



**Hastings &  
Rother  
NARPO**



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Vice-Chair



**John Levett**  
Secretary



**Karen Paine**  
Treasurer and Welfare

# Phoenix News



**Issue 3**

**August, 2023**

## News from our Chair

It was great to see so many of you attending our last meeting/buffet, and also good having you sharing your ideas for the future in the way the group is run and for events and venues. The more of you that attend and share your thoughts, the stronger we will become as a Branch. Thanks to Rev. Mike Turnbull. You did us proud with the quiz but it was a little worrying when he advised me—"That was one of the easier ones!!!!"

We are working on exploring different venues, but obviously viable locations and sufficient parking are important issues, so please bear with us. We are also looking to hold our meetings/buffets in the afternoon during the winter months too. It is a chore sometimes, as I know only too well, to get motivated and out of the armchair when it is dark, cold and rainy!!

Kaz, who sorts the 'Phoenix News' out for us (thank you Kaz) is well impressed with your contributions so far. Isn't it reassuring that all of us who served with the Police are able to see the funny side of things ..even if the joke was on us.

Stay safe everyone and catch up soon.  
All the best - Dave

## Our Secretary—John Levett

### The Mystery of the Missing Jeans.

In 2012 I was in the Met working on Op Tuleta, an investigation into News International journalist hacking computers. One of the complaints was from Gordon Brown (the Ex PM) and after our initial investigation it was apparent that all the offences had occurred in Scotland and outside our jurisdiction. I arranged a meeting with the SIO from Police Scotland at their Headquarters just outside Edinburgh to handover the job.

The Admin Dept booked myself and one of the Detective Constables into a hotel in Edinburgh. The plan was that we would travel up the day before the meeting on the train from London, stay overnight, attend the meeting with our Scottish colleagues in the morning, and travel back to London after the meeting had finished. Unfortunately, the day we planned to travel I had to attend a family funeral in Brighton so I told the DC to make his own way up on the train to Edinburgh with the papers and I would travel from Brighton to Edinburgh after the funeral.

As it turned out we both arrived at the hotel within an hour of each other. The Hotel was over the bridge from Edinburgh Waveley just off the Royal Mile. We met in the hotel bar; he was dressed casually in his Jeans and a jumper and I had my suit on. We agreed to have a quick freshen up and change then meet back in the bar and go out for a curry on the firm. We both had rooms on the 7<sup>th</sup> floor of the hotel. We he came down; he told me that his jeans had disappeared from his room. He said he got undressed leaving his jeans on the bed. His wallet, loose change and watch were left on the side. He had gone into en-suite bathroom which was next to door the main door to the room. He sat in the bath with the door open listening to the news on the TV. He was sitting in the bath facing the door. When he got out to get dressed his jeans were missing but nothing else had gone. He was adamant that no one could have entered the room without him seeing. We turned the room upside down and there was no trace of his jeans, which incidentally were only cheaper supermarket ones. No one could have got in the



window as we were on the 7<sup>th</sup> floor and there were no other doors to the room. We went to reception and persuaded security to allow us to view the CCTV. We watched him enter the room but no one else entered the room until he came out again.

The two Scotland Yard Detectives were baffled and we never found the jeans. When I got back, I told the story to my daughter and she did some internet research. She told me that there were lots of reports of the hotel being haunted and strange things happening. But why would a ghost want a pair of supermarket jeans? It remains a mystery to me!

Cheers!

### Memories from Mick Davies

I always remember my first day at Bexhill...

December 1990 and I had just enlisted at Lewes and been issued with my uniform. A full two weeks in service, aged 42 years. It was just before Christmas and the training centre at Ashford was closed, so we were advised to attend our local nick to get some idea of what goes on, but not to do any police work. I phoned and spoke with my new Skipper, Mike Ticehurst. He told me to pop in after briefing about 0700hrs the next day.

Donning my uniform complete with Old Sweat Army medal ribbons, I reported to the front office to be met by Frank. I told him I had been told to come in after briefing. "The briefings still going on", he said, directing me into the Magistrates Court. There sat numerous officers and they were being addressed by Mick Groombridge. I told him I'd just joined Bexhill. "Hi" he says "sit up there and you can pair up with Russ Palmer". So I sat through this briefing, amazed that Bexhill had so many officers and it became apparent that we were doing some simultaneous drug busts. Now I'm really excited.

At the end of the briefing Mick asked for any questions. As a local I knew the area and asked if we had anyone in the alleyway at the back of the flats. (This cemented the idea that I was an experienced officer). "No need they never run!" says Mick. So we head to Wilton Road and enter the block. I'm standing outside Flat 4 with Russ who then tells me that the occupant has a Rottweiler. Great! But we do have a fire extinguisher. We smashed the door down and here I go a bit hazy. I'm told that a certain officer (ex SAS) hit the Rotty over the head with the fire extinguisher, knocking it out. I think he was meant to squirt it!

The occupant, Terry, jumped out of the window into the alleyway. Without a thought I ran outside into the top of the alley. I couldn't see him but I was convinced he was hiding in there. I hid in a bush and after a few minutes he crept past me. Stupidly I jumped out shouting "Stop Police". (I must have got that from Dixon of Dock Green). Obviously he ran like the wind and laden down with my unfamiliar equipment and a radio that I didn't even know how to turn on. I soon lost him. I was running up Endwell Road towards the station when a plain car pulled up and the passenger door flew open. "Quick jump in!" At this point my handcuffs fell out of their pouch. "Sorry. I've dropped my cufflinks". This should have sent alarm bells off but it didn't!

I thought - the public are great. This guy has stopped and he is willing to get involved! He then introduced himself as Owen Popplet. We drove round and it was obvious that we had lost him. We regrouped and I was then partnered up with Simon Macfee (AKA Length). We then started to check gardens. In one I was standing with an officer who will remain nameless, I pointed to the shed, I tried the door but it was locked. This was strange as there was no lock on the outside. I mentioned this and he poo-pooed the idea. Bending to his superior police knowledge I ignored it. A bit later we had a call from a concerned resident that a strange man was in the flat opposite her address. Simon and I approached the door via a fire escape. As we neared the door it opened and there stood Terry mouth



**Hastings & Rother  
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Phone: 07554521629  
E-mail:  
hastingsrother@narpo.org



**NARPO Website:-  
www.narpo.org**

## Reunion

Trish Reeve-Fowkes is organising a reunion for everyone who has served at Hastings or Rother (police and support staff) at The Poppy Club (RBL), Meads Avenue, Little Common TN39 4SZ from 12 noon on Thursday 5th October, 2023.

It will be sponsored by Hastings and Rother NARPO and all members of our Branch are invited to attend.

Feel free to let other ex-colleagues know, whether they are NARPO members or

agape. Simon took off and landed on top of him splattering him to the ground. " You're nicked son!" My first arrest and learning the caution already, just brilliant. In the car on the way back to the nick, (yes we had our own custody then). Terry says -

" I thought you had got me earlier when I was hiding in the shed".

When we arrived back at the nick, Mike Ticehurst was there. "Where have you been? You're not allowed to leave the nick!"

Bit late!  
Cheers!

### A Cautionary Tale from Craig Wenbourne

Prior to joining the police in 2001, I was very fit having rowed for Hastings for many years and run 2 marathons as well as playing regular football. Due to the shift patterns and working many weekends, I found I was no longer able to participate regularly with the team sports as they were mainly at weekends.

Gradually during my time in the police my diet drastically changed - picking up fast food and meal deals on the fly as well as eating the home cooked pastries and cakes brought in by colleagues.

When I retired from the police 18 months ago having been mainly office-based for several years, I weighed 16 1/2 stone at 5' 7 " tall. I was definitely obese!  
Since retiring from the police, I have changed my eating habits and now weigh 13 stone and have been keeping fit.

8 weeks ago I was at home when I felt a pain in my chest and down my left arm I felt very faint. Fortunately my son was with me and called 999. I knew I was having a heart attack .

On attending the Conquest Hospital I was immediately admitted as they confirmed my diagnosis. I stayed in hospital for the next week having 3 separate procedures to fit 3 stents in my heart. Having spoken to the Cardiac team they informed me that although my heart rate, blood pressure and oxygen levels were all very good, the poor Western diet (high in saturated fats and sugar) is responsible for many heart attacks as the fat builds in your arteries over the years and causes blood clots and blockages.

Neither of my parents had heart attacks so I had no immediate family history. I am now following a Mediterranean diet (extra virgin olive oil, seafood, chicken, nuts, fruit and vegetables, whole grains etc) as recommended by the fantastic Cardiac team at the Conquest Hospital who saved my life.

I am now taking 6 different tablets every day to help with my recovery.

Sorry it's not amusing –but well worth reading!

### A Request from Jamie Hayzelden

I acquired a vehicle in August 2022 which is currently undergoing restoration to become a preserved police vehicle as part of a club called Police Car UK.

I rescued the the car, a white 1998 Volvo V70 T5 registration R906 KUF, from a closing museum in Wethersfield, Essex, with the aim of having it displayed at events later this year.



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## Our President Gordon Message



However, I have had a lot of difficulties locating history regarding the car's prior service in Sussex. I've already reached out to several serving and ex-Sussex officers with no luck recognising this exact car's past. I have many images and stories from other cars of the same make and model! However, I do know that my car served between 1998 - 2003.

I am hoping there may be a possibility to reach out to Traffic officers in NARPO who served between the above years, or point me in the right direction to assist me.

Please see attached images of the car as it stands now and also an image of the car's sister at Bexhill.



## Footnotes from Janet Mileham

- ◆ *I expect you know the jokes about white sugar, but have you heard the ones about brown sugar?*  
  
*Dem-are-rarer!*
- ◆ **The average person spends 2 weeks of their life sitting at traffic lights!**
- ◆ Tigers not only have striped fur, but their skin is also striped.

