



THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF RETIRED POLICE OFFICERS

Derbyshire Branch

2020

CHAIRMAN'S CHAT



//

What a year 2020 has turned out to be.

I am sure you don't need me to expand on that sentence at all.

We were unable to hold our last Annual General Meeting, scheduled at Police Headquarters on 10 May, so no election of officers or committee has taken place since 2019.

We will be doing our best to organise the 2021 AGM in the coming weeks and hopefully will take place face to face in the normal way.

However, if that option is deemed to not be possible, the committee will look at alternatives, such as Zoom or Microsoft Teams.

The Branch Committee has been meeting regularly using Zoom and it has worked very well.



01/20 September 2020

With all of our planned activities including coach trips, new and established social get togethers and committee meetings all cancelled because of Covid, there has been very little happening for me to chat about.

We have of course had a number of new members joining us and I would like to warmly welcome them all to the Branch. Similarly, over the same period several of our members have passed away and my sincere condolences go out to all of their families and friends. I know that the restrictions in place because of Covid have restricted the number of mourners able to attend funerals causing even more stress to families. I am really sorry that because of my wife Gail's medical condition, coupled with the Covid restrictions I have not been able to attend the funerals of any of our members. My thoughts however have been with you. Full details can be found in the report by the Secretary.

The Derbyshire Constabulary now has a new Chief Constable following the retirement of the previous one, Peter Goodman. The new Chief is the previous

Deputy, Rachel Swann. I have written to both Peter and Rachel offering them the Branch's best wishes for the future.

Because of Covid, members of the Branch Committee have been asked to try and establish contact with as many members as possible – just to say hello and make sure they are OK. Should you have any problems do feel free to give me a ring or drop me an email. I hope that the Branch can get back to whatever our new "normal" will be in the very near future but any decisions on this however will be tempered by Government and medical advice. As things stand at present it is most unlikely that we will be able to meet up in person before the New Year at the earliest.

Till then, please stay safe and enjoy the slower pace of life whilst you can.

David Ashley

Updates from the Secretary

Well, What a year! Unprecedented – How often was that word used! It fits with 'Pandemic'. We started with a flourish. Then on the 23rd March, 2020, Lockdown due to the Coronavirus Pandemic and the Government started using that word. It summed up what we were all going through. My heart goes out to those who had loved ones in Hospital and Care Homes. They were not able to visit and, in some cases, they were unable to see them when they passed. Restrictions were imposed on funerals and we were unable to supply the drape etc to be able to give them the fitting tribute they deserved.

All the hard work that the Committee had put in to arrange the Socials, Coach Trips and Meals were all cancelled. Hopefully if we get a vaccine and/or restrictions are lifted and if our members are happy we will start again in 2021.

We had to cancel our Annual General Meeting at Headquarters on the 10th May, 2020 but the rules allowed us to elect the Committee for this year 20/21, at our next

Committee Meeting which we held on the 8th July, 2020 when the present Committee were re-elected en bloc. The virtual meeting was held by Zoom. What would we have done if we didn't have the internet and social media. I wish I had bought shares in 'Zoom'. A big thanks to Ian Louch for keeping our Facebook site and of course Pete Wise for keeping the website up to date.

We had a bright moment during this gloomy period, ex Pc Frank Shaw celebrated his 100th Birthday on the 23rd May, at his Care Home. The staff were very good in helping NARPO and the branch made Frank a Life Member. The Care Home presented Frank with his certificate and took photographs on our behalf.

I hope you saw the article in the last NARPO News. Frank back in 1974, whilst driving his traffic car, was kidnapped by an armed escapee from Broadmoor and told to drive to Blackpool where he handed himself in. Fortunately, Frank was not harmed.

I big thank you to those members who offered help to those members less fortunate during the lockdown, you know who you are.

You will have probably seen that coach trips have resumed by Slacks Tours, which we use, but we have taken the position, that as the majority of our membership are classed as vulnerable, we will not book any coach trips until Spring 2021 at the earliest. I hope you understand. It certainly isn't fun wearing a face mask for an hour or longer. The same goes for Meals/Socials. We are reviewing the situation but are guided by restrictions placed on us by the Government.

The Committee now hold their meetings by Zoom, so if there is anything you would like us to discuss don't be afraid to let us know.

Please let me know, if you have any changes in your contact details ie.address, email address or telephone number. Let Ian Louch know via Facebook or give me a ring on 01773 609043 just to check and have a chat.

Keep well and keep safe.

Sean Murphy

Sports Club.

Corporate tickets are available for a variety of venues for members only Chatsworth, Magna Science, Conkers, West Yorkshire Safari Park, Crich Tramway, Whitepost Farm, Butterfly House etc.

Full details are on our website in the 'download section'.

To book via email at:
HQ.Reception@Derbyshire.
PNN.Police.UK

or HQ.CentralSupport@
Derbyshire.PNN.Police.UK

or by telephoning, during
office hours to

HQ Reception, dial **101** and
ask for reception.
B Div. **0300 122 8016.**
C Div. **0300 122 8258**
D Div. **0300 122 8010.**

You will need to show that you are a member when collecting tickets, e.g; if you are still in the Lottery, it will show on your pension slip that monies are being taken out. You also have to be present at the venue, so you will have to accompany the children and grandchildren!

Retired Sports Club Members

Christmas Chatsworth Tickets 2020

Contact: Elizabeth Whittemore, Central Business Support Manager. Tel
No: 05177 / 0300 122 4648

The Force is privileged to have seven Chatsworth tickets; two at HQ, one at Buxton HQ, two at St Mary's Wharf and two at Chesterfield HQ which entitles Sports Club Members free admission into the House, Gardens and Farm.

Please note Car Parking charges do apply.

The Chatsworth House Christmas display starts on 7 November 2020. Using the eight week rule sports club members can start to apply for the tickets from 7 September 2020.

To make the process fair to everyone, once again Headquarters Business Support staff will be administering this for all the Chatsworth tickets. We will accept requests two months prior to the date they require for example on the 9th September you can request a ticket for 9th November.

All applications will be printed off the next day giving staff 24 hours to request a ticket.

Requests will be sorted into locations i.e. HQ, B, C, D, given a number and a random generator will select the winning numbers.

The lucky winners will be notified by email.

If staff wish to chance their luck by asking for multiple locations, a separate form needs to be completed for each location.

We will only accept one request from a sports club member per location.

If you happen to be one of the winners you will not be able to enter into the draw again.

In the event of a ticket being cancelled, a re-draw will take place for that date using the previous requests.

Staff and officers who are off long-term sick, maternity leave or retired can email:
**HQ.CentralSupport@Derbyshire.
pnn.police.uk**

If you are unsuccessful with one date you can keep trying for other dates.

New Members

The following have become members since the Annual Report:

Margaret Davis
widow of ex Pc Barry Davis
Jeff Wilson
Paul Phoenix
Carl Scrimshaw
Julie Fay Thomas
Pete Moss
Roland Frank Lewis-Philips
Karl Mortimer
David Robert Heaps
Janet Hulme
Mark Steven Jennison
Sandra Maureen Barker
Gary Small
Mrs. Lyn Bell
widow of ex D/Insp John Bell
Paul (Fred) Bassett
Mark Andrew Walker
Mrs Jane Gladwin
widow of DS Graham Gladwin
Paula Doyle
Roderick James Harris
David Anthony Brown
Robert Finlay
Paul Weston
Dee Collins
Russell Parish
Peter Andrew Henderson

Mrs. Barbara Mary Fenwick
widow of ex Supt. Anthony
Nicholas Fairfax Fenwick
Adrian Gascoyne
Robert Ian Annable
Stephanie Thandi
Rebecca Louise Wilde
Richard David Smith
Frank Christopher Murpphy
Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth
Tremayne Kemp
widow of Pc Phillip Cole
Clive Wesley Grayson
Daryl Roland Robotham
Mark Johnson
Julie Anne De Nardo
Michael Eccleshare
Andrew Govan.
Trevor Varney
Frances Varney
Mark Andrew Taylor
Paul Furniss
Mrs Karen Julie Wilkinson widow
of Sgt (395) John Phillip Wilkinson
Andrew James Knowles
Mrs. Susan Wilkinson
widow of Pc (1208) John Wilkinson.

"I Hate Early Turn" *a reminisce by John Louch*

Of all the shifts I worked in the police force, I found early turn to be the worst. As a result, I approached it with dread. I was alright once I was at work, but I hardly ever slept the night before in case I should oversleep. It completely ruined my social life. This was particularly the case in the early years, whilst I was in my probation.

When Maureen and I first got married, we set up home in a furnished flat just over the county boundary in Leicestershire, in Castle Donnington. I had to obtain special permission to live there as everybody before me had been required to live within the Borough Boundary. As I had an Issetta Bubble Car, it was thought that this would be okay.

It was at first, when the vehicle was in good working order. However, in April 1960 we got the chance of a thatched cottage in the village of Diseworth. We snapped this up at a rent of ten shillings(50p) per week, and started to purchase furniture. On H.P. of course. The downside was that this village was a further five miles away from Derby. This also made it awkward for Maureen, who by that time was working

at British Oxygen on Raynesway. In order to get there, she had to get three buses. As far as I was concerned, I was still alright. Then at about this time the bubble car, after regular use locally, and two weeks holiday in Devon and Cornwall and Scotland over a period of two years began to act up, and needed money spending on it. This was something we did not have much of. As a result, difficulties in getting to work began to arise.

One morning when I went to the bubble car, and found that it would not start, I rushed down the village street, hoping to get a lift on the main road. After I had left the house Maureen was woken by the Leicestershire policeman, who had been contacted at his police house at Castle Donington by the Derby Borough Police who had asked him to knock me up and instruct me to report to the Duty Inspector at Derby. This meant that he had to get out of bed, get dressed, and cycle the three miles from Castle Donington to Diseworth. When he knocked at the door of our house, Maureen poked her head out of the bedroom window, upon which the policeman said, "Morning missus, is your son in?" Maureen at that time was only 21 years of age, and newly married. When I eventually

arrived at the Police Station in Derby, I reported as requested, to the Duty Inspector. He pointed out to me the error of my ways, in being 30 minutes late for duty and as a result ordered me to work an extra two hours at the end of my shift. This I accepted without question, as no record was made of this punishment.

On another occasion, Maureen and I were attending a dance in the Village Hall in Diseworth, when I saw Maurice Underwood, the Constable from Breedon-On-The-Hill beckoning to me from the doorway. I said, "What's the matter?" He replied, "Your're supposed to be at work on nights." I'm not," I replied, "It's my night off." Maurice then replied, "No! that's tomorrow night. Anyway, Inspector Wiltshire wants you to ring him straight away."

Expecting the worst, I went to the phone box in the village. I got through to Inspector Ken Wiltshire, who asked where I was, to which I replied, "I'm night off sir." "No, you are not, get to work." I then replied,

"Could I have tonight off, and come to work tomorrow night." He replied, "Get to work."

Whereupon he slammed the phone down.

The car had again broken down, so after putting on my uniform, and walking the one and a half miles to the main road, I managed to get a lift in a lorry, arriving at the Central Police Station in DERBY at 1:00 a.m.

Inspector Wiltshire told me I was to patrol centres. He then said, "You will be deducted 4 hours time off. Do you accept this punishment?" I replied, "Yes sir." After all what could I say, as I was off the next night.

Maurice Underwood the Constable from Breedon On The Hill and his wife became very good friends of Maureen and I, we spent many happy hours together. Sadly, Maurice died when he was quite young. However, we did keep in touch with Sheila, his wife but I believe she has now passed away as we have not had the usual Christmas card for the last couple of years.

The lack of sleep, and the demands on one's time were such that you didn't know where you were half the time. One day, I was ordered to see Superintendent Shipton, the Deputy Chief Constable, following two occasions of being late for early turn. He

said, "Be warned. If you are late again, we will sack you."

I became terrified at this, and when the next period of early turn came around, I was in a right state. One night during a particular week of early turn, I woke up in the dark, looked at the alarm clock. It said quarter past seven. I jumped out of bed, threw on my uniform, and ran out into the street. Looking at the Church clock as I drove past, I saw that it was only twenty-five past three.

However, it was not all doom and gloom. On one of those days when the bubble car refused to start, I made my way down to Sawley Cross Roads, and waited for a suitable lift. This came in the form of a large black car.

The vehicle stopped, and I walked up to the front passenger door. The driver, who was in fact in police uniform said, "The Commander wants you to sit in the back with him." Looking into the rear seat, I saw a gentleman, dressed in what was no doubt the uniform of a very senior officer in the Police Force. I had never met or seen this officer before but thought it best to salute him, and address him as 'Sir'. He asked me where I was going, and I told him that I was going to Derby where I was on duty at 6.00a.m. He then asked me if I usually

hitch hiked to work so I told him of the trouble I had experienced with my vehicle. He then said, "Whereabouts in Derby do you want to go to, the Central Police station or Pear Tree?" I replied, "Pear Tree, Sir if that's alright with you." I wondered at the time how he knew that there were two different police stations, especially as in those days Pear Tree Police Station was nothing more than a converted Air Raid Wardens Post left over from the war.

He went onto ask me how much service I had got in and was I happy in my work. He then said, "How is Charlie Redfern getting on?" I understood that he was referring to Superintendent Redfern, who was third in command of Derby Borough Police and a real strict disciplinarian. "Oh, I understand that he is well sir," I replied. I did not really know as I always tried to keep out of his way.

We eventually arrived at Pear Tree Police Station and parked outside on Pear Tree Road. I got out of the car, thanked the driver, and this senior officer, and gave him another salute, as I thought it was the thing to do. At that moment Sergeant Cyril Moakes came around the Vulcan Island on his bike, and began to turn into

the Police Station yard. He was so busy looking at what I was doing that he nearly fell off.

The large black car then drove off, and the Sergeant said, "Do you know who that was?" He then went onto say, "That young man was the H.M.I. Commander Willis. Did you tell him anything?" "Like what, Sergeant?" I asked. "Did you let your mouth run away with you, and drop us all in it?" he replied. "I don't think so. He did ask me how Superintendent Redfern was." At that Sergeant Moakes turned his back on me and, as he pushed his bike towards the Police Station, I heard him mutter, "God help us!".

At 6:00 a.m. I paraded with the morning shift, and was ordered to patrol the area that included Pear Tree and Normanton Roads. At 9:00 a.m. I returned to Pear Tree Police Station for breakfast. This I had purchased from one of the many butcher's shops in Pear Tree Road for two bob (two shillings or 10p in today's money). This consisted of one egg, two rashers of bacon two sausages, a piece of black pudding, a small piece of steak, and a piece of liver. These ingredients I passed to the lady cleaner at the Police Station, together with some lard and a piece of bread that I had brought from home, and she cooked it for me, together with the breakfasts for the other officers on duty.

Sometimes the breakfasts were cooked by a Police Officer who had been designated as fatigues. With variable results I might add!

I had just finished eating when Sergeant Moakes entered the Refreshment Room. He looked at me, and said, "P.C. Louch get yourself down to HQ. Superintendent Redfern wants to see you immediately." I replied, "Is there transport Sergeant?" He looked at me over the top of his glasses and said, "Transport! Transport! Well we all know that you are best friends with the H.M.I. but that does not give you the right to transport. Now get off your backside and either get a bus or walk, but get down there as soon as possible."

I walked out of the yard and onto Pear Tree Road where there was a bus stop. When the first trolley bus came along, I jumped onto the platform at the rear, and clinging onto the pole, travelled into town.

When the trolley bus stopped outside Ranby's (later Debenhams), I thanked the "Ducky", or Conductress, and made my way to the Central Police Station in Full Street. In those days, we often used to hitch a ride on a bus to get to a destination quickly.

On arrival at the Central Police Station, I reported to the Station Sergeant who, on that day was Sergeant Ken Hassall. Ken when he was off duty was a pleasure to be with. However, when on duty he could be very strict, and as a result he was a man to be feared by all probationers.

"What have you been up to now young Louchie? Charlie Redfern wants to see you urgently," he said. "I have no idea Sergeant," I replied. It was then with a certain amount of trepidation that this probationary constable mounted the stairs, and knocked on the door of the Superintendent's office.

"Come in", said a voice, and at that I entered. "Ah! Come in, Its John isn't it," said the Superintendent. He then went on, "I understand you arrived on duty this morning in the company of H.M.I. Commander Willis. "Did he say when he was coming?"

Thinking to myself that it would be very unusual for such a high-ranking officer to divulge his plans to me, I replied, "No sir, we just spoke about things in general. He did ask how you were sir." At that the Superintendent said, "What did you say?" "I said that as far as I knew you were in good health". He then said, "Are you sure he didn't give even the

slightest hint of when he might be coming." "Not as far as I am aware sir." I replied. Superintendent Redfern then told me to return to my beat.

I went back downstairs and told Sergeant Hassall what had happened. When I had finished his face broke out into a smile which then became almost uncontrollable laughter, enough to split his sides. He looked at me and said, "Deary me! You'll be the death of me. Get back on your beat."

So, I went back to Pear Tree Police station where I told Sergeant Moakes about my interview with Superintendent Redfern. He too, started to laugh in an almost hysterical fashion. I returned to my beat, wondering what all the fuss was about and why two of the senior sergeants found it a cause for such merriment.

I later found out that Charlie Redfern and Commander Willis had served together in Germany just after the war. When Commander Willis visited Derby Borough Police every year to carry out the Inspection would always publicly put Charlie Redfern through a tough time, much to the delight of the rest of the force.



Frank Shaw receiving his
Life Membership from
Carer Becci Paul

Obituary

To the families, relatives and friends of our retired and serving colleagues who have passed away since the Annual Report, we extend our sympathies and support. May all who have departed rest in peace.

Pc Philip Lowe
Sgt Graham Walton
Mrs. Phyllis Mary Brown
(widow of Sgt 314 Philip vBrown
Mrs Brenda Pedley
widow of Pc Brian Pedley
Insp David Webster
Mrs. Doreen Rodgers
wife of ex D/Sgt Dennis Rodgers
Mrs. Elsie May Smithurst
widow of ex Pc Derek Smithurst
Detective Inspector John Bell
Supt. Anthony Nicholas Fairfax
Fenwick Pc (633)
John aka Jack Martin
Pc Keith Westran
Mrs. Iris Chalkley widow
of C/Insp John Chalkley
D/Sgt Graham Gladwin
Insp. David Robert Skinner
Mrs Dot Oliver
widow of Sgt Don Oliver

Mrs Doreen Horton widow of Pc
Sidney Horton.
Pc John William Henry Keetley
Mrs. Ellen Ollerenshaw widow of
Pc Clive Ollerenshaw.
Pc Michael John Downes
Mrs Sheela Fidler wife of ex Sgt.
Brian Fidler Mrs Thorp wife of
ex Insp. Anthony Thorp Insp Lee
Collison
DC James John Reid (BTP) husband
of ex DC Karen Reid
Pc Walter Leslie Buswell
Sgt. Brian Fidler
Pc (1144) Phillip Ralph Cole
Insp Raymond Thomas Haynes
Mrs. Patricia Jean Thorpe wife of
ex Sgt. Albert Alan Thorpe
DC Howard Graham Loydall
Sgt. John Shaw
Sgt. John (395) Phillip Wilkinson
Pc John (1208) Wilkinson