycle burning oil and a cardboard box that had probably contained gunpowder. The damage was comparatively slight. In the urinal was found a gent's soft felt hat and a pistol, sixteen inches long, containing a loaded shot cartridge. At 1.35 am a man had been seen by PC Peet adjusting the wheel of his cycle. At 3am the same constable stopped two men. The clock had been set for 3am when the explosion would have been triggered. Sergeant Boshier handled the Surrey end of the enquiry. A piece of paper found in the

box formed the only tangible evidence and this was traced to an address to which it had been sent on 3 April 1913. A long and detailed enquiry followed but no one was charged. As a result of this incident all railway stations and tunnels were patrolled to prevent further attacks. In 1975, the widow of Professor Harold Laski admitted her responsibility but no-one was ever charged[8]

1913 1 April Central Criminal Court: Pankhurst, Emmeline aged fifty-three, charged with feloniously procuring and inciting a person or persons unknown to commit felony; unlawfully soliciting and inciting persons unknown to commit felony and certain misdemeanours.

Inspector George Riley, New Scotland Yard, proved a plan of the neighbourhood of Sir George Riddle's house at Walton.
Henry Elliott, carter of Manor Lodge, Walton: About 4:30 a.m. on February 19 I heard the noise of a motor-car. Going to my window I saw a motor pass, going in the direction of London. About six o'clock I heard a loud noise like the report of a big gun.

James Gray, builder's foreman: I was in charge of the building of Sir George Riddle's house. By February 18 the building was structurally complete, but painting and decorating work was going on. Twelve men were employed; they worked from 6 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. During the night the house was left unattended. Near the kitchen there was a small window, which a person might get through, about two feet six inches from the ground. When I left on the 18th the house was in perfect condition; at 6.30 next morning I found damage had been done to the extent of £400 to £450. In the servant's bedroom on the first floor I found some cord, a tin that had probably contained powder, some two inch wire nails; in the corridor I found a tin of powder, a tin containing shavings soaked in paraffin, with a candle sticking in the centre. (The case was that two tins of powder had been prepared, one placed in the servant's bedroom, the other in the corridor thirty five feet away; also, in similar positions, two tins of shavings, each with a candle in the centre; the ignition of the shavings by the burning down of the candle would cause an explosion of the powder; an explosion actually occurred in the bedroom, but the force

8
http://www.oxtedanddistricthistorysociety.org.uk/Oxted_and_District_History_Society_Web_site/ODHS_talk_-_The_Suffragettes_%26_the_Oxted_Bomb.html

of it extinguished the candle in the corridor before it burned sufficiently low to ignite the shavings there.)

Police Constable John Lough, Surrey Constabulary, spoke to a number of articles he found on the premises and handed to Inspector Tugdale.

Inspector Herbert Tugdale, Surrey Constabulary, said that he went to the premises on February 19 at 8:45 a.m. Assisted by Lough he made a search; among the articles found were a hatpin, the remains of a candlestick, a golosh, a tin of shavings, amongst which was a hairpin. (**Note:** Golosh is a waterproof overshoe, made of rubber, and worn over a normal shoe to prevent damage to the latter from water, snow or mud)

Chief Inspector James McBrien of New Scotland Yard: On March 12 I went to 28, Camden Hill Gardens and found this letter (Exhibit 23), dated January 10, signed by prisoner. It described her as Honorary Treasurer of the Women's Social and Political Union. It was addressed to members of the Union, and impressed the fact that the attitude of the Government towards the Suffrage Bill then before Parliament made "militancy" more a moral duty and a political necessity than it had ever been before.

Sub-divisional Inspector Charles Crocker Metropolitan Police, who was acquainted with prisoner's handwriting, said that Exhibit 23 was signed by her.

Major A. M. Cooper-Key, Chief Inspector of Explosives, said that the tin found in the corridor contained gunpowder together with nails and percussion caps.

Charles Renshaw (detective), Victor Augur (detective), Alfred Beasley (detective), and Edward James (journalist) proved transcripts of shorthand notes of a number of speeches made by prisoner at meetings in connection with the Woman Suffrage movement, (These were alleged by the prosecution to be speeches "soliciting and inciting" to the commission of felony, etc.)

Chief Inspector James McBrien, recalled, said that he arrested prisoner on February 24; on the warrant being read to her she made no reply, nor upon being charged. (Thursday, April 3) Prisoner called no evidence. In a long speech to the jury she explained that she had pleaded Not Guilty because the indictment accused her of "wickedly and maliciously inciting," and she protested that she was not wicked or malicious. But she accepted responsibility for all the speeches she had made. She was only animated by a sincere desire to get political power into the hands of women. Whether the sentence was long or short she should not submit to it. The moment she left the Court, if she were sent to prison, whether to penal servitude or to a mild form of imprisonment—she would quite deliberately refuse to eat food. She would join the

women in Holloway who were already on "hunger strike." She would come out of prison—dead or alive—at the earliest possible moment, and once out, as soon as she was physically fit, she would enter into the fight again. Verdict Guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy; the second indictment was not proceeded with. It was stated that in February, 1908, prisoner was bound over for disorderly conduct and obstructing the police; in October, 1908, bound over for a similar offence; in July, 1909, fined for obstructing the police and assault; in March, 1912, sentenced to two months' imprisonment for wilful damage; in May, 1912, sentenced at this Court to nine months' imprisonment, second division, for conspiracy. Sentence: Three years' penal servitude.

1914 19 January: The Scotsman: **The burning of Lady White's mansion:** Woman committed for trial: At Chertsey on Saturday morning, Phyllis Brady a young woman was accompanied by two wardresses was charged that during the night of March 19th 1913 she feloniously and maliciously set fire to a certain house in the possession of Lady White, namely Trevethan at Englefield Green, Surrey. It was stated damage to the extent of £4000 was done.

Police Constable Gayter said on the 19th March he was on The Causeway Egham at 9 pm when two ladies passed him. He had a good view of them. On April 7th at Holloway Prison thirteen ladies were paraded and at a second attempt he picked out two one of whom was the prisoner, whom he thought he had seen on the Causeway.

Police Constable Pickett said he was on duty when two ladies cycled towards him, one he had no doubt was the prisoner. One of the lights on the bike was out and he called "Where is your light?" One lady dismounted and said, "Polly my light is out. Have you the matches?" She replied "Yes". They lit the lamp and rode on. On April 17 PC Pickett picked out the two women from amongst others in the yard at Holloway Prison.

Inspector Stevens, Surrey Constabulary, Egham, said that he went to the house at 2.15 am and found it alight. The windows had been opened and he found pieces of paper in the rockery with the words "Stop torturing our comrades in prison."

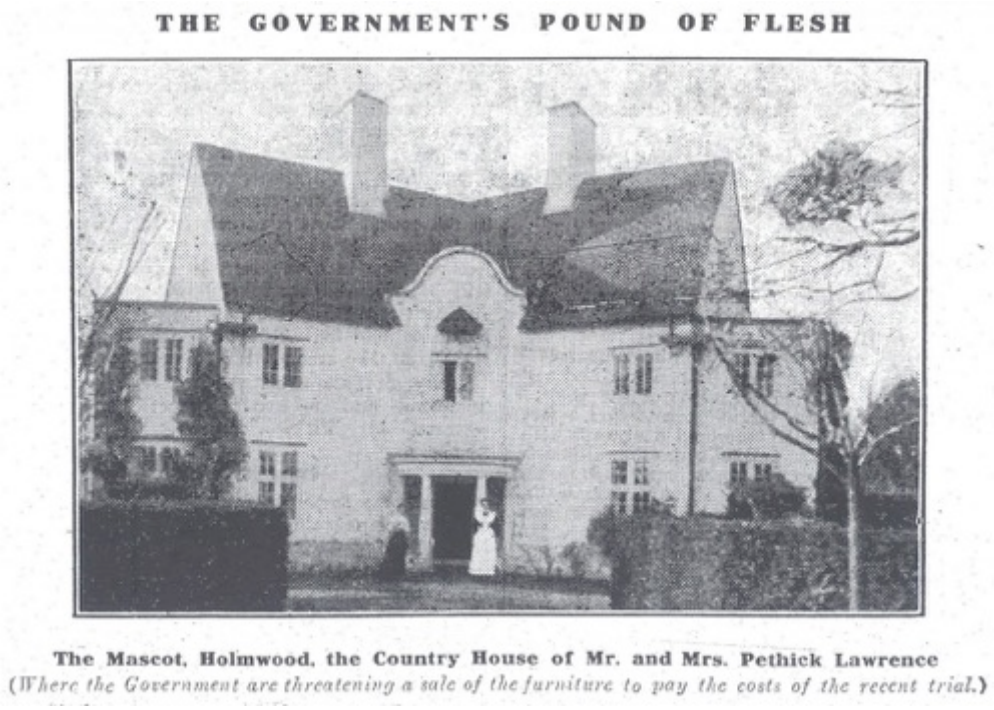
Superintendent Mears, Surrey Police (sic) said the house comprised of twenty rooms and was three stories high and had practically been destroyed. He saw the prisoner at Holloway and read the warrant to her and she made no reply but then said "I will reserve my defence for the trial." The prisoner was committed for trial at Surrey Assizes and said, "I do not expect to appear then. I am almost certain not to

appear."

Pethick-Lawrence both committed suffragettes, who lived in South Holmwood to the south of Dorking.

Lawrence met and fell in love with Emmeline Pethick, an active socialist and campaigner for women's votes. They finally married in 1901 after Lawrence converted to socialism. They kept separate bank accounts and they both took the last name of 'Pethick Lawrence' (later Pethick-Lawrence). He published various left-wing newspapers, including Votes for Women and became involved in the Labour Party. His involvement in the Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU), on behalf of women's rights, led to him serving a nine-month prison sentence in 1912, following Christabel Pankhurst's window-smashing campaign, even though he had disagreed with that form of action; because of his disagreement, indeed, he was expelled from the WSPU by Emmeline Pankhurst and Christabel. Because of his prison sentence he was expelled from the Reform Club Early in the First World War. Pethick-Lawrence joined with others in founding the Union of Democratic Control (UDC), a leading anti-war organisation of which he became Treasurer. After acceptance by a Tribunal in Dorking in 1918, he worked on a farm in Sussex as a conscientious objector.

In 1923 Pethick-Lawrence was elected Member of Parliament (MP) for Leicester West, and was Financial Secretary to the Treasury from 1929 until the formation of the National Government in 1931; in the ensuing General Election and the rout of the Labour Party he lost his seat. He was elected for Edinburgh East in 1935 and sworn of the Privy Council in 1937.[6] From 1942 acted as Leader of the Opposition to the coalition government. In 1945 Pethick-Lawrence was elevated to the peerage as Baron Pethick-Lawrence, of Peaslake in the County of Surrey. From 1945 to 1947 he was Secretary of State for India and Burma, with a seat in the cabinet, and was involved in the negotiations that led to India's independence in 1947. Prime Minister Clement Attlee, however, made all the government's major


THE GOVERNMENT'S POUND OF FLESH

The Mascot, Holmwood, the Country House of Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence
(Where the Government are threatening a sale of the furniture to pay the costs of the recent trial.)

decisions regarding India.[9]

The Mascot (now the Dutch House) in South Holmwood, home of social campaign Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence and her husband, Frederick, was the country home of Mrs Pankhurst's Women's Social and Political Union. Women recovered there from forcible feeding and campaigns were planned there. In the 1980s the house was a bed and breakfast establishment situated on the west side of the A24 opposite Mill Lane , South Holmwood.

[9] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Frederick_Pethick-Lawrence,_1st_Baron_Pethick-Lawrence

Special Inspector Robert Maurice Percy Day

Medals of Special Inspector Robert Day probably based in Farnham

Andy Murray: Robert was born, lived and died in Surrey, originally from Enfield Villas in the Ash, Aldershot area, then from the 1930s until certainly 1961 living in Cobgates Cottages, Farnham...which I believe is now where a Nursing home is.

So serving in the Surrey Constabulary seems most likely.

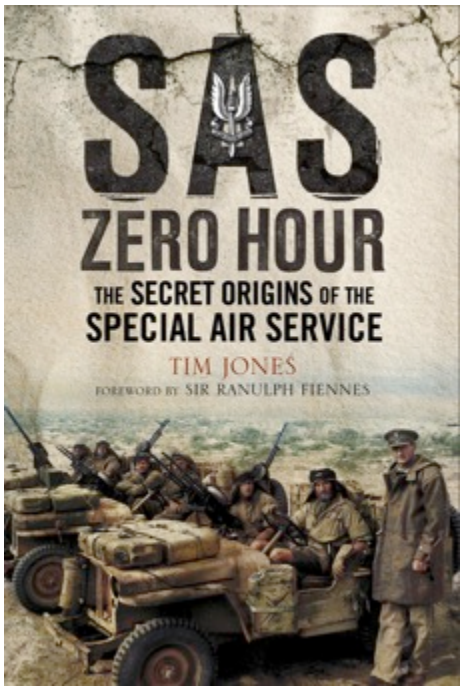
What I trying to narrow down is what he was doing from 1940-1945, he served with the Royal Field Artillery in WW1 in the rank of Bombardier, 173rd Bde RFA, 116th Trench Mortar Battery, then 36th Division HQ Royal Artillery, then commissioned into the Royal Garrison Artillery in 1919, relinquished his commission in 1921.

He was a Journalist prior to 1915 and carried on in that profession certainly until 1939 (his trade on the 1939 Register, so that's why his medal interested me were his skills used for other means...on the 1939 register in the notes it doesn't mention being a Special Constable which is quite often the case.

The medal group I obtained also has with it a WW2 Group...Robert may have married in 1920 to a Phyllis Stephanie Cox but no other Days appear to be living with at his

time in Cobgates...but nothing obvious pops up for him in regard WW2...various references have him going by either Robert or Percy.[10]

SAS Zero Hour



The Secret Origins of the Special Air Service

By Tim Jones

frontline BOOKS

Pages: 240

ISBN: 9781526713513

Published: 14th December 2017

This is a reprint of a 2006 book from Pen and Sword re-visiting the role of David Stirling as the progenitor of the SAS concept. There is little or no doubt that the trigger for formation was Stirling who by good fortune developed a concept for deployment that met the needs of the commanding generals in the Middle East. It is clear that the British Army had for generations made use of what would become known as special forces and that there were key players, Dudley Clarke, Laycock,

[10] Email to Robert Bartlett from Andy Murray 7 February 2018

Archibald Wavell, Claude Auchinleck, Calvert, Wingate and others who were prepared to question military orthodoxy.

This questioning was encouraged by the new prime minister, Churchill, who had a fascination for all things clandestine; the unexpected. Many of the concepts for the formation and use of the SAS had been considered or used in the past though it is not clear that Stirling was such a student of military history and had absorbed the special forces potential from studying past campaigns. He was more an artist then mountain-climber than military history buff! Stirling did however know and meet socially and professionally a great many men involved in what would be called commandos and special forces.He would most likely to have known what was going on within the secret world. It would seem that the plan formulated from Stirling's hospital bed following a parachute accident was by chance for him, pushing on an open door as pressure was mounting on the generals to take the fight to the enemy.

This is not an operational history of the Regiment but a well researched, detailed account of how and why the SAS came to be. The author sets out clearly that Stirling was pivotal in the establishment of the SAS both in its inception and development though the latter was greatly influenced by Jock Lewis. Stirling turned a concept into actuality and made it work. That was his military inventiveness and astuteness. Stirling had all the benefits of class and therefore access to the influential that would have been denied to most although it has to be said that Bagnold and the LRDG well known as he was in his field of desert exploration, did not have the advantages of the address book that Stirling had. Additionally, Stirling was in the middle though not prominent, in the development of ski-troops, many of who went on to be commandos, members of the SBS and other specialist groups ensuring his contact list and awareness of special services was extended. Stirling was also very aware that, "In the army our shares rose as we showed profit."

In May 1940 the CIGS Military Assistant Clarke wrote a draft memo about raiding noting that enemy air bases, communications and tired and hungry troops could be targeted by raiders. He continues, "History shows many examples of the damage small bodies of determined men can inflict" by guerrilla action as exemplified by the "Boers and those resisting the Turks in recent years". Lawrence perceived that the desert could be an ideal environment in which to conceal small raiding forces who could attack the enemy at will, using local intelligence to hit enemy communications, not least the railways.

Wavell in March 1940 highlighted the need for light mobile offensive patrolling to hit the enemy's supply. Elements of 7th Armour mounted a truck borne "specialist desire recce" to Sita Oasis which established that only small lightly equipped mechanised detachments could take the offensive.

Following prodding from Churchill in April Dill urged Wavell to be prepared to conduct desert patrols to interdict enemy forces and destroy supply and petrol convoys. It was a time when "great daring is needed and great losses accepted."

In June 1940 volunteers were sought across Home Command for 5,000 volunteers for special service giving a role description which was prescient for the future SAS, " — to be able to live off the country, move unseen by night and day, to stay the enemy, and report on this activity." In addition they would be given instruction in mountaineering, driving, boat work, night operations, demolitions, sabotage and street fighting.

When in June Bagnold proposed his LRDG to Wavell the general's existing view was reinforced that a small body of men far behind enemy lines can exert an influence on operations out of all proportion to their numbers. Wavell supported
boldness and daring together with surprise in attack declaring that the desert should provide opportunities for more mobile and unorthodox warfare. In the interwar period Wavell had seen the Russian army use parachutes and sought to develop the idea in the British army. It was Bagnold's view that Wavell, "Loved little enterprises of this kind."

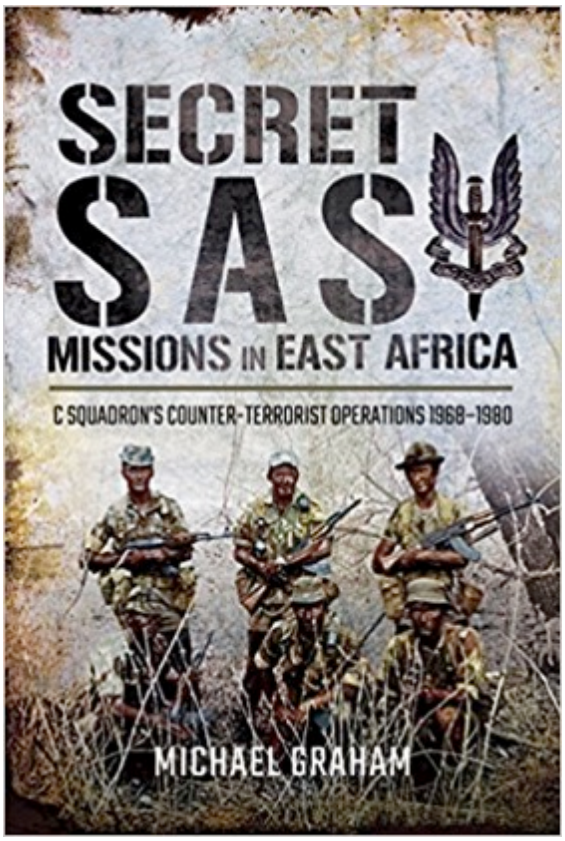
In September 1940 Wingate arrived in the Middle East where he wrote a paper about a large force of air supplied motorised desert raiders a report that sparked "substantial Interest" amongst senior commanders in behind the lines raiding.

It was still some hectic months before the SAS were to be formed on the 1 July 1941 but by then the commanders were ready for such a proposal, even though Wavell had moved on and replaced by Auchinleck with Major General Neil Ritchie as his chief of staff. Ritchie was a Scott and knew Stirling's family particularly the Lovats and made Sterling welcome reading his proposal before passing it to Auchinleck. Churchill, not unusually was pressurising Auchinleck, a general interested in paratroops, to relieve pressure on Tobruk. And agreed Stirlings proposal as "something might be gained and nothing would be lost."

The rest as they say is history which of course means there are a number of interpretations!

This is not a new book but it is an important one and to those interested in the SAS in the desert and their formation a vital work, with detailed research with balanced analyses.

Secret SAS Missions in Africa



C Squadrons Counter-Terrorist Operations 1968 1980

Hardcover – 20 Nov 2017 by Michael Graham
Pen & Sword Military
Pages: 200
ISBN: 9781526712462

This is a difficult book to review! In his introduction to the work Graham wrote, “I had no wish co-write a precise accurate history," also, “—— while most of what I had written was based on actual events I’d mixed things up and added detail to suit the narrative in each story”. Is the book therefore a novel or faction or part biography? If some is true what is and what is not? Did the raids take place, was the Vladivostok

sunk at Beira? It is baffling to know where fact ends and fiction starts. Do the main characters exist or are they a fiction?

The title of the book could be seen as a "come on" by the publisher although it is as it says on the cover, "SAS operations in Africa" but not it is not the UK 22 SAS covering Barras and other operations but the Rhodesian equivalent operating against ZAPU and ZANU from 1968-1980.

The author is Mike Graham, born in Burnley, Lancashire but brought up in Rhodesia. He was called up for National Service in the Rhodesian Army. After being commissioned as an officer he joined the Rhodesian SAS (C. Squadron), rising to be Second-in-Command. His and his fellow soldiers

experiences are the subject of this book. He left the Army as a Major and emigrated to New Zealand in 1990.

At the height of the Cold War the Russians and Chinese to a lesser extent the North Koreans were actively courting dissident political and tribal factions throughout Africa training and arming them backing in their terms, liberation struggles. The eyes of the major powers were firmly fixed on the vast mineral riches of central Africa: oil in Angola; copper in Zambia; gold, chrome, asbestos, nickel and cold deposits in Zimbabwe and Mozambique: platinum and diamonds in Botswana. Ultimately they wanted South Africa but first they had to establish themselves in central Africa and the job of C squadron SAS was to make that as difficult as possible for all parties involved.

The Sabre **Squadrons of 22 SAS** are named A,B, D and G. C Squadron was not a part of the Regiment although there was no doubt a cross fertilisation of ideas and some people serving and retired from the British army joined Rhodesian armed forces. At least two of the commanding officers were British SAS and the troops were a real international mix. C (Rhodesian) squadron was added to the Malayan scouts in 1950 later to become 22 SAS. In 1953 C Squadron returned to Africa Using an international mix of equipment to confuse the enemy, Graham and his troop Attacked terrorist infiltrators and their supply lines destroying training and battle camps. The men blew up bridges roads and railways, boats and ships fuel dumps in stores to distract the logistical effort often deep inside unfriendly country. The author at the close of his introduction to C Squadron writes, "We were at the African cold war killers".

"SAS Missions in Africa" paints a graphic and thrilling account of the covert operations of Rhodesian special forces including a more modern version of "Cockleshell Heroes" when with the assistance of South Africa a team were dropped from a submarine to destroy a Russian freighter full of heavy military equipment destined for the insurgents. If the story is as it is told, this was a remarkable operation.

If this is a work of faction or faction it remains a good read although only those involved will know the truth. The problem with the book is that it may make the history of the period in that part of Africa even more disjointed and confused.