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

April 2020

www.surrey-constabulary.com

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Ultimately how we react to historic things is a value judgement and these values shift and change over time
Who will be the guardians of our memory?

Surrey Constabulary History
Journal 61

Mount Browne before it became buried in staff and cars!

Contents

Family Force?

Robert Bartlett

Those with memories of the 1950s and 1960s and possibly even further back, may recall the very strong feeling of family within the Surrey Constabulary. Maybe that is predicated on the "rosy glow" of memory or being a lot younger! However, this feeling is so often mentioned there must be something in it. So how could it be?

Police officers, their families and the very few then called civilian staff participated in a whole range of sporting and social events from the club in the police station to local fundraising police balls. Families knew each other. Police housing was often grouped together with wives and children growing up as neighbours and friends. This engendered a feeling of belonging, being a part of something larger than self. Officers moved about and given the numbers were less than a thousand came to know a significant number of their colleagues. HJ1 was better than any news channel at keeping aware of what was happening and who was involved! Later, Off Beat helped with reports of births, deaths and marriages along with sports and charity events. Lots of photographs not always of PJM. Life could be petty at times and frustrating. You worked where you were told. Lived in the police house allocated. Postings from Camberley to Caterham and back were not unknown. Most lived where they worked and were a part of the community. Not all the bosses were brilliant, and some colleagues difficult but overall people were, it is said, more content. Just look at the medal ribbons of the police officers at this time. Many had a difficult war, now content with the quiet family life with all ambition for responsibility utterly drained from their being. Some did not come home, killed, wounded or unable to face the prospect of twenty miles a day on foot having been a major, colonel or Squadron Leader. National Service for most had helped boys become men and aware of the sensibilities when living amongst others in section houses. Not much pay but there were police houses. Respected and supported by the overwhelming number of our locals and in time, if all goes to plan, to draw a pension.

In the first 95 years of the Force there were three chief constables 1851 to 1899 Hastings, 1899 -1930 Sant and from 1930 – 1946 Nicholson. Hastings had to start a police force from scratch which he did at an incredible pace. Stability, probably too much of it, was evident by the length of tenure but both Sant and Nicholson had extremely difficult times to police the county, during world wars. It should never be underestimated the pressures brought upon police by these wars. Not just the loss of men to the forces, there were significant proportion of serving officers killed and wounded with all the sadness and sense of loss that brought. Workload increased to a level per man today it would be difficult to understand. Add to the complexity and volume of war work the means of transport a bicycle, no radios just a hard slog from one task to another and at all times making the Point at a phone box, farm or country house. Twenty to thirty miles a day on foot or bicycle, mud in the winter dust in the summer. Heavy clothing with waterproofs

and an oil lamp strapped to the bike! Very soon to learn the art of "smooth, non-aggressive talking."

The letter shown below, came to Surrey Constabulary history from the late Detective Sergeant Woods many years ago. He retired on a medical pension in 1970, worn out. Chief Constable Herman Rutherford, an highly regarded leader, wrote to Sergeant Woods by hand, on his own notepaper from home, obviously well aware of all the circumstances. This personal touch consolidates the feeling of family. Rutherford's predecessor Joe Simpson, later Sir Joseph Simpson, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, is said to have known everyone. He would call in at rural police houses, sit down and have tea and talk to the wives and their husbands. He knew what was going on!
So, is the term a family force still used? The policing family is mentioned usually following a tragedy involving the force. I have no way of knowing if the current chief constable writes such letters. Gavin Stevens has the advantage over so many of his predecessors that he has spent all his service in Surrey and will therefore know many people. (This of course works both ways!) The modern chief constable also has a much bigger job than his predecessors and no doubt work long hours most days. Hopefully knowing so many people on his way up, helps "speaking truth to power." A feeling of belonging is not just engendered by chief officers from the top but attitudes and actions from every level of management has a part to play.

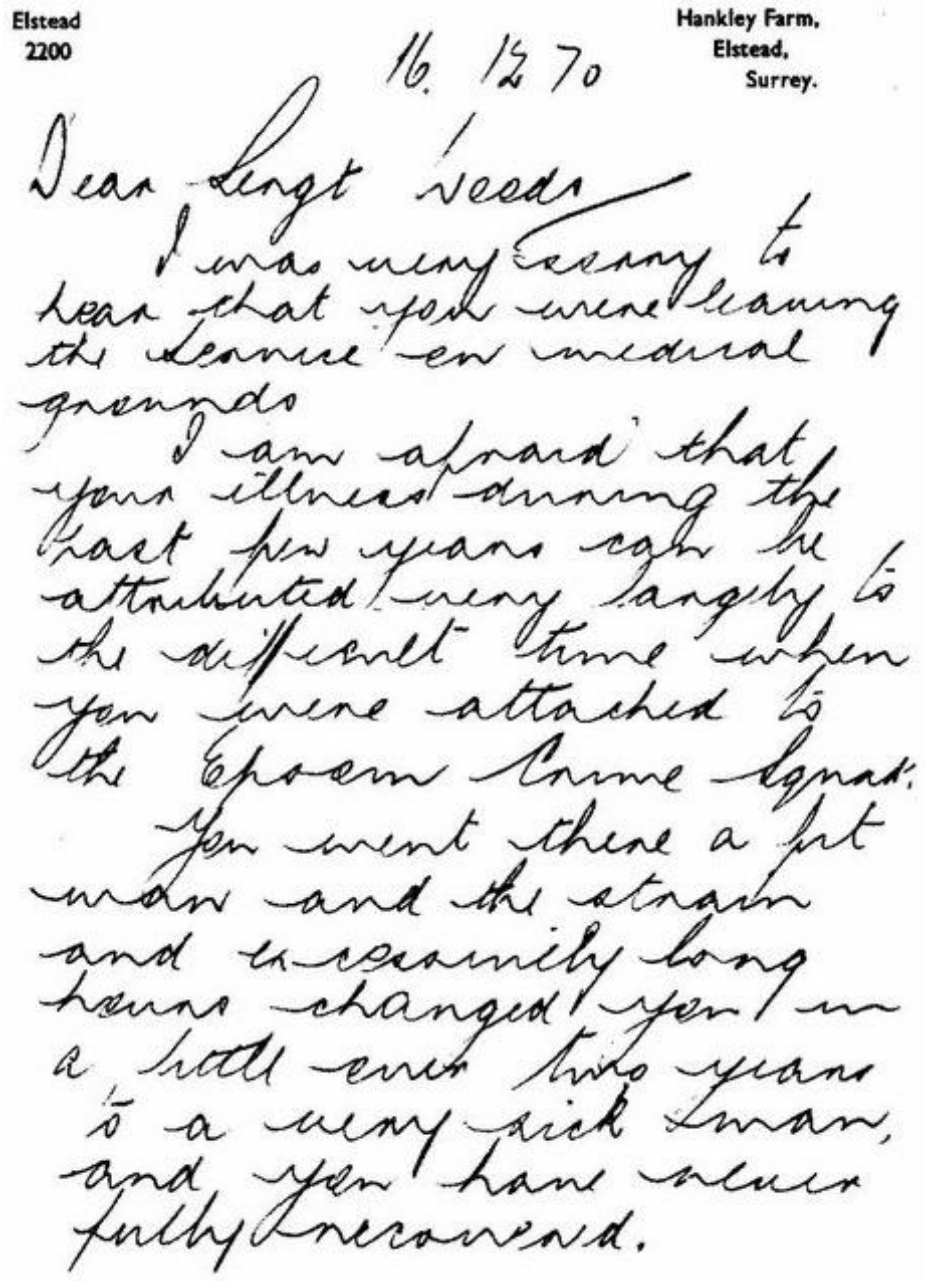
The downside to maintaining the "family feeling" has had several significant difficulties in the county. The modern police are not so homogenous as in the past. Up to the 1970s it was mostly men with a sprinkling of policewomen at every station but rarely amongst the hierarchy. (So many were very bright and able) Civilian staff were also in a significant minority, mostly ladies undertaking clerical tasks or section house cooks, surrogate mothers. The loss of police stations, people living miles away from work, no police clubs for events such as retirement gatherings, sports teams collapsing. No place because of budget cuts for the retired except large numbers now work for the "Firm." There are always reunions planned across old departments and divisions frequently organised by former Surrey Constabulary officers. And funerals – far too many when old acquaintances are renewed. The loss of Off Beat and its friendly uncritical reporting has provided a treasure trove on the life of the Surrey Constabulary from its inception until it became the Izvestia propaganda sheet! (One can only hope there is a full run of Off Beat somewhere in the Surrey Police archives) The greatest change is a societal one not confined to policing. From being a way of life for most, for many it is now a job not the Job. A service they will commit to and do as well as they can but maybe not for the full pensionable service.

Officers always left early. Some just could not hack the work, the hours, the impingement of being a police officer had on their lives. Others who were after a career realised they would not achieve the level in the organisation they wanted and moved to other work. Ladies married had children, left never to return. Some stayed the course and contributed a great deal. The Force also suffered extensive losses to other areas such as the Metropolitan Police, City or returned home to the north east. It is certain this continues today with the attractions London holds not just for the opportunities but earning potential. Many Retired Comrades having moved away

from Surrey frequently express how fond their feelings are for the old constabulary with always a tinge of regret on leaving. (To be fair there will many who never looked back!) Friends and comrades and bosses from early in service stay with you even if just as memories and yarns looking back with probably a far too rosy glow!

Yes, it is different today. But what is not? Particularly with the restrictions we now have and the police out and about running risks to their health unparalleled since those on the streets policed the Blitz with many losses of life. The feeling of family might be there. It is a crisis like this we are living through that will reveal its strength and durability. I wish them all well.

Letter from Chief Constable Herman Rutherford to Detective Sergeant Woods 1970



Elstead
2200

Hankley Farm,
Elstead,
Surrey.

16. 12 70

Dear Sergt Woods

I was very sorry to hear that you were leaving the Service on medical grounds.

I am afraid that your illness during the last few years can be attributed very largely to the difficult time when you were attached to the Epsom Crime Squad.

You went there a fit man and the strain and excessively long hours changed you in a matter of two years to a very sick man, and you have never fully recovered.

you are paying the penalty, your senior officials, including myself must bear the blame.
We demanded too much in these early crime squad days.
I do hope you make a full recovery.

Yours sincerely
N Rutherford

Remembering the old 'Westmonster'

I am replying to ex-PC Moore and in defence of the Austin Westminster patrol car (December *Off Beat*).

In 1958 I was posted to Headquarters Traffic Department, stationed at Chertsey Traffic Centre. During my ten years there we had both Ford cars and the 'dreaded' Austin Westminster.

If my memory serves me correctly, Chertsey Traffic Officers were the only ones who liked the Austin. I and many others found it a fast, safe car to drive and it was a 'presence' out on the highway. I am pictured with another officer and, in the far right hand corner,PC Ron Perry.The West'monster' is on the right.

Ex-PC John Brennan

Zephyr 6 and Austin Westminster 1958 Traffic PC Ron Perry and PC John Brennan

55 Girls Allowed To Do Traffic Duty 1971

The Chief Constable of Surrey, Mr. Peter Matthews, inspects policewomen wearing their new-style uniforms at Mount Browne, Guildford, on Friday last week. He is also seen with Woman Police Supt. P. Sandford to whom he presented a 22-years long-service award after the inspection. Supt. Sandford is wearing a white top over her "Robin Hood" hat — part of the policewomen's new summer uniform. Story on page 4.

Surrey Adv
5-3-71

INSPECTION OF NEW UNIFORMS

AT Mount Browne, the headquarters of Surrey Constabulary, on Friday afternoon last week, an inspection of about 20 policewomen, wearing their new-style uniforms, was carried out by the Chief Constable of Surrey, Mr. Peter Matthews.

The new slim-line style, with smart fitted jackets and straight, knee-length skirt in diamond-weave Barathea is set off by the "Robin Hood" styled hats with dark navy-and-white checked hat bands. These will be covered by a white top during the summer months with open-necked blouses, tailored to wear outside the skirts.

All the girls were unanimous in their appreciation of the new uniform and said it was much lighter and more comfortable to wear than the old.

Surrey's policewomen are the first to wear the new uniforms and Mr. Matthews was obviously proud of the smart turn-out on Friday.

Following the inspection he presented a long-service award to Woman Police Supt. P. Sandford, who has been in the force 22 years.

Mr. Matthews said it was a privilege to present the award.

Miss Sandford joined the force in 1949 in Essex. She was there for 19 years before transferring to Guildford in 1967. She said on Friday she had been interested in police work since she was about 14 and had found all aspects of it interesting.

At Guildford she is in charge of a maximum of 55 girls. Several of them are married to policemen and one came from Zambia. Miss Sandford became a sergeant after five years in the force and a superintendant two years ago.

Today it was possible to become a sergeant after only two years in the force she said, and girls were allowed to do traffic duty — something which was not possible when she joined.

She was full of praise for the new uniforms and thought they were a great improvement on the old ones which were heavy and uncomfortable, especially in summer.

Snap up ‘The Hero of Haslemere’

Saturday, 29 February 2020 - Local People

Henry Pelham with the memorial blue plaque erected in a special ceremony at Haslemere Town Hall in 2016

THE ‘Hero of Haslemere’ is set to get wider recognition following publication of a full biography.

Thanks to a six-year labour of love by his great, great grandson Henry Pelham, the life story of Inspector William Donaldson (1807-1855) – the first Surrey Police officer to be killed in line of duty – has now been published. Copies of Inspector William Donaldson are on sale in Haslemere Museum and Haslemere Bookshop.

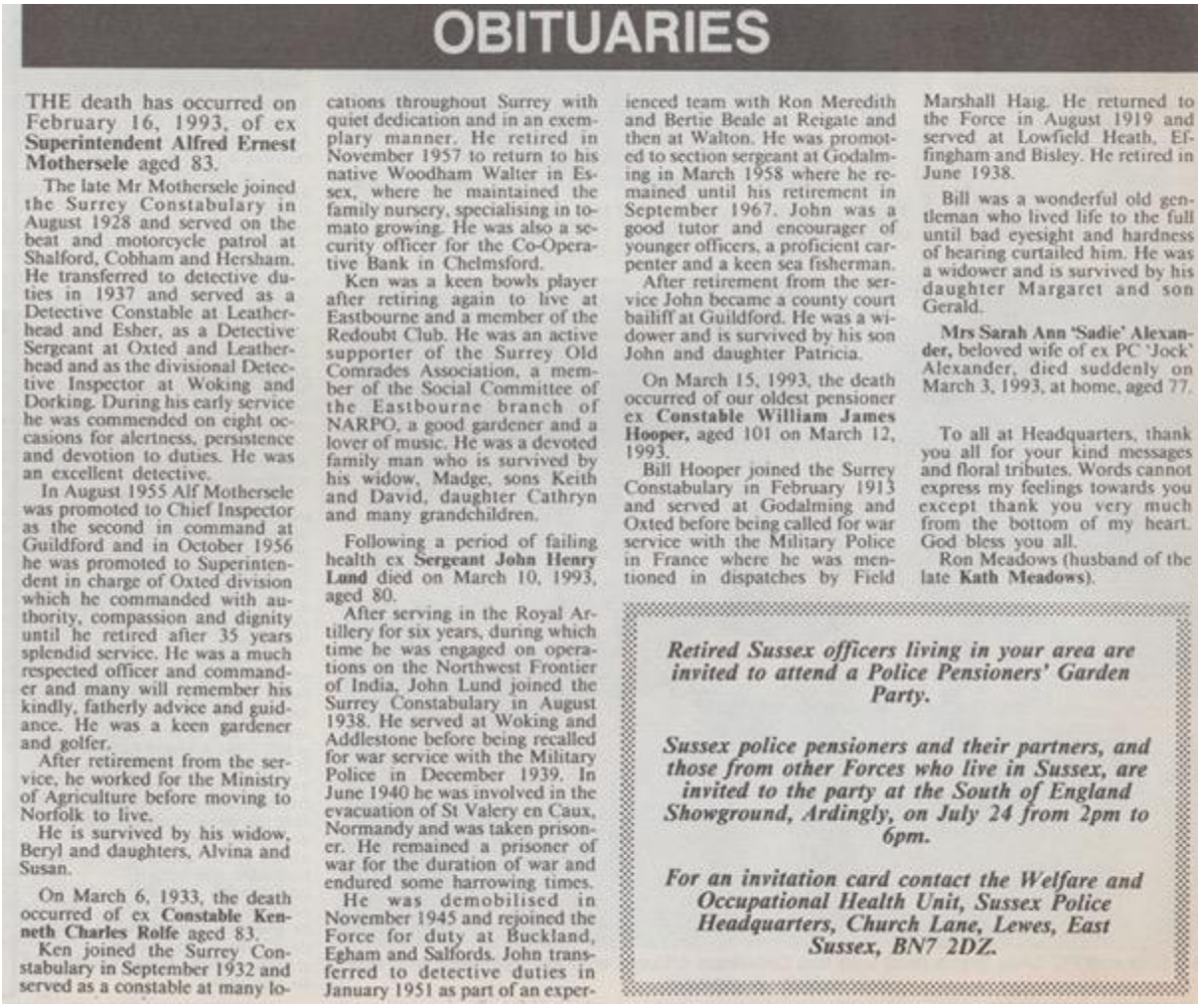
Mr Pelham’s detailed research is also an account of what life was like for a 19th-century policeman. The illustrated book offers a wealth of information on his police career, based on documents from the Metropolitan Police collection, and extracts from his entries in the policing records when he was based in Dorking.

Insp Donaldson lost his life in 1855 trying to restore law and order in Haslemere, when a group of railway navvies went on a drunken rampage. They beat him to death and seriously injured his constable and the town doctor, before police reinforcements arrived.

Insp Donaldson’s heroism is recorded on the Police Roll of Honour. In his foreword, Hindhead-based national police chaplain the Rev Canon David Wilbrahim writes: “We acknowledge his commitment and sacrifice, are mindful of the courage and bravery he displayed, and ensure his loss is not forgotten.” It was thanks to Mr Pelham’s wife Jean’s interest in family history that

he came across him in 2010 and started attending Haslemere Town Council's 'Donaldson Day' annual memorials as guest of honour. Mr Pelham said: "There's not a day that passes without him being mentioned."

1993 Obituaries Superintendent Motherside age 83 PC Hooper age 101, Mrs Sarah Alexander



OBITUARIES

THE death has occurred on February 16, 1993, of ex **Superintendent Alfred Ernest Mothersele** aged 83.

The late Mr Mothersele joined the Surrey Constabulary in August 1928 and served on the beat and motorcycle patrol at Shalford, Cobham and Hersham. He transferred to detective duties in 1937 and served as a Detective Constable at Leatherhead and Esher, as a Detective Sergeant at Oxted and Leatherhead and as the divisional Detective Inspector at Woking and Dorking. During his early service he was commended on eight occasions for alertness, persistence and devotion to duties. He was an excellent detective.

In August 1955 Alf Mothersele was promoted to Chief Inspector as the second in command at Guildford and in October 1956 he was promoted to Superintendent in charge of Oxted division which he commanded with authority, compassion and dignity until he retired after 35 years splendid service. He was a much respected officer and commander and many will remember his kindly, fatherly advice and guidance. He was a keen gardener and golfer.

After retirement from the service, he worked for the Ministry of Agriculture before moving to Norfolk to live.

He is survived by his widow, Beryl and daughters, Alvina and Susan.

On March 6, 1933, the death occurred of ex **Constable Kenneth Charles Rolfe** aged 83.

Ken joined the Surrey Constabulary in September 1932 and served as a constable at many locations throughout Surrey with quiet dedication and in an exemplary manner. He retired in November 1957 to return to his native Woodham Walter in Essex, where he maintained the family nursery, specialising in tomato growing. He was also a security officer for the Co-Operative Bank in Chelmsford.

Ken was a keen bowls player after retiring again to live at Eastbourne and a member of the Redoubt Club. He was an active supporter of the Surrey Old Comrades Association, a member of the Social Committee of the Eastbourne branch of NARPO, a good gardener and a lover of music. He was a devoted family man who is survived by his widow, Madge, sons Keith and David, daughter Cathryn and many grandchildren.

Following a period of failing health ex **Sergeant John Henry Lund** died on March 10, 1993, aged 80.

After serving in the Royal Artillery for six years, during which time he was engaged on operations on the Northwest Frontier of India, John Lund joined the Surrey Constabulary in August 1938. He served at Woking and Addlestone before being recalled for war service with the Military Police in December 1939. In June 1940 he was involved in the evacuation of St Valery en Caux, Normandy and was taken prisoner. He remained a prisoner of war for the duration of war and endured some harrowing times.

He was demobilised in November 1945 and rejoined the Force for duty at Buckland, Egham and Salfords. John transferred to detective duties in January 1951 as part of an experienced team with Ron Meredith and Bertie Beale at Reigate and then at Walton. He was promoted to section sergeant at Godalming in March 1958 where he remained until his retirement in September 1967. John was a good tutor and encourager of younger officers, a proficient carpenter and a keen sea fisherman.

After retirement from the service John became a county court bailiff at Guildford. He was a widower and is survived by his son John and daughter Patricia.

On March 15, 1993, the death occurred of our oldest pensioner ex **Constable William James Hooper,** aged 101 on March 12, 1993.

Bill Hooper joined the Surrey Constabulary in February 1913 and served at Godalming and Oxted before being called for war service with the Military Police in France where he was mentioned in dispatches by Field Marshall Haig. He returned to the Force in August 1919 and served at Lowfield Heath, Effingham and Bisley. He retired in June 1938.

Bill was a wonderful old gentleman who lived life to the full until bad eyesight and hardness of hearing curtailed him. He was a widower and is survived by his daughter Margaret and son Gerald.

Mrs Sarah Ann 'Sadie' Alexander, beloved wife of ex PC 'Jock' Alexander, died suddenly on March 3, 1993, at home, aged 77.

To all at Headquarters, thank you all for your kind messages and floral tributes. Words cannot express my feelings towards you except thank you very much from the bottom of my heart. God bless you all.

Ron Meadows (husband of the late **Kath Meadows**).

Retired Sussex officers living in your area are invited to attend a Police Pensioners' Garden Party.

Sussex police pensioners and their partners, and those from other Forces who live in Sussex, are invited to the party at the South of England Showground, Ardingly, on July 24 from 2pm to 6pm.

For an invitation card contact the Welfare and Occupational Health Unit, Sussex Police Headquarters, Church Lane, Lewes, East Sussex, BN7 2DZ.

Major Geoffrey Nicholson, CBE MC MID three times, Chief Constable Surrey 1930-1946

Major Nicholson was the Chief Constable of the Surrey Constabulary and of the Surrey Joint Police during the Second World War following the incorporation of the Boroughs of Reigate and Guildford. His time as chief constable spanned the political and financial problems of the 1930s, the Abdication which physically took place in the Surrey Constabulary area and the build up to and leading the Home Front in Surrey from 1938- 1946. There are opportunities for considerable research into the work and times of Major Nicholson. The below in the main came

from a military historian Barrie Friend. I do not think much of the below has been explored before.

Family Background

Geoffrey Nicholson was born in 1894 at Eastmore on the Isle of Wight and by 1911 was living at an address shown as Hants Constabulary, West Hill, Romsey Road, Winchester. In 1920 he married Jeanne Warde and they had three daughters. Geoffrey died in 1976 at Canford Cliffs, Poole


MAJOR G. NICHOLSON,
CHIEF CONSTABLE OF SURREY.

In 1939 as Chief Constable was residing Old Great Halfpenny, Chilworth, Guildford, Surrey,

Major Nicholson was awarded the CBE listed in the London Gazette 1 Jan 1944 p.20 for his war work. In addition to all the problems Surrey faced, there was a great deal of very secret activity within the county involving SOE and SIS establishments along with a huge military presence for most of the war years.

Military career

1913 Joined Hampshire Regiment. LG 16th September 1913
1915 Lieutenant
Geoffrey Nicholson Rank: Captain
Gazette Issue 30111. M.C. His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve of the mentioned rewards for distinguished service in the field. Awarded the Military Cross.
Gazette Date: 01/06/1917 Gazette Page: 5482

Chevalier Order of Star of Rumania LG Supp, 11748 20 September 1919

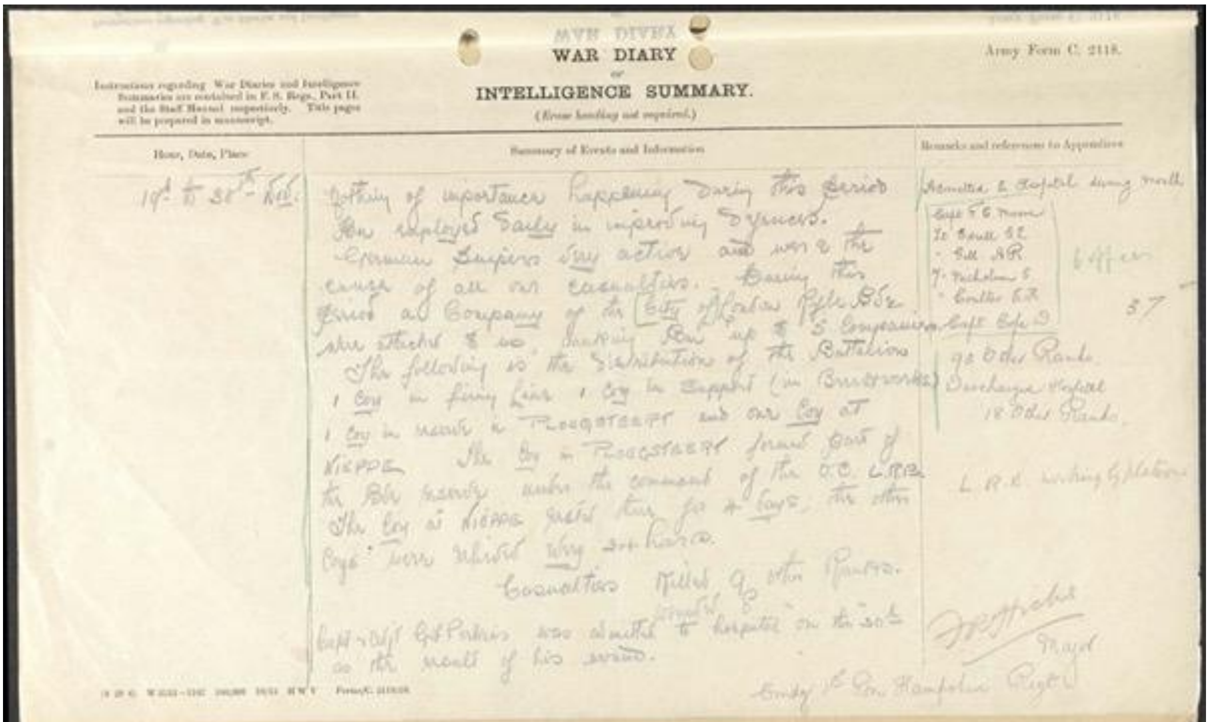
1st BATTALION THE HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT.

5th August 1914. First day of Mobilization.
8th August " Battalion Mobilized, ready to move.
18th August " Moved to Harrow.

Nominal Roll of Officers 1st Hampshire Regt.

Embarked 22nd August 1914 for Service.

Hd. Qr.	Colonel	JACKSON
	Major	HICKS
	Capt. & Adjt.	PERKINS
	MED.Off. Capt.	WILLIAMS
	Mach. Gun. Lt.	LE HUNTE
	Transp. Off. Lt.	EDSALL.
A. Coy.	Captain	MOORE
	Captain	RICHARDS
	Lieut.	CECIL
	Lieut.	KENT
	Lieut.	NICHOLSON
B. Coy.	Captain	BAXTER
	Captain	HARLAND
	Lieut.	DOLPHIN
	Lieut.	KNOCKER
	Lieut.	COWAN
C. Coy.	Major	BARLOW
	Captain	CONNELLAN
	Lieut.	SWEET
	Lieut.	TRIMMER
	Lieut.	ROSE



WAR DIARY
or
INTELLIGENCE SUMMARY.
(Erase heading not required.)

Army Form C. 2118.

Instructions regarding War Diaries and Intelligence Summaries are contained in F. S. Regs., Part II. and the Staff Manual respectively. Title pages will be prepared in manuscript.

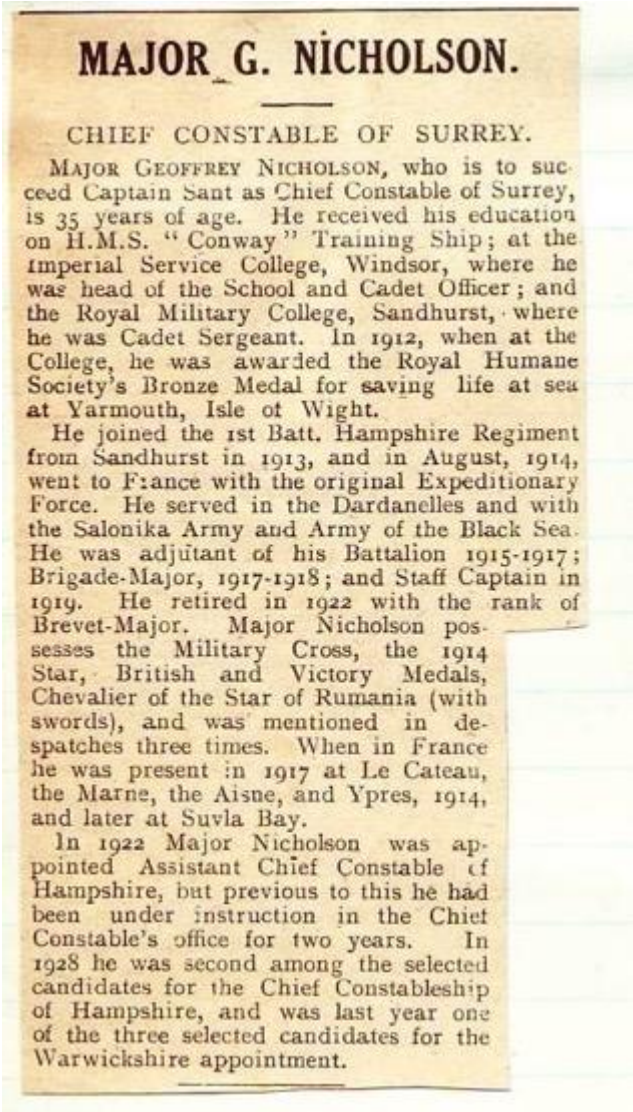
Hour, Date, Place	Summary of Events and Information	Remarks and references to Appendices
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

The War Diary to the right shows Lt Nicholson wounded

From Clifford Williams former Hampshire Constable Constabulary: Major Nicholson was the son in law of Major Warde chief constable of Hampshire. Major Warde stirred controversy by appointing him Assistant Chief Constable in 1922 after he had been sworn in as a constable only three weeks earlier! Rapid promotion if ever there was.

The circumstance of his advancement led to a big debate at the Standing Joint Committee and a resolution that "in future such appointments be confined to persons of experience in the ranks of the force below that in which the appointment is made". The resolution was passed with only one vote against.

Mr Nicholson left Hampshire to become chief constable of Surrey in December 1930.



MAJOR G. NICHOLSON.

CHIEF CONSTABLE OF SURREY.

MAJOR GEOFFREY NICHOLSON, who is to succeed Captain Sant as Chief Constable of Surrey, is 35 years of age. He received his education on H.M.S. "Conway" Training Ship; at the Imperial Service College, Windsor, where he was head of the School and Cadet Officer; and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, where he was Cadet Sergeant. In 1912, when at the College, he was awarded the Royal Humane Society's Bronze Medal for saving life at sea at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight.

He joined the 1st Batt. Hampshire Regiment from Sandhurst in 1913, and in August, 1914, went to France with the original Expeditionary Force. He served in the Dardanelles and with the Salonika Army and Army of the Black Sea. He was adjutant of his Battalion 1915-1917; Brigade-Major, 1917-1918; and Staff Captain in 1919. He retired in 1922 with the rank of Brevet-Major. Major Nicholson possesses the Military Cross, the 1914 Star, British and Victory Medals, Chevalier of the Star of Rumania (with swords), and was mentioned in despatches three times. When in France he was present in 1917 at Le Cateau, the Marne, the Aisne, and Ypres, 1914, and later at Suvla Bay.

In 1922 Major Nicholson was appointed Assistant Chief Constable of Hampshire, but previous to this he had been under instruction in the Chief Constable's office for two years. In 1928 he was second among the selected candidates for the Chief Constableship of Hampshire, and was last year one of the three selected candidates for the Warwickshire appointment.

* * *

SURREY'S NEW POLICE CHIEF.

Major G. Nicholson, who was on Monday appointed Chief Constable of Surrey, will, when he takes office in December, be just about the same age as Capt. Sant was when he succeeded Capt. Hastings thirty-one years ago. Although the Standing Joint Committee reserved to themselves the right to appoint a man over 40, the age-limit under the police regulations for a Chief Constable, they evidently found in Major Nicholson, a man of 35, all the qualifications needed for the position. He will bring, what Capt. Sant was unable to bring when he was appointed, previous experience of police work, having served as Assistant Chief Constable of Hampshire for over seven years, after two years' preliminary training. He had a distinguished record in the Great War, having served at Le Cateau, the Aisne, the Marne, and Ypres in 1914, after which he was in the Dardanelles, at Salonica, and with the Army of the Black Sea. Another qualification he has which will stand him in good stead in Surrey: he has had a good deal of experience of motor traffic, and has had personally to handle the problem at the tattoos at Aldershot and Tidworth, and in connection with the Schneider Trophy. Members of the Force will be glad to learn that, like Capt. Sant, he is keen on encouraging sport, and has himself captained the police eleven in Hampshire. A good organiser, a good disciplinarian, and a good sportsman seem to sum up fittingly Major Nicholson's qualities, and we hope he will find his work in Surrey congenial, and make a long stay.

* * *

Maj. G Nicholson CBE MC
1930 - 1946

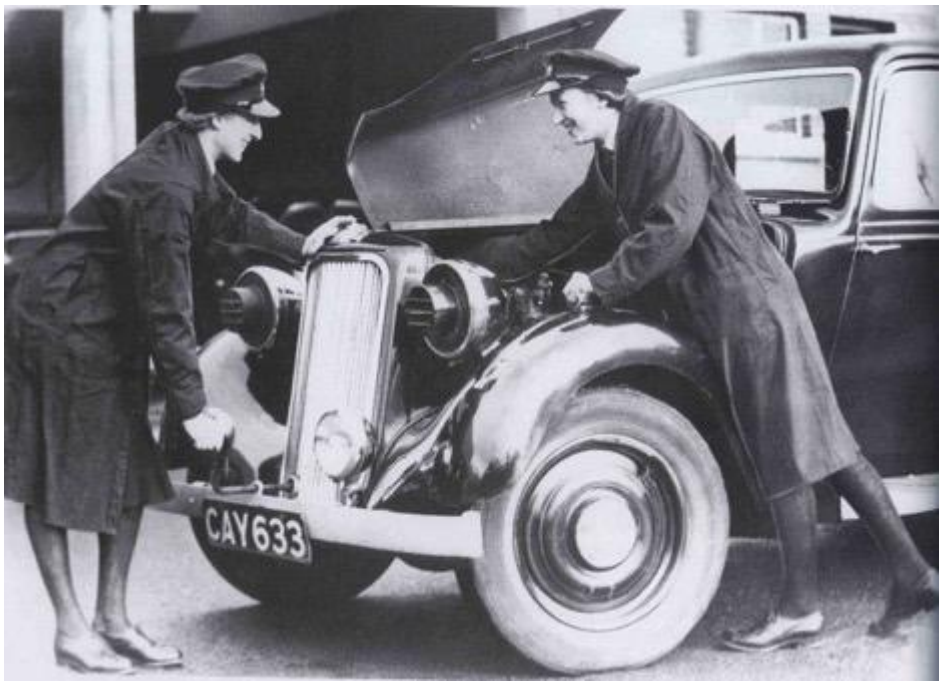
Off Beat readers may be interested to study this photograph, taken in 1938 by ex-Police Sergeant Arthur Durrant of Portsmouth who is a former member of the Surrey Constabulary.

Back row left to right: Insp. Roberts H.Q., Insp. Andrews H.Q., Insp. Bishop, Sgt. Lucas H.Q., Insp. Wanstall, Insp. Collins, Insp. Davies, insp. Turner, Sgt. Baker – Garage, Sgt. Durrant – instructor.

Front row left to right: Insp. Cox, Sgt. Curry, Weybridge; Supt. Runnegar, Farnham; Supt. Hilton, Dorking; Mr. Beecher, C.C. Reigate; Major Nicholson, C.C. Surrey; Mr. Oliver, C.C. Guildford; Supt. Bird, D.C.C. Surrey; Supt. White, Woking; Supt. Minter, Leatherhead; Supt. Back, Chief Clerk.

All were attending an anti-gas course. Mr. Durrant has stated the ranks as far as he can remember – as they were when the picture was taken.

1938 Anti-Gas course Woodbridge Road



Women's Auxiliary Police Corps Armstrong Siddeley

Armstrong Siddeley

Obituary PC Arthur Atkinson

Former Constable Arthur Atkinson died on December 30, aged 81.

After serving in the Coldstream Guards from 1930 to 1934, Arthur joined Surrey and served at Godalming, Wormley, Horsley and Shalford. He was recalled to the colours for service in various theatres of war with the Corps of Royal Military Police from December 1 1939 until December 1945, attaining the rank of Regimental Sergeant Major.

Upon return to the service in 1945 he served on the beat and as a dog handler at Egham, Mickleham and Thorpe. In June 1955 he was commended by the Chief Constable for outstanding work on the Dog Section.

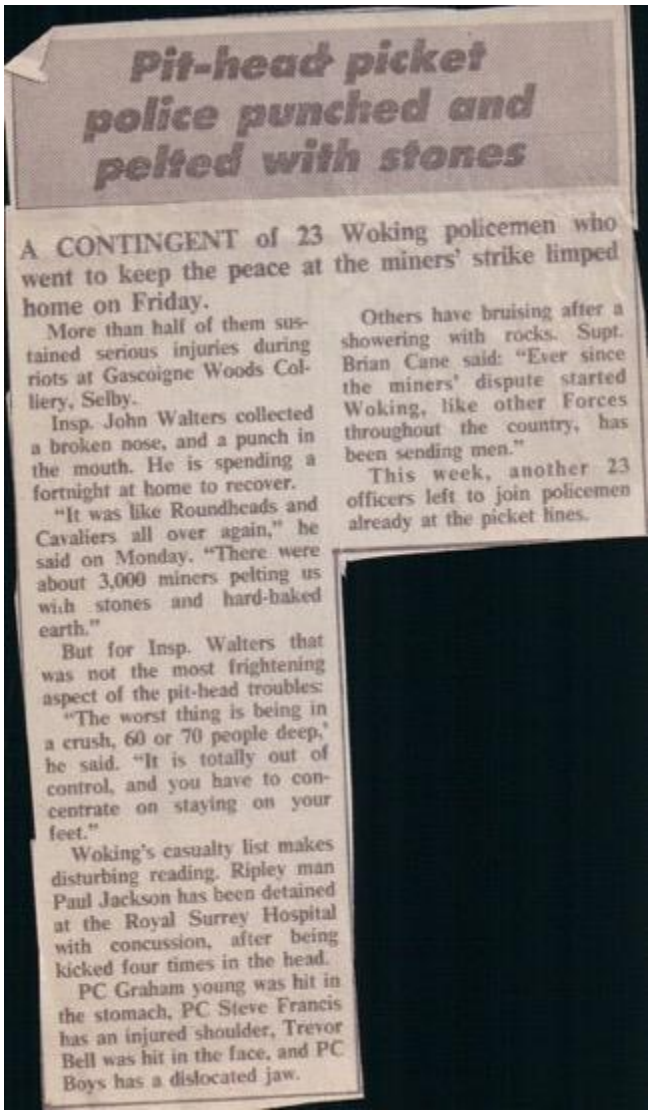
Arthur retired in November 1961 and took a smallholding at Alton from which he earned his living until moving to be assistant curator with the Hampshire Museum Service at Alton. In 1979 he moved to Wiltshire where he indulged his passion for playing bowls and also took an active part with his son in training racing pigeons. They won the silver medal in the Seoul Olympics in 1988.

He is survived by his widow Bertha and son, Roy.

Richard Callaghan RMP Museum: I have narrowed him down to 2654889 (as he is the only A. Atkinson with a Coldstream Guards Number). I was a bit confused, as I didn't see how an 81-year-old could have served in 1930, but a bit of detective work placed his death to December 1993. What is odd is the references to the Seoul Olympics – they haven't had pigeon racing in the Olympics since 1900, and Seoul was that last time that birds were part of the opening ceremony. If you Youtube it, you can see all these white doves sitting in the bowl as the flame is about to be lit – I guess they thought the doves would fly away when it is lit – spoiler alert, they don't![1]

[1] Email to Editor 25 February 2020

Woking on Tour!
NUM



Pit-head picket police punched and pelted with stones

A CONTINGENT of 23 Woking policemen who went to keep the peace at the miners' strike limped home on Friday.

More than half of them sustained serious injuries during riots at Gascoigne Woods Colliery, Selby.

Insp. John Walters collected a broken nose, and a punch in the mouth. He is spending a fortnight at home to recover.

"It was like Roundheads and Cavaliers all over again," he said on Monday. "There were about 3,000 miners pelting us with stones and hard-baked earth."

But for Insp. Walters that was not the most frightening aspect of the pit-head troubles:

"The worst thing is being in a crush, 60 or 70 people deep,' he said. "It is totally out of control, and you have to concentrate on staying on your feet."

Woking's casualty list makes disturbing reading. Ripley man Paul Jackson has been detained at the Royal Surrey Hospital with concussion, after being kicked four times in the head.

PC Graham young was hit in the stomach, PC Steve Francis has an injured shoulder, Trevor Bell was hit in the face, and PC Boys has a dislocated jaw.

Others have bruising after a showering with rocks. Supt. Brian Cane said: "Ever since the miners' dispute started Woking, like other Forces throughout the country, has been sending men."

This week, another 23 officers left to join policemen already at the picket lines.

Burglary Chelsham near Caterham 1894

1894 July 4: Burglary Chelsham: Following a number of burglaries in districts surrounding the metropolis where jewellery was stolen on the 29 May police arrested a number of men in Westminster. On one a safe deposit box key was found rented in the name of Lyons. £5000 worth of jewellery, watches and gold was found in the box. Property was recovered from a burglary at The Ledgers, Chelsham on the 5

April, and so two prisoners were handed to the Surrey Constabulary and brought before the magistrates at Godstone from where they were committed for trial.[2]

1894 July 4: Singular discovery of stolen property: In consequence of reports made from Tonbridge, Walthemstow, Watford and the surrounding districts of the metropolis of thefts of jewellery from the bedrooms of houses whilst the families were at dinner, the police have been endeavouring to arrest the authors of the robberies. On the 29th May police arrested two men and took them to King Street police station, Westminster to answer a charge of burglary. When searched, upon one of them named Gilmore, nothing of importance was found but on the other, Ward, a pocket book and a peculiar key were found. Asked how the key came to be in his possession Ward said he picked it up in a train with a pair of gloves.

The men in custody were discharged and soon after the police endeavoured to find to whom the key belonged. They proceeded to the Chancery Lane Deposit Safe Company where the manager recognised the key as belonging to a renter who gave the name of Lyons. In the presence of a director of the bank the safe was opened and found to contain diamonds and precious stones to the value of £5,000, jewellery, watches with diamond settings, bracelets, gold lockets, cameos, rings etc. A search of the missing property files at Scotland Yard revealed that some of the property formed part of the proceeds of various robberies including one at Mr Buxton's, The Ledgers, Chelsham, Croydon.

Search was made for Gilmore and ward who were arrested and charged with having committed the burglary at The Ledgers on 5th April. They were handed to the Surrey Constabulary and brought before a special bench of magistrates at Godstone yesterday. Mr H Barclay presided. The prisoners gave the names Henry Gilmore and Frank Ward and their professions as bookmakers and commission agents. Evidence of the burglaries having been given, Superintendent Ryan said he recognised Gilmore as the renter of a guinea safe in the basement of the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit in the name of Lyons. Prisoner began to rent the safe in March 1893 and had paid for it up to March 1895. He called about twice a fortnight. He described himself as a traveller of Great Titchfield Street and told witness on his last visit that his address would be vague for a little time as he was going travelling on business. A regular number and a password identified a renter. Gilmore: You permitted a renter's safe to be searched without the permission of the renter. Isn't that contrary to the law. Witness: No: the police and a director were present.

[2] 1894 July 4: The Standard

Detective Constable Gough said for some time he had been engaged in watching the prisoners and had seen them together in Hanbury Street, Hyde Park and other places.

Sergeant Southcott said on proceeding to ward's address in Falcon Road, Battersea he found a life preserver and a clever contrivance for forcing iron bars. Ward explained he was going to do a little carpentry work with the latter. In reply to the usual caution from the Clerk to the Bench, Gilmore contended that no evidence had been given to connect him with the Chelsham burglary. Certain property had been traced to his possession and he hoped to be able to give a satisfactory account of the same. Ward reserved his defence. Both men were committed for trial.[3]

1894 April 5: Burglary Chelsham 19th November 1894 Central Criminal Court: Henry Gilmour (42) and James Ward (31) burglary in the dwelling house of Francis William Burton, and stealing a brooch and other articles. *Second Count*, receiving the same.

Francis William Buxton: I am a banker. In April my family and I were occupying The Ledgers at Chelsham, which is six miles south of Croydon. That house is a one-storied building, with a ground floor and one floor above. I had one or two visitors staying with me on April 5th. On that day our dinner was over about nine or 9.15, and then we all assembled in the drawing room. There was a large party of children, my own eight, and one or two visitors' young children. They were playing about, making a noise. The servants at that time would be at supper at the other end of the house. The drawing room and library occupy the ground floor at one end, and on the floor above is a short passage with a bedroom at each end, and two dressing-rooms in the middle, between the two bedrooms. Each dressing room has two doors, and communicates with the passage and with a bedroom, but not with the other dressing room. It is an oddly arranged, old-fashioned house. To get to the dining room you have to pass through the conservatory. The dining room is some little way off; Mr. Baron Cleasby, who used to live there, added it; there are no rooms over it. The servants' quarters, where they were at supper, are on the ground floor beyond the dining room, and over their room are the servants' bedrooms, approached by another staircase at the back of the house. The end of the house where the drawing room and library are faces due north; the front door faces west, and the other part of the house, looking into the garden, faces east. A ladder was found against a dressing-room window, on the north side of the house, the side from which the wind blew very strongly that night, and made a noise with the trees, and so on. The bedroom and dressing room windows face north. The dressing room, against which the ladder was

[3] 1894 July 4 The Standard

placed, was not occupied that evening; to get into Mrs Buxton's bedroom it would be necessary to come from that dressing room into the passage, and along the passage to her room. In consequence of something I was told I went upstairs, and found the window of the unoccupied dressing room had been broken open. There was a circular fractured hole in the glass, just sufficient to admit a hand, by which the latch was opened. On the glass was a good deal of sticky substance, which we afterwards found to be Liebig's extract of meat. On the windowsill was some thick brown paper covered with this sticky substance. The window was a French lateral window, and was open—I saw a ladder against the wall just outside the window, a person could step from it into the window. It was pitch dark. The prisoners had no right to be on or near my premises. I did not see them till they were in custody. Mrs Buxton lost ten or twelve different articles. I went into my wife's bedroom to see what had been taken. I did not find that room in confusion; everything was left as it was before, with the exception of the jewellery. Mrs Buxton came up immediately, and we missed a pearl necklace, a gold watch with a gold chain and trinkets attached, another little gold watch which she wore on her wrist, set in diamonds, a small amethyst and diamond brooch, a small antique miniature set in pearls, and another pearl brooch. I don't think we missed anything but that property, which was lying about on the dressing table. Of that property I have only since seen the amethyst and diamond broach and the small miniature set in pearls. They are my wife's property, and are of the value, roughly speaking, of £10. The pearls round the miniature have a certain value, and the miniature is beautifully painted. About a week after the burglary, and when I was abroad, an envelope came for me containing one of Mrs Buxton's small gold trinkets off her watch-chain. It was only worth a few shillings, but bore an inscription in memory of a deceased friend. That inscription only gives initials. In the interval the police had advertised our loss, I heard. I afterwards went outside, and found, at the foot of the ladder, an old stocking, with some cardboard at the foot end—it could be put over an arm and hand.

Cross-examined: The thieves went directly to the right place to find the valuable property. One drawer, under the looking glass on the dressing table, had been opened, and something taken out. The time was very well chosen; the servants were at the other end of the house. It was the usual hour at which they went to supper. Whoever broke in may have known something of the habits of my house, or other houses of the kind. This robbery was done while my servants were at supper.

James Bryce (Superintendent of Police, Godstone). I conducted the inquiry before the Magistrate. I was in attendance last Session. I found that Godden was ill. He is very ill indeed now; I saw him last Saturday lying in a bath chair; he could not stand.

He was a gardener in Mr. Buxton's service. I have not seen him since; he was suffering from some spinal complaint. About two am on 6th April information was given to me of this burglary. I got to The Ledgers about five a.m., and examined the premises. I found that the dressing-room window on the north side had been broken. There was a hole large enough for a man's hand to go through. Brown paper was adhering to the glass with some paste that had the appearance of Liebig's extract of meat. About thirty yards off, under a tree on the lawn, I found more brown paper and paste similar to that on the glass. The ladder had been taken away at that time. I saw the place where it had been. There were several footprints there, footprints of two or three persons, I am quite certain two persons had been there, and I think probably three. The ladder, when I saw it round by the farm buildings, was 150 or 200 yards from the place where it had been used. One man could carry it, but it would be a good load for him. I circulated the description of the lost property at Scotland Yard and throughout the country in the Police Gazette. That included the trinket with the inscription, and connected it with the burglary at Mr. Buxton's. On 6th April I received information that three strange men had been seen. Only a very vague description was given of them. I saw Godden, the gardener, on the subject on the following day, I think. He gave me no description. He said he should know one of them. After the case was closed at Godstone I knew of Matthews, a labourer. I did not know he was in Court when the case was on there. He was there. He is a witness now. He made a statement to me. I instructed Mr. Hood, the solicitor for the prosecution, to send an account to the prisoners of what Matthews said. I have general authority from the Godstone Bench to have legal aid and instruct a solicitor, and I laid this case before Mr. Hood. On 25th June Gilmour was brought in custody to Godstone. Ward was brought there on 28th June. When Gilmour was brought in I said to him, "You know what you are charged with?" He said, "Yes" When Ward was brought in I said, "You know what you are charged with?" He said, "Yes" The charge was not put on the charge sheet then.

William Gough (Detective, Scotland Yard). I had information of burglaries at Watford and Tunbridge Wells. I was present when Gilmour was taken into custody on suspicion of other charges, not this charge, on May 29th. I went with him to King Street Police-station, Westminster. Ward was brought in in custody there. I did not hear either of them say anything. They were detained and put up for identification, but witnesses failed to identify them, and they were discharged the next day. I saw Sergeant McCarthy search Ward and take from him this key. I had had both prisoners under my observation for two or three months before May 29th. I had seen them together on three occasions. On May 24th I saw them in Hyde Park, close to the Marble Arch; Ward came up from Hyde Park Corner and joined Gilmour in a crowd

at a sort of meeting there. They walked together to the middle of the Park where there was no one, and had a consultation for five or six minutes. I was not near enough to see if they were speaking, but they were close together and remained stationary for five or six minutes then they separated; Ward came away first, and Gilmour walked forty or fifty yards behind him, and then one of them took a seat. On April 4th I saw them standing still together at Hanway Street, Tottenham Court Road. Then they called at a place for letters. One went into a shop, and one stood outside; then they walked to Hanway Street, where Gilmour went on and Ward remained. I have no note of the third time I saw them together; but I followed them then from a house near the Elephant and Castle to Liverpool Street, where they took train to Newmarket; that was before April. I was present on June 28th when Ward was arrested on this charge as he was going into his house, Este Road, Battersea.

Cross-examined: Gilmour was arrested on the first occasion about nine a.m., and I think he was released the same night. About three or four people were called for the purpose of identification. I don't think a great number of detectives were called in to see them. I was at Scotland Yard that morning, except for about five minutes when I was at the station for the identification. The prisoners were under my observation in Hyde Park for between half an hour and an hour. They were under my sight from five to ten minutes in Hanway Street, and for about half an hour on the third occasion. Those were the only occasions I saw them together, and those were altogether under two hours. Any detectives could come and see them when they were at the station, and anyone could come across from Scotland Yard and see them; but, notwithstanding that, they were released the same night. Nothing like as many as one hundred detectives saw the prisoners when they were first arrested. I was only five minutes at King Street when the prisoners were there to be identified. I understood that all the detectives who saw them called at Scotland Yard before and after they saw them, and I should think about twenty detectives called at Scotland Yard. Three or four, or four or five witnesses, not detectives, saw the prisoners. Three came from Watford, and one from Tunbridge Wells, I think, with reference to two cases of suspicion. I think the Chief Constable came from Tunbridge Wells, and an officer came in charge of the witnesses from Watford. The detectives who went over did so casually to learn-their features. For that identification the prisoners were placed among about twelve persons answering their description as nearly as possible. That is the way we generally carry out identification in London.

John McCarthy (Detective Sergeant, Scotland Yard). I was present when the prisoners were taken into custody with reference to burglaries at Watford and Tunbridge Wells. I brought Ward into the King Street Station from Este Road.

Gilmour was brought in at the same time. They were detained a considerable time for witnesses to come up from Tunbridge and Watford to see them. Eight or nine came altogether. I searched Ward, and found on him, among other things, this key. Ward said confidentially to me, when Gilmour was standing alongside of, and a few feet from him, so that he might have heard him, "Who is this joint? I don't know him" I said, "That is between yourselves; I don't know anything about that" I am not sure Gilmour heard that; he could have heard if he was listening. When we spoke about the key Ward said, "That key I found in a train with an old pair of gloves; the gloves I threw away" Gilmour could have heard that; it was said audibly and not in a whisper in the charge room at King Street They were detained till a quarter to ten p.m., and then discharged. In the interval we had sent to Tunbridge Wells and Watford. I afterwards arrested both prisoners. Gilmour, I and Brogan took in St. George's Circus, close to the Surrey Theatre. At that time I had had a conversation with Ryan. I said to Gilmour when he was in custody, on 25th June, "You know who I am; I am going to arrest you now for being concerned in a burglary at Chelsham on 5th April. The property we found in a safe in Chancery Lane has been identified as part of the property stolen" Ward's name was not mentioned then. I said, "The key opening the safe that has been found, we have ascertained belonged to you" He made no reply of any kind. I think he knew the key had been found on Ward. He was present on 29th May, and saw it found on Ward. I said "The key found on Ward opens the safe; we find it belongs to you" He made no reply. I was with Gough when Ward was taken on 27th June as he was about entering his house at Este Road. I wrote down his statement. He said, "I will go with you, but if I had done anything wrong I would have given you some trouble" He was conveyed in a cab, and on the way I explained to him about the key of the safe being identified as Gilmour's. He said, "I know nothing about that. I found the key and a pair of gloves in the train. If this man" (*referring to Gilmour*) "had any *crooked stuff* in the safe, he must have been a fool to leave it there"—*crooked stuff* is a slang expression for stolen property. He was conveyed to King Street, and there he and Gilmour were handed over to Southcott to be conveyed to Godstone. Ward said in my presence, not to me, when arrested the second time that he had done some commissions at races for Gilmour. Gough did not give evidence till they were at Godstone. I did not say to Ward on the 29th May, in a confidential way, "Do you know this fellow, Jim?" He did not say "No" Ward's Christian name is Jim. I have always known him as Jim Ward. He said, "Who is this joint?" That was not in answer to what I said. I took him into custody on the second occasion entering his house in Este Road, where he was arrested the first time. When he paid, "I should have given you some trouble if I had done anything wrong, "I did not think he meant that he would have gone away. I have seen him at race meetings. Three of us went to arrest him on the second occasion.

We do not usually require three men to arrest one. Perhaps twenty-five detectives were brought to see him on the first occasion. He was not identified, but was allowed to go.

I was present when Mr. Ryan opened the drawer of the safe on 30th May, at the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit, with this key. Amongst other things we found there this miniature and the brooch. Detective Jarvis was present. The things found corresponded with the description circulated in April in our police information. There were also in the drawer of the safe circular tickets for watches and diamond rings pledged. The tickets have all expired. The Safe Deposit has the things. (During the adjournment for luncheon the witness was directed to bring the drawer and its contents from the Safe Deposit Company) I have now been to the Safe Deposit Company, and have seen the safe opened with the key I found on Ward, and I produce these articles as being contained therein: a silver snuff-box; small cameo brooch set on velvet; a promissory note for £35 given by N. Meyer, 16, Regent Street, to John Lyons, and dated 21st April 1893; a bank book on the Birkbeck Bank in the name of Mr. George Gilmour. The only entry in it is 25th October, 1893, "By draft £300"; the articles identified by Mr. Buxton; a pocket-book containing memoranda; a wallet such as is used by diamond merchants, containing twelve packages of various stones; they were supposed to be diamonds and rubies, but have been pronounced worthless; a lease of the safe in the name of John Lyons; nine pawn contracts for a diamond horseshoe pin pledged on 7th March, 1893, for £9; two half-hoop diamond rings pledged on 14th March, 1893, for £4 and £9; and for diamonds and watches, all in March, 1893, and at two places. There are tickets for two gold watches pledged in April 1893, and a diamond ring and watch in March 1893, and also telegrams and memoranda. I have been to the pawnbrokers, and made inquiries about the articles. The only charge against Gilmour is in respect of the two articles identified by Mr. Buxton. When on the first occasion Ward said in Gilmour's presence that he had found the key, Gilmour was standing a few feet from him in the charge room. Two or three of the police were there at the time, and talking was going on; the men were just going out on night duty. Gilmour said nothing.

James Southcott (Sergeant Surrey Constabulary). I am stationed at Caterham. Upon receipt of a **telegram I went to Scotland Yard** on 25th June, where I found Gilmour in custody. He was handed over to me. I told him he would be charged with burglary at Chelsham on 5th April, during the night. He said nothing. I took him to Caterham and handed him over to Bryce. On 28th I got another telegram, and went to Scotland Yard again, and there found Ward in custody. I told him he would be charged in connection with Gilmour for the robbery at Chelsham. He said be knew Gilmour; he

was a turf commission agent, and he had done two or three bets for him. I searched Ward's house on 29th June, and in the cupboard upstairs I found a life preserver. In the front room upstairs I found this instrument, a safe opener, which by working the screw will push a thing open, or will pull it together by working it the other way. You could break two iron railings with it. I took it to the Godstone Police-station and showed it to the superintendent, who asked Ward how he came into possession of it—he said he was going to pull some boards together and do a bit of carpentering; he said nothing about the life preserver. I have known a carpenter's stock of tools—I never saw an instrument like this in a carpenter's possession this would not do to pull boards together; it is not wide enough to take boards in. The irons carpenters use to put floorboards down are much larger. They work at different angles, and are different shapes. Boards in the deck of a ship are thinner than those in the floor of a house. I do not know what they use for putting down ships' decks. I am not an expert in carpentering.

Gilmour, in his statement before the Magistrate, said that he hoped to be able to give a satisfactory account of how the property traced to him came into his possession. Following defence witnesses for Ward the men were found guilty.

Guilty: Sergeant McCarthy stated that a photograph of Gilmour had been sent to Australia, and that the police authorities had received a communication from Australia to the effect that Gilmour was identical with Henry Palmer, alias George Sweeny, whose criminal history ran through twenty-one years in that country, that he had served two terms of three, and one of five, years' penal servitude there, and that he had been in this country three or four years; that no convictions were known against Ward, but that the police had suspected him, and kept him under observation.

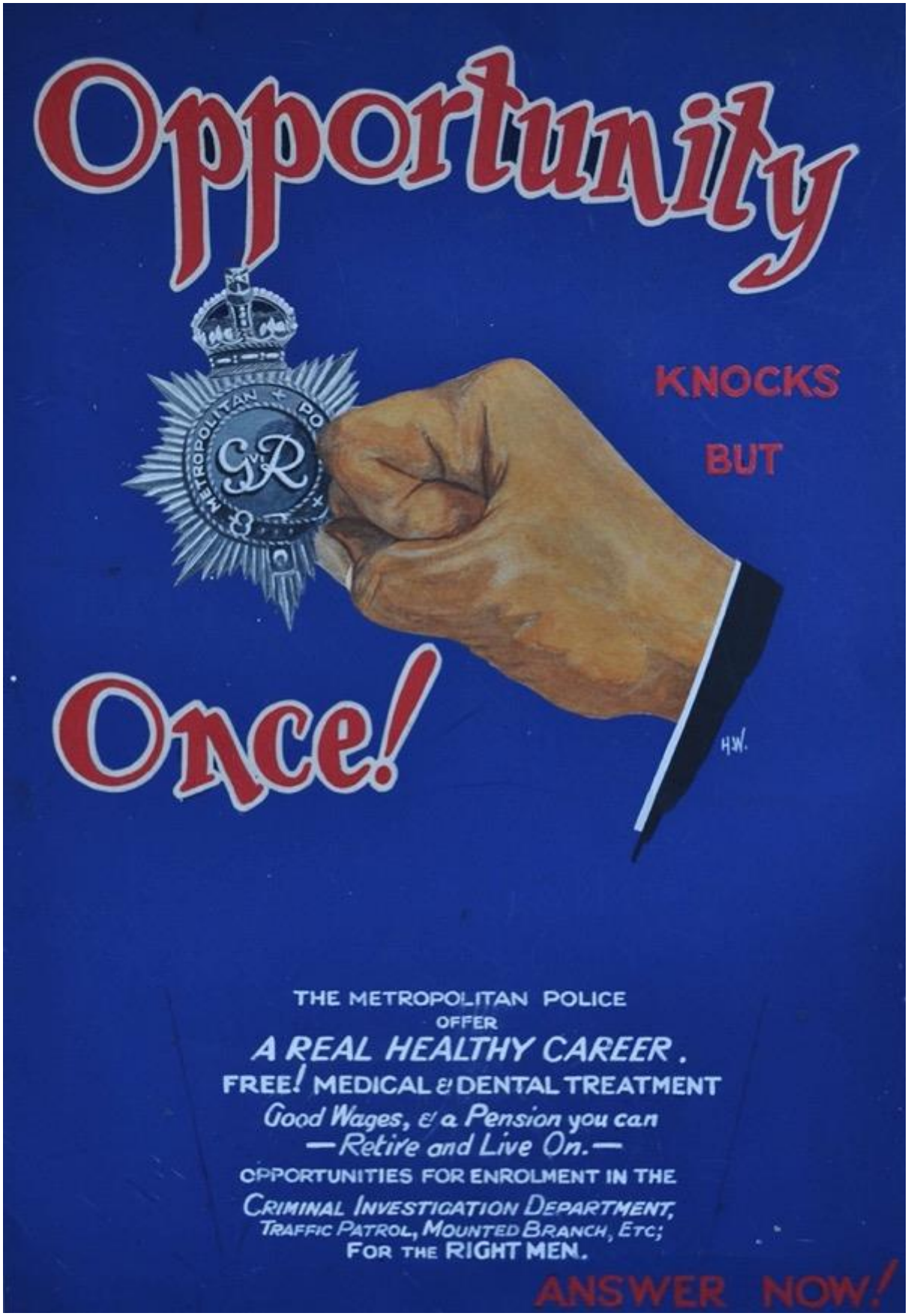
Gilmour seven years' penal servitude, Ward three years' penal servitude

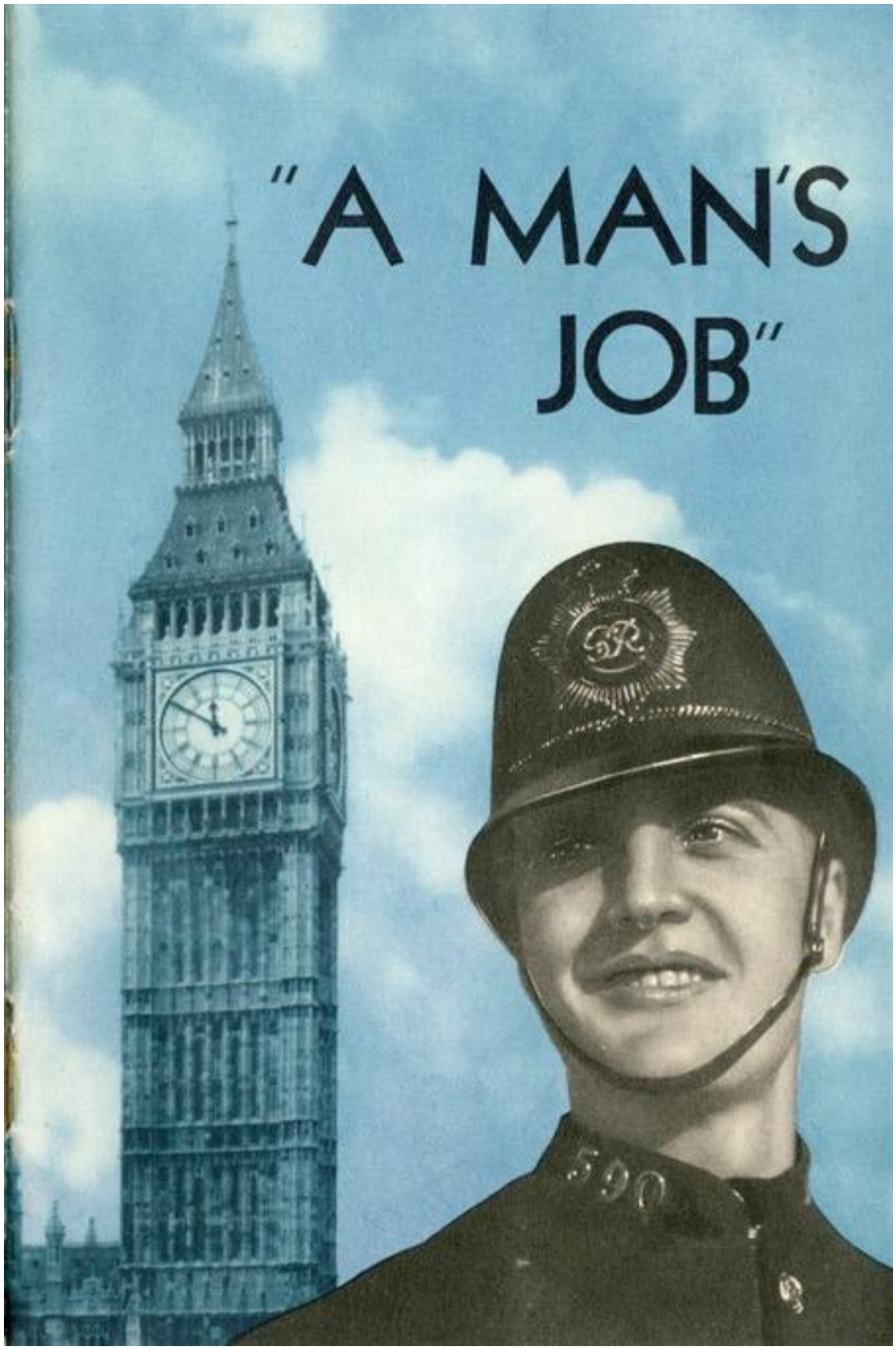
1894 November 23: **Burglary Chelsham:** Before the Central Criminal Court Common Sergeant, Harry Gilmore 42, traveller and James Ward 31, agent, were indicted for **burglary** at The Ledgers, Godstone home of Francis William Buxton. An alarm was raised at about 10 pm when a man was seen leaving Mrs Buxton’s dressing room and it was discovered that a burglary had taken place. A ladder was found placed against the window. The window had been opened by extracting one of the pains by means of brown paper covered with paste, a box of which had been left in the room by the burglar or burglars. The prisoners were found guilty and showed that Gilmore had been convicted at Melbourne and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Superintendent Bryce was the investigating officer together with

a constable and sergeant from the Metropolitan Police. Gilmour was sentenced to 7 years imprisonment and Ward 3 year's penal servitude. [4]

King George so probably 1940s/1950s – possibly just after the Second World War

[4] 1894 23 November: The Standard


Opportunity
KNOCKS
BUT
Once!
THE METROPOLITAN POLICE
OFFER
A REAL HEALTHY CAREER.
FREE! MEDICAL & DENTAL TREATMENT
Good Wages, & a Pension you can
— Retire and Live On. —
OPPORTUNITIES FOR ENROLMENT IN THE
CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION DEPARTMENT,
TRAFFIC PATROL, MOUNTED BRANCH, ETC;
FOR THE RIGHT MEN.
ANSWER NOW!


"A MAN'S JOB"
590


1966
73
I DECIDED TO BE A WOMAN POLICE OFFICER BECAUSE ...
ER
ROPOLITAN
POLICE
LIBRARY
254.3
STORE

Miss Nash Presented with Gifts

On Tuesday, 4th December, Miss Norah Nash was presented with gifts by Mr. Peter Matthews on behalf of the Force. A large crowd gathered in the gymnasium at HQ when Mr. Matthews first presented a Silver Rosebowl and plaque from the Dog Section—then a radio, binoculars, and a gold watch from the Force as a whole. Mr. Matthews thanked Miss Nash for all her work and efforts during her service with the Surrey Constabulary and Miss Nash in turn thanked 'everyone' for their generosity and beautiful gifts. She said her days with the police had been happy ones and she would miss everybody very much.

LETTER FROM MISS NASH

To ex-colleagues,

Words cannot possibly express by gratitude for all the lovely gifts you gave me on my retirement. From the bottom of my heart I thank you all and wish you the best for the future. May you all have good health to enjoy your retirement.

A happy Christmas and New Year to you all,

Sincerely,

Norah E. Nash.

A great send off—Miss Nash is whisked off her feet by PC Peter Morley after her retirement presentation at Police Headquarters.
—Photo by Jerry Coombes.

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS CHEER

Mr. Peter J. Matthews, signs the last of 176 cheques in his office. The cheques are Christmas gifts from the Force Welfare Fund, to the widows and orphans of former police officers. The main source of contributions to the fund comes from the public in appreciation of the services given by members of the Surrey Constabulary during the year.

Obituary

Inspector Gouffini

Inspector Edwin James Gouffini collapsed and died suddenly at Camberley Police Station on Thursday evening, the 29th November, 1973. Inspector Gouffini was aged 41 years.

He joined the Surrey Constabulary in 1956 having previously served for 10 years in the Royal Engineers as a Sergeant.

He began beat duties at Dorking in January, 1957 and later that year moved to Reigate. In 1960 he went to Godalming, in 1961 to Walton and 1964 to Caterham. He was promoted to Sergeant in 1965 and remained at Caterham. He was then made Acting Inspector at Caterham in 1968 and shortly afterwards moved to Camberley having been promoted Inspector.

Inspector Gouffini leaves a wife and one daughter.

The funeral took place at St. Tarcissus Church, London Rd., Camberley, on the 4th December, at 2.30 p.m.

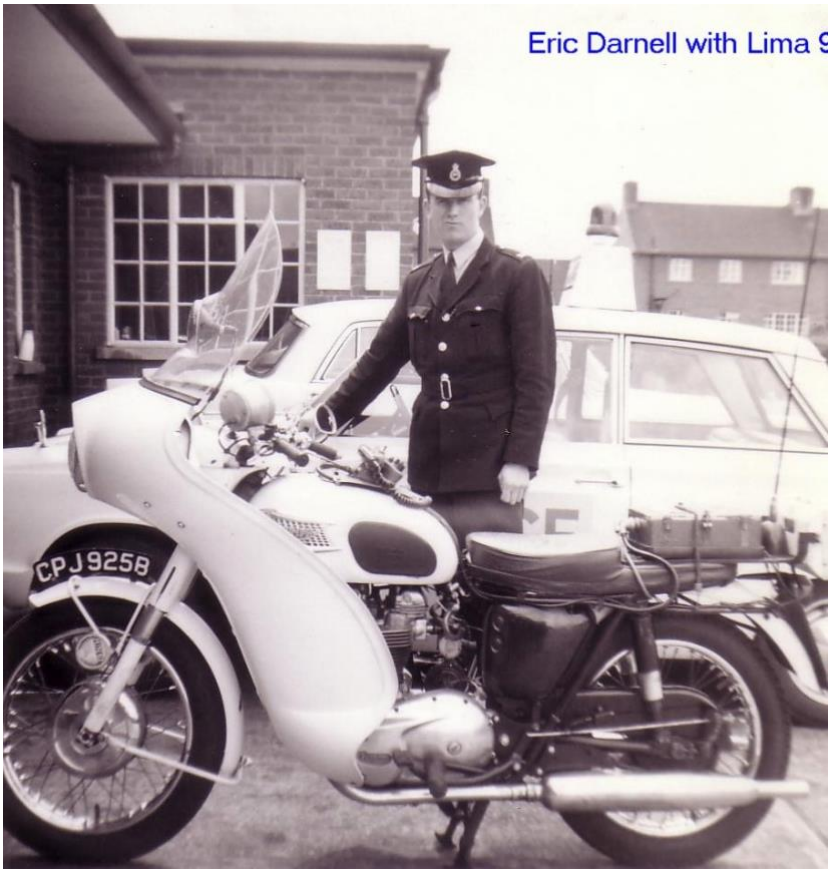
Days long gone when the Chief Constable signed cheques from the Welfare Fund for widows and orphans which were later delivered by hand where possible to ensure all was well. Eddy Gouffini collapsed and died at Camberley police station and the institution and terrorizer of cadets Basher Nash retired.

John House in full motorcycle kit at Godstone

Gerry Spindlove

Mervyn Saunders who became a police officer in Canada the in the USA

Keith Worger on a Saint



Eric Darnell from Burpham who later transferred to the airport police at Heathrow later becoming a member of the Metropolitan Police

One of the best known of the retired police officers Alan Bridgman

HJ52 Triumph 1960 PC Davie

Joff Clements

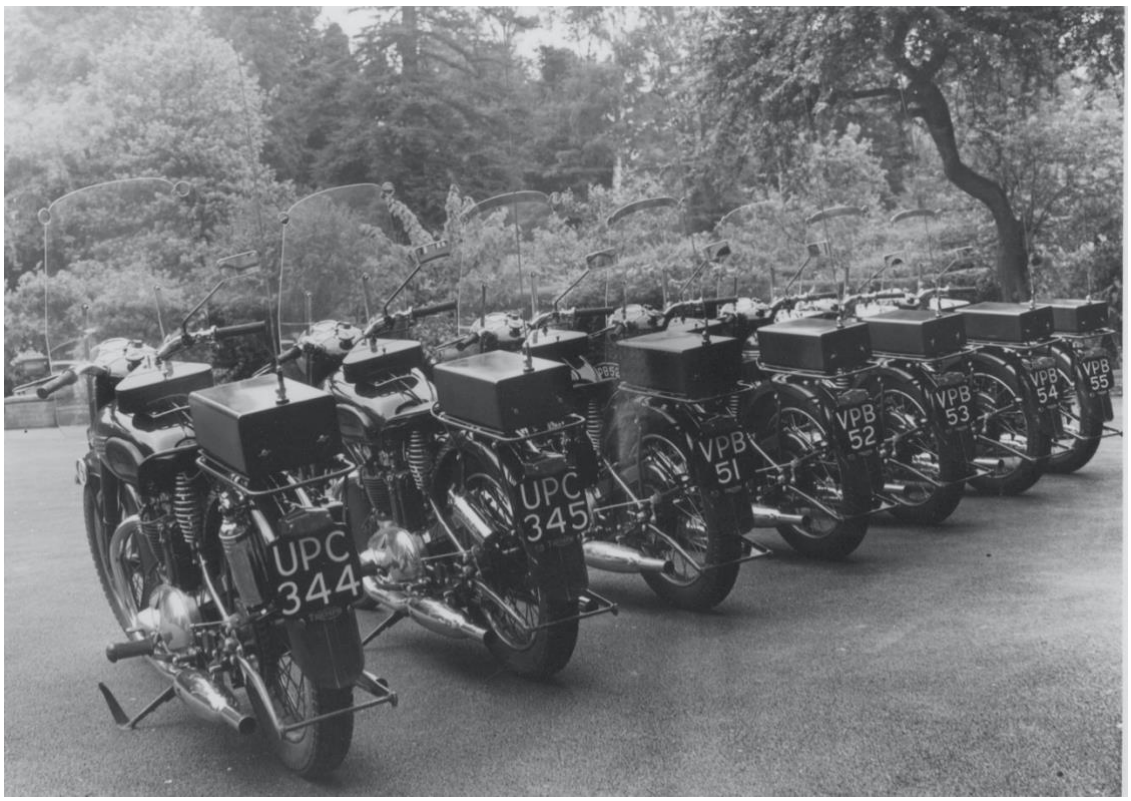
Andy Hasted divisional motor-cyclist B Division

PC Hasted upgraded to Traffic!

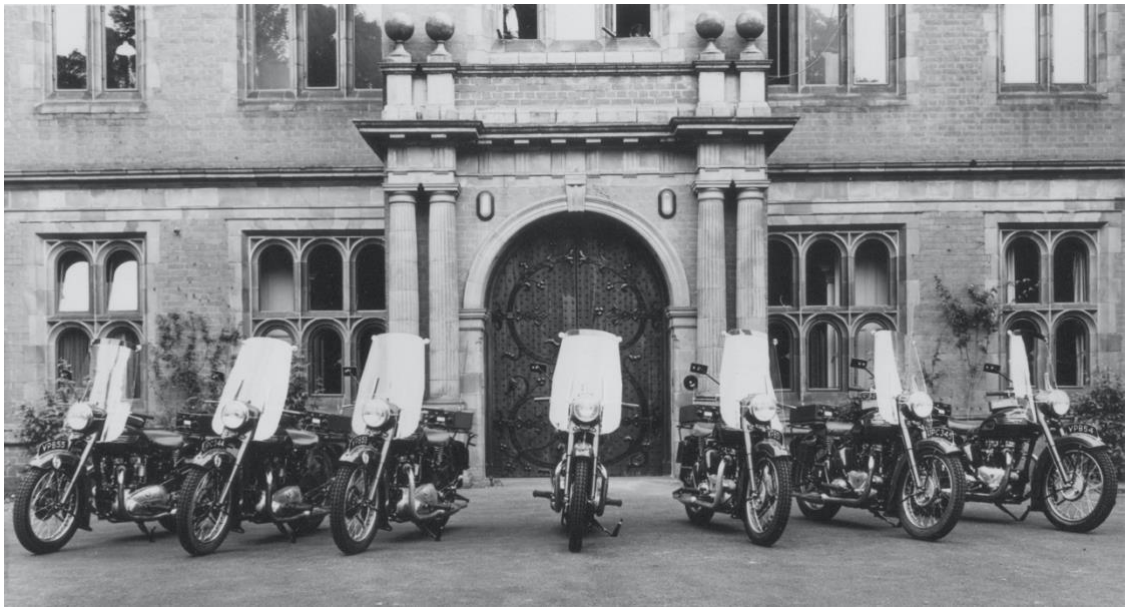
Transferred to Metropolitan Police where he served on Traffic and SPG retiring as an inspector. Served for some years after retirement with the Royal Parks Police before they were merged with the Metropolitan Police.

An early photograph of Jack Fevrerau.

Jack Fevrerau

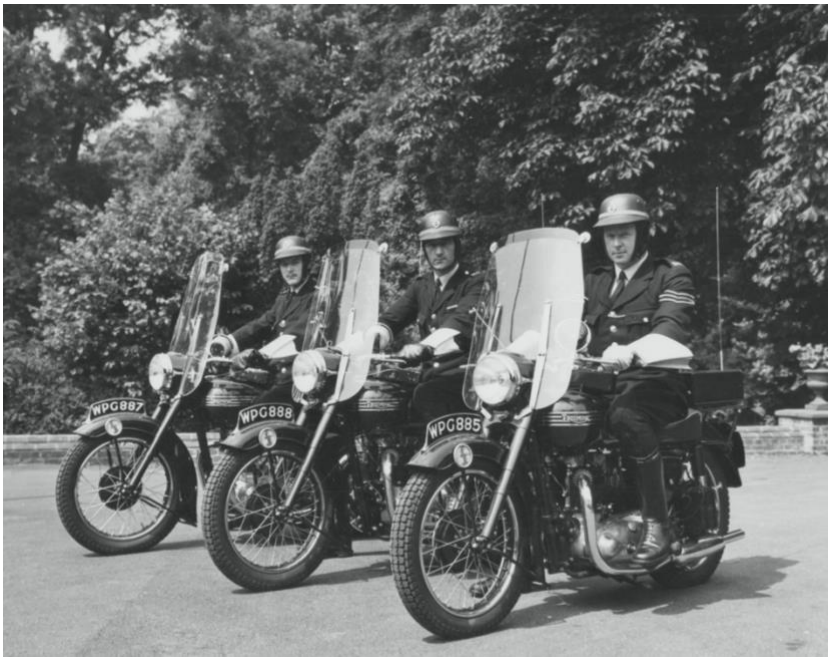


First Surrey Constabulary Bikes with radios 1954

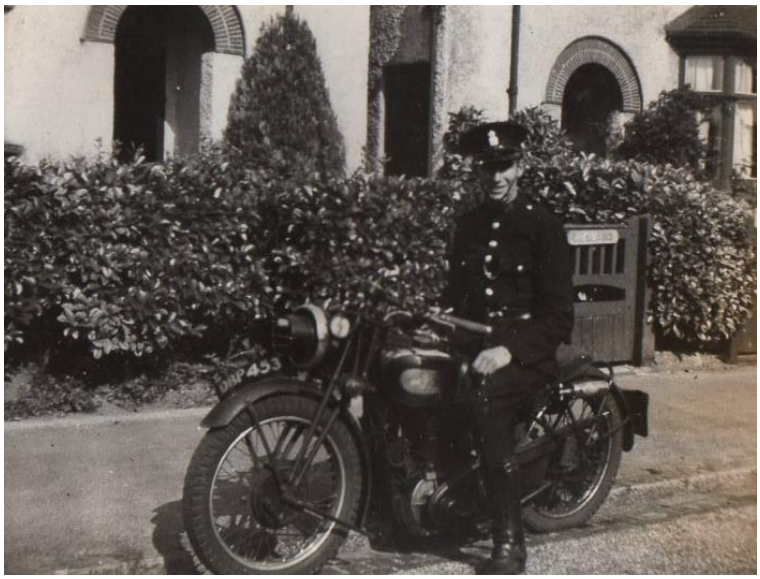


1954 Mount Browne

Police Sergeant Thatcher 1954



1954 PS Thatcher PC Jackson and PC Towers



Guildford Borough

THE BUMBLEBEE STORY

Brian Whicher Surrey Police 1974- 2005
Written: 23/3/2020

Whilst I could tell of incidents or my encounters with animals, human, non-human or officers of all ranks, I shall not. I had my fair share and whilst all are unique and interesting to an observer, that is a thread that will be written about by many more able than me. Please understand that this account has been written some 15 years after my full service retirement,

thus the identity of people, places and the order of events in my mind has been manipulated by the death of cells, dreams and nightmares. It should only be regarded as 'to the best of my knowledge and belief'!

From day 1, every Policeman is warned of dangers to the public, themselves and their careers and from the Policeman's perspective, ranking high amongst these, were the three 'P's POCKET BOOKS, PEOPLE and PROPERTY. The former was of course a reference to the Note book, usually kept close to the heart in a breast pocket and a principle source of evidence, written at the time (or immediately after), never altered and a minute by minute account of everything that happens or does not happen (or so the courts, supervisors and management expected)!

These were principally managed through self-discipline, vigilant supervisors, the Complaints and Discipline department plus the scrutiny of the legal and judicial systems.

'People', was of course broader than just people on the street, wielding a knife or spitting venomous abuse, it was often more a reference to 'inappropriate' contact, by way of corruption, sexual encounters or bribery.

These were managed by training, awareness, support from colleagues and often luck.

Property was a very dangerous area. It had a habit of disappearing or emerging with damming consequences. Whether seized from a suspect or found by a member of the public it was often evidence and had to be recorded and stored in such a way that was retrievable in the same condition. This was rarely managed. Instead it was often ignored or left to others who did their best to cope with the constant tsunami.

Thus, it is the property side of Policing around which my contribution to posterity falls into. In this respect my story really starts when I worked at Addlestone as a VERY young sergeant aged 23. I worked with my colleague Mick Foster and had a section of officers that ranged from the enthusiastic to the much, much less than enthusiastic!

It was in the earliest days of Neighbourhood or Area based Policing, and the challenge of running that system was a challenge to say the least. For the uninitiated, traditionally we had four Rotas and these took turns at Policing with three of the rotas working an 8 hour slot while the fourth took a rest day. Prior to promotion, at Woking, we Policed in a predictable and exhausting rotation around the clock, theoretically doing the same job, but the styles, priorities and methods varied enormously between A,B,C and D rotas, or as Jill Vear, our communications officer called them, Able, Bongo, Charlie and Dog. Neighbourhood Policing changed all of that.

Following the Brixton Riots, Addlestone and Brixton had been chosen as the two 'Pilot Sites'. You would be hard pressed to think of two more different locations in terms of Policing style,

community attitude, demands and culture. Gradually 'Neighbourhood Policing' was researched and designed by Inspectors Hart and Beckett. You may well recognise the names.

The division was carved up into 'Areas' each area had a team of officers to Police it 24/7. It was intended to change the deepest fundamentals of Policing and deliver continuity, consistency, ownership and thereby far sighted problem solving. This also however led to enormous resentment amongst officers because they were removed from day to day contact with friends and colleagues, to work in near isolation. Not only the areas changed, but the shifts, the admin, the staff and the working practices. It was a HUGE upheaval. I was allocated Addlestone area, which included Rowtown, Ottershaw, New Haw and Addlestone itself.

It was no secret that I was a big supporter of the scheme, because it shifted the emphasis away from what we as Police offices wanted to do, to what the public wanted us to do….be consistent, be approachable and available, taking a long term approach to problem solving rather than an 8 hour 'keep the lid on it' approach.

In the fullness of time, the system bedded in but it was always a bed too big with a blanket too small. Whichever way you pulled resources, you got cold feet! Eventually a two-tier approach was taken with some officers on response duties and still fewer on areas.

When drivers came to the Police station for an 'Excess alcohol' offence (drinking and driving) they would be given the opportunity to provide blood or urine. The equipment for the taking of these samples was in jiffy bags. Many were partially used, so one of Micks first actions on his return to work from sick leave was to collect some of the plastic sample containers. He took them to his office and bought a packet of smarties. He separated them by colour and made a little cardboard rack for them …. then labelled them: Hardeners, Softeners, Uppers, Downers and the Blue ones were labelled 'To End it all'. If anyone came into his office and wanted something, he would take a pill…if someone gave him a difficult time, he would down a pot and start twitching saying, 'Now look what you made me do'.

I was given the ASU job after Mick and one of the responsibilities was dealing with found property. This role later went to property clerks, the likes of Dave Sherritt and what a difficult job it was too. At home, I had bought the family an Amstrad computer and was attempting to create a 'Home Security Database' a resource for the public to both give advice and act as a repository for information on personal items. The idea was for every officer to have a floppy disc which they would allow a victim of crime to copy and return. I named the idea PC Lock. I now had to find a programmer, so contacted a computer magazine, who did a small piece of editorial for no charge. Two programmers offered their services but neither carried the offer through. The project rested.

After 11 years at Addlestone I applied for and gained the job of deputy to the Force Crime Prevention Officer, Inspector Bob Lampard and the Community Affairs Inspector Keith Thompson. There I set about establishing a resource on the force intranet for officers to refer

to. This one I called ‘Signpost’ because it was intended to signpost officers to alternative methods, ideas and agencies. I used some content from PC Lock.

After two years at HQ I was posted back to Woking on promotion. There I was allocated Knaphill area, and through that found a wonderful programmer and member of the British Computer Society, Mr Ken Wilder. A quiet man, he was in the neighbourhood watch at Knaphill. I told him of my project, and he set about programming. What a star! Together we came up with a disc……which after a lot of effort, I then took to the head of Surrey Police IT department, Chief Inspector Dave Vigar. His contribution was less constructive in that he loaded the disc on his machine and then banged the keyboard with all ten fingers. Unsurprisingly it caused the programme to crash….so he “could not support it on the network”. Not that I was asking for it to go on the network! The meeting lasted less than 5 minutes. I was bitterly disappointed.
I persisted and wrote an explanation of the system to asked for the chief constable’s support. Eventually the idea went before the force senior management group. The then Chief Constable David Williams, chaired the group and as a qualified lawyer, decided that he could not support it either due to the liabilities the force could be exposed to. With that the idea finally died. After years of work, I was disappointed to say the least.

Time and technology moved on until I was posted back to HQ as Force Crime Prevention officer. During my time in this role, I got an invitation from the Metropolitan Police to attend a ‘Bumblebee Roadshow’. Operation Bumblebee had been a Met police, force wide initiative intended to target domestic burglaries. One element of this operation was a roadshow, at a variety of locations. This was to showcase property that have been seized and was likely to have been the subject of crime. Burglary victims were invited to identify items that may have been stolen from them.

Like many things the Met do, they did not do it by halves. The event was staged at Epsom Racecourse and I remember at least three huge removal lorries, bringing display cabinets and boxes and boxes full of property. These were all unloaded, and a big exhibition was created. When the doors opened, burglary victims came in and there were some very exciting and emotional moments. This was the very early days of the internet, and I quickly realised the potential the internet held for such a system. Thus, I set about creating it! Again, I decided to name it, so that there would be clarity and an identity from the outset. If I did not name it, others would. The name had to be short descriptive, memorable, relevant and unique.

Fortunately a new role had been created of Force Web manager, and it was his job to create the Surrey Police Internet presence. He was hungry for ideas, so I fed him this one and ‘Virtual Bumblebee’ was born.

It was intended simply as a property showcase, to do the same job as a Bumblebee Roadshow but on the internet. I sought the consent of the Metropolitan Police DAC (Deputy Assistant Commissioner Griffiths) to use the name. He readily agreed. The web manager allocated some funds and put me in touch with Mike Hawking, to create the database. He did so again based on the PC Lock content. It was Mike who had the 'epiphany moment'. When I told him what I wanted to achieve, he said, "It's a classified adds system", and that is exactly what he created.

We had no idea of scale, so he wrote it as a 'CGI' Database. It quickly became clear that CGI was too limited, so we then had to have it re written in SQL, a much larger and more powerful database, thus the contract moved to Nick Browne at Coraider Services who were good at SQL and were undertaking a number of other projects for Surrey Police.

The next challenge was to get the property officers and especially the detectives to support the idea. Both proved very difficult, partly because I had limited influence and was not the direct line manager to any of them. All of them had divisional managers and professional managers at HQ. The idea was perceived as another burden and was slow to be adopted. Many thought it was a good idea, as long as somebody else did it! Property, why bother with property detectives had serious work to do catching criminals, but what many failed to appreciate was that they needed to find the owners to prove that a certain person had stolen a certain item from a certain place at a certain time. That link created the evidence trail necessary to secure a conviction.

It was during this period that I started to realise the complexity of property. What do you call it? What is found property to one person is lost to another what is seized by someone is stolen to another…. hmmm. It became difficult to define the lines. Even the word 'property' had different meanings to different people. The core of the idea was there, as was the system but adoption and volume, necessary to get the buy in of others and media interest was not. One of my overused phrases was "…. critical mass".

The initial idea was to focus on seized property however, in an effort to gain volume and thus critical mass, I sought and found a source, and that source was the very confusion I had started with ….. found property. For some of what had been found, it was appropriate to find the owner…….. I say some, only because a few things could not or should not be returned to the owner, for example, drugs or weapons. A few other items the owner (or officer in the case) would be unlikely to want advertised for example keys or photographs. However, clearly a lot of items could and should be handed back to the owner. By treating it as an advertising system for found as well as seized items critical mass became more achievable. Thus it was for the

property officers to decide what could and should be advertised on the system after liaising with the Officer in the Case.

Eventually some publicity came, but not for the right reason. I was asked if a specific item was 'appropriate'. I said that it was, but the Sun Newspaper decided that it was a story for the Police to advertise a Samurai Sword. Naturally they did not mention that it was a display reproduction sword for wall decoration and that it had no sharp edges, or that it was probably owned by a collector rather than a madman. The incident caused me some embarrassment but did not deter me. At the time I was working with the Police media staff, and by luck one of them had a strong friendship with the TV personality and caricature artist Tony Hart. She took me to see Tony at his studio and what a delightful man he was. He kindly agreed to do a picture for me. He chose to set the painting at Epsom Racecourse with a Bumblebee being chased.

I managed to find a budget for the property officers to get some new equipment, a digital card reader and a camera each. The property officers worked very hard, usually in complete isolation with everyone just dumping more and more work on them. I gained the welcome support of a few that could see the potential. Mick Rush and Stacey Brown amongst them.

I had also gained another very important ally in the form of our new 'Business Development Manager' Ray Rutherford. Ray was enormously helpful and worked hard to promote the system because he quickly saw the potential, the public interest, sponsorship and advertising and income that it could gain.

Meanwhile, I think it was the property office at Woking that had gained a copy of the Metropolitan Police 'Property Management System'. This was an old database, but its purpose was to record and manage the property.

The internet was beginning to take off and some forces around the country had begun to recognise the potential. Kent Police in particular had come up with a property auction system and had gained National ACPO support for it. Bluecycle.com
I would claim that Ray and I had the idea first but Kent certainly kicked their initiative off well and gained the support of several other Police forces around the country. What they did not have was the full hand of cards!

Virtual Bumblebee itself, was now an internet-based property advertising system, growing slowly but attracting very little interest, more volume was needed! At this point I turned my attention to lost property. This was a relatively simple addition and importantly it was public input. Up to this point the staff at Police stations had two registers, a found property register and a lost property register. When an item was reported lost over the phone or in person, the details were entered in the lost property register, and there it stayed to be referred to when a found item came into Police or public possession. Rarely were the books cross referenced, and of course they only dealt with found or lost items in that specific area. By adding the lost property to VB, as I called it, it was being added to all the time across the county, was accessible and searchable by other forces and organisations and just grew with the addition of pictures

and detail. I withdrew the lost property registers, so staff had no alternative but to use the new system!

So my next move was to try again with the senior managers including senior detectives to sell Virtual Bumblebee. Eventually I got to speak at one of their strategy meetings but again my efforts fell on deaf ears. In fairness it was probably my fault, because I explained the detail rather than the strategic advantages of property and why prejudice should be put aside for investigative advantage.

Suddenly Ray and I realised that we did not have one system but THREE. The potential of linking the elements together was extremely exciting. An **internal property management system**, that could then automatically push the details of selected items onto the external **advertising system**, (Virtual bumblebee.co.uk) and then if an item was not claimed onto the **disposal system**, Bumblebee auctions, an auction website. Now this really was something, and Coraider services stepped up to the mark in producing the auction website: bumblebeeauctions.co.uk

Together they could help to relieve the burden on the property officers, reunite property with the owners, identify witnesses for the detectives, free up space at the police stations and generate income for the police service.

Ray and I realised the importance of having a professional manager for the auction site, but funding that person was impossible to achieve internally because of the other pressures on resources. Ray felt that it was wholly appropriate that the person should be self-funded by the system, independent of Surrey Police but guided. I remember asking Nick from Coraider once about whether he was concerned that his system would be abused, he said, no, because "I hold the on/off switch". We applied the same principle. We had two applicants for the job, Chris Leach and David Williams the driving force behind the Kent auction site. This was not the same David Williams as the Chief Constable, who by now had moved on….well it was 10 minutes later!

We decided that Chris Leach should have the job.
I was by now, working back at Woking. Whilst there I decided to give the Tony Hart painting to a boss who had been very supportive and tolerant of my obsession, and besides that was a delightful boss to work for Superintendent Jon Wilce. Sad that one of my lasting memories of Jon was when we walked through Woking Town Centre one day to attend a community Partnership meeting at the council offices. We were taken by the number of people gathered around the shop window of Radio Rentals. The date was the 11th September 2001.

Rather than working from the top down, which had not been effective, I decided to work from the bottom up. I realised the importance of showing the property officers, in particular, the whole scheme so I organised a presentation for them at HQ. At this stage I was aware of a National Project by PITO (Police IT organisation) of an internet based National Crime reporting system. I contacted them and to my surprise, two representatives arrived at the briefing. Ironically the designer of the online crime reporting system was Superintendent Bob Kennett, of Kent Police. Bob seemed to like the concept and asked Surrey Police if I could be seconded to the National Police IT Portal Project.

It was with the help of significant funding from PITO, Bob Kennett and Adrian Ellis, that I was able to properly fund the development of the systems and in particular very expensive legal advice to get the Terms and Conditions written. Without that funding and their support, I doubt the project would have survived.

The intention, from their perspective, was that the property component would form part of a suite of public service IT offerings via the website of Police.UK. These included Police Message Broadcast, hate crime reporting (which I created) and several others. The concept was forward thinking and ambitious, but inevitably was bogged down by internal and external politics and rivalries, competing pressures in PITO and each force quietly reluctant to give up control. Sadly, there was virtually no ability to mandate such changes. The driver for most forces was that the new capabilities were at little or no cost to them individually. Unfortunately, many forces had developed their own systems and on top of that PITO had a bad reputation.

As I neared the end of my service, I hoped that my legacy would continue. I had been awarded a Chief Constables Commendation by Iain Blair for my efforts and the systems were running, though independently. The best I could achieve was to concede and try to convince others that the three elements could be used independently or together. There were few forces in the country willing to participate fully. Sussex Police at Chichester were a notable exception with PC Tom Wills punching way above his weight and tirelessly working to gain acceptance. I admired him enormously. It was Tom who took me to meet Tim Wanacott prior to his TV notoriety. He was supportive of the concept.

The auction system was a complete new bag of complex issues. A major one was the sending of items from the Police store rooms to the buyers. The property officers could not do it. They did not have the time, the materials or the budgets, and whilst collection was the favoured option, this also presented difficulties. The Police Stations were mainly open 24/7 but items had to be moved, accounted for and stored…then items were not collected or the staff on duty had no idea how to handle callers. On the other hand the system raised FAR more money than through a traditional auction house, was worldwide and therefore more transparent.

Another more technical issue was that of ‘sniping’. This is where a person bids at the very last second or multiple bids overload the system. We took an early decision to take a different path from e bay, and enabled ‘anti sniping’. Thus, if a user places a bid in the last 10 minutes of an auction, the auction will be extended in 10-minute increments. This was considered a reasonable time

for the user to receive an email telling them that they have been outbid, they can then if they chose, log on to the system and place another bid.

A new payment system through Nochex was implemented to ensure physical cash did not change hands. A group collection system, packing and delivery service was also run by Chris Leach.

Another critical issue was ‘traceability’. Because of the origin of some of the property, it was more than possible that found items were stolen, that items unclaimed on the advertising system were claimed after they were listed for sale on the auction system because the evidential continuity could be maintained. The argument for an integrated system became stronger, but still went ignored.

Once I had retired and my funding had dried up from PITO, Chris Leach and Nick Brown developed the systems further. Surrey Police gradually withdrew from the project, Nick and Chris filled the gap and ran the auction system in particular. I retired from the Police Service in 2005 and write this in 2020. I am enormously proud that my legacy (particularly Bumblebee Auctions) continues to this day. It has sold 187,718 items of property for Police Forces across the country, Councils, Fire and Rescue services. I have no idea how much money it has raised for the Police Service and other organisations.

I got my fingers bunt, my sanity and my priorities questioned. Since my first days in the Admin support unit, I had never had a responsibility for property either locally or nationally. This was on top of my day (and night) job. Many, especially senior officers argued that it was not a Police function and should be passed to the local authorities to deal with. To take this view in my opinion was short sighted and to this day I strongly disagree with those that held this view.

The handling of property may not be glamorous and it does not secure notoriety or promotions, but it underpins everything the Police Service does in preserving evidence, securing convictions¸ supporting enquiries and providing the public with a service they actually want and appreciate. My fear was that if our property *system*, and I use the term advisedly, was EVER scrutinised by a crown court for example, it would have been found to be flawed at every level, and hundreds if not thousands of cases could have introduced ‘reasonable doubt’ into the evidence chain.

More than that it was an important investigative tool in its own right, which was never exploited. With the benefit of hindsight now (because I had not realised it at the time), the volume of data that we collected and quite apart from intelligence was massive. It could have been, could have anonymised and sold. I believe the Police Service has missed a valuable opportunity as the whole system could also have been self-funding.

Finally, for the record, I can state categorically that at no stage did I ever receive any income, shares, gifts or other remuneration whatsoever. My final level of incompetence was judged to

be Temporary Chief Inspector, but I retired with a clear conscience and the sincere belief that I did my best. “You can take a horse to water…etc”

I did not eat the (property) elephant, but had a bloody good go at it, as well as dealing with more conventional animals like, donkeys, an elephant, a ram, an emu and a lion in my day job……. TRUE!
Property is dangerous and difficult, but far from regret it, this was my proudest achievement.

Jeremy Spindlove
Ex Surrey Constabulary Traffic

PIRA BOMBINGS GUILDFORD SURREY UK OCTOBER 1974
FIRST PERSON ACCOUNT BY PC 192 JEREMY R SPINDLOVE HTB

First Person Account – PIRA Bombing Horse and Groom, North Street and the Seven Stars Swan Lane, Guildford, Surrey – October 5th 1974
Jeremy R Spindlove – (former PC 192 Surrey Constabulary – stationed at Burpham Traffic Centre – Guildford)
I was a young 24-year-old traffic motor cyclist working 3-11 p.m. on Saturday October 5th, 1974 – as I recall it was a dry clear afternoon and a quiet shift as well. I was patrolling with another motorcycle officer PC Dave Hills – as I recall our patrol area took in Guildford south down the A3 to Milford and North towards Ripley.
On this particularly quiet Saturday along with PC Hills we rode into Guildford from the direction of Ram Corner at the top of Guildford High Street; there were the usual number of people in the streets and particularly young soldiers from the surrounding garrisons at Pirbright and Aldershot. Guildford was a popular place for them as the Women’s Royal Army Corps barracks were located at Stoughton on the outskirts of the city of Guildford.
At this point Dave Hills and I stopped by the bus stop outside the Horse and Groom Public House in North Street and chatted with passers by – namely young soldiers. I recall seeing a Special Constable coming up North Street and at that point Dave Hills and I decided to ride down North Street and along Woodbridge Road to the bypass and it was our intention to observe traffic on Ladymead from a lay by near the Guildford Fire Station. As we reached the bypass at Ladymead we received a call stating an explosion at the Horse and Groom in North Street. We both immediately raced up Woodbridge Road into Leapale Lane and turned left into North Street – it was eerily quiet and there were few people in North Street – as we approached the Horse and Groom from Leapale Lane I saw a pile of debris on the pavement outside the pub and a young male with his shirt ripped to shreds holding an empty beer glass.
The bus shelter where we had been stationary not five minutes before was smashed to matchwood. Dave Hills and I parked our bikes in the area just beyond the Horse and Groom and I called in ‘Priority’ and requested assistance – I stated that there had been an explosion and there were multiple casualties and I could smell gas and also asked for assistance in turning the gas supply off in the area. The control officer instructed one of us to remain as contact and the other to assess the scene. Dave Hills remained at his motorcycle as the control officer to

communicate with the Control Room at Mount Browne. I then entered the Horse and Groom and could immediately see significant damage to the outer walls of the building – inside the pub it was pitch black and the only light available coming from street lighting in North Street. I should point out that I have little or no recollection of time and how long I was inside the building, however I did see a hole in the floor of the pub and loads of debris going down into the beer cellar below. I found a way down to the cellar from near the bar on the right-hand side. When I got into the damaged area there were the bodies of two young females both had severe injuries.

I then went back up to the street level and brought the first aid kit from my motorcycle. I went back inside the pub and down to the cellar at which point a male dressed in a dinner jacket was also there. He said he was a doctor. I cannot fully recollect the brief conversation I had with him but he assured me the girls' injuries were so severe they would not survive and I believe he gave them injections to suppress the pain. I don't know how long I stayed with the doctor and the two girls, but when I went up to street level I saw the Chief Constable Peter Mathews talking to the MP for Guildford David Howell. I distinctly recall hearing him state to the MP that it was thought to be a gas leak that caused the explosion and no sooner had he uttered those words when a muffled explosion came from the direction of Swan Lane approximately 150 yards away.

I along with other officers ran down North Street and turned left into Swan Lane. I reached the pub and went in. There appeared to have been an explosion in the public bar near the front door and one of the internal doors of the pub had been blown off and the landlord was lying underneath with a head injury. I helped to extricate him from the pub and together with a fire officer carried him down Swan Lane to an ambulance. It seems that that became a well documented photograph as it was headlines in the Sunday papers the next day. After leaving the Seven Stars I went to the North Street entrance to the Guildhall where I was met by an inspector who told me that my uniform was filthy and to smarten up. I made a cryptic remark and turned around and went back to my motorcycle. As I recall Dave Hills and I were instructed to visit as many pubs in Guildford and order them evacuated and shut down as well as doing a search. I cannot recall which pubs I went into but at 2.a.m I believe we returned to HTB and booked off duty.

At the time I was a single officer and was sharing digs in Old Palace Road, Guildford with two nurses who were both sisters at RSCH in Farnham Road, and both worked in the Casualty Department. By the time I got back to the house they were both sitting ashen faced in the kitchen drinking brandies, I joined them, and we shared our evening's experiences. Of course PTSD had not actually been discovered at that time but I am grateful to those two girls Hilary Allen and Susy Carder, two wonderful people with whom I cried with that night and the next day went back to work at 0700 after about two hours sleep.

In the following months I was on several escorts down to Winchester Prison to bring the accused up to Guildford Magistrates Court for remand hearings. On one memorable occasion I was driving one of the patrol Triumph 2.5PI vehicles and Roger Weedon was one of the three

armed officers in the vehicle and I was the only one without a weapon except a truncheon. As we were going through the outskirts of Winchester a van with a chain attached to its front pulled across the road in front of us, the lead vehicle in the escort convoy, we stopped suddenly and I recall Roger jumping out of the passenger side with Smith and Wesson drawn and screaming at the driver to get out. What followed was a petrified driver shaking uncontrollably explaining that his mate's vehicle was in the ditch and he was only trying to pull it out. In reading some of the newspaper articles in recent years I am amazed to read that the families of the two girls that died that night inside the Horse and Groom have no answers as to who was with them or if anyone was with them at the time, I find this tragic under the circumstances. Memories of that night never go away completely even after 46 years.

Jeremy Spindlove

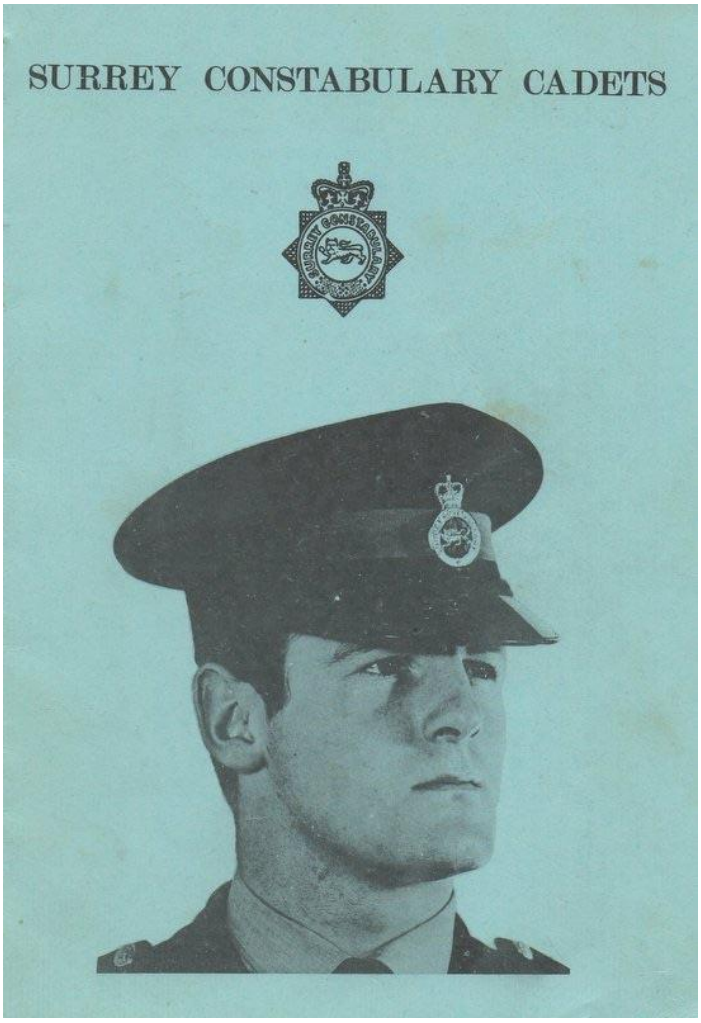
Publications

Terrorism Today, The Past, The Players, The Future Sixth Edition
Pearson Education

We are very pleased to announce that the sixth edition of our text on the history and causes of terrorism is now in print through our publisher Pearson Education. This text continues where the previous texts finished. The methodology for textbook development, which we have used successfully in the past, continues to be the foundation and cornerstone for this edition of

Terrorism Today. What is Terrorism? As you read this book, it will become apparent that most terrorism actions are committed by groups of fanatics or dissidents, often with conflicting goals and little interface; but that has changed with the use of the internet to spread global jihad. We have tried to provide a clear overview of many of the sectors and operations that comprise the broad terms terrorism and counterterrorism. We present this edition with the belief that any learning experience should be enjoyable as well as educational. I would like to thank those who made contributions to this text and in particular to Chief Superintendent Tony Forward (retired Surrey Constabulary) Gary Wilson formerly with the Royal Ulster Constabulary, to Mike McGuire in Edmonton to Steve Darling from Global Morning News and to others too numerous to mention that supported this project. In closing I would add that my co author Cliff Simonsen passed away just after the fifth edition was published - he was a giant of a man of enormous integrity and his good nature, kindness and his awful golf game I will sadly miss.

Ken Hewitt and Jeremy Spindlove



Cadet recruiting Jeremy Spindlove 1968

Photo from Terry Fincher

Rupert Herritage, Dennis Price, Ken Tizzard, Jeremy Spindlove

The nearest I've been to combat!

John alias Gilby 2020

No names, no pack drill but here's a little story of yesteryear when policing was a tad different from today, or so I'm led to believe. Me as a policeman seems so very long ago that I've almost forgotten the definition of the blooming Theft Act and that was an easy one. The Larceny Act, albeit more suited to catering for the various ways of nicking, was a devil to remember.

It was way back in 1986 when I was a Detective Sergeant stationed at a real police station – Walton-on-Thames. It's probably a block of posh apartments now each costing almost a million. Cor blimey, how Walton has changed. It has a modern sparkling bridge across the Thames and Hersham, its nearby partner in crime and the home of an aged rock star Mr James Percy of Sham 69, now has Tory councillors. And, back in the eighties and my childhood well beforehand, those living on the Longmore Estate, Hersham were always considered somewhat rebellious and by the way us council kids never used to spelt it with an 'H'!

My old Walton-born mum was not often wrong in her predictions over Walton's future, so if she was right once more, I'm pretty sure that Nelson's column up in Trafalgar Square is also looking a little different of late. Although never a London cockney, mum had some wonderful sayings and was superb at summing up. She was as good as a Crown Court Judge. She knew about *voir dire*: probability and relevancy versus prejudice, well sort of. Nevertheless, armed with her astute ability, whenever by chance Walton Bridge cropped up in conversation, she

would always put the subject to rest by adding that dear old Nelson would get his eye back if a new bridge was ever built. Must take a butcher's next time I travel to the mighty metropolis.

It's important to explain that before I was rudely posted to Walton, I had been on the Drug Squad at HQ, C 11 NSY [The original new one] and the No 6 Regional Crime Squad, coincidently also based at Walton Nick. It was during those squad years that I became a carrier. No, not a bag carrier for the old rubber heel squad but a fully-fledged firearms officer. Although I was never part of the Firearms Elite and was never able to keep all the rounds close together on the target board up at Pirbright ranges, at least I didn't go around pointing the piece [I think that's what we called it]at anyone, like a couple of blooming silly failures did. A first-class shot, one beneath a marksman, or so I believe was my much-surprised rating. Another old-fashioned expression from those yesteryear days was 'all tooled up.' Blimey, that sounds like the Sweeney but in truth, being a carrier wasn't at all glamorous.

Getting back to the plot, yet another Squad saying, letting the boss know of your arrival, it was one earlyish morning when the telephone rang. Can't remember what day of the week but an inkling makes me think it was a Saturday. 'Gilby, get to Walton Nick we've got a job' said the Addlestone Detective Chief Inspector, in a gruff tone. Not a good morning or hello to be heard. Couldn't go sick or say it's my rest day in those days. No, you simply acquiesced to the boss and got on with things in the hope you might get a chance of a well-earned Guinness at the end of it all. Before getting dressed I think the boss also said, 'you've still got your ticket, haven't you?' He meant was I still authorised to carry a firearm.

In a flash I was there. I was living on the outskirts of Ashley Park at the time, so for those that know Walton, I was halfway there, just a play on words, nearby would have done.

The boss quickly gave me and a younger uniformed PC and a HQ on-call firearms officer the so-called briefing. He explained that an Iranian guy who was living in Oatlands Chase was wanted and that he might well be armed. I simply can't remember why or the wherefores but what was in the back of my mind and as vivid today as it was then then was a sense of impending doom. I was thinking, why only three of us? I hope the boss listens to the official firearms officer, as he will lay out proper tactics. At the moment, despite rank, in my humble opinion, he was in charge and we two should forgo any prejudicial "wooden-top" nonsense and listen to his sound counsel.

'You,' pointing to the dumbstruck officer, 'you go around the back.' 'And, Gilby you're with me at the front door. When it's opened, go straight upstairs and check out the bedrooms etc.' Not another word was spoken.' 'Oh dear,' I thought, 'something's not quite right here.'

The doorbell or knocker was pushed and as soon as the door was opened, I think by the chap in question, I brushed aside the two heavyweights and sprinted upwards. Upon reaching the landing, I was fully focused on the task ahead. Maximum concentration required. Remember your training spinning around my head and don't shoot the baby in the pram kept me totally

alert like a coiled spring. Couldn't hear a thing from downstairs but at least there wasn't any type of commotion and thankfully no gunshots.

I drew my revolver, a Smith and Wesson I think, not one those dreadful snub-nosed things that sprayed rounds all over the place. Foot down hard on the doors, thankfully all ajar, gun in the adopted position – both hands and arms stretched and body ready to crouch. Checked first, second, third, blimey I thought how many bedrooms are there? Checked the loo and finally the main bedroom. All clear, job done. Or, in jargon talk, all made safe. An amalgam of satisfaction and excitement began rushing about me – an adrenaline surge I expect. Then, all hell let loose, was I in combat? No, of course not, but I had the living wits taken out of me. Do remember I actually said wits! Would you believe it, a ruddy alarm clock rang loudly and abruptly? Enough to frighten a blooming ghost. It was in the blinking wardrobe. What a shock. And, in a moment of blind panic I almost shot at the bl….dy thing.

I've thought about the logic many times yet can only envisage that the reason behind the clock's bizarre position was that unless you had orangutan arms you would need to get up from your warm pit to turn it off. After cautiously making my way downstairs and following the sound of men talking, I arrived in the kitchen. The uniformed officer, in Guardsman fashion, was standing in front of another kitchen door which presumably led to the back garden. The boss and suspect were both sitting at the table chatting away merrily as if they had both discovered new best friends. The cosy tête-à-tête paused for a split second before I heard, 'put it away Gilby,' spouting from the boss - meaning my gun. Without a word, I dutifully obeyed the rather curt command. But not before I had removed a blooming big carving or bread knife that was not only on the same table but also in easy reach of the so-called target.

Sound matters of state, I'm pleased to say, were eventually resolved without any unhelpful or unlawful bloodshed. However, with so much water having passed under Walton Bridge, I simply can't recall the final outcome. That fact aside, I do remember that it took a couple of days and a fair number of very lovely black nectars to get over the scariness of my noisy encounter. And, as I mentioned at the very beginning of this verbal marathon, it was, thank heavens, the nearest I've ever been to combat!

Keeping Mum

An alternative title of this short yarn of yesteryear in the Police could have been thus: 'The day I became an officer' but on reflection 'Keeping Mum' is a deal more apt and a tad more poignant.

Having been a Detective Sergeant for almost seventeen years and well into my middle forties, I had given up all hope of ever moving into the dizzy heights of becoming an officer and a make-believe gentleman. Like many others who worked alongside me - well some did - I was still suffering from shock and amazement from actually managing to pass the Inspector's exam in the first place.

On that particular score, however, none perhaps more so than my dear old mum and dad as they both were well aware of several hurdles I had needed to overcome. Amusing ones in the main. With dad being a French Canadian and mum being a Walton girl, it's blooming incredible that anyone outside of northern Surrey, possibly south London, could really understand a word I ever uttered. Mum was forever spouting out funny old sayings, while dad very often got his words muddled. I'll always remember the wonderful time when I overheard dad speaking in his best English accent, proudly boasting to some visitor at the front door that his boy had just joined the Neapolitan Police. Wrong twice over.

It was just after I had attended an inspector's promotion board that the telephone rang at my flat in Woking. The caller was the detective superintendent that had actually been one of three interviewers. 'You did well Gilby, you're on the list. You'll be promoted soon but with there being a couple in front of you, can't say when.' Knowing that when he wasn't singing Elvis Presley songs, he could also be an astute wind-up merchant and still feeling somewhat taken aback, I think I replied, 'Are you sure?' 'Yes,' he said, 'You were good, answered very well'. What happened thereafter has long since been forgotten but I must say I felt rather chuffed.

All that dreamlike evening, I kept trying to fathom out what I had said that had clinched it - done the business kind of thing. Was it all the utter bul…t about the in vogue TGP? [Total Geographic Policing so I recall] Was it because they were so hard up for choice? No, I thought, there are plenty of ex-cadets and egghead graduates, they don't need an old un like me. Was it a mistake? Now that was the one reason that forever bugged me right until I received yet another important call. In truth, with my luck at the time being like a poor man's Manhattan skyline, right until I saw the sparkly pips sitting neatly upon the shoulders of my white officer's shirt.

In the meantime, however, I had to cheer up mum and dad who had left their old council house and had moved into a warden assisted flat. The move was a good result for mum who was a lot older than dad, but I knew dad hated being cooped up in such a small place. This was especially so because he had to forgo his beloved garden. Needless to say, once told of my pending promotion, they both were delighted. Promises of an extra slice of dripping on toast was on offer.

The second significant call was from the chief constable's staff officer. Can't recall his name but that's not too surprising because to me the HQ inspectors all looked and spoke alike. I'm not being ungracious by that comment but the vast majority of divisional personnel back in those days will understand what I mean.

They say that time tells on a man, especially too much of a good time, but time also diminishes the memory and unfortunately my memory is no exception. With that old saying in mind, I can't recall much about the day I drove to HQ to see Mr ….., the then chief constable. I do remember being greeted by the staff officer who, as I recall, was extremely pleasant and whom I believe offered his congratulations before asking me to wait in the main hall until the chief

was ready to see me. I also think he told me that I would be posted to Walton but again I'm not completely sure. Positive thoughts were flowing rapidly as was a tad of nervousness.

Several minutes later the door to the Chief's office was opened by the staff officer who, politely asked me to join him. I recall the words, 'Detective Sergeant Gilbert, Sir' being spoken as I anxiously entered the room and approached the desk bound Chief who looked totally distracted and slightly stressed. Perhaps he'd had a bad day. Couldn't swear to it but I believe he was in mufti, not at all surprising because by that time, so many of our senior ranks were acting and looking like management in commerce rather than police officers.

There followed a few moments of deathly hush. Then, as the chief briefly looked up at me while still shuffling away at some forms, out came the bombshell. An unpleasant one. 'You're not on today's list, you shouldn't be here.' The deathly hush returned in vengeance. I couldn't believe what I had heard. 'Oh no, why it is always me?' kept repeating itself subconsciously. It was then that I took the bull by the horns and broke the silence. Looking at the chief, after having first glanced in disbelief at the staff officer, I said, 'does that mean I'm not getting promoted Sir?' Quickly followed by words which were unwittingly inexplicable but true, 'That's a shame Sir, I've told me mum now.'

I'm pretty sure the staff officer giggled or coughed aloud to muffle the sound of his instinctive laughter, but the chief just sat there, head down, in sombre silence and virtually motionless. The unnerving sense of calm was soon shattered by the sound and motion of the dutiful staff officer dashing forward to try to put an end to his master's uncomfortable plight.

While standing but feet away, feeling totally bemused and a more than a little hard-done by, I can remember watching them perform the noble HQ's art of 'chase the paper,' the following of trails of copious forms and other papers, which were by now scattered upon the unruly desk top. Several seconds later, which felt more like many minutes, the chief abruptly stopped his juggling act, looked up and turned his puzzled glare towards me. 'Congratulations Inspector Gilbert,' he said, raising a half smile. And, that was it - all done and dusted or as one particular DC rather annoyingly used to say, 'all boxed-off Sgt'.

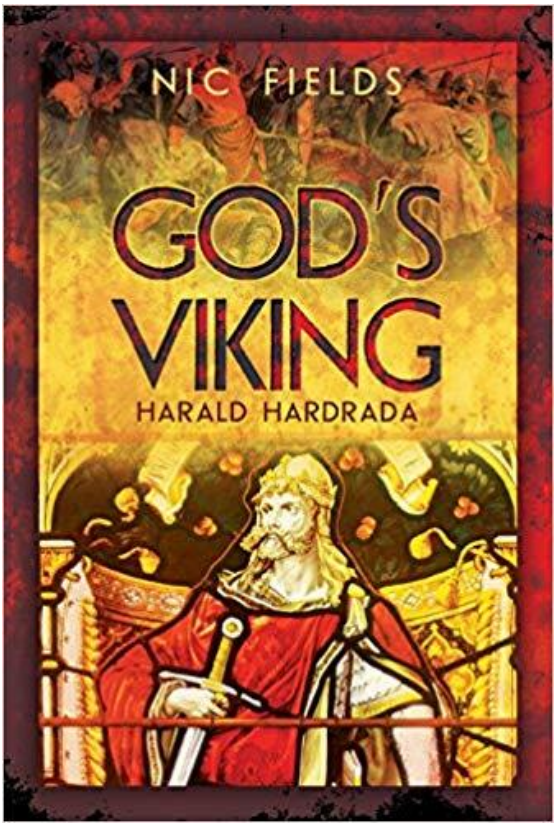
What happened next remains a complete blank although I'm almost positive that I went through all the pleasantries and the obligatory words of thanks required before making a proud exit. Still probably in a state of bewilderment, I left for the sanctuary and sanity of home, sweet home. One thing, however, still comes to mind, perhaps I should have kept Mum!

Book reviews

God's Viking: Harald Hardrada

The Life and Times of the Last Great Viking

Nic Fields



Imprint: Pen & Sword Military
Pages: 366
Illustrations: 20
ISBN: 9781473823426
Published: 20th November 2019
£25.00

Summary

Harald Hardrada is perhaps best known as the inheritor of ‘seven feet of English soil’ in that year of fateful change, 1066. But Stamford Bridge was the terminal point of a warring career that spanned decades and continents. Thus, prior to forcibly occupying the Norwegian throne, Harald had an interesting (and lucrative) career in the Varangian Guard, and he remains unquestionably the most notable of all the Varangians who served the Byzantine emperors: in

the latter employment he saw active service in the Aegean, Sicily, Italy, Anatolia, Syria, Palestine and Bulgaria, while in Constantinople he was the hired muscle behind a palace revolution. A man of war, his reign in Norway was to be taken up with a wasteful, vicious and ultimately futile conflict against Denmark, a kingdom (like England) he believed was his to rule. We follow Harald's life from Stiklestad, where aged fifteen he fought alongside his half-brother King Olaf, through his years as a mercenary in Russia and Byzantium, then back to Norway, ending with his death in battle in England.

Review

To be aware of Harald Hardrada, King of Norway, "the thunderbolt from the north", is probably to know a little more English history than most yet this brutal man was one of the key people who influenced how England would emerge into a modern state. Hardrada can be loosely interpreted as "hard ruler". It was his ambition that allowed the 1066 invasion on the south coast to succeed. He needs to be known and understood!

Harold Hardrada claimed a right to the throne of England upon the death of Edward the Confessor. Hardrada arrived off the north coast of England in September with a fleet of 300 ships packed with around 11,000 Vikings, all anxious to help him to become King of England.

Hardrada's Viking army was strengthened with forces recruited by Tostig Godwinson, brother of King Harold Godwinson, chosen as King of England by the Witenagemot (King's councillors) following Edwards death in January 1066. There were three claimants for the throne and considerable violence became inevitable.

The Viking armada sailed up the River Ouse and after a bloody encounter with Morcar, Earl of Northumberland at the Battle of Fulford, seized York. King Harold now was faced with a dilemma; to march north and confront Hardrada before he could consolidate his hold on Yorkshire, or to remain in the south and prepare for the invasion he was expecting from France by the William Duke of Normandy, a further contender for the throne.

The wars were triggered because both Hardrada and William of Normandy believed they were the rightful heirs of Edward the Confessor. King Harold chose to take his army the 185 miles north, which they covered in a remarkable four days of exhaustion. Harold travelled at remarkable speed surprising and forcing the Vikings to battle at Stamford Bridge on 25 September 1066.

(The football fans will now be trying to find a link between the battle and Chelsea football club. There is not one. "**Stamford Bridge**" **is** considered to be **a** derivative of "Samfordesbrigge" meaning "**the bridge** at **the** sandy ford". Eighteenth century maps show a "Stanford Creek" running along the route of what is now a railway line at the back of the East Stand as **a** tributary of **the** Thames.)

The English decimated the Vikings, destroying the army and huge numbers of longboats, killing Hardrada and around 6,000 of his men while about 5,000 of King Harold's men died, losses that were to have a huge impact on the next battle in Sussex. By killing Harald Hardrada, King Harold saved the country from a future terrible war between the successful invader from the south William and Hardrada coming from the north, both seeking kingship.

With William of Normandy successfully ashore and set about establishing himself in Wessex as King Harold rushed the nucleus of his battle-weary army back south, stopping only briefly in London to gather any extra forces he could.

It is said that Hardrada died with an arrow in his neck. It is also reported that an arrow in the eye was to kill King Harold at Battle.

By the evening of 13 October, the English and Norman armies were encamped within sight of each other at the place now known simply as Battle. The outcome of this battle against an exhausted and less effective army is well known and changed the face of England forever.

This is a difficult field for historians to exercise scholarship. The contemporary Scandinavian sources for the Viking Age are few. Since Scandinavia did not have a literary tradition like the Christian and Islamic areas, there is a lack of the Vikings' version of events and undertakings. The historiography about the Viking Age has often been based primarily on foreign sources, and on sources written down (such as saga) in the 1200–1400s, based on oral tradition. Foreign sources are mostly annals, chronicles, biographies and travelogues

The level of scholarship required for such a book and the extensive knowledge of sources with a deep understanding of Old Norse, Old English, Anglo Saxon and other Mediterranean based languages it would be impossible to contemplate such a work. The author reasonably adopted the strategy, "that he is merely repeating what he has read." Which results an extensive bibliography from pages 334-351. The author has managed to bring together parts of a "long violent career, lived out by a flawed man, on a grand scale, a career that encompasses everything from the forlornness and uncertainties of exile to the heights of power and glory."

The book is addressed to readers who seek a brief biographical introduction to the life of an unfamiliar subject. However, the non-specialist reader may find it demanding to read paragraphs that mix, names particularly, in Old Norse and Old English. This interrupts the reader's flow and the carful concentration needed to absorb who is who and where he is! There is also a tendency to divert into descriptions of swords, spears and other interesting topics. All very fascinating but can be distracting. However, stick with it as the story being told is remarkable. An example of the complexity,

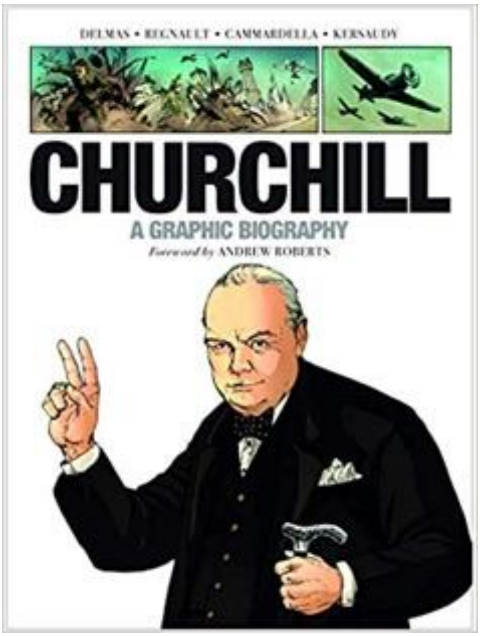
> For instance one Icelandic saga calls the *berserkr* of *Haraldr hairfagri* "wolf skins (*ulfhednar*), for on them would no iron bite, and the term *ulffhednar* (sg, *alfhedinn*) also appears in Vatnsdela saga, which gives to understand that "those berserks who were

called *ulfhednar* had wolf skin coats (v*argstakkr*) for byrnies." You understand the complexity!

Harald Hardrada or Haraldr Siguroason must surely rank amongst the most extraordinary of men and someone whose name should be recognised in England as that of the man who cost King Harold his life and kingdom. I am not sure I would like him living next door!

Churchill: A Graphic Biography

Author Vincent Delmas, Illustrators Christophe Regnault and Alessio Cammardella. Forward by Andrew Roberts



About the Author: Vincent Delmas writes for television, film, and comics. Notably, he is co-author of Charlemagne in the collection Ils ont fait l'Histoire and scriptwriter of the series Synchrone, published by Lombard.

Christophe Regnault, also known as "Bis", illustrates role playing games (2d sans face), works for various educational comics (Une Bulle en Plus) and for the gaming publications Dofus Mag and IGMag (Ankama). He published Chasseurs de Scoops in September 2012 with Glénat, for whom in 2014 he inaugurated collection "Ils ont fait l'Histoire" by illustrating King Philip IV, "Philip the Fair".

Synopsis

As well as being extremely well-drawn, this excellent book is extraordinarily factually accurate. It will attract a whole new generation to the splendour that is the story of Winston Churchill. Sir Winston Churchill is often referred to as the greatest Briton and is certainly one of the most important and central figures of the

20th Century. This graphic biography takes the reader from Churchill's upbringing, through his military exploits and his experience of the First World War.

Best known for his role in the Second World War, this biography presents Churchill's part in this conflict in a detailed yet inventive manner, making this huge event accessible for people of all ages and knowledge. There is a series of information pages on Churchill and the War, allowing for either background and supplementary knowledge for the biography, or to explore some of the ideas of the book in more detail.

The foreword by Andrew Roberts, one of the leading historians of Churchill, only serves to add more knowledge and insight to this book. This graphic biography is a unique depiction of the life of Winston Churchill. It places his story in the context of the times whilst enabling the reader to truly visualize the key moments in his life and career. They say that a picture paints a thousand words, and this book proves this point exquisitely.

A full and wholly fair representation of the most adventurous life in the history of British politics ... there is not a word I would have changed in the text of this excellent graphical account." --Andrew Roberts

Comments

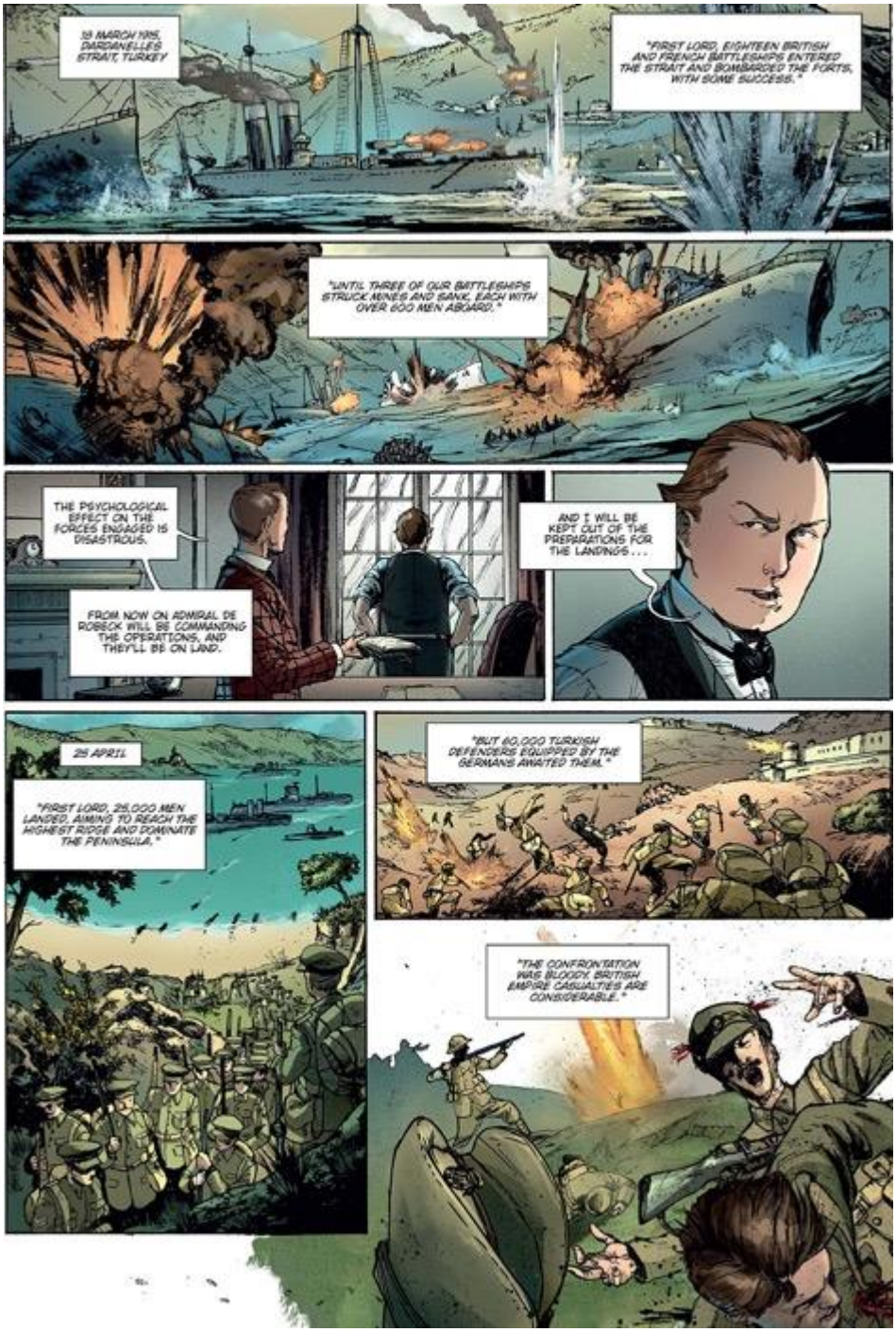
"Introduced by Churchill biographer Andrew Roberts, this beautiful illustrated history is a novel guide to the totemic leader for readers young and old." ***--Military History Matters***

"*Churchill: A Graphic Biography* is fantastic. It is informative while being engaging with the writing and artwork working in perfect unison. I would recommend giving it a read for sure if you want to learn about Winston Churchill in a unique manner compared to the all-prose biographies of him." ***--The Newest Rant***

"The artwork is very good, in a traditional comic book style, and helps tell the story cleanly, whether personal, political or military .... The book is an excellent overview of the highlights of a life and career." ***--ICv2***

"A wholly original and fresh approach to historical biography. Churchill would have been delighted to be a comic book hero!" **--Phil Reed, Emeritus Director, Churchill War Rooms**

"A novel and riveting re-telling of the Churchill legend." **--Professor Gary Sheffield, author of *Douglas Haig: From the Somme to Victory***



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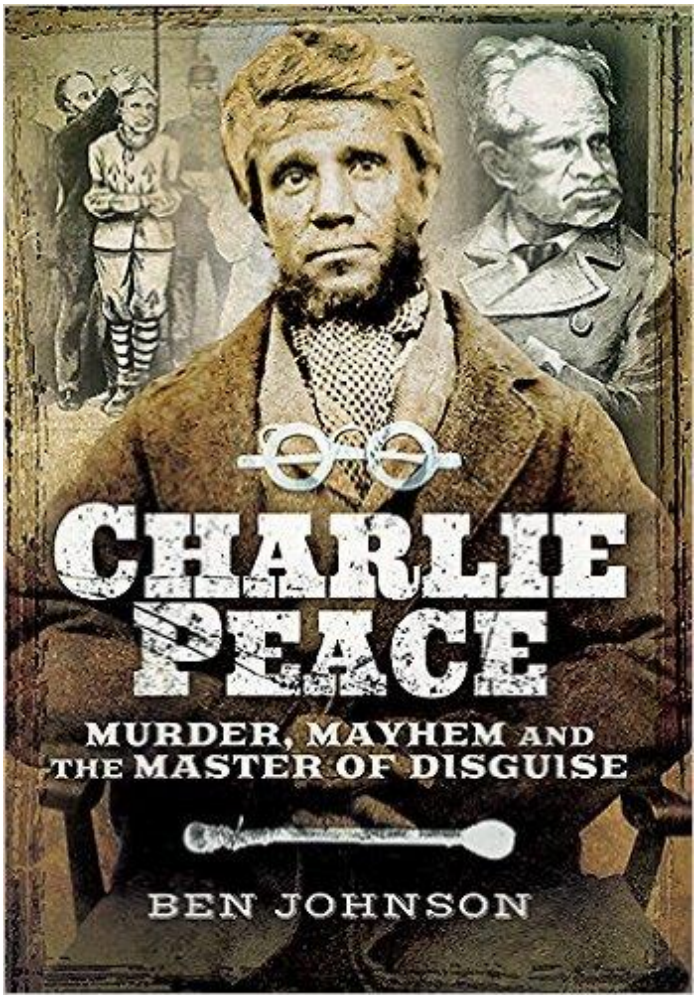
Review

There are no fewer that 1,010 biographies written of Churchill and so there is an inevitability that different and ingenious ways will be found to repeat this tried and tested story. So, who is this book pitched at? Comic books for adults is not a British “thing” although extremely popular in France and Belgium. This book uses graphics believed suitable for both adults and children to read and enjoy. The work is historically accurate with Francois Kersaudy acting as historical consultant (who wrote the introduction) a man steeped in honours within France for his historical scholarship.

Returning to the question who will read this book? The answer is unlikely to be those aware of the story in any depth. It is probable that young people with little knowledge of Churchill’s life will enjoy the work hopefully as an introduction before turning to something a little more demanding. Those with a little more ambition and a deeper interest (and with a great deal more time) may try the 2018 published Andrew Robert’s 1152-page work “Churchill; Walking with Destiny” or the mere 750-page 2019 “Attlee and Churchill: Allies in War, Adversaries in Peace” by Leo McKinstry.

The book is somewhere between A3 and A4 in size, with quality paper and clear graphics and at just under £13 will make a worthy present for teenagers in any family where parents will no doubt happily join the queue to read it. It is probable there will be many more of this type of book that can be consumed in vey few hours against books that take weeks or even months to read. Time has speeded up!



Charlie Peace: Murder, Mayhem and the Master of Disguise

Paperback published 1 Aug 2016 160 pages

Publisher: Pen & Sword Books Ltd (1 Aug. 2016)

Language: English

ISBN-10: 1473862981

ISBN-13: 978-1473862982

About the Author: Ben Johnson is a freelance writer, columnist and sub-editor. He currently writes for two true crime magazines and has a first class Honours degree in Journalism from Sheffield Hallam University. It was while studying court reporting that he found his love for the dark subject of true crime, and since these days of sitting at cold, silent press benches, has been a prolific writer, with articles being published on both sides of the Atlantic.

Synopsis

A devil once lived in God's own county. A grotesque figure with many names and many faces, he could slip into the home of an unsuspecting family with the silent stealth of a cool night-time breeze and leave without a trace. Spending his nocturnal hours limping through the dirty streets with villainy on his mind, and impishly disappearing into the industrial smoke that hungover Victorian Sheffield like a perpetual storm cloud, this was a devil who was to write his own place in the folklore of his hometown. Despite his fearsome reputation, this was a devil of flesh and blood. He was just a man, but a man with an unrivalled talent in the dark art of criminality and such was his fame for murder and mayhem, that he was the most wanted man in England for a time. Tales of burglary, murder, daring escapes and a truly shocking miscarriage of justice feature in this biography, along with moments of lost love, damaged pride, and violent revenge. It is a story of a man who had turned to crime through necessity, but consciously chose to continue in an ever-spiralling life of wickedness. Once immortalised in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors, his gnarled and prematurely aged features would be the last image his victims ever saw yet ironically, he was known by the name of Peace.

Review

Peace was a wicked, nasty man who was a constant danger to the public and the police who would have to arrest him knew he was prone to extreme violence. He had no redeeming features. His early life was not unusual other than his father was a one-legged lion tamer, and he came from a stable happy home. Peace seems to have consciously turned to crime following an industrial accident when his leg was badly damaged, and work became difficult to find. His father died and income was hard to come by and so he calculatingly decided to earn a living from crime however he was soon caught. During his brief first sentence he determined on becoming a professional criminal, planning his crimes, the disposal of stolen goods and the avoidance of arrest. He was to become one of the most prolific and wanted criminals of the Victorian age.

Over 25 years Peace burgled his way across Sheffield, Manchester and London, shot at several police officers, killing one, and murdered the husband of a lady whose affection he sought. He also managed to escape from prison

Peace was first arrested for house breaking in 1854. Over the next 20 years he was arrested and convicted several times. Following a prison sentence, he moved to Manchester where in August 1859 he was caught committing a burglary and arrested, though not before shooting and almost murdering a police officer. For this he was sentenced to six years' penal servitude. Shortly after his release in 1866 Peace was again caught during a burglary. This time he was sentenced to eight years penal servitude at Manchester Assizes.

But while at Wakefield Prison he made an escape bid but was recaptured hiding in the governor's bedroom. Following release at the end of his sentence probably minus any time off for good behaviour, Peace moved back to Sheffield and became infatuated with Katherine

Dyson, the wife of his neighbour Arthur Dyson. The couple moved to get away from Peace, but he followed them and began a campaign of intimidation and harassment that came to a head on November 27, 1876. That night, Peace was watching the Dyson's house and when Mrs Dyson opened the door to come out when she was confronted by him, holding a revolver, he said, "Speak or I will fire."

She fled in terror and Mr Dyson hearing the disturbance began to chase Peace who continually fired at him as he ran eventually hitting him in the head and killing him. Peace ran straight to his wife and when two detectives arrived at his home, she told them she had not seen her husband for months. As she kept them talking, Peace climbed onto an adjoining roof and hid behind a chimneystack until detectives had finished an exhaustive search of the property. There was a price of £100 on his head and a description of him was circulated, but Peace shaved his beard, dyed his hair, put on a pair of spectacles and used a strange ability to contort his features in such a way as to change the shape of his face. He also wore a fake arm to conceal a missing finger that had been shot off.

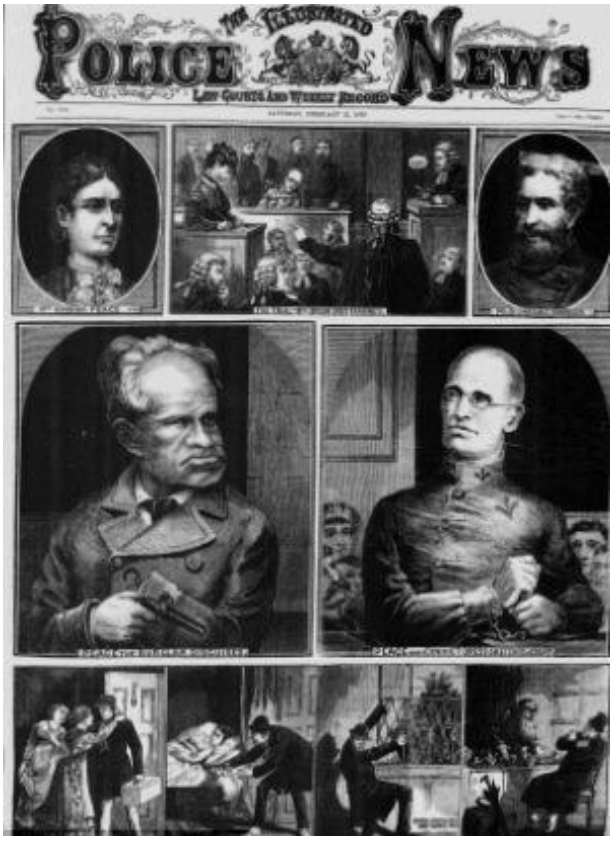
Peace went on the run and eventually settled in Peckham, south east London, using the name Thompson. He bought and sold musical instruments by day and burgled houses by night of ten increasing his stock! At 2am on October 10, 1878 during a series of burglaries in the affluent suburb of Blackheath, Peace was disturbed by PC Edward Robinson and jumped out of a window. The officer gave chase and, despite being shot at five times and badly wounded he gallantly held on to Peace until help arrived.

Peace gave his name as John Ward and was convicted at the Old Bailey on November 10, 1878, of attempting to murder PC Robinson. He was sentenced to a life of penal servitude and PC Robinson was given a £25 reward on the recommendation of the jury.

Living in Peckham with Peace had been a 'Mrs Thompson', his widowed mistress Susan, who eventually admitted to the police John Ward's true identity. Peace was taken from Pentonville prison to Sheffield, where he stood trial for the murder of Arthur Dyson, but not before engaging in a violent struggle with his guards and throwing himself from a train in an unsuccessful bid to escape justice. On February 4, 1879 Peace's trial began at Leeds Assizes; the jury convicted him after deliberating for 12 minutes and he was sentenced to death.

Just over nine years earlier on the 1st August 1870 there was an attempted burglary at a large villa on the corner of Seymour Grove and Manchester Road, Chorlton. The house still stands but has been enlarged into a public house – sometimes called The Grove, sometimes called The Seymour. P.C. Beanland and P.C. Nicholas Cock of the Lancashire Constabulary noticed a suspicious character and separated to intercept the suspect. In doing so, P.C. Cock surprised the man but in trying to arrest him P.C. Cock was fatally shot by a revolver bullet.

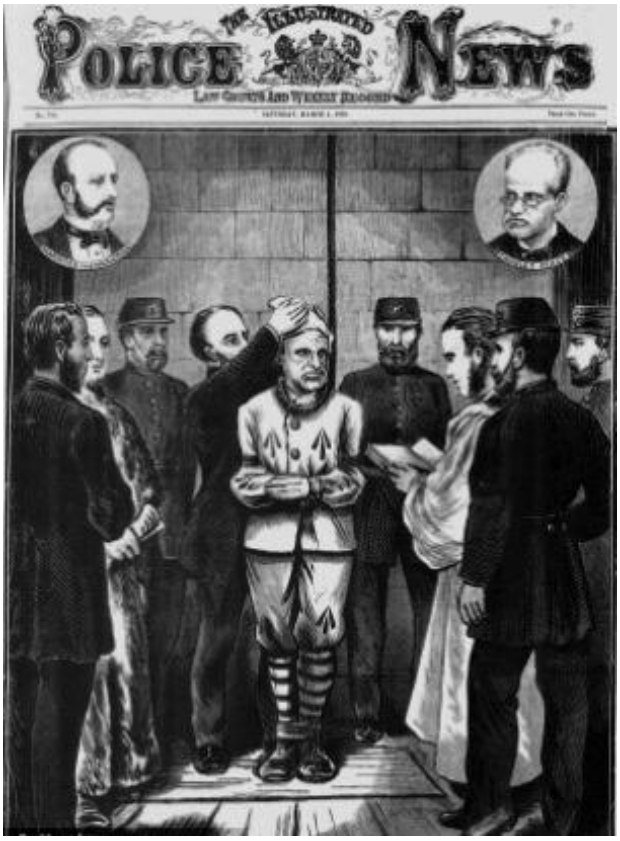
Two local brothers, John and William Habron, were arrested and charged with the killing. William was convicted for murder and sentenced to hang. Fortunately for him the Home Secretary commuted the sentence to life imprisonment.



Peace following his conviction for murder in Leeds made a confession to a priest that he was the killer of P.C. Cock. William Habron was pardoned and received five hundred pounds compensation. Peace had attended the trial but had said nothing.

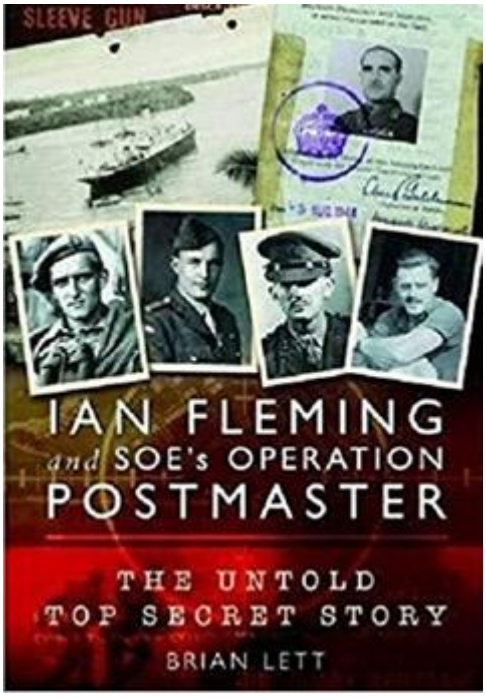
The author, though he adds the caveat he should not be admired, describes Peace as a criminal genius which is an overemphasis of the skill needed to be a burglar and killer and given he spent so much time in prison. He did of course murder, was caught and executed. The author also writes that for every time he was caught, he had committed several over offences for which he was not identified or charged. That is nothing new; that is quite the norm. Not many if any criminals get convicted for every offence they commit. The author concludes that Peace's terrible crimes should not be celebrated but the extraordinary life should be remembered by, "ink and paper so they may not be repeated in flesh and blood."

Most police officers and other rational people would just consider him a nasty piece of work who got what the law of the day decided he deserved thereby stopping him turning so many more people into victims.



Ian Fleming and SOE's Operation Postmaster

The Top Secret Story Behind 007



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Publisher's Synopsis

This is a true story of a force of 'licensed to kill' secret agents, commanded by a real war time secret service chief code names M, with whom Ian Fleming worked, and upon whom his James Bond stories were based. Brigadier Colin Gubbins was M, the Special Operations Executive was his Secret Service, Professor Dudley Newitt was Q and Captain Gus March-Phillips commanded 'Maid of Honor Force', the team of 'James Bonds' who, in a daring operation, sailed a Q ship to West Africa and stole three enemy ships from a neutral Spanish port on the volcanic island of Fernando Po. Ian Fleming worked closely with M to oil the wheels that made the operation possible, and prepared the cover story, in which the British Government lied in order to conceal British responsibility for the raid. M's agents prepared the ground on Fernando Po, even enmeshing the Governor in a honey trap. March-Phillips and his team carried out the raid successfully in January 1942, despite much opposition from the local regular Army and Navy commanders, and in the face of overwhelming odds. Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden told Fleming's lies on the international stage, denying any British complicity in the operation. As a result, a secrecy embargo enveloped Operation POSTMASTER until recently.

Review

In 1941 the British Admiralty started receiving reports that German submarines were using the rivers in Vichy French parts of Africa as a base for refuelling. The unit selected to investigate the reports was the Small Scale Raiding Force (SSRF) also known as No. 62 Commando under the command Major Gus March-Phillipps (later MBE DSO).

Maid Honor (sic), a 65-ton Brixham yacht trawler, left Poole harbour on 9 August 1941, bound for West Africa. The five-man crew were commanded by March-Phillipps. The remainder of the SSRF led by Captain Geoffrey Appleyard had departed earlier aboard a troop ship. On 20 September 1941 after six weeks the Maid Honor arrived at Freetown, Sierra Leone the rendezvous for both groups, after which the search for the German submarine bases started. Sailing into the many rivers and deltas in the area, they failed to locate any submarines or evidence of a submarine base.

SOE maintained a presence in West Africa, where it could observe Vichy French, Spanish and Portuguese territories with the intention of identifying and hindering any activities that threatened Britain's colonial possessions. While the commandos were searching for the German submarine bases SOE agents had become aware of three vessels in the port of Santa Isabel on the Spanish island of Fernando Po 19 miles off the coast of Africa near the borders of Nigeria and the Guinea.

The three ships were the Italian 8,500-ton merchant vessel Duchessa d'Aosta, the second a large German tug Likomba, the third a diesel-powered barge Bibundi. Duchessa d'Aosta had a working radio which was considered a threat, with the potential to provide details of Allied naval movements. There was speculation it was also carrying arms or ammunition. In his visits to the island, SOE agent Leonard Guise kept the ships under observation, and in August 1941 submitted a plan to seize Likomba and disable Duchessa d'Aosta. Approval for the military operation in a neutral port was given by the Admiralty on 20 November 1941.

To transport the raiders to the island, two tugs, Vulcan and Nuneaton, were provided by the Governor of Nigeria. The raiding force would consist of 32 men, four SOE agents, 11 commandos from the SSRF and 17 men recruited from the local population to crew the two tugs. The mission suffered a blow when the British GOC West Africa Command refused to support the mission. He declined to release the 17 men required, stating it would compromise some unnamed plans he had in mind, and that the act would be seen as piracy and have repercussions. Responding to the concerns of the GOC, the Admiralty suspended the operation. The Foreign Office was also not in favour of the operation, and neither was the British Embassy in Madrid, which was concerned about the possible reactions of the Spanish government.

The final go ahead, eventually supported by the Foreign Office, was not given until 6 January 1942, on the grounds that suspicion of British involvement in the raid was inevitable; what counted was the avoidance of any tangible proof. As a safeguard the Admiralty also dispatched HMS Violet, a Flower-class corvette, to intercept the vessels at sea, which would provide the cover story that they had been intercepted while trying to make their way home to Europe.

What never ceases to amaze is this seemingly endless supply of brave, adventurous men and women prepared to risk all through patriotism or possibly just for the adventure war can offer. This book, first published in 2012, introduce a number of such men who grasped all the opportunities offered them and sailed to Africa to undertake their task. Involved was Dane Anders Lassen, VC and MC and two Bars, one of the brave and resourceful adventurers who British servicemen on the Maid of Honor to undertake Operation Postmaster in a “Q ship.” (An older generation will recall the use of Q Cars in policing – plain cars with non-uniformed police officers taking crime fighting to the criminals.)

My issue with the book which needed to be researched and written, holds a clue in the title, “Ian Fleming’s SOE’s Operation Postmaster.” This book is spoilt by constant reference to comparisons to James Bond novels of course written by Fleming, and speculation as to links from the operation to the books. This interrupts the flow and can be tedious. A relationship of

Flemming and Bond with the characters on the raid, in the security services and SOE was the intention of the work so must be accepted.

As one would expect from a QC, the book has been meticulously and extensively researched. For all its frustrations of little or no interest in James Bond this is an enjoyable and gripping yarn in true Boy's Own style.