



Richard Bowen

Best Of 2008







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manufactured by

FEED FABRIK





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Manufactured by **FEED**  **FABRIK** on September 17, 2011





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2008

Saturday, September 17, 2011

Frank – and The School Nurse!



You know by now, that Frank was our gang leader when we were kids. I never really saw Frank get ecstatic over anything – he just kinda took things in his stride. Although, he *was* pleased with me one day, and gave me a favourable ‘mention’. That was one morning when we went out to play, and made for one of our dens – in the Pinewoods in Langland. We were all starving, thanks to Herr Hitler, so I volunteered to run to Dick Woollacott’s field – the one down past Stroud’s bungalow on the cliffs – and get some swedes. Frank was quite pleased with this, and gave me a smile!

Not often, however, was Frank ‘down’. But he was one day. I could see summat was wrong but none of us dared ask him what was the matter. We made our way to the ‘flat rocks’ at Caswell Bay, and stripped off for a swim. As we sat on the rocks, gathered around, waiting for Frank to give us the nod to go in the water, he stunned us. He said, ever so quietly, “I got into trouble at school today!”





Wah! Bloody impossible. Frank n-e-v-e-r got into trouble – that’s what he had *us* for. And even if he did do summat wrong, no teacher was smart enough to catch him. That much we knew!

“A nurse came to school today to examine us.”

Well, that’ll be Nitty Nora – the nurse who looks for head-lice. Every time she gave out a triumphant groan, we would await the CRRRAAAACK as she would terminate another life, between her large thumb-nails. But no, ‘twasn’t her. ‘Twas a new nurse, who had to examine us without any clothes on. Us, that is!

Well. Frank explained that he stood no chance. As he took off his clothes, standing in front of her, he got a ‘hard’ on! OMG! He reckoned that it was a full 2 inches, and she immediately spotted it! “What happened, Frank?” We were spellbound.

“She told me to go and stand in the corner until I cooled off. In front of everybody!”

Now Frank was 2 years ahead of me in school, and he then warned me that our year would be examined tomorrow. Shock, horror. I would stand no chance. What on earth could I do? No way could I, or any other red-blooded male, pass this test. I was bound to be in trouble.

Frank didn’t fail us. He gave us 2 ways of beating the trap. 1. Mitch! Or 2. Throw a glass of cold water over our John Thomas immediately prior to our inspection.

And that is exactly how I got accused of ‘wetting myself’ in school. Nobody would ever have believed me if I’d told the truth, now, would they?

Squire Fred

When I was in the RMP (Royal Military Police) in the mid-1950s, I served in Hong Kong. We had a continually changing bunch of colleagues, as men were shipped home for demob, etc., and replacements arrived. Personal mates varied from time to time because of the ever-changing personnel.





One of my bestest mates was Squire Fred. Fred was an imposing figure of a man, and would constantly ‘hold court’ amongst us, always drawing himself up to his full 6’2”, and declaring his pet philosophy; ”You must speculate to accumulate.” I never did find out just why he used to say this, perhaps it was his family motto!

Fred got himself promoted to Corporal, and with the promotion came certain perks. The main perk was that, instead of living with the rest of us – in a barrack-room – he moved into the ‘Sports Store’! Fame indeed. Admittedly it was only a tiny room, and half full of sports equipment, but nonetheless, ‘twas private. And..... I don’t think the old man (Officer Commanding) ever ‘inspected’ the store on Inspection Days.

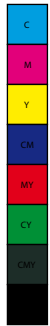
You will know, by now, that I was not exactly our RSM’s (Regimental Sergeant Major) favourite soul, and I don’t think that he appreciated the fact that Fred & Dickiebo were mates. We simply enjoyed ourselves. Some evenings, we would go all the way over to Hong Kong Island bars, which we knew so well, and one of which had our then-favourite record on it’s juke box – Diana, by Paul Anka. One night we got a bit carried away, and didn’t return to barracks until the next morning. There was a curfew at that time, so we were officially ‘Absent’! This just happened to be the day that the ‘New’ Star Ferry commenced operations from a new terminal, and Fred & I were it’s very first customers! Horror upon horror! There were press cameramen there to record the event for the newspapers. Just what, do you



reckon, our OC & RSM would ask, when seeing our mugs there at 0500 hours, when we were supposed to be safely tucked-up in bed? Not on! We had to beat a hasty retreat, to the bewilderment of the photographers.

I think the RSM devised a way to keep us quiet, by sending me on a Unit Anti-Malaria Course for a week, at Lyemun Barracks, on the Island. With typical brilliant military planning, at exactly the same time, they sent Fred on a Unit Hygiene & Sanitation Course – at Lyemun Barracks!! You just couldn't make it up, could you? Well. Did we have a good week! Out every night, into 'town'. I remember walking back to camp one night, having consumed 'enough', and having run out of money. As we got out of town, we saw many taxis returning into town, having dropped off their fares. We saw the drivers' faces stare at us, so we immediately tried to be helpful, by shouting, "No. Don't turn around." No use, they all did.

Fred was our one-time Anti-Vice NCO, and one of his tasks was to visit dances at the Naafi Club in Chatham Road, to check on what 'girls' frequented the place. It was, of course, a plain-clothes job. Well, one evening, I was with him on one such visit, when some errant squaddies of the Lancashire Regiment – well-pickled, of course – recognised us as being RMP. Dunno what happened to Fred, but two of them had me with my arms pinned behind me, and another nutter 'questioning' me. The ringleader of this lot, was a well-known troublemaker, 'L', who was a bit of a boxer. (Heavyweight!). My interrogator – 'S' – was 5' nothing in his socks. As he was demanding to know what I was doing there, etc., he prompted each question by jumping up and head-butting me. After a short while, I could feel my lips swelling, and decided that it was all-or-nothing. With a sudden, gigantic heave, I freed my right arm. All I could see was my tormentor's face in front of me. With absolutely every ounce of strength in me, I punched that faceand took off. The rest, as they say, is history. 'L' and 'S' got 9 months each. Unfortunately, I didn't punch quite correctly, and broke my thumb in the process. Our medics strapped it up for me, and next day, as I was driving our one-tonner through camp, I pulled into a passing-place to enable a jeep containing our OC to pass. As I gave a hand-signal, the Old Man saw my strapped wrist, and enquired from the RSM as to what had happened. I got a message from the RSM – *the Officer Commanding says that if you should see any more trouble, walk away down an alleyway.* Yea. Thanks.





Fred & I were going to travel around the world when we got demobbed, but Fred came home first and got fed-up waiting, so joined the Bermuda Police – together with Keith Lovell and Lofty Fothergill. He went from there to the Canadian Mounties, but after promotion to Sergeant, got fed-up, so went to British Columbia, where he settled down with his wife, running his own computer business.

Photograph: British Independent Provost Coy., RMP., Hong Kong. Fred is 3rd face from left. 4th face is my other good mate Dave Talboys, who I have desperately tried to find, but to no avail. Like all the best Brits, he now probably lives abroad!

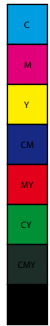
PPS. Since posting this, I have just spotted the sign, centre top of picture. It used to say, (if I remember correctly); WYBMADIITY. Any guesses?

Get Carter!

I was about to go to bed last night when I flashed the channels on the TV and came across the film, ‘Get Carter’, which had just started. Have you seen it? Michael Caine and gangland. He also Directed the film. Well, I must say that the violence in it is extreme. I mentioned it to B this morning, and she told me of an interview that Caine had, in which he said that he comes from South East London, and genuinely knows about gangs and the way that they operate. He said that he tried to portray the violence as it really is, and not as most people think it is. I reckon that’s true. So many people actually look upon the Krays, and Ronnie Biggs, as being some kind of heroes. Sad.

Anyway. What I was going to mention was a former pal of mine, – **Neill**. The way that Michael Caine speaks reminds me of him, though he was even more like Tommy Steele. All being from Sarf East London.

Neill was my mate in the Police Cadets, in 1955. He was a big, athletic, effervescent, extrovert of a Cockney, who sported a brilliant ‘Tony Curtis’ hairstyle. Can’t really imagine anyone less likely to fit into the Met Police Cadets! On Mondays, we had to attend the Kingsway Institute – a Day College – to further our education. We didn’t really reckon too much to that, but had to attend. A redeeming feature was that the great British Post Office (as was) also had the idea of sending their younger employees to the Institute, so we were blessed with the presence of some girls! Unfortunately, 16-year-old Dickiebo, a country lad, was quite shy of the gals, but notso Neill!





We also had a swimming-class in Holborn Baths, nearby, during our day’s attendance, and Neill sussed this out straight away. “What we do, Taffy, is this.” He went on to explain that we would leave the Institute with the others; we would then go to a coffee-bar to listen to the juke-box, and return with the others afterwards. Simple. And that’s what we did. For about a year. He also ‘dragged in’ this young femme fatale from the Post Office. I knew that she was dodgy, as she was only 16, but wore lipstick! Nice looking, though. Neill used to walk down the road hand-in-hand with her, and they used to like to make me squirm with embarrassment, by making me hold her other hand. Gosh! I can still remember how I used to ‘colour-up’ when they made me hold her hand!

Anyway. We lost touch when I went into the Army, and I never saw him again until.....One day, many years later, I was on duty (in the Met Police) in Hammersmith. I was riding a Noddy-bike (for gawd’s sake don’t tell LW or G-Man, as they’ll disown me) which is a lightweight Velocette Motor Cycle, along the A4, by Hammersmith Flyover. It was mid-morning, and I saw 2 yobs in a dodgy-looking Ford Cortina. They knew that they were dodgy, as they would not look at me! So I ‘pulled’ them. I started off by asking the driver for his Driving Licence which, to my surprise, he actually had with him. I nearly fell over backwards when I saw that it was none other than Neill! He was still looking fixedly ahead, not in my direction, and his oppo was doing the same. I said, “Don’t remember me Neill. Do you?” “Course I do, Taffy.” Still nothing. I gave up. I handed him his Licence back, and said, “Neill. You look as guilty as hell. Go on, mate.” He went, without a word, or a backward glance. What price friendship?

Alf Owen – A Great Character!

When Newton was still a tiny village, that is, roundabout 1948-ish, it had many great characters. One of these was Alf Owen. Alf had a riding-school on Pickets Mead, and his only interests in life were his horses, and a pint of Best Bitter. (Evan Evans & Bevan, Vale of Glamorgan Brewery)! Having horses, and being a boozier, he was naturally a friend of 10 year-old Dickiebo and his Dad – who hated horses! (Worked that one out?)

Alf was a grizzly old man, with a truly weather-beaten face, always clad in the mandatory thick, grey flannels, turned-up twice at the bottoms, (no bloody jeans in those days!), thick woollen pullover, and ‘hacking-jacket’,





with matching flat-cap. Hobnail boots with thick leather laces, which always caught my eye. Why? Well, because of the way that he walked. He walked very slowly, because, as he told us daily, he was ‘all strapped up’ around the stomach, with bandages, after some long-since-forgotten stomach operation. As he brought his feet forward when walking, his toes would point up at the sky, and his foot would then come down, about 6 inches in front of its former position. Slow going! His stables were at the bottom of his garden, so he didn’t have far to walk, to get to work. There were two corrugated steel lean-to’s which were called ‘stables’, and sandwiched between them, was Alf’s pride and joy – his ‘Tack Room’. A monstrous abuse of the English language if ever there was one. All it was, *really*, was a couple more corrugated sheets linking the two ‘stables’, but in there, was where Alf held Court.

Pride of place was his rocking-chair. An old – *some would say, very old* – wooden chair, with hay thereon, to soften his seat. Having walked the entire length of the garden to get there, he would walk up to the chair, about-face, and lift both feet, thereby ensuring a square landing on the chair. A huge sigh and – ready for the day. Issuing his orders to us lot of gophers, telling us which horses to prepare for whom, and at what time. I remember one day, he told me to go to his field on the s-bend in Murton Lanes, and fetch in Dolly. I returned about an hour later – the field is only about 3 minutes away! – without Dolly, and Alf never let me forget it. The bloody horse just ran away from me every time I got close! All round the walls of the ‘tack room’ were rosettes which Alf claimed to have won at gymkhanas. Not sure he did but.....if he says so! Anyway, on a rainy day we would congregate in the tack room and listen to Alf’s tales of yesteryear. Great!

He would enjoy a pint, or two hmmm, lunchtimes, not in the Newton Inn, but in the Rock & Fountain, opposite. This was because my old man was frequently ‘barred’ from the Newton by the landlord, Iori Evans. So there would be the old man, Alf, Jack Evans – my favourite dustbin man, – Cyril Thrush, the window-cleaner, Dick Woollacott, the farmer, and John Daniels, the Dentist. When there was a fox Hunt, they would all gather outside the Rock before the start, to imbibe. I shall always remember what I call, “Alf’s Farewell!” He was well past riding, of course. He had a small grey pony, Betsy, which was on the hunt, and had gathered outside the Rock, with a young girl astride it. Then Alf’s beer took over. He lifted the girl off Betsy, and somehow swung his leg over the poor little nag – strapped stomach





or not! His feet nearly reached the ground, so he wrapped his legs under Betsy’s belly and went cantering off, up the hill, wildly shouting, “Tally-Ho. Tally-Ho!”

I loved these characters and learnt much from them – which is probably why I am no bloody professor! What’s your excuse?

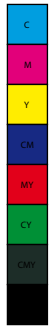
A Little Knowledge.....

On a nice, sunny, Sunday afternoon in Soho, back in 1960, Dickiebo was Late Turn (1400 – 2200) patrol, when I had the dubious pleasure of meeting Madhu! Madhu was a seemingly bright lad, ‘cos he was a law student. How I met him was rather unusual.

I was ambling at my usual gait of about 2.5 mph, along Poland Street. Not many people about at this time on a Sunday. As I reached the junction of Gt. Marlborough Street, I noticed that there were a couple of people, apparently waiting to use the telephone kiosk which is situated there. As I was nearing them, one person in the queue, said that there may be something wrong with the person inside the kiosk, as he had been there for some considerable time, and was not using the telephone. I saw that the man had his back to us, was a slight person, just about 5’3” tall, and dressed in a dark suit. He was leaning forward, with his head on the telephone stand.

I opened the kiosk door, and said, “Excuse me, sir. Are you alright?” Or, it may have been, “You OK mate?”

He turned around and, with no warning, punched me full in the face. Blimey! My helmet went flying, as did Dickiebo. This made me pretty angry, and I yanked him out the kiosk, and threw him to the ground, struggling like a good ‘un. As I tried to restrain him, and replace my helmet, a man in the queue put his ‘Visiting Card’ in my pocket, saying, “If you need a witness, Officer”. At this moment, a colleague of mine, PC 380C Mick Marner, happened along, and we took the villainous Madhu – for that is whom he was – to Trenchard House (Single Police Officers’ Residence) for onward transportation to the nick. He was Charged with ‘Assault on Police’ and informed all and sundry that he was a law student, and would be acquitted of this charge. I still don’t know why he acted as he had. Anyway, he appeared before the Beak, Mr. Paul Bennett. VC., in due course. After hearing all the evidence, Paul looked very severely from beneath his





unbelievably large eyebrows, and said, “You cannot go around hitting Police Officers. Especially for no reason whatsoever. You will pay a fine of £2.”

Now, this is where a little knowledge becomes a dangerous thing. ‘Cos Madhu wasn’t having any of this, and promptly Appealed against both Conviction and Sentence, showing to one and all his knowledge of our legal procedures. The day arrived where his Appeal was to be heard at the County of London Sessions, and the Judge and his two colleagues, listened patiently to all of the evidence. Would you believe that, even back nearly 50 years, Madhu tried the race relations game? Tried to say that I had picked on him because he was not white. He then made a long, prepared speech, about British Colonialism. This may well have impressed the Judge, who retired to consider his verdict. I shall never forget his words upon his return. “We commend the Police Officer for his admirable restraint in his arrest of this man. We dismiss the Appeal against Conviction, and Quosh the Fine. We substitute two months imprisonment.”

Funny thing, knowledge. It’s OK to have it but – well, I guess it is what you do with it that counts. Without his legal knowledge, Madhu would have simply paid a £2 Fine.

Dickiebo’s Bad Toe!

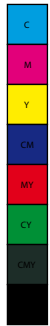
When I was working at Bass’ Cardiff Brewery, I phoned-in one day to say that I was going to see my doctor, as I thought I’d broken the big toe on my right foot. It was extremely painful, and I could not really walk on it.

To my utter amazement, and horror, the doctor diagnosed Gout! Although in agony, I went to work, arriving at about 1130am. I managed to park my car in the Management Car Park, and limped across the car-park to go into the office-block.

Oh! Bloody no! The entire Management team, from the Managing Director down, were lined up, from the car-park entrance, to the office-block. And all were hobbling around on one foot! Yea. The buggers knew more than I did. They had diagnosed gout even before the doctor!

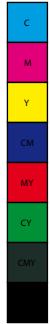
Mr. Security Manager – Welcome to the Brewing Industry!

Anguilla Lurgy!





Back in 1969 when I was with the British Police Unit in Anguilla, I woke up one morning in a terrible state. I slept on the floor, as there was a distinct shortage of beds, and I was shivering uncontrollably from head to toe, and freezing cold. *In Anguilla!* The other lads didn't quite know what to make of it, but when I spoke, it was through clenched teeth, and this worried them. After a short discussion, they decided to get on the radio to contact **Zulu One** – the British Red Cross doctor. (*He used to do a right good striptease act in our Police Club [Papa Charlie], to the accompaniment of us all, singing, "Get them down, you Zulu Warrior, Get them off, you Zulu Chief" – but that's another story!*).



Well, they couldn't contact the Quack, so they opted for the next-best thing – the Army Medics. A squaddie soon arrived, clearly showing that he really did have other things to do, and made a rapid diagnosis from his position just inside our building. *"Anguilla lurgy!"*

"Is it serious?"

"No. Coupla days in hospital."





“But the nearest hospital is probably a thousand miles away, on board one of Her Majesty’s Ships.”

All of this had been thought out and tried before! I am simply taken to ‘Lloyd’s’ on the other side of the island, and there I would recuperate under the care of Mrs Lloyd! I think that ‘Lloyd’s’ was a sort of hotel, or Guest House, or something similar, and the good lady had been trained as a nurse in the UK. Opinions varied amongst the lads, with some saying that she was a trained Midwife, and the others said that she had commenced training as a nurse, but had opted-out, to return to Anguilla. I can now add my two penn’orth: I reckon that she was trained in psychiatry! Why? Well, consider the facts;

I arrive at Lloyd’s in a right state, and am put straight to bed. There I remain for a coupla days, feeling quite sorry for myself, and acutely aware of all life’s blessings back in Blighty. Eventually though, I have to eat, and am given some rather niceer, well.....a sort of soup, containing lumps of meat. I recall thinking that the meat was very similar to tinned salmon, only with a slightly thicker texture. In answer to my query, I was told that it was turtle. Poor little sods! Anyway, I think that ‘eating’ was part one of Mrs Lloyd’s assessment of **‘fitness to return to duty’!**

And part two? Well now. There was this lovely young lady who used to work atLloyd’s! She was very pretty, had a lovely disposition, and was always smiling. What I did not know, was that by Mrs Lloyd’s reckoning, when you are well enough to notice her, then you are indeed **ready for duty**. And I failed this test. Miserably. I asked the young lady, in a voice filled with ‘please feel sorry for me’, if she would accompany me for a short walk, to test my recovery. Being the sort of person as described, she readily agreed, and I hastily prepared myself for my convalescing walk. Nice one, Dickiebo!

I got dressed and went to the front of the building. There I was soon joined by said young lady, who said, *“My boyfriend will come with us in case you are too weak to make it!”* And there stood boyfriend. A handsome young Anguillan, with ultra-smoothe skin, magnificent, whiter-than-white teeth, a big, friendly smile, andwearing a dog-collar. Holding what I took to be the Good Book, he said, *“Do you know de Load, my friend?”* And, standing slightly behind him, with a matching smile, stood pretty, young girl.





So. This is how I got discharged from Lloyd's. Having shown myself to be pretty much back to normality! At least, by London Police standards!

PS. If my Anguillan Reader sees this, then please say 'hello' and 'thank you' to Mrs Lloyd for me, should you come across her. Though she will not, needless to say, actually remember me. But this was me;



I Knew – Charlie Newman

Charlie NEWMAN

God only knows why, but I've had Charlie on my mind for two days now. Haven't seen him since about 1971. Charlie 'lived' in Hammersmith, West London, in the '60s and certainly the early, 70s. He didn't live anywhere special, though I do remember him occasionally staying at Rowton House, which was at 221 Hammersmith Road. That was the doss-house. I always hated getting called into Rowton House to deal with a situation, because it was so totally depressing. All, and I mean all, the beds absolutely stench of stale urine. This was the end of the road for anyone.





Charlie was about 60, though he looked about 70. He was a slight figure, probably because he never ate, had a whitish stubble on his face, a rough complexion, and very rough clothing. It was quite funny how I came to meet Charlie. One day, probably in the late 60s, I came out of Hammersmith nick on foot duty, and turned right, to go up to Hammersmith Broadway. It was evening time, and daylight. I had only gone a few paces, when I heard somebody – Charlie – shout ‘Oy!’ from behind me. Instinct, and good manners, made me turn to see who had shouted, and that was when I met Charlie. He was poised, looking at me, but facing the building-line. His right hand was poised, shoulder height, behind him, and in his hand, was a large brick. Before I could move a pace, Charlie hurled the brick through the large, glass window of an office block. Needless to say, *he was mine!* Happily he came. Arrested, charged and detained to appear at West London Magistrates Court, charged under the Malicious Damage Act 1824.

Charlie did this because he was ‘institutionalised’ as we say. Had nowhere to go, nobody to see. Much appreciated the hot meals that he received at the nick and was, in fact, reasonably polite to us. Just why I have had Charlie on my mind for the past 2 days, I do not know. Don’t know whether he’s still alive but very, very much doubt it. And the sad thing is, when he passed away, probably *nobody* ever knew, because we don’t notice the absence of a nuisance until a long time after it has passed. Then suddenly, we remember it/him, and think about it for a couple of days.

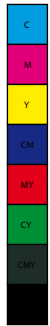
RIP Charlie.

Note: This is the first of a series entitled ‘I Knew.....’ I hope you will like them!

What A Gay Day

Monday is here again! You just wouldn’t believe it, wouldya? Severe gales, peeing down, wind blowing our garden furniture all over the place, etc.

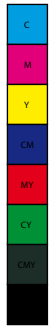
Never mind. I’m gonna be positive. We all finished Diet No.2 today, so I can have a glorious cuppa coffee again. Since diet start, my weight has gone from 19st 4lbs, to 17st. 10lbs, so I’m reasonably satisfied at this stage. I say ‘at this stage’ because we have no intention of allowing the weight to creep back on, and, we still need to lose more, so something is being planned for the future.





Nick has started his new job as Sports Development Officer for Swansea Uni and was pleased yesterday when a 21 year old lady client for whom he had prepared a Fitness Regime, came into the gym and found that already her body-fat has gone from 34% to 26%. He clearly gets a lot of satisfaction from that. Don't like the way that he keeps looking at my gut!

B's family history has really taken off and she now has over 1,500 family members on it. Amazing how the family seem to go around in circles. And she gets a lot of pleasure in talking on the phone to new-found relatives in N. Z. In the past week, she has discovered that an ancient relative, Alfred Haines, was quite a figure in the late 1800s in London. Seems he made his money from making military uniforms, and was something big in various Companies in India. This was his house in London - Kensal House.



I've been pretty lazy recently about keeping up with my Spiritual work, so have started a concerted effort to do some every day. Can't say too much about this as it's likely to start MacNoddy off with his criticisms again! (Reckons I'm in my second childhood!). Don't wanna mention our diabolical cricketers in N. Z., other than to say that, with one or two notable exceptions (Sidebottom!), they are a disgrace. Clearly don't know the meaning of the word 'Pride'.

A couple of our American friends say that they can't open the You-Tube video which was here the other day, I'd be grateful if anybody else who has found this, could let me know, please.





Dickiebo's good things about Monday:

The Mamas & Papas song, 'Monday, Monday'.

The start of a whole new week.

Bloggers are back after their weekend off.

The vicar can put his feet up.

Commander JOHN WALLACE LINTON VC, DSO, DSC

Remembered with honour



At 1100 hours today, Police Officers and Royal Navy personnel will attend a ceremony at Newport, Gwent, to honour a local hero.

From the outbreak of the war in 1939 to May 1943 which was the month of HMS Turbulent's last patrol in the Mediterranean, Commander Linton was responsible for sinking approximately 100,000 tons of enemy shipping, including a *cruiser, a destroyer, a U-boat and 28 other ships.*





In addition Turbulent destroyed *three trains by gun fire*. In his last year Commander Linton spent 254 days at sea, submerged for nearly half the time, his ship was hunted 13 times and had *250 depth charges aimed at her*.

His many and brilliant successes were due to his constant activity and skill, and the daring which never failed him when there was an enemy to be attacked.

HMS TURBULENT was a Triton Class Submarine launched on 12 May 1941 by Vickers Armstrong Ltd at Barrow in Furness. She displaced 1090 tons and was armed with one 4-inch quick firing gun and eleven 21-inch torpedo tubes of which 5 were external to the pressure hull and could not be reloaded at sea.

The submarine joined the fleet on 3rd January 1942 and lived up to her name with a series of daring patrols in the Mediterranean during which she sank 52,000 tons of enemy shipping during 1942, and a further 14,000 tons in the first 6 weeks of 1943.

Sadly, HMS TURBULENT did not survive the war and was sunk on 12th March 1943 during her 13th patrol. *None of the 59 ship's company survived*. During her short but violent career her Commanding Officer, Commander John Wallace Linton DSO, DSC was awarded the Victoria Cross and the submarine was awarded the battle honour "Mediterranean 1942".

Picture – Crew of HM s/m Turbulent laying a wreath at the site of the official grave of the ships company from HM s/m Turbulent Lost with all hands 12th March 1943

Police Support Officers

Gosh! Can you believe this? Just read about it here.

If you want to know why more and more people have given up on the police – HERE is why – this is just one way in which the police have turned from protecting people to persecuting them if they attempt to stand up to the yobs and scum who are ruining the lives of millions of people! This is what happens to decent people who are the VICTIMS of the scum! This is the story of just ONE of our members!"First off appologies in advance if this turns into a rant but that's how I am feeling at the mo. Last night around 7 o'clock one of the local yobs decided it would be fun to





throw a brick through my front window double glazed fully leaded job. By the time I got to the door I just saw the back of him but I know who it was well known little s**t. My wife promptly called the police, to get a crime number for the insurance company more than anything else, 45 mins later they answered the phone.

Enter the support officer on the phone – “there is nothing we can do for you except to put you in contact with victim support (WTF), it is not serious enough to send someone out after all it is only a window”!

Despite my wife being extremely upset nothing they could do.

Meanwhile the said little s**t was walking past to survey the damage he caused, I told him in no uncertain terms what I was going to do with him when I got hold of him, can't run all the time.

Only I didnt quite phrase it that politely or quietly.

Unbeknown to me the pillock support officer heard all this on the phone, 10 minutes later I had 4 so called police officers on the doorstep, the support officer reported me for threatening behaviour.

I actually blew up and asked the so called plod what about the window, can't prove it was him, so I asked can you prove it was me she heard on the phone.

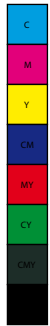
At this point I got a penny lecture and was told to appologise to the support officer in question, to which I politely tod them to ***** off – a bit stupid at the time but I was sooo annoyed!

At this point. I got dragged down to the police station for 5 hours i refused to have a caution, and have now been bailed to reappear.

And they promised me I would be charged with breach of the peace and threatening behaviour.

Go for it I told them I will deny this to the bitter end and scream from the rooftops about how utterly incompetent and disgraceful this so called police force actually is.

If they think for one minute I won't dig my heels in and go from court to court to bring this to everybody's attention then they are sadly mistaken.





We wait with baited breath to see what happens next, all the time the little **** is walking around to terrorise some one else.....”

So this is what passes for justice in this country now! *The police have turned from protecting the innocent to protecting criminals! In this case they couldn't be bothered to come round to check on a decent man when his house was attacked, but FOUR of them turned up to protect the piece of scum who had attacked his house! No wonder more and more people have totally given up on the POLICE FARCE when they behave this way! if you think that the police should actually protect DECENT people and go after criminals NOT the other way around then do what more and more people are doing:*

Today The Sun

Well, the sun is shining at full blast, and this is enough to make today an altogether better day! Just to prove it, Nick has been successful in his application to attend UWIC for Teacher Training, and, at first glance, the finances of the thing seem to be not too bad. So, fingers crossed. He's talking now about staying on at Uni after the TT Course, to study for a Masters Degree. I hope he does, then if he wants to go to Oz/Canada/New Zealand, then good luck to him.

Following on from the hugely publicised divorce of Paul McCartney, and the ridiculously high settlement, I received a YouTube of Eddie Murphy, on that subject! It's really good, so I've sent it to some of my friends. (You)! I just want to make 2 points about the YouTube; 1. I didn't send it to everybody, and didn't put it on my blog, as some of the language is pretty hot!, and 2. I truly hope that those who I did send it to, are not offended by the lingo! I know, I know. Some of you are quiet, mild-mannered folk who have led a sheltered life, and it's you who (that's good, innit? yooahoo!) I'm worried about. 'Specially Twiners and TUPC! Hence the selectivity. No, no, no. This doesn't mean that I've sent it to loud, coarse folk with no couthity. *Justgood friends!*

It never ceases to surprise me that my blogs which receive the most hits (readers) are ones which some of you don't reckon. By far the biggest number of hits has been the Anguilla blogs. Blimey, must run into the hundreds, several times over. Yet only 2 people said on my poll, that they enjoyed them. Strange. Very strange. Certainly the most hits recently, was/is the



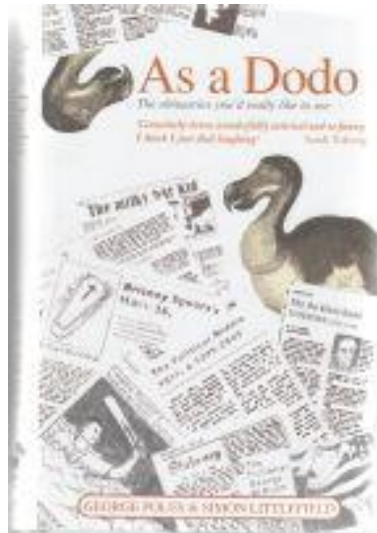


blog on Pearl Cornioley. Good! I've just been reading-up on heroines of the French Resistance during the last war. I tell you – they really are very special people. Mainly, but not all, French citizens. Let no-one ever doubt the courage of women. Perhaps I shall put references in my blog to some of their exploits, so that you can read them if you should wish to do so. You can start with Pearl herself, if you wish. You can find everything here and I promise you – you'll not be sorry. I think she must have enjoyed this pose as they are so similar. Don't you think?

You were a good 'un, Pearl. Bless yer, mate.

What Price Democracy?

I think that anybody with an ounce, or more, of intelligence will agree that in both the UK and the USA, we live in what at best we can call – a bad democracy. Forgive me if I concentrate on the UK! (*This is because 1. I have no right whatsoever to comment on anybody else's system, and 2. We've got enough problems of our own in the UK without having to worry about yours!*).



Now. It's not really a democracy at all! *En verite*, we have the choice of





one of two political parties, to decide who ‘rules’ us for the next umpteen years. Other votes, whilst totally understandable and wholly praiseworthy, have little relevance as to who bullies us next.

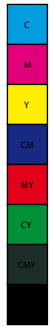
In endeavouring to get us to elect their pathetic parties, these two promise us the earth and tell us all sorts of statistical lies about their sad performances. Being politicians, once elected, they can safely retreat to their second homes in London – out of the reach of *commoners* (you and I) – and renege on all that they have promised, which they do with no shame whatsoever, and with monotonous regularity. Once in London, they can join their thieving colleagues in ripping off Joe Public and doing absolutely everything that the public do not want, with impunity. (Impunity because.....they make the laws!).

Anyway. All I want to say is that today, I read an ‘Obituary to Democracy!’ Very good it is, too. Dickiebo’s version of the article;

Democracy – or ‘force of the people’ – was born around 508 BC, in Athens, where it granted ‘power to the people’. *Oh yes, that is except unreliable types such as slaves, women, children and foreigners!!!!* In England, democracy eventually gave birth to **Parliament**, for which everybody could vote, *oh....er, except unreliable types like women, children, foreigners, the landless, the poor, and anyone the King wasn’t keen on!*

Unfortunately, in the early 20th century, Democracy started showing signs of ill-health. This became clear when some countries showed no interest in it whatsoever, even when it was introduced at gunpoint. Another startling development was the birth of the ‘swing-voter’. *Left is left and right is very right and I’ll vote as my Mummy and Daddy did, regardless.* But, what decided the elections, were the small numbers of ‘swing-voters’, who varied what party they voted for. This meant that our wonderful politicians needed only to concentrate on *these few voters*. And so was born Dave and his American opposite, Bud.

Dave had 1.2 kids, had recently upgraded his Vauxhall Vectra to a BMW 3 Series, and bought the Daily Mail, because his wife liked the human-interest pieces and faddy diets. Bud came from the Mid-West, drove an SUV, believed that the best way of stopping people killing each other was to buy more semi-automatic weapons and who watched anything with Ann





Coulter (*whoever the hell she is!*), because his wife thought she talked a lot of good sense, and he had a thing about dominant blondes!

Democracy will be buried at the Church of St. Tony the Straight Kinda Guy, and is survived by US Plutocracy, Russian Oligarchy, Chinese Corporatism, Iranian Theocracy, Iraqi Anarchy, British Cronyism, and an assortment of Despotisms, Tyrannies, and Kleptocracies. But then, this is where we came in.

This article is based upon an article in 'As A Dodo' by George Poles and Simon Littlefield. Summersdale Publishers, West Sussex, and I heartily recommend this book to all who have a similar sense of humour to Dickiebo.

PS. I don't approve of political jokes. I've seen too many of them get elected.

As Time Goes By!

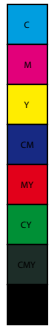
I always say that I hate Good Friday. Well, I do! I used to positively hate to see our church – St. Peter's – without the altar coverings, etc. The church would echo from the emptiness. Of course, that was when Jesus was crucified and makes me thankful that I survive. Some people who did not survive past Easters were:-

1. *Monty. Field Marshall Bernard Montgomery. Died 24 March 1976. Aged 88.*
2. *King Faisal. Assassinated by his nephew on 25 March 1975. Aged 68.*

This got me thinking how lucky I am. 'Cos in the past 6 months, so many have 'gorn' that it's scary! Many household names, including:-

1. *Deborah Kerr.*
2. *Theresa Brewer.*
3. *Lois Maxwell.*
4. *Paul Scofield.*
5. *Arthur C. Clarke.*
6. *Maharishi Maresh Yogi.*
7. *Jeremy Beadle.*
8. *Suharto.*
9. *Heath Ledger.*
10. *Suzanne Pleshette.*
11. *Bobby Fischer.*
12. *Sir Edmund Hillary.*
13. *Benazir Bhutto.*
14. *Oscar Peterson.*
15. *Ike Turner.*
16. *Evel Knievel.*
17. *Ian Smith.*
18. *Hank Thompson.*
19. *Paul Tibbets.*

How many do you know? 1 was a household name when Dickiebo was a kid going to the 'flicks' every Saturday. 6 became world-famous thanks to the Beatles. 8 seemed to be a God in his day. How the mighty are humbled! 12 – the great man from New Zealand. 13 had more courage than was





good for her – she can honestly say that she tried! 17 must be turning in his grave seeing what Mugabe and his racist murderers are up to. 19 – remember him? Captained the ‘Enola Gay’ and by doing so courted controversy, but undoubtedly saved the lives of hundreds of thousands of American and Allied troops.

Time. Here today, and gone tomorrow, but be warned – it passes only too bloody quick for comfort. I know, because.....

IDJUTS

Dickiebo’s awards of ‘Ace Wallys’ are being abused, I fear. I think that a pre-requisite for promotion to a high rank in our Police Force, is that one must hold a Dickiebo Ace Wally! I must, therefore, curtail such awards to such dross senior officers. Sorry.

However. To bridge the gap, I shall install worthy people as ‘**Idjuts!**’ And boy, there are plenty of them in our police!! So, we shall start off with:-

Chief Inspector Stuart Ellison, of Merseyside Police, and their local branch of the Crown Prosecution Service.

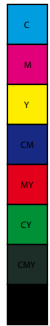
Very briefly; 45 year old Sue Pearson confronted 4 girls who were outside the house shouting and making obscene gestures at Sue’s niece. During the arguments, there was some minor pushing and shoving, before the villains left the scene. Sue had her wrist slightly injured in the incident.

At **11.50pm** that night, our brave police turned up at her home, told her that a girl had been assaulted, and arrested her. She was charged with assault, fingerprinted, DNA swabbed, and **held for 16 hours in a cell**. She later said,

“My stomach just sank to the floor. I was thrown in a cell overnight. I was terrified. I was *shaking and vomiting and crying*. They charged me and I was convinced I would go to prison and lose my children. That was my worst fear.”

Sue was kept waiting for 5 months before her case came to court and.....theMagistrates threw it straight out, as there was no evidence that Sue had done anything wrong!

Ellison said that the force was duty bound to *investigate* all alleged assaults.





CPS said, that there had been “sufficient evidence” to proceed with the case and that the prosecution had been “*in the public interest*”.

Public Interest my arse! It was in the interests of the CPS (‘Tough on Crime’), the Police (ditto, plus Political Correctness, plus ‘aren’t I a good boy, can I be promoted please?’) and the individual officers who effected this great arrest. (Wonderful target-meeting lads). I’m afraid that I don’t, as yet, have the details of the officers concerned, but I do hope to obtain them and will let you know.

Now. Points to ponder;

1. Just why was it necessary to keep this woman in a stinking cell **for 16 hours**? Was it really necessary? No, of course not. So why? Well, I’ll tell you. Because the police have the authority to do this. *Be warned*. Every extra piece of authority given to our police, is at the mercy of the police as to how it is used. And we see *how* they use it. This type of incident, which is now sadly very common, the work of the ‘hate-police’, the total abuse of traffic cameras to raise revenue, are all examples of the dangers of creating a state-police with wide powers.

2. Why were not any of the girls charged for one of the obvious offences disclosed? “...duty to investigate all offences...” my arse. As usual, the police pick and choose which offences they will deal with and which they will totally ignore. And they don’t seem to be on the same wavelength as Joe Public, that’s for sure. And, seemingly, unanswerable!

I’ll let Sue’s solicitor have the last word;

James Murray, said: “*Bringing this case was political correctness gone mad.*”

“*Mrs Pearson is a law-abiding citizen who did what anyone of us would do if we saw children misbehaving on the street.*”

“*But the police immediately took the side of the children involved – they did not give Mrs Pearson any credit for her good character.*”

And so say all of us!

