Surrey Constabulary History

'An in depth history of policing in Surrey'

November 2020

www.surrey-constabulary.com

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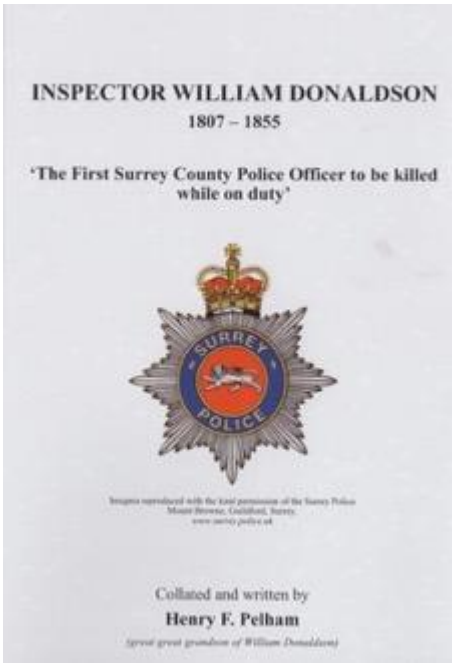
Redhill Market Hall 1899 Reigate Borough Police on Patrol

Contents

Inspector William Donaldson
Killed on Duty



Many of you will be aware that Henry Pelham published his book on the service and loss of William Donaldson, just as "lock down" struck, denying him the audience he was seeking amongst local groups and organisations. I have asked Tony to re-circulate information about the book and how a copy can be obtained. Henry works hard with his wife Jean on many aspects of the history of the Surrey Constabulary.

A small book has been collated, written and published by Henry Pelham the great, great grandson of Inspector Donaldson. The Inspector served for three years as a constable in the Metropolitan Police before transferring to the newly formed Dorking Police where he held the position of Superintending Constable from 1838 until the Surrey Constabulary was formed in 1851. He joined the new force and after some trials and tribulations moved to Haslemere to replace a sacked inspector. Those who served particularly before personal radios were issued, will understand the isolation and risk of working the small towns (or villages as some still wish these places to be referred as) Haslemere, Hindhead, Cranleigh, Horley Lingfield, the very rural parts of what many see as urban Surrey.

For several generations police officers were on their own or at best with one other officer to meet whatever threats mostly presented by drunks or those caught in the act of committing serious crime. You had to be confident in your abilities to make an arrest and in those far off days, taking the prisoner to the cage or lock up. The problem came as it does today from friends

of the prisoner trying to make a “rescue”. It was then that your relationship as a rural officer with your “locals” was cashed in!

The attack on Donaldson was sudden and brutal being hit over the head with a chunk of metal smashing his skull. The PC on duty with him was badly beaten. Urgent assistance arrived in about four hours! A number of railway navies were arrested and eventually sentenced.

Henry Pelham has undertaken detailed research for a number of years into his ancestor and decided to turn all he has uncovered into a book. For those interested in early rural policing this is a must read. For former Surrey Constabulary officers an essential read!

A copy can be obtained by emailing henry.pelham@sky.com at a special price of £12 plus £2.50 postage. Payment can then be agreed through a cheque or credit transfer, details will be sent by return on receipt of an o enquiry

In recognition of the immense help and encouragement given by various police forces and associated organisations during the research and writing of this book, profits are being donated to The National Police ‘Roll of Honour Trust’

Police Constable 86 Thomas Turner
Surrey Constabulary
Killed on duty aged 42
22 August 1924
Served First World War Grenadier Guards

Police service details from Thomas Turner in the Surrey Constabulary defaulters book (9152/1/2/1/3) with the kind assistance of archivist Robert Simonson

1883 born Butleigh Somerset
1905 April 5: Joined the Surrey Constabulary age 22 years in March 1905 PC 86 a groom/gardener. 6 feet 0 ½ grey eyes dark brown hair
Appointed 5 April 1905; sworn in 5 April 05 at Guildford first posted Guildford then Farnham.
1906 1 July Third Class Constable to Second Class Constable
1906 22 April Commended for courageous conduct in stopping runaway horses in the carriage of Mr GW Chapman at Farnham
1907 July 4 Farnham to York Town
1909 10 Aug York Town to Caterham
1910 10 July Second Class Constable to First Class Constable
1911 10 April 1 Caterham to Horley
1912 1 Sept Horne to Limpsfield

1912 Dec 30 Under the influence of drink. Seriously reprimanded and cautioned --?
1913 13 June Limpsfield to Woking
1916 July 20 Drunk when returning 9?) off duty Fined one week's pay. The Superintendent speaks on his behalf and gives a solemn promise to give up all drink. Obviously not in the army at this time.
1916 Military Service Tribunal – exempt provided remains in police
No dates for army
April 1918 Turner, Woking, called up with other Surrey Constabulary officers
1919 20 October to Windlesham re-joined after serving in the Army – no enlistment date or regiment
1921 Sat for examination for increment in pay and failed
1921 October 14 Police Act 1890 applies
1924 August 22 died (Injured on Duty) completed 19 years' service

Military Service Tribunal Thomas Turner 1916

Occupation Police Constable
Address County Police Station, Woking
Tribunal title Woking Military Service Tribunal letter books 13 March 1916
Description/note Letter stating "Conditional Condition: - Upon condition that he continues to follow the occupation of Police Constable. that Thomas Turner's principal and usual occupation is that of Police Constable" [The number 32 is shown]

Archive reference 6198/16/1 Surrey History Centre
Record set Surrey, Military Tribunals 1915-1918
Category Military, armed forces & conflict
Subcategory First World War
Collections from England, Great Britain

Army Record of Service Paper

No 33400 Thomas Turner
Corps Guards
Spring Cottage, Star Hill, Woking
British Subject
35 years 1 month
Police Constable (35)
Unmarried
Not previously served in HM Forces
Preference to serve in Royal Garrison Artillery
Signed by Thomas Turner 22 April 1918 at Guildford Witness DA Stanford
Certificate of approving officer and appointed him to the Grenadier Guards 22 April 1918

Descriptive Report on Joining

Thomas Turner 35 years 1 month 6 feet 1 ½ inches chest 38, expansion 3 ½ inches
Next of kin Mrs H Lane, Vicarage Cottage, Combe St Nicholas, Chard Somerset – sister
British War and Victory Medals

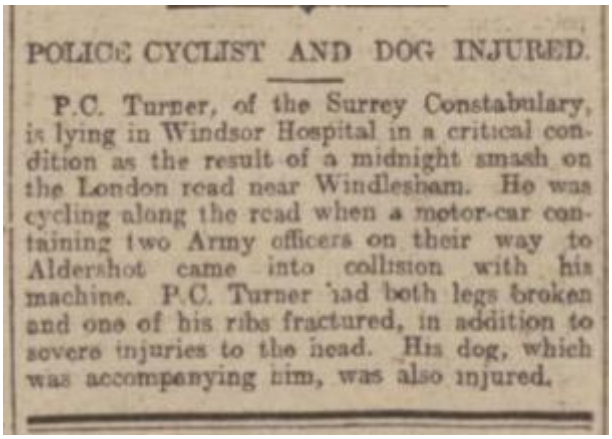
Deemed to have enlisted Private 2 October 1916 1 day
Called up for service 22 April 1918 1 day
Posted 22 April 1918
Posted private 2 November 1918
19 October 1919 transferred to the Reserve on demobilisation
Discharged on demobilisation 31st March 1920
Total service towards engagement Served 2 years and 144 days; Previous 1 year 181 days.

Surrey Advertiser 27 April 1918

The eight men were the last eligible single police officers serving in the Surrey Constabulary. There was one however, a discharged soldier and two over military age. Police Constables Bord, A Ellis, Rose, HQ at Guildford; Edwards, Virginia Water; Smeed, Camberley; Wilkinson, Godalming; Freeland, York Town; Turner, Woking; Fielding, Egham Hythe; Norgate, Englefield Green; Lewis, Fetcham; Bishop, Hogs Back; Hainsworth, Haslemere; C Ellis, Tatsfield; White, Minter, Woking; A Ellis Charlwood; called to the Colours in April 1918. None appear on the force war memorial so it can be assumed they all survived. [1]

Press cuttings 21 July 2019 from Henry Pelham

1924 August 22: PC 86 Thomas Turner aged forty-two was knocked down and seriously injured by a car at Windlesham in July whilst on night duty. He died from shock after having one or possibly both his legs amputated. [2]



POLICE CYCLIST AND DOG INJURED.

P.C. Turner, of the Surrey Constabulary, is lying in Windsor Hospital in a critical condition as the result of a midnight smash on the London road near Windlesham. He was cycling along the road when a motor-car containing two Army officers on their way to Aldershot came into collision with his machine. P.C. Turner had both legs broken and one of his ribs fractured, in addition to severe injuries to the head. His dog, which was accompanying him, was also injured.

[1] Surrey Advertiser 27 April 1918
[2] 1924 August 22 The Times

PC Turner of the Surrey Constabulary is lying in Windsor Hospital in a critical condition as the result of a midnight smash on the London Road near Windlesham. He was cycling along the road when a motorcar containing two army officers on their way to Aldershot came into collision with his machine. PC Turner had both legs broken and one of his ribs fractured, in addition to severe injuries to the head. His dog which, was accompanying him, was also injured.[3]

Policeman Killed by Motor Car
Verdict of Accidental Death

After having remarked that had he at any point in the enquiry found reason to suppose it was a case of manslaughter he would have been obliged to summon a jury, the Windsor Coroner returned a verdict of accidental death on Wednesday at the inquest on Thomas Turner of the Surrey Constabulary, stationed at Windlesham, who died in King Edward V11 Hospital, Windsor, as the result of injuries sustained by being knocked down by a motor car.

The evidence showed that about midnight on July 21 Turner was walking near the Windmill Public House, Sunninghill, in company with two soldiers. He was wheeling his bicycle and crossed the road to speak to three men he thought to be policemen. He was later seen following the two soldiers, who had been told to wait a little further on. Soon after a crash was heard and Turner was found lying on the offside of the road beside his bicycle and a dog, which had been with him. One witness said he had a recollection of a "flash of light" passing him just before the accident but could not say what speed the car was travelling at. John Samuel Trowbridge said two cars passed just before the accident

Lieutenant Nigel Campbell Hendrike of the Cameronians, Aldershot said he was driving the car at fifteen miles per hour, as the lights were dim and the dynamo was not working properly. The small bulbs in the headlights were on. Suddenly he saw an object in front of him and swerved, but too late. He pulled up in a distance of about six yards. He was driving on the crown of the road, and the impact must have thrown deceased to the offside. Dr John Goff said while attending the deceased he heard the driver say the lights were dim, and believed he also said he was looking out for a garage to get them put right. Turner had both legs broken, a dislocated collar bone and a broken rib. He died in hospital after two operations.

In recording the verdict stated above, the Coroner expressed sympathy with the policeman's relatives and the driver.[4]

Policeman Killed
Knocked Down on Road At Midnight

[3] Lincolnshire Echo 26 July 1924
[4] Gloucester Journal 30 August 1924; Lancashire Evening Post 28 August 1924

A verdict of "accidental death" was recorded at an inquest held on Wednesday at Windsor on police – constable Thomas Turner of the Surrey Constabulary, who was knocked down at midnight by a motorist on the road at Sunninghill.

The Coroner said that Turner's death had not satisfactorily been explained but it would be useless to summon a jury as he should not, on the evidence, have directed a verdict of manslaughter.

Evidence was given that Turner, who had been wheeling a bicycle, was found lying in the road with both legs broken. He died in hospital after two operations.[5]

Additional information: Thomas Turner was my Great Grandfather and indeed served in the Army during WW1. He joined the police in 1905 and was employed as a Groom/Gardener prior to this. His police records indicate that he joined the Army around 1914 and was discharged around 1919/1920. In 1911, he was living in Caterham. Caroline[6]

Surrey Advertiser 27 April 1918

The eight men were the last eligible single police officers serving in the Surrey Constabulary. There was one however, a discharged soldier and two over military age. Police Constables Bord, A Ellis, Rose, HQ at Guildford; Edwards, Virginia Water; Smeed, Camberley; Wilkinson, Godalming; Freeland, York Town; Turner, Woking; Fielding, Egham Hythe; Norgate, Englefield Green; Lewis, Fetcham; Bishop, Hogs Back; Hainsworth, Haslemere; C Ellis, Tatsfield; White, Minter, Woking; A Ellis Charlwood; called to the Colours in April 1918. None appear on the force war memorial so it can be assumed they all survived. [7]

He may have been exempt by application to the Military Service Tribunal 'Military Service Tribunals were formed following the introduction of conscription in January 1916, to consider applications for exemption from men deemed by the new legislation to have enlisted'.

[5] Gloucestershire Echo 28 August 1924
[6] Email October 2019 to Barrie Friend
[7] Surrey Advertiser 27 April 1918

SURREY CONSTABULARY

Thomas Turner

AGE 22 Years in March 1905 HEIGHT 6 feet 0½ inches. COMPLEXION Pale HAIR D.K. Brn

EYES Grey MARKS None.

BORN in the parish of Butleigh in the County of Somersetshire

TRADE Groom-gardener LAST RESIDENCE West Pennard, Somerset.

BY WHOM LAST EMPLOYED AND WHERE Mr F.J. Hayes J.P., at West Pennard.

WHAT RELATIVES RESIDING IN SURREY, AND WHERE Cousin at Egham.

PREVIOUS PUBLIC SERVICE None

LENGTH OF SERVICE ~ " ~

DATE OF APPOINTMENT 5th April 1905. NO. ON COLLAR 86

WHEN SWORN IN AND WHERE 8th April '05, at Guildford

BEFORE WHAT MAGISTRATES Col. Hadaway & Mr. H.A. Powell

WHERE FIRST STATIONED Guildford & then Farnham.

PROMOTIONS.

Date	From	To
July 1/06	Third Class Constable	Second Class Constable
July 1/10	Second ~ do ~	First ~ do ~

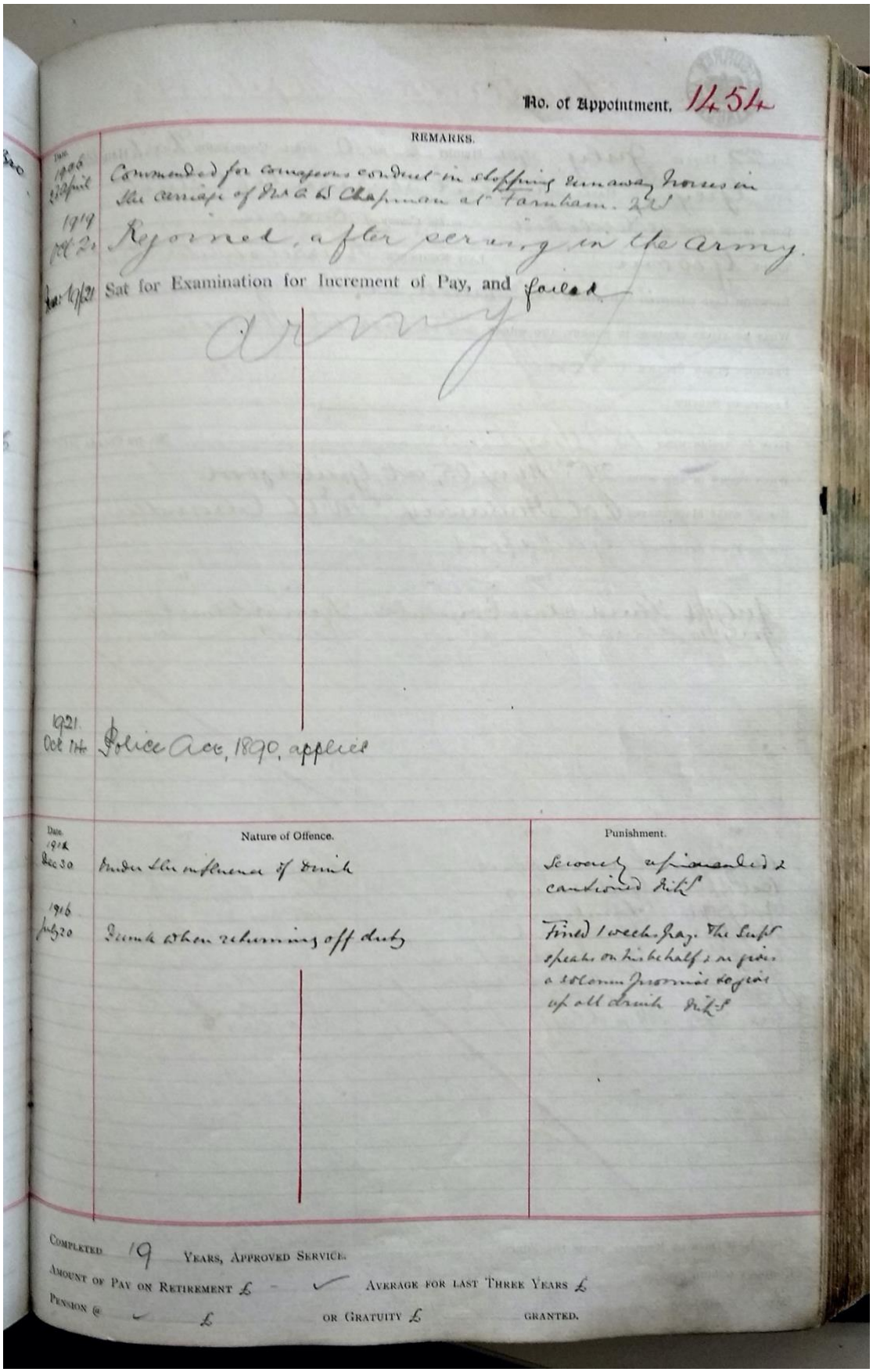
REMOVALS.

Date	From	To
July 11/07	Farnham	York Town
July 10/09	York Town	Caterham.
Apl 10/11	Caterham	Horne
Sep 11/12	Horne	Limpsfield
June 14/13	Limpsfield	Woking
Oct 20/19		Windlesham

CAUSE AND DATE OF REMOVAL FROM THE FORCE Died 22nd Aug. 1924 (Injured on duty)

CONDUCT DURING SERVICE

DATE OF PARCHMENT CERTIFICATE



No. of Appointment. 1454

REMARKS.

Date. 1906 23rd April — Commended for courageous conduct in stopping runaway horses in the carriage of Mrs A W Chapman at Farnham. 22

1919 Feb 22 — Rejoined, after serving in the Army.

Mar 10/21 — Sat for Examination for Increment of Pay, and failed

Army

1921. Oct 7th — Police Acc, 1890, applies

Date.	Nature of Offence.	Punishment.
1915 Dec 30	Under the influence of drink	Severely reprimanded & cautioned R&F
1916 July 20	Drunk when returning off duty	Fined 1 week's pay. The Supt speaks on his behalf & receives a solemn promise to refrain up all drink R&F

COMPLETED 19 YEARS, APPROVED SERVICE.

AMOUNT OF PAY ON RETIREMENT £ ~ AVERAGE FOR LAST THREE YEARS £

PENSION @ ~ £ OR GRATUITY £ GRANTED.

No sentimentality – "Army" in pencil. Died – injured on duty

PC Ernest Bedford Guildford Borough Police

My father Ernest Bedford (always called Joe although this was not his name) joined Guildford Borough Police in 1928 as constable PC27. He served for 30 years retiring as a constable. At that time, we lived in Burpham at the traffic centre however my father worked at Mount Browne in the control centre.

He came to Guildford from a small mining village in south Yorkshire and went to lodge with a couple (Mr and Mrs Finter) in Nightingale Road Guildford for a couple of nights and stayed 2 or 3 years. Mr Finter was a watch and clock repairer and when he died in the late 1960's his wife gave me a box with tools and some part repaired watches. Amongst the careful labelled where two with the name Mr Truelove. I remember that a Truelove was a Police Officer and believe that they may be his. They are complete and technically called silver full hunters (pocket watches with totally enclosed faces). They are in my opinion repairable and while not valuable may have sentimental value to the Truelove family .

So now to the question can we contact with Mr Trueloves family? What I would like to do is take the watches to the repair shop (BBC programme) and then invite the Truelove family to collect them.

Mount Browne Control Room 1950s

Police Constable 20 Alexander Arthur Truelove
Guildford Borough Police
Military Mounted Police
Royal Garrison Artillery

PC Truelove Guildford Borough Police

Two more members of the Guildford Police Force—P.C.'s S. D. Evans and A. A. Truelove —have now donned khaki, having been appointed lance-corporals in the Military Mounted Police

February 1916: Two more members of the Guildford Police Force PCs SD Evans and AA Truelove, have now donned khaki, having been appointed lance corporals in the Military Mounted Police.[8] [9]

Alexander Arthur Truelove was born 1892 in Reigate and aged 22 when he joined Guildford Borough on the 2nd January 1915. He had lived in Nutley Lane, Reigate and worked as a

[8] Surrey Advertiser *19 February 1916*
[9] Press cuttings from Henry Pelham

chemist’s porter for J. Rogers, Market Place, Reigate. He was six feet tall with a fresh complexion, black hair and dark brown eyes

Alexander Truelove in 1911 census, a chemist's errand boy [10]

Joined the Borough in a civilian role in 1914 he became PC 20 but then volunteered for the Army joining the Military Police.[11] Truelove’s army number was P3027[12]

Wounded on the Somme in his leg he was invalided back to the UK. When discharged he volunteered for the Royal Garrison Artillery. After the war he re-joined the Borough finishing at the end of the Second World War after 31 years’ service.

PC Truelove and PC Demount Guildford Borough also recalled to the Colours

[10] John Molyneux to Robert Bartlett 20 July 2019
[11] Guildford Borough appointments book
[12] Email Richard Callaghan RMP Museum 21 July 2019

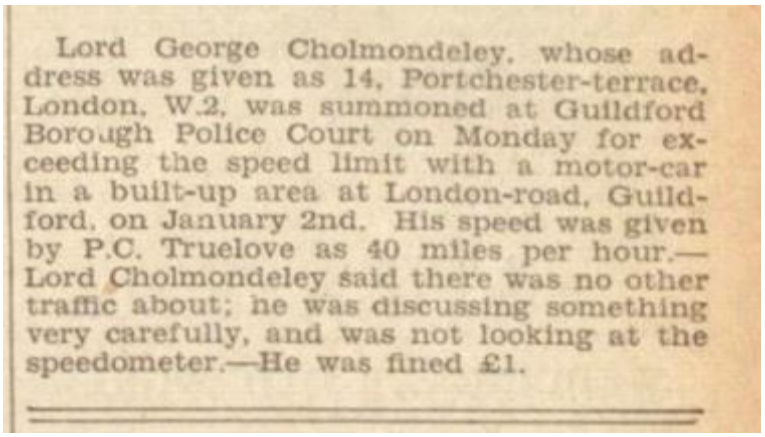
Guildford Borough date unknown PC Truelove and PC Demount

4th February 1916 resigned to join the colours resumed police duty 28 December 1918 re-sworn
28 December 1918 4th class Constable to 3rd Class Constable
30 December 2018 Re-sworn.[13]
5th January 1920 advanced to £4 class to 3rd Class Constable
5th January 1921 advanced to £4.2.0 Class
8th October 1921 elects that the scale of ordinary pensions prescribed by the Police Pension Act 1890 should apply in his case.
5th January 1922 advanced to £4.4.0 Class
5th January 1923 advanced to £4.6.0 Class
5th January 1924 advanced to £4.8.0 Class
5th January 1925 advanced to £4.10.0 Class to First Class Constable
5th January 1932 advanced to £4.12.6
5th January 1937 advanced to £4.15.0
1 February 1941 completed 26 years' service – continued to serve

PC Truelove served part of his service in the Borough on the mounted branch. He died in 1978

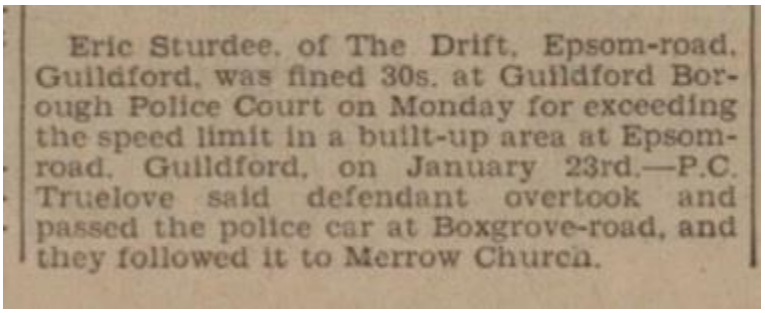
[13] Email Richard Callaghan RMP Museum 21 July 2019

Surrey Advertiser *4 February 1939*



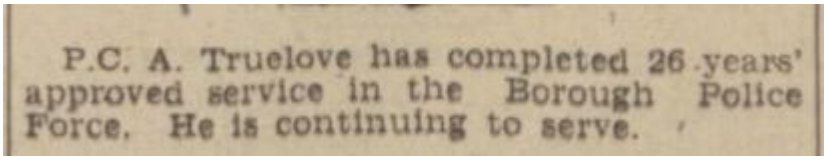
Lord George Cholmondeley, whose address was given as 14, Portchester-terrace, London, W.2, was summoned at Guildford Borough Police Court on Monday for exceeding the speed limit with a motor-car in a built-up area at London-road, Guildford, on January 2nd. His speed was given by P.C. Truelove as 40 miles per hour.—Lord Cholmondeley said there was no other traffic about; he was discussing something very carefully, and was not looking at the speedometer.—He was fined £1.

Surrey Advertiser *1 March 1939*



Eric Sturdee, of The Drift, Epsom-road, Guildford, was fined 30s. at Guildford Borough Police Court on Monday for exceeding the speed limit in a built-up area at Epsom-road, Guildford, on January 23rd.—P.C. Truelove said defendant overtook and passed the police car at Boxgrove-road, and they followed it to Merrow Church.

Surrey Advertiser *1 February 1941*



P.C. A. Truelove has completed 26 years' approved service in the Borough Police Force. He is continuing to serve.

PC A Truelove has completed 26 years approved service in the Borough Police Force. He is continuing to serve.

My Time with the Surrey Constabulary

Part 2

John W Hoyle September 2020

One day, a memorandum was received from Headquarters, asking for volunteers to be trained as Police Duty Instructors. I thought to myself, yes this is a way out, after all, they do say, "Those who can, do. Those who can't, teach." (The phrase can be used in another sense.)
On 29th August. 1969 I attended a two week "Instructor's Course" at The Central Planning and Instructor's Training Unit, at Ryton-on-Dunsmore, in Warwickshire. There were twelve of us on the course, from various forces throughout the Country. (3 Inspectors, 8 Sergeants and 1 Constable.)

We were taught how to prepare a lesson, the use of visual aids, and delivery of the subject etc. On one occasion, we were given a lesson in elocution. We were each given various lessons to prepare, and present to the class. To make sure that your delivery was correct, and given in the correct time allotted to you, it was necessary to rehearse.

One evening, I had prepared my lesson for the following day, including practising it. I was satisfied that nothing more could be done, so I decided to have an early night. Every evening at 10 pm, the constable on the course, used to take it upon himself, to make tea, or as he would say, coming from Nottingham "mash tea" for everybody. I had just got into bed, when he knocked on my door, mug of tea in hand. I was so embarrassed, that I immediately got dressed, and went to the classroom to practice my lesson again. On completing the course successfully, I had to wait to see where I would do my teaching, and in the meantime carry on my duties in Prosecutions.

I took the opportunity to study for my inspector's examination, which I passed. I was now qualified to become an Inspector. There were no "Promotion Boards" in those days, any advancement was based on the recommendation of your superintendent. His views could be based upon his own criteria, whether or not you were suitable for the next post, or perhaps he wanted to get rid of you, or visa verse. One morning I visited Police Headquarters at Mount Browne, Guildford. On walking along a corridor, I was met by an assistant chief constable, who said to me, "Hoyle, I see you successfully completed your instructor's course, I want you come into our Training Department ".

I have always tried to observe the doctrine of "When you reach a crossroads in life, think of all the routes possible, and having a clear understanding, make your decision. If you have given the correct thought to the subject, you cannot blame yourself it goes wrong".

Thinking back, I should have said to him, “Sir, as this would mean a move from Merstham to Guildford, and would affect the family, could I please have a little time to consider it?” Instead I said, “Sir, we were told on that course, that the course was for the training of Instructors at Home Office Training Schools”. He replied, “So be it”, and stormed off.

Since completing my Initial Training in 1960, Continuation Training of 2 weeks, had been brought in. This additional training took place at various centres throughout the country, one of which was situated at Nutfield, less than 2 miles from my home. On 14th February 1970 I was seconded to F5 Division of The Home Office, as a Class 2 Instructor, (Sergeant) at No.6 District Training School, Sandgate, Kent for a period of 2 years. Fifty miles away from my home.

The first thing I had to do before going to The Training School, was to purchase a dinner suit. It was a requirement that all staff had to be formerly dressed on the occasions of the monthly “Pass out Diners”.

Before carrying with the story, there was one brief occasion when, whilst still a Sergeant in Prosecutions, I performed a duty outside. that was an aircraft crash.

Chapter 14: aircraft crash at Gatwick: 5th January 1969

The circumstances as I understand it, are that a Boeing 727 Aircraft, owned by Ariana Airways of Afghanistan, on route from Kabul to Gatwick, via Munich, with 62 people on board crashed in a field near Gatwick Airport.

Weather at the time was thick fog, and the airport was closed to British aircraft. Apparently, the pilot was too low on his approach, and the wheels of the aircraft, lightly touched the roof of one house, and after a few yards, collided with another house, completely demolishing it. The nose cone of the aircraft, containing the cockpit, broke off and travelled a further 80 yards. The pilot, co-pilot and engineer survived. Eleven further passengers were rescued by fire brigade and police officers and were taken to hospital. Forty-eight other people on board, including three children were killed.

In the house that had been demolished, two of the occupants also died. However, two Police officers heard crying coming from the wreckage, and discovered a baby, 18-month-old Beverley. By some miracle, she had been protected by part of the wreckage, and she seemed unharmed.

In the early hours of the morning I received a telephone call and was told to report to Redhill Police Station. There, I was met by a superintendent who instructed me to attend the scene, and to take with me the “Major Incident Box”. This was a wooden trunk, containing, paper, pens, labels, and all the necessary stationery required.

Upon arrival at the scene I was instructed to go The St. John’s Ambulance Hall, at Horley and set up a temporary mortuary. When I got there, I found that the hall had already been opened,

and tarpaulins had been laid over the floor. I had one constable to assist me. Over the next few hours, bodies arrived. They were laid out in rows, and we had to write down a description as best we could, and the position in the wreckage where they had been found, we also had to label them, giving them a number. Most of the bodies were burnt beyond recognition. In the end, we had 52 bodies in total. That was two, too many.

Closer examination showed that one was a big lump of meat that presumably, one of the passengers that brought onto the plane as a gift, and other unexplained carcass was that of the family pet, a large dog.

During the morning, some of people arrived, demanding access, to view the bodies. They were the relatives and friends of the passengers who had been on board the aircraft. They had been at the airport, awaiting the arrival of the plane. They were becoming quite frantic because we would not let them in. Finally, their leader, presumably their Iman, approached me and asked if he alone, could view the bodies, and then he would be able to let everybody know that there was nothing further that could be done. I agreed, and he entered the building, said a few prayers, and then left to speak to the others. They seemed to calm down afterwards.

A short while later, the Iman approached me again, to ask if one man, a father of a little girl, could come in and see a body. The Iman had noticed the body of a girl amongst the others. I had the body of the girl taken into a side room where the father identified her as his daughter. In truth, hers was the only body that could be identified. I remember that all her clothes had been burnt off. She had, single plait, which had fused to her skin. A vivid memory, that lives on many years later. Another memory was the awful smell of aviation fuel and burnt flesh.

Chapter 15: Seconded to No. 6 District Police Training School

I commenced my duties at Sandgate, near Folkestone on 14th February 1970, and during my time there, I was the class instructor for six Courses, for a period of 13 weeks each. The average class size was 22. All the students were male. They came from all walks of life, and a number came from the Armed Services. Discipline was not a problem, and they were a joy to teach. They were all keen to learn. The terms of employment were, Monday to Friday, plus the occasional weekend as "Duty Officer". During the week, one instructor was on 24 hour cover as "duty officer".

I used to drive from Merstham to Sandgate on a Monday morning and return on a Friday afternoon. When you were required to be the weekend officer, you were permitted to have your family with you. They stayed in the "guest accommodation" and it was a "weekend at the seaside", for them. Meals were formal, so the family sat at top table. My two children loved it, because they took it in turns to sound the "dinner gong".

In general, as the "duty officer" one had a quiet time. However, whilst on duty mid- week, I had two disturbed nights. On one occasion, a student knocked on my door during the early hours of the morning, to inform me that another student in his dormitory, was crying out in

pain, and keeping the others awake. I attended, and on seeing this chap in obvious pain, I called a doctor. He duly arrived and examined the patient. Upon leaving, the doctor said to me, "Sergeant, always remember that the appendix is on the right- hand side. All he has got, is wind".

On the second occasion, again, I was awoken in the early hours by a student knocking on my door. This time it was to tell me that a student had fallen out of a window and, was lying on the flat roof above the Commandant's Office. I attended, and an ambulance was immediately called. They took him to Folkestone Hospital where, after a cursory examination, it was declared that he had only bruised his ankles. He was discharged, with the instructions to report back to The Casualty Department the next day for a further examination. The next day, after ex-rays had been taken, it was discovered that he had in fact, broken both ankles. He was in plaster for many weeks afterwards. He was unable to continue his training and was "back-coursed".

As to why he was climbing out of a window in the early hours of the morning, he himself, could not explain. However, the other students informed me, that on a previous occasion they found him "sleep walking". It was a good job that he chose that window, and not another one on the other side of the room. The building is built on the side of a hill, and if he had climbed out of that window, he would have fallen 60 feet, instead of 30 ft.

One night, I was doing my rounds, before retiring, and on passing a dormitory, occupied by my class, there was an almighty commotion, with pillow fights going on. I called the class leader out, and told him to get everybody fully dressed, and formed up outside the main entrance.

The driveway from the road to the main entrance of the centre, is very steep, about 1-4.
For the next half hour, I had the class leader marching them up and down the hill. The following morning, they all appeared on parade as usual and nothing further was said.

Additional Training

In June 1970 I was sent to The Home Office Civil Defence School at Easingwold, Yorkshire on a five-day course, to become a Civil Defence Instructor. The "Cold War" was still on, and although the Government had long since disbanded the Civil Defence Corps, in the event of a third war, the police service would have an important and varied role to play.

Although we were billeted in a stately manor, called "The Hawkhills", the teaching took place at RAF Dishforth, which was an operational airfield. At the time, The Fleet Air Arm were practicing circuits and bumps, flying in their Buccaneer jets, touching down and flying off again. You were forever, halting your lesson, often in "mid-sentence", and starting again after the aircraft disappeared. The one good thing, being billeted at Easingwold, was that if you left your shoes outside your room at night, a valet would clean them, ready for the next day.

Once trained as a Civil Defence Instructor, I was given an additional task. In the final week of the course, after the examinations have been concluded, and the students were eagerly looking forward to going home, I had to instruct each course, on the duties of the Police in the time of war. Not an easy subject, but it did stimulate some healthy discussion.

I had not served in HM Forces, so I had never been used to marching. On each pass out parade, it was necessary for the class instructor to march in front of his class, and on passing the saluting dais, give the "eyes right" on the correct foot. That is, as the left foot hits the ground. It took me a long time to master it. However, on the day I got it right.

As an Instructor of a course lasting 13 weeks, it is natural that you remember certain classes for various reasons. One such course was Class B.2. Course No.262. 6/11/71 to 5/2/72. My last class. This class had a number of ex-service personnel. They were a lively bunch. One of the class, a lad from Hampshire had a bright red beard, and the class decided one night, to have a mock trial. The class leader, a former Petty Officer in The Fleet Air Arm, was appointed judge, and the Hampshire lad was charged with wilfully neglecting to shave. He was found guilty, but the judge, being a kindly gent, sentenced him to having only half his beard shaved off. I understand that it was done in a friendly manner, in fact the next morning, the Hampshire lad appeared on parade with one side of his faced shaved and the other side bearded. He was very quickly taken off parade, and told to shave properly, before the commandant's inspection. I enjoyed my time at the centre, it was a pleasant environment to work in, and the staff were keen and interested in their work. Having said that, I was eager to return to active policing.

Chapter 16: Return to policing

During my absence, a new Police Station, and Divisional Headquarters had been built in Reigate Road, Reigate, and the Police Stations at Redhill and Reigate had been closed. I

returned to duty as a sergeant at Reigate and my duties were a mixture of patrol and custody sergeant. One very busy night, I was the custody Sergeant, and it was one of those nights when prisoners were coming in one after the other, so I was in the "custody suite" all night. Also, all night, was a juvenile prisoner, a boy aged 16 yrs. He was in the area reserved for female prisoners. He was not locked in a cell, but the outer gate dividing the male from the female areas was locked. He was in a secure position and, I could see him all night.

At the end of my shift I cycled home, and on arriving home, I discovered that I still had the cell keys in my pocket, so I got back on my bike and cycled back to the Police Station to return the keys. I handed them to the new custody Sergeant, who assured me that everything was in order, and that he had not needed the cell keys.

Upon arriving for duty that night, I was informed that about 10 am that morning the juvenile prisoner had escaped. The story was that he had been taken his breakfast in the normal way, but when the custody sergeant returned at a later stage the prisoner had gone. It was thought he had managed to unscrew the screws holding the gate lock with the plastic knife, that he had been given at breakfast time. (Anybody with knowledge of a cell complex, will, I am sure, believe the same as me, that to unscrew a screw with a plastic knife is an impossibility.) Sure enough, the inevitable investigation took place. I was interviewed by a superintendent, and was shown the detention sheet for the prisoner, which showed that although he was in constant view all night, I had failed to endorse the sheet accordingly. In fact, a line had been drawn through the time period that I had been on duty. The only person that received any criticism was me. Bearing in mind that, at the time of the prisoner's escape I was at home, in bed. It is not the first time that I have found that when the "wheel drops off", it is everybody for themselves.

CHAPTER 17: Back in Prosecutions

On 1st April 1974 I was promoted Inspector, in charge of Prosecutions for the division.

The Office at Reigate, was a divisional office, covering the three Magistrates Courts in the division, Dorking, Reigate and Oxted. The office handled approximately 7,000 prosecutions a year, mainly traffic offences, but also non-indictable offences, such drunk and disorderly, offence weapons etc.

When not in the office, signing endless summonses and statement of facts, I was in Reigate Magistrates Court as the court inspector. If we were aware that there was likely to be a "not guilty plea", we would ask the Surrey Constabulary Solicitors, Messrs Wontner & Sons, Savoy Court, London to act for us. They in turn, would brief a barrister. Often, he would be given his brief as he got on the train to come to court. Sometimes, he did not get the paperwork in time, and I had to brief him. This of course is prior to the CPS. (Crown Prosecution Service).
At Oxted Magistrates Court, the Clerk of The Court, was stickler for protocol. He decided that, one court date should be set aside for "The Ceremony of the White Gloves". Apparently, it was the custom to have the ceremony once a year, where the magistrate, having no cases before him, would be presented, by the Clerk, with a pair of white gloves. This was to signify

that everybody was innocent of a crime. It is understood that white gloves have always, since biblical times, been regarded as a sign of purity. So, on his instructions, no cases were scheduled for one day, and the ceremony took place. Of course, the press was present, and reported accordingly.

I always regarded the post of Inspector (Prosecutions), as a task that could be easily be undertaken by a civilian. Fortunately, other people thought the same and eventually the situation was given to a civilian, and I was posted back to policing. However, there were times when I thought I was a "yo-yo". Whenever there was a problem, I was called in to assist.

Chapter 18: The duties of a patrol inspector

I was now back doing what I consider the best job! Active policing. I had two teams, one at Reigate and one at Horley. The Reigate team consisted of two Sergeants and approximately 18 officers and at Horley, one Sergeant and eight officers. The Sergeants and officers at both stations were extremely keen. So keen in fact, that on one occasion, I was summoned to see the superintendent, who congratulated the team on the amount of good work they were doing, but asked me if I could calm them down a little, because they were putting the other teams to shame.

There was one Constable who was a little more "gung-ho" than the others. He was a good rugby player, and very fit. One night he was arresting a man, who whilst being apprehended, broke away. My officer did no more than bring the offender down with a rugby tackle. The only problem was that, in doing so, both he, and the offender, fell through a shop window. Luckily neither of them received injuries.

Another officer, upon receiving a call that an elderly lady was thought to be ill, arrived at the house, and upon looking through the patio doors, saw the lady lying on the floor. He decided to barge the patio doors with his shoulder. He broke his way in, and attended to the lady, who luckily was still alive. An ambulance was called, and she was taken to hospital, and later fully recovered. I received a letter from the lady's son, thanking the officer for his timely actions but asked, "Did he really have to break such an expensive window?" There are times when after something has happened you have to say to yourself" That was a little stupid" or "I could have done that better".

One day, the traffic in Reigate Town had come to a standstill, and upon investigation, I discovered that the reason was a road traffic accident at a set of traffic lights. When I got there, I found that a small lorry, loaded with duty free, destined for Gatwick Airport, had collided with the rear of a car waiting at the lights. Damage to both vehicles was very slight. The lorry driver informed me that his brakes had failed. Because of the slight damage, I did not believe him, and told him to move his vehicle onto the pavement so that we could clear the traffic. He did as he was told, moved his vehicle and demolished the traffic light signal box. This put the lights out completely. I can remember his words even now "I told you that my brakes had failed."

News of my embarrassment travelled far and wide. I received calls asking where they could donate for a new traffic box, and I even had an old colleague ring me up and, ask me whether or not, his collection of "Green Shield Stamps" was of any use. (At the time, there was a scheme operating, where after purchasing something, i.e. petrol, you were given Green Shield Stamps which you collected until you had sufficient to exchange them for household goods.) There were no repercussions, and I assume that the insurance companies sorted it out.

In 1976, I attended a 12-week inspectors' course, held at Lancashire Constabulary H.Q at Hutton Hall, Preston, Lancs. There were 28 Inspectors, representing most of the forces in the UK, including The Ministry of Defence Police. It was a good, interesting course, covering a variety of subjects. We had a number of daily visits out to industry and other places, including a trip down the coal face at a pit in Warrington, and a football match at Manchester United's Ground. The trip down the coal mine, helped me understand more about the miners, when dealing with the Miners' strike later. The trip to the football match, was of course to study crown control. Towards the end of the course we were all sent to various parts of the country to study certain given subjects, and upon our return we had to do a presentation on that subject. I was sent to Cumbria to spend 3 days with The Cumbrian Special Branch.

When you think of Cumbria, it is hard to imagine what problems, if any, that area would have. They do have a coastline, The Irish Sea, and the port of Whitehaven. They also have Sellafield, The Nuclear Power Station at Seascale, to keep an eye on. They also share the border with Scotland. I was informed of an incident involving The Scottish Nationalists. Apparently, a power pylon was destroyed by an explosion and, the culprits, The Scottish Nationalists, left a note, saying, "This is for you English B……ds, for stealing our electricity ". In actual fact, the pylon was carrying English Electricity into Scotland.

For ease of reading, I now intend to put a number of subjects under various headings:

The worst week of nights ever

One night, shortly after we had commenced the first night shift of the week, we were notified of a disturbance at a "well known address", on a council estate in Redhill. Upon arrival at the scene, there was a fight going on between two men, in the front garden, and a good deal of noise coming from inside the house. On entering the house, two more men were seen fighting in the front room. Egging them on, was a man, aged approximately 55 years, sitting in an armchair. I told him to be quiet, but he continued to shout encouragement to those fighting. Other adults then came into the room and started shouting at the man in the chair, and he continued to encourage the fight. Again, I told him to quieten down, but he continued in the same manner. I therefore decided to arrest the man in the chair for a breach of the peace, and told the other persons presented that if they did not behave, they would also be arrested. At this stage, mayhem broke out and it became a battle of them and us. At one stage, a teenage girl jumped on my back, in an attempt to bring me to the ground. She was arrested, together with six adult males, including the older man.

In my car, I took the elder son of the family, to the police station, and on the way, he said to me, "You know that the "old man" has a heart problem." My reply was that, his actions did not show that he was ill. As I drove into the station yard, an officer approached me, to inform me that older prisoner, had collapsed on the floor in the cell complex, and that officers were attempting CPR.

At a subsequent Coroner's Inquest, a Doctor gave evidence that during the morning of the incident he had examined the older man, whose name was "Eddie", and, advised him that he had a serious heart condition, and that he should take life very quietly. A subsequent post-mortem examination showed that he had died of a heart attack.

The background behind the disturbance, was that this was a second marriage, and the sons and daughters of each marriage lived all together in the same house. The wife had an evening job at a local factory, and on this evening the husband asked the youngest son to take a flask of coffee to his mother at her place of work. When he arrived at the factory, he found that his mother was not there, and that she had been dismissed several months previously. He went home and told his father. When the mother arrived home, everything "kicked off".

The fact that a person had died following a decision that I had made to arrest him, haunted me for some time. There, was always the question in my mind, "was it necessary to arrest him?" Upon reflection, it was necessary.

The following night, I was patrolling in an unmarked car in Linkfield Lane, Redhill, when I became aware of the fact that a car in front of me was being driven in an erratic manner, eventually coming to a halt. On approaching the driver, I saw that he had the gear stick of the car lose in his hand. It was obvious upon questioning him, that he had stolen the vehicle. I got him out of the car, told him that he was being arrested, and was just about to put handcuffs on him, when he attempted to break free. I grabbed hold him. Pushed him forward across the bonnet of the car. At this stage, he went limp and collapsed on the floor. He was unconscious. With the assistance of two young men, who were passing by at the time, I placed the prisoner in the back of the police car, and immediately drove to casualty department of the nearest hospital, which is only a mile or so away. Within a few minutes of our arrival at the hospital, the prisoner regained consciousness, and became extremely aggressive to all those present. The "Duty Doctor", informed me that the prisoner had most likely had an epileptic fit. He further stated that he was perfectly fit to be detained. He was taken to the police station and charged. What is ironic about this incident, is that this man was the boyfriend of the girl, who assaulted me the previous night.

Two nights later I decided to carry out a "Public House Check" in Redhill. (In those days, each uniform inspector had a list of premises, that he was required to check once a month.) I was accompanied by two constables and a sergeant, and as we entered the premises concerned, which was very busy, one of the cliental shouted out, "That's the B……D that killed Eddie".

Discretion being the better part of valour, I decided to leave the visit to those premises, for another evening. I was glad when that week of night duty was completed.

Unlawful gaming

I received information that in two cafes in the area, one at Woodhatch and the other at Merstham, there had been installed some gaming machines, that were being used excessively, almost to a point of addiction. The cafes were mostly frequented by workmen, so I arranged for two of my officers, from the Horley Section, to undertake some observations at breakfast and lunchtimes, for a period of one week. The report came back to the effect, that there were two machines in each café, and that people were spending a considerable amount of time on them, and in fact some people were actually queuing up to use them. The machines in question were "Pin Ball Machines", called "Balley Bingo". They were of American manufacture and were built pre-war. The object of the play was to get five balls into the allotted space, then on an additional payment you could get an additional ball. If you achieved all six balls in the allotted space, you received your money back.

I obtained the necessary warrants and we decided to raid both set of premises simultaneously. I took charge of the café at Merstham, and another inspector took charge of the raid on the café at Woodhatch. The cafes in question, were owned, and run by a husband and wife team. The husband ran the café at Merstham, and his wife ran the café at Woodhatch. The object of the raid was to seize the machines and, also the account ledgers. We were particularly interested in the ledgers kept by the owners for their own use. Invariably there are two ledgers, one for the tax man and one for themselves. My raid at Merstham went off without a hitch. We very quickly found the owner's ledger under the cash register. The husband then asked if he could telephone his wife at the other café. We had finished our business, so I agreed to his request.
I found out later that, the other team, had not quite finished and in fact, they had just found the owner's ledger, again under the cash register, when the phone rang. The wife chose this interruption, to grab the ledger from the officer's grasp, tear out a few pages, and stuff them into her mouth. There then followed a struggle with one of my officers trying to get the evidence out of her mouth, during which she bit him. The evidence was retrieved, and when produced to the court, the pages were considerably blood stained.

Before the case went to court, it was necessary to have the machines examined and, also to obtain legal advice. I arranged for one of machines to be sent to the Forensic Science Laboratory for examination, but very quickly they asked for another one, as they had "blown the machine up". It must be borne in mind that the machines in question were very old machines and, built way before the invention of micro- chips. In the end, three of the four machines ended up the same way. Finally, the scientists were able to give their report. They had found that, the owners were able to alter the returns on the machines to their benefit, just by re-positioning a plug in the rear of the machine. Legal advice was obtained and, the case went to Surrey Crown Court for trial. At Surrey Crown Court, I was asked by The judge to give a demonstration on the last remaining machine. I started the demonstration, but after only a few minutes, there was a flash and a "bang" and, the room filled with smoke. The room was

immediately cleared and, the machine taken out of the room. The evidence in the case, was accepted, but the case was lost on a legal argument. It was considered that, although, the machine could be adjusted to the benefit of the owners, it was still only an Amusement with Prizes Machine. Costs were not awarded, and the owners signed over what was left of their machines.

Flying duties

In the years 1970-1980 the "Cold War" was still in existence, and although the "Civil Defence Force" had long been disbanded, the police service still had to be prepared to play their part if the country went to war again. To this end, I was designated as an "Aerial Observer" and was sent with officers from other forces, and fire brigade officers, on a five-day course with the RAF. In fact, I attended three such courses. The first, was with Southampton University Air Squadron, operating from a grass airfield at Hamble, Hants, using chipmunk aircraft. The other two courses were with Oxford University Squadron, operating out of Odiham RAF Station, using Bulldog training aircraft.

The idea was, that in the event of war, I would be sent to an airfield to commandeer a suitable aircraft. The RAF would send me a pilot. We would the take off and survey the area, looking for unobstructed roads, to guide convoys of, Police and Fire Brigade personnel to stricken areas. These convoys were known as "Mobile Columns". In case the aircraft did not have a suitable radio, we had to learn to use "hand signals". For example, to make the column come to a halt, you flew directly at the leading vehicle with your landing lights on. To indicate that the column was to turn right, you flew over them from behind and, on reaching the right hand turning, the aircraft banked sharply to the right, and so on. These actions were alright if you had plenty of time to make your turn. Imagine, when you had to make a right-hand turn, very quickly followed by a left-hand turn. On practice runs, we used an RAF Jeep and, used quiet roads. Most of the exercises involved map-reading and finding locations.

These courses were always run in October. That is after the pilots have had their summer break, and before the students return. Naturally, the pilots were refreshed and eager to fly. The first question the pilot asked you was, "Do you like interesting flying?" Whatever you answered, you were going to get "interesting flying", "victory rolls" included. In addition, you were always given the chance to fly the aircraft for a few minutes. In line with normal practice in the RAF, you are issued with a parachute, upon which you sit, when flying. The harness on the parachute, is identical to the seat harness, that is, with four straps clipping into a central "boss". The only problem is that, when in a sitting position, the seat harness lays directly above the parachute harness. To release it you strike the centre of the "boss", which releases the clips. One day, at Odiham, my instructor for the day was the squadron leader. On walking out to the aircraft, he said to me, "Mr Hoyle, today we are going to practice evacuating the aircraft. I will radio "Mayday, Mayday, with our location. Jettison the canopy, and then tap you on the shoulder. You will release your seat harness and, leave the aircraft from your side. Is that clear? ". He did not, at that stage, make it clear that we were going to practice this exercise whilst still on the ground. We got into the aircraft, and strapped ourselves in, and the Squadron

Leader commenced the evacuation drill. He tapped me on the shoulder, I struck the "boss" on the seat harness, and evacuated the aircraft from my side, but left my parachute behind. I had obviously released both harnesses at the same time. The squadron leader was not at all happy. Although, I smile about it now, I do realise the seriousness of the situation, especially if we had been airborne at the time. What I can say is, that I am the only person, I know, that has jumped out of an aircraft without a parachute and has lived to tell the tale.

The Bull Dog Trainer, RAF Oxford University Air Squadron, Odiham, Hants.

Whilst at Odiham, we were billeted at The Raven Hotel, at Hook, which was not far away from the Police College at Bramshill. One night at the hotel, there was a dinner dance in progress. So, having had our evening meal, we entered the dance hall to watch. To my surprise, on the dance floor, dancing with a tall, attractive brunette, was a superintendent from my force. I knew for a fact that the lady with him, was not his wife. She is a petite blonde. He looked across at me, and his face dropped. As soon as the music stopped, he left the lady where she was, and came over to where I was sitting. I quickly assured him that his secret was safe with me.

Fortunately, I was never required to make use of the skills that I had learnt whilst with the RAF, but that was not the last flying experience that I had had whilst serving. This time it was with the Army. Whilst Gatwick Airport was still within Surrey, joint security exercises were carried with the military. On one occasion I was invited to take a ride in an Army Air Corps "Scout" Helicopter, to supervise some officers on the other side of the airport.

The "Scout" helicopter has only two seats, one for the pilot, and one for the observer. Behind the seats, there is a flat area, that can be used for passengers or freight. I was required to sit in the centre of this area, with my back to the bulkhead, without anywhere to hold onto. Four soldiers then got in, two on each side, sitting with their legs outside the aircraft, and their feet on the "skids". They were held in by two "bungee straps". As the aircraft banked left, we all moved over to the left, and when the aircraft banked to the right, we all moved to the right. It was a good job that the straps held. After getting out of the helicopter, I noticed that the pilot had a sticker on the back of his helmet which read, "Crazy Horse".

The social side

The Surrey Constabulary was always considered a "family force", and every year there was a "Force Family Day", held at Mount Browne, Guildford. There was something there for everybody. Sack races and egg & spoon races for both children and adults, displays and entertainment for all. Also, there were the usual competitions, flower arranging, sewing, knitting, garden produce and jam and cake making etc.

I can remember as a child in the 40s & 50s, going once a year by coach, it was a day out for the family. Of course, there was the inevitable stop on the way home at a public house, where the parents refreshed themselves, whilst we children waited outside for our bag of crisps and our bottle of Vimto, or lemonade.

Force Family Day at Mount Browne 1954?

My mother, and my wife both used to exhibit items at the event. One year, my wife had made some strawberry jam to show. The items had to be at the show by 10 am, so being on nights, when I finished duty, I drove from Merstham to Guildford to make sure that the exhibits got there on time. When I arrived, to my horror, the jars of jam had fallen over in the basket. I therefore very carefully, removed the cellophane tops, rearranged the jam, cleaned the tops and replaced them. I did not tell my wife. Arriving at the show, later that day, the first place we went to, was the Exhibition Tent. Attached to my wife's strawberry jam was a note from the judge, "Oh what a pity the jars were not full, otherwise they would have won 1st Prize "She was awarded 2nd Prize. I had a little explaining to do. Madam was not impressed.

At Reigate police station, like most police stations at the time, it had a good social club. The club not only provided social events for the officers and their families, but also provided funds to run the Annual Children's Party. This was always a great success. We always provided good presents for every child, and every year we had a children's entertainer. I was the club secretary for many years, and the only complaint I ever received was, from a lady who complained, that I had given her daughter a doll, two years running. With over a hundred children it was difficult to keep track.

A grave full of daffodils

One sunny Sunday Morning, I was called to a house in Cockshot Hill, Reigate. The owners of the house had gone away the previous day for a two-week holiday abroad and had asked their neighbour to keep an eye on the property. Upon inspecting the property, the neighbour discovered on the front lawn, what appeared to be a grave. It was about the right size, and turfs of grass had been neatly cut and placed over the mound. I attended with other officers. I had to agree that it did look like a grave but, could not imagine anybody digging a grave in the middle of their front lawn. I therefore took a chance and, lifted one of the turfs, and discovered a large number of daffodil bulbs. Problem solved.

The case of the black balaclava

At Reigate police station, we had a strong "Sea Fishing Section" and during the year, we would have several outings to fish from Newhaven, Littlehampton, Folkestone etc. The Sports Club would allocate funds, but we would have to pay our share as well. It was quite expensive to hire a fishing vessel for a day. One very cold November, we planned to fish from Newhaven and a boat was dully hired. At the last minute one of our party dropped out so, I had to find a replacement, which I did. He was not a police officer, but a friend of mine. It was a cold day, and we did not catch much. When I arrived home, I was very tired, so I decided to leave the cleaning of my fishing tackle until the following day. I placed the tackle in my garage. The following day, I went to the garage to retrieve my tackle, and found, on my rear door step a "black balaclava". It was not mine, and I had no idea who it belonged to.

At this stage, I need to explain where we lived. Our house was No.20. When they built the houses in the street in 1938, they did not use plot No.2, so if anybody trying to establish where an address was, they would most probably count No.4 as No.2. Living at No.22 at this time, was a scientist, who during his work experimented on animals. He was therefore a likely candidate for attention by the "Animal Rights Brigade". Putting 2 & 2 together, I considered that the black balaclava had been left by a member of that organisation. I immediately informed Special Branch, who arranged for a "panic button" to be fitted at both mine, and our neighbour's address, in case of a return visit by "The Animal Rights Brigade". Approximately two weeks later, I saw my friend who asked, "Have you seen my black balaclava? My wife gave it to me as a present, and I haven't told her that I have lost it." I went back to the Special Branch and told them what had happened. I also asked them if I could have the item back. The reply was no, it had been sent to the Laboratory for DNA testing. However, the officer opened his desk drawer, which contained a number of balaclavas, inviting to pick one, which I did. When I next saw my friend, I offered him, the replacement balaclava, but he declined.

Marching

As a younger man I had always been keen on long distance walking, and in fact, had taken part, in a number of the recognised walks in the South East. One year I managed to persuade some of my team to join me in 56 mile "Surrey Hills Walk", from Farnham to Tatsfield. This walk was completed within 24 hours, and money was raised for charity. On another occasion, I

joined The DCC on his charitable Walk Across Surrey. After which I was able present him with cheque for charity. (At the viewpoint at Boxhill).

My interest turned to The Royal Military Police Marches, held annually at Chichester, West Sussex. The march started at The RMP barracks, out through Goodwood Park, up onto The South Downs, and back to the barracks. After a short rest, you marched around the town, following a military band. The marches were 15, 20, or 25 km long (9.37, 12.5, 15,6 miles). I completed 6 of the 25 km marches. On most occasions, five or six of my team joined me. On two occasions, I believe it was 1982 and 1985, we marched in full uniform, and carried the Surrey Constabulary Bflag. If anybody has not carried that flag, I can assure them that it is heavy, and after 25 km you know how heavy it is. On the last occasion we were led round by the deputy chief constable. That was when we won a silver salver, for being the best Civilian Police Unit. I am sure that, that salver, is somewhere at Mount Browne, gathering dust.

The cheque presentation at The Viewpoint at Boxhill

Top Left: John Hoyle, Ted Bellingham, Dusty Miller, Pat Flynn plus one other

Additional duties as an instructor

As a qualified Instructor, it was natural that on occasions, I would be called upon to teach law again. One of those duties was to arrange regular instruction to the Special Constabulary, and the other, was to teach new law. One of the "new law" subjects was drink and drive, with particular reference to, The Lion Intoximeter, used at the police station. Three of us, qualified instructors, were detailed to instruct all sergeants in the force on this subject. The instruction took place at Mount Browne. Before instruction took place, we went on a visit to the "Lion" factory at Barry, Glamorgan, to gain knowledge as to how the machine worked.

A one and half day course was arranged, with the sergeants staying at Mount Browne, overnight. The course started in the afternoon of the first day, when instruction on the machine was given. The Sergeants were then invited to try out the machines in the evening, after having their evening meal, and of course a few alcoholic drinks. They of course, had to buy their own drinks.

Over the course of approximately three weeks, we were able to gain some idea as to how much a person could drink, and still be legal to drive. We discovered that the average male, aged 28-34 years, fit, and of average weight, could consume, after a meal, 3-4 pints of beer and still be

legal to drive. There are exceptions of course. One sergeant complained that he had only consumed one whiskey, and as a result, was well over the top. He informed us that, as a baby, he had an operation to remove the pyloric valve in his stomach, which presumably, reduced the filtering mechanism in his stomach.

Tiredness, and lack of food, can also have an effect. I once followed a vehicle that was being driven in an erratic manner. I stopped the vehicle and gave the driver a breath test, which proved positive. At the police station, the second reading showed a very high level. The driver informed me, that he had not slept for two days and had not eaten anything for 24 hours. He had been working on a job that had to be finished on time. Having finished the job, he was on his way home when he decided to call into a public house for a pint of Guinness. He assured me that was all he had to drink.

The fire brigade strike

The strike took place between November 1977 and January 1978 and lasted nine weeks. The Headquarters of The Surrey Fire Brigade is at Wray Common, Reigate, and I was detailed as "Police Liaison Officer". In truth it was not an onerous job, but an interesting one. The Chief Fire Officer, being an ex-soldier, dealt with the situation, as a military campaign. He obtained a camp bed, which he placed in his office, and stayed there from start to finish. He must have had some idea that the event was going to take place, because in the weeks prior to the start of the strike, he called in for service a number of fire appliances. After service, the vehicles were not returned to their original stations, but secreted in hidden locations. They were hidden in barns, disused industrial premises, and one was even hidden in a nunnery. When the crews, that were working, came on duty they would telephone HQ to be told the location of the hidden appliances. It was not long however, before the locations were no longer secret.

This strike was a national strike, and the Government called in the military to assist. In Surrey we had the assistance of the 6th Gurkha Rifles, whom I understand, gave excellent service. There was one slight problem, apparently, the Nepalese have no conception of the term "lending". For example, they were lent some yellow protective helmets to wear, and somebody very kindly lent them a television, neither of which were returned.

I will always remember a fire brigade senior officer, coming into the control room, having been at serious fire all night. He was asked how he was getting on with his "Gurkhas". He replied, "Fine, no problems, but I wish they ate something other than fish curry. Every night, I am offered a dish of fish curry, and as I am the guest, the curry always has a fish head sitting on top".

The Government also supplied a fleet of "Green Goddess" fire appliances. Although called green, they were painted a green/khaki colour. They were Bedford vehicles built in 1953 and originally used by The Auxiliary Fire Service (AFS) until that organisation was disbanded. The vehicles were retained by The Home Office, in case if emergency, and were not disposed

of until 2004. I understand that these vehicles were difficult to handle when fully loaded, but they had an excellent "Self- Propelled Pump".

Royal visits

Whenever a member of The Royal Family visits an address on your patch, preparations for their safety have to be made in advance. The amount of preparation depends on whether or not it is a private visit or a public visit. On the larger, involved visits it is necessary to publish an "Operational Order", which can be very detailed indeed. It also requires liaison with various bodies, including The Local Authority, and Royal Protection.

During my service I drew up the "Operational Orders" or supervised, a number of royal visits.

Police support unit training

I was designated as The Reigate PSU Inspector, and as such I was required to undergo training with the men. A unit consists of an Inspector, two Sergeants and 20 Constables. Training took place at Police Headquarters, Mount Browne, Guildford, sometimes at Dunsfold Aerodrome, and occasionally at an army camp at Liss, in Hampshire. Equipment in those days consisted of fireproof overalls, crash helmet, (with visor) gloves, elbow and shin protection. No stab vests in those days. We mainly trained using the long shield, which although cumbersome, I considered it to be an excellent tool. A well-disciplined unit could clear a street using the long shields. The only thing that I found difficult with the long shield was that being 6ft.3 ins. tall, I had to bend a lot lower, in order to keep the bottom of the shield on the ground. If you did not keep the bottom of the shield on the ground, your feet were exposed to bricks and anything else thrown at you.

I did find another use for the long shield. One night, we had a call that a young man had "gone berserk and was threatening his family with a knife". I attended the scene, taking with me two long shields. He was told to drop the weapon but refused. A constable and I with our long shields, went towards him and pinned him against a wall, forcing him to drop the knife. He was duly arrested and later charged.

There was one item of equipment that we had demonstrated to us at HQ, but never saw it in action. It was a Ford Transit Van, equipped with "side screens". These "screens" were the length and height of the of the van and were fitted to the door pillars on both sides of the vehicle. They could be swung out, on both sides, and when positioned, were capable of blocking most of the road. The only problem, that I could see, was that they had to be assembled on site, and would be difficult to transport.

Being the PSU Inspector, I was required to attend a five-day training course at Netley in Hampshire. The scene of the training was the old naval hospital for the mentally ill, and we were billeted in the old staff accommodation. The training was well organised and as realistic as possible. One day, we were clearing a street, using the long shields, and once again, I had

difficulty in keeping the bottom of the shield close to the ground. The inevitable happened, I lifted my shield and exposed my feet, just as a large brick was being hurled in my direction. It landed on my right big toe. I limped for the next three days.

Later that day, we were training, using petrol bombs. At first, they threw plastic bags at us. These bags were filled with flour and water. The idea was that as the bag hit the ground, it broke open and, the water spilled out, at the same time carrying the flour towards you. The flour represented petrol, so if, at the end of the exercise, you had flour on your boots, your boots would have been on fire, if petrol had been used. Having got the idea, in the next session, proper petrol bombs were used. I can tell the reader, that when your boots are on fire, it is a "warming experience."

Two days later, I was hardly able to walk, so I accompanied the staff, and did not take any further part in the exercises. That night, a night exercise was going to be held. Those on the course were not made aware of this and, went to bed in the normal way. I, on the other hand, slept with the staff, on settees in the common room. I had been asleep for about an hour, when I was thrown bodily, out of the settee, and landed on my back in the middle of the room. I landed approximately 4ft away from the settee that I had been laying on. Somebody put the lights on, and there I was in the middle of the room, with nobody else around me. Was it a "poltergeist"? Afterall, I was sleeping in an old hospital for the mentally ill.

My informant

One late shift, I was called to a disturbance at a public house in Redhill. Upon my arrival, I discovered that three men, an elderly man and two younger men, residents of the local "Travelling Community", were the cause of the disturbance. The elderly man was very drunk and the other two were trying to quieten him down. At the request of the publican I ejected the threesome. Outside the premises, one of the younger men, "Ernie Oliver", pleaded with we me to allow them to take, the elder man, their father home. He explained that his father had been very ill, and the doctor had given him some pills, but he shouldn't be drinking alcohol with them. I acceded to his request and they went off home without incident.

It seemed that after this incident, that every time my wife and I went shopping, we met up with "Ernie". We would approach us, and in a loud penetrating voice he would say "Hello. My friend Mr. Hoyle". He was quite a fearsome looking individual, with a long, ugly scar down one side of his face. To say the least, he was a bit of an embarrassment.

One day, the CID requested a raid on "Outwood Camp", the residence of "Ernie" and others. They had information that some stolen property had been stored there. We had had trouble there on previous occasions, and it was thought that it would be wise to have a PSU present.
To give the reader, some idea of what this camp was like, I will explain the situation. Because of complaints from the public, that the site was unsightly, the local council erected a large earth bund all round it, shielding the site from view. This meant of course that entry into the site was hazardous because, you could not see what was in there, until you entered the gateway.

On one occasion, the residents were a little drunk, and they felled two trees outside the "camp". The trees completely blocked the road, and a few cars were trapped between the trees. Once trapped, the vehicles and owners were subject to missiles, of all descriptions, being rained on them, until rescued.

On the day of the raid, I attended with the Reigate PSU. In addition to our usual kit, every fourth officer had a small handheld fire extinguisher strapped to his belt. Whilst assembling outside the camp, who should come out of the camp to see us, was "Ernie". He came straight up to me and "Hello Mr Hoyle, we know what you are after, but please don't use the gas." I assumed that he had mistaken the fire extinguishers as "tear gas cannisters" but I did not enlighten him. I assured him that we would not be using "Gas", and he replied, "OK, the goods are in Caravan No.3". He proved to be correct. The goods were recovered and several arrests were made.

Shortly after this event I was transferred to other duties and never saw "Ernie" again. Some years later, I heard that somebody had, "taken a shot gun to him and had given him both barrels".

Protest at Greenham Common

In September 1981 a group of women, a Welsh group called "Women for Life on Earth", decided to camp outside the entrance to Greenham Common RAF Base at Newbury, Berks. They were protesting about the decision by The British government to allow The USA to store "Cruise Missiles" on the site. Their protest lasted until 5th September 2000, (19 years), when the missiles were removed.

Matters drew to a head when the "cruise missiles" were being delivered. One very cold winter morning PSUs from various forces were sent to Newbury to assist with keeping order. The situation was very tense, and there is little doubt in my mind, that had the protesters broken through the fence, there would have been "bloodshed". We assembled at Newbury Racecourse, and from there went to the scene. During the night, The Metropolitan Police had been on duty, and because it had been cold, they had felled some trees and, had lit several fires around the perimeter, to keep warm. The fires were still going when we arrived. Our first instruction was to put the fires out.

There were no problems that day, there was ample manpower to deal with the situation. Whilst patrolling around, it was evident that attempts had been made at some time to break through the wire fence but, had since been repaired.

As for the camp outside the main entrance, it was a "tip". The area was a sea of mud, and the occupants were in a similar state. Their leader was the complete opposite. Smartly attired and presentable. She of course, did not camp very night, having a comfortable flat nearby. What I did find alarming, was there were a number of very small children present, camping with their mothers in these appalling conditions. There was one female walking around the perimeter

with a child of about three years of age. Each time she came close to a police officer she would point to the officer, and say to the child, "That is a horrible man". Some forty years later, I wonder, what sort of person that child grew into, with such a mother?

The visit to this country by Pope John Paul 2

On 28th May 1982 the Pope visited this country. He landed at Gatwick Airport and then travelled by train to London. I was given the task of supervising the event and preparing the "Operation Order". As he was travelling by train, the task was relatively straight forward. He was only on our ground for a few minutes, whilst covering a distance of about 12 miles, from Gatwick to The Metropolitan Police boundary at, Hooley. However, it did mean that every bridge, every culvert, or crossing had to be searched beforehand, secured and guarded. In addition, the two stations had to be manned. As far as the stations were concerned, I had no difficulty in finding officers. In fact, I had volunteers, who were obviously of the Roman Catholic faith, who wanted a chance of seeing The Pope. It was all over in a flash, but that was not the end of my involvement. The following day, 29th May 1982, I travelled with my PSU to Coventry, to assist in the policing of the Pope's visit to that city. (I had previously been to Coventry some months before, to attend a conference regarding the event.) We were designated as the "night shift" and, were billeted in a hotel close to Coventry Cathedral. We were given a meal and sent straight to the site of the visit, which was an Airfield.

The site was divided into several "holding areas", fenced with scaffold poles, with sufficient distance between the "holding areas" for the "Popemobile" to drive by. These "holding areas" faced a stage area. It is estimated that a crowd, in excess of 300,000 attended his event, most of which were in situ, by the time we took up our posts at 10 pm. Our given task was easy. The crowd were friendly and expectant of a joyful occasion. Even so, there is a strange feeling when you are the only officer walking between crowds of several hundred persons. The night was soon over, and we then returned to our hotel for breakfast and a sleep. By mid-afternoon we were released and, on our way back to Surrey.

Identity parades

During my service, I did not arrange many identification parades but, there was one which stood out. In fact, it was a total of four parades on the same day, in relation to a gang of "travellers" who had been blowing safes with nitro glycerine. They had been active throughout the south east, and a good deal of undercover work and surveillance had been involved, to obtain the necessary evidence. So much so, that upon arrest they were not interviewed, but immediately charged. The logistics of holding four parades on the same day was immense. The participants of each parade had to be kept separate, and an in and out system had to be employed, within the police station.

Some months later, I was called to give evidence as to the conduct of the parade, at The Old Bailey. I spent two whole days pacing up and down in the marbled waiting area, only to be

called at the end of the second day. For all the waiting, I was in the witness box for a mere three minutes.

A medal

Sitting on "The Wishing Well" at Mount Browne

After a period of 22 years' service a police officer is entitled to receive a medal called: The Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. This is sometimes referred to as "The 22 years without being found out medal". Most officers get it automatically, although I did know a Sergeant who had his entitlement delayed for one year because of misconduct. The medals were presented at police headquarters by the chief constable. Recipients were invited to have members of their family with them to witness the presentation. My mother and father, together with my wife Pauline were present when I was presented with the medal. The usual photos are taken, and as a special treat, you are allowed, to have your photograph taken with your wife, sitting on the wishing well on the grounds of Mount Browne.

My short spell at Oxted

Completely out of the blue, I was posted to Oxted police station as the section inspector. It was a delightful "posting", you are in charge of your own domain. The section covers the country towns of Oxted and Lingfield. It is "stockbroker belt" country, the sort of area to retire in. My father was stationed as sergeant at Oxted from 1960 – 1968, and at the time of my posting both my mother and father were still living there, enjoying their retirement. They were

pleased with my posting, as I was able to join them on occasions for lunch etc. However, my stay there was short lived, for within a few months, The Miner's Strike had started.

The Miner's Strike

The Miner's Strike started in March 1984 and lasted for well over a year. There are various reports regarding the policing of the strike and, we are sometimes referred to as "Thatcher's Lackies", or a Police State. The true story is that we were not there to carry the prime minister's command, but to keep the peace. The strike was unlawful, and not all miners agreed with it, especially the Nottingham miners, who chose to break away from the National Union of Mine Workers and to form their own union. They therefore were entitled to go to work without hinderance, and our job was to see that they did so peacefully. The only problem was that the striking miners did not like it and formed themselves into "Flying Pickets".

My first involvement with the strike was in early March, the Reigate PSU were instructed to form up at Reigate police station and to travel to Nottinghamshire Police HQ. We were not told how long we would be there, or what equipment we should take. We left Reigate at 9 pm that evening and travelled in a 26-seater bus hired from a local firm. The transport used was nearing its retirement age, and it had great difficulty with hills. After a long and tedious journey, we finally arrived at our destination, only to be told to wait for further instructions.
At about 5am, we were instructed to go to Bentinck Colliery, Kirby-in-Ashfield, where flying pickets were blocking the colliery gates. The night shift could not get out, or the morning shift in. We were given a police officer to guide us on his motorcycle. Our bus travelled so slowly, that the motorcyclist had to keep stopping to wait for us.

When we finally arrived, we found a group of approximately 30 pickets blocking the Colliery Gates. I considered that the best action was a direct attack in the form of a "trudge". A "trudge" is where a formation is made of a line of officers, in the form of a "V". You select the two heaviest men to form the point of the "V". Each man grabs the next man's belt, so that you have a very tight line on both sides of the "V". You then "trudge" towards the objective, using short steps. When a "V" shaped formation, with a total average weight of 264 stone (22 men x 12 stone) is approaching a line of people, that line will break, and it did. We very quickly opened the colliery gates, and the night shift shot out like a cork out of a bottle. They came out so quickly that there was a slight accident, where a car collided with another vehicle on the road outside. Looking back, I find it strange that out of the 23 police officers present, not one, heard, or saw the crash.

Shortly after we had opened the gates, the morning shift, made their way, down the hill from the nearby village. After most of them had entered the works, a lone miner came down the hill. He approached me and, told me that he wanted to go work. I replied that it was up to him, and he made his way towards the entrance. He had almost reached the gates, when he started shouting insults at the pickets, and showing a rude sign. The result was absolute mayhem. I immediately grabbed him and propelled him back up the hill, telling him not to come back until he could behave himself. Approximately an hour later he came back, rather subdued, and

asked me if he could go to work, as he had already paid for his lunch. He promised to behave himself, and he went to work. Not before receiving a good deal of abuse from the pickets, who recognised him. Early in the afternoon, we were relieved by another unit, and we returned to HQ for a meal. Shortly afterwards, we made our way back to Surrey, arriving at Reigate police station late in the evening.

Within the next few days, Nottingham Police got themselves organised, and several PSU's were dispatched from all over the country. We were billeted in the Territorial Army camp, called "Proteous" near Ollerton, Notts. We were housed in wooden huts, one PSU to a hut, with a separate room at one end for the Inspector. Heating was by a coke burning stove in the centre of the room. It was early spring, and the camp had not been in use for several months. It took a little time for the huts to dry out.

I can vividly remember, at about 4.30 am one morning, lining up with hundreds of others waiting to be fed. The whole area was lit by sodium lighting, and looking up, just above your head was a layer of smoke from the stoves in the huts. The duty was for a period of six days, arriving on Sunday afternoon, and travelling back on Saturday. If you worked the next week, you also paid for an additional rest day, because you had been unable to take rest days. It was said that a sergeant, on a station, whose job it is to work out the duty rosters, did quite nicely in bottles of scotch, from officers who wanted the overtime.

That first week, we were all paid for 24 hours per day, because we were not allowed out of camp. The mistake was then realised, and in following weeks, we were allowed out of camp in the evenings. A lot of people made a good deal of money. The story goes that a young officer wrote home to his mother saying, "Mum it is tough here, I am so tired" and Mother replied, "Keep it up son, the extension is coming on nicely".

We now travelled up by coach, and the PSU Mini-Buses conveyed the equipment. These vehicles then stayed there on site for the duration. I remember on one journey up to Ollerton, we stopped at a "Little Chef", for lunch. I paid for the lunch, and returned to the bus, with "23 Lollipops for the children".

During the first week, one of our duties, was manning "traffic checks" to deter the flying pickets. In the days before "Sat. Nav." the flying pickets were well organised. At most major junctions they attached directions signs to lamp posts. These of course, we quickly removed. One such junction was a roundabout connecting A1/A57 and A614. This junction is now a "fly over".

Our main duty was to cover the day shift at Howarth Colliery situated just off the A,1(M), near to the Yorkshire/Notts Border. It was approximately 16 miles from Ollerton, where we were billeted. We would arrive about 6.30 am, meet up with the PSU that had covered the night shift, and between us, we would supervise the night shift out and the day shift in. The other PSU would then depart and leave us to it.

One morning, we arrived at the pit to find that there was only two Constables from the PSU (Metropolitan Police) covering the night shift were on duty. The rest, including their inspector, had gone "down the pit to have a look round". It seemed that, within minutes of us arriving, vast numbers of pickets were also arriving. In fact, we could see them coming across the fields from the Yorkshire side of the border.

With luck, we had managed to get a request out for help in time and, PSUs from other locations came to our aid. Four PSUs from Devon & Cornwall arrived together, and what a sight they were! They were all dressed to orange suits and, although there were only 86 officers in total, when lined up they gave the impression of a solid impenetrable wall. The line held and the night shift got out and the day shift started work.

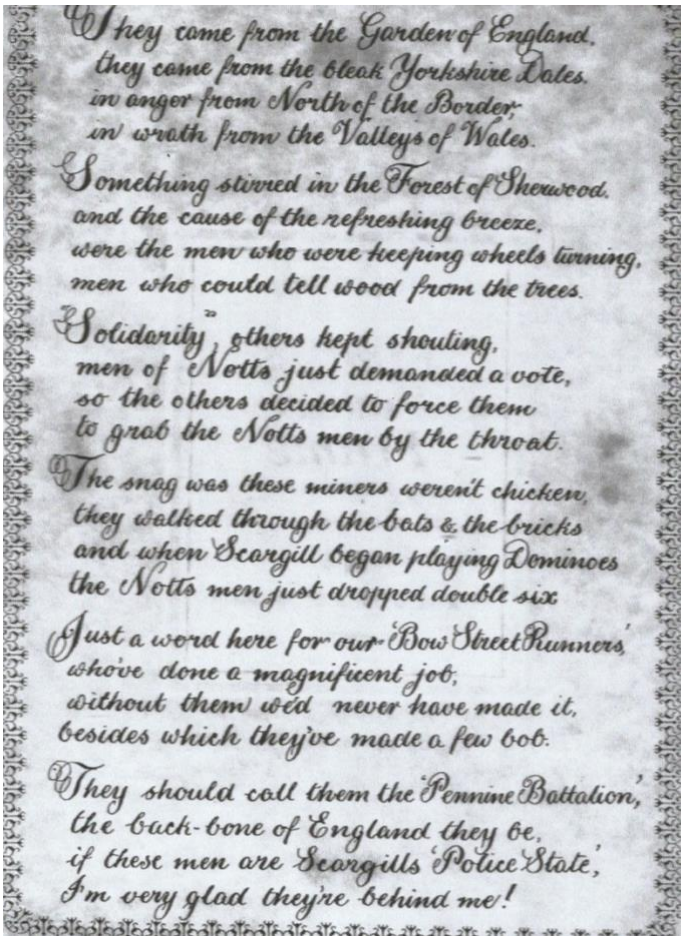
The "pickets" however, were slow to disperse, and it was necessary to provide foot patrols around the village. There were reports of intimidation, both against miners off duty, but also their wives and children. There were reports of children in the school playgrounds being intimidated by the "flying pickets". However, I cannot recall any acts of violence, possibility because we had sufficient officers on patrol.

By the time we had seen the night shift in and, had departed on our way back to Ollerton, it was dark, and everybody was extremely tired. In fact, only my myself, and of course our driver, were awake. Whilst passing a lay by on the A1, I noticed that there was a small car parked in the layby, and flames seemed to be coming up from the ground below the front of the vehicle. I immediately told the driver to stop, and we all got out and approached the scene. There was only one occupant, a man and he was asleep in the driver's seat, but the car was full of smoke. We immediately got him out and put the fire out. The driver was ok. Once the fire was out, we lifted the bonnet of the car to ascertain the cause of the fire.

The vehicle had been fitted with a plastic covering on the underside of the bonnet, presumably for insulation. This insulation had broken away and, had fallen onto the hot engine and had caught fire. As it did so the flaming parts of insulation fell to the ground beneath the car, which is what I saw. The fire having been put out and, the driver uninjured, we returned to Ollerton for our evening meal.

A few days later, we were sent to Doncaster, with other PSUs as a "back up". The striking miners had decided to besiege Coal Board House, at Doncaster. It seemed that we were held for a considerable time, sitting in our buses for hours, on the hard shoulder of the A64. Eventually, we were called in for a briefing session. I can still recall, over thirty years later, the words of the chief superintendent addressing us. "Remember when this is all over, we will have to take back control. They need to be reminded who is in charge. So, if you have to use your stick, hit them hard!" After the briefing, I felt that I had to quietly remind my team, that the truncheon is a weapon of defence, and should only be used as such. As it so happened, we were not employed, and were given permission to return to Ollerton.

During my short employment on The Miner's Strike, I did not witness any violence. In fact, the only member of my team who required medical attention, dislocated his jaw because he yawned too much.



They came from the Garden of England,
they came from the bleak Yorkshire Dales.
in anger from North of the Border
in wrath from the Valleys of Wales.

Something stirred in the Forest of Sherwood,
and the cause of the refreshing breeze,
were the men who were keeping wheels turning,
men who could tell wood from the trees.

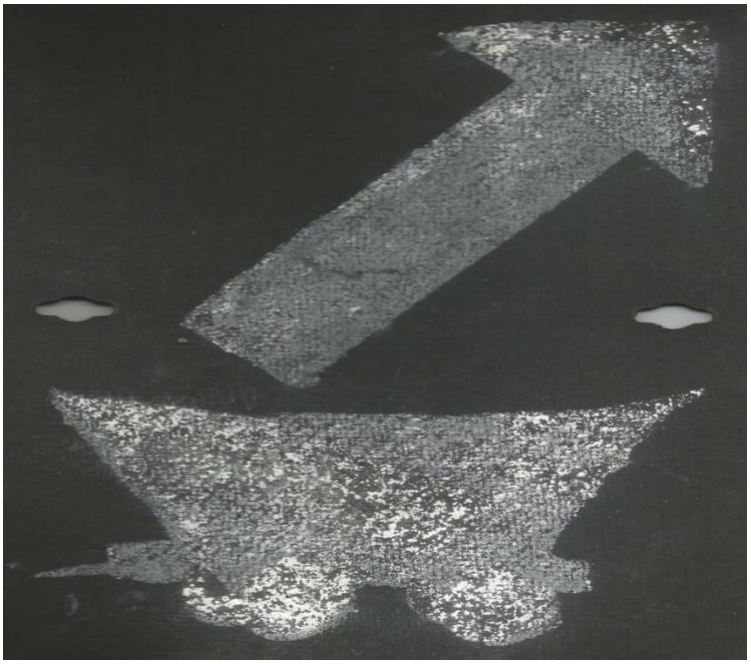
"Solidarity" others kept shouting,
men of Notts just demanded a vote,
so the others decided to force them
to grab the Notts men by the throat.

The snag was these miners weren't chicken,
they walked through the bats & the bricks
and when Scargill began playing Dominoes
the Notts men just dropped double six

Just a word here for our 'Bow Street Runners'
who've done a magnificent job,
without them we'd never have made it,
besides which they've made a few bob.

They should call them the 'Pennine Battalion,'
the back-bone of England they be,
if these men are Scargills 'Police State',
I'm very glad they're behind me!

This is the poem I found on the floor of Howarth Colliery, presumably written by a Miner.



This is one of the signs that I removed from the lamp posts

My employment on The Miner's Strike came to an abrupt halt, when one morning, I woke up to find that I had Influenza. A car was dispatched from Surrey to Nottingham, to collect me and to take me home. I do not remember much of the journey home. I know that once in the car, I curled up on the back seat and, went fast to sleep. I do hope that the crew did not catch it. I, personally, have never felt so ill. Upon recovery, I did not return to my PSU in Nottingham, but was promoted to Chief Inspector (Administration) at Reigate.

CHAPTER 19 ADMIN DUTIES

As the title suggests, this post was in no way operational. I had long held the view that the job could well be undertaken by a civilian. As far as experience was concerned, I had already worked in both Reigate and Farnham Divisional Offices, and in both Prosecutions Offices.

As Chief Insp (Admin) you are responsible for all administrative duties on the division, and you answer direct to the chief superintendent. This of course, includes, all correspondence received both internally and externally. Also, responsibility for the Prosecutions Office, Divisional Office, two Section Houses, Reigate and Dorking, and all civilian employees, including, cooks, clerks, cleaners and civilian drivers.

I did, however, manage to get another week at "the pits". This time as a chief inspector and, I was supervising two PSUs. There were two chief inspectors from Surrey, and we were billeted, together with our respective drivers, in a house on an RAF base. The week was uneventful, except from one PSU assisting the local police in dealing with a fight at a Miner's Welfare Club.

After a few months in the job, I was sent on a 5-day Management Course, organised by The British Transport Police at Tadworth, Surrey. One of the projects on the course was to submit a paper entitled, "Exploring the possibility of releasing Police Officers from Office Duties". To this of course, I enthusiastically submitted my views. On receiving my paper, the course instructor said to me, "You really do want to get out of that office don't you". Whether it was by coincidence, or not, a few months later, a civilian did take over my role, and I was posted to Dorking Sub.-Division as 2 i/c.

CHAPTER 20 DUTIES AT DORKING

During the time that I was there, the Sub-Division seemed to be used as a staging post for newly promoted Superintendents. In 5 years, I had two Superintendents, both of whom later became chief constables. Also, during that time, the superintendents were absent on various training courses. The result of this, was that, for a continual period of 19 months, up until I retired, in March 1990, I held the rank of temporary superintendent.

A local inspector was made temporary inspector, in my place. That is, apart from the last 6 months, when Chief Inspector Colin Cramphorn was posted to me. He had previously been a Staff Officer to the chief constable of the Royal Ulster Constabulary. He later, became chief

constable of West Yorkshire, but unfortunately died young. It was a great shame because he was a good senior officer, and really inspired those around him.

The chief constable invited me, on two occasions to attend a promotion board for the rank of superintendent, but regrettably, on both occasions I was unsuccessful. Both posts went to officers from other forces, one of which became my superintendent for a short time. The Sub-Division was a busy one, and a number of noteworthy things happened during my period of office.

The Surrey Union Hunt

The Surrey Union Hunt hunted with hounds, and they operated from within our ground. They hunted every Wednesday and Saturday, between, November and. March every year, apart from the occasions when they were invited by a "hunt" in another district. Their year really started in October. They were not allowed to hunt until 1st November each year, but in October, it was "Cubbing". This when the hunt, often accompanied by the local pony club, deliberately disturb the fox "earths". This has the effect of disturbing the young fox cubs to run away into unknown countryside, and thereby easier to hunt.

Because of attention by "The Animal Rights" or "Saboteurs" it was necessary to provide a police presence at every hunt meeting. As to the size of the police presence, this depended upon information received. Most of the "Saboteurs" were students, and therefore the Wednesday meets, tended to be quieter affairs. However, Special Branch kept an eye out for posters, at universities and colleges etc. Information was frequently received from local sources when a larger turnout was expected.

The hunt's biggest problem was that, the land that they hunted on, was easily accessible by road and footpaths. In an attempt to thwart the activities of the "saboteurs", we not only used a secure radio channel, but also drew up a set of maps with our own grid reference system. Because of continual, saboteur activity, and so that we could have a police presence at all times with the hunt, I received permission from Headquarters to hire two horses, and have two constables, suitably equipped, so that they could ride with the hunt. There was no shortage of volunteers. Amongst our ranks were a good number of experienced horse riders. Including ex-military personnel. Being experienced, does not mean that you will not fall from a horse. One of the officers did, landing in the mud, much to his embarrassment and amusement of others.

Having not had any previous experience with the "hunting world". Upon my arrival at Dorking I decided to have a close look at the activities of the hunt, and to try to be aware of future problems, should they arise. I was horrified to find that the Master of The Hunt, carried in a saddle a holster, a loaded pistol. The reason given was to "dispatch the fox". Anybody who has seen the hounds, having caught the fox, will know that that the fox is devoured in seconds. The fox does not need to be dispatched. I was also dismayed to find that the Master of The Hunt was a special constable. I could not see how he would be able to carry out his duties as a special constable in an impartial manner whilst acting as Master of The Hunt. I therefore called

him into my office, explained my reasons, and withdrew his warrant card and seized the pistol. He told me that he understood my reasoning, but it was obvious to me that he did not like it. On several occasions later, he expressed the opinion that I was "Anti Hunt". As far as I was concerned at that time he could carry on hunting, but the law must be upheld.

There was only one occasion when it was necessary for me to interfere with the activities of the hunt, and that was to prevent a Breach of The Peace. It was a Saturday hunt, and there were approximately 30 "saboteurs" present. The hunt had driven the fox to earth and were in the process of digging it out. With each hunt, there are always a few supporters, or foot followers. Amongst these are "Terrier Men", whose job, with their terrier dogs is to chase the fox out of the "earth", and "Spade Men", whose job is to dig the fox out, if the "Terrier Men" have failed. The "saboteurs" had formed a ring around the "earth", and it was clear to me that if any attempt, to dig the fox out was made, there would be a serious disturbance resulting in injuries. I therefore instructed the Master of The Hunt and all members of the hunt and followers to leave the scene, or arrests would follow. I gave the same instruction to the "saboteurs", with the promise that I would arrange for a police presence until the days hunting had finished. They all left the scene and as promised, two police officers stayed there for an hour or so.

Aircraft crash at Little Bookham

In 1988 a two- seater "Power Glider" crashed at Bookham. Both occupants were killed. Apparently, the pilot was attempting to perform an acrobatic manoeuvre, when, his engine cut out. I attended the scene and ensured that a perimeter was set up and guarded until the arrival of the Air Accident Department the following day. I also made arrangements for a control vehicle and, the necessary feeding arrangements for the officers in attendance, over the following 24 hours. It was at this location, I used one of the very first mobile phones. It was a heavy affair, and the handset sat in a cradle, above a large battery. To get a good signal you had to find the highest point around. If that point, was not accessible by road, you had to carry this heavy object to where you could receive a signal. A great difference to the mobile phones of today.

There is a story that went the rounds regarding this incident. The morning following the crash, a sergeant from Leatherhead visited the scene to speak to the officers on duty. Whilst there, an elderly lady was asking the officers why she could not exercise her dog in her usual area. At this time, the dog disappeared into the bushes nearby, and came out chewing something. The elderly lady seemed concerned, so the sergeant said, "Don't worry madam, your dog maybe chewing the pilot's hand. If later today, your dog passes a signet ring, please let us know." The dog was most likely chewing the remains of one of the officer's "package lunches", from the previous day.

Murder and violent disorder at Dorking and Leatherhead

In the late eighties, violence and drunken disorder was increasing in the country, in general, and had spread into the rural countryside of Dorking and Leatherhead. For some reason, the

sub-division managed to get itself known as the "hot bed of rural violence." So much so, that The Home Secretary at the time, Douglas Hurd stated this in his address to the High Sheriff of Surrey's Law and Order Conference. It is true that there was a lot of drunken and violent behaviour in the area but, not that much above the normal. In the first six months of the year in which Douglas Hurd made his comment, 27 people were arrested for assault in Dorking, 38, in Leatherhead. Also, during the same period, 45 people in Dorking were arrested for public order offences, and 20 at Leatherhead. (An average of 5 arrests per week) In addition, during the above period, there was a week where I had 20% of my operational staff off duty following injuries. One of my officers, had his nose almost bitten off in a fight.

The Home Secretary's comments attracted a good deal of interest from the press both, local and national. In fact, it was arranged by HQ that a reporter from The Daily Telegraph would accompany me one Saturday Night on a 6pm-2 am shift. It happened to be a very quiet Saturday Night but there were sufficient incidents on the go to fully engage all of the officers on duty. A little after midnight we attended a fatal road traffic accident, and I can remember saying to the reporter, "that's it, if anything else happens now, I have no officers free to deal with it." What really focussed attention on the area, was the murder of a young man called, Ben Ware from Westcott, Dorking. One Saturday night he, and several other young men were on a "pub crawl", attempting to visit all the 14 public houses in Dorking town centre in one night. Whilst crossing the High Street, which at the time, there were a number of stationary vehicles having stopped at the traffic lights, Ben Ware knocked or fell against one of the vehicles. The driver of this vehicle, Kevin Illife, became outraged at this. He got out of his car, and a heated argument ensued. Illife, then returned to his car and came back carrying a knife, with which he stabbed Ben Ware to death. A pointless death brought about by excess alcohol.

The local press explained the culture of excessive drinking in the south east of England saying "In the poorer, heavily industrial areas of Britain, the ravages of unemployment limit spending on alcohol. But in an area like Mole Valley youngsters with no family commitments, no mortgage worries, and no big bills to meet, have money to burn." I am reported as saying that I blame it on the lack of parental control and, that "The lager lout mentality begins at home"

RAF HEADLEY COURT

Near Leatherhead was situated, the rehabilitation centre called Headley Court. The establishment had originally been set up to rehabilitate serving RAF personnel, but in the "eighties" it also dealt with all injured service personnel, including police officers from Northern Ireland. Every so often we would receive a telephone call from the Northern Ireland police asking us to meet a plane from Belfast and convey one of their officers to Headley Court. We were also asked to pay regular visits to him/her whilst there. One day, Chief Inspector Cramphorn answered the telephone and he, having recently served in Northern Ireland, told the caller to ensure that the injured officer had in his pack, two bottles of "Bushmills", one for the chief inspector and one for the superintendent.

The first use of a helicopter

The sub-division has several beauty spots within its borders. One of which is Boxhill. At the foot of the hill is a large carpark and a café called "RYKERS". Incidentally this café was owned, at that time by my friend Tony Holden. The café was named after his dog. At weekends, mostly in the Summer, the car park is a meeting point for motorcyclists who gather in their hundreds. It is necessary to provide a police presence there most weekends. The main problem is the excess speed of these motorcyclists. There appears to be an unofficial speed record between the roundabout near the car park, called Burford Bridge, and the roundabout near Leatherhead, called Givons Grove. The A24 is a dual carriageway between these points. One day, I received a memorandum from HQ, informing me that the force was to have a helicopter for a trial period, and consideration was to be given to the possible uses the helicopter could be put to. My immediate thought was the problem of the speeding motor cycles on the A.24. I therefore asked the local Traffic sergeant to come and see me. It was agreed that two white marks would be placed on the southbound carriageway, and that a VASCAR (vehicle average speed computer & recorder) machine would be placed in the helicopter. A constable would operate the machine and, communicate with officers on the ground via personal radio.

That Sunday, six offenders were prosecuted for speeding offences, until the motorcyclists realised what was going on. The average speeds recorded were from 94 to 154mph. One offender failed to stop when required to do so, so the officers in the helicopter followed him for several miles, until he stopped in a lay by. The helicopter was landed in a nearby field, the officer got out and reported the offender. The following day I found on my desk a hand delivered letter, from the chairman of Boxhill Residents Association, in in which he thanked the police for slowing the motorcyclists down but asked that we use a quieter helicopter in future.

The acid house party riot at Sidlow Bridge

If I am to be remembered for my service in the Surrey Constabulary, it is probably because of my handling, or otherwise, of "The Riot at Sidlow Bridge", Reigate in September 1989. At that time, I was stationed at Dorking Sub- Division as a temporary superintendent, and during the weekend in question, I was the duty officer for Eastern Division.

In the previous few weeks there had been a number of so called, "Acid House Parties" throughout the country. Some of which had been prevented, because we had become aware of them, before they had got started, but others went ahead causing absolute mayhem. Many complaints had been received from members of the public due to excess noise levels and increased traffic. At one event at Blindley Heath, Surrey, there had been a fatality, due to drugs.

These parties were completely illegal. They were unlicensed, often held in derelict buildings or warehouses, and in the case of the party at Reigate, in a field. In most cases there were no arrangements for toilets, and certainly no first aid arrangements. Although some people will say, that they were held for young people to have fun, the main purpose would appear to have been for the sale and use of drugs.

The location of the parties was kept secret until the very last minute. The party goers would be told by "pirate radio" or other means, these days "Social Media", to go to a certain location, pay their £15 per head, and await further instructions. In the case of the party at Reigate, one of the holding areas was at The South Mimms Service Station on the M.25, in excess of 60 miles away.

During the week previous, to the event at Reigate, I and other Senior Divisional Officers attended a conference at Reigate Police Station to discuss how we would deal with a possible "Acid House Party". It was decided that; 1) If we found a party being set up, we would serve a notice under the Public Order Act, prohibiting the party. 2) Over the weekend we would have on standby, a half PSU (I inspector, a sergeant. and 10 constables). 3) A Helicopter would search all likely locations on the division. No thought, at this meeting, was given to a command structure, or who would be called out in the event the problems developing. It was assumed that we would manage with the staff that we had at our disposal.

That Saturday evening, I was at home at Merstham, when I received a telephone call to the effect, that they thought that an "Acid House Party" was being set up in a field at Sidlow Bridge. Apparently, there were some of people near a gateway to a field. I was already in uniform, having been out earlier in the day. I drove to the scene in my own car. Upon my arrival I was met by the inspector with his half PSU. In the gateway to a large field were four men. A Mr Lambert who, immediately agreed that they were going to have a party, and that he was the organiser. The other three people present were BBC employees, a reporter, cameraman and soundman. I informed Mr Lambert that I intended to prevent any party going ahead and, served him with a notice under the Public Order Act. He seemed to understand and, asked that he remain there so that his catering van, and other staff could be informed. I agreed to this but made it clear that we would also stay to prevent any party going ahead. At this stage, the reporter asked for an explanation as to what was going to happen.

By this time, it was almost dusk, and visibility was limited. It was impossible to see clearly into the field. It was a large field, (40 acres), bounded on the roadside by a high hedge. I heard later, that at the far end of the field there was a wood, and a stage had already been set up on the edge of the wood. (That is why the helicopter crew did not spot it.) The roadway at the scene, A217, is single carriageway, with a footpath on the west side only, and the road is unlit. The only lighting was from passing and parked vehicles. The vehicles which had been parked, had of course restricted the road to one lane.

Over the next 20 minutes or so, the numbers present increased. Two patrol cars arrived, making the total police presence at this stage 17. (Some reports suggest that the total police presence at this time was 25, perhaps more had arrived, as news spread.) It was also noticed that a large number of young people were arriving, together the "burger van" and, two minibuses containing approximately 15 large men. These men, also had with them dogs, which were on leads. The men were all dressed in black, and I noticed that their jackets shone. (I discovered later that they were wearing the jackets inside out, for on the back, were the words

"Security Officer." Some reports suggest that they were armed with clubs. I did not see any clubs, but they were all carrying heavy torches. By this time, the crowd was in excess of 60 all trying to get into the field. The "Burger Van" added to the obstruction, and traffic was travelling very slowly. A white BMW motor car was being driven very slowly passed the entrance when a youth banged the bonnet with his fist. This was the "flash point" and total mayhem broke out.

The youth, and another youth were arrested and placed in the PSU van. This prompted the crowd to attempt to overturn the van, which they almost succeeded. At this point somebody, discharged a tear gas container, and a number of officers, including myself, were affected by the tear gas, A fight was also taking place between the "Security Guards and the Police.
To my horror, I saw one of the "Security Guards" scratching something on the door of my car. I chased after him, but he broke through the hedge and into the field. By this time, it was pitch black. Upon returning to my car, I found that the rear screen, windscreen and two side windows had been smashed, and the word C—T had been scratched on the driver's door. Also, a police vehicle had had the roof smashed in with a heavy log. Another police vehicle had also been damaged.

A raging battle was going on, officers were being injured, and property damaged. I had to make a tactical decision. I decided that the two prisoners should be released, and the party should go ahead. This decision of course was met with loud cheering and derision.
It seemed that once the gates were opened a continual stream of young people poured through the gates, Where, they had all come from, I had no idea. It has been estimated that 10,000 young persons attended the party. After I had allowed the party to go ahead a traffic crew attended and set up a portable lighting system near the entrance, vehicles were removed, and traffic system put in place. I, and my officers, left the scene and walked up the road for about a half a mile where the reserve of officers were waiting.

After my request for assistance, a total of 125 officers were called to the event from the neighbouring forces of Sussex, Kent and the Metropolitan Police. Bearing in mind, that these officers, were most probably called off leave, the night shift of their stations reduced, and the late shift being called on to work overtime.

Some might say that I should have made use of this reserve. First of all, they were not all available when required, and secondly, even with more help, and the crowd increasing all the time, I do not think that we could have held the line. In fact, I heard later, that when the Metropolitan Police were asked for extra manpower, they could at the time, only offer 1 double crewed car. Also, when an approached was made to the Hampshire Constabulary, they refused, on the grounds that it was too far away.

When I arrived at the "reserve point" I was met by an assistant chief constable, whom I had known since I was a cadet. He said to me "John, you did your best, get yourself off to hospital. Seven of us then attended East Surrey Hospital for our eyes to be washed out because of the tear gas. (I understand that other officers were injured but, I do not think that they attended

hospital for treatment). We then later went to Reigate police station to write our statements before going off duty.

I understand, that during the night and the following day, plans were made to arrest the "Security Officers" and organisers and to obtain the necessary evidence for a trial. The party did not finish until about 3.45pm on the following day, but the offenders were arrested in the early morning. At a subsequent trial, the man who had damaged my car, (£700 worth of damage) was sentenced to 6 months imprisonment.

It is reported that when the field was searched, numerous offence weapons were found, also a number of drug containers. From among those arrested £2000 worth of drugs were seized. There were numerous complaints regarding noise, some living as far as 15 miles away.

My own Ford Granada motor car after the attack

The newspaper reports suggest that a total of 51 persons were arrested following this incident and that 16 officers were injured.

This picture was taken from the video that the BBC did that night

A lot of the evidence for the prosecution, was found on the video taken by the BBC. The BBC at first refused to surrender it, and a court order had to be obtained. The video showed that the BBC were aware of the proposed party a long time before the event. The video showed an interview in the organiser's office before the event, explaining what they were going to do.
Last year, I attended the memorial service for a colleague at Reigate, and there spoke to a lady police officer, who introduced herself as a superintendent, currently employed in training. She explained that the BBC video of the event is used in teaching, with regard to public order offences. I did not ask her, and she did not volunteer, as to how I am portrayed in the teaching.

The incident naturally "hit the headlines", both the local Member of Parliament and the Home Secretary got involved, The Home Secretary, Douglas Hurd demanded a report from the chief constable. (It is understood that the Chief Constable was abroad at this time)
Some of the headlines were quite graphic:
TODAY; CS GAS HEAVIES BEAT OFF ACID PARTY COPS
DAILY STAR COPS BACK OFF IN ACID HOUSE RIOT
DAILY MIRROR; DEVIL DOGS FIGHT ACID RAID COPS
THE TIMES; GAS USED TO ROUT POLICE AT ACID PARTY
POLICE FEARED FOR THEIR LIVES IN ACID RIOT
THE SUN; ACID BOUNCERS HURT 16 COPS IN CS GAS RIOT
THE TELEGRAPH: POLICE SPRAYED WITH TEAR GAS IN ACID PARTY RAID
THE MAIL: ACID GUARDS ROUT POLICE
Scandal of drug party became a no-go area
INDEPENDENT; POLICE ATTACKED AT ACID HOUSE PARTY.
The local press was supportive, but carried complaints from residents of noise, congestion and litter left behind.

People that have been bereaved often speak of friends they have known for years, appear distant, even to the point of completely ignoring them, presumably, because they do not know what to say, or feel awkward. I felt, after this event the feeling that bereaved people must feel. Nobody has ever discussed with me the events of that night and, there was no debriefing afterwards. Nobody, in person, has either criticized me for my actions, or offered support for my actions. Having said that, a few days later the deputy chief constable, when in an interview with the national press, did support my actions entirely. He never expressed his views to me. It would have helped no end, if he had. There is one thing that can be said about the incident, we are on record as being the first PSU to be "gassed".

Retirement comes at last – an end to an era

Towards the end of 1989, I received a telephone call from police headquarters, asking me if I intended to retire at the completion of my service of 30 years in March 1990. I had failed two interview boards for the rank of superintendent, and I thought that it was most unlikely that I would be offered a third chance. Also still being young at 49 years of age I was still able to start another career. I therefore made the decision to retire in March and take the money.
My retirement in March 1990 not only marked my 30 years regular in the Surrey Constabulary, but also 53 years on continual service in the Force for the Hoyle family, my father Harry Hoyle, having commenced service in 1937. We had covered the years starting prior to the Second World War, the recovery period immediately after the war, and the start of the period of new technology, communications, and transport, in fact, the founding of the modern police force.

I like to think that I carried out my duties to best of my ability, conscientiously, and within the law. There is little doubt that you cannot do your job well without the support of a loyal and supportive wife, and I certainly had that. It is only natural for a wife or partner to worry if you are late in, and I used to tell my wife not to worry, because if anything serious happened, she would be the first one to be informed. Therefore, no news is good news.

Father and son make a half century

Temporary Superintendent John Hoyle retired this March after nearly 33 years service with the Surrey Constabulary.

John, who joined as a Police Cadet in 1957, served initially at Reigate. Then after postings to Camberley, Ripley and Farnham and a 4-year spell with the Traffic Department, he was promoted to Sergeant and returned to Reigate.

He spent much of his service on Eastern Division and at one point worked with his father, Harry, also a Sergeant at that time.

Between them, John and Harry have 53 years continuous service with the Surrey Constabulary!

In 1984, John was promoted to Chief Inspector at Dorking, where he has devoted much of his time and energy to the community liaison aspect of his job, being actively involved with both the Crime Prevention Panel and the Juvenile Liaison Group.

John Hoyle, with his father Harry, receives his Retirement Certificate from Mr Atkins (A. C. C. (S))

Photo by Jerry Coombs (CP)

Chief Inspector Colin Cramphorn, who has worked with John and knows him well, said that, amongst his best qualities are his "patience, humility and sense of humour, including the ability to laugh at himself."

A party was held at Dorking Police Social Club on Saturday, 17 March to mark John's retirement. Attended by his family and friends, he was given a set of fine sepia prints of Dorking which were presented to him by Chief Superintendent Blondell.

Mr. Atkins (A. C. C. (S)), who knows both John and his father Harry, kindly presented the Retirement Certificate.

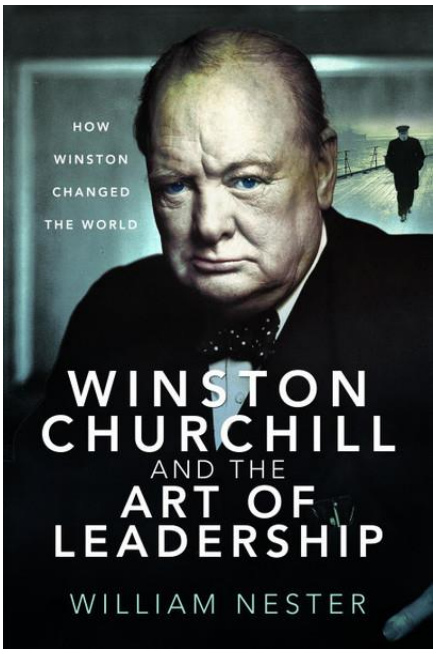
John is said to have no firm plans, but it is rumoured that he wants to hitch a caravan to his car and tour round southern Europe. We wish John and Pauline every happiness.

I am pleased to say that a good number of colleagues and family attended my retirement party at Dorking Police Station, including my Chief Superintendent, and Assistant Chief Constable Chris Atkins, a man who was my Sergeant when I was a Cadet at Reigate Police Station, all those years ago.

Book Reviews

Winston Churchill and the Art of Leadership

How Winston Changed the World



frontline BOOKS
Pages: 288
Illustrations: 16 black and white illustrations
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Author

Dr WILLIAM NESTER, a Professor at the Department of Government and Politics, St. John's University, New York, is the author of thirty-seven books on history and politics. His book George Rogers Clark: I Glory in War won the Army Historical Foundation's best biography award for 2013, and Titan: The Art of British Power in the Age of Revolution and Napoleon, won the New York Military Affairs Symposium's 2016 Arthur Goodzett Book Award

Many indeed, are the biographies of Winston Churchill, one of the most influential figures of the twentieth century. But what was that influence and how did he use it in the furtherance of his and his country's ambitions? For the first time, Professor William Nestor has delved into the life and actions of Churchill to examine just how skilfully he manipulated events to placed him in positions of power.

His thirst for power stirred political controversy wherever he intruded. Those who had to deal directly with him either loved or hated him. His enemies condemned him for being an egoist, publicity hound, double-dealer, and Machiavellian, accusations that his friends and even he himself could not deny. He could only serve Britain as a statesman and a reformer because he was a wily politician who won sixteen of twenty-one elections that he contested between 1899 and 1955.

The House of Commons was Churchill's political temple where he exalted in the speeches and harangues on the floor and the backroom horse-trading and comradery. Most of his life he was a Cassandra, warning against the threats of Communism, Nazism, and nuclear Armageddon. With his ability to think beyond mental boxes and connect far-flung dots, he clearly foretold events to which virtually everyone else was oblivious. Yet he was certainly not always right and was at times spectacularly wrong.

This is the first book that explores how Churchill understood and asserted the art of power, mostly through hundreds of his own insights expressed through his speeches and writings.

Review

The question left in the air; does the book fulfil the promise made within the title? Is the work unequivocal in identifying the "Art of Leadership" and "How Winston changed the World"? The hackneyed sub-titles, "changing the world" and "art of leadership", cover what is largely familiar ground. It is not however, written for professional scholars though he is one himself. The book is about an extraordinary man living through tumultuous times with so many great stories to tell. However, many of these stories have been told so often an approach or catchy title has to be found to justify yet another biography of Churchill.

Is this amongst possibly thousands of books and articles the book "that explores how Churchill understood and asserted the art of power"? I am not sure it does. A further claim "For the first time, Professor William Nestor has delved into the life and actions of Churchill to examine just how skilfully he manipulated events to placed him in positions of power." These are huge claims to make when the extraordinary works of Martin Gilbert, Roy Jenkins and Andrew Roberts among many, many others are taken into account. There can be little left for "first time" claims with Churchill!

The book is a general biography from childhood to death (last ten years of his life on two pages) and encompasses significant periods of Churchill's life when he had, though he sought them, few responsibilities. Churchill from childhood was self-centred and too individualistic, probably lacking empathy to be a team player. No one doubts his physical courage but it may be said that some of his actions he took to be noticed! (By choosing to ride a grey into battle in Afghanistan, Churchill was making sure that no one could fail to notice his endeavours.) He was frequently wrong. Impossible for many to work with and some including Viscount Alanbrooke say towards the end of the war, his abilities were failing. Just worn out. He then lost two elections to Atlee before winning the October 1951 election. Despite suffering a stroke

in 1953, Churchill remained in office until April 1955, when he resigned at the age of eighty. Post war Churchill was not at his best and was not a leader to many just a frustration.

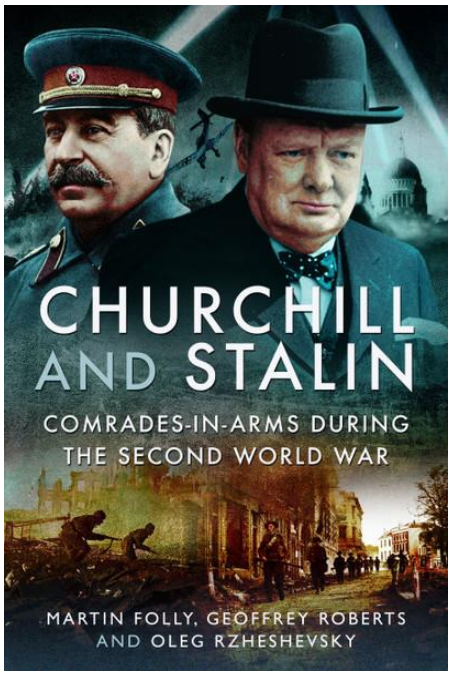
Amongst the biographical detail there is a significant amount of period data that establishes context but adds little to the stated aim of the book. However, it is accessible, not a 1,000-page blockbuster and there are a number of American insights from the New York based academic.

It is by modern history works a short book of 258 pages containing an extensive small print bibliography of 15 pages and notes of 21 pages with a seven-page index. However, the work is very readable though with some questionable statements.

If you are new to the subject of the role of Churchill in the life of the United Kingdom this biography with its additional historical material will ease you into the subject. If his contribution is doubted, judge how the wartime generation bade him farewell with his state funeral in 1965 and the continuing extolling his contribution. There is a reason why there are so many books continuing to be published with Churchill in the title.

Churchill and Stalin

Comrades-in-Arms during the Second World War



By Dr Martin Folly, Geoffrey Roberts, Oleg Rzheshevsky
Imprint: Pen & Sword Military

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Illustrations: 20
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Synopsis

Based on documents from the Russian archives, this comprehensive study charts the tumultuous wartime relationship between Soviet dictator Joseph Stalin and British Prime Minister Winston Churchill. It highlights the secret correspondence between the two leaders, records their meetings and conversations in Moscow and at the Tehran, Yalta and Potsdam summits, and discloses the confidential communications of Stalin and his diplomats.

"Churchill and Stalin" has been compiled and edited by three leading Russian and British historians of the Second World War. Their narrative brings together military and political history, documentary analysis and biography in an illuminating way. It reveals how Stalin and Churchill clashed and collaborated in order to achieve victory, and it demonstrates the deep personal relationship between these two great personalities as well as their profound political differences. Even when the Grand Alliance collapsed after the war, they retained their respect and affection for each other.

Other important wartime personalities also feature in the documents – President Roosevelt, the British and Soviet foreign ministers, Anthony Eden and Vyacheslav Molotov, Ivan Maisky, the Soviet ambassador in London and Averell Harriman, the American ambassador in Moscow.

This fascinating documentary record is linked by a detailed narrative and commentary on the Stalin-Churchill relationship in the context of Anglo-Soviet relations during the war and the politics of the Grand Alliance.

A landmark book – it will appeal to all those interested in Churchill and Stalin and in the politics and diplomacy of the Second World War.

Review

This is an excellent book, mostly accessible for the specialist and non-specialist on grand strategy during the Second World War. It is a valuable and very informative resource covering the dangerous and precarious relationship of these two key leaders of the war. Given their fundamental political differences and lack of trust, partly due to Churchill's involvement in Russia post First World War, perilous circumstance demanded total cooperation. However, both distrusted the other, and were profoundly politically opposites yet these leaders accepted that necessity required collaboration to defeat the Germans. This they were able to achieve through long and often obdurate bargaining.

In the introductory chapters there is a narrative summary establishing the circumstances of the war and the difficulties of relationships, involving of course Roosevelt once the USA became a belligerent power. The work concentrates on 130 documents from British and Russian sources with messages giving the reader direct access to the events as they advanced. Documents include the Churchill-Stalin correspondence and meeting transcripts, including the Eden-Stalin meetings of December 1941, the Churchill-Molotov meetings of May-June 1942, and Churchill-Stalin meetings and conversations in Moscow, Tehran, Yalta, and Potsdam.

With the availability now of the documents, from the private papers of participants and from Soviet archives, a more rounded and complete picture can be presented and a fuller analysis achieved. The Soviet records of meetings give a different and often less dramatic perspective than the British ones that have been the standard fare for assessing Churchill's interaction with Stalin for years.

Highly recommended for those who seek to understand the development of grand strategy and how it evolves.