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

**May 2020**
www.surrey-constabulary.com

**Editor Robert Bartlett MA (Cantab) CF**
938at938@gmail.com

***"They know that they have behind them a people who will not flinch or weary of the struggle - hard and protracted though it will be; but that we shall rather draw from the heart of suffering itself the means of inspiration and survival, and of a victory won not only for ourselves but for all; a victory won not only for our own time, but for the long and better days that are to come." –*** *Sir Winston Churchill*

# Surrey Constabulary History
# Journal 62

# Walton on Thames

# Contents

# Inspector Edwin James Gouffini
# Surrey Constabulary
# Died on Duty 29 September 1973 aged 41

*Insp. Edwin Gouffini.*

POLICE INSPECTOR COLLAPSED AND DIED

**To the Police Roll of Honour Trust, Lancashire Constabulary HQ, Preston. PR4 5SB.**
(Note RFB: the initial response is positive but has to go before a committee)

The press cutting came into the possession of Surrey Constabulary History many years ago. Unfortunately, no references were written alongside the cuttings.

Inspector Gouffini died aged 41 of a heart attack on duty that was linked to the attendance at a fire some years before when toxic fumes were inhaled. Most of the firemen involved on that call received medical discharges.

I am seeking Mr Gouffini's inclusion on the national Police Roll of Honour

**Robert Bartlett**

The following is taken from newspaper cuttings.

**Jersey Born Police Inspector Dies While on Duty**

A Jerseyman serving with the Surrey Constabulary as a police inspector Mr Edwin James Gouffini who was 41, collapsed after giving evidence at the magistrate's court. He joined the Surrey Constabulary after serving in the army and has held his present rank since last year.

## Press report

Inspector Edwin James Gouffini of the Surrey Constabulary collapsed and died at work on Thursday last week.

Inspector Gouffini (41) joined Surrey Constabulary in 1956 having spent ten years as a sergeant in the Royal Engineers. He began beat duties in Dorking in January 1957 and later that year he moved to Reigate. In 1960 he went to Godalming in 1961 to Walton and three years later he moved to Caterham. He was promoted sergeant in 1965 and was made acting inspector at Caterham in 1968. Shortly afterward she moved to Camberley as Inspector.

Inspector Gouffini leaves a wife and one daughter.

The funeral took place on Tuesday at St Tarcissus Church. (Note: Camberley)

## COP WHO DIED Press cutting

Police Inspector Edwin Gouffini never had a day's illness in his life before he went to the Camberley fire. Four years later he died of a heart attack. He was 41. Inspector Gouffini was one of the first on the scene. Now his widow Mrs Eileen Gouffini of Orchard Way, Camberley has been awarded an upgraded pension following and investigation by Surrey Police. A police medical officer said that he could not rule out the possibility of a connection between Inspector Gouffini's death and his contact with TDI fumes.

Mrs Gouffini said, "After the fire he complained of chest pains. He told me then he thought it had something to do with the fire."

## The Tragic Case of Fireman Bill – Reveille August 11, 1978

Bill Ford is losing his memory, but he aims to win his campaign for compensation against a deadly chemical he believed has disabled him and left a trail of tragedy. Bill was in a squad of firemen who dashed to a factory blaze in 1969 and were exposed to the fumes of burning plastic-type material called toluene-di-isocyanate or TDL.

Nine of the eleven men in the team have been discharged from the service on medical grounds. And a police inspector who reached the scene with them has since died.

Bill and the Fire Brigade's Union who are battling to get them justice, believe all the men are victims of poisonous TDI fumes. The TDI has been used in a foam substance that was lagging a pipe at the scene of the fire. ----- Legal liability cannot be established and medical experts have refused to say categorically that TDI is to blame for all the men's infirmities. But the campaign has been boosted now that ICI the leading British makers of the chemical, have taken

it off the market. The TDI involved in the fire at Camberley fire was not made by ICI and was correctly stored. There was no danger until the fire broke out.

REVEILLE, AUGUST 11 1976

# THE TRAGIC CASE OF FIREMAN BILL

On the bounce

BILL FORD: "The scars will last"

**BILL FORD is losing his memory. But he aims to win his campaign for compensation against a deadly chemical he believes has disabled him and left a trail of tragedy.**

Bill was in a squad of firemen who dashed to a factory blaze in 1969 . . . and were exposed to the fumes of a burning, plastic type-material called toluene-di-isocyanate, or TDI.

Nine of the 11 men in the team have been discharged from the service on medical grounds. And a police inspector who reached the scene with them has since died.

Bill and the Fire Brigades' Union, who are battling to get them justice, believe all the men are victims of poisonous TDI fumes.

The TDI had been used in a foam substance that was lagging a pipe at the scene of the fire.

Bill, aged 55, of Greenlands, Frimley, Surrey, said: "Before I inhaled TDI at the fire I was a keen sportsman."

His memory is now so bad he has to read things three times before they make sense, and he has had to give up his job and all.

Legal liability cannot be established and medical experts have refused to say categorically that TDI is to blame for all the men's infirmities.

Special Reveille investigation by CHRISTENA CAVERLEY

All had left the fire service within five years of the blaze.

And a survey by the Fire Brigades' Union showed that in the five years before the blaze only one man in the whole Surrey fire service had suffered from heart condition.

The policeman who reached the scene of the fire with the brigade, Inspector Edwin Gouffini, died in 1972 of a heart attack.

The firemen's campaign has been led by the union's assistant general secretary, Mr. Dick Fogge.

He said: "We are satisfied that this is no coincidence. There must be a link."

## And 10 victims of fire No 2

THE firemen at Camberley are not the only possible victims of TDI.

Three men have died from heart conditions since they went to a fire at Wellington, Somerset, where TDI caught fire.

And seven others in the same squad have been discharged from the service because of gic said: "In the case of the Taunton men we have not been able to monitor their health since they left the brigade so we cannot be categoric.

### Easier

"In the case of the Camberley men, though, it will be easier in that they have all agreed to have post mortem examinations carried out on them when they die."

### Campaign

But the campaign has been boosted now that ICI, the leading British makers of the chemical, have taken it off the market.

The TDI involved in the Camberley fire was not made by ICI and was correctly stored. There was no danger until the fire broke out.

This is what has happened to the men who dashed with Mr. Ford to the fire at Camberley,

### Economics

A spokesman for ICI said: "Our decision to stop production of TDI is

The following comments came from Camberley officers who served with Inspector Gouffini.

**Retired Inspector Tony Davie 9 April 2020**

I was a sergeant at Camberley when Eddie died. He had been prosecuting at the magistrate`s court that morning. He had to report the results of the cases to Chief Inspector Roy Goacher. No sooner had he arrived at Roy`s office he collapsed over his desk and died. The undertakers arrived later to take Eddie away and, going down the stone steps at the new Camberley police station in Portesbury Road, they dropped him. That damaged one of the steps as it took out a chunk of the stone.

I heard that some firemen from the Camberley fire station on the London Road were in hospital in a vegetable state having responded to the fire that Eddie attended. I was told by a local senior fire officers that firemen had been medically discharged as a result of the fire. I reported this to Chief Superintendent Trussler and Eddie`s widow was awarded an upgraded pension in consequence.

**Ken Clarke retired sergeant Surrey Constabulary Camberley 9 April 2020**

I can remember attending, and I can't remember what or where it was when I was on nights at Camberley. Later, we all attended Frimley Park Hospital and were admitted for a little while before being released. Unable to say if Eddie Gouffini was with us or not. I think he died in the chief inspector's office. I believe he went in to see him and collapsed. He spoke French and was born on Guernsey/Jersey.

**Graham Hardy retired superintendent Surrey Police 11 April 2020**

All I recall of this was including the item in the Police Authority papers as a young Sergeant in General Office ... perhaps the upgrade to the Widows Pension you mention.

In those days we had the old original vending machines in almost every Police Station and Traffic Centres, and they used very simple plastic cups that the Caretakers / Cleaners used to burn as waste. It was believed that these cups contained the same chemicals as those involved in this fire and an instruction went out to stop the incineration of these cups on police premises with immediate effect.

**Paul Hickman retired superintendent Secretary Retired Comrades**

Can find nothing in the SPRCA minutes (the ones I have only go as far as 1951). However, using Ancestry I have found:

Edwin James Gouffini
b. 5 February 1932
d. 29 November 1973 at Camberley.

Probate:

GOUFFINI, Edwin James of Arco Iris Orchard Way Camberley Surrey died 29 November 1973 Administration Oxford 9 January £17219 742800281A

# The remarkable memory of Geoff Todd who contributed to the research into the death of Inspector Gouffini

**John Green and others 1956-1973**

John was then posted to Woking as Admin chief inspector under Chief Superintendent Jackman always known as "Jacko". I believe John then went to HQ in charge of Training. I had first met John, then PC 596, at Oxted Police Station in Divisional Admin., where he worked under Sergeant 500 Fred G Parsons and alongside PC 401 Don H Cooper (a good cricketer). I was then JPC 40 and it was sometime in 1956. Cadets Tony Harding and Alfie Marks were also

cadets at the time. Neither joined the regular force and I'm sure that Alfie, who was also on the first cadet course along with Tony Forward and myself, served out his time in the cadets. Superintendent Ashley Steeds was in charge of the Division (Alfie Mothersele succeeded him) and Ch. Insp. Vivian Jack Skinner was his deputy. Danny Hobbs was Detective Inspector, D/S Colin Brake and T/DC George Bailey comprised the CID, along with clerk/typist Muriel Brown.

I was promoted Chief Inspector in 1970 and was posted to "F" Farnham Division as the first chief inspector admin, under Chief Superintendent George Ferguson and Supt. Keith Ponder. I lived in Police House at 31 Tilford Road, Farnham. Prior to this posting I had been Peter Matthews first ever staff officer. The station is now no longer. Once they have got rid of Mount Browne all my old police haunts will have disappeared!

**Superintendent Ashley Steeds**

# At 31 he's Surrey's youngest Chief Inspector

Chief Insp. Todd

Chief Insp. Green

SURREY'S youngest police chief inspector is now in charge at Camberley.

He is 31-year-old Chief Insp. Geoffrey Todd, who took over Camberley's sub-divisional police headquarters on Monday from Chief Insp. John Green, who is being transferred to Woking. Chief Insp. Todd, who is married and has two children, was previously in charge of the divisional administrative office at Farnham, and is no stranger to Camberley. He was transferred to the town in May 1959 where he served on the beat and as a police motor-cyclist.

In September 1965, he was chosen for the special course at Bramshill police college. He spent a year at the college, finishing as a sergeant. After a short spell as an instructor in the force training department, he was moved to Woking. While at Woking he was promoted to inspector and later transferred to police headquarters at Guildford, serving firstly in the administrative department and then as a staff officer to the Chief Constable.

**CAREER**

Chief Insp. John Green (42), is now in charge of the divisional administrative office at Woking. A policeman for 20 years, he had been in charge of Camberley's force since July last year.

He started his police career at Godalming, and after beat, clerical and CID duties at Guildford and Oxted, was promoted to sergeant at Redhill in 1960.

He was posted back to Oxted and in 1966 promoted to inspector and put in charge of the force training department. He still held that position when promoted to chief inspector in 1968. Chief Insp. Green is married and has three children.

He takes over at Woking from Chief Insp. Harold Smith, his predecessor at Camberley. Mr. Smith, who lives with his wife at Yateley, retired from the police force on Sunday after 35 years' service.

Also on the police personnel change list is Insp. Alan Hill (40) promoted to chief inspector in charge of Farnham's divisional administrative office.

Sgt. Frederick Rumbold (36), stationed at Farnham for the past two years, has been promoted to inspector and put in charge of Oxted's police force.

And Pc George Mills (41), stationed at Woking for the past 18 years, is promoted to sergeant and moves to Farnham.

Aldershot News and
7.8.70.

# Police chiefs are moving next week

**CHIEF Supt. Derek Tunn-Clarke, the officer in charge of the Woking Division of the Surrey Constabulary since August, 1968, is moving to Reigate to take command of the area covered by the police stations at Reigate, Redhill, Horley, Oxted and Caterham.**

**A policeman for 20 years, he has been stationed within the Woking, Farnham and Guildford Divisions and at headquarters. At one time, as an inspector, he was in charge of the Force Training School before being promoted to chief inspector at Godalming.**

**In April, 1966, he was promoted to superintendent and took command of the Guildford Division. The following year he took charge of the Force Traffic Department and while in that position was promoted to chief superintendent.**

*Chief Supt. M. Jackman*

Mr. Tunn-Clarke's successor is Chief Supt. Maurice Jackman, who has been promoted from superintendent. Since December, 1968, Mr. Jackman has been second-in-command of the Guildford Division.

He joined the Surrey Constabulary in December, 1947, after leaving the R.A.F.V.R., where as a warrant officer he had served the war years with 207 Squadron, 5 Group, Bomber Command, as an air gunner. After serving as a uniformed constable in the Weybridge Division he was posted to Godalming as a detective, and in 1958 was promoted to detective sergeant and stationed at Guildford.

After a six-month course at the Police College at Bramshill, Hampshire, he joined the staff of the Force Training Department at police headquarters. In September, 1963, as an inspector, he was in charge of the Redhill Sub - Division until January, 1965, when he was promoted to chief inspector, he took charge of the Chertsey and Egham Sub-Division He later moved to Guildford, where he was promoted to superintendent in March, 1969.

Mr. Jackman, who is secretary of Guildford Crime Prevention Panel and chairman of the the force tug-of-war team, will live at Woking with his wife and two daughters, Penelope (22), who is a secretary in London, and Heather (15), who is still at school.

*Chief Supt. D. Tunn-Clarke*

Surrey Adv. 29.5.70.

# CHIEF SUPT. G. R. FERGUSON RETIRES — BUT NOT LEAVING FARNHAM

**CHIEF Superintendent G. R. Ferguson of the Farnham Division, Surrey Constabulary, retires on October 31st and will be succeeded by Chief Superintendent R. W. Cozens, who has been in charge of the Dorking Division for the last year and will move to Farnham on November 1st.**

Chief Supt. G. R. Ferguson.

Chief Supt. R. W. Cozens.

Known affectionately as "Father" to his staff at Farnham Division Headquarters, Chief Supt. Ferguson has served continuously since November 28th, 1933 and is the last member of the former Guildford Borough Police Force to retire. He transferred to the Surrey Constabulary when the two forces were amalgamated in 1946. The Reigate force was also incorporated with the county at the same time.

STARTED WITH G.E.C.

Mr. Ferguson did not start his career in the police, for after leaving school at Southampton, where he was born, he started work with the General Electric Company. He and a friend there both decided to enter the police, and at a time when the demand for constables was not so acute as it is at present, he had the choice of more than one force. Guildford offered the nearest vacancy, and he has never regretted his decision.

Police work was an innovation in his family, for most members had joined the Royal Navy or the Merchant Navy.

In 1939 he was made a sergeant, and during the war he was promoted to inspector. After the amalgamation forces he took over the Guildford Sub-Division. He trained at the Hendon Detective Training College, and at the National Police College. He served at Weybridge as detective inspector, and at Egham from where he transferred to Farnham as chief inspector, being promoted first to superintendent and then to chief superintendent in charge of the Farnham Division.

Chief Supt. Cozens, who is 42, joined the Surrey Constabulary 16 years ago. Promoted to sergeant after 8 years service he was made an inspector in 1965. In 1968 he became a superintendent at headquarters in charge of research and planning, and since last August he has been the officer-in-charge at Dorking.

While serving at Guildford he was a leader of a youth club. He is a member of the Organisation and Methods Society and very interested in management studies. He is also a keen tennis player and both he and his wife have taken an active part in the social life of the Dorking Division. During the last year a Wives' Group has been formed and Mrs. Cozens has been its chairman. Their two children will continue to attend George Abbott School at Guildford.

Farnham

23 10 70

## OBITUARIES

### EX SUPERINTENDENT KEITH ALEC PONDER

The death occurred on Friday 19th April 1991 of ex Superintendent Keith Ponder at the age of 64 years.

After war service from June 1944 to December 1946 with the Royal Naval Air Service, Keith Ponder joined the Surrey Constabulary and served as a beat and clerical officer at Weybridge, Oxted, Guildford and Farnham.

He was promoted to Sergeant in 1959 for duty at Reigate and to Inspector in August 1963 for clerical duties at Headquarters and subsequently patrol Inspector at Guildford. He became the Sub-Divisional Chief Inspector at Dorking in 1966 and later that year he was seconded to the staff of Her Majesty's Inspector of Constabulary with the temporary rank of Superintendent which was made substantive in March 1968. In August 1968 he returned to Divisonal duties as the Deputy Divisonal Commander at Farnham until 1971 when he moved to Headquarters as the Force Planning Officer.

He retired in June 1972 and will be remembered as an excellent thorough administrator and a kind thoughtful officer who was an encourager of younger officers.

Following retirement Keith became a manager with Chelsea Building Society. He enjoyed his home and garden, was a keen enthusiastic golfer

**1991 Off Beat**

# The Battle of the Wordy Thesaurus

**John Gilbert**
**Stationed at "wonderful Walton-on-Thames"**

Another little yarn of yesteryear also happened during the middle eighties when I was a Detective Sergeant, stationed at wonderful Walton-on-Thames. I say wonderful, not sarcastically or flippantly but because Walton's town centre, in its relationship with law and order, not only had an impressive looking Police station but was also blessed with its very own and equally imposing Magistrates' Court. How times have changed.

Albeit more bizarre than chilling, the unusual experience did, by more disbelieving luck than judgement, earn me a brownie point or two with at least three of the hitherto stony-faced magistrates. I recall that at one point and upshot of the affair, the solemn trio performed a cleverly choreographed smile or two. The then Clerk to the Justices, however, was not nearly so hospitable. And, to quote a couple of words of a long-ago Queen and Empress – 'was not amused.' In truth, the tetchy, stiff-necked clerk most certainly lived up to the various English dictionary meanings of his Anglo-Saxon surname – a worker of metal, to smite or hit. And, my word, could he throw a punch!

It all started when I had re-joined Division after several years swanning around on the Regional Crime Squad. Not so glamorous as it sounds but life on the squad did have its moments of intense drama and comical fun in almost equal measure. The new posting was not only surprising but was also somewhat unnerving. I had been away from the difficult treadmill of some divisional casework for several years and by then some serious catching-up was required and quicky. Yet another little hurdle to overcome was that this was a couple of years prior to the onset of the CPS [Crown Prosecution Service] and amongst the array of responsibilities for Det Sgts was the supervision or checking over of the guilty plea files for court. Ensuring their contents and résumé covered all the necessary ingredients: clearly setting out the offence(s) and the salient points of evidence. In other words, proving that the relevant offence had occurred and had been admitted by the accused. Then, on Court days, attend and prosecute.
Incredible as it may seem today, this was normal practice and in the main, it worked. Several younger 'snouts,' [slang for informants] whom I occasionally join for morning coffee or afternoon tea, do regularly disclose that even today the jury remains firmly out over the merits of our CPS. And, long before I retired, I had often heard the exceedingly derogatory term and naughty play on words –Criminal Protection Society.

After a few days of generally getting to know the ropes and becoming acquainted with the office, I clearly recall a fellow detective sergeant pass on some very sound advice. No, it wasn't any tittle tattle about any particular work colleague for, on the contrary, all in the office seemed good eggs. That said, this fellow Guinness drinker was one of the easiest work mates to take to. Never heard him say a bad word about anyone except the notorious Magistrates Clerk, the Senior Clerk to the Justices whom I mentioned earlier. Even then there was little malice or

venom in his reserved critique. For although many years past, his North-of-the-border ancestors had ferociously worn the woad to frighten would-be invaders, he was most affable and appeared content with sharing life and Guinness alongside us Southern Sassenachs. While making sure I was fully attentive, my newfound confidant explained how the forever prickly and pedantic clerk very often went out of his way to be less than helpful to the police. 'Just be careful how you go now, Gilby, one wrong word and he will pounce,' seemed some of the most likely ominous words of the dire warning.

It didn't seem as if a day had passed, let alone a week, before sure enough it was my turn to venture to the Magistrates' Court, to act as prosecutor. It must be said, that despite the wise idiom, being forewarned is forearmed, I wasn't feeling too confident, especially on my arrival. Placing the assortment of files on the bench top in front of me, I immediately came face to face with my bête noire to be. I remember thinking, 'why did it have to be him? The other clerk seems rather lovely.' Female of course.

When prosecuting there was always an added complication inasmuch as some offences were, in legal jargon, 'Either-Way.' Nothing like naughty and distasteful goings on but all rather less dramatic. Putting it into simplistic terms: an offence that is triable either on indictment or summarily. The charges, mainly thefts or assaults in my caseload that morning were all bar a few, the more minor offences and considered summary. I'm still of the opinion the ruling of less serious is more appropriate but perhaps that's my old-fashioned misguided, non-PC prejudice? Other files were not so straightforward. These were, as I recall, the not guilty pleas where decisions were required as where the trial should eventually be heard – the best suited venue for those either-way offences, I've tried to clarify earlier. Obviously, the more serious offences would have required a hearing date for eventual committal proceedings to the Crown Court. And, just occasionally, the defence solicitor would bowl a blooming googly and ask the Justices to listen to a submission that there was no actual case to answer. An awkward so-and-so.

Do remember these events were some thirty-five years ago. So, please forgive any errors, minor or otherwise, should any procedural reminiscences be a tad muddled. And don't forget when I first joined the force back in 1966, the death penalty hadn't been officially abolished and the harsher justice system still relied on the highly revered Assizes and Quarter Sessions.

All was going splendidly; my confidence grew case by case - easy adjournments and a few ne'er-do-wells agreeing to their guilt and being sentenced. And, although the clerk was, as expected, rather pedantic, so far so good. Then the inevitable happened. The first, not guilty, either-way offence cropped up. I've long forgotten what it was all about but do remember standing up and addressing the three magistrates in the poshest lilt to my voice I could muster. 'Suitable for summary trial, your worships,' I said, feeling rather pleased with myself. The sense of proud satisfaction soon diminished, however, for as soon as I was about to continue, my bête noire abruptly interrupted my self-assured drift. 'No, sergeant, that just won't do,' he cried aloud. Quickly followed by, 'was that an application, request or demand, sergeant?' While holding onto the metaphorical ropes waiting for his knock-out blow, I felt uncomfortable

and extremely hard done by. Adding to my sense of woe was complete and eerie silence. So much so, that I believe even the magistrates were slightly shocked by his ungentlemanly outburst.

After blinking a few times and becoming steadier on my feet, I gratefully recovered from the unpleasant and rude retort. Yet, still being temporarily struck dumb and struggling for suitable words, I can recall finally saying, in a softer, almost wounded tone, 'I just think the offence could be tried summarily sir, that's all really.' 'So, that's an application then.' 'It is sergeant?' came his gruff, bombastic reply.

I'm convinced that his belligerent attitude wasn't drawn from being anti-police per se but was spawned from the common vice of snobbery. Putting it bluntly, he expected an officer of the rank of Inspector or above to work alongside his self-elevated position and most certainly didn't approve of Det Sgts, void of any smart uniform attire, belittling his court by their mere presence. The important task upon which he adjudicated warranted the rank of a true officer and a gentleman.

Then, still completely shaken and taken aback, I remember replying rather cheekily, not by design however, but thoughtlessly with the utterance coming completely out of the blue. 'That'll do nicely, sir, thank you.' Yet another deadly hush cascaded throughout the courtroom. But not all was lost for thankfully, as I forlornly looked upwards for celestial guidance, I noticed several enforced smiles spouting from the Bench. It appeared I had cracked it; I was indenture free and had survived. And, as it happened, matters resumed almost spontaneously and incredibly without any further hiccups or impolite interruptions. The brutal battle of the wordy thesaurus was over and more importantly, without the spilling of one drop of CID blood! Needless to say, from that day forth, the Clerk to Justices and Detective Sergeant Gilbert never got around to smoking any ceremonial pipe of peace. Nor though, did we ever cross swords again, we simply went about our business in a robotic mode of well-mannered understanding. Nevertheless, and to reiterate a little, the unpleasant courtroom conflab did eventually have its upside, I was no longer completely friendless at Court. Thereafter, more than just that trio of Justices began to reveal a tad of open and welcomed support to the newly arrived, prosecuting intern. As did the other clerk, yes, the extremely good looking one.

## 1975 Walton on Thames
## Police Sergeant Richard Cise
## Chief Inspector George Hedges

## SERGEANT CISE RETIRES

A familiar face around the Walton and Weybridge area is Police Sergeant Richard Cise but after December 14th it is a face which won't be seen quite so often, for on that date Sergeant Cise retired from the Surrey Constabulary after 25 years' service.

Sergeant Cise started his Police career at Reigate in 1950 after his initial training at Sandgate, Kent. He has also worked in the Dorking and Farnham Divisions and at Chertsey Traffic Centre.

He moved to Walton in 1963.

*Photo shows: Sergeant Cise receiving his retirement certificate from the Chief Constable of Surrey, Mr. Peter J. Matthews O.B.E., Q.P.M.*

Fife Constabulary where he had served as a Detective Constable in fingerprint department for nine years.

He answered an advertisement in Police Review and travelled down to Surrey with his wife Joan for the interview.

He now lives with his family at Mount Browne, and his children, Heather, Carol and Alan are settled happily in local schools.

Sergeant Macleod finds the system of working different in

## LONG SERVICE MEDALS

The following Officers were awarded long service medals recently:–

PC Claud Wakeman – Caterham

PC Peter Snowdon – Guildford.

PC Dave Tame – Reigate.

PC Bramley Hall – H./Q.

Inspector Don Cooper – Leatherhead.

## George Hedges Moves to Walton

From December 1st this year, Walton Police Sub-Division had a new Chief Officer. On the retirement of Chief Inspector Bloomfield, his position was taken by Chief Inspector George Hedges who moved from Addlestone where he has been the Administration Chief Inspector.

Mr. Hedges, who is 42 years old, joined the Surrey Police in September 1953, after having served in the R.A.F. for two years. He commenced Beat duties in Guildford and then Chertsey, and in 1963 moved to the C.I.D. at Egham. In November 1964 he was promoted to Patrol Sergeant at Egham and in September 1968 to Inspector at Addlestone.

In 1967 he moved to Headquarters where for two years he was the Recruiting and Personnel Inspector. He returned to Addlestone in April 1972 as a Patrol Inspector and in November that year was promoted to Admin. Chief Inspector.

Mr. Hedges is married with a son and daughter.

*George Hedges*

**ADDLESTONE DIVISION POLICE BALL**

ST. GEORGES HILL TENNIS CLUB
On Friday, 28th February, 1975
8 p.m. to 1 a.m.

*DANCING TO FRANK NORMAN AND HIS BAND*

**Buffet supper, spot prizes, Raffle, Licenced Bar**

**Tickets obtainable at Walton Police Station, Walton 21314 ext. 25 or Station Office – £2.25 each**

# 1976 Walton on Thames

*In charge of Walton sub division is Chief Inspector George Hedges. He has served there for 2 years and also as Chief Inspector Admin at Addlestone and a couple of years at HQ in Personnel Department. He lives in Chertsey with his wife and children, Jacqueline and Raymond. He spends most of his spare time on Do-It-Yourself.*

and children, Jacqueline and Raymond. He spends most of his spare time on Do-It-Yourself.

Detective Inspector Tim Blake (left) and Detective Chief Inspector John Horton put the world to rights. Tim Blake served at Egham before coming to Walton 3 years ago. He is a married man – his wife Kathy makes Lampshades – she has made them for the Queen in silk with all the trimmings! Tim plays bowls for the division and a local club. He does a lot of boating – they have a family boat – and sea fishing.

John Horton has been in the job 18 years, 10 of which he has spent on CID. He was at HQ 2 years ago, and has also worked at Guildford, Effingham, Redhill, Caterham and Camberley. He is a married man with 2 sons and lives in Puttord. He spends a good part of his working day keeping Mr. Blake and his crew in order, and in his leisure time enjoys squash and swimming.

John Smith was spending his first day out on the beat in Walton, having just transferred from the Metro. John's wife Lynn works at Kingston – they live in Weybridge, and have been married for 18 months.
John has been in the Army, in the Royal Armoured Corps. and has been stationed in Cyrpus, N. Ireland and Germany. He decided he would prefer to work and live in more countryfied surroundings, so came to Surrey. John likes playing, and watching football.

Joanna Standerwick and Ernie Ball are both part time cleaning staff at Walton.
Joanna, who comes from Italy, has recently returned to her job after a rest, but has worked there for 2½ years. Married to an Englishman, Joanna and her husband live in Walton with their son Paulo.
Ernie lives in Walton and is a married man with 1 son and 1 daughter. He has seen many people come and go having worked there for 5½ years. Ernie and his wife Maude have been on holiday to Sandgate and Hastings this year for a well earned rest. Ernie enjoys reading and Television.

Clive Wilkinson has been a D.C. at Walton for 2½ years. He married an ex Walton W.P.C. – Teresa Robertson. He has served at Horley, Lowfield Heath, and was the last occupant of the Lowfield police house before it was demolished to make way for a larger airport at Gatwick! Clive and Teresa have two sons – Neil Kieron age 3 and Darrel Stewart age 18 months.

Geoff Crabble has been on Walton CID for four years – he is a married man and lives in Woodham with his wife Pat, daughter Cari and dog Nikki! He has played rugby for the force for a number of years.

John Smith was spending his first day out on the beat in Walton, having just transferred from the Metro. John's wife Lynn works at Kingston – they live in Weybridge, and have been married for 18 months.
John has been in the Army, in the Royal Armoured Corps. and has been stationed in Cyrpus, N. Ireland and Germany. He decided he would prefer to work and live in more countryfied surroundings, so came to Surrey. John likes playing, and watching football.

Clive Wilkinson has been a D.C. at Walton for 2½ years. He married an ex Walton W.P.C. – Teresa Robertson. He has served at Horley, Lowfield Heath, and was the last occupant of the Lowfield police house before it was demolished to make way for a larger airport at Gatwick! Clive and Teresa have two sons – Neil Kieron age 3 and Darrel Stewart age 18 months.

Ernie Garner is retiring from the Force on September 11th this year after 30 years service. He was on Dorking traffic department from 1948 for 10 years, went to Walton in 1959 and on CID in 1961. His wife Diedre works as a managers clerk in an insurance company and Ernie is going into the same line of business after September! Ernie has a daughter, Janice who is married with a 2 year old son and a son Colin, who is serving with the Walton Fire Brigade, and two stepchildren Mark age 13 and Gary age 11, both at school. Ernie plays golf at Ashford manor and enjoys photography.

Cliff Cox is the 'learner' detective constable working in the CID office. He has been in the job for 5 years having worked on the continent as a computer stores engineer and prior to that as a gravedigger.
He is a single man and lives in a flat in Chertsey. Cliff plays rugby for the force 2nd team, goes horseriding, and punting on the river. He travels a lot, 2 years ago he visited the USA and this year he is off to France.

DS. George Battams has served at Walton for 3 years and has also served at Addlestone, Chertsey, Weybridge, and Caterham. He is a married man and has two daughters and a son. He enjoys woodwork, home decorating, and entertaining his grandchildren!

Sergeant Mike Foster joined the force in 1969 – he has worked at Addlestone and Walton. He is a married man and he and his wife Linda have two children Tracey age 9 and Shaun age 5. Mike plays bowls for the division and is a keen do-it yourself man.

Brian Hooker is one of the Station officers – he joined in August 1948 and has worked at Leatherhead, Knaphill as well as Walton. He is a married man, and he and his wife Barbara have 4 children – 2 boys, Simon and Andrew still at school, and 2 girls, Gillian and Ann both married with children. Brian enjoys gardening, and bowls.

Chris Todman, on the left came to Walton straight from training school – before joining up he was an accountant, and decided he would prefer a more 'outdoor' career. Chris and his wife Carey live in Woking. They have a King Charles spaniel – and Chris enjoys river and sea fishing as a hobby.
Nigel Waters was on Panda patrol when we visited – he has spent two years at Walton. Nigel and his wife Elaine expect their first baby shortly. They live locally and Nigel told us that photography is his main interest.

John Smith was spending his first day out on the beat in Walton, having just transferred from the Metro. John's wife Lynn works at Kingston – they live in Weybridge, and have been married for 18 months.
John has been in the Army, in the Royal Armoured Corps. and has been stationed in Cyrpus, N. Ireland and Germany. He decided he would prefer to work and live in more countryfied surroundings, so came to Surrey. John likes playing, and watching football.

Sergeant Colin Boyles has been at Walton fo 2½ years, and Addlestone before. He has also worked at Guildford, Godalming, Horsley, and Woking. A married man, he and his wife Mary live at Weybridge with their two sons Richard S and Michael 7½. Colin collects stamps, mainly British and first day covers, and enjoys gardening.

Madeline and Christopher Chapman got married on 19th June this year – they met at Addlestone 4 years ago, and both moved to Walton at the same time, 3 years ago! Madeline joined the force 4½ years ago, she comes from Guildford. Chris joined 6 years ago and is an ex-cadet. They have bought their own house in Merrow, and are very busy decorating at present!

Inspector Alan Tugwell has served at Horley and Oxted as Sergeant, as well as Walton. His wife Maureen helps out at a local play school 3 times a week and is treasurer of the playgroup association. They have 3 children Peter age 12, David age 9 and Julia age 5. He plays golf as a hobby.

Charles Dewey is a civilian driver and car cleaner – he has also been a special for 3 years, and a member of St. Johns Ambulance Brigade. He has worked at Walton for 2½ years. A single man, Charles lives in Weybridge.

Mrs. Joyce Green used to be in charge of the typing pool at Addlestone some years ago, but moved to Walton as uniform typist.
She has two children, her son Martin is a post graduate student at university in South America and her daughter Helen is a social worker in Northampton. She is teaching herself to play the piano, and also enjoys walking in the country.

## Demolition of Walton on Thames Police Station

**Another act of vandalism to soon take place!**

**Walton CID long ago taken in 2009 Colin Boyles, Dickie Dunford, Martin Wise, ? and Geoff Drabble**

**NUM 31 August 1984  Walton contingent half PSU of A Div unit.**
**Sgt Derek Radlett is standing next to Inspector Dick Chase**

**On patrol in Walton. The mini skirt in background probably late 1960s**

# A Lifetime in the Job

**Keith Simmonds**
**Queen's Commendation for Brave Conduct**

**The photos added by the Editor from Surrey Constabulary history records as well as a piece held from Keith's wife Jan and her experience on a PSU commitment in Hampshire in 1992, a tale supported by other contributions. All mentions of Keith's award have been added by the editor.**

**2020**[1]

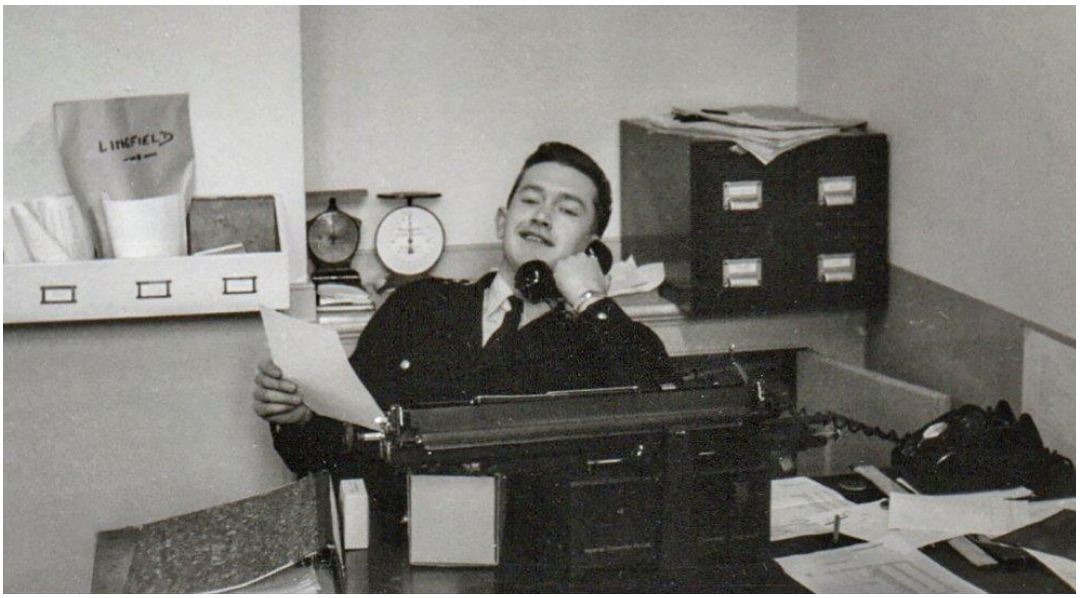
I left Croydon Technical College after qualifying to design, make and paint road signs with GCSE A levels in Art, Metalwork and Engineering Design. My father told me to get a job as he would no longer be funding me, so I had to think of what I wanted to do to earn my living. This was not easy at 17 as I did not have a clue about what I direction I should take. Living in Hurst Green (Near Oxted) there was nothing that appealed to me there, so I decided to try for a job in London. I was used to catching a train every morning from Hurst Green to go to college and so I was already used to a form of commuting. I contacted a recruitment firm in the City and soon I set off for my first interview on the 7.30 for an appointment at 9 am with Royal Snowdrift Oils. I caught the train and was very aware that the train became very full of people with bowler hats and briefcases after it passed Croydon and was standing room only from there onwards. On arriving in London all of these people started to run, out of the station and over the Thames bridge and into the city. I found the address in the city and was interviewed for a job as an order clerk by the company secretary. I passed the interview and was told to start the next day, so I had a job. I took advantage of being in the capital and visited various places of interest and eventually headed back towards the station at about 5 pm only to join the bowler hat brigade running back across the bridge and standing all the way home on the train.

The next morning, I repeated the journey with the same crowd and arrived to start work. I was being shown how to do the job until about 10 am when the director of the company came to see me and took me to his office for a chat. He welcomed me to the firm and eventually asked what my father did. I told him my father was the company director of Holts car chemicals which rather shocked him. He explained that Holts was one of their rivals and sacked me on the spot. He did give me a week's pay but I had lost my job after two hours work. The train home was almost empty, and I was somewhat pleased that I didn't have to join the rat race again.

[1] Email Keith Simmonds to Robert Bartlett 16 April 2020

On my way home I decided I would go to Oxted Police Station and see if there was a job I could do closer to home. I walked into the front office and saw Bert Bonner. (Note: Bert was possibly one of the last of the 'war reserve' officers serving) and Sergeant. Hoyle behind the counter. Sergeant Hoyle asked me what I wanted, and I replied, “I want to join the police force.” His reply was “What the bloody hell for?” and that is how I joined the Surrey police cadets.

I was taught how to use the telephone keyboard in the front office, this was a large upright box with cables that I had to plug into a socket to route incoming calls to the various offices in the police station and to connect phones in the station to the outside lines, high tech in those days. I also had a spell in Divisional Office with Sergeant Birbeck and best of all was a spell in CID where I was allowed to sit in on some interviews with Archie Scott, Mick Martin and Paddy Swain, the detective sergeant. I also made a lot of tea.



**Cadet 9 at Oxted**

At the age of 19 in October 1963, I was accepted into the Surrey Constabulary by CC Mr Rutherford. Sandgate had no vacancies, so I had to go to Bridgend in South Wales for 13 weeks basic training. Most of the recruits were ex-miners and their motto was 3 pints a day keeps silicosis away. The last lesson of the day started at 9 pm and finished at 10 pm. this meant that you had to change out of uniform quickly and run to the nearest pub, order 2 beers each so you could drink one and save the other pint for last orders at 10.30. I survived that and fortunately I was posted to Oxted.

This meant I could live at home with my parents in The Waldrons, Oast Road and cycle to work every day. In those days there were no personal radios and not all the divisional cars had radios. On each shift the PC would be given a route around the area to be patrolled with “Points” which meant stopping at a particular telephone box usually on the hour and waiting there for 10 minutes in case the office wanted to contact you. I was made aware that if you

wanted call the police station for any reason, there was a trick with the old phone boxes. You did not need to put any coins in to call, you picked up the phone and tapped the number of the station 2255 on the cradle and the phone would dial it. When the phone was answered you had to shout into the mouthpiece the name of the point you were at and the office would ring you back.

If you upset the duty sergeant. you were likely to be given a new set of points. First one at the top of Titsey Hill, next at the Grasshopper pub on the A25 at the border with Kent and the next at The Ridgeway (back up Titsey Hill) and the next at Tandridge. You did not want to do that again. However, as I was cycling to Selsdon in Croydon very often as my girlfriend lived there, I was pretty fit.

*The Surrey Team—Derek Eckton, Pat Buss, Paul Cooper, Keith Simmonds, Roger Martin*

**PAA Clay Pigeon Shooting National Championships 1972**

I had my first arrest on my first night shift week. It was practice to return to the station at about midnight for a cup of tea (officially to allow the night duty office PC to have his meal break.) I had relieved him and headed out again up East Street towards the railway station. I saw a car parked sideways across road with the driver's door wide open and the driver was puking all over the road. I arrested him and marched him back to the police station and was told I had to call out the Inspector Ron Meredith from his bed. I phoned him and was told he would be with us in 10 minutes but in the meantime to go to his office and turn the gas fire on, set it to max and close the doors. This I did and within 10 minutes he arrived and told me to bring the

prisoner into his office in 3 minutes. When I entered the office with him it was like going into a sauna, but the prisoner was so drunk that he didn't seem to notice. The inspector authorised him to be charged.

My second arrest followed on my 2 to 10pm shift. I was cycling towards Limpsfield to make a point at the Church phone box when I came up behind a chap on a bicycle who seemed not to realise, he was in a very low gear and was peddling very fast but not going anywhere. I told him to stop so I could talk to him and noticed he had some things under his clothing. As he got off his bike a silver vase fell on the floor and he had more silverware under his jumper which had come from a burglary further down the road.

I enjoyed my time at Oxted but when I passed my motorcycle test, I fancied doing that in the Job but there were two officers already divisional motorcyclists, so I became the reserve and only got to ride the bike occasionally. It was getting married that helped me to become a motorcyclist. We were allocated the police house at Felbridge (Which came with my own hand powered siren to alert the people of Felbridge in case of a nuclear bomb.) I moved to Lingfield Police Station and became the Lingfield motorcyclist. In those days the motorcyclist was responsible for firearms licensing, explosive licences, alien enquiries, conveying internal post to Headquarters, as well as traffic accidents and any other job Sergeant Ray Hales needed you to do. I dealt with my first fatal accident on the A25 where a car had collided with a petrol tanker. I was dealing with it on my own as the traffic car was in Horley. We also got a German Shepherd dog puppy called Simba and the local dog handler John Tyrell spent a lot of his free time helping us to train it. He tried to get me to apply for the Dog Section but that would have meant giving up our puppy.

I applied to go on to Traffic at Godstone and was accepted after Bomber Brown had authorised me as suitable and for a couple of weeks I was able to explore a much wider area. One day coming out of the road by the Mormon Temple I saw a large car travelling very fast on the A22 towards Sussex. Knowing it would hit the 40-mph limit in Felbridge I tore after it, clocked it and went to overtake it. As I passed, I recognised the driver and saw the blue flashing light on the front of the car's windscreen. I changed into an escort and led it into Sussex waving it on its way at the border. I found out later that prince Phillip was taking his wife to the theatre in East Grinstead.

I was soon taken off motorcycle duties and assigned to traffic car duties and crewed with Pat Buss. He taught me so much about traffic duty and about thief catching that I was totally hooked. In those days there was no M25 or M23. The bad guys from London had to use the A24 A23 or A22 to get to Brighton which was where they all headed for. Pat had a favourite spot at Merstham where there was a minor road just off from a sharp turn on the A23, this meant the southbound cars had to go slowly and we were able to get a good look at the drivers. We had numerous arrests from that vantage point. One day when I was driving, Pat saw a Mini he wanted to stop so I went after it. The car stopped and Pat got out and went towards it. I was just getting out, of the patrol car when Pat pulled the driver out saying, "The car's nicked, there is no key in the ignition." The driver explained that as so many Minis ware being stolen he had

a modification done and the key for the ignition was under the seat. Pat brushed him down and sent him on his way.

Pat and I were on night duty when there was very thick fog. We were sitting in the usual spot and nothing was moving at all. Pat declared, “We will stop the next car that goes past.” Sometime later a saloon car passed and off we went. The car was stopped, and we walked up to the car together with Pat tapping on the driver’s window. The window opened and a young lady was alone in the car. Pat said, “Oh, sorry we’re not interested in women.” The lady replied, “Are you not!” and drove off. It took a while before Pat lived that one down. Pat was teaching me advanced driving as I was booked in for a course at the Kent Police driving school. On a night shift as we were undertaking the daily check of the car before starting patrol at Godstone Traffic Centre we had a call that the Metropolitan Police were chasing a car down the A22 from Kenley. With me driving we went out of the Centre to Godstone Green and waited for the car which had 3 people in it. As it passed us, we pulled out after it and we were in an 80 mph chase down the A22.

Pat was getting me to push the car and we were right behind it with blues and twos and Pat was shouting over the loud hailer. We pushed it all the way through South Godstone and into Blindley Heath when Pat shouted “Brake, brake” which I did immediately. I was unsure if I had done something wrong, but Pat said, “Just watch.” I forgot about the humpback bridge just south of the Heath. So, it seems had the bad guys as they went airborne for about 70 yards and ended in a heap on the common and all we had to do was pick them up and cart them off.

I will not go on about the Gatwick air crash which everyone who served at that time is aware of but as a result of that soon after we got wind of a top-secret exercise that was going to take place at Gatwick airport. (In those days it was in the Surrey Constabulary area) We went in and had a look at where it was going to be on the airport. It was obvious that the ground was soaking wet so we decided that we would have our waders in the boot of our car. We also passed the info to Dorking Traffic so they would be aware. On the evening when they decided to hold the exercise it came out over the radio and all traffic cars were to attend. In no time we had our waders on and arrived at the scene quickly (we knew it was coming) we were the first there and we directed the other traffic cars to stay on the taxi way and go to the scene. No problems until Pip Kerridge the Dorking Traffic sergeant. arrived. He did not bother to stop so we could direct him and just drove straight across the grass for about 30 yards and ended in a spectacular watersplash after sinking. When he got out of the car, he was surprised that even his men had waders on and the water and mud was all over shoes.

The Daily
No. 35362. LONDON, MONDAY, JANUARY 6, 1969. and Morn

# 50 DIE IN JET CRASH AFTER FOG ALERT

## Pilot 'chose to land at Gatwick'

*By GUY RAIS and PHILIP EVANS*

A BOEING 727 of Ariana Airlines of Afghanistan ploughed through a house and crashed in a field near Gatwick Airport early yesterday, killing 50 people, including a couple in the house. It was the only airliner which attempted to land during 15 hours of foggy conditions at Gatwick.

Fifteen people, including Capt. Ram Nowroz, the pilot, who is an Afghan, the first officer and flight engineer, survived the crash. Most of the dead were Indians, Pakistanis and Afghans returning to England from holiday.

A Board of Trade statement said last night there had been 100 metres runway visibility in freezing fog and the aircraft had been told this. "The pilot elected to make an approach, indicating that if he had to overshoot, he would divert to Heathrow."

*Inquiry Task—Back Page*
*Pictures—P14*

Less than two miles from the runway at 2.30 a.m., the

**The morning after**[2]

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

**Keith at the scene of the Gatwick crash with Chief Constable Peter Matthews**

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

**15 August 1969**

(From Surrey Constabulary history: **Keith Simmonds ex 619:** Not all on board were killed. I was crewed with PC 230 Pat Buss and we were the first on scene. As we turned into the lane in thick fog, we could see numerous fires and wreckage spread over the whole of the field. Pat

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

Fourteen survived the crash from the aircraft. Seven died later and there were forty-one dead at the scene. The mother and father of the baby perished in the house. We spent the rest of the shift pulling bits of bodies from the wreckage and by 6:30am there was not much more we could do, and the incident officer released us. We finished at the normal time of 7am at HTG. At about 1030am I was asleep and was woken by a phone call from the very new Chief Constable Peter Matthews who told me "Get back here now". I returned in uniform and by the time I arrived there were loads of officers there, including the HQ mobile canteen, which was trying to park in the drive to the house. I walked towards the chief (who was in full uniform) just in time to hear him say to a WPC (name known but withheld) "Are you alright?" to which she replied " I will be if you get your ******* fire engine moved." It was her that moved to the other side of the county. The Chief Constable wanted me to show the press where and how I had found the baby and the picture of me standing on the pile of debris was front page on all the national papers the next day. The confusion caused by giving the ambulance crew my name was that the ambulance had listed her as Simmonds. She was Beverley Jones but her grandparents were also named Simmons they obviously thought for a while that one of the parents had given her that name so the grandparents could be traced. I was invited to Beverley's 21st birthday party some nineteen and a half years later.)[3]

Sometime later, when I had gone to the dogs, there was another exercise staged at Dunsfold and the dog handlers were asked by Sir Peter Mathews to play the part of distraught relatives of the actors who were covered in fake blood and had various injuries. It did not end well as the superintendent in overall charge at the scene had all the dog handlers arrested.

Shortly after the Gatwick crash, I was promoted to sergeant and moved to Burpham traffic centre. One of my first jobs was to escort a private ambulance from the A3 border at Hindhead that was on an urgent run to St George's Hospital in London. I was told it was a Citroen Estate car with blues and twos. I was in one of the Ford Cortina traffic cars and waited at the Devil's Punch bowl for it to arrive. It did and went past me and I pulled out after it and never saw it

[3] Part 4 2 History 1967-1975 page 77

again. Shortly after the Cortina's were scrapped and replaced with Triumph 2.5 PI's. Proper traffic cars.


**Triumph 2.5 PI**


**Keith driving the PI at Waggoner's Wells 1971**


A police cadet was attached to the centre and I took him out for a patrol of our area. We went up onto the Hogs Back and were just cruising when an attention drawn was issued to a black Lincoln Continental that had absconded from immigration officers in Southampton and was believed to be heading to London and may be armed. I told the cadet that if it was me, I would not use the A3 but would use the A31 instead. We drove to the county boundary and parked up. After about 3 minutes the car went past us and I pulled out after it with blues and twos. It was lunch time on a weekday and the Lincoln driver put his foot down but in the PI I quickly got behind him. The obvious route for him would have been to stay on the A31 but he took the turn into Farnham town. Not a good idea on a market day. He got almost into the town when he collided head on with a Morris Minor with me right behind him. I was out of the car and ran to the driver's door; the cadet went to the passenger door. I then realised that the car was left hand drive, so the cadet was nearer to him than I was. He had locked all the doors and was trying to shunt his way out, so I jumped onto the bonnet drew out my truncheon and smashed the windscreen. As I was doing this, I was aware of a bright flash from behind me and turned

around in time to see we were outside the Southern News agency. The driver gave up and told me not to damage his car anymore. There was an air rifle on the back seat. He was arrested and taken into Farnham Police station, and Ops told me to telephone a London number. This was answered by a detective superintendent who was over the moon that the guy was in the cells. He wanted nobody to talk to the prisoner and said he would be with us shortly. True to his word he arrived in a very short time and collected the prisoner. I never heard anything further, there was no court appearance for the RTA or driving offences, the Lincoln was taken by the Mets the next day and that was the end of it. I half expected to see my picture in the local paper but it was never published. I could see the headline "This is what happens if you don't produce your driving licence." The cadet was buzzing for days after that.

One of the strangest arrests was a call to Ash ranges. The message over the radio was that a man had been stabbed and the person responsible had been detained by a Canadian soldier. On arrival at the scene there was a tent and a man face down on the path with a knife in his back. There was also a second man with a soldier who had a machine gun under the man's chin. It transpired that this man had been released from Broadmore for a holiday and was given the tent to rough sleep. He had gone into the village for some milk and picked up the victim by promising to show him some porn books. Whilst he was looking at them in the tent he was stabbed and ran down the path screaming. The victim survived and the Broadmore man was returned to the hospital by the court.

The training I had in advanced driving and gaining Class 1 driver status was put to the test one day in Guildford. I was on patrol solo, when Ops called me and asked if I could help. A teenage girl had been run over in Spain and was not expected to live. Her parents were in a panda car coming from Ash Vale and Gatwick airport was holding a plane for them for 20 minutes. I said I would take them on at Woodbridge Hill and as I got there the panda was just arriving. They got into the back of the Triumph PI and we were off. I decided to use the A25 as I knew every bump in the road. With blues and twos on I drove as fast as I possibly could. On approach to Reigate which has a one-way system I radioed a request for the system to be shut down so I could drive into the one-way bit and do a right turn and go down the A217. Just in time they confirmed it was shut down and we did the right turn with tyres squealing. Ops said Gatwick police would escort me in from Longbridge roundabout, but I told them I knew exactly where the main gate for emergency access was and I would see them there. We pulled up 20 feet away from the plane. The parents had no passports, but an immigration Officer was at the foot of the stairs, gave them temporary visas and they got on the plane. Ops informed me that I had made the trip in 19 minutes. The parents were with their daughter when she died but told me later that If they had missed that plane, it would have been too late. The mother then told me she had never been so scared in a car. Job done.

Our pet German Shepherd dog (GSD) Simba was on his last legs and had to be put to sleep. That reminded me of John Tyrell's comment about becoming a handler, and I applied for the Dog Section. I was accepted and attended a 13-week training course with a GSD bitch called Mandy. We both passed the course and the dog came home to the house in New Inn Lane at Burpham. It was decided that Mandy should be trained to find explosives, so we were back to

HQ for another course which she passed. I soon found out it was quite hard to get any jobs for my dog. At that time there were Chris Proctor, Ivor Morgan, Peter Griffiths, Mick Bagley, and Les Page all fighting to be the first dog handler on scene in the Guildford/Woking area. We did have two positive explosive finds, one in the boot of an abandoned car and the other at the RMA in Sandhurst which we had to search as Prince Charles was attending an event there. The positive result was found to be fireworks that had been used on the stage some days before.

In May 1978 Fred Booker, Alf Taylor and I were called out to search for a missing woman who was a concern for safety. Her car had been found in the car park at Blackheath. Fred was the senior handler and took charge and told us that in his experience we would find her within a quarter of mile. From the car we started to search going forward about 20 feet apart with the dogs on extended lead. We were just about getting to the quarter of a mile when Alf's dog suddenly veered off to the right with his head in the air and was looking to the area in front of me. My dog then pulled me to the left and I saw the woman under a bush. She had taken Paraquat weed killer and was still alive. We had an ambulance there in minutes and she was taken to hospital. Two dogs got the scent at the same time, one with a negative "I am not going near that." and the other dog "I think this is what you are looking for." Fred's three quarters rule proved to be correct many more times.

A water board worker was reported missing having not returned home from work in Bramley, his car was missing, and his wife knew where he should have been. A search was called, and several dogs arrived at the area which was thick woodland. A witness had said that he saw two men come out of the woods and one was carrying a rifle that looked like the sort that you used get at funfairs. He described it as a pump action .22 and they had got into a car that looked like the water board workers and had driven off.

We started with a line search with six dogs and handlers about 15 feet apart and went through the woods, turned around and worked our way back and forward until we had the whole of the woods covered. The dogs found nothing which was not good. I thought about what the witness had said and remembered that a rifle like that ejects the empty cartridge case when you reload. The dogs had been going through the woods with the same command you would give if you were searching for person hiding in the woods. I decided to throw some cartridge cases from the blank firing pistol we used for training into the woods in front of where we were standing. I got Mandy out tasked her to "find it" She found the cases in no time. I sent her on into the woods and about halfway in she went to a pile of leaves and laid down. I pulled some of the leaves away and saw an ankle. We had found the missing person. He had been tied up and shot in the back of the head several times. The two responsible had long gone. Shortly after they stole a boat on the south coast and fled to France. They were caught and returned to the UK. At court they said they did it to see what it was like to kill someone.

(From Surrey Constabulary history: **1979, April:** Dog Sergeant Keith Simmonds with Mandy found the **body of a man** covered with bracken. He had been tied up with a distinctive tape and rope, gagged with his tie, and shot in the back of the head three times at close range. The victim was 58-year-old John George an engineer employed by the Water Authority. Three men

were seen to go into a copse off the A281 at Bramley, shots were heard and two men came out. Detective Chief Superintendent Ron Underwood took charge and soon the killing was linked to a robbery in Kent. Two men were being sought and registration numbers were available from witnesses. One of the vehicles was found in Guernsey and the two wanted men had arrived there on the ferry from Weymouth. A boat stolen from Guernsey was seen in Brittany and the two wanted men were arrested. The reasons behind the killing and the elaborate trussing of the body confused the police at the time and presumably to this day. Trial in 1980 led to findings of guilt but no explanation for the murder.)[4]

Murder in the woods

*Victim found shot through the head*

By Jeremy Jehu, Jackie Wills and Kathy Rochford

A MASSIVE murder hunt is sweeping Surrey after the vicious and cold-blooded murder of a middle-aged water board official.

The bound body of Mr. John George (58) was found hidden in a Dunsfold copse yesterday - he had been shot in the head.

Savage

I was sent on a course at the Metropolitan Police Keston dog school to become a dog instructor which was a mixture of vets giving lectures about anything to do with dog's health and well-being and practical training on being an instructor. It was a very enjoyable and informative course. I passed but I was warned that one of the methods used in training in Surrey was likely to attract the attention of the RSPCA. However, I was back to work and told to cover the eastern side of the county with a view to me moving over there. That did not go down well with my wife as we had a nice three bed bungalow with a garden that had numerous apple and pear trees. She also had a job she loved. We did look at some houses but my wife said she would not be moving.

I continued to work the eastern side but travelling in the dog van to Oxted meant I had to leave early and return late. This ended as a vacancy for an instructor at Mount Browne came up. I was training new dog handlers from various forces for general purpose (GSD) as well as drugs dogs. It was a rewarding job but swinging six GSD's around in the air twice in a day, took a toll on your back. Mandy was retired and I was given another dog. On the eastern side there

[4] Part 5 1 1976-1986 page 38

was a report of a missing boy one evening near Earlswood lakes. I attended and after 10 minutes searching the dog indicated something and went into a ditch. He had found the boy and was licking him. The boy was in a bad way with an eye hanging out of its socket. He had been badly beaten but we soon had him in an ambulance and on his way to hospital. It was a good job, but I did not trust the dog and I was proved right when a man absconded from police on the M23 just north of Gatwick. I came up behind the man who was about 50 feet in front of me. He turned, saw me and the dog and ran. I sent the dog who caught up with him and jumped up at his arm. The man shook the dog off and ran over the motorway, dodging traffic and ran off across the fields. He was never caught, and all the dog brought back was a small piece of his anorak.

**1978 Dog Section – Keith is the sergeant to the right of the seated group**

**(Surrey Constabulary history: 1984 August 26:** Sergeant Simmonds and police dog Magnum searched an area close to Earlswood Lakes for a missing ten-year-old boy. After searching dense woodland Magnum located the boy who had been viciously assaulted and would have died within two hours had he not been discovered. The boy recovered but was blinded in one eye.[5])

My next initial course was to be my last. On completing the course there is a pass-out parade with the handlers demonstrating what the dogs can do in obedience, obstacles and man-work, where the dogs tackle a "bad guy." On this occasion there were two courses passing out, so a bit of competition was inevitable. All of my new handlers passed the course with ease, but one female civilian was loudly shouting in support of the other instructor. Unfortunately, the dogs she was cheering were my student's dogs. That drew a response from me when I should have ignored her ignorance. I said, "Well you have seen five dogs and so far, you have not got one right yet." The next day I was summoned to see an ACC who told me I was off the dog section for not moving to the eastern side, I was posted to Guildford and I could not keep the dog. That was a relief as I still had Mandy and a divorce from my wife was pending.

From the ACC office to the canteen as it was lunch time. I had just sat down to eat when Chief Inspector Jim Mundell joined me and said he really wanted me to go to Woking, it was not

[5] Annual Report 1984

what I had planned but if I was wanted, I would agree. It turned out to be a very good move indeed.

The Superintendent at Woking, Graham Powell welcomed me, and I was assigned to a rota with Jane Carter as the other Sergeant. I soon learned that things were done differently at Woking. The pubs in the town and opposite the Police Station would erupt on Friday and Saturday nights. Everyone would rush to the fights and restore order. Usually some of the yobs had the pleasure of being arrested by the superintendent in his full uniform. In my service I had not seen a superintendent like Mr Powell he would be holding onto one or two yobs and telling the PC's to "Arrest him as well".

**Superintendent Graham Powell**

At that time Jane or me would start the shift, usually of at least ten or more PC's to be briefed. There would be two on the area car, three on Panda cars solo. At least two on the town beats with a PC assigned to Sheerwater, Old Woking and Knaphill. One station officer and a radio operator. One sergeant in the office and the other out on patrol. In those days there was a bar at Woking police station and the 2 to 10 shift would head for the bar at the end of their shift. As soon as trouble occurred, they would rush out to join in helping the troops. There was a cook (Greasy Grace) who would cook meals for the day shifts for a small fee. Woking was a great place to bring on new PC's and I was glad I taken Jim Mundell's offer. I had separated from my wife at this point and I bought a 1 bed town house in Willowmead on Goldsworth Park and the divorce was sorted out in an amicable way.

I was soon to be attracted to a WPC at the police station and eventually we were married. I worked at Woking and Jan worked from Knaphill. We shared the same desire to travel and we bought a caravan and spent as much time as we could in Scotland. Both of us were into fly fishing and our time was spent finding hidden lochs in the hills around Argyll. Eventually we found a bungalow for sale on the edge of Loch Long between Arrochar and Helensborough.

We sold the caravan to furnish the bungalow and also bought a Dell quay Dory boat with a 50 hp Mariner outboard the same as the RNLI use. We could launch the boat in front of the bungalow and were able to catch cod, mackerel and mullet. The journey to Scotland was taking about 6 hours so on long weekends we would travel up on the Thursday of earlies and Jan would travel back for nights whilst I went salmon fishing on the river Leven and returned home as Jan finished nights. We had two holidays each year and we would go to the Greek islands for our holidays. Having done the islands, we went to the USA, did the attractions and Everglades. From there we went to the Caribbean islands, Mauritius and the Maldives. I retired in 1990 and we sold the Scotland bungalow and bought a 5-bedroom house in Larks Way, on the Birds estate in Woking. Jan followed in my footsteps and joined the dog section. She turned out to be an excellent dog handler and even won a place in the year 2000 police dog championships in Preston Lancs.

Jan was due to retire in 2012 on the very day the London Olympics were due to start. This meant that the count-down clock for the Games was also the countdown for Jan's retirement. Jan had her two working dogs and would retire with them, Ozzy the GSD and Falcon the drugs Labrador. It was decided that we would leave Woking for the West Country, Devon or Cornwall. We settled on Devon where we bought a 5-bedroom bungalow with 4 en-suite bathrooms and an acre and a half of garden bordered by a stream. A dream house for us and the dogs, for the next 6 years. Sadly, Falcon passed away in 2017 and Ozzy in 2019. Time to downsize so we put the house on the market and reserved a brand-new bungalow which was completed in December 2019. We moved in a few days before Christmas. Plans were made for a luxury holiday but are now on hold for obvious reasons.

# Jan Simmonds

**The following is held by Surrey Constabulary history. Jan is Keith Simmonds' wife**[6]

**Ladies on a Police Support Unit**

**1990: Jan Simmonds** retired PC 1440 ex-OD 57 (Dog Section): I joined The Surrey Constabulary in July 1982; I was spot on eighteen and a half years old. I had lived my life in a sleepy Dorset village and had never been away from home before and to say I was shy was an understatement.... how I got through my initial interview to this day I do not know. I was posted to D section at Woking Police Station under the firm leadership of Inspector Ralph Elvidge, it was widely known that to be on D rota at Woking you were either brand spanking new or you were there because you had erred elsewhere! The rota had loads of experience, worked very hard and played just as hard. I received no end of help from all members of the section to start me on my policing career, from John Macer telling me off for walking too quickly along the High Street to Mr Elvidge sending me back out to complete a final patrol of the town because

[6] Part 5 2 1987-1994 page 94

I had returned to the station at 0545hrs on a night shift and as he eloquently reminded me, the shift didn't finish until 0600. Didn't do that again, he could shout pretty loudly!

It was pointed out to me that unless I was able to project myself a little better it was likely that I would not make it through my probation, with the guidance of friends and colleagues I was able to make this adjustment.

In 1984 came the miner's strike and the females on the section including the likes of Yvonne Brautigam, Sue Marriot (sorry about spelling, later became Sue Oliver), Tracy Scott and me, had to watch as most of the chaps went off to help police the strikers. Upon their return we were all regaled with tales of daring do, amounts of money that were won and lost in card games, the terrible sleeping conditions or the reverse depending upon where they were billeted. We were left to carry on the day to day policing of Woking town.

I believe it was in the mid to late 80's that it was decided that WPCs could apply to join the PSU needless to say I jumped at the chance. I attended Headquarters stores to gather the relevant equipment, a pair of overalls that were so large I could have shared them, a NATO helmet that stayed still even when I moved my head inside it, leg and arm guards that made me look like the tin man and best of all a breast protector.

This piece of kit was a bra shaped piece of a hard-moulded compound held together with what felt like packing tape, a piece of equipment obviously designed by a man who had a very limited knowledge of the female form! Needless to say, that ended up in the back of the wardrobe never to be seen again.

The Woking PSU was a fantastic experience, the double entendre, the innuendo, the banter, the back chat was great fun and guess what.....no comment was made with intent to cause offence, none was taken and we all managed not to sue each other or 'phone anonymous help lines or call in the IPCC! We seemed to train endlessly and of course some people dropped away but what it meant was that we ended up with a core of officers who were very well trained and formed a firm base for the unit. I appeared to have two self-appointed guardian angels in the guise of Pete Long and Ricky Miller...thanks guys, the close order cordons were fun.

On one occasion Inspector Chris Drew was in charge of our serial, now that in itself was not a problem, however, Mr Drew was very fit and could run like a whippet. He insisted that we would "go, go, go" to the next junction or the next point of danger, okay that was fun to start with but once you have been running here and there for most of the day it wears a little thin, he didn't seem to understand that the other order was to "advance" where we could approach at a strong walk. After lunch a small mutiny was organised and once again in open formation Mr Drew called to "go, go, go" unfortunately an alternative order rang out from the centre of the line to "advance". Well, Mr Drew did what he did best and made off "whippet like", whilst we followed at a resolute walk. When he reached the junction and saw the "enemy" he realised that he was alone, the look of understanding on his face was a joy to behold and he returned to the safety of the ranks.

**Chris Drew**

On another training session there was going to be an uprising inside "tin city", the Woking PSU decided that as police officers it was better to prevent a riot than to have to deal with one so we broke into the city and removed the petrol bombs and safety equipment put aside by the trainers. It didn't go down very well and we were told to put it all back, we then had to deal with annoyed trainers...it was quite a realistic riot, to be fair.

The endless training finally paid off when the new age travellers caused problems in Hampshire and we had to deal with the battle of Romsey. We deployed to assist Hampshire officers who had called for urgent assistance, our training kicked in and the travellers were dispersed after a street battle. We returned to Hampshire the following day with "Rawhide" blaring out through the carriers tannoy system, the Hampshire officers were so thankful to see us again they insisted on giving us loads of doggy bags.....you know that a PSU officer is never going to turn down the opportunity of food (especially Matt James).

**Back row: Ian Gray, John Drinkwater, Jeff Brooks, John Root, Ian Weaving, Guy Wikeley, Alec Dallison, Pete Long, Rick Miller, Simon Law, Kerry Whindle, Manny Kavanagh, Matt James.**
**Front row: Dave Katryniak, Clive Ansell, Alistair Bayliss, Jan Simmonds, Sgt Bob Willis, Insp. Dave Cook, Sgt Dave Hollingsworth, Jan Harris, Chas. Cook, Bob Marshall, Simon Cox**

**Jan and some of her silverware**

**Jan when a dog handler at Mount Brown**

**Keith and Jan Simmonds with Chief Constable Brian Hayes**

**Jan Simmonds**

6 Off Beat April 2000 With you, making Surrey safer

# Top dogs in the Force

TWO Surrey Police dogs (with help from their handlers!) swept the board by winning all the awards at the Regional Dog Trials in Bedfordshire last month.

PCs Jamie Steward and Jan Simmonds, with their dogs Flint and Jasper, won a total of six awards between them at the trials, which test the capability of working police dogs in areas such as tracking, searching, general obedience and criminal work.

The two officers now qualify for the National Police Dog Trials next month in Preston, Lancashire. The competition acknowledges the very best 15 police dogs in the country, which will have first qualified at a county level before moving onto the regional and national trials.

Surrey trainer PC Pete Greenfield was delighted: "Jamie, Flint, Jan and Jasper have surpassed all our expectations. It is a great endorsement for Surrey Police to have won these accolades and we are looking forward to taking part in the National Police Dog Trials.

"This places Flint and Jasper in the top percentage of police dogs, something we are very proud of. We wish them luck for the national trials."

Jo Moore

*Jan, Jasper, Jamie and Flint with their impressive array of trophies from the Regional Dog Trials.*



# If you see vandals, we'll book 'em!

COMMUNITY groups are teaming up with police officers to combat graffiti in Bookham.

The residents' association and church groups are developing a strategy to rid the village of graffiti and, as part of this, villagers are being asked to note where and when they find graffiti in the area to help better target police activity in Bookham.

At the same time, Leatherhead's Police and Community Partnership Group (PCPG) is adding pressure to the campaign by writing to utility companies and the highways authority to ensure the quick removal of the graffiti. It is also working with Mole Valley Council to promote the use of a graffiti clearing company.

PCPG Vice Chairman Chris Linford said: "It's important that everyone in the community plays their part in ridding us of this problem. By working together we can clean up our villages, help the police detect offenders and make our communities better and safer places in which to live and work."

Andy Probert

DOWN WITH GRAFFITI!

FESTIVAL OF POLICE MUSIC

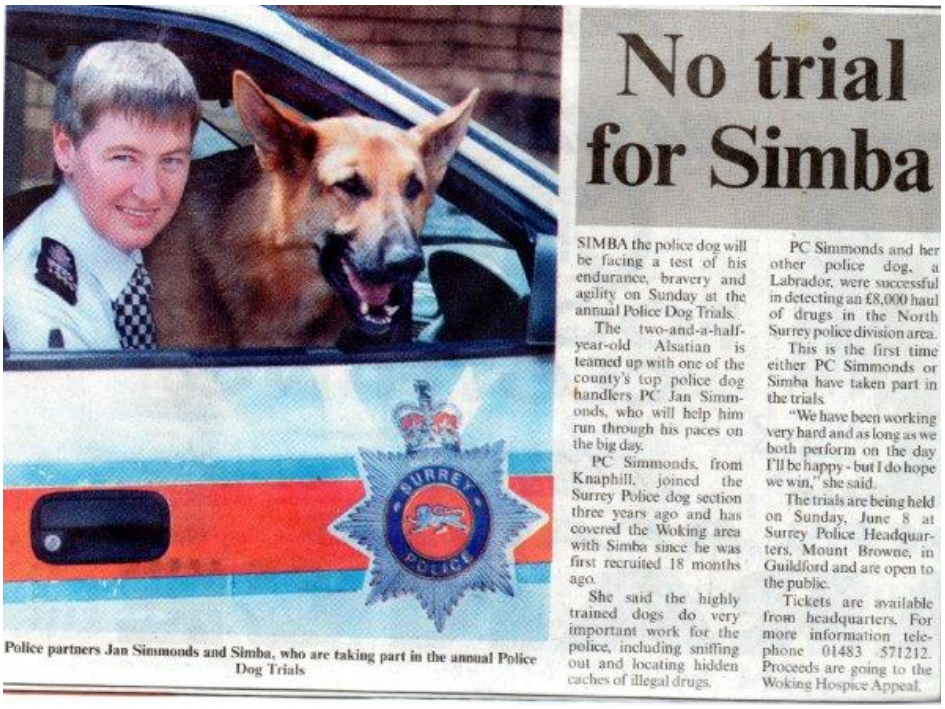
# Rob's special place in history

*SPECIAL Constabulary Section Officer*



**Jan Simmonds and Jamie Steward regional Trials March 2000**

**Jan Simmonds and Jamie Steward Regional Trials March 2000**



Police partners Jan Simmonds and Simba, who are taking part in the annual Police Dog Trials

# No trial for Simba

SIMBA the police dog will be facing a test of his endurance, bravery and agility on Sunday at the annual Police Dog Trials.

The two-and-a-half-year-old Alsatian is teamed up with one of the county's top police dog handlers PC Jan Simmonds, who will help him run through his paces on the big day.

PC Simmonds, from Knaphill, joined the Surrey Police dog section three years ago and has covered the Woking area with Simba since he was first recruited 18 months ago.

She said the highly trained dogs do very important work for the police, including sniffing out and locating hidden caches of illegal drugs.

PC Simmonds and her other police dog, a Labrador, were successful in detecting an £8,000 haul of drugs in the North Surrey police division area.

This is the first time either PC Simmonds or Simba have taken part in the trials.

"We have been working very hard and as long as we both perform on the day I'll be happy - but I do hope we win," she said.

The trials are being held on Sunday, June 8 at Surrey Police Headquarters, Mount Browne, in Guildford and are open to the public.

Tickets are available from headquarters. For more information telephone 01483 571212. Proceeds are going to the Woking Hospice Appeal.

**Jan and Simba**

**Jan refers to a trip to Romsey. The following is from the Surrey Constabulary history files:**

**So called Peace Convoy**

**(From Surrey Constabulary history) 1992 August 7: Paul Yearwood: Peace Convoy in Hampshire – Police Support Unit deployment.** On this day I was a sergeant on a PSU serial. We started work at 0930 and were sent to Hampshire with one other serial to support that Force dealing with new Age Travellers who were trying to set up camp in parts of the County. We were under the command of Superintendent Willson. We spent the whole day and well into the night playing cat and mouse with the travellers. Roadblocks were set up to prevent them going into certain areas. The plan was to keep them on the main road and moving through the county. John Hoddinott was Chief Constable of Hampshire at the time. He had refused to deploy any of his force with protective PSU equipment, as he did not feel it was needed in rural Hampshire. Editor's note: this was a problem in the Operations world when dealing with Hampshire – they were undertrained and poorly equipped) This proved to be a serious error. At around 4 a.m. (Saturday) we heard that the main body of travellers, some 200 vehicles, were stopped at Winchester Hill, A31, Romsey. The travellers had parked their vehicles blocking the road and were now attacking Hampshire officers who were trying to prevent them turning off the road.

The Hampshire officers were having rocks thrown at them and some were under physical attack. The Surrey serials were the only police there equipped to deal with this. We drove and parked at the rear of the traveller convoy. The convoy was facing up the hill and completely blocked both sides of the road. The convoy was more than 400 yards long. We ran to the front of the convoy fully equipped with shields and NATO helmets. There were injured Hampshire officers. I remember a female officer with cuts all over her legs crying. There was debris all over the road. We lined up across the road between the travellers and the Hampshire officers. The travellers retreated to the front line of their vehicles about thirty yards away. There were about eighty of them. We were outnumbered at least two to one. Many of them had weapons such as sticks and hammers. Superintendent Willson (sic) moved forward and told them to go back to their vehicles and disperse. He warned them that if they did not they would be baton charged. He had stones thrown at him, which he deflected with his shield. He warned them twice more to go back to their vehicles or face a baton charge. They refused to move. On his command we baton charged.

The travellers ran away, but many were caught and arrested. I arrested a large man who I had seen earlier with a club hammer. He resisted violently and had to be subdued with a few baton strikes. The road had houses both sides of it and many of the residents had come out to watch what was happening. It seemed quite bizarre seeing officers in people's front gardens arresting some of the travellers with the occupiers looking on. Eventually we ended up back at the rear of the traveller's convoy with most of the travellers. Now subdued, they were taken back to their vehicles and allowed to leave in small groups. We then went to Romsey police station to book in prisoners and complete the paperwork before handing over to Hampshire officers. We then went back to Guildford and finished duty at 7 a.m. some twenty-one and a half hours after we started. We returned to Hampshire the following afternoon and spent the night there. There were no incidents, but a number of Hampshire officers came and thanked us for rescuing them the night before.

**Paul Yearwood**

**(From Surrey Constabulary history) John Willson: I led the Surrey PSU** contingent in Hampshire: We had a roving brief and went all over Hampshire dealing with hot spot areas of trouble with the New Age travellers. At about 2am in Romsey in the main High Street. A convoy of New Age traveller vehicles four lines of vehicles across the whole high street for about a quarter mile blocked the street itself. They were trying to get through Romsey and they occupied the whole of the High Street all travelling in one direction, so there was no opportunity for any traffic to get through in either direction. Their way was blocked by a single line of Hampshire police officers, many of them women, with very few of them with any protective clothing whatsoever. I remember seeing women police officers wearing skirts and tights and blouses and having nothing to protect them whatsoever.

The new age travellers had left their vehicles and moved to the front of the convoy and had broken walls and fences and other material, which they were thrown at the line of largely, unprotected police officers. There were residents looking out onto the scene from the upstairs windows bearing mind it was 2am and watching their properties being damaged by the new age travellers in order to provide ammunition to throw at the police. The line-up resources were under sustained attack. I led the PSUs up between the lines of vehicles, coming up behind the new age travellers we took them by surprise and were able to arrest quite a large number and

dispersed many of the others many of whom then ran to their vehicles and locked themselves in. We wanted to free up the High Street so we went to every vehicle and if there was an occupant, we spoke to them and asked them to open up the vehicle and we would arrange for the vehicle to drive out of the high street. Despite repeated requests a number refused to open their vehicle and also refused to move their vehicle. Certain vehicles had their side window broken and we were able to gain entry and remove the driver.

The New Age travellers did everything they could to be awkward and presents us with violence. The reason they had gone to Romsey and why they were attacking the police line was because less than half a mile away was the site of their annual music festival, which I think, was called Torpedo Town. Hampshire police were particularly worried that there would be a pincer movement whereby the new age travellers would leave the Torpedo Town festival and attack the Hampshire police from behind and also from Romsey High Street, making it extremely dangerous and untenable for the police officers. Hampshire police had no units to send to their aid at the time. I firmly believe that if we had not gone to their aid, the officers who had little or no public order protective equipment or clothing would have been overwhelmed and would have suffered quite serious injuries.

**Superintendent John Willson**

# Superintendent Alfie Mothersele

**Geoff Todd**

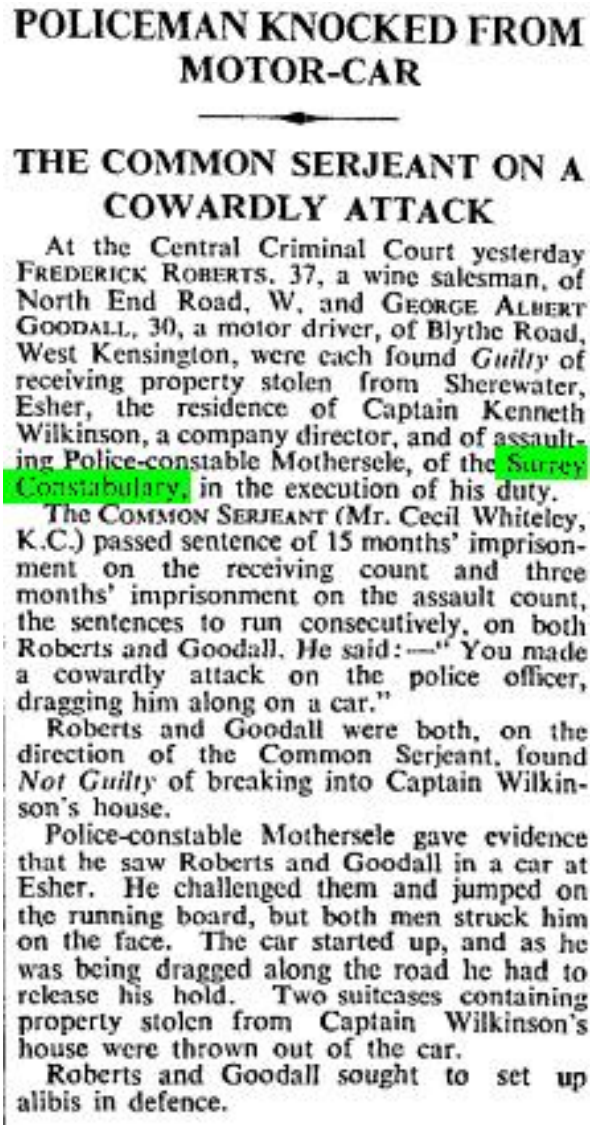
In the Surrey History Journal 61 the correct name is Alfie Mothersele and not Motherside as written. Great boss, firm but very human. Liked his golf. I was JPC 40 serving at Oxted when he became our Divisional Superintendent in 1956.

**PC Mothersele standing 6 from left rear rank**

**1937 January: Policeman knocked from motorcar:** At the Central Criminal Court yesterday Frederick Roberts 37 a wine salesman of North End Road West London, and George Albert Goodall 30 a motor driver of Blythe Road, West Kensington were each found guilty of receiving stolen property stolen from Sheerwater, Esher the residence of Captain Kenneth Wilkinson, a company director, and of assaulting Police Constable Mothersele of the Surrey Constabulary in the execution of his duty.

The Common Serjeant passed sentence of 15 months' imprisonment on the receiving count and three months imprisonment on the assault count, the sentences to run consecutively, on both Roberts and Goodall. He said, "You made a cowardly attack on the police officer, dragging him along on a car." On the direction of the Common Serjeant they were both found not guilty of breaking into the house of Captain Wilkinson. PC Mothersele gave evidence that he saw Roberts and Goodall in a car at Esher. He challenged them and jumped on the running board but both men struck him in the face. The car started up and as he was being dragged along the road he had to release his hold. Two suitcases with property stolen from Captain Wilkinson were thrown out of the car.[7]

[7] The Times (London, England), Tuesday, Jan 19, 1937



# POLICEMAN KNOCKED FROM MOTOR-CAR

## THE COMMON SERJEANT ON A COWARDLY ATTACK

At the Central Criminal Court yesterday FREDERICK ROBERTS, 37, a wine salesman, of North End Road, W, and GEORGE ALBERT GOODALL, 30, a motor driver, of Blythe Road, West Kensington, were each found *Guilty* of receiving property stolen from Sherewater, Esher, the residence of Captain Kenneth Wilkinson, a company director, and of assaulting Police-constable Mothersele, of the Surrey Constabulary, in the execution of his duty.

The COMMON SERJEANT (Mr. Cecil Whiteley, K.C.) passed sentence of 15 months' imprisonment on the receiving count and three months' imprisonment on the assault count, the sentences to run consecutively, on both Roberts and Goodall. He said:—" You made a cowardly attack on the police officer, dragging him along on a car."

Roberts and Goodall were both, on the direction of the Common Serjeant, found *Not Guilty* of breaking into Captain Wilkinson's house.

Police-constable Mothersele gave evidence that he saw Roberts and Goodall in a car at Esher. He challenged them and jumped on the running board, but both men struck him on the face. The car started up, and as he was being dragged along the road he had to release his hold. Two suitcases containing property stolen from Captain Wilkinson's house were thrown out of the car.

Roberts and Goodall sought to set up alibis in defence.

**1937 January: Assault on police officer[8] PC Mothersele**

**Surrey Police Mobile Column**

**1950s John Molyneux:** When I was Boy Clerk/Cadet at Dorking (1954 - 1956) there was a revolver possibly ex-military kept in the safe, which was under the stairs and only the Superintendent Henry Springate and the Chief Inspector Alfie Mothersele had keys and were the only ones who could authorise issue. To my knowledge, guns were never issued.[9]

[8] The Times (London, England), Tuesday, Jan 19, 1937

[9] 2014 26 August email to Robert Bartlett – John Molyneux

# As we were — 30 years ago

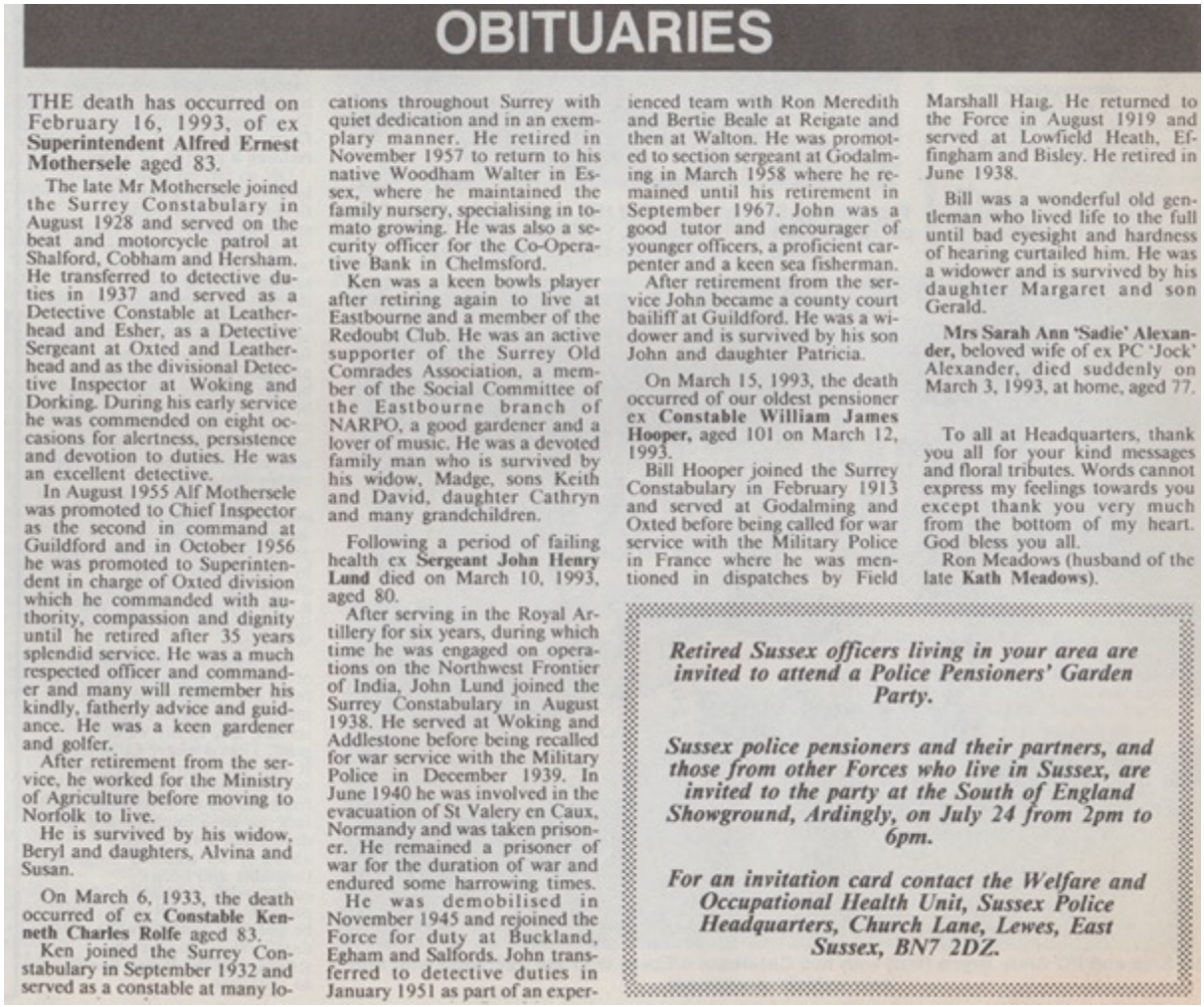
LOOKING through some old photographs recently I discovered one which I thought was of interest in view of the changes that have taken place during 1992. The restructuring which resulted in the return to the system of nine divisions with a superintendent in charge of each was much the same situation that existed in the 1960s.

The photograph was taken at the Surrey Special Constabulary annual parade which was hosted by Farnham Division circa 1960. We were able to arrange for the event to be held at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. It was felt that the venue suitable for the Sovereigns Parade would be ideal.

It was a most enjoyable day in perfect June weather and with delightful music provided by the Royal Military Academy Band. It was not realised until after the Parade that the Lord Lieutenant's standard had flown over a small part of Berkshire.

Shown in the photograph are Lord Munstar, the Lord Lieutenant and Mr Herman Rutherford, the Chief Constable with Superintendents Hagley, Gunning, Mothersele, Pentecost, Webber, Armstrong, Plumb, Holland (partly obscured) and Shoobridge, representing the nine divisions.
**Fred Shoobridge, NARPO.**

**1993 Obituaries Superintendent Mothersele 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.***

# 1965 A Young Bobby's Lot

**Graham Richings**[10]

Having run my own successful business until 1965 and planning to get married, I decided to follow in my father's footsteps, and join the Police Force. My father had been a sergeant in the Metropolitan Police and had retired in 1954 when stationed at Wealdstone Police Station. So, on 15th December 1965 I joined Surrey Constabulary and after being kitted out by George Ball went off to Sandgate on 19th December just in time to help Gerry Atfield, who was then a training sergeant there, go off into Folkestone and buy raffle prizes for the forthcoming Christmas Function!

Like most of us I expect, from time to time I think back on my thirty years' experience with Surrey Constabulary and some of the things that I got involved in. Like others I did my two years "*On the beat*" before I moved onto Traffic Department, where I spent the next twenty or so years. (and lots of courses!). Two years as a PC, four years as a sergeant and the remaining

[10] Email to Robert Bartlett by Graham Richings March 2020

years as an inspector, serving at all three traffic centres and Mount Browne. Seeing out my service at Headquarters in the Computer/IT Department.

The "*On the beat*" bit was probably not a typical two years and some of it was a bit like policing "Fairyland"! After leaving Sandgate, and initial training, I was posted to Weybridge Division in April 1966, as PC 733 Richings, and moved into the section house attached to the old Weybridge Police Station on what was then 'A' Division. There to be fed by Maurice Jackman's (Jacko's) mum, Mrs Griffiths, who was the section house cook. Not a diet that I would recommend, unless you actually like solid custard that is! I am told by those who lodged with her, Robin Brown and Mike Davies that her home cooking was on a somewhat higher plain!

Weybridge section house was a noisy, echoey place. There were no carpets on the floor. You could lie in bed and hear the snooker balls bouncing around the snooker table in the lounge area. Never a good thing when you had just come off night duty. Oh! and the infants' school with its playground right next door did not help! My first duty there was early turn (7-3) and the first job was point duty at Burley's Corner, the "T" junction of Byfleet Road and Brooklands Road ready for the influx of British Aerospace worker's cars and pedal cycles. No roundabout there in those days and you were thrown in at the deep end. Probably the sense of humour of the sergeant who mapped out the duties, one Arthur Mace. That junction was manned as a priority every weekday morning. My duties were split between Weybridge Police Station and Walton on Thames. Night duty was always worked from the latter police station under the supervision of sergeants Roland Sice, Derick (Dolly) Stratton, John Horton and Ian McGreggor. Alan Longhurst, I think shuttled between the two police stations. How times have changed. We used to field at least six to eight officers on nights plus supervisors. Now I'm reliably informed that they don't even have a police station! A more relaxing shift was eight hours checking unoccupied houses on St George's Hills Estate. Bearing in mind that this was before the days of personal radios you could really lose yourself in "The Hills" on a nice sunny day. No telephone kiosks to make points at up there but we had an arrangement with some of the big houses on the estate. We would be outside certain houses at specific times and if we were wanted a call would be made to the house, and somebody, maybe a butler, would call us in to the telephone. In early June when the Rhododendrons were in full flower this was a bit like policing fairyland on a bicycle.

The Weybridge posting came to an end around the end of September 1966 when I was to be married. I had applied for a police house and one-day I was making a point in Weybridge High Street by the telephone kiosk outside the post office when the phone rang and I was told to go to the police station and report of Chief Superintendent Henry Plum. He said to me "Can you ride a bike" meaning a motor bike. I had once ridden an old James 150cc on a private road and answered yes but that I did not have a motorcycle licence. He told me to contact Bomber Brown at Headquarters and he would give me a test on a Lambretta Scooter. If I could pass a test then I could have a police house. These scooters were used for beat work at the time. I mentally mugged up on how to ride one of these and reported to PC Brown. He introduced me to a white Lambretta 200 GT and gave me a route to follow from Mount Browne, through

Shalford and back through Guildford to Mount Browne. He followed behind me in a driving school car. That really was the extent of my motorcycle experience and at the end of the journey I was given a pink slip and was a qualified motorcyclist! I had run my own driving school for three years before joining the Constabulary so I was actually familiar with the requirements of the motorcycle test. The upshot of this was that I was issued a police house in Christchurch Road, Virginia Water next door to PC 304 Denis Smith (and his wife Sheila). We were to share a Lambretta Scooter call sign Alpha 29. The radio and speaker mounted on the rear of the machine for all the world to hear between the pip tones! PC Ken Reid also shared this machine.

**PC 733 Richings on Alpha 29**

I was now on the Egham and Chertsey sub-division where Maurice Jackman was the Chief Inspector (pictured below) with Archie Maxwell as his Scottish inspector. I can still hear the dulcet tones of Maurice Jackman's voice, on the first floor, shouting "***Archie***" at the top of his voice as he summoned the inspector to his office, where he sat surrounded by his law books. As a young in service PC one tended to try and avoid the great man, but one soon got to realise that his bark was worse than his bite. Unless you really had done something silly! Like reporting one of his personal friends for a traffic offence, and accidentally submitting a duplicate report after he had destroyed the first one. The second one slipped through and summonses were issued!! I can laugh now but it was not funny then! He was very prone to appearing in the Police Station in the early hours of the morning. I remember one winter's night when on night duty and I was riding the Lambretta, going into Egham nick about 02:30 freezing cold and with my great coat covered in frost. Jacko was sitting by the fire in the office and on seeing me said "What are you doing in here?" He promptly sent me back out into the cold. I knew that he had some acquaintances on the Wentworth Estate so I tootled of up there and parked the scooter near one of their houses and turned up the radio with external speaker on full volume with pips and speech coming out loud and clear. I hoped that someone would complain to him!

So now I was to police Wentworth Estate, more fairyland policing, but this time on a scooter. Again, much time was spent checking very large unoccupied houses and chatting up the gardeners. At night in the summer when Ted Annetts was the duty sergeant he would quite often fancy a dip in the pool at Wentworth Golf Club and one of us would drive him up there with his towel and trunks and he would take a dip! Jacko was himself a keen golfer, as was I, and we had many a game of golf on the Wentworth Courses with other of our colleagues. (Jamie Donaldson, Ted Annetts, Ted Sellers and Terry Bland to name but a few). We had the freedom of the course because those living up there saw our presence as being good for keeping the burglars away or catching them as the case may be. In fact, my wife got herself a nice little job in the pro's shop working for Tom Haliburton who was the professional there at the time. Plenty of celebrities played the course, Sean Connery, Charlie Drake, Ronnie Corbett and of course Brucey who lived there for many years.

There was plenty of routine police work to be done on the rest of the sub-division but the policing of Wentworth Estate and Sunningdale made for some very enjoyable shifts. Domestically it was a nice area to live. Our little police house overlooked Windsor Great Park at the font. It was not always peaceful. We could lie in bed and watch the headlights and listen to the engine of the Caravels as they took off from Heathrow. My newly born son would sleep in his pram in the garden during the day and not hear a thing!

Down at the local parade of shops the locals would spend on one joint of meat more than my wife would spend on a week's supply of meat. Some years ago Surrey County Council sold that police house for about £160,000. It has since been extended and in July 2014 was available for rent for £3,000 per month!

In 1968 I moved to Chertsey Traffic Centre (HT-C). I worked on the Traffic Cars with some very good policeman and was lucky enough to be crewed with Roy Coole, a really good First Class driver with a very high mark and an excellent policeman. We had some good arrests together. Mick Wicks and John Hitt were the sergeants there with Ron Brake as the Inspector. Whilst I was stationed at HT-C Vic Drummond was posted there as the Chief Inspector. Living at Virginia Water all came to an end in January 1970 when I was promoted sergeant and sent to Godstone Traffic Centre (HT-G). Four happy years were spent at Godstone. A very friendly Centre with experienced personnel. Godstone itself had a very villagey atmosphere. Ray Searle was the Inspector and Denis Hughes the Chief Inspector. Bob Heaton was my fellow sergeant whilst Peter Devereaux and Pip Kerridge, the two traffic sergeants from Dorking Traffic Centre gave their support. One of the traffic sergeants from one of the traffic centres (Burpham, Dorking, Chertsey & Godstone) took it in turns to cover night duty across the county.

In the summer of 1974 I was promoted to inspector and spent some months in the old Control Room at Mount Browne before being given the job of Road Survey Inspector, taking over from Geof Breckle up in the attic of the old house. This involved dealing with correspondence on behalf of the Chief Constable, Sir Peter Mathews, and attending site meetings with the Highway Authorities. Surrey County Council and Department of Transport. I gained a lot of

admin experience in this role for three years. In 1977 I was posted to Burpham Traffic Centre and remained there until 16th October 1987. That night the great storm blew.

I was moved back to Mount Browne and into the IT Department where I was responsible for purchasing and installing personal computers. Fred Page was the Superintendent and Dave Vigar the Chief Inspector and we occupied one of the old police houses near the Dog School. At that time we had two desktop computers in the Force, both funded by the Home Office. I helped install numerous computers around the Headquarters building, including all of the secretaries who had up until then been using electric typewriters. I retired from that department in 1st January 1996 and by then had installed about 400 machines.

Although it was not typical police career, I thoroughly enjoyed my thirty years and would do it all again tomorrow!

# Book Reviews

## Poland and the Second World War

## 1938-1948


**Hardcover:** 352 pages

**Publisher:** Pen & Sword Military (10 Sept. 2019)
**Language:** English
**ISBN-10:** 1473834104
**ISBN-13:** 978-1473834101

Evan McGilvray specializes in 20th century military history. His previous works include The Black Devil's March, a history of the Polish First Armoured Division, and studies of the Polish Government-in-Exile 1939-45, a biography of Polish General Stanislaw Maczek and an account of the Warsaw Uprising. He lives in Leeds, Yorkshire.

**Synopsis**

The invasion of Poland by German forces (quickly joined by their then-allies the Soviets) ignited the Second World War. Despite determined resistance, Poland was quickly conquered but Poles continued the struggle to the very last day of the war against Germany, resisting the occupier within their homeland and fighting in exile with the Allied forces. Evan McGilvray, drawing on intensive research in Polish sources, gives a comprehensive account of Poland's war. He reveals the complexities of Poland's relationship with the Allies (forced to accept their Soviet enemies as allies after 1941, then betrayed to Soviet occupation in the post-war settlement), as well as the divisions between Polish factions that led to civil war even before the defeat of Germany. The author narrates all the fighting involving Polish forces, including such famous actions as the Battle of Britain, Tobruk, Normandy, Arnhem and the Warsaw Rising, but also lesser known aspects such as Kopinski's Carpathian Brigade in Italy, Polish troops under Soviet command and the capture of Wilhelmshaven on the last day of the war.

The dates within which this history is set is obviously not the normal for UK readers 1939-1945 but extended between 1938 and 1948. This readily enforces the point that there were other events and direct links to the war across the world from China to Finland with a variety of dates when countries got drawn into the conflict i.e. the USA in 1941. The ending of the war many would argue did not occur until the fall of the Berlin Wall and the rapprochement between the Russian and western powers. Between this extended period Poland was not at peace or in control its destiny.

This work establishes the modern history of Poland and how it has suffered from sharing borders with two large and aggressive countries. Taken apart by the Germans in the Second World War then occupied by the Russians as the war came to an end an act of occupation the west was unable to counter. A fight with the Russians by the Allies was unthinkable with every likelihood their army would soon be in the channel ports facing Britain.

Few will have read widely about the wartime history of Poland and it peoples though Polish Battle of Britain pilots heroics are well known thanks to the film about the Spitfire squadrons

in the battle and the reckless courage of the pilots as they spoke Polish to the confusion of the RAF!

Polish fighters, working through their exiled government based in London made their way from occupied Poland to join their army as it fought in North Africa and Italy, famously at Monte Casino.

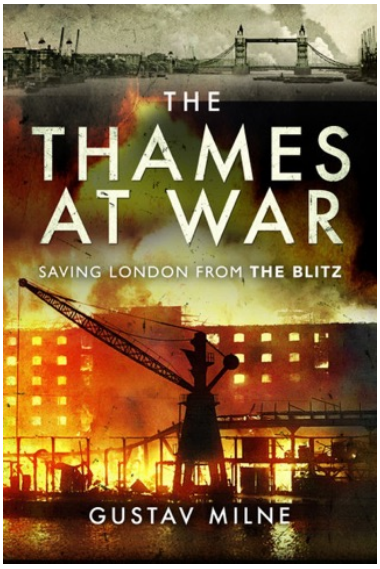
Anders' Army was the informal yet common name of the Polish Armed Forces in the East in the 1941–42 period, in recognition of its commander Władysław Anders. The army was created in the Soviet Union but, in March 1942, based on an understanding between the British, Polish, and Soviets, it was evacuated from the Soviet Union and made its way through Iran to Palestine. There it passed under British command and provided the bulk of the units and troops of the Polish II Corps (member of the Polish Armed Forces in the West), which fought in the Italian Campaign.

This is the often-unknown story of Poland's significant part in World War Two from before the fighting started through to Soviet occupation. The author has undertaken significant research much revealed in the book for the first time, providing a comprehensive account by an author with a strong affection for the country. Whilst "confined to barracks" you could do a lot worst than spending time with this book!

## The Thames at War
## Saving London From the Blitz

**Gustav Milne**

Pen & Sword Military
Pages: 208
Illustrations: 200 black and white
ISBN: 9781526768025
Published: 5th March 2020




**Gustav Milne**

Gustav Milne is an archaeologist, author and university lecturer. He began his career excavating with the Guildhall Museum in 1973 and was a founder member of the Museum of London's Department of Urban Archaeology, excavating and publishing reports on many Roman, Saxon and Medieval riverfront sites. He subsequently taught for twenty years at the Institute of Archaeology, University College London where he set up the Thames Archaeological Survey and later The Thames Discovery Programme, the award winning community based project surveying archaeological sites exposed on the open foreshore. He also founded the Gresham Ship Project, the Evolutionary Determinants of Health programme and CITIZAN, a national, community based coastal survey, featured in the TV series Britain at Low Tide.

**Synopsis**

Between 1940 and 1945 London suffered 101 daylight and 253 night-time air raids from the Luftwaffe and V1 and V2's. There were 80,000 fatalities or serious injuries and appalling devastation. Well documented as these horrific events are, there was another major threat – the all too real possibility of widespread flooding whenever the Nazi onslaught breached the Thames' river defences.

This superbly researched and illustrated book describes the vital role and unsung achievements of the London County Council emergency repair teams ably led by Chief Engineer Thomas Peirson Frank. Three rapid response units were formed and, in the event, undertook repairs to over 100 breaches of the flood defences, thus saving the Capital from drowning.

We also learn of the fate of London's docks and bridges and of the ships, boats and barges lost

in the estuary and tideway. This fascinating account has been compiled by the Thames Discovery Programme team and, 80 years on, pays tribute to the non-combatants who kept the major port running and saved London.

**Review**

If you have any interest in London, particularly the history of that great city during the Second World War you will not regret purchasing the book and investing time in reading it. This is a fascinating book that opens up another page on our understanding of the Home Front. This review is written in the depths of the virus crisis where much praise in heaped, rightly so, on many jobs and professions rarely considered in normal times. The role played by those who maintain the infrastructure and ensure continuity of supply is rightly recognised. In this book those men who laboured long and hard all through the dangers of the Blitz to ensure The Thames stayed within its banks are finally documented.

Flood defences were critical for the safety of thousands particularly those seeking shelter in tunnels and stations underground. The Thames wall was hit 100 times between 1940 and 1945 but because of the work and commitment of a rapid response team known as the Thames-Flood Prevention Emergency Repairs service or in short, Thames-Flood (T-F) for short. Research was undertaken across a number of archives including the papers of Thomas Peirson-Frank the LCC's Chief Engineer's correspondence files and two handwritten daily logs recording all the events.

The meticulously researched book, as one would expect from an archaeologist, has many contemporary evocative photographs of the damage caused during the raids and of consequences and repairs.

# The Duke of York's Flanders Campaign: Fighting the French Revolution 1793-1795

**Steve Brown**

**Hardcover:** 380 pages

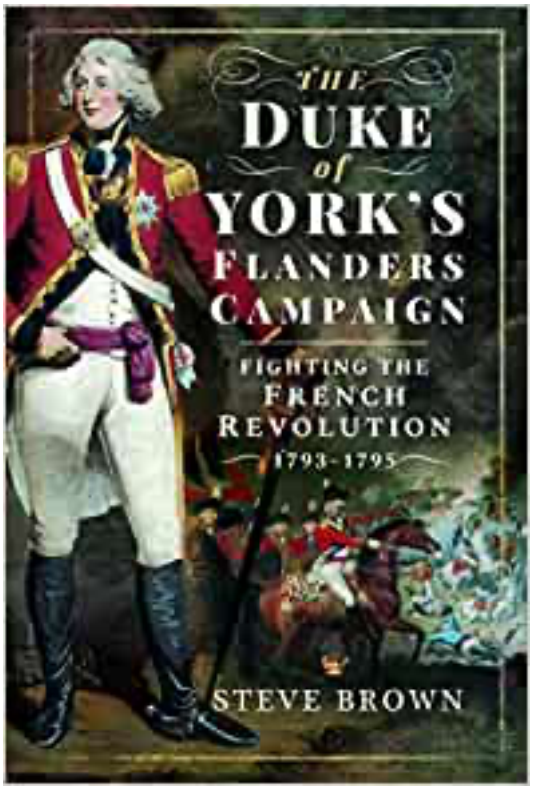
**Publisher:** Frontline Books (20 Nov. 2019)

**Language:** English

**ISBN-10:** 1526742691

**ISBN-13:** 978-1526742698

**Product Dimensions:** 16.5 x 3.8 x 23.4 cm




Author Steve Brown has an interest in Napoleonic studies dating back to his teenage years; he has amassed a collection of about 2,000 volumes on the subject, with a particular focus on the British Army. Since 2009 has been a frequent contributor to the Napoleon Series, his main contribution being the highly regarded British Regiments and the Men Who Led Them series, as well as a book reviewer. In 2015 he presented at the Waterloo 200 conference of the Royal Australian Historical Society.

**Synopsis**

Revolution was on everyone's lips. The ancien regime had been cast aside and King Louis XVI had been executed in front of a mocking crowd. Every crowned head in Europe trembled with fear - ideas knew no frontier. The monarchies of Europe had to act swiftly to crush the Revolution, and a coalition of the great powers of Britain, Austria, Prussia and Spain was formed to restore the natural order. The armies of the First Coalition gathered round France's borders, the largest of which was assembled in Flanders. Composed of Anglo-Hanoverian, Dutch, Hessian, Prussian and Imperial Austrian troops, its aim was to invade France and restore the nobility to what was considered their rightful place. Opposing them was the French Armee du Nord. In command of the Anglo-Hanoverian contingent was the son of George III, the Duke of York. The campaign was a disaster for the Coalition forces, particularly during the severe winter of 1794/5 when the troops were forced into a terrible and humiliating retreat.

Britain's reputation and that of its military leaders was severely diminished, with the forces of the Revolution sweeping all before them on a tide of popularism. Yet, from this defeat grew an

army that under the Duke of Wellington would eventually crush the Revolution's greatest general, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Of the Flanders Campaign, Wellington, who fought as a junior officer under the Duke of York, remarked that the experience had at least taught him what not to do!

Renowned historian Steve Brown has produced one of the most insightful, and much-needed studies of this disastrous but intriguing campaign. He concludes this important work with an analysis that draws striking, and significant comparisons with the Flanders campaigns of 1914 and 1940. How history repeats itself!

**Review**

The French National Convention, newly created and empowered, on the 15 January 1793 voted for the king to be executed; 361 voted for immediate execution, 288 voted against death while 72 voted for death only with conditions and reservations. The execution was voted for by a margin of one vote. One vote and war was inevitable, a war that would shape Europe to this day. Prime Minister Pitt responded to the emergency by cutting the budgets of both the army and Royal Navy! The army was small and mostly overseas so the King embodied the militia of almost 31,000 to police the homeland as what was left of the military formed an expeditionary force to move to Flanders.

The wars that lasted from 1793 to 1815 were known in 19th century Britain as the “Great War” which was appropriated to name the First World War. War was declared by the French Republic against Great Britain and the United Provinces to the north of France. Britain’s primary war aims was not to quell the French Republicans and place the greatly disliked Bourbons back on the throne but to keep them out of the United Provinces, broadly Belgium, as the channel ports needed to be protected so as not to endanger trade. There were to be a number of allies for the fight, but each had their own war aspirations leading to great frustrations and perplexity amongst allies. There were also huge issues of capability.

This is not however a history of the whole war but of the opening campaigns during the first two years. These years have been extensively researched with much interesting detail bringing together these important battles at the onset of the French Revolutionary Wars of 20 years.

This is well written, incisive and compelling book which is highly recommended not just for the historian of the period but also the casual reader of military history. For the real buff there are a number of detailed appendices with all manner of facts and interpretation that will add greatly to the readers interest and enjoyment of the work. There is a great deal to be learnt from this work!