

**Action!**

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# Race War to Door Wars

By

Joe Owens

2007

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A CIP Catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

ISBN      978-1-4303-2259-7 (hb)  
            978-0-9554462-9-0 (pb)

*I would like to dedicate this book to my late father Joe,  
whose loyalties, not only as a father but also a friend,  
were beyond compare*

*Believe me! The secret of reaping the greatest fruitfulness  
and the greatest enjoyment from life is to live dangerously!*

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche (1844–1900)

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# Introduction

I first thought of writing a book when I read, *No Retreat*, by Dave Hann and Steve Tilzey, a so-called day-to-day account of their fight against the far right. I didn't think much of their book, and as always with the 'anti-fascist' left, they give a distorted view of the far right. They try to pass us off as a bunch of moronic thugs, which is just not the case. They also never seem to get beat in the book, or take a hiding. Strangely, they don't mention me or the trouble I gave the left during the 1980s, when Tilzey and Hann were at the forefront of 'anti-fascism'. I can't believe Tilzey and Hann were unaware of the bother I caused the left in the 1980s. No one on the far right in the UK had written a book giving a history of the fight we took to the far left. So, I decided to write a book and tell our side of the story.

Firstly, I'm not a deranged psycho who goes out beating people up on a daily basis and drawing some twisted thrill from this. I am much more complex than that, and I have only reacted to situations in which I have found myself. I have never used violence or robbery against the law-abiding decent folk of this country and never intend to. I would go to the aid of any person suffering at the hands of the scum that prowl our city streets nowadays. I always remember what my karate teacher, Terry O'Neil, told us during training - "Never leave good people who are being attacked on the street."

This has remained instilled in me always. I have found in the traditional martial arts' ethos and the nationalist outlook value systems to live by.

Not that I haven't been violent – but only to people who have deserved it. In politics, we had no alternative but to defend ourselves from very violent, vicious left-wing mobs. Had we not done so, our political existence would have come to an abrupt end. We would have been on the receiving end of their 'violence'. The left were the ones who started this, by attacking our marches, meetings, paper sales, etc. What were we supposed to do? I hated them then, and would have been prepared to shoot every last one had a nationalist government come to power. I'm not so extreme as that now – I'd settle for giving them a packed lunch and parachute, then kicking them out of an aeroplane over Rwanda or the Congo. They could have all the diversity they wanted there! Remember, this was a political war we were involved in. We saw things in the same way as our opponents: our side was right. I will not condemn any violence that was committed against those Red traitors, and I'm sure they think the same about us.



My work on the club scene has to be looked at, and judged, as someone doing a job – like the police or army. I don't believe all police officers take a great delight in spraying C.S. gas in people's faces, but a twisted one per cent may. There may be bully bouncers on the doors who get their kicks kicking seven shades out of drunks, but that doesn't mean to say I did – I certainly didn't. I was doing a job in very violent, dangerous conditions. I never went out of my way to hurt punters who entered the clubs where I worked, completely the opposite. I defy anyone to say otherwise...

There were plenty into whose horrible faces I shoved knives and bottles before they shoved them into mine. Rightly so – these were not your average punters, but very violent men who could only be dealt with in this way. I don't regret one minute of these actions and never will. All these violent bullies who were glassed, stabbed or had other violence dished out to them deserved what they got. All their lives they were dishing out similar treatment to harmless people, until they met someone who paid them back in their own coin. I'm neither proud nor ashamed of any violence I've had to use on these rats – I was responding to the very violent environment in which I found myself.

I am not a £100,000 a time hit-man for anyone, let alone drug barons. The people I've been wrongly accused of killing lived their lives in a very violent and murderous fashion, finally succumbing to the very violence that had swirled around them all their lives. They entered an arena where violence and death were the game, and finally faced defeat. When you have lived your life in such a fashion, you can't start complaining when it doesn't go the way you want. Sadly, in the worlds of both politics and gangland, I've came across plenty who could dish it out, only to go crying to the police when on the receiving end.

I don't intend to reinvent myself in this book, nor portray myself as other than I am. I will give an unvarnished account of how I've lived my life. I can't turn back the clock, and to be honest I've had one hell of an exciting life, a few ups and downs, but exciting all the same. I don't recommend the (non-political) aspects of this life to anyone. I'm quite lucky to be still alive – plenty I know are either dead or locked up for good... But when all's said and done, nature equipped me for this life, and how can you go against nature?

Part I

# Politics

## Chapter I

# Enter The Dragon

**M**y interest in martial arts was sparked in the period 1972-3. A next-door neighbour showed me some of the judo throws he'd learned. He was a tough kid, called John Taylor, who lived in the house next to ours in Branstree Avenue, Norris Green. Many were the fights I'd had with John as kids – always coming off second best. He was a little older and bigger than me. He had a terrible habit of banging an opponent's head on the ground whilst sitting on him. Strangely, we always seemed to patch things up and remained friends. Often we would be found in each other's back gardens, practising judo throws on each other. I can still remember the names of the throws: harai goshi (sweeping hip throw); tomoe-nage (circle throw) and ippon seoinage (one-arm shoulder throw). John was very good at performing these throws and would have made an excellent judo-ka.

In the early 1970s Bruce Lee and the Eastern martial arts phenomenon exploded onto the big screen. Packed cinemas showed films like Enter the Dragon, The Big Boss and many, many, more. With this development I grew more determined than ever to involve myself in some form of martial arts. I made it my business to try to find a club. At that time I had been boxing at St Theresa's club, under two excellent coaches – Jack Tansy and Arthur Cain. Finding a Judo/Kung Fu club was no easy task, and I remained limited to boxing at St Theresa's.

It was only after moving from junior to senior school that I found someone who knew of such a club. I was informed by a school friend that there was a ju-jitsu club in West Derby – in an old Victorian building called 'The Lowlands'. The classes were held each Saturday morning at 10.30am. Off I went by myself to find this building in West Derby, which, oddly enough, was no great distance from my home in Norris Green. Being only eleven years old and walking to West Derby was quite a feat in that day and age. Eventually I found 'The Lowlands' in a street called Haymans Green. A group of young kids were hanging around outside the building, and I approached one to enquire –

“Is this where they do the ju-jitsu?”

“Yes – and the instructor will be along soon.”

Waiting nervously, I tried to imagine what the instructor would look like, and what deadly techniques we'd be learning. As I daydreamed, a small man came walking through the group of kids who waited outside. He was smartly dressed, unassuming and puffing at a pipe. He began to open a door at the side of the building – I then heard murmured cries of –

“Here he is, here he is.”

I wondered, “Here who is?”

In fact, this was the instructor. I looked at him in dismay, thinking – “Surely not!”

He was not much taller than I was. This was my introduction to James Blundell, Seventh Dan ju-jitsu expert. Appearances can be very deceiving – to look at this man you would not have gained the impression that he was capable of violence, let alone that he had attained the grade of Seventh Dan.

We traipsed downstairs behind him into a cellar-like room. This was divided into two rooms, both covered in judo-style mats. I followed Mr Blundell to a small office where people were paying fees for today's class. Standing in the queue, waiting my turn to pay, I hoped desperately I'd have enough money – given that I didn't know the fee scale. Finally, my turn came, and I said nervously to Mr Blundell,

“It's my first time at the club – can I join please?”

“Of course ye can!”

“How much is it for a lesson, please?”

“Fifty pence, lad,” he replied.

Having stumped up gladly, I was taken back to the small room at the foot of the stairs by one of the assistants. I was lined up with several other kids, and we were told to form up at the end of the mat, and then bow on the instructor's command. After bowing to the instructor, he told several, who had obviously been there before, to carry on practising their break-falls. Side rolling and front break-falls were used to help break the fall when being thrown judo-style.

Myself and the other kids were shown how to break-fall, spending most of the class practising. I cannot remember how long the lesson lasted, but it seemed to pass very quickly. We all lined up again and bowed to the instructor before leaving. Arriving home, I knocked at Stuart Oldfield's house and told him all about the ju-jitsu class I'd attended. When I asked if he fancied going the following Saturday, of course he said yes.

That day could not come quickly enough. That Saturday morning I was up early, knocking on Stuart's door about an hour before the class started. Off we both went to The Lowlands. We arrived about 10am and, waiting outside, spoke to some of the kids I'd seen there last week. Then, like clockwork, Mr Blundell appeared from nowhere, smoking his pipe, happily greeting the kids. Once inside, we went through the usual fee-paying routine. Then it was off to the small room, which must have been reserved for beginners. The same instructor lined us up we all bowed and then carried on learning our break-falls. Stuart soon got the hang of it, with both of us helping and encouraging the other.

To my surprise, the instructor showed us how to do a hip throw. This was not a particularly hard throw to master, and we both soon picked it up. We felt good – we were now learning ju-jitsu moves. After the lesson finished, we ran home and started practising in my back garden, repeating move after move. At five o'clock we went to our respective houses to have our tea and settle down to watch David Carradine in the film, *Kung Fu*.

Funnily enough, I bought the first edition of *Kung Fu* the other month on DVD and was shocked to see just how politically correct it was. The basic theme of the programme is wicked ignorant, racist whites picking on the poor, humble, full-of-wisdom Chinaman. At eleven years of age watching Kwai Chang Cain (Carradine) dispose of all those nasty cowboys (even Indians sometimes!) with jumping, flying kicks and deadly karate chops, I didn't notice the subtext, let alone care about it.

We both carried on training at the Lowlands ju-jitsu club. It was not long before I passed my first belt, a Rokkyu (white belt) on 15th December 1973. A month later I passed my Gokyu, (white-green tab) and eight months after that yonku (solid green). I had also moved into the big room, and was training with older, higher grades. Stuart had also passed his green belt. We both started learning more advanced moves, and I was becoming quite good at some of the new throws and kicks I'd learned.

Now, outside the ju-jitsu club I had a bit of a reputation to uphold and was constantly fighting with other hard kids from the nearby St Theresa's school. There had always been rivalry between the two schools, over football and religion. St Theresa's was a Roman Catholic school and Ellergreen (where I went) was regarded as Protestant. Passing by St Theresa's one night, with Stuart Oldfield, we bumped into some of my rivals. They immediately started a fight with me. I'd already had it with one of their lot, but here he was again with a larger gang. A fight erupted between us and I quickly gained the upper hand. I had him on the ground, punching him, when the rest of his gang started kicking my face and head. I was knocked off him, and just rolled into a ball, taking a severe kicking. Eventually rescued by adult passers-by, I was taken home. When I asked Stuart why he hadn't

helped me he made no reply. When I got indoors and looked in the mirror, I saw two terrible black eyes, swollen shut, that were quite shocking on an eleven year old!

My mum and dad were horrified when they saw me, and wanted to go looking for the mob that had attacked me. I just said to leave it, and went to bed. I must have been off school for about a fortnight. I never spoke to Stuart again. Looking back now, I cannot really blame him for his non-intervention – there must have been about twenty of them. Also, I was quite a fearless young lad and would have fought anyway, even if I'd been alone. From then on, I no longer attended the ju-jitsu though Stuart did, eventually passing his black belt. It would be another twelve years before I started martial arts training again, though for very different reasons...

## Chapter 2

# The National Front

**I**t was at the age of fifteen that I saw, splashed across the TV, rioting in London at a National Front march. I can still vividly remember this and my father's words:

“This is the party we should have running the country – they will stop all these blacks coming in.”

I later learned that the notorious Lewisham riot had made world news. This incident, in 1977, resulted from a march staged by the National Front through a heavily black-populated area. The march was in protest at the mugging of elderly white folk by black criminals. Official police statistics confirmed that the overwhelming majority of the victims were white, the perpetrators black.

The National Front continued to make headlines throughout 1978. It was something that attracted me, something I wanted to get involved with. When I left school that year jobs were hard to come by in Liverpool. There didn't seem to be much to look forward to – other than the prospect of boredom on the dole. The National Front offered an exciting potential alternative. I had often heard my father speak approvingly of Hitler and Sir Oswald Mosley. He claimed they could have solved all the world's problems had the Second World War not been started. He said that the National Front was Britain's only hope – I just had to join.

Joining wasn't easy – I couldn't find anyone who knew how. It was by sheer luck that drinking in a local pub (the Painted Wagon) someone introduced me to an NF member. His name was Timmy McKenna. He had a friend with him, a butcher by trade, whose name was Mark. We decided to meet the following Monday in the Painted Wagon at 7.30pm. I turned up bang on time, to find Timmy and Mark having a drink at the bar. I asked if this was where the meeting was to be held. Timmy intimated that we had to get a bus to Everton Road, and we jumped on a double-decker, getting off at Everton Road. Then we walked along onto Netherfield Road. It was the first time I'd been down Netherfield Road and anyone could have been forgiven for mistakenly thinking that they were in Belfast, Northern Ireland. It was full of Loyalist slogans such as 'For God and Ulster' and 'God Save

The Queen'. It was a strong bastion of support for the Loyalist majority in Northern Ireland, engaged in a brutal war against the IRA.

We headed to a pub called The Tugboat. We got some drinks and found a table to sit at. After about ten minutes, more people started arriving – these were pointed out to me as National Front members. After finishing our drinks, I was told the meeting was just down the road in Arkwright Street. The further one walked down Arkwright, the more reminiscent of Belfast it became. We eventually halted outside a small brick building which had very few windows and a big steel front door.

We entered and I was conducted to a small room on the right. Nothing could have prepared me for what I saw next... Draped across half the room was a massive banner bearing the legend 'Liverpool National Front Branch.' It covered the entire back wall of the room. The small size of the room lent the banner a larger-than-life presence. In front of the banner stood a small table draped in a Union flag, with the cross of St George flanking it on either side. It really did look awe-inspiring. At the other end of the room a small bar furnished drinks.

Nursing my drink, I sat nervously and waited for the meeting to begin. As more and more people arrived, some took up positions behind the small flag bedecked table. I was later to learn that these were the Chairman, Organiser and Treasurer of the branch. The meeting finally got underway, with the Treasurer delivering apologies for those unable to attend the meeting. The Chairman talked about the present state of the National Front, and how only the Front was capable of solving the country's ills. Next was the Organiser – he spoke about forthcoming events around the Merseyside region, and about marches and meetings nationwide. A big guy got up and gave a speech about nationalism, and how we'd fought on the wrong side in WW2. He made a striking speech that held me spellbound. I was only seventeen years old and had heard nothing like it before. When he sat down, he received tremendous applause. The Treasurer read out the minutes of the last meeting and his report. A collection was taken and the meeting closed.

My friend Timmy then introduced me to everyone. The first person was the guy who'd given the great speech I'd just heard. His name was Billy Clarkson. Billy was a big imposing man, well over six feet, with a distinctive broken nose. We spoke for some time, and hit it off straight away. He was an ex Irish Guardsman and long time nationalist who worked as a taxi driver. Dave Jones was the organiser and also a long-term nationalist. He was a nice guy who worked as a market trader. He came across to me as rather a posh sort. The Chairman was a man called Billy Hair, who lived in Kirkby, not far from me. He was a school teacher by profession, and



reminded me of the comedian and broadcaster Willy Rushton. Reg Douglas was an old Second World War spitfire pilot, now Treasurer for the Liverpool National Front. The next guy to be introduced to me was John Williams. A school caretaker, like the rest of them he was a veteran nationalist. All had been involved with Colin Jordan and the National Socialist Movement. John Williams was the type of person you would find hard to forget. He had a Sovereign ring on each finger, and every second word out of his mouth was 'Cunt'. This seemed to refer to anyone who did not agree with the policies of the National Front. All the same, he seemed a decent enough guy. Another young kid, maybe a bit older than myself, was introduced to me. His name was Keith Morgan, and he was heavily into the Rockabilly music scene. He was, in addition, youth leader of the Young National Front. Timmy, Mark and I stayed, buying more drinks and chatting to everyone present. We bought some National Front papers which were on sale. We finally left at about 11pm and made our separate ways home.

When I eventually arrived home, I could not wait to tell my dad about the meeting and show him the papers I had purchased. I was really over the moon. The following week I met Timmy and Mark, and off we went to what I now know to be an Orange Lodge club. Travelling again to Rose Vale, at the bottom of Arkwright Street, this time I felt more relaxed. I spoke to those I'd met the week before, with a bit more confidence this time. I had hit it off with Billy Clarkson and his charming girlfriend Rita Gunnery. I listened to him intently on his nationalist viewpoint. Billy was actually a fervent national socialist. In every speech he gave at meetings he always ended up praising Adolf Hitler – Billy could really keep an audience on the edge of their seats. Also present at this week's meeting was a big guy called Jimmy McGhee who worked at the Moss Side Hospital in Maghull, Merseyside, now called Ashworth. Like Billy Clarkson, Jimmy was a big man, and I hit it off with him too.

I continued to attend meetings with Timmy and Mark. Christmas came and went, and we were into 1979. As the year progressed, Timmy and Mark started to miss meetings frequently; eventually they stopped going completely. I continued to attend the meetings and became totally hooked on nationalism. As each meeting passed, I grew more and more aware of the dark forces of Marxism and world Jewry, hell-bent on destroying Britain and western civilization. I began to read more of the literature at the meetings about the Second World War and the Holocaust. From a nationalist viewpoint, the Second World War was catastrophic for both Britain and Europe – the Holocaust a gigantic con.

The 1979 general election was now looming and candidates for Merseyside had to be found. It was announced by Head Office that the NF intended to field 300 candidates. This was the biggest push in the party's history – only

the National Front could offer a real alternative to the old guard parties. John Fishwick, from Wallasey, was NF Merseyside Organiser, and held regular meetings on the Wirral. He worked as a self-employed milkman and had been a Tory councillor. The first time I met John Fishwick was just prior to the general election. He had decided to attend the Liverpool meetings in order to co-ordinate activities in the general election run-up. Several Wirral members, including his wife Audrey, John Blisset and Steve Farrell, accompanied him.

As the date of the May election drew closer, National Front rallies, meetings and marches were planned across the country. The first election meeting I went to was in the Railwayman's Club on Ullett Road, Toxteth. Now why someone would pick a place like Toxteth to meet baffles me. Anyway, in we piled – about 200 members and supporters, and started the meeting. As John Tyndall and his wife Valerie entered the meeting they received a rousing reception. John Fishwick chaired the meeting and hadn't even been talking for five minutes before staff realised who was meeting in their club. The NF had, after all, booked the meeting under the pseudonym of the Liverpool Political Debating Society. This was a tactic the NF was forced to employ most of the time, as property owners were not too willing to risk their pub or club being smashed up by our left-wing opponents.

The electricity supply was terminated and the meeting continued in the dark. Candidates from Liverpool gave short speeches about the growth and success of the party locally. Howard Hawksley, who was standing in Edge Hill, gave a brief talk on the growth of the Young National Front in Liverpool. Mike Cowley, the Regional Organiser, spoke about the strength and calibre of our YNF members. Before long the police turned up, as well as about 50 of the Anti Nazi League... The police informed us that we must vacate the premises. We did as we were told, but having seen that there two hundred or so of us, the fifty anti-fascists had quietly left before we emerged from the club.

The next big meeting was planned for New Brighton, on the Wirral. We had arranged to meet at 7.30 outside the Empire Theatre. Most of the lads outside the Empire that night were skinheads from the YNF. Tommy Brannigan had brought along some Everton supporter heavies. Tommy was a big fearsome guy from Norris Green. His name was familiar long before I joined the NF. He had a reputation as a local hard case and street fighter. Tommy was a regular fan of Everton FC, but a hooligan also. Around forty had turned up outside the Empire and we chanted,

“The National Front is a white-man's front – join the National Front!”

Across the road, at the bus stops outside Saint George's Hall, people nervously awaited their buses. Looking back, I suppose they must have

been terrified. Forty assorted skinheads and football hooligans, chanted, and screamed abuse at any non-whites who passed-by. After some time Steve Farrell arrived from the Wirral – in a big double wheelbase Bedford van. We all piled into this, and headed off to New Brighton.

We had arranged to pick up some NF members en route, at a public house called the Twenty Row Inn. Unbeknown to us, about sixty Reds had recently entered the pub in search of NF stragglers to attack. The four NF guys in the pub at the time just kept quiet. They calmly sipped their drinks as they waited for the Reds to leave. We arrived literally minutes after the opposition had left. Had we walked into the pub while the Reds were present, someone could easily have been killed – and it would not have been one of us. Anyway, we all trooped back into Steve Farrell's van and made our way to the New Brighton meeting. Arriving at the venue, we faced what must have been about a thousand Reds – they shouted and screamed, "The National Front is a Nazi front – smash the National Front!"

The police managed to keep them away from the meeting, preventing any violent confrontation. The meeting itself was very well attended, with a mixture of skinheads and more 'respectable' people. John Tyndall rose and gave an excellent speech emphasising how the NF was Britain's last chance. He concluded his oration with the words, "When the last white man leaves Britain, switch the light off!"

Everyone at the meeting was on their feet, giving him a standing ovation. Skinheads stamped their approval on the floor, while roaring, "Tyndall! Tyndall! Tyndall!"

It really moved me, listening to the applause JT received. I felt fired up for any confrontation that might arise outside.

Sadly there was none, as the police had the situation well under control. With the rival factions kept strictly apart there was little to do but return to Liverpool. We travelled back in Steve Farrell's Bedford van, getting dropped at the Empire theatre. Everyone made their separate ways home. I caught a 14c bus home with some lads I'd brought from Norris Green, and plastered it with NF stickers. When I got home my dad told me about the publicity we'd generated. The local news media had given the meeting massive coverage. That night I hardly slept thinking about the night's events and the thunderous applause JT had received.

Many more meetings and marches went ahead all over the country. These brought the NF unprecedented amounts of publicity. A meeting which turned out to be particularly important was the Southhall election meeting. The NF was fielding a candidate in the area, and a hall had been hired for a public meeting. Serious rioting broke out. It involved left-wing and Asian

demonstrators against the police. It ended with a left-wing demonstrator being killed. His name was Blair Peach – a half-Maori New Zealander. He was also both a teacher and member of the SWP. The NF received tons of publicity over this incident, despite the fact he was killed by the police Special Patrol Group. Blair Peach's death became a left-wing 'cause celebre'. The other marches and rallies staged up and down the country during the election campaign added to the NF's image. The NF fielded a record 300 candidates, but lost deposits in every constituency contested. The consensus was that we had been out-flanked on the right... We blamed Margaret Thatcher's 'we are being swamped' speech for the lack of an electoral break-through.

Another election meeting I attended, on 20 August, 1979, after the May general election was held at Farnworth Town Hall, Greater Manchester. As we entered the hall in support of local NF candidate, Mr John Hamilton, we were greeted with a hilarious display of dummies of German Nazi leaders in front of a banner reading "Webster's Heroes". Several hundred Reds had assembled outside, screaming their usual abuse. Martin Webster gave an excellent speech, if I remember rightly.

At the next Liverpool meeting, there was a good deal of debate about leafleting and paper sales. This did not mean anything to me – I was a complete novice, who really only understood what he'd seen on TV: marching and meetings. So, when people started talking about leafleting and paper sales I was a little confused. After listening a bit more intently, when not at the bar, I got the gist of what was going on. The piles of papers and leaflets lying on the table at the weekly meetings did no good there, gathering dust. It was pointless to preach to the converted. We needed to get our message out to all those people being brainwashed by the mass media.

The next hour or so passed with everyone giving their own version of 'How To Get Our Message Across'. I think it was John Williams who suggested selling the party's main publication – National Front News – in Church Street, Liverpool city centre. I volunteered straightaway, along with a few others. To my surprise and confusion everyone else worked, or had other arrangements for Saturday. Anyway, with the time and place agreed the meeting closed. From Monday to the Saturday, I wondered what sort of response we were going to get from the people of Liverpool. The possibility of any sort of trouble had not even entered my head. The mission we were about to embark upon was the precursor of a bitter decade-long struggle. It was a battle for dominance between two opposing ideologies each determined not to retreat. This decade-long war saw people arrested, hospitalised and imprisoned. It was ten years of conflict which saw the eventual triumph of the nationalist will...

We rendezvoused, as per arrangement, at Church Street in the city centre: 12 o'clock – high noon. I, John Williams and another guy were there; the fourth man hadn't shown up. We had brought the entire fifty copies of NF News that the branch ordered each month, and distributed them amongst ourselves. The National Front News was a paper you could not miss. It had 'National Front News' emblazoned boldly across the top of the front page. It did not take too long before people started to notice what we were selling. They reacted with a mixture of horror and excitement. I say horror, but vicarious terror would probably be more accurate. People wondered where we got the bottle to sell such a controversial newspaper, from a party seldom out of the headlines. They expected us to be slain on the spot by some black mob from Toxteth. Toxteth was a notorious black ghetto, only minutes away from Liverpool city centre.

In fact, though Toxteth harboured a number of nasty black gangs they seldom ventured out of the area. A rigid social apartheid system operated in Liverpool in the 1970s, as it had for decades before that. So the prospect of being massacred by restless natives didn't scare me. Some people walked up, down and past several times, before screwing up the courage to come and buy a copy of National Front News. Some even sent their children over to purchase a copy on their behalf. We had been there about an hour or so, and had sold most of the papers. A group of lads approached us – they said they were from the British Movement. John Williams told me the BM was similar to the National Front, but a bit more National Socialist. I had never heard of the British Movement prior to this.

They introduced themselves as Alan Ash, Ken Usher and 'Andy'. We spoke for a while, before Ash said –

"Here are the commies..."

I knew what Communist meant, and associated it with Russia. I could not understand why they were concerned. There were not many of them – about half a dozen, in fact – and they never came over. Since it seemed that most of the papers had already been sold we decided to go for a drink with the British Movement lads. We headed off to Victoria Street, close by Church Street, and a pub called the Captain's Cabin. Entry was down a flight of stairs into a rather dark bar. There were plenty of corners and snugs, for a private drink and conversation. As we sat down the British Movement lads took off their black bomber jackets. To my surprise they wore a sort of uniform. This consisted of a light blue shirt, a sun-wheel armband on the right arm and a tie issued by the British Movement. Their shirts displayed various badges – Free Rudolph Hess, being the main one. Black trousers and boots completed their outfits.

We sat talking about the day's events – how well things had gone. Ken Usher and Alan Ash were both a few years older than me. They seemed to

know a lot about the struggle we faced. They talked about the National Front selling out true national socialism while the British Movement remained true revolutionaries. This was all rather confusing to me – I had thought the National Front the only organization opposing coloured immigration into Britain. After a few more drinks, we arranged to meet the following week, on Church Street. They said they would bring along a few more British Movement lads.

“We might need them,” said Alan Ash, prophetically.

The Monday meeting soon arrived, and I could not wait to tell Billy and the rest of the members how well we had done on Church Street. I was only 17 years old – Billy Clarkson, Dave Jones and John Williams were all in their forties or fifties. To come back to Billy and Dave – two veteran nationalists – with almost all the papers sold was something of an achievement. The meeting opened – John Williams and I reported the events of the Church Street paper sale. I told the meeting we were going again this Saturday and would be meeting with some British Movement lads. Once again, everyone was working or had plans. Saturday came, and off I headed to Church Street. The typical sunny August afternoon, gave no indication of the danger that lay ahead. I jumped off the 14c bus at Williamson Square, and made my way to Church Street. As I turned into Church Street from the Whitechapel end I met Alan Ash, Ken Usher, Andy and two other guys. I was soon introduced to them, the big one first. His name was Keith Rowley; the second lad’s name I cannot remember. Out of the National Front, only John Williams and I had turned up – there were seven of us in total. Keith Rowley was a big lad, a few years older than me. He looked a typical squaddie, and I believe he was in the Paras. The other guy with him was also a big lad – a typical skinhead type.

We moved up to the centre of Church Street, where we had sold the papers the week before. Then we noticed a large group of people handing out leaflets – I took one then realised this was the opposition we had noticed the previous week. A major difference was that there were now thirty to forty of them. I am now aware that they were the Socialist Workers Party. This was a violent Trotskyite grouping, whose aim was revolution and the smashing of the UK state. We commonly knew them as Reds. The leaflet they were distributing was advertising a Rock against Racism Carnival in Walton Park. I had not even had time to read it when all hell broke loose. I did not see who threw the first punch, but Alan Ash and Keith Rowley were engaged in a vicious fight with several Reds. I do not know what happened to the other lads who’d been with us, but it looked like an Ash-Rowley combination against the Reds. Immediately dropping my bag of papers, I ran to the aid of my comrades. I went straight at a Red, punching him in the side of the head. He was tall and skinny, but a lot bigger than I

was all the same. My punch did not seem to have much effect: unsurprising – I was only about ten and a half stone, dripping wet...

After I punched him, he swung back at me and missed. He then chased me around Church Street, only stopping when he could not catch me. By this time, Alan and Keith had managed to get back on their feet. They had had ten or more Reds swarming over them, determined to beat the living daylights out of them. As previously mentioned, Keith Rowley was a big lad – a match for anyone. Keith was throwing punches like a man possessed – he had dished out a lot of punishment, and taken plenty too. I will never forget that day – Alan Ash being swung round by the sheepskin coat he wore. I would have rolled around on the floor laughing if the matter had not been so serious.

Completely by chance, a friend of Alan Ash was walking down Church Street that sunny afternoon. He was someone I had had the misfortune to run into some time before. This had happened when gangs from Norris Green fought local gangs, when drinking at the Painted Wagon in Tuebrook. His name was Andy Ellis – he was about my age but huge. Even some of the local hard cases, a lot older than Andy, had come off second best mixing it with him. It didn't take Andy long to get stuck in when he saw Alan Ash fending off several attackers. As he went in several Reds went down to the ground. This gave me the courage to jump back in for another go. I struck out blindly, to no real effect – I was just too skinny. I'd given it my best shot, and did what little I could. By this time, Alan and Keith were again submerged in a sea of bodies. Andy was doing his best to stay upright, but there were just too many of them.

In the background police sirens sounded, and seemed to be growing ever closer. Before very much longer, the boys in blue were also piling into the scrum of bodies on the street. The only thing to do then was to get the hell out of there, avoiding arrest. I did just that and headed for the Captain's Cabin. I got myself a drink then waited to see if anyone else would turn up. About ten minutes later Ken Usher turned up, saying he thought Alan, Keith, and several Reds had been arrested. In fact, Alan, Keith and Andy Ellis had all been arrested, as had three Reds. Ken and I sat around, not knowing what to do next. We just drank most of the afternoon away. It was a rude intimation that selling National Front papers on Church Street was not going to be easy. We both left the pub after some hours and went home. Later I listened to reports of the incident on Radio City, a local station.

Looking back on it we didn't do too well. Considering the numerical superiority we were up against, we had, to some extent, held our own. It was later revealed that one of the Reds had had his jaw broken in two places. The Reds at that time produced a bi-monthly publication called

Merseyside Anti-Nazi League Bulletin. This could be picked up at a left-wing bookshop in Whitechapel, not far from Church Street. Issue six Nov/Dec 1979 gave a full account of the trouble on Church Street, and an account of the Red having his jaw fractured. I went to the meeting the following Monday and explained what had happened on Church Street. I gave a detailed account of the British Movement lads being arrested. I told everyone present that without the help of the British Movement guys we would surely have taken a very bad beating. Should we go back this Saturday or stay away? This question captivated the meeting. The collective decision was that it was best we stay away. Without more volunteers, and the assistance of the British Movement lads, it was pointless going back. The only possible outcomes were a hiding – possibly hospitalisation – or arrest.

A few weeks had elapsed since the incident on Church Street, and there had been no contact with the British Movement lads. Not knowing what the BM guys had been charged with, and having no contact numbers for any of them, I decided to visit the Captain's Cabin. They drank there regularly on Saturday afternoons. I walked in and saw Ken Usher, Alan Ash and Andy sitting in their usual corner. Alan got up and got me a drink. I listened to Alan's version of that day's events and learned that Andy Ellis had been fined and bound over to keep the peace. Enquiring what had happened to Keith Rowley, I was told he hadn't turned up at court, and hadn't been heard of since. To this day I have never laid eyes on him again, or had any news about him. Alan and Ken said it was still too risky to return to Church Street, so we decided to go and plaster much of the city centre with British Movement stickers. Ken had a plastic carrier bag full of these. They featured a picture of a white woman kissing a black man. The caption read 'Race Mixing Destroys Our People'. This was the sticker Michael McLaughlin, BM Chairman, would later get six months' jail for. They were large stickers, and foul tasting. Their flavour was not easily removed from the tongue – especially after a few dozen had been licked. We spent about an hour or so licking and sticking. We headed back to the Captain's Cabin to wash the horrible taste of the stickers from our mouths. This time I managed to get Ken and Alan's phone numbers and said I would keep in touch. I would let them know if the National Front were going to try Church Street again. I took some stickers from Ken, and a copy of 'The Phoenix', a British Movement publication. It was A4 in size, very crudely produced and held together with staples. It had nothing like the professional look of National Front News or Spearhead. Thanking them for the stickers and Phoenix I said I'd give them a call in a week or two. Off I went jumping on the 14c bus to make my way home. By the time it got to Norris Green, the bus had its upstairs deck plastered with stickers.

It was some time in October 1979 that we managed to get down Church Street again, this time with a few extra bodies. Jimmy McGee, the guy who



worked at Moss Side hospital, was on hand, as well as Keith Morgan, head of the Young National Front. Ken, Alan and some other British Movement lads were also present. Positioning ourselves in the middle of Church Street we began to sell National Front News. We hadn't been there long before some members of the Socialist Workers Party turned up. They had no idea we were coming that day, so they were thin on the ground. Normally they would need some advance notice that we were coming, to muster a sizeable turnout. The usual slanging match ensued, with the Reds shouting, "Nazi! Nazi!"

This went on for about ten minutes; a large crowd had gathered, stopping to see what all the fuss was about. It was only a month or so since Lord Mountbatten's assassination and the contemporaneous 'Warrenpoint Massacre' of eighteen Paras, by the IRA. The SWP regarded the IRA's anti-imperialist struggle as a fight for national liberation, offering them 'critical support'. It was after constant taunts of "Nazi! Nazi!"

That Jimmy McGee shouted back, "Why do you support the IRA, that's just murdered eighteen soldiers and Lord Mountbatten?"

The Reds went silent and didn't really know what to say. The crowd that had gathered soon understood whose side our respective organisations were on. Some people in the crowd began to come over and buy National Front News, to the horror of the Reds.

By now Church Street was completely blocked by a huge crowd. It did not take long for the police to arrive and disperse us. We did as the police requested, leaving Church Street and heading for the Captain's Cabin. Taken all round, we thought the day a success. It certainly represented a vast improvement on the previous time. We also knew that to try it again next Saturday would be silly unless we could rally some serious numbers. At the Monday night meeting, I again requested volunteers for Church Street, receiving the usual show of hands. This was beginning to depress me. Since everything done for the Party was voluntary, you couldn't exactly force people to do it. To be fair, most at the meeting were normal down-to-earth people with families to look after, jobs to hold down. It was decided to give Church Street a miss for a bit.



## Chapter 3

# Boat People and Hell Road

Time moved on. As we entered the 1980s, dark rumours circulated regarding Martin Webster's homosexuality. Political activities had tailed off; Church Street was all but forgotten. Morale had plummeted to an all time low, following disastrous general election results. The next demonstration planned was for Nelson Hall, Eccleshall, Staffordshire. This establishment housed some four hundred Vietnamese 'Boat People'. Around seventy NF members and activists from the British Campaign against Boat People stormed the former RAF base. Smoke bombs were thrown, bricks shattered windows, whilst the unfortunate Vietnamese were subject to torrents of abuse.

Finally, the police finally arrived to take control of the situation. We were removed en masse to the camp gates, and permitted to stage our demonstration there. The police presence precluded any attempt at re-entering Nelson Hall. We remained in situ for some time, chanting rousing choruses of, "If it's black, send it back! If it's brown, let it drown! If it's red, shoot it dead!"

In retrospect, I wonder what those Vietnamese must have made of it all. A small army of assorted skinheads had screamed abuse at them, attacked them. Did anyone explain to them who we were? Why we were there?

Immediately adjacent to the camp was a small row of houses. People living or visiting there had to drive past us. When a woman travelling from the houses stopped her car and started hurling abuse at us, one of our number retaliated. The police moved in, arresting John Blisset, from Wallasey, for 'threatening and insulting behaviour'. He was later fined £400, which, in those days, was a considerable sum.

When the demonstration finally dispersed, various groups made their separate ways home. The Liverpool contingent, some sixteen strong, left in Steve Farrell's Bedford van. Travelling up the M6, we stopped at Keele services to fuel-up and use the toilet facilities. We pulled into the service station at the same time as groups of NF from Rochdale and Bolton. We piled out of Steve's van and made our way to the toilets. Steve was filling

the tank up when someone shouted there was a load of 'Pakis' in the toilet. It was like a red rag to a field of bulls... Lads from Liverpool, Rochdale and Bolton rushed to the toilets and launched a furious attack upon the Asians. It was not a particularly bad beating they got, but beatings are one of the few things that it really is much better to give than receive! The fighting had spilled out of the toilets and onto the service station forecourt, with Asians screaming and curling up on the floor.

By this time members of the public were screaming and shouting for the police to be called – some even tried to intervene. Steve Farrell shouted to the Liverpool lads to get in the van before the police arrived. We jumped back into Steve's van, and shot out of the service station as quickly as possible. As we were pulling out, I noticed a couple trying to take down the van's registration number. We had not travelled far when a police Range Rover appeared behind us, following for about a mile. With a burst of speed, it overtook us, positioning it about twenty yards in front. Another police Range Rover came behind and boxed us in. The vehicle in front slowed, forcing us to a halt whilst that to the rear prevented any escape. A copper emerged from the front Range Rover and spoke to Steve Farrell. Steve was then ordered into the back of the van with the rest of us while an officer took the wheel. We moved off in convoy sandwiched between the two police vehicles.

We arrived at Newcastle-Under-Lyme station to a heavy police presence. Officers had formed in lines from the rear doors of the van to the cop shop entrance. Maybe they anticipated a kick-off, or escape attempt. We were all placed in a single large holding cell. The rest of the available accommodation was occupied by local criminals. The atmosphere in the cell was one of amusement – no one seemed to be taking the matter particularly seriously. We were removed one at a time and returned after questioning. When my turn arrived to face interrogation over the attack on the Asians I stuck to the line that, "I'd got out the van and had a walk round to stretch my legs. I saw nothing untoward."

I think most of the lads said similar things. The victims, though, had identified some of the skinheads. One of those arrested was a seventeen-year old punk Rock fan called Tony Byrne. He lived not far from me, in the Croxteth area, and constantly hung around Probe Records, in the town centre. I'd known him less than a year, and had invited him to attend the demo. It may have been in the Orange club that I first made his acquaintance, or at Church Street on one of the Saturday paper sales. I liked him, and I liked his obvious commitment to the cause. The body heat of so many people confined in one place raised the temperature in the holding cell, and Tony removed his punk T-shirt. I was shocked to see that his torso was

disfigured by pink, raised, bubbly burn-type scar tissue. In response to our stunned enquiries he claimed a former girlfriend had inflicted these injuries while he had been asleep. Tony's partial disrobing revealed another unusual feature – on his right arm was tattooed a naked lady, legs akimbo with a devil performing cunnilingus on her... very bizarre!

At forty years of age John Williams was the oldest to be arrested. I'd brought six friends from Norris Green with me, all aged around eighteen. A fifteen-year-old whose name escapes me had tagged along. For Peter Hindley, Ian Jones, Peter Morgan, Shaun Lord, Lol Fairclough and Frank Allen their first demonstration attended would be their last. I felt guilty about their arrest, which wouldn't have happened had I not invited them along. A number of the other arrested skinheads I had met through the Orange club. Nineteen-year old Paul Mallon was from Huyton. Gary Foster, of Toxteth, was seventeen. Out of those arrested Tony Bryne, Paul Mallon, Gary Foster and Peter Morgan were charged with assaulting the Pakistanis. Tony Bryne and Gary Foster were jailed for six months for attacking Mr Yusef Mehmood Patel. Paul Mallon went to prison for three months for his attack on Ismael Musa Esat. Peter Morgan received a £50.00 fine for common assault on Musa Esat.

The following morning those not charged were released. Setting off homewards in Steve Farrell's van we ground to a halt having travelled only a few miles. The fuel tank registered empty. Considering that we had filled the tank up at Keele services before our incarceration, this was strange indeed. The inescapable conclusion was that the police had siphoned the fuel tank.

The National Front was now beginning to develop serious problems, with infighting in every quarter. Some people in the party were not happy over Martin Webster's alleged homosexuality, and this alone looked like splitting the party in half. I will not go into intricate details as to what happened next in the NF, as it has already been chronicled in detail in other books, plus this is not the purpose of this book, but more how it affected what path I then took. Eventually, the NF split into four factions with John Tyndall forming the New National Front. NF meetings and marches were still going on under the new NF leadership of Andrew Brons, but all activity in Merseyside more or less came to a standstill. Most of the Liverpool NF had stayed loyal to JT, but Reg Douglas and a few others remained loyal to the NF. John Fishwick of Wallasey also stayed with the NF. I decided to go with Billy Clarkson, Billy Haire, Dave Jones, John Williams and most of the National Socialist old guard to the NNF. The NF had also lost its free meeting hall at the Orange Lodge club in Arkwright Street and resorted to having them in Reg Douglas' front living room. I still attended the NF meetings at Reg's

house, with no hostility towards those who had chosen the NF, but more of a hope that things could be sorted out between rival factions. Sadly, this was not to be. I had also kept in touch with Ken Usher and Alan Ash of the BM, and regularly attended their meetings. They had now been chased from The Captain's Cabin, and had found a new home at The Mitre, on Dale Street. The Mitre was not a particularly busy pub and the manager was probably grateful for the extra custom: he happened to be sympathetic. Reg Douglas informed the small gathering at his home, that a demo outside Walton Jail was planned for the following Sunday. Apparently, the Rochdale NF organiser by the name of Peter Barker had been wrongly jailed for three years for allegedly attacking a left wing opponent. The demo was to coincide with a visit from Peter's father Henry. I immediately informed Jimmy McGhee about the forthcoming demo outside Walton Jail, and asked if he could get in touch with Tommy Brannigan and his crew. We were going to need all the help we could get, as the SWP had threatened to have a counter demo. Even though I was a JT loyalist and now with the NNF, I would never have left my nationalist comrades who were still loyal to the NF to face a Red mob, because of some silly difference the leadership may have had with each other.

Jimmy McGhee got back to me on Friday night saying that Brannigan and co. would be coming and we would all be meeting up at the Windsor Castle. Sunday couldn't come quickly enough and I hurriedly rushed round Norris Green, recruiting as many as I could who were up for a fight with the Reds. Having hardly slept on Saturday night because of wondering how many Reds would turn up, how many would Tommy Brannigan bring, and whether the NF would be able to get the numbers with so much factionalism affecting the party. I'd managed to recruit about a dozen from Norris Green and we made our way on the Number 61 bus to Warbreck Moor. Off we jumped at the Windsor Castle and made our way into the lounge. Sitting with Jimmy McGhee was Tommy Brannigan with a solid looking crew that was a match for anyone. And I mean anyone. Not long after I arrived Andrew Brons (the new NF chairman) walked in, followed by more NF units from around the Northwest. We decided to march from the Windsor Castle and along Rice Lane, turning right on to Hornby Road, stopping outside the prison. About 100 Reds had assembled across the road opposite the prison, with the usual banners and repetitive chant: "Nazi, Nazi, Nazi." NF members unfolded flags and placards calling for Peter Barker's release, with constant "Nazi, Nazi, Nazi." Christ, didn't these people know any other words? I was also pissed off by the fact that the police had kept both factions apart, and hoped that when we would be dispersing later that we could get a few stragglers. Andrew Brons stood on a small wall (2-3 feet high) outside the prison and gave a speech about state oppression and how

we must fight back and advance the cause of nationalism. One of the Red lesbians shouted over, "Where's your women?" Jimmy McGhee shouted back, "At home making the dinner where you should be!" That even had the police laughing. When Peter Barker's father came out after his visit to see his son, he told all present that Peter was in high spirits and would like to thank everyone outside for their support. The demo then ended, with me and my mates hoping we could ambush some Reds once the police had gone. The police dispersed both groups and made us all go in different directions. A confrontation was not to be, but we had had a good day and I happily made my way home.

The NNF in Liverpool were having irregular meetings and I wondered had JT done the right thing leaving the NF in the first place. Steve Farrell from Wallasey was keeping the NNF afloat on Merseyside and became its new Organiser. Billy Haire and Clarkson were turning up less frequently, and finding a regular place to meet was becoming more difficult. The split that occurred in the NF had had a terrible effect on morale; some people had given the best part of ten years of their lives, now to see it all slipping away. Ken Usher of the BM was still holding well-attended meetings at the Mitre and had embraced American Nazism. Jimmy McGhee, Steve Farrell and I decided to go and have a look at Ken's meetings and brought along some NNF papers to push our message. The NNF had a six-page paper called *New Frontier*. It was quite mild compared to the *New Order* and *White Power* magazines and papers Ken was selling. But at least the NNF papers were legal. Ken said we were ok to peddle NNF papers, but remember that this was his meeting, and we were not to start trying to take over. He also said that all nationalists were welcome, and that we should use his meeting to build a broad base against the common enemy. We agreed. The BM meetings also had a way of keeping morale high, as they were well attended with us all being under one roof. New blood was coming into the NNF in Liverpool, with four good lads from Huyton. They were Russ Owens (no relation), Nicky Williams, John Roper and Gerard Flynn. This then enabled us to get back to Church Street and have the odd paper sale. The BM also had new members joining from Edge Hill: Martin Dillon and Joey D. Former members of the NF (and still loyal to the NF) started coming to the Mitre meetings on a Monday. They were Warner Williams (stood for NF in Kirkdale constituency 1979 general election), Clive Lucas, and Howard Hawksley (stood in Edge Hill constituency 1979 general election). We had a much unexpected visit from Bob Marsh (former paratrooper who fought at Arnhem, 1945) and Alfie Marquis of the Ulster Defence Association. These two were prominent members of the Orange Lodge, with Marsh being the UDA UK mainland commander. They had been regular faces at the NF meetings at the Orange Lodge club, but were

really only interested in recruiting for the UDA. They certainly weren't Nazis. Monday meetings were beginning to take off with an attendance forty strong at one time. With this upsurge of numbers and morale high, it was now time to start spreading the word and take our fight to the enemy.

We'd now established a hardcore of nationalists in one body, with a single purpose: promoting National Socialism. The NF split had brought together some of the fiercest hard-liners on Merseyside, who had nothing to lose by proclaiming their true beliefs. No more did we have to toe the nonsensical party line of,

"We're not Nazis, just patriots."

All those speeches by Billy Clarkson about Uncle Adolf finally made some sense to me. We were to carry on where he had fallen, and stand up for the white man like Adolf had.

Monday meetings in the Mitre could be a very enjoyable night out. Not only did we have a group of like-minded comrades, all speaking the same language, but also a very entertaining band called Billy Elvis. Billy Elvis was a rockabilly-type outfit, whose lead singer, Billy Helm, had an Elvis style haircut. He would sing Elvis songs, and a few Beatles numbers.

He would also sit down and talk to some of the lads, in particular Jimmy McGhee, during his breaks. Billy Helm was no National Socialist, but was certainly a racist; that was good enough for us. During the course of the evening a strange-looking little man called Tommy the Rock would usually get up. He too sported an Elvis hairstyle, and would get up to sing a few Elvis songs. What he lacked in height he made up in voice, and was actually good. This little bit of entertainment helped to liven the night up. Sadly, Billy Helm died in a building site accident in May 2005 while working in Dublin.

Steve Farrell was still receiving the New Frontier papers from John Tyndall, and suggested giving Church Street another go. We waited until the following Monday's meeting at the Mitre, to put the proposal to the group. New Frontier was about the only nationalist paper that could be sold on Church Street. The rest, from America, were probably illegal under the Race Relations Act. The usual hustle and bustle went on at the Monday meeting, with exchanges of papers, stickers, magazines and now George Lincoln Rockwell tapes.

GLR was the founder of the American Nazi Party, assassinated by John Patler (also an ANP member) in 1967. Most of the hardcore BM members, like Usher and Ash, had more or less deserted the BM adopting instead the National Socialist Party United Kingdom. The NSPUK was based in Dublin, with its sister organisation, National Socialist Irish Workers Party. The NSPUK produced some very crude and offensive stickers & literature.



Stickers such as, 'Niggers Eat Shit', 'Niggers Carry Tropical Germs' and 'Gas Jews'. Most of the BM/NPSUK lads could not be bothered with paper sales on Church Street, taking more pleasure in plastering the town with NSPUK stickers. Anyway I, Farrell and the new lads from Huyton decided to give it a go.

We met on Church Street (outside WH Smith) stood in our usual spot, and looked around for any Reds. They normally stood further up Church Street, towards Bold Street. Several SWP activists were selling Socialist Worker and did not look too much of a threat. Out came the papers and we proceeded with sales of New Frontier. Within minutes, our SWP counterparts noticed what was going on – the dreaded Nazis were back peddling their hate. Like some scripted scene from a TV show, they moved in unison in our direction shrieking, "NAZI! NAZI! NAZI!"

We stood our ground trying to ignore the childish freaks, only pushing one away when he got too close. The Reds knew they were no match for us given that there were only half a dozen of them.

"NAZI! NAZI! NAZI!"

They screeched on endlessly. That alone would have driven anyone from Church Street, let alone violence. What a bunch of sad bastards and total misfits they were.

We stayed for about an hour before going for a drink. The afternoon had not gone too badly, and we did sell quite a few papers. However, I did not really feel comfortable being in the NNF. It had a confusing ring to the name, and was in competition with the NF. All the same, we kept up the Saturday afternoon paper sales and did not really have any trouble from the Reds.

Numbers at the Monday meetings increased every week, with new faces signing up. Most joined up with the NSPUK, seeing both old and new National Fronts as a waste of time. The NSPUK also promised the youthful new recruits action. News from Nowhere was to be their first taste of battle. A left-wing bookshop, News from Nowhere had come to their attention. It was situated at the end of Whitechapel, near the Mersey Tunnel. Three lesbian feminists ran it, the main one being Mandy Vere. It stocked all types of lefty literature as well as the IRA newspaper, An Phoblacht, and Troops out Movement propaganda.

One Monday night, after the meeting, several NSPUK lads attacked the left-wing shop and tried to burn it down. Unsuccessful, they tried again a week later. NFN didn't really have much protection on its front – the wooden shutters protecting the windows would easily have been ripped off.

When not plastering the town centre with stickers on a Saturday afternoon, NSPUK members would roam around looking for Reds to attack. NFN was an ideal location for attacking Reds, being so isolated and off the beaten track. NFN also received bricks through the windows on more than one occasion.

On one occasion I remember, we had just finished selling New Frontier on Church Street on Saturday afternoon and were making our way to the Mitre. Several of the Huyton lads were joining us for a drink. Our route took us past NFN, on the way to the Mitre in Dale Street. I noticed Ken Usher and co. in a battle with several Reds outside NFN and immediately jumped in to help them. A rather big ginger-haired Red was putting up a good fight when I punched him right on the nose. His blood splattered everywhere as his head snapped back, but he stayed on his feet. He came charging back at me – he was a big bastard and right up for it. Then, all of a sudden, a car pulled up beside me with the driver's window rolled down. The driver shouted to me, "Get a hold of this mate!"

I turned and looked, but did not recognise him. That didn't stop me grabbing the proffered bat he held out the window though. I then hit this Red as hard as I could over the head with the small rounders bat. The bat bounced out of my hand, landing at the feet of the Red who, to my astonishment, was still standing. He picked the bat up and proceeded to chase me around a parked car. He only stopped when one of the Huyton lads threw a bottle at him. Ken Usher had also picked a bottle up and charged at the Red, who realising he was virtually alone now decided to depart. The Lesbos in NFN had phoned the police, (the sirens could be heard in the distance) so we left sharpish making our way to the Mitre to have a drink. I do not believe this guy at NFN was an average Red – he was probably being brought in specially to protect the shop from Saturday afternoon attacks. I've never seen him before or since. All the same, he was a tough cookie.

Church Street and attacking Reds outside NFN was getting a bit hot now, and we decided to give it a miss. John Williams suggested starting Thursday meetings in an old haunt of his – the Sheil Park Hotel. The Sheil Park was situated at the top of Sheil Road, in Kensington. The NF had fielded a candidate there in the 1979 general election and had taken a lot of stick from the sitting MP for the area, David Alton.

Williams had got up to a good deal of mischief in Kensington during the 1979 general election campaign. He had put out a fake leaflet purporting to come from the local council. It claimed that each resident had to house one of the Vietnamese boat people newly arrived in the country. The name of the boat person was a Mr Fuk Yu To. This apparently had all the pensioners in the area ringing up the council saying they would not take him or any

other boat person. I could see the funny side of this, but it did not really do the NF candidate any favours at election time. This past history was the reason Williams wanted to get us back into Kensington and upsetting David Alton.

We started our Thursday meetings, getting a good turnout. It included some local lads, one of whom was David Catherwood. At the first Thursday meeting, Catherwood suggested, backed by the local lads, distributing leaflets around Kensington. It was claimed there was a lot of support among young people in the area. We decided to do the leafleting on Sunday morning from about 10 am until 12 noon, when the pubs opened.

Steve Farrell had managed to get in touch with Keith Morgan, who was more than happy to help on a Sunday. Also helping on a Sunday was a group of young lads from the Cantril Farm area of Liverpool, who'd also joined the NSPUK. They were, Moggy, Daz, Fitzy and Phil Jones. Given that most had broken ranks with the NF, the only leaflets available were NNF. We put a few thousand leaflets out on the Sunday. This did not take long, given that Kensington is mostly terraced houses with no long paths or gardens to negotiate. When finished, we made our way to the Sheil Park Hotel and laid plans for the following Sunday.

The Sunday leafleting really started to take off, with an assortment of right-wing material. From the basic NNF leaflet on immigration, to Viking youth publications of the BM. There was some hardcore stuff from the NSPUK and National Socialist White Workers Party of the United States. The NSWWP papers/leaflets carried some extreme caricatures of Jews and blacks. I often think back and wonder what people thought when that lot landed on their floor along with their News of the World or Sunday Mirror! As I have said, this was not about courting respectability but rather about pushing a message we all agreed upon.

After week after week of continually saturating Kensington, our enemies started to take notice. The usual anti-Nazi/anti-racist groups started putting leaflets out. These told the residents of Kensington to resist fascist groups, and report illegal material to the police. The Liverpool Echo had also begun to pay attention. It published articles calling for police action to stop the fascists. Leafleting on Sundays now surpassed the number attending both Monday and Thursday meetings as the leafleting also became a better morale-boosting activity than the meetings. We were now drawing leafleting teams up to twenty-strong on a Sunday morning. These numbers looked impressive marching down streets, or pushing our message through people's letterboxes.

Some of the lads on a Sunday would dress in army fatigues and Doc Marten boots. I remember once pushing a leaflet through a letterbox and

this guy come running out screaming. Just as he went to grab hold of me, he noticed the others with me and froze! We now had control of the streets, and no one was going to stop us – it was a great feeling. We continued our Sunday leafleting, gaining more and more recruits. These activities were to the great annoyance of the Reds and David Alton, MP.

1980 was not a good year for finding employment in the UK. There was a record three million unemployed – Liverpool was particularly badly hit. Asians were moving into Kensington and setting up businesses, to which local people took exception. Young people in particular were incensed that foreigners could own businesses while they couldn't get a job. Now things in the area started going in a direction of their own, totally outside the control of my comrades and me. Asian businesses were getting attacked and petrol-bombed, as well as people being attacked in the street. Racist daubing and political slogans appeared all over Kensington – Holt road in particular. Local guy David Catherwood had slashed some Asians in the area, and was now wanted by the police. Prospects were not looking good for immigrants in Kensington, and many now made plans to move on...

It seemed the authorities had begun to take notice of what was happening in Kensington, and decided to act. Wednesday, 12 November 1980, saw the Liverpool Echo headline – **'FOR GOD SAKE STOP'** with a large picture of local Bishop Bill Flagg of St Cyprians Church, Edge Lane, calling for A Special Day of Prayer. He said his community was under violent attack from racism and vandalism, and local people must all stand up to fight the evils of racism. The echo then listed a so-called catalogue of racist incidents:

An Indian family forced to leave after being petrol bombed; Arson at a Sikh temple; Petrol bomb attacks on the Hindu centre and temple; Death threats and harassment of immigrants working in the area; Immigrant car windows smashed and racist slogans carved into the car paintwork; Extensive racist graffiti throughout the area, such as 'NF Skins Kill', 'British Movement Beats Wogs' and 'NF Nazis Kill'.

Then the article took the reader to page six, and the headline – **'Agony of A Place They Call Hell Road'**. The Liverpool Echo had coined this new name for Holt Road.

The following day the Echo continued its story with – **'The People Speak Out'**. The usual nonsense continued, with us being blamed for just about every problem in the area, from vandalism, burglaries and mugging to general anti-social behaviour. Kensington had been a run-down area well before we moved in. The Echo now blamed the wicked Nazis for all the problems created by the Tory Government, and the previous Labour one too. I will not deny that our message may have got into the heads of headstrong young people who saw lashing out as the only answer. They

failed to grasp that there must be political solutions to political problems. Just as the immigrants were victims, so too were the young people of Kensington thrown onto the scrap heap of unemployment.

The Church, the police, and just about every other do-gooder in Kensington had joined forces to drive us from the area. David Catherwood was arrested and jailed (he was stabbed to death a few years after release). The Sheil Park Hotel now barred us from holding meetings or drinking there. It was time for us to move on...



## Chapter 4

# Toxteth Riots

As time passed and we moved into 1981 police harassment continued. Ken Usher was arrested under the Race Relations Act for distributing The Stormer magazine. The Stormer was a National Socialist Party United Kingdom publication, which Ken edited. It was crudely produced with nasty-looking caricatures of blacks and Jews, and called for White Revolution. Ken had been pushing his luck with the Race Police, and was suspected of distributing NSPUK leaflets in Merseyside schools. One such leaflet read, “We are now operating in Merseyside Jew-run schools, and all white people are welcome to join our white revolution.”

It also mentioned white schoolchildren being pushed around by Jews and Niggers.

Police were getting a lot of pressure from Liverpool’s Senior Community Relations Officer, Paul Sommerfield. Ken had left a bundle of leaflets and copies of The Stormer outside his office. Ken was forever ringing up Sommerfield at his Mount Pleasant office, bordering Toxteth, and calling him a dirty stinking Jew-boy. Ken believed the real spelling for his name was Sommerfeld... Other victims of NSPUK attacks were Maria O’Reilly and (Marxist) Rashid Mufti. They too worked at Merseyside Community Relations Council, on Mount Pleasant, receiving the same telephoned threats and abuse at work, possibly at their home addresses also.

A particular favourite for NSPUK attention and attack was a Jew by the name of Gideon Ben-Tovim. Ben-Tovim was a member of both the Communist Party (like so many of his co-religionists), and the Community Relations Council. He, with O’Reilly, Mufti and Sommerfield, waged war against us in the city. They made constant complaints to the police regarding our activities. The ‘gang of four’ were legitimate targets for the NPSUK, suffering late-night phone calls, and the odd attack on the MCRC’s Mount Pleasant office.

A big name of today connected with this nest of Reds was playwright Jimmy McGovern. He was a member of the Red Star writer’s workshop from the Communist Party social club in Shaw Street, Everton. Amazing

how Reds have no problem progressing within the so-called capitalist system they profess to hate isn't it?

Activities had been resumed on Church Street, but this time received more attention from the SWP. The SWP seemed to be headed by a guy called Ralph Darlington and his underling Alan Gibbons. They were a cowardly bunch of Reds, their opposition to us consisting of little more than shrieks of, "Nazi! Nazi! Nazi!"

Occasionally they would try to incite passing blacks to attack the wicked Nazis, lacking the stomach for a fight themselves.

Alan Gibbons had a body as degenerate as his politics, and was probably the most cowardly of the bunch. In fact, one Saturday he wedged his porky frame behind a pram containing a child when violence broke out in Church Street. Rashid Mufti and Maria O'Reilly made guest appearances on Church Street, mingling with their SWP comrades. Mufti was a wild looking Asian, reminiscent of the Wild Man of Borneo. He was one of the strangest of a strange-looking lot.

Now, back in 1978/79, you would have had major problems attempting to sell nationalist papers down Church Street. You would have been almost guaranteed a fight. After the NF disaster at the 1979 general election, the ANL more or less folded, and was largely a spent force. Still, the danger of attack was ever-present, never leaving our minds.

On 11th April, 1981, riots erupted in Brixton. Brixton, being a mainly black area of south London, had been simmering for some time. Local black youth blamed the police and the dreaded Sus law that allowed the police to arrest anyone they believed was up to no good. The black youth believed it was used to unjustly target them. The final straw came when the police arrested a black man, then BANG! Brixton erupted. Nearly three hundred police officers and sixty-five civilians were injured, and a white woman raped. In addition, millions of pounds worth of damage was done to property.

The usual brigade of left wing do-gooders and assorted clergy crawled out from under their flat stones, protecting the rioters and blaming the police. You even had Lord Scarman and the Scarman Enquiry blaming the police and the so-called dreaded Sus law. Operation Swamp had been intended to clear the muggers off the streets. The blacks, not liking this, decided to riot and burn the place down.

Black communities in other parts of the country noted the reaction to the Brixton riots and decided to flex their muscles too... On Friday, July 3rd, 1981, the arrest of 20-year-old Leroy Cooper on Selbourne Street, watched by an angry crowd, led to a fracas in which three police officers were



injured. This catalyst set Toxteth ablaze. Over the weekend that followed full-blown riots broke out on the streets of Toxteth. There were pitched battles between police and youths throwing missiles and petrol bombs. The rioting lasted for several days.

During this period over 781 police officers were injured and some 500 people arrested. At least 150 buildings were demolished or burnt down during the riots, and millions of pounds worth of damage was done. The casualties included the Rialto Ballroom, which had played host to concerts by The Beatles. Here is a firsthand account from a witness to the riot,

“At the top of Upper Parliament Street there was a milk place and a car hire next to each other. They used the milk bottles and the petrol from the car hire garage to make petrol bombs and rained them down on the police who formed a line across Parli. They gradually pushed the police back down Parli bit by bit. They were outwitting the police. They used the hire cars to run at the police lines by putting bricks on the accelerators and jumping out the cars way beforehand. The police scattered like flies each time a driverless car screeched down at them.

They also used a JCB to attack the police too. They used it as a tank with the petrol bombers behind who would emerge and reign down the bombs on the police. Then the JCB would pull back for another run. They used the JCB to knock down parts of the buildings and then ran it at the police vehicles with jib swinging. Very effective indeed.

The police would bang their riot shields to make a noise to frighten the rioters (or army by now). They responded by banging on the ground or banging bits of metal together to frighten the police.

The occasional hand-to-hand fighting meant a policeman was beaten badly – I never saw it the other way around. The police wisely would not venture out of their lines. These kids were fearless and had it in for the cops. The police could not push the rioters back with vehicles as the road was littered with wrecks and buildings burning either side.

On one of the last nights, bit by bit they pushed the police back down Parli until they reached Catharine Street. If they pushed the police down Catharine Street they were then in the city centre. Then the guns were used against them.

Only Liverpool police were at the front line with the reserves from other forces behind them in case they were broken. Police from other forces were mainly patrolling the areas the Liverpool police could not cover.

They never burnt the Post Office or unemployment office on Parli/ Princes Road. They had to cash their welfare state benefits.

More damage was done in those nights to Liverpool 8 than what Hitler did in 6 years.”

Jeff Ashcroft joined the police as a seventeen-year-old cadet in 1971. Ten years on, at the time of the Toxteth riots, he was stationed at Manor Road Police Station in Wallasey, on the Wirral. He was presented with a commendation for his actions at the Toxteth riots by the Chief Constable of Merseyside, Kenneth Oxford. In May 2001, he retired on an ill-health pension, having been awarded eighteen commendations during his service. Here he relives the first night of rioting in Toxteth, Liverpool.

“I was on an afternoon shift, a normal sort of day for a uniformed foot patrol officer. Then as the day turned to night, a sergeant hurried around in a van, quickly picking up as many officers as possible. We were told that youths in Liverpool at a place called Toxteth, had started to riot.

At the time, I laughed; thinking this was some sort of joke. I was looking forward to the end of my shift and a nice cold pint of bitter. I can't describe how it felt when the van arrived in a side street at the bottom of Upper Parliament Street. We could hear this strange animal-like howling mixed with the sound of breaking glass. In hurried amazement (and fear) we lined up and were quickly given a riot shield, something I'd only seen before on the news from Belfast. Following a very nervous sergeant, we walked around the corner into hell!

There before us stood row upon row of ambulances, police vehicles and officers rushing towards Upper Parliament Street. I could see that the vehicles seemed lit by a strange flickering light. I checked the street lighting at first, but my eyes were quickly drawn instead to a solid wall of uniformed officers and several fires beyond them. It was then that I saw my first petrol bomb.

Like a small meteorite, I watched in awe as it arced down over the tops of the officers, to fall with a smash and flash of fire onto the street between them and me. I swallowed hard as my mouth ran dry. I could literally taste the fear of what was impacting on my senses.

Two ambulance-men carrying a stretcher walked quickly past me towards the ambulances. My eyes were drawn to an officer lying on the stretcher with his head cut wide open. I remember my sergeant telling us that we were going to relieve officers on the front line. It was a nightmare of fire, noise and hatred the like of which I'd never seen or imagined.

Yes, I'd faced many an angry man (and woman) before and knew that violent confrontation came with the job but not this. Here were

people I didn't know in an area I'd never visited, trying their very best to kill me. I watched in horror for what seemed like hours as officer after officer fell pole-axed with head injuries from unseen flying missiles.

We'd been issued with a stupid little plastic face guard that fixed to the front of our helmets. Those old helmets offered no protection at all from flying bricks, stones and bits of iron railings. You never saw them coming until one hit you. I jumped every time something thudded against my riot shield. In fact I grew to like the petrol bombs – at least you could see them coming.

As the night progressed, so too did the intensity of hatred towards us. We were forced to stand there as stationary targets, because senior officers hadn't a clue how to handle the situation. Towards the morning we started to falter and I remember a very brave inspector (bleeding from a cut over his eye and missing his tie and hat) shouting at us to hold fast. A mate standing next to me gave me three cigarettes over the next 30 minutes. Not only was I smoking on duty but it took the three cigarettes before I realised I didn't smoke!

Finally at dawn, we'd had enough. Ignoring orders from above most of us drew our batons and roaring in anger, charged forward, some throwing aside our shields. Senior officers tried to order us to stand our ground and were promptly told where to go! We charged the rioters, catching a few, seeing off the rest and that ended the first night of rioting.

When we eventually arrived back at Wallasey, minus ties, faces blackened and dirty, tunics undone and with shocked blank looks on our faces, we were met with total surprise and looks of horror by the morning shift and civilians alike. The shields we left in the van, hoping that nothing like that would ever happen again. But after a few hours sleep at home, I was telephoned to come in early. I was heading back to Liverpool and the riots.

I can safely say, I'll remember those few months for the rest of my life. It's a funny thing, but it's amazing how one can overcome and adapt to any given situation. A few days after the first day of the riots, I found myself in Lodge Lane, watching it burn down. I stood in a looted shop phoning my mom, telling her I was okay but I had to go as the shop was on fire and the flames were getting a bit close!"

It was the first time on the UK mainland that police had used C.S. Gas to restore some kind of order before they were overwhelmed by rioters. Some police officers hadn't slept in almost twenty-four hours. Twenty-five rounds of C.S. gas (ferret rounds) were fired at the rioters, two hitting Phil

Robins in the chest and back, leaving him with serious wounds. The rounds were fired in rapid succession, the first hitting Robins in the chest and spinning him round so quickly that the second hit him in the back.

Overall, it had been a very vicious and violent premeditated attack on the police, unprecedented on the UK mainland. The police were taken totally by surprise and off-guard. They were not equipped to deal with such massive public disorder, with protective clothing being non-existent. They had more or less stood there for over twenty-four hours, while rioters had a free hand to hurl every type of missile and petrol bomb at them. This was because Merseyside Chief Constable Ken Oxford bowed to political pressure not to deal with the rioters as they should have been dealt with, leaving his men at the mercy of the mob. Only when things looked like they were about to get out of control, with police officers lives at risk, did he order the firing of C.S. Gas. Instead of doing this in the first place, he waited until over seven hundred police officers were injured, and loss of life a real possibility, before ending the riot by ordering the C.S. rounds fired.

With black humour, an anonymous local up-dated a well-known saying, "Red sky at night, shepherd's delight, Red sky in the morning – Toxteth's burning!"

After the fires went out and Toxteth returned to some semblance of normality, the usual anti-police, left-wing, do-gooder PR machine began to kick in. Lady Margaret Simey was a former councillor for the Granby/Toxteth ward and all round so-called champion of the poor. Now chairing the Merseyside Police Authority, she publicly attacked the police, even saying of the rioters, "They would have been apathetic fools had they not rioted."

She called for an end to police stop and search tactics, and police racism. Social conditions in Toxteth were the causes of the riots, with unemployment, bad housing and police racism just being some of them, said Lady Simey.

David Alton, the sitting MP for Edge Hill said it was "a powder keg". It's like a time bomb that is ticking away and could blow the heart out of our inner cities. If young people become angry and erupt against the people who have shown such callous contempt for their problems."

Our old friend Paul Sommerfield, of the Merseyside Community Council, joined in the chorus and said, "It was a spontaneous reaction of anger and resentment and it's got to be recognised as such, not brushed under the table by claiming it was just a couple of rabble rousers stirring things up."

Not to be left out, the two bishops of Liverpool, Bishop David Shepherd and Archbishop Derek Warlock were quick to condemn heavy-handed police tactics, defending their flock unreservedly. The BNP was to come up against these two saviours of God's underprivileged several years later. Derek

Hatton and Tony Mulhearn's Militant Tendency also jumped onto the bandwagon of anti-police/ anti-Oxford hysteria. The Labour Party Young Socialists produced a leaflet, distributing it in Toxteth, which called for all charges to be dropped against the rioters and all those arrested to be released. They also called for a one-day strike in protest at conditions in the area.

Just when you thought it could not get any worse, it did. We then had the very rioters themselves forming an anti-police group in the form of the Liverpool 8 Defence Committee. Michael Showers headed the L8DC – a black gangster from Toxteth, later convicted of smuggling heroin, Showers was well known to the police. He regularly drove around Toxteth in his Rolls Royce. He had been a suspect in several murders, including that of a prostitute in Toxteth. He was rumoured to be a pimp as well as a drug-dealer. Anyway, the all round bad boy was now all round good guy, standing up for the poor and oppressed of Toxteth...

After the rag-bag of lefty, do-gooder, traitors had lined up to attack both the police and law and order, they set in motion the ultimate humiliation of the Merseyside force and Ken Oxford.

On the 15 August 1981 an 'anti-Oxford' march was planned for Liverpool City centre. It was to start at Sefton Park, Toxteth, and end with a rally at the pier-head. Red traitor and IRA supporter Tony Mulhearn, chairman of Liverpool Labour Party, spelled out what the purpose of the march was, "Ken Oxford must go because he is responsible for the policing methods which were a major factor in provoking the Toxteth riots."

He, like the rest of the Red termites of that time, was more concerned about bringing about their workers' revolution, than the welfare of Toxteth residents, black or white. They jumped on any passing bandwagon of discontent and civil unrest. They were prepared to use anyone or any situation to advance their political agenda.

Home Secretary William Whitelaw was flooded with telegrams from Toxteth residents who feared the march would end in violence. Victims of Violence campaigner Joan Jonker (this was a true champion of the helpless and victims of society) called for the march to be banned.

"There is no need for anyone to be worried," aid L8DC spokesman Peter Bassey. Merseyside's senior Community Relations Officer, Mr Paul Sommerfield, dismissed accusations that the march was being hijacked by extremists. Well, try telling that to the seventeen police officers who were stabbed and beaten during and after the march...

When we heard of the proposed march, we decided to do something about it, to stage some sort of counter-demonstration. I knew we would not have the numbers to mount a serious counter-demo, but we couldn't stand

by and let these Reds and Blacks march unopposed – we had to do something. Myself, Ken Usher, Jimmy McGhee, Martin Dillon, Joey D, George Hesketh, Nicky Williams, Paul Jordan, Andy, and a few good lads I'd brought from Norris Green, all waited at Saint Luke's church at the top of Bold Street, that Saturday afternoon.

As the marchers drew nearer and turned into Hardman Street, from Rodney Street, you could hear an almighty roar, reminiscent of the film Zulu. As the marchers got closer to Bold Street, we saw police officers' helmets being thrown into the air. This signalled to us that it must have gone off, that the police were now under attack. As the black/communist mob arrived at Bold St; it became apparent what was happening.

Oxford had caved in yet again to the demands of the mob. He'd ordered a minimal police presence in an attempt to avoid provoking the marchers. In fact, it had the opposite effect. Now the police were thin on the ground, the black mob decided to attack. Even before the Red/black mob got to Bold Street, several police officers had been attacked and stabbed. A twenty-one-year-old Merseyside officer, by the name of Glyn Jones, tried to help after hearing colleagues shouting for assistance and seeing helmets hurled in the air. His bravery almost cost him his life, for the young officer was surrounded by a savage mob, and had a stiletto-style knife plunged into him just below the heart.

By now, this crowd of savages was at the top of Bold Street, where we stood and was positively frightening. Leading the mob were several hundred angry-looking blacks, some armed with wooden staffs, some with flag poles. They were screaming abuse at anyone in uniform. Behind this group followed something that took me totally by surprise...

They carried a white coffin as if in a funeral procession. It had a pig's head sitting on it, wearing a policeman's helmet. Written on the helmet was 'Murderside Police'. If anyone had any doubts as to the marchers' intentions, these would have been quickly dispelled when setting eyes on this lot. I have to admit – it had me scared for a moment. We collectively decided that confrontation with the black mob heading the march would have been suicidal – we simply didn't have the numbers.

We let the march pass making its way down Renshaw Street. We ran off, down Bold Street towards Church Street, waiting at the corner of Whitechapel. We knew the marchers would be going past Whitechapel, onto Lord Street, as they made their way to the Pier Head.

We intended to let the main group of blacks pass by, before deciding what to do. When the blacks had passed, we tried to steam into the marchers. One of our lot jumped in, shouting abuse at the filthy Reds, before he was jumped on by plain-clothes police. We then started shouting -

“Oxford in! Oxford in!”

Now don’t get me wrong, I was no Oxford fan. I looked upon him and the rest of his kind as sell-outs to the mob and the Reds. Shouting ‘Oxford in’ was just to wind the Reds up, and get a bit of publicity. As we shouted, “Oxford in!” I remember a copper on his radio screaming, “Back up! Back up! Lunatics shouting at the marchers!”

Considering our numbers we must have been lunatics to shout at a three-thousand strong Red mob... Police reinforcements arrived in seconds, and several snatch squads moved in to control us. They herded us back up Church Street, arresting the lad who jumped in at the Reds, charging him with threatening behaviour.

Now seventeen police officers had been attacked, some badly injured. Their injuries ranged from stab wounds to a fractured skull, yet not a single arrest was made. The only person arrested that day was a brave patriot with more guts than the craven Ken Oxford.

The Toxteth riots are now firmly lodged as part of Liverpool folklore. Both policeman and rioter will have many a tale to tell their grandchildren. We’ll probably never know the full extent of the impact on the lives of those hundreds of policemen hospitalised or injured. Some never worked again, let alone pounded the beat. Both they and their families will forever bear the scars – mental or physical – of those dreadful nights.

There is one thing I do know – as did Ken Oxford – anti-social elements and fifth columnists operated side by side to undermine the rule of law. These ranged from Lady Simey, Tony Mulhearn, and the Bishops, right down to Michael Showers & co. at gutter level. All had a role to play in an orchestrated attempt to destroy the very society tolerating them.

I’m not saying they were all part of a conspiracy to foment public disorder to hasten the advent of the ‘workers’ revolution’... Mulhearn et al might dream of ushering in a Marxist utopia, and a no-go area for dealing drugs. They all helped in their little (and not so little) ways to strain the fabric of society. When people such as Simey chair the police authority, Red traitors like Mulhearn run the council, and the likes of Showers control the shock troops on the ground, Red revolution ceases to be a fantasy of the paranoid right. Their common purpose and goal was to defeat the state. The state – at local level – was defended by the police. For some a revolutionary climate would result, for others unfettered criminality. Their timing was out and they missed their chance, but the intention was there.

Ken Oxford clung to the shallow-minded belief that he could appease those lining up to lynch him, with concession after concession. Giving in to Simey, Showers and the rest of their ilk would make it all go away. The

rioters would all go home and he'd still be in line for a trip to Buckingham palace... Well, how wrong you were Mr Oxford.

Oxford's cowardice put hundreds of his fellow policemen in jeopardy. Some never fully recovered from the nightmare of July 5th. He abandoned the decent law-abiding people of Toxteth, black and white, to anarchy and the mercy of the mob.

He left his men – thin on the ground – to be stabbed, beaten and almost killed, at the anti-Oxford/anti-police march staged by Showers and co. By caving in to the demands for a low-key police presence he placed the sensibilities of the mob above the safety of citizens.

His record is one of vacillation, compromise, and kow-towing to the enemies of this country. The outcome was almost inevitable but he was more concerned for his own career and future, than the attacks on his men in the street. Unwilling to risk damaging the cosy liberal consensus he abrogated his responsibilities while Toxteth burned...

Perhaps I shouldn't be too judgemental about Ken Oxford, should try to understand the immense pressure he was under... At such a stressful time he was still capable of rational thought. This was evidenced when he accused, "One hundred thieves and vagabonds living in Toxteth." Of being ring-leaders of the violence. He further inflamed local feeling with his description of black Liverpoolians as, "The product of liaisons between white prostitutes and black sailors."

The Chief Constable of Manchester, James Anderton, was subject to similar political pressures, the usual suspects queuing up to get him. Yet he never caved-in to the mob, or those in league with them. No, Anderton lined up the force's Land Rovers, lights on full beam, and ordered them driven at the rioters. This had the desired effect, having them running for their lives. The next best thing, perhaps, to the 'whiff of grape-shot' Napoleon prescribed. When Anderton did his duty the same types who'd attacked Oxford set about him in similar fashion.

No conspiracy? Well I'm sorry, but I don't subscribe to the 'no conspiracy' theory. As far as I'm concerned, it cannot be mere coincidence when politicians, the media and freaks-in-frocks (clergy) spout the same hatred, as if on cue, against anyone trying to uphold the rule of law. Their dreams of world revolution may be just that, but these termites are well and truly entrenched in our society, there at the beck and call of the mob, if favourable circumstances arise.

The New National Front, led by John Tyndall, sought police permission for a march in Liverpool city centre for the 19th September 1981. The purpose of the march was to show support for the police and law and order.



Well, I'm sure you can guess the answer to the NNF application for a march in Liverpool.

The Bishop of Liverpool, the RT Reverend Dr David Shepherd, was first on hand calling for a ban on the proposed march. He said, "I hope that the proposed march by the NNF will be banned. Far from supporting the police, it would deliberately inflame feelings at a time when all people of good will must work for reconciliation. The religious leaders of Merseyside have unitedly condemned support for the National Front. What it stands for is divisive and destructive. I believe the march last Saturday to protest at some police methods was ill-judged. It was a way of expressing what many people in the Toxteth area, black and white, have been feeling. I don't believe it would have been right to ban it."

Strange how Shepherd and co. weren't calling for the arrest of those who attacked or stabbed seventeen policemen that day, being more concerned about their right to protest against so-called police brutality. Nor did they at any time call for the mob to identify the guilty people. No conspiracy, eh? Anyway, Oxford banned the NNF march just as we knew he would.

The NNF gained a lot of local publicity from all this, but sadly failed to make real political headway. Had we approached things differently, without calling for a march every time we wanted to make a point, we could have capitalised on events such as the Toxteth riots. In hindsight, it is a shame that confrontation was our only approach to politics.



## Chapter 5

# Manchester Martyrs

Meetings in The Mitre still drew good attendances. Morale was high and in the aftermath of the Toxteth riots there were several new recruits. Bob Marsh and Alfie Marquis of the UDA still showed up selling UDA paraphernalia. This mainly consisted of Loyalist Prisoner Aid material, such as LP records or UDA badges. One Monday night in November 1981, Bob Marsh informed those present at The Mitre about a forthcoming 'IRA' march. This took place November each year, in Manchester. The march was to commemorate the so-called 'Manchester martyrs'.

The Manchester 'martyrs' were Irish nationalists executed for the murder of a policeman during the rescue of republican prisoners. In September 1867 these men had freed Colonel Thomas J Kelly and Captain Timothy Deasy from custody. Kelly and Deasy were both Fenians who had played important roles in the abortive Fenian Rising earlier that year. Kelly had been declared Chief Executive of the Irish Republican Brotherhood at a secret Republican convention. Deasy had commanded a Fenian brigade in County Cork. Both men were wanted throughout Britain and Ireland, and had been arrested on a vagrancy charge shortly beforehand.

On 18th September, both men were to be escorted to the County gaol on Hyde Road. Handcuffed and locked in two separate compartments inside a police van, they were accompanied by a squad of twelve mounted police officers. On the borders of West Gorton and Ardwick, between Salford and Manchester, the van passed under a railway arch. A man leapt forward to the middle of the road and pointed a pistol at the driver. He called on him to stop. Simultaneously a group of about thirty men clambered over a wall at the side of the road. Surrounding the van they seized the horses, shooting one. A police officer and a passer-by were shot and wounded. The other unarmed officers could offer little resistance and fled the scene.

Failing to burst open the van with hatchets, sledgehammers or crowbars, the Fenians called upon Police Sergeant Brett, inside the van with the prisoners, to open the door. Sergeant Brett refused. One of the rescuers placed his revolver at the keyhole of the van and fired. At the same moment Brett put his eye to the keyhole to see what was happening outside. The

bullet went through his eye into his brain killing him. A female prisoner passed the van key through the ventilator shaft and Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy escaped, never to be recaptured.

After a chase, the police made twenty-nine arrests including, they claimed, the men who had fired the revolvers. William O'Mera Allen, Michael Larkin, William O'Brien (or Goold), Thomas Maguire and Edward Stone were convicted and sentenced to death. Maguire was pardoned and discharged – a victim of mistaken identity. Stone, an American citizen, had his sentence commuted on the eve of his execution. Allen, Larkin and O'Brien (aka Goold) were publicly hanged in Manchester, on November 23rd, 1867.

The march was scheduled for late November and was always held on the nearest Sunday to the 23rd. We all agreed to meet outside The Mitre the following Sunday. Steve Farrell would pick us up in his van. He urged as many people as possible to come, as his van could accommodate large numbers. In fact, we nearly got forty people in it during the general election meeting in Wallasey 1979. Bob Marsh had promised a good turn out from the UDA. He predicted the IRA march would be stopped in its tracks, as it had been in previous years.

Jimmy McGhee had promised to bring a few workmates from Moss Side hospital. Some of these had been at the 1979 NF Remembrance Day march in London, and were dedicated nationalists. Ken Usher and all the NSPUK were coming, as were Alan Ash and a few British Movement lads. Overall, it looked like a very exciting day, with the prospect of smashing a few Reds up. This type of IRA-style march was always supported by the far left. The same far left that would attack our marches, meetings and paper sales – Sunday couldn't come quickly enough.

I got to The Mitre sometime on Sunday morning and was amazed to see how many had turned up. There must have been between fifty and sixty assorted nationalists, and that wasn't counting the UDA contingent. Luckily, for us, some came in their own cars. We were able to ferry people to The Tugboat public house, on Netherfield Road, where we were to meet Bob Marsh. We did not have enough space in Steve Farrell's van to fit everyone in. The combined Loyalist/UDA turnout was quite good, and could have been anything between a hundred and fifty and two hundred people.

Some of the lads with cars left them at the Tugboat and jumped in with the UDA people, who had several vans en-route to Manchester. Bob Marsh decided to jump in Steve's van and direct us to where we had to assemble for our counter demo. Also jumping into the van with us was an Asian. A deathly silence descended on Steve's van as we tried to fathom out who this person was, and whether he knew who we were? Maybe he thought we were Orange Lodge or UDA members. Anyway, no one said a word

during the whole of the journey to Manchester. An hour later we were in Manchester, disembarked from the van and stretched our legs. A number of people demanded to know from Bob Marsh who the paki was in the van. He replied, "Kumar Singh. Kumar's an Orange Lodge member – and a UDA member too. He's a staunch Loyalist."

Some of the lads weren't very happy, but let it go because we had bigger fish to fry than Kumar Singh. At least Kumar was on our side when it came to Red traitors. I now know that the name signifies he was a Sikh, not a Pakistani Muslim.

It was a good turnout that day there must have been over five hundred assorted British nationalists and Loyalists – the Manchester NF had turned out in large numbers. After getting the run-around from the police, we ended up outside the cemetery in Moston where the Manchester Martyrs monument is situated. The location is purely a symbolic. Their actual bodies had been buried in quicklime inside the prison. All human remains were removed from there in 1991, cremated then buried in a mass grave. Anyway, the counter-demonstrators had been scattered owing to misinformation. Therefore, when we eventually found the march there were only about a hundred or so of us. There could not have been more than a hundred Reds on the march, consisting of the usual anti-British traitors.

In we charged at the scum, but were beaten back by the police. Some of the Loyalist contingent was arrested. We followed the march on this cold, rainy, November Sunday shouting slogans such as, "Smash! Smash! Smash the IRA!"

And "Keep Ulster British!"

The Republicans didn't look too concerned, as they knew our numbers weren't going to pose a serious threat to them. We hotly pursued them hoping that the other four hundred or so Loyalists/ British nationalists would find the procession. I wondered if they'd turn up before the march ended, or if our right of way would be blocked by the police.

Sadly, the rest of our counter-demo was nowhere to be seen, and ended up lost in the search for the pro-IRA parade. All the same we had turned out impressive numbers, given it a good shot, but were out-manoeuvred by the police.

Not long after the Manchester Martyrs parade Bob Marsh asked me to join the UDA. Caught up in supporting Loyalist causes, and counter-demonstrating against republican marches, I said 'yes'. I thought it a good idea, as it would give me an opportunity to meet like-minded people whom I could direct a little further than *The Sash My Father Wore*. I'd also managed to recruit John, a skinhead from the NF, to join the UDA with me. Bob

Marsh informed me there was an Orange Lodge parade in Scarborough, and that was where our initiation would take place. John the skin and I made our way to Bob's on a Saturday morning and were met by Alfie Marquis. Alfie informed us we'd be going shortly, and would be travelling in a mini-bus. Alfie had been a long-term member of the Orange Lodge and fervent Loyalist. He'd also been a UDA man for some time. Our mini-bus arrived with Bob Marsh at the wheel – it was a long drive to Scarborough. The journey gave me plenty of time to think about what I was doing, and what sort of ceremony awaited us.

Finally we reached the seafront, and rendezvoused with small contingents of bandsmen from the Orange Lodges which were forming up. The actual parade in Scarborough was to give support to a new band, recently formed. We disembarked from the mini-bus and stretched our legs. I recognised a few Lodge members from Liverpool and said hello. I very much doubt whether they had any idea why I was at the parade that day. The bands eventually formed up and paraded through the resort of Scarborough, to the beat of lambeg drums and the strains of *The Sash My Father Wore*. A large hall had been booked by the local Lodge, where we all descended for a buffet meal and drink once the parade had ended.

Once inside John and I followed Bob and Alfie to the upstairs of the hall to be greeted by other Lodge and UDA men. A sort of quasi-religious ceremony was now to be performed, involving the swearing of loyalty to Queen and country, and the loyal people of Ulster. I was quite nervous and didn't really know what to expect. I pledged on the Bible my undying loyalty to the UDA and vowed that I would fight to the death against its enemies and all who threatened it. Before I knew it was all over, and a big weight was now lifted from my shoulders. Bob, Alfie and several other Loyalist/UDA men all shook my hand and congratulated me. Just when I thought it was all over some mad Scotsman produced a handgun, started waving it about and pointed it in my direction. Now I don't know to this day whether he was drunk or it was part of the act. Anyway, he was shoved into a corner and had the revolver taken from him. We then headed back downstairs and got the drinks in.

We finally left Scarborough in the early hours of the morning and headed back to Liverpool. Several weeks later I was informed that the real reason for us travelling to Scarborough was not to lend support to a newly formed Lodge, but to pick up a cache of weapons – how true this was I don't know. What I do know is this: I never once saw any firearms, or any active service whilst in the UDA. They spent most of the time in the pub, or on silly Orange Lodge marches. Their outlook in life was about maintaining Orange dominance in Northern Ireland, never once seeing the bigger picture

or problems that faced us all. They would let anyone into their ranks so long as they were against the Catholics. Most were true patriots and genuinely loved their country, but just couldn't escape silly sectarianism. As with Kumar Singh, they simply couldn't grasp that saving our culture and identity was equally as important (actually of far more importance) as saving Ulster.





## Chapter 6

# Jews, Razor Blades and Jail

**A**fter joining the National Front I absorbed the anti-Semitic opinions of some of the older members. Some of the publications I purchased or borrowed reinforced these ideas. One such book was 'Jewish Ritual Murder' (1938) by Arnold Leese. Leese was a veterinary surgeon who had been repulsed by the methods of slaughter used to produce 'Kosher' meat. Leese states in this book that a Jew was 'Jack the Ripper'.

"The Juwes are not the men that will not be blamed for nothing", said the writing on the wall, during the Jack the Ripper murders. Certainly, a Jew, by the name of Aaron Kaminski, is one of the most popular suspects among modern 'Ripperologists'.

I wasn't politically sophisticated enough in those days to draw much of a distinction between Zionism and Judaism. The words of Churchill though, lodged in my mind, "Zionism versus Bolshevism – a struggle for the soul of the Jewish people." Today I would regard these as different methods an oppressed minority had arrived at of creating 'paradise on earth' rather than waiting for 'pie in the sky when you die.' In those days I viewed them as evidence of the Jewish Conspiracy For World Domination that was an article of faith in Right Wing/nationalist circles.

The National Front was dominated by the London branches and HQ. There was a strong tradition of anti-Semitism there, particularly in the East End. It was there that large numbers of Jews fleeing pogroms in Eastern Europe had settled in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. The first immigration control measure – the Aliens Act of 1905 – was directed against this Jewish influx. There would doubtless have been opposition from the indigenous local inhabitants to their arrival. Whole East End neighbourhoods had been taken over by strangers speaking foreign tongues, dressing differently, eating strange food and worshipping a different God, or none...

No serious historian could dispute that there were highly disproportionate numbers of Jews involved in the instigation of the Russian revolution. They were also deeply involved in the mass murders and other horrors that followed. Donald Rayfield states in 'Stalin and his Hangmen'

“The prominent role of the Jews in the killings of 1918-21 is a very thorny question, if only because one has to share debating ground with Russian chauvinists and plain anti-Semites. From Trotsky down to the executioners of Odessa, Russia’s Jews ruthlessly avenged the victims of a century’s pogroms, and the perceived Jewishness of the Cheka, in the minds of just not anti-Semites and fascists but even otherwise fair-minded Russian monarchists and liberals, reflected a widespread view of the Bolshevik party and its central committee as a Jewish cabal”.

None of the above by any means excuse the actions that led to my imprisonment in 1983. However, it may go some way towards explaining why I sent envelopes lined with razor blades to prominent members of Liverpool’s Jewish community. A Rabbi, I believe, cut his finger when opening one of the envelopes. It was a silly thing to do – these were the wrong people to take out hostility to Zionism or Bolshevism on. The average member of the Jewish community has no more control over the actions of some of their co-religionists than I do. The Jews certainly are not the men to be blamed for nothing – they do have a lot to answer for. I mean by this the actions of Israel in the occupied territories and in Lebanon. The Jews who had received my packages had done no harm to anyone. They had not committed Ritual Murder or overthrown governments to establish Communism. I took my political frustration out on the wrong people and paid the price for it.

After being arrested, I was taken to Lower Lane police station by two Special Branch officers by the names of Graham Rodgers and Sam Haughton. Haughton was a careerist while Rodgers came across completely differently. He even seemed interested in – and intrigued by – the wicked Nazi. I was questioned as to whether I had sent the envelopes, and informed they’d retrieved finger prints from them. Also anti-Semitic literature had been taken from my bedroom which was similar to that found in the envelopes. I had little or no chance of beating the case so threw my hand in and admitted my guilt.

Charged with wounding I was taken to court – driven to the main Bridewell. This was the police station/holding area for those appearing in court. The Bridewell cells were under the court so when you appeared from custody, you came up into the dock. This always looked worse than walking into the dock through the courtroom when on bail.

I emerged in front of the magistrate and stared around the court. My dad and sister were waiting for me but so was a court full of angry-looking Jewish solicitors that predominated in the legal profession then. They stared in a hateful manner and I imagined that the Nazis must have felt like this at Nuremberg.

I was released on bail and had a brief consultation with my solicitor, Mr Alex Calverly, before leaving the court. Outside was the Daily Mail taking photos and the Liverpool Echo. My picture appeared in the Daily Mail and I made the Liverpool Echo's front page. Little did I care – we were involved in a war against the Jews and their lackeys, and I viewed this as part of that conflict.

It was sometime in March 1983 when I appeared at Liverpool Crown Court for sentencing, represented by a fat bumbling barrister called Barrowclough. In my consultations with him before I went for sentencing, all he did was have a go at me suggesting I see a doctor. Whether I needed to see a doctor or not, he was supposed to be representing me, not venting his personal feelings. I can now understand why he may have thought that way, but not why he said it. He thought in the way most people would who have never delved into the secret world of the Jews.

When the time came I entered the courtroom and stood in the dock. My barrister set out to explain to Judge Lawton the reason why I'd sent the razor-blades through the post, and how much I now regretted doing so. It was during the Israeli invasion of the Lebanon in 1982 that Ariel Sharon aided and abetted the Christian Phalangist forces' massacre of large numbers of Palestinians in two refugee camps. This was my mitigation Barrowclough told Judge Lawton, why I had committed this stupid crime. The truth was that I was anti-Jewish – Sabra and Chatilla camps were just the straws that broke the camels back as far as I was concerned.

Judge Lawton listened to my defence, listened to the prosecution (who condemned me as a wicked, evil Nazi) then said a few words. I cannot remember what platitudes he mumbled before sentencing me to twelve months imprisonment. It wasn't really a shock getting jailed as I'd fully expected to be going away. Down the steps I went, leaving my poor dad and family devastated, bringing more heartache and pain to my parents. It wasn't the end of the world – with good behaviour I'd be out in eight months.

Down to the holding cell in the Bridewell I went, with the others who'd been potted off that day, and awaited transport to Walton Jail. Six o'clock came and the cell door opened. Along with several other prisoners, I was taken out and put into the sweatbox, which then proceeded to Walton Jail. As Walton was fairly close to the courts, we arrived there in about twenty minutes.

It was dark when we reached the prison. The big electric gates opened, the sweat-box drove in, and the gates closed behind us. We all disembarked and still handcuffed made our way to the reception area. Other cons working in reception handed out jail clothes to all newcomers, as screws in the

background barked out orders. I hoped to see someone I knew on reception to hopefully get some clothes that fitted. A lot of lads I'd grown up with in Norris Green were forever in and out of Walton. I knew it would only be a matter of time before I bumped into someone who would show me the ropes.

I wasn't scared about going to Walton: I'd been in the Detention Centre as a juvenile for six months, so was half clued-up as to what adult prison would be like. I was brought into the reception area, told to empty my pockets and remove my clothes. This I did. My clothes were put in a box and taken away. I was then instructed to go and get a shower. The small towel I was given was more like a tea-towel than a bath towel. After the shower I returned to the reception area, drying my body as quick as possible.

One of the cons from reception then asked –

“What size pants and shoe do you take mate?”

“Thirty waist and size nine shoes.”

I replied, and then had them more or less thrown at me. I put them on and nothing fitted. What can you expect? You're in prison at the end of the day. A bed-roll consisting of a green blanket, white sheets and a pillowcase was given to me. The pillowcase held a plastic mug with a knife and fork inside. There was also a horrible looking – and smelling – bar of soap. We then all followed some screw into the heart of the prison. He opened a big gate that led onto one of the prison wings.

There were five landings each with nets strung across. This was to prevent suicide attempts, or people throwing others off. Prisoners were going about their daily business, not even turning round to look at the newcomers. They seemed completely at home in this artificial world. It was very intimidating to enter into such an alien environment.

My initial placement was on I wing. There I was padded-up with a Scottish guy, from Glasgow. He had been living in Blackpool at the time of his arrest – he was in for GBH. I wing was mainly unemployed with the inmates facing twenty-three hour bang up.

The cell was small containing two single beds and a bucket to urinate in. There was also a small bowl for hot water to wash and shave with. When morning came, you would 'slop out', as it was called in those days. You would empty your bucket and fill the bowl full with hot water in a recess. This was in the middle of the landing and consisted of a urinal, toilet and sink, with hot and cold water.

The first thing that struck me about the recess was the smell... It was awful but after several days you got used to it. The daily routine was

unvarying – give your piss bucket a good swill out, fill your bowl up with hot water, then back into your cell. A quick wash and shave before proceeding down the stairs to the server. There the cons would dish up your porridge. Then the main course, which was usually a slice of bacon with runny tomatoes.

I'll always remember my first trip to the servery where a con gave me a slice of bacon and another asked, "Do you want any tomatoes?"

"Not for me thanks mate."

"You're ok – it's got no razor blades in it!"

I just smiled to myself and returned to my cell. I was eventually moved from I wing onto F wing and given a job on F wing cleaners. You would brush and mop all the landings on F wing, as well as serving the food from the servery to the prisoners. You would then collect the metal trays the food had been eaten from. These would be placed outside the cell when the screw opened the door. This would be about an hour after you were banged-up to eat – you were allowed go the toilet and put your trays out then.

All F wing cleaners were on the ones as it was called, meaning the bottom (1st) floor. All landings had five floors. I was placed in a cell with a fellow from Ellesmere Port, who wasn't a bad lad – he always did hundreds of press-ups and sit-ups of a night. Also on the wing was Jeff Jones an armed robber and hard-case from Croxteth, who I knew before jail. Another good lad on our wing (not on the cleaners) was Roy Reid, also an armed robber from Croxteth. Roy had just finished a five year sentence for a previous armed robbery and was now doing a seven. Jeff and Roy were well known armed robbers around Norris Green and Croxteth. All the young kids looked up to them.

I settled into F wing and it didn't really feel like being in jail. It felt like a home from home and time passed very quickly. I was at Walton for three weeks in total before it was announced that I was being transferred to H.M.P. Haverigg, in Cumbria. How was my family going to get there? I wondered...

### **H.M.P Haverigg**

In the first week of April around twenty of us, from different wings in Walton, now allocated to Haverigg prison were to travel there by coach. Having bid farewell to those on F wing cleaners I was sad to leave them all. I'd fit in quite well at Walton getting myself into a tolerable routine.

We boarded the coach shackled in pairs and the vehicle passed through the prison gates. As we passed through Liverpool on our way to Haverigg,

I kept my eyes open, hoping to see some old friend as we drove along the city's streets. We drove onto the East Lancs. Road by way of Norris Green. Having made our way to Manchester and collected some prisoners from Strangeways we continued on to Haverigg. The driver never went near motorways, sticking solely to the A roads. The journey seemed to take forever but no one complained – I for one was certainly in no hurry to get there.

Finally, we arrived right in what seemed like the middle of nowhere. The Cumbria mountains and fells surrounded the prison. We drove into what resembled an army camp of some description. In point of fact, I later learned it was an ex-RAF base. The layout of the jail was nothing like Walton, and looked more like a Butlin's holiday camp. In a hangover from its previous incarnation the accommodation was in billets – single-storey Nissan huts, each containing a dozen or so rooms. Some rooms (such as the one I was allocated to) housed three prisoners while others held only two.

The billets were ranged in alphabetical order along the side of the football pitch – the former parade yard – A, B, C and D lines. Having been assigned to C lines, I was given a bed pack then told to go to a certain room number there.

Inside was a scouser – from Kirkby – called Tony Noonan, and Martin from Doncaster. Noonan was serving three years for defrauding people out of money and regarded himself as a professional conman. I introduced myself and they both seemed decent enough people.

The first three days in Haverigg functioned as an induction period for new arrivals. This was an introduction to the prison where you met just about everyone from doctors to gym screws. After the three days ended you were given a job. The one I landed was in the loom shop – commonly known in the prison as 'the Monkey shop'.

The Monkey shop was full of industrial looms. The operator sat on a chair and worked two pedals underneath, while pulling a long wooden arm across a frame. When all the looms were working with everyone peddling away, the noise from the machines would sometimes sound like "Never get out, never get out."

Once I'd been in Haverigg for about three weeks I slowly started to get to know people. Martin from Doncaster, one of my roommates, oddly enough was anti-NF. He had in fact been arrested at the Lewisham anti-NF riot in 1977. He was a quiet type and didn't display any personal aggression towards me, but harboured a deep-seated hatred of nationalism. We had many an argument, but nothing that resulted in fisticuffs or any real fallout.

Tony Noonan, on the other hand, did not like blacks and agreed with the NF policy of forced repatriation. However, he was a Republican and a staunch IRA supporter. During our time together I probably had more arguments with him than Martin from Doncaster! All the same Noonan was a good lad, and was there for me when I needed him...

Andy Laing, who also worked in the Monkey shop, was an ex-serviceman who'd served in the 2nd Battalion, Parachute Regiment. He'd completed several tours of duty in Northern Ireland. We hit it off straight away and became very good friends. Andy had come out of the Paras back into Civvy street. He had become embroiled in a fight with some police officers on a night out in his home town of Durham. Andy was located on D lines together with a friend from the North East called Mellor. They were two good lads who would come to my aid in the weeks to come.

The screw that ran the Monkey shop – Mr Godfrey – called me into his office one day. He told me he was aware that Spearhead (BNP party publication) had arrived for me and the powers that be had decided I couldn't have it. It would go into my property and be given to me on release. He thought this was disgusting saying-

“Black inmates receive the Voice (paper for Britain's black community) but that seems ok.”

He also informed me that he was in the local Barrow branch of the National Front. He promised me a better job in the Monkey shop that would get me off those horrid machines.

There were several other rooms in our billet, and I got to know most of the lads in them apart from two. These were an Asian called Majid and his roommate called Brimlow. Both were from Bradford and their standards of personal hygiene were abysmal. They never seemed to clean their room and dodged their turn at cleaning the corridor and toilet of the billet. One Saturday afternoon I'd had enough and went into their room. I told them that they were stinking the billet out and other people had to live here too.

My comments sparked a violent argument. The next thing I knew I was fighting with Majid and Brimlow, with both of them getting stuck into me. I managed to get Majid to the floor and was punching his stinking face in when Brimlow left the room returned with a brush, and started whacking me over the head. Realising I was going to get my head caved in if I didn't do something I jumped to my feet. Pushing past Brimlow I ran from the room over to my good friend on D lines, Andy Laing.

I burst into Andy's room blood pouring down my face from a deep wound in my head, telling him a Paki and some white trash had just jumped me in

my billet. He sprang to his feet and saying in his broad Geordie accent, "Let's get Mellor, man."

Mellor, also on D Lines, was awakened from his sleep to be told by Andy, "We're going to do some Paki-bashing!"

Racing across from D to C lines, Andy crashed through the door into Majid and Brimlow's room and tore into them like a tornado. Brimlow was smashed to the floor by Andy and Mellor, flattened in about five seconds. Andy then proceeded to punch Majid, keeping him suspended in the air with powerful uppercuts. It was more or less over in thirty seconds, conducted with brutal military precision. I'd never seen anything like it...

We ran out of the billet back over to D lines and waited to see what would happen next. We stationed a lookout who told us all the screws in the jail were now descending on my billet. Majid and Brimlow were carted off to the hospital, apparently not in the best of health.

The screws were all over the nick looking for the culprits responsible for this vicious beating. Calm eventually descended on the jail and I made my way back to my billet. We were all banged up now before we had tea and the jail was alive with speculation as to who had been responsible. Martin, my pad-mate, was screaming at me, calling Andy Laing an animal. Tony Noonan was right behind me – there for me if there was to be any retaliation from anyone in the jail.

Over the weekend I worried about whether we'd get nicked for the attack and lose time. Worse still, we could be arrested, charged with GBH and tried in an outside court. Back in the Monkey shop on Monday, rumours were rife. People kept coming over to ask what had happened. Andy Laing did not work in the Monkey shop – he had a better job elsewhere in the jail. A short fat-looking lad came over to me enquiring if I was in the National Front –

"Yes, I am."

"My name's Solomon and I am a Jew..."

"So what?"

"I'm coming to your billet after work, and I'm going to do you in!"

With that he walked away and got back on his machine. I knew I had to act fast, being aware he had many friends in the jail that might just help him. Looking around the workshop I saw a big heavy file and grabbed it concealing it down my work overalls. My plan was to wait until the screw went to have a cup of tea in his office, then go and whack this little Jew-boy over the head...



Biding my time I carried on with my work. About twenty minutes later three screws came in and spoke to Godfrey. Godfrey then called me over and told me I was to go with these other officers. "Should I leave my overalls here?"

"Yeah, do that."

I took them off file still inside, leaving them by my machine.

I was taken to the block and held there overnight and shipped out next day to H.M.P. Strangeways in Manchester.

### **Strangeways**

Arrival at Strangeways produced mixed feelings. I'd heard a number of nasty stories circulating about screws beating people up and a harsh routine being enforced. On arrival I was taken to see the Principal Officer, universally known as the PO.

One of the ordinary screws said to me, "Give the PO your name and number and address him as 'Sir'."

I imparted the required information standing to attention, my hands behind my back. The PO stared at me for a long moment then enquired why I'd been shipped out of H.M.P. Haverigg. I tried to look puzzled whilst replying, "I don't know, sir."

The PO then barked, "Well I do – for starting an Anti-Paki League!"

Now this idea was a new one on me. I can only assume it must have originated from the incident with Majid.

"I would advise you to behave yourself and not try to start anything like that here – or else..."

I meekly responded, "Yes sir."

The same routine prevailed as in Walton: shower; bed pack, and off to another wing. We marched off, proceeding to C wing. There I was allocated a cell with a guy from Bolton. My new cellmate was good company and we got along nicely together.

The prison had been built in the mid-Victorian era. In keeping with contemporary utilitarian ideas it was designed on the Panopticon model. The wings were built around a central area. This was to maximise ease of surveillance from the centre of the jail, where all the wings converged. This 'centre' was shaped like a fifty pence piece. It was a strict rule that prisoners had to walk around the centre and not cross it. It seemed to be the ultimate sin to walk on it – screws would scream at you from every wing of the jail.

Maybe strictly enforcing this seemingly petty rule was just another way of letting the cons know who was boss. On the other hand there may have been a genuine security reason for the prohibition. In any case I avoided walking on the centre at all costs.

Not many people seemed to work at Strangeways, with twenty-three hour bang-up being the order of the day. I spent most of my time reading and listening to a radio that had been sent in to me. My cellmate was finally released and I remained alone in my cell for several weeks before getting a replacement.

Coming back from exercise one day I found a new cellmate installed. To my surprise it was Tommy Lar Lar – a con I remembered from Haverigg. He was from the Scotland Road area of Liverpool, and was doing three years for robbing a milkman. He told me my old friends Andy Laing and Mellor had been shipped out to H.M.P. Armley, in Leeds, at the same time as I went to Strangeways.

Tommy wasn't the best of cellmates. He couldn't read, and he was always asking the screws the time. One screw he asked the time of responded, "What do you want to know the time for? Time's irrelevant in here lad..."

This seemed to do the trick and he never asked again. He also wanted the radio constantly on and found it difficult to keep still for any length of time. This started to get me down, and I told him to ask the landing screw for a cell change. He got one and moved in with another scouser on the wing.

My spell in Strangeways was fairly uneventful. The screws had developed a good routine that kept everything moving along. This left little time for any discontent to develop. There were some incidences of violence I witnessed. I saw the odd person attacked who owed tobacco debts or was known as a grass.

One thing that did brighten my day up was the occasion when Sam Haughton and Graham Rodgers of the Special Branch visited me. They said they were getting all types of pressure from their bosses to clear up some of the attacks and arson on News from Nowhere... I claimed to know nothing of the arson attacks, but admitted throwing the odd brick through the window. They were happy enough they had something no doubt, but the arson was the real crime they hoped to solve. I could only agree when they laughed about how the so-called revolutionaries of the left always went crying to the very 'class traitors' they were sworn to destroy – the police.

I only had three days left to go, and they couldn't go quickly enough. When returning from exercise I received a surprise. A scouser (from Huyton) walking in front of me looked into my cell and called out that I had a black cellmate. I replied, "You're joking, aren't you?"

"No – have a look!"

I did and he wasn't joking... An elderly black man was not only in my cell, but had the box out from under my bed containing the books that had been sent to me at Strangeways. He was reading 'White Power' by George Lincoln Rockwell. I found this incongruous sight rather amusing, as did half the landing! They were now scuffling with each other to get a turn at looking through the cell-door spy hole. The screw opened my cell up and in I went and said, "Excuse me, these are mine..."

He looked rather bewildered claiming he was unaware that anyone else was in the cell. Replacing the book in the box I pushed it back under the bed. The black guy was in for failing to make maintenance payments to his wife, or something of a similar nature. After I introduced myself we got talking. He was from Moss Side, in Manchester, and oddly enough was only in for three days. He was to be released on the same day as me.

Every time someone went past my cell they would shout in – as a joke – "Who's yer new mate, Joey?"

What I found odd (and objectionable) about this black man was that he neither undressed nor washed in the three days he was there. Knowing I was to be released in a few days I didn't make an issue of things. He could, and should, have made an effort to attend to his personal hygiene. On the day before release a well-known screw in Strangeways by the name of Duffy came into my cell and started shouting at the black man calling him everything under the sun. "You scruffy unwashed piece of shit – get a fucking wash!"

Now I do not know how Duffy knew about the situation, but he did. Before he left the cell he looked at me and smiled. As he walked out I wondered if the screws had put the black man in my cell as a bit of a joke...

My release day finally arrived. I was waiting at the end of the bed for the screw to open the door. I couldn't get out of that cell quick enough! Down to reception, complete the bureaucratic formalities, then out those gates to freedom...



## Chapter 7

# Terry O'Neil

The year 1984 had seen increased attempts by our enemies to drive us from Church Street on Saturday afternoons. We were then selling British Nationalist, the organ of the BNP. We had been unopposed, standing under a large fluttering Union Jack on Church Street – in full defiance of our political opponents.

I'd heard a good deal about Terry O'Neil. He was reputed to be some sort of invincible hard man and karate supremo. He was always in the Liverpool Echo, winning this or that karate award. In fact, he won the Karate Union of Great Britain national championships individual kumite kata title six times between 1972 and 1978. He was three times KUGB Grand Champion. He had been a member of the British All-Styles Squad who defeated Japan in the 1975 World Championships held in Los Angeles. O'Neil had won many other karate victories, too numerous to mention.

With the increased violence and attacks against us, I thought it might be wise to try my hand at martial arts again. Having heard so much about Terry O'Neil I decided to give his club a visit. I'd been told he ran a karate club on Victoria Street in Liverpool city centre, called the Samurai. I travelled down there on a weekday and walked inside. When entering the Samurai the visitor came into a small shop that sold various items of karate paraphernalia. There was Fighting Arts International (Terry's own karate magazine), karate gi outfits, rice flails (I later purchased a pair for attacking the Reds), different coloured belts, etc, and a very attractive lady who would take the money for purchases or lessons.

Exiting the shop the visitor then entered the main dojo. It had a polished-looking wooden floor, bags for kicking and punching and some strange looking long boards. These were called Makiwara and you struck them with your bare hands to toughen and condition various striking points.

Having arrived just as a class was beginning; I hurriedly sat down in the row of chairs allocated for spectators. I'd seen pictures of Terry O'Neil in the Liverpool Echo, they didn't do him justice. He was very tall and muscular, walking with an air of dominance and authority. He paced up and down the dojo like a caged lion, staring with intensity.

The class was several rows deep, ranked according to seniority. At the front were black belts; lower grades at the back. The whole class stood there, feet slightly apart, arms lowered to the waist, rather as if driving a car. Without warning and in a thunderous voice, Terry shouted something in Japanese, and the students reacted as one. In unison, they moved forward onto their front legs, went into deep stances, hands raised slightly lower than a boxer's. Terry then shouted another set of commands to which the whole class responded. Punch, kick, punch, punch, kick, or something similar. It was all too fast and confusing to remember the whole sequence. I sat there and didn't know what to think other than

“WOW!”

The ju-jitsu I'd learned as a child wasn't as fast-paced as this, and the instructors hadn't looked as menacing as O'Neil. In fact this man was positively scary. The rest of the class was fast-paced, featuring plenty of action. Now and then the class would stop while people paired off, and practised blocking each other's punches and kicks. When someone made a wrong move, or was inattentive to instructions, they paid for it... They would either get whacked with the long bamboo stick O'Neil carried, or receive his rather dangerous-looking feet in their guts. As I've said, this man was scary, but there was method in his madness, as later became apparent. With the class finally over, everyone headed for the changing room.

On the way out, I asked the nice-looking lady for a training timetable, which she gave me. I then jumped on the 14c bus home. The classes were held on Mondays, Wednesday and Fridays. These were broken down into beginners and advanced sessions, with beginners held 6-7.30pm and advanced 8-9.30pm. I borrowed a gi from an old friend, and attended my first class the following Monday. It was taken by a pleasant Irish guy called Mike Reid. Mike was a black belt, maybe even a Second Dan, and was someone you could warm to straight away. Being a beginner I stood to the rear of the white, orange and green belts. The brown and purple belts stood behind the black belts in the advanced class. I was shown the basic stance and how to hold my guard up in front of me, as well as various side and front kicks. I was familiar with the kicks, as I'd learned similar ones at the ju-jitsu all those years ago.

Within a year I'd passed several belt grades and got to know more of the black belt instructors. One I was particularly friendly with was Eddie McDonough. Eddie was a street-wise lad, one of the best kickers I've ever seen. He'd also had worked on the doors and done a bit of boxing. Eddie and I hit it off straight away, both understanding the violent nature of the street better than the naive people doing karate. The majority of those training

at the Samurai had, I believe, never really experienced violence in their lives. Karate was probably their only hope of survival on the street.

One man, who did know the street and its violent ways was Terry O'Neil. He was a man who'd obviously encountered a lot of violence in his life, and he knew how to deal with it. When taking the karate lessons at the Samurai, he would often walk round talking about his first hand experience of violent situations. What struck me the most, though, were his quick one-liners –

“Karate isn't to improve your health – it's to destroy theirs.”

“I don't care if you're First Dan, Second Dan, or Desperate Dan – if you can't switch on you'll lose.”

“Hitting them with a knuckle-duster, baseball bat, or on the sly – it's not cheating: it's called winning.”

And finally, my personal favourite –

“The only thing these people understand is pain – and plenty of it.”

I was completely in awe of this man, and at times concerned about his sanity.

After I'd had the joy of learning karate the Terry O'Neil way for many months, it began to dawn on me just what message Terry was putting across. He was mentally preparing us for the big bad world out there, and harboured no illusions. Karate was not, in itself, the saviour for all those who'd had sand kicked in their faces. Unless you had the ability to switch on, react to any situation, you would fail in the street no matter how much karate you'd done. I now began to understand that if anyone's sanity was open to question it certainly wasn't Terry O'Neil's.

This was an awakening for me – it opened my eyes to what real fighting was all about. Another good tip Terry gave us about dealing with scum on the streets was–

“Yer karate is not enough. You need a weapon as well, because they've all got one. I'm not telling you to break the law – I'm telling you what a fact is.”

He was spot on, and I could relate to this, having had on many occasions fought against people with weapons.

I continued with my Karate until around 1985. Then an old friend of mine, Steph Hunter, told me about a kick-boxing system he had taken up called 'Muay Thai'. He was practising this at a health club called 'Hawthorn Health and Fitness'. It was being run by a fellow called Jeff Bullock. I decided to go along with Steph and another long-time friend Simon Burns.

On arriving at the Thai Boxing club I was taken upstairs to an attic-like room, kitted out with a judo mat and long, swinging, punch/kick bags. I was introduced to Jeff Bullock and informed him that I was doing Shotokan Karate with Terry O'Neil. He said to me, "We kick a little differently from Karate – Ka. We use the shin rather than the instep, or ball of the foot, as they do in Karate."

I said that I didn't think this would cause me any problems.

The lesson started with us being told to shadow box, as a warm-up exercise, which we did. When I was kicking Karate-style, Jeff kept correcting me instructing me not to snap the kick. The aim was more of a straight kick, with the shin. This was all a bit confusing at first as I was used to snapping the kick, as opposed to using a straight leg.

During the lesson I paired off with somebody holding the Thai kick-pads, whilst he practised his kicks on them. It was only when holding these pads that I realised the power of the Thai kick. It felt like this person's kicks would literally break my arms. Having both seen and felt the difference in kicking with the shin rather than the instep I was immediately hooked.

The whole fighting system of Muay Thai is so realistic – the most effective stand-up fighting system in the world. The punches were delivered in a Western manner; the kicking, kneeing and elbowing were applied more effectively than in Karate. Nor did the student have to learn Kata forms that had no practical application in the street, as one did in Karate.

Leaving the Samurai I went to train with Jeff Bullock. I would never forget Terry O'Neil. For what he taught me I remain eternally grateful. Regardless of fighting style, he, more than anyone else, opened my eyes to the reality of human nature. The code of conduct he imparted to his students will stay with me the rest of my life – thank you Terry.



## Chapter 8

# Battle for The Adelphi

The Liverpool BNP was now making serious headway in the city, and was one of the most active branches in the country. The branch staged regular paper sales on Church Street, flying a large union jack from a flag-staff. Some people would stop and stare wondering what to make of it all, while others would rush over to purchase the British Nationalist (the party publication). There would be membership enquiries, and requests for information on BNP meetings that people could attend.

Then there were our enemies queuing up to have a go... This normally featured the usual suspects, with the odd black from Toxteth throwing in his tuppence-worth. All in all it would be an exciting day, with the threat of violence never too far away. The inherent dangers in organising public paper sales in a strange sort of way made the day more enjoyable and kept boredom at bay.

It was announced by party HQ that the Saint George's Day rally was to be held in Liverpool, on 20th April. They could not have picked a better place for the rally in my opinion, and I set about winding our enemies up. This was not a particularly hard thing to do – the mere mention of the BNP had our opponents frothing at the mouth.

Me, Ken Usher and Jimmy McGhee now set about getting a hotel for us to meet in, one which would let us use our own name (BNP) without hiding under a pseudonym. The reasoning behind this was, once we got the venue we would deliver to the Liverpool Echo, Radio City and all the usual lefty outlets (News From Nowhere) by hand, a poster advertising the meeting, venue, and lead speaker. We all knew what would happen once this became public – our enemies would go for the jugular of the manager of whatever venue we'd booked, calling for the meeting to be banned. This would then most certainly generate massive publicity, with our enemies believing they had stopped us in our tracks. In reserve, we would have another venue, booked under a false name that would be kept secret – after all, we still had a meeting to hold.

Ken Usher hand delivered the poster advertising the meeting to: News from Nowhere; Merseyside Community Relations Council; Liverpool Echo

and Radio City. We waited a few days and nothing happened. Had they taken the bait, or were they just going to ignore us? Then, unexpectedly, it hit the news on Radio City. Church leaders, community groups, council leaders and just about every other enemy of British nationalism called for the meeting to be banned. They were united in their attack on the BNP. The Liverpool Echo was next in its condemnation of the party and anti-racist groups called for a mass demonstration against the meeting.

We had booked the Shaftsbury Hotel on Mount Pleasant under our own auspices. The manager was more than happy for the meeting to take place there and even agreed with our policies. The Reds now started threatening the manager in abusive phone calls to the hotel, while the local press plastered the hotel name all over its pages. Under the relentless pressure he caved in, claiming he had been misled about who we were. I can't be too hard on this person – after all, it was we who let him down when we went public with the meeting. Had he known what was about to happen, I am sure he would have said no in the first place. Anyway, he caved in and withdrew our booking.

Luckily for us we had the Adelphi Hotel as backup should the Shaftsbury be cancelled. We informed the press we would still be having the meeting in the city that day, but at a secret location. The only problem we had was that the meeting at the Shaftsbury Hotel had been advertised in *Spearhead* the month before and it was too late to get the details of the new venue into the April edition. We would have to station people at the Shaftsbury re-directing those attending over to the Adelphi. This wouldn't have been a problem as they were literally only 50 yards apart, the Adelphi being situated on Lime Street. However, you then had to take into account Reds, and blacks from nearby Toxteth, on the prowl. In fact, Michael Showers of the Liverpool 8 Defence Committee had been making noises, threatening to come and smash up the Shaftsbury.

Jimmy McGhee and I headed into the city centre at about 12.30pm, making our way to the Shaftsbury hotel. Things seemed quiet, and the expected black mob had not yet materialised. We stationed ourselves outside the Shaftsbury and waited for BNP members and supporters to arrive when they would be re-directed to The Vines public house, adjacent to the Adelphi. I think the first to arrive was John Burgess, from Warrington, who had several young lads with him. I informed them about the state of affairs and the need to get over to The Vines sharpish. This went on for about an hour, with regional groups and branches being re-directed across to The Vines.

About half past one Jimmy McGhee and I decided that it was best we got ourselves over to The Vines, as it didn't look like any more BNP would show up at the Shaftsbury. It was still remarkably quiet considering all the

threats from Showers and co. Ken Usher had secured the room in the Adelphi. He now came over to The Vines and started telling people to make their way into the Adelphi and head for the Empire suite. It had been booked under the name of the 'New Society Study Group.' Had we tried to book under our own name, it would have been very unlikely that the booking would have been accepted. So, making bookings under false names was something we were forced to do, rather than an option we exercised through choice.

Just before 2.00pm John Tyndall and the London contingent arrived on a coach, pulling up right outside the Adelphi's entrance. The hotel had a small wall around it, but also a driveway right outside where vehicles could park, allowing people to take their luggage straight into the hotel. Accompanying JT were Richard Edmonds, Dave Bruce, John Morse, Tony Wells and about fifty members from the south of England. Also, the contingent from Scotland had arrived, with Gus McLeod, Erick Brand and several other good members.

We had more or less shepherded everyone into the Adelphi, when I noticed a large group of blacks gathering outside the Shaftsbury hotel opposite. I ran back into The Vines, where Jimmy McGhee was directing the last of the BNP and simultaneously finishing a pint. I cannot understand why the black mob had turned up so late. Had they been just twenty minutes earlier, they would have caused us a lot of trouble as we tried to get everyone into the hotel. Just as McGhee and I walked out of The Vines, Showers and about fifty blacks from the Liverpool 8 Defence Committee came walking past us into the pub. Jimmy and me then briskly walked over to the Adelphi, and made our way inside. As we did so Showers and his companions cottoned on to where we were...

They came charging in, screaming abuse at anyone white. Just as they arrived JT came out of the toilets, seemed completely oblivious to the commotion and nonchalantly strolled past Showers and co. Ken Usher and Jimmy McGhee grabbed hold of JT, quickly directing him to the Empire suite.

The Empire suite was situated to the left of the hotel lounge, past a T-shaped dining area. Once JT was safely ensconced in the meeting room we decided to deal with the L8DC. Out we charged, the Scottish contingent at the front, to be met by a hail of ashtrays and stools thrown by the L8DC. The Scottish lads picked up everything they could lay their hands on – chairs, stools, ashtrays, lamps – just about anything that wasn't fastened down – and let fly at the black mob.

Wells, Richard Edmonds and the London boys came steaming in behind the Scottish lads, pushing us closer to the blacks. While all this was going on, no one seemed to notice the six elderly hotel residents, who had been

having afternoon tea, fleeing for their lives. Not a pretty sight, but what can you do when you are under attack, but defend yourself?

Michael Showers was now only feet away from me – I threw an ashtray at him that missed. It nearly hit a member of the hotel staff who'd been watching nearby. Several of the Scots surged forward and got embroiled in a fistfight with some of the blacks. They gave as well as they got, the Toxteth lot weren't having it all their own way. One BNP lad picked up a standing ashtray and threw it right into the centre of the mob, making some scatter out of harm's way. The BNP lads then made one final push forward, driving the L8DC out of the dinning area back into the lounge towards the hotel entrance. Showers and co. exited into the street.

We then returned to the meeting room and shut the door. Something very strange about events in the hotel foyer that day was the absence of any left-wing opponents.

When the dust had settled in the hotel (if you could put it like that) after the staff, hotel guests and just about everyone else had been caught up in that few minutes of madness, the hotel manager, Mr John Pearce, knocked on the door of the Empire suite. He asked would we kindly leave. I cannot fully remember Dave Bruce's answer, but it was brief and ended with the letter F. A large crowd was gathering outside the hotel, the room we were in gave a limited view of the street...

The Reds had finally showed up, one with a loud hailer calling for the workers to smash the wicked Nazis. Toxteth being five minutes away from the Adelphi, we soon saw the arrival of more blacks. The crowd was growing bigger by the minute. The police had now sealed off the entrance to the Adelphi. They'd also blocked off the side road between the hotel and The Vines public house. We now sat down and commenced our meeting.

JT rose to a thunderous reception that must surely have been audible to the mob in the street. Tyndall spoke about the rabble outside and what a BNP government would do to such vermin. He praised all those present for their efforts in dealing with our enemies. The police decided to leave us in the room whilst they worked out what to do when the meeting finally ended. The next time I looked out of the window at the demonstration I could see it had grown larger. I knew not all those outside were necessarily the opposition. A large part of the crowd would be members of the public stopping to stand, stare, and wonder what all the commotion was. Also, a lot of young kids would have stopped in the hope of seeing a bit of action – or a riot – to brighten up their day.

There were certain individuals I noticed outside who were the enemy. Alex Bennett of the Merseyside Community Relations Council, Tony Mulhearn from Militant Tendency and various Labour Councillors. Last but

not least our old friends of the cloth, the Most Reverend Derek Warlock and the Right Reverend David Sheppard. Just as they had defended them back in 1981, both during and after the Toxteth riots, those freaks in frocks once more defended a dangerous black mob. Barely an hour before this mob had used violence in an attempt to stop our meeting.

I wonder what it is with deluded fools like Warlock and Sheppard, with their obsession with underdogs and the so-called downtrodden of the world. No matter how violent or nasty the 'downtrodden', clowns like these always find the need to defend them and champion their cause – truly bizarre. Another rhetorical question – why do they always seem to be poking their nose into political matters that should be left to the politicians (or police if need be)? Their interventions are always on the side of the left and the mob. Not once did they condemn Showers and co. for their violent behaviour. Warlock and Sheppard freely mixed with their black rioters and communist atheists while condemning the BNP and labelling us as 'outsiders'.

A funny incident in that day's events occurred among the lines of police officers blocking the hotel doorway. Stood there was a police sergeant who on many occasions had moved BNP paper sellers off Church Street. He usually threatened those present with arrest if they didn't comply with his orders. Several blacks from Toxteth were screaming in his face, shouting all types of obscenities at him. Poetic justice I thought. Ha Ha! – Oh, how this made my day...

As our meeting was finally drawing to a close a police inspector came in and spoke to Richard Edmonds about the state of affairs outside. In particular, he wondered how we planned to leave the building. Richard said, "The same way we came in."

The inspector intimated that it would be very difficult for the police to get the London BNP's coach right outside the door of the Adelphi without there being serious public disorder.

He then proposed to Richard that we go out of the side entrance, walk up Copperas hill and on to the coach. That way, we would avoid going out of the front and causing a riot. Richard agreed. Thereafter we exited by the side entrance and quietly walked up Copperas hill towards the coach. The police had stationed a line of men between the Adelphi and The Vines, stopping anyone from going up the side of the hotel and getting in.

Once the police had cleared us from the Adelphi, they had the unenviable task of informing Showers and co. that we'd gone. When they finally plucked up the courage to let those present know we had left the hotel via a side exit, they were not believed. In fact, it was only when a three-man delegation was allowed into the hotel to search the room we'd been in that Showers believed the police. The local black mob and veteran rioters outside didn't

take this piece of news too well. They blamed the police for aiding and abetting the BNP. Some demonstrators started throwing missiles at the hotel whilst others threatened the police with violence when they entered Toxteth again.

We could see some of the mob at the front of the building as we left the hotel. As we walked up Copperas hill I thought they could see us. Luckily they did not, and we all got on the coach and drove away. We headed off out of town with a police escort, and funnily enough found ourselves stopping outside the Sheil Park Hotel. The "Liverpool and Scottish BNP groups disembarked, bidding farewell to those remaining on the coach. Some made their way back into town to catch trains home or pick up the transport they'd arrived in. Tyndall and the Southern contingent departed on the long journey home.

All the usual enemies of British nationalism queued up to have a go at the BNP in the days that followed. The manager of the Adelphi John Pearce said, "I would like to stress to everyone that there is no way in the world the hotel would have accommodated these people if we had any idea at all who they were. I feel sick at the despicable underhand tactics which have been used to obtain this booking. I am livid because we have acted in all good faith."

A senior police officer praised community leaders, councillors and the two church leaders for their help in preventing injuries or arrests. He said, "They all behaved in an extremely responsible manner."

Then we had Archbishop Warlock, launching an attack on the BNP in his Easter Sunday midnight Mass sermon at the Metropolitan Cathedral. This included –

"The attempt, yesterday, by a handful of outsiders to introduce into our city a note of hatred, intolerance and false racial superiority was not only an insult to our fellow citizens, but a near blasphemy against the teachings of Christ, whose triumph over death and injustice we celebrate at Easter."

And, not to be left out, smack-dealer, pimp, now champion of the blacks, Michael Showers had this to say –

"Every person and business should now boycott the Adelphi, and it should be pulled down brick by brick!"

Later that night, after the Battle for the Adelphi, we managed to hear and record the broadcast by a terrified reporter from Radio Merseyside. During the trouble in the hotel he had been caught in the crossfire of stools and ashtrays, and we found his dramatic account of events rather amusing.

The Liverpool BNP, joined by our Scottish comrades, enjoyed a pint into the early hours in Jimmy McGhee's local, and relived the day's exciting moments.

After all the publicity generated by the Battle of the Adelphi the Liverpool BNP was on a high and extended its activities further a field. The branch was seen by HQ as an example to follow and emulate. We not only had the Reds running scared but our tactics and daring approach inspired other branches to follow suit. John Tyndall described us as one of the best branches in the country.

Ken Usher and I decided to organise regional paper sales and draw support from Warrington, Manchester, Crewe and other north-west towns and cities. This would then give us added numbers to deal with the threat of violent Red attacks. It would also show the public that the BNP was not a two or three man outfit. The Liverpool BNP planned several such activities targeting Liverpool, Chester, Ormskirk, Warrington and Nantwich.

On 11th August 1984 a regional paper sale had been organised for Nantwich in Cheshire. Nantwich being a small town with zero ethnics and very few Reds, we were confident we could hold our own if any trouble should arise. The added advantage nationalists had when staging such events was surprise. If any political opponents just happened to be there without being forewarned their numbers tended to be too thin on the ground to launch any attack. We also wanted to start groups in these satellite towns that were still virtually 100% white. Additionally, it was a break from the running battles of Church Street. Branches from Liverpool, Warrington, Stoke and Nantwich met up in the main shopping centre in Nantwich and picked a nice spot to get the BNP papers out. The Crewe/Nantwich branch was run by a veteran NF activist, John Green. John Green had been a John Tyndall loyalist and came over to the BNP when JT formed it.

The turn out that day was quite good, with about twenty people in all. With a large group like this we opted to go to Crewe rather than Nantwich. Now we could have stayed in Nantwich and had a peaceful afternoon selling the British Nationalist, but we decided to try Crewe. Our approach to politics then was confrontational. We knew Crewe had a large West Indian population, with the chance of trouble being high if we journeyed there. We decided to go and see what would transpire.

Now something strange happened concerning a certain individual from Crewe called Dave Shaw. Shaw was a member of Crewe branch and hadn't been involved that long – maybe eighteen months or so. Anyway, as we made our way back to our cars for the journey to Crewe, Shaw seemed to grow agitated. He said he had to go the bank to get some money. No one seemed to realise (until later on) that the banks were shut on a Saturday

afternoon. Shaw went to look for a bank and came back. We then set off on our way to Crewe.

On arrival at Crewe we parked the cars and made our way to the main shopping area in the town centre. This was a busy and vibrant square, with plenty of people doing their afternoon shopping. It also had a nasty-looking gang of blacks assembled at the opposite end. The blacks hadn't noticed us as we unfolded our papers. They seemed more concerned with practising Karate kicks on each other, and generally intimidating afternoon shoppers. After about five minutes of selling papers and shouting "Support the BNP, keep Britain white!" we got the attention of the blacks. In shock and amazement they stared at us in disbelief. Several of the blacks moved forward and snarled at us, but never ventured too close. One of the black lads sent a white lad (who was in their company) over to buy a copy of the British Nationalist. He then took it back and gave it to the group of blacks, who seized it like a group of hyenas. A rather big guy with the Stoke branch called Carl Werner, angry at this weak wigger, marched over to the blacks and snatched the paper back off a black guy. He then turned round and said to the white lad, "What's it like to be a Nigger's slave?"

Werner then marched back to the rest of us, paper and all.

By now the police had arrived and were threatening us with arrest if we didn't move. They said a complaint had been made from a member of the public about the selling of racist literature. Dave Shaw from Crewe seemed to be the one liaising with the police. He informed us that he'd been asked to attend the local police station to see a Chief Inspector Bowman. Now remember when Shaw had gone missing, looking for a bank to get some money, even though none were open on a Saturday afternoon? Off Shaw went, only to return twenty minutes later telling us we could stay – so long as we remained at the end of the square. Also, three coppers would be allocated to make sure trouble didn't break out between us and the blacks. I became very suspicious of Mr Shaw and wondered what he was up to... It had now dawned on me that the banks were shut on a Saturday afternoon – remember this was back in the 1980s. Where had he gone then? To see his controllers?

Remember, we were originally supposed to be selling in Nantwich and not Crewe. I believe once we changed venues and were heading for Crewe (with a sizeable black population and potential trouble) Shaw panicked. He had to get to his Special Branch controllers and alert them. Let me go back to March 1983, when I was jailed for the razor blades. Dave Shaw was phoning my parents' home and insisting he be put on the next visiting order (VO). I thought nothing of this even though I hardly knew the guy. I just put it down to him being upset about my being jailed. When he did come and



see me, with Jimmy McGhee, I remember him asking questions about attacks on left-wing bookshops as well as arson attacks. Several days after Shaw had visited me I strangely received a visit from two old friends from the Special Branch, Graham Rodgers and Sam Haughton. Guess what? They were asking the same questions as Shaw had. At that time I just put it down to coincidence and thought no more of it. Now in August 1984, standing in Crewe, I had a different opinion of Shaw.

After several hours we decided to call it a day at Crewe and headed off for some light refreshments. Guess who'd arranged it back at his house, with sandwiches and all? Good old Dave Shaw. This man's motivation was becoming transparent – I could see right through him. The final proof that he was a police grass came several months later. An organisers' conference was planned, with each town and city organiser asked to attend. Several days before the conference Dave Shaw rang me to ask if I was attending. When I replied yes, he informed me that he would be going. This I found strange as he wasn't an organiser... Anyway, I attended the conference and made my way to the toilets on arrival. I was followed in almost immediately by Shaw. While standing side by side urinating he asked if I'd heard about the CND HQ in Liverpool that had been burned down. I said I hadn't, but asked how he had heard about it? He said he'd seen it on Granada Reports. Now the fire was mentioned on Granada Reports but not as CND HQ, but rather as Unity Theatre, Hope Place, Toxteth. The CND just happened to use a part of the building... So how did he, living in Crewe, know the CND used Unity Theatre as a base? I believe he'd been sent to the organiser's conference by the Special Branch, in the hope of me confessing all regarding the arson attack. He may have even been wired up when we had our conversation.

I informed John Green about Dave Shaw's shady behaviour and he totally agreed with my interpretation. In fact John Green had been suspicious of Shaw for some time. Green had knocked at Shaw's house one day regarding a party matter, only to be met by Shaw's very concerned wife. She told John Green two plain-clothes police had called at the house looking for Dave, but he was out. When John Green asked him what they wanted Dave Shaw said it was over a non-payment of some bill, while he was with the army in Germany. More likely they were his controllers who did not realise Dave Shaw's wife was blissfully unaware of his clandestine relationship with the minions of the secret state.

We gradually phased snitcher Shaw out of the Crewe BNP, and I personally never heard from him again.



## Chapter 9

# Tomorrow Belongs to Me

**T**he next big event after the Battle for the Adelphi was the October 1984 National Rally. The National Rally was an annual get-together in London. All branches and groups were expected to attend, as well as all organisers and party officials. The National Rally would have all the usual good speakers from JT, Richard Edmonds, Dave Bruce, John Peacock as well as regional and local organisers. It would be a look back over the year now gone by and all the achievements the party had made and what we must do for the following year. There would also be a huge collection at the end of the rally that normally went into the thousands. After the rally, there would be a social somewhere in or around London.

1984 National Rally was a particularly good one, with the party still riding high on the Battle for the Adelphi meeting, with morale running high. I, Andy Lunt, Jimmy McGhee, Nick Seiglow, Ken Usher, travelled to London that day and had made arrangements to stay at Tony Well's house. Tony was a good staunch nationalist and had got stuck in at the Adelphi battle. He came across as a bit of a loose cannon and was up for trouble whenever it arose. The BNP at this time had surpassed the NF and all the other nationalist splinter groups from the 1979 break-up and seemed the only way forward for nationalism. JT gave his usual excellent speech, with a thunderous applause to follow that now closed the meeting.

Our group now left the National Rally and made our way by tube to Romford where Tony Wells lived. Now I can't remember where we went for a drink except that we were all drunk when leaving the pub and making our way to his mum's house. On the way I do remember passing a Jewish bakery and someone shouting, "Hey, who wants some bagels". Next I remember several bricks and beer cans flying through the windows. We all then ran and shortly arrived at Tony's mum's house. Now Tony's mum – Liz I think her name was – had also been at the NR and was a dedicated nationalist. She was also a very sociable and likable lady. We all made ourselves at home and Tony dished out the beer he had in the house. The usual drunken conversation took place, with pledges of death to our enemies and the singing of the Horst Weasel song. Horst Ludwig Wessel (9 September 1907 – 23 February 1930), the German Nazi activist, was

made a posthumous hero of the Nazi movement following his violent death in 1930. He was the author of the lyrics to the song 'Die Fahne hoch' ('The Flag on High'), usually known as 'the Horst Wessel Song', which became the Nazi Party anthem and Germany's official co-national anthem.

Tony had also video taped the 1972 film 'Cabaret' starring Liza Minnelli, set in decadent Berlin 1931. In the film there is a scene where Hitler youth as well as older German men and women sing an excellent song, 'Tomorrow Belongs to Me'. The song by the way was written by a Jew. Like with Alf Garnet in the TV sitcom 'Till Death Do Us Part' (also written by a Jew; Johnny Speight) the Jew had done his work a bit too good for his boots. The Hitler youth boy sings:

"The sun on the meadow is summery warm.  
The stag in the forest runs free.  
But gather together to greet the storm.  
Tomorrow belongs to me.

The branch of the linden is leafy and green,  
The Rhine gives its gold to the sea.  
But somewhere a glory awaits unseen.  
Tomorrow belongs to me.

The babe in his cradle is closing his eyes  
The blossom embraces the bee.  
But soon, says a whisper;  
'Arise, arise,  
Tomorrow belongs to me'

Oh Fatherland, Fatherland,  
Show us the sign  
Your children have waited to see.  
The morning will come  
When the world is mine.  
Tomorrow belongs to me!"

With this we all stood to our feet right arm raised and sung along with the song. It was a great feeling of camaraderie and brought back to all those present, what Adolph Hitler and National Socialism meant to us.

Another song we sung was the 'Finklestein'. It was sung to the tune of 'Clementine'.

"In a hovel in a ghetto back in 1929  
Lived a lonely little Jew-boy by the name of Finklestein.  
Perish Judah, perish Judah, perish all you Jewish swine,  
when there dead and gone forever, then the sun will surely shine

*Tomorrow Belongs to Me*

Is profession one of standing in an ancient family line,  
Was making champagne out of water taken from the serpentine.  
Perish Judah, perish Judah, perish all you Jewish swine,  
when there dead and gone forever, then the sun will surely shine

When the slum came, great disaster, no more market for his wine,  
For a time it looked as if they'd send poor Finkle down the mine.  
Perish Judah, perish Judah, perish all you Jewish swine,  
when there dead and gone forever, then the sun will surely shine

'No you don't', said the little Jew-boy, you'll never catch me down  
the mine,

'Because I'm of to join the red front, it's a much more pleasant  
line'.

Perish Judah, perish Judah, perish all you Jewish swine,  
when there dead and gone forever, then the sun will surely shine

In the red front, great success for party comrade Finklestein,  
he'd become a commissar before the end 29.

Perish Judah, perish Judah, perish all you Jewish swine,  
when there dead and gone forever, then the sun will surely shine

1930, mid great hunger, Finkles doing mighty fine,  
with a chauffeur-driven Bentley and a mansion of rich design.  
Perish Judah, perish Judah, perish all you Jewish swine,  
when there dead and gone forever, then the sun will surely shine

Then one day for his old homestead in the ghetto did he pine,  
so he took on over yonder, back to see that sacred shrine.  
Perish Judah, perish Judah, perish all you Jewish swine,  
when there dead and gone forever, then the sun will surely shine

When he got there in the evening, as the clock struck half past nine,  
he encountered a band of Blackshirts, who to vengeance did incline.  
Perish Judah, perish Judah, perish all you Jewish swine,  
when there dead and gone forever, then the sun will surely shine

On the pavement, in the ghetto, near the local railway line,  
is an old and faded blood stain, all that remains of Finklestein.  
Perish Judah, perish Judah, perish all you Jewish swine,  
when there dead and gone forever, then the sun will surely shine

Let this story be a warning and an unmistakable sign,  
to the Jews who plague our nation, there'll be more like Finklestein.  
Perish Judah, perish Judah, perish all you Jewish swine,  
when there dead and gone forever, then the sun will surely shine

Up the chimney, up the chimney, up chimney they must go,  
when we have them in the compound then the gas will freely flow.  
Perish Judah, perish Judah, perish all you Jewish swine,  
when there dead and gone forever, then the sun will surely shine.”

After drinking and singing most of the night away did we finally get some sleep. It had been a great day and finished of with an excellent night.

On waking in the morning Tony’s lovely mum made us a nice cup of tea and something to eat. The Liverpool lads then left and made their way across London in Tony Well’s Ford Cortina Mk 5. Tony’s driving is something you need time to get used to. We were all on our way to Brick Lane market in the East End of London. This was a very busy Sunday morning market where the BNP had a regular Sunday paper sale. On arriving we met up with Richard Edmonds and other BNP activists. I could not understand why the BNP was now selling papers at this place as I hardly saw any white people. Blacks and Asians and just about every nationality under the sun was walking past and giving us looks that would kill. Expecting any minute to be pounced on and beaten up by non-whites, to my surprise this did not happen. The non-whites at the market seemed to just accept the BNP and didn’t give a toss. Bizarre!

Even scarier was the headline on the British Nationalist that read, ‘Black Rape’, referring to blacks raping white woman. And to add to this, Richard Edmonds was shouting at the top of his voice, “stop the rapes, stop the mugging, white man’s law on the streets of Britain.” What Richard was saying was spot on and I fully supported him, but where he got the courage to shout it out loud was beyond me. Richard you’re a true warrior.

After several hours of this very nervous paper sale we left and went to a pub owned by a guy called Jimmy Styles, if I’m correct. Finally leaving for Euston station, we then said good bye to our London comrades and got the train home. Not long after this a guy called Tony Lecomber was arrested for possession of an explosive device that went off in his car as he drove it to the Workers Revolutionary Party HQ/Bookshop. I later found out this was in fact our host and mad chauffeur Tony Wells. Wells was in fact a pseudonym.

## Chapter 10

# Progressive Books

**P**rogressive Books was a far left book shop situated on Berry Street, in the heart of Liverpool's Chinese community. It stocked similar literature to News from Nowhere – from The Morning Star (Communist Party daily paper) to pro-IRA and anti-racist periodicals. It was also run by extreme left-wing elements, but I'm not sure who, or from what group. Unlike News from Nowhere it was located on a busy shopping road, with a constant stream of cars and people passing. It was probably for this reason that it was left alone and free from attack by nationalists.

On the 20 December 1984 I and Nick Seiglow stood in the dock of Liverpool Crown Court, accused of attempting to burgle the shop. The crown alleged that on a bank holiday Monday two off-duty police officers had left the Cabin nightclub at the top of Wood Street. Hearing loud banging and kicking noises coming from an adjacent alleyway at the rear of Berry Street they immediately phoned their colleagues. On arrival they made their way up the alleyway towards the source of the noise. The police claimed they then came across myself and Nick Seiglow hiding in the back of a shop yard and noticed a door, leading into the shop, had been kicked in. When asked to give an explanation of why we were there one of the police officers alleged that I'd said, "We're looking for somewhere to live."

Now I don't remember making any such statement and neither did Nick. Duly arrested, we were taken to Copperas Hill police station and charged with attempted burglary.

Mine and Nick's account of the incident was slightly different to that of our friends in blue. I told the police (as did Nick) that we'd both been out drinking that night in a night club called Bunters, not far from Berry Street. In fact an old friend and neighbour of mine, Ste Gibbons, had the security on the door. The club also had a 'fifty pence a pint' drinks offer on, and a free entrance fee. The club was quite busy that night as people were taking advantage of the bank holiday Monday and cheap drinks promotion. I told the police Nick and I had left about 2am, and having made our way outside, looked for somewhere to get something to eat. On arriving at Berry Street we went to relieve ourselves in an alleyway at the back of the street. Have a guess where Nick and I found ourselves having a piss? Right in the shop

yard of Progressive Books! Now I remember saying to the copper who first arrested me that I was looking for somewhere to have a piss, not live. So, this was our version of the events that led to us standing in the dock.

We both appeared at Liverpool Magistrates the next day, my family once again making a trip to court to bail me out. The police were objecting to bail, which I found extremely strange. This was an attempted burglary not an attempted murder, so why all the fuss? It transpired that my friend, and fellow nationalist, Nick Seiglow, was once in the French Foreign Legion. The prosecution believed that he might abscond back to 'La Legion Etrangere'. I was completely taken aback at this revelation, and didn't know what to make of it. Old dark horse Nick – he'd kept that one quiet. My defence argued that this was only a relatively minor offence and I should not be punished because of Mr Seiglow's past. Finally the sitting magistrate settled for a £200 bail condition, which my sister, in court, gladly obliged with. Nick also got bail, with one of his family members providing the requisite funds.

On release I pushed Nick further about his exploits in the Legion. He told me he'd been in the regular British army, and then decided to give the Legion a go. Off to France he had gone, and enrolled in the Legion, to be then sent to Djibouti, Africa. He came out with all types of stories (including witchcraft and voodoo) from the time he'd spent in Africa. He'd even had a village elder attempt to barter his daughter for a watch Nick was wearing!

We now set about finding a solicitor to represent us. This wasn't as easy as might be thought, with most of the firms being run by Jews. Not far from where Nick lived (Hope Place) on Hardman street was a firm of English-sounding solicitors called 'Shufflebottom, Webster and Shield'. I said to Nick, "Let's give these a go."

After which we walked into their office and made an appointment. I can't really remember much about the guy who saw us, or any of the other solicitors from the firm. They seemed OK, though, with no obvious Jews in sight. After several trips to our newfound solicitors relaying our version of events, a trial date was fixed for Liverpool Crown Court. The trial was scheduled to commence on the Monday 20th December, and expected to finish on Friday the 24th December.

The prosecution called several witnesses, from people leaving the Cabin club to the police officers who arrested us at the scene. The off-duty coppers said they'd been alerted by a banging noise, which was very suspicious at that time of night. The policeman who alleged that I'd said, 'I was looking for somewhere to live', reinforced the notion we were both drunk and probably didn't know where we were. I don't think a burglar would make a silly comment like that, would he? Our defence argued that the shop had closed



at 5pm on Friday, leaving Friday night, Saturday, and Sunday for the door to have been kicked in. The defence argued we'd just accidentally stumbled across this after it had occurred. I'd also managed to get Ste Gibbons testifying that me and Nick were in fact at Bunter's that night and confirming the cheap drinks promotion story.

Another bad aspect of the case was the fact that we were up in front of Judge William 'Whack'em' Wickham, then the Recorder of Liverpool. Wickham was known as a bit of a hanging judge, who took no prisoners. My barrister and the legal team from Shufflebottom, Webster and Shield were quite confident of an acquittal. The police had told plenty of lies, especially a desk sergeant from Copperas Hill police station regarding the time we were interviewed. I can't fully remember now why this was relevant, but he'd been caught out about times and had to refer to his note book.

Anyway the jury went out Thursday and came back Friday afternoon. The jury returned and the foreman was asked had they reached a verdict. The foreman replied,

"No."

Wickham then told the jury he'd settle for a majority verdict. Off the jury went, while Nick and I were taken back to the court cells. An hour or so later the jury was back, but this time with a question. The foreman of the jury read out a question to Wickham, worded, "Because they were both in the back yard of the shop does that alone prove they intended to burgle the building?"

I expected the judge to say, "Well that's for you, the jury, to decide."

But no, he responded, "Well, what else were they doing there?"

I thought "Fuck we've had it now." Then, almost simultaneously, came the thought, "At least we've got good grounds for an appeal." Off the jury went again retiring to make their decision. Fifteen minutes later they were back with a majority decision.

"Not guilty, my Lord."

A big sigh of relief escaped me, with my legal team, sitting quietly in front of us, giving me a thumbs-up. Wickham's face said it all – he even had to be asked by my solicitor if it was OK for us to leave the dock. He grudgingly said, "Yes," then scowled at myself and Nick. I gave him a smile in return and left the dock.

It was now Christmas Eve – and what better day to celebrate? We both thanked the barrister and our legal team, and then hurried out of the court. We made our way to the Mitre and had a good drink.



## Chapter 11

# Fun with Fascism

The year 1985 was a very violent one for the BNP in Liverpool. That year saw members injured, arrested and imprisoned. We took the fight to the heart of enemy territory, but not without paying a price. The main bone of contention was our paper sale pitch on the city centre's Church Street. Our regular paper sales there were now drawing a lot of attention from Militant Tendency, the Black Caucus (Toxteth) and the apparatchiks of the secret state. Flying our Union Jack and boldly selling the British Nationalist on Church Street was inevitably going to lead to confrontation with our opponents.

We had started getting very reckless and violent in our approach to politics deliberately seeking out enemies to attack. These were mostly communists, and we were unconcerned what particular group they might be affiliated to. One such grouping was the Militant Tendency. They had stated both publicly and in private their intention to drive us from the streets of Liverpool by violence. The Liverpool BNP did not intend to allow this to happen. We were more than ready to take on the Militant Tendency...

Confrontation was becoming a regular occurrence in Church Street on Saturday afternoons, and I always ensured I brought my rice flails. I had become quite proficient in their application, regularly training with them at the Samurai karate club, with Dave Fuller. Most weeks there would only be around half a dozen of us down Church Street at any given time, while the Reds were generally twenty or thirty strong. The disparate numbers forced me to carry the rice flails, and use them when necessary. Had the numbers been a bit more equally balanced, then I'm sure I'd have settled for my hands and feet.

Our regular BNP meetings took place on Thursday nights at the Swan Hotel on London Road. The manager John (an Irishman) knew who we were but was little concerned, as his pub wasn't doing much other business. Anyway, after the meeting had finished – about 10pm – some of us decided to go for a drink and look for Reds to attack. I left the Swan with Ken, Jimmy, Andy, Nick, Paul and a new lad from the NF called Les Ross. Les Ross was from the Breck Road area of Anfield – a handy lad who could

have a fight. We would normally go the Legs of Man down the bottom of London Road, then onto Shanks on Manchester Street for a stay behind. This Thursday however we passed a place (by the Alphabetical bus stops) called Rockford's, and decided to try it.

In we piled, got drinks and sat down. It wasn't a big place and we found a nice corner to sit in, a 'bunker' as Ken would call such areas. Rockford's had a DJ on that night as with flashing lights that accompanied a disco. It also had a heavily non-white clientele. Sitting right opposite us in our bunker were several white women in the company of a number of Arabic-looking types, which someone mentioned were Iraqis. Now I am not quite sure what was said, or who said it, but an argument arose between Ken and several Iraqis. Normally we never went out of our way to pick fights with non-whites. We didn't blame these people for being here – just the white traitors who'd let them in, and the Reds who championed non-white causes. These were the people we hated not the immigrants themselves.

The argument seemed to grow more intense, with Ken following them out when they decided to leave. The next thing I knew Ken was fighting with two of them, and the rest were running to their cars. All the lads ran to Ken's aid and started getting stuck into the Iraqis. Andy jumped onto one of their cars screaming at them through the windscreen, while Les and Nick were kicking the shit out of another. Several attacked me, forcing me to whip out the rice flails and defend myself – Whack! Whack! Whack!

Two Iraqis were sprawled on the floor, out for the count.

Andy had now jumped off the bonnet of the car and was helping Les and Nick. Unnoticed by us one of them had retrieved a large claw hammer from his car boot. He blind sided Andy and whacked him on the side of the head, just above his eye. Andy was knocked clean out, and I immediately ran to his aid. I in turn was stunned by a hammer blow to the head. This bastard had imbedded the claw hammer in my forehead. He pulled it out swung it again, but thankfully missed.

I couldn't see out of my left eye, and automatically assumed he'd taken my eye out. In reality it was the blood from a massive wound in the forehead, pouring into my eye that had me panicking. Things weren't looking good – Andy was on the floor and I was 'hors de combat'. The others were being held at bay by this now pissed-off Iraqi wielding the claw hammer...

The other Iraqis gave Andy a kicking as he laid unconscious the rest of us more or less powerless to intervene. Ken and the lads started throwing empty beer-bottles at them in the hope of driving them off. When the trouble started the women with the Iraqis had phoned the police. As the police vehicles arrived we made off. There was nothing more we could do to assist Andy – staying would only have invited arrest. With the police now

on the scene, it was unlikely Andy would come to any further harm. Luckily for Andy (if you could call it that) an Iraqi was still kicking him just as the police arrived. The police were forced to arrest the Arab, screwing up their chances of labelling the incident a 'racist attack'...

The police finally restored order and an ambulance was called. In went both the Iraqis and Andy. Off they went to the Royal Liverpool Hospital on London Road not far from the Swan, our meeting place. When Andy regained consciousness in the ambulance the fighting erupted again, the terrified ambulance crew struggling to separate them.

The ambulance pulled into the Royal the police right behind, and the parties were escorted to different wards. Andy wasn't too badly injured, receiving several stitches above his eye where the hammer had struck him. Two of the Iraqis had twenty and forty stitches in their heads respectively. They had sustained these injuries from the rice flails.

As the nurse finished stitching Andy up she started asking him why he had attacked the Iraqis. While she was talking, Andy noticed a pair of rather large black boots protruding from the base of the curtain screen that had been pulled around the treatment area. Straight away Andy recognised that type of footwear as boots issued to the boys in blue. They would obviously by that time have heard the Iraqi version of events. No doubt, they preferred their account over Andy's and had recruited the nurse to do some under-cover work for them. Andy insisted to the nurse that he had simply acted in self-defence. In the absence of any self-incriminating remarks and with the police seeing the Iraqi kicking Andy on the floor there was little the police could do. Andy was later discharged from the hospital and made his way back to Paul's in Anfield, arriving about two in the morning.

We had made our way to Les Ross's mum's home on Breck Road, where she patched up my wound. We then got our heads down in Les's. Waking from a deep sleep with a sore head I went to Paul's with the others – we met Andy there. We talked about the fight, went over the night's events, and had a laugh about it all. That afternoon we went to the George pub on Breck road, and got drunk.

The Reds on Church Street were now becoming a problem, with Militant Tendency leading the attack against the BNP. There had been several recent occasions when I'd had to pull out the rice flails and swing them to disperse the Reds. Come the following week they would return in greater numbers.

One regular opponent of our paper-sales was a stockily built black man. Often he would appear on a Saturday to verbally harass us, or try to snatch papers from us. He bore a startling resemblance to Leroy from 'Fame', the TV show about a New York dance school. Although he would get irate, he never crossed the line in to violent confrontation.

One Saturday, Ken, Jimmy and I were selling papers on Church Street when we noticed a large crowd heading towards us. It was between thirty and forty of the Militant Tendency – they looked in rather a hurry to get to us! With little time to think I dropped the BNP papers I'd been selling and pulled out the rice-flails...

The leading Red was a big guy who came charging straight at me. I swung the flails around my head then brought them straight down on him. He reacted quickly raising his arm to protect his head. As the flails crashed down on his arm I heard an almighty crack followed by a high-pitched scream. It stopped him in his tracks – as well as the rest – but I knew it would only be a matter of time before I was overwhelmed. Now the rice flails are good for keeping people at arm's length, but there is only so much that can be done before somebody plays the hero with a rugby tackle. Then they're useless, so rather than put myself in this unenviable position I backed away. As I did so I swung the rice flails, ensuring that no one got behind me. When the time seemed right all we could do was run and hope for the best.

After this rather embarrassing episode some nationalists decided to get even with the Reds the following week. Nationalists believed News from Nowhere was a nerve centre for left-wing/anti-racist activity in the city. It may have even been a base for planning and organising attacks against nationalists on Church Street. Because of these beliefs some nationalists decided to pay it a visit... On 5th October, 1985, a dozen or so nationalists from various groups stormed into News from Nowhere and wrecked it.

A leaflet taken from News from Nowhere's rubbish bags said this of the attack –

### News from Nowhere

#### News Flash

On Saturday afternoon, 5th October 1985, "News from Nowhere", Liverpool's radical bookshop, was once again the subject of a right-wing attack.

About 2.00pm a group of men entered the shop and set about wrecking the place by pushing over six-foot shelves, one of which hit a customer on the head, knocking over displays, and shoving the till off the desk, before running out and smashing a window. About £300 worth of damage was caused in less than 30 seconds while a dozen customers looked on in disbelief. Despite numerous previous attacks such as arson at night, this is the worst attack we have experienced while the shop is open.

The customers were a great help, giving moral and practical support in clearing up and offering descriptions to the police. A large number of fascists had been in town earlier and this incident shows once again that it is not good enough to “drive the fascists off Church Street,” as they will simply turn their aggression onto sitting targets such as “News From Nowhere” or individual Black, Asian or Jewish people, as they have done before.

After leaving News From Nowhere they then headed to Church Street. The Militant Tendency was nowhere to be seen but SWP paper-sellers were, porky Alan Gibbons in his usual place. The nationalists tore into the Reds, kicking and punching them up and down Church Street – most of the SWP ran for their lives. Gibbons was so petrified he jumped behind a woman pushing a pram containing a small child screeching, “Fascist Attack! Fascist Attack!”

The Reds were now getting a taste of their own medicine and did not like it. Before the police arrived the nationalists blended into the crowds of Saturday afternoon shoppers. Then they headed off for some well-deserved pints at their local ‘Fuhrer Bunker’.

Militant had their Liverpool HQ at 2 Lower Breck Road, Anfield. This was right next door to 4 Lower Brick Road, home of NF secretary Reg Douglas, and an NF meeting place. Therefore the NF would sometimes wait around the corner at night for Militant stragglers, attacking them after they’d left their HQ. Additionally, I and an NF member called Paul would take the Militant Tendency’s bin bags. These were put out on Monday nights for Tuesday morning’s collection. We’d take them back to Paul’s flat, around the corner on Belmont road, and have a good look through the contents. The information we learned from this source was priceless. One day we retrieved a notice from a refuse sack that must have been stuck up somewhere in their HQ. This memo warned members not to leave the building alone in case of fascist attacks – we found this rather amusing.

Militant Tendency had called an anti-fascist meeting on Hale Rd, in the Walton district of Liverpool, organised by Walton Labour Party Young Socialists. We decided to go and have a look at the LPYS event. On arrival, their spotters outside had recognised us and slammed the door shut. Not put off we waited around the corner for the meeting to end. We hoped to catch a few stragglers making their way home, and have a nice quiet word with them. It would be interesting to have them explain how they planned to drive us from the streets, as they were forever proclaiming was their intention.

The Militant newspaper takes up the tale -

"Earlier in the evening nine fascists arrived at the YS meeting, demanding to come in. The stewards recognised them to be from the British National Party and turned them away. At this point one of the BNP members threatened to break people's kneecaps.

After the meeting a group of us left together, to make sure no one went home alone. We were waiting at a bus stop at County Road when about nine BNP thugs came round the corner. It all happened very quickly.

The main attacker was doing martial arts style kicking and punching, he seemed to have been properly trained. He kicked one comrade in the chest and did the same to an older man who was with us. He then apologised to the man, thinking that he was not with us.

Then, he grabbed hold of me in a martial arts grip and punched me on the nose twice. Then they went away screaming. We knew who they were they've been involved in harassment of Labour Party members in Liverpool.

We reported the attack to the police and have identified the assailants. It was a very cowardly attack, we think that one of the thugs was armed with a rice flail. The attack was typical of fascist cowardly behaviour, and we will be taking it up with the local labour movement to ensure that the menace of fascists and what they stand for is countered."

I was later arrested for assaulting a Militant Tendency member and taken to Walton Lane police station. I made no comment and was bailed pending an identification parade. I refused to go on an ID parade. This meant that I would then have what is known as a 'confrontation'. This is where you are alone in a room, and the police bring in the witness to confront you. A date was set and I attended Walton Lane police station to have my confrontation.

The Militant walked in and looked at me. I stared back intensely and he couldn't maintain eye contact. He then looked down towards his feet and said it wasn't me. After this pitiable performance I was released. It always amazed me how those so-called revolutionaries could claim to be against the state yet turn to it for aid. The very people they hated and called class traitors, the police, were their first port of call when things got too rough for them. Trotsky must have been turning in his grave...

This personal victory for me was a small engagement in the BNP's war with the Militant Tendency. However, our problems with the left were far from over as events on Saturday 19th October 1985, were to show. On that day we expected a large turnout from the Militant Tendency down on Church Street. We had been involved in several confrontations with Militant members both on and off Church Street in the weeks beforehand. They had decided



on a big push against us, their ultimate aim being to drive us off the streets. They had finally had enough of us and decided on 19th Oct to smash us totally.

Around ten nationalists had met up in Williamson Square, and slowly made their way around the corner into Church Street. The Militant Tendency spotters were all around Church Street and the adjacent streets. They spotted us well before we got to Church Street itself. When we entered the street we saw a large mob of Reds waiting for us, and braced ourselves for an immediate attack.

“Fascist! Fascist!”

They shouted, rushing forwards to the attack. Les Ross was the first to be attacked, and defended himself by pulling out a long heavy chain. He lashed out at the Reds hitting several with it, knocking them to the ground. He also smashed a black Militant Tendency member around the head. He could not free the chain at first as it had become tangled around the black man's head. After desperate efforts he freed the chain, and then swung it again. The Reds stopped, backing off for a minute, but re-grouped and attacked again. Other nationalists produced bats, and tore into the Militants.

They had obviously done their homework as well as some planning. They believed I would be carrying rice flails that day. Therefore a snatch squad was waiting for me, to neutralise the threat I posed. No sooner had I been spotted than I was jumped on and wrestled to the ground before I had time to pull out the flails. Several Militants had me pinned to a bench, rendering me helpless. This really pissed me off as I could see the lads in a vicious street fight with the Reds but I was useless, unable to help my comrades.

The savage battle continued, with Reds fleeing for their lives as nationalists smashed their horrible heads in. It didn't take long before the boys in blue were on the scene. Several officers made a bee line for Les Ross and arrested him. The rest of the lads made good their escape, blending in among the Saturday shoppers.

The Militants who had held me released me to go across to the police holding Les Ross. Quietly walking away I made my way home. Three Militants had been put in hospital; one needed stitches in a head wound. Why they just let me go I don't really know. I think they were just happy the battle was over and the police had arrested Les. In actual fact it was doubtful if the police could have arrested me – I'd taken no part in the violence. Arguably, the Militants had committed an offence by falsely imprisoning me!

Later that night several nationalists descended on a leading Militant organiser's home and smashed it up. I was led to believe his name was Tony Aitman. The following week the Merseyside Trade Union and Labour Movement, issued this statement.

URGENT APPEAL TO ALL LABOUR MOVEMENT  
ORGANISATIONS, TRADE UNIONS AND INDIVIDUALS  
DEMONSTRATION AGAINST FASCIST VIOLENCE ON...

SATURDAY 26TH OCTOBER

Dear Brothers and Sisters

We are appealing to you to mobilise support for a demonstration against the increasing incidents of Fascist attacks

On SATURDAY 19th OCTOBER 1985, ten members of the British National Party and the National Front, armed with chains, flails and clubs launched a vicious attack on active supporters of Liverpool City Council who were distributing literature in Church Street, Liverpool. As a result, two women and a man were injured – one requiring stitches in a head wound.

This outrage is the latest in a series of violent attacks on Labour movement activists and black workers. These thugs have undoubtedly drawn comfort from the hysterical propaganda of the Tory Government and the press aimed against Liverpool City Council and the Liverpool working class. The Fascists have increased presence during recent weeks, peddling their racist filth in an attempt to poison the minds of a section of the white youths and misdirect their anger against the black community and Labour Movement.

The Trade Union Movement in Liverpool ignores this threat at its peril. The Fascists have shown by their actions that they have one real aim – to smash the organisation of the working class and thereby crush democratic rights. We cannot allow these attacks to go unanswered.

We are therefore calling for a mass mobilisation of the Liverpool Labour Movement next Saturday with the expressed aim of alerting the people of Liverpool to the pernicious threat and ensuring the Fascists are not allowed to distribute their vile, racist propaganda with impunity.

ASSEMBLE – 12 NOON, CHURCH STREET (WHITECHAPEL  
END)

SATURDAY, 26TH OCTOBER 1985

Yours fraternally

Tony Mulhearn

The following Saturday there must have been over a hundred Reds in Church Street, making it virtually impossible to set foot there. We decided to give Church Street a miss for a while until things had calmed down a bit.

Les Ross was later jailed at Liverpool Crown Court for fifteen months. This was for the wounding of the black Militant mentioned earlier.

Les Ross being jailed not only affected his family – especially his mum – but was also a blow to the Liverpool BNP. Les was a handy lad as well as a dedicated nationalist; he was also much liked and much missed. As in 1983 when I went to jail those outside had to pull together and carry on the fight.

Back in October 1984 an amusing incident occurred involving Derek Hatton, Tony Mulhearn and the Militant Tendency. At that time Sam Bond, a London-based black man, was appointed Principal Race Relations Officer for Liverpool. The Toxteth based ‘Black Caucus’, led by Alex Bennett, Steve French and Liz Drysdale weren’t too happy that the job hadn’t gone to a local black person. Someone local would obviously have had more understanding of race relations in Liverpool than an outsider. During Sam Bond’s three year tenure of office fourteen members of the Militant / Liverpool city council were assaulted. These included Derek Hatton, who was later imprisoned in his council office by members of the Black Caucus.

On the 10th October 1984 Derek Hatton, Tony Mulhearn and Sam Bond were taken hostage in Hatton’s Municipal office, and told clearly what would happen to them if they attempted to leave. They (Hatton, Mulhearn) were then made to sign an ‘agreement’ put in front of them by the Black Caucus. The agreement was to re-advertise the post currently held by Sam Bond. The agreement was signed by the cowardly Derek Hatton, with Sam Bond being told by the Black Caucus-

“You’re a traitor – go away and paint your face white!”

After being released (with no one arrested for false imprisonment by the way) Hatton and co. reneged, saying it had been signed under duress. The Black Caucus wanted rid of Bond because they believed (and no doubt rightly) that he was a Militant stooge brought in by fellow Trotskyite Reds.

On hearing this news, Liverpool nationalists were over the moon. It couldn’t have happened to a nicer bunch – white cowardly traitors like Hatton and Mulhearn, whose multi-Culturalism stops at their daughters’ bedroom doors. Even though Hatton and his corrupt city council had ploughed thousands of pounds into Toxteth, (£150,000 to the Liverpool 8 law centre alone) they could not appease the very people they purported to help. At the same time these Marxist traitors were attacking the very ones trying to alert them, and the rest of the country, about the dangers of multi-Culturalism.

Their perfidy did them no favours in the eyes of their so-called 'class brothers'. Sam Bond was finally given the boot from his contentious position in 1987.

## Chapter 12

# End of Politics

**A**t the beginning of 1986 I concentrated a lot of my time fighting all over the country with Jeff Bullock's Thai-boxing club. I was becoming quite good and pulling off some very good victories against seasoned fighters. I fought at sixty-four kilos – about ten stone four. Standing at 5'11 I towered over a lot of my opponents, with a long reach in my jab and front kicks. Other young lads at the club were Lee Pugh and Kenny McLaughlin. Lee was only fifteen when he joined punched and kicked like a man and was a hard spar for anyone at the club. Kenny was a bit older than Lee but a tough kid also. Me, Kenny and Lee hit it off together and became good friends. Kenny like me liked a drink and a fight.

My Thai-boxing was going OK, but I let myself down by drinking. I'd started fighting when I was twenty-five and was already a seasoned drinker at my local, or when out with the BNP. Jeff would always have a go reminding me of the very good potential I had if I put the work in. Sadly I didn't have the discipline – and lost fights I knew I could have won.

I fought good lads such as British Thai-boxing champion Ste Connaghan from Tony Moor's club, and Welsh full-contact world champion Spiro Micellef. I narrowly lost the decision on both occasions on points. None of these fights were for British or World championships, taking place in our novice days. The point is, they all went on to high achievements – something I feel I could have done also if I'd had the discipline. I won a victory over Wayne Ambrose from Leicester, who became British and European champion. Most of the fights I had I wasn't even fit for them, yet I'd still give them a good run for their money.

The real reason for my interest in martial arts was not to win glory or championships but for the use against my political enemies. This, I did to great effect and with delight. The only way they could deal with me, or the rest of the BNP lads were to severely outnumber us. Never did Reds drive us from our pitch on Church Street even when they had double our numbers. It was only when they outnumbered us five to one or more – and I defy any Red reading this to prove me wrong.

Church Street paper sales had once again ground to a halt, with Reds saturating the area each Saturday. To be truthful, it was a well deserved

rest – the stress of continued trouble, injury or even jail was beginning to tell on us. We continued our weekly meetings at the Swan, and decided to start doing some leafleting in and around Liverpool. We'd also purchased, from HQ, some very good posters. These were to be plastered on phone boxes, at bus stops and anywhere else that would capture the public eye. The Walton area of Liverpool was picked for leafleting and posterling, as we'd stood several candidates in previous elections there. We hoped to build a base of support for any future elections. Always after leafleting/postering we'd head back to Jimmy McGhee's local, the Black Bull.

We kept up this non-confrontational approach to politics up for several months, but always the urge to get back to Church Street was present. Even though we didn't sell many papers down Church Street, we felt duty bound not to be intimidated by our political opponents. It was not about how many papers we sold but a point of honour to assert our loyalty to what we believed in.

Some of the NF guys had noticed a new left-wing HQ opposite News from Nowhere, on Whitechapel. It was called the Mutual Aid Centre – I just had to check it out. It didn't seem to be a bookshop, or selling anything for that matter, but more of a squat for anarchists. I, Andy, Nick, Ken and several lads from the NF decided to go and have a closer look. One Saturday afternoon we positioned ourselves at the end of Whitechapel and watched several people going in and out. We then decided we would ambush some of those coming in and out of the building. They were a strange-looking lot who appeared never to have had a wash in a month of Sundays – their personal hygiene was zero. All the same we decided to give them a bit of the old ultra-violence. Steve D from the NF was with us one Saturday afternoon and always carried an iron bar. Several other lads from the BNP were present also. When a number of anarchist types came out we rushed them and kicked the shit out of them. They ran screaming up and down Whitechapel as Steve whacked them on the head with this bar he carried. Several of the NF lads ran back and threw bricks through the windows. This was now the beginning of a small war with the anarchists.

To be honest, the politics of that day were more or less a cat-and-mouse game between political factions. When not getting attacked selling papers on Church Street or having missiles thrown at you on marches, you'd be involved hunting down your enemies. I'm sure that the same mindset prevailed on the left with regard to nationalists. It was a silly cold war mentality that operated then that did very little to further your political aims. Anyway, it was a game that we all loved to play...

Nationalists in Liverpool had now found a whole new bunch of Reds to attack and could give Church Street and News from Nowhere a miss for a

bit. Steve D and the NF lads were the main ones attacking the anarchists and had even found out where one of them lived. She was an ugly looking female (I use the term loosely) called Justine Hesketh and lived in Aughton, Ormskirk.

The National Front had applied to hold a rally in Liverpool planned for 7th June, 1986, but it was refused and banned by Liverpool City Council. The NF said it would turn up anyway. The rally was in support of jailed NF activist Joe Pearce. Joe Pearce had been head of the Young NF and editor of the *Bulldog* magazine. He had now been jailed for the second time under the race act laws. BNP and NF leadership at that time were not on speaking terms, with the NF adopting a left-wing stance, including some cranky ideas about the Ayatollah's regime in Iran. In fact, the BNP called them National Bolsheviks. All the same, we decided to back the local NF branch and put aside sectarian differences. Plus, it would be a good opportunity to fight with the Reds – the 7 June fell on a Saturday.

Paul from the NF had informed me he would be meeting NF branches from around the country just outside of Liverpool. Everyone would then commute by train into the city centre. Paul told me to get all the BNP lads and meet at 1pm in the Liverpool Arms on James Street by the Pier Head. Ken Usher, Andy Lunt, Jimmy McGhee and myself, walked around town hoping to catch a glimpse of the Red counter-demo that had threatened to materialise that day. In fact, an anti-racist march was planned for that day to oppose the NF rally, and was to meet in Toxteth, then make its way to Saint George's Hall for a rally. We kept our eyes open for Red stragglers, as well as left-wing search squads looking for us.

After about an hour or so of this we made our way to the Liverpool Arms, where groups of skinheads from the NF were beginning to arrive. Within an hour or so most of the NF contingent had arrived. There must have been about sixty to seventy in all and looked a half decent firm, with most carrying weapons of some sort. At about 2pm we piled out of the Liverpool Arms and made our way over to the Victoria monument fifty yards away. The Victoria monument was of Queen Victoria and seemed appropriate to hold a rally on. Now, unbeknown to us, a thousand-strong anti-racist march had now made its way to Saint George's Hall for a rally and denunciation of the wicked racist and Nazis causing trouble in the city. With a nasty mob of two hundred and fifty breaking away and looking for us. In fact, fifty Reds had stationed themselves outside News From Nowhere expecting an imminent attack from the NF.

By now, the police had arrived quickly on the scene and started moving the NF from the monument. The NF contingent had been displaying Union Jack flags and shouting free Joe Pearce. The police knew a Red mob was

looking for us, and serious public disorder and violence were a real possibility if we crossed paths. The police herded the NF lads towards Moorefield's train station, with the intention of putting them on a train and out of Liverpool. As the police moved the NF along Dale Street, the BNP group followed. Just as the police had got most of them into the station, a small group of Militant supporters came rushing across the street and attacked me and the BNP lads. We defended ourselves and repelled the attack. The police then jumped on me and arrested me. Ken, Jimmy and Andy managed to break free and run. Taken to the Bridewell (police station) I was charged with threatening behaviour.

The police managed to get the NF on the train and out of town. Finally released several hours later I left the Bridewell. On my exit from the police station a ten or so strong gang of Reds were waiting for me. They charged at me leaving me with no option other than to run back in to the Bridewell. This was rather embarrassing, but what can you do? The NF rally had been anything but a rally, more of a damp squib. It received some small publicity in the local rag but nothing to write home about.

After the disastrous NF rally Steve D, John S and a crank called Tommy continued their attack on the Mutual Aid Centre. On one particular Saturday afternoon, nationalists followed two anarchist types from Whitechapel to Bold Street, and Steve D pulled out his iron bar and whacked one over the head. This sort of incident became quite regular, with attendees to the Mutual Aid Centre arriving and leaving with concern.

The Liverpool BNP continued with local and national BNP activity, with several marches and indoor rallies planned. One in particular was an election meeting in May 1987 in Leicester. The meeting was held in support of John Peacock, BNP East Midlands Organiser, who was a candidate for the Rowley Fields Ward in an election to Leicester City Council. As soon as the intention of the BNP to hold the meeting was known, local Reds began organising themselves to stop it. The usual BNP stalwarts volunteered to go, and we made our way by car. Now somewhere en route, we disembarked from our car and jumped on to a coach that took most if not all to the election meeting. In all there must have been fifty or so BNP activists, with a bigger mob of nearly two hundred Reds waiting for us. We disembarked from the coach and walked two hundred yards to the school allocated for the meeting.

As we got nearer the Red mob, they were working themselves up to try and attack the fifty or so BNP. Had they done this I'm almost sure they would have overwhelmed us and prevented us from having the meeting. Two Reds did try to rush the BNP only to be put on their arse by me and East Londoner Alan McIntosh. I caught this Red with a textbook left hook that sent him crashing to the floor where he lay for several minutes. Alan



McIntosh also performed excellently. Finally getting in to the room allocated for us, we set about placing stewards around the front stage where the speakers would be sitting. Under the Representation of the People acts, you have to let in members of the public who want to listen to your meeting. Now the only members of the public outside were the Reds. We let several dozen Reds in with police accompanying them. No sooner had John Peacock (the candidate) begun to speak did the Reds start the usual "Nazi, Nazi, Nazi" chants. At no time did they want to ask questions or engage in political discussion, just the usual heckling and screeching. One thing they were chanting that did annoy me was, "red, white and blue, we spit on you." If these horrible Red traitors hate this country so much, they should fuck off elsewhere. How dare they mock this country that has given more than any communist slave state could ever do? And if they love the non-whites so much they should go and live with them in Africa. After the meeting we made our way out of the school and onto our coach, with more "Nazi, Nazi, Nazi" chanting from the Reds. The election meeting went ok, with tons of publicity to go with it. It's just a shame the same couldn't have been said about the votes received.

Things seemed to be escalating between the NF and Justine Hesketh's gang of freaks. Just before Christmas 1987 several NF attacked and smashed windows and daubed graffiti on the house. The Reds responded by attacking a BNP member's home. Round about this time BNP paper sellers were getting some hassle from an anarchist (class war) on Church Street. It had happened through the week when I was not present. Anyway, while in town one Saturday afternoon hanging around News From Nowhere, Paul from the NF pointed this guy out who was standing outside NFN. According to Paul, it was he who'd attacked Ken Usher and another BNP member outside WH Smith on Church Street. Walking over to him I kicked him in the stomach and he responded by throwing a punch. I slipped it and countered with a left hook that had his legs buckling and wobbling, ready to fall to the ground. Looking back now I should have doubled up the left hook and finished him off. I was so confident that the first one had done the damage that I just waited for him to fall to the ground. One thing I did notice was that his right eye was swelling up terribly badly. As he was still shaky on his legs, I just stood there believing he was going to drop any minute. How wrong I was. He composed himself and launched an attack at me, punching and kicking and trying to find his mark. I countered with several kicks, only to be caught with a punch that knocked my front tooth out. One all, I thought. We both sort of looked at each and gave mutual respect, with the staff of NFN staring in amazement. NFN had done the usual thing and phoned the police. We both parted and I never had the chance to have round two with him. Don't know who this guy was but he was up for it and I take my hat off to him.

In January 1988 several BNP and NF foolishly retaliated against the Red attack on the BNP house without informing me. They went back and did the same thing, smashing windows and such. All this did was wind up the Reds, resulting in mine, Usher's and other BNP members' houses being attacked. They painted "Nazi Scum lives here" on Ken's home and on another BNP member's home, and they made a right mess of their houses. Regarding my mum's house, they threw one brick through the window and vanished into the night. Had I known they were going back to attack Hesketh's house I would have stopped them. What they should have done was to kick the front door open and slash the little witch across the face. When you go to do something don't do half measures – go all the way! That's what I'd have done, not smash windows.

Ken Usher and several leading BNP members left the BNP after this. They had finally had enough. Wives, mums, dads and even children couldn't take the continued trouble from the police, media and Reds any more. With all the main stalwarts gone and years of experience with them, there was nothing worth staying for. I too left and looked for a new vocation.

Not long after leaving politics, and wandering in the wilderness, I bumped into a group of lads from Norris Green while out drinking in the city centre. Brian 'Little Owl' Prior, Joey Broadhurst, and Peter Combie had all just had a good night out when they bumped into me. We crossed paths by the Mersey tunnel while I was searching for a taxi to get home. Now only yards from the Mersey Tunnel was News from Nowhere... I'm not quite sure about the exact sequence of events that followed, but 'Little Owl', etc started pulling the shutters off the shop windows. Now at the time the owners of the shop were sleeping on the premises, because of continued late night attacks at the location. Over a dozen attempts had been made to burn the place down, and there had been innumerable incidents of windows being smashed.

After dragging off the shutters, 'Little Owl' and his companions proceeded to kick the windows in and smash down the door. Several Reds inside the shop were now in a terrified state and panicking (don't forget, it was about 2.30am) they were screaming, "Fascist Attack! Fascist Attack!"

Some of the Reds tried to stop what was happening, only to be punched and kicked to the ground. 'Little Owl' and co. were thoroughly enjoying themselves, and got completely carried away. It wasn't long before the boys in blue arrived, and that had everyone running in different directions. Several of us ran through Saint John's gardens at the back of Saint Georges's hall, only to be headed-off by another police van on Row Lane. With police behind us, and now in front as well, we were more or less snookered. I tried to zigzag past one copper but he caught me with a big right hand that sent

me crashing to the ground. He and several of his colleagues jumped on me and dragged me to a waiting police van. Once inside I was handcuffed and thrown to the floor. The police van then raced off, stopping as 'Little Owl' and co. had been rounded up. It didn't take long before the police had captured everyone – and they all joined me on the floor of the meat wagon.

I can still remember all the lads giving the police loads of abuse, while the coppers just stuck the boot in, and told us all to be quiet. We finally arrived at Saint Ann's Street police station and paraded in front of the desk sergeant. Joey Broadhurst saw a plaque on the wall dedicated to the police officers who had fallen during the Great War. Joey shouted to one of the coppers, "Hey boss, are they the ones who fell over?"

The police did not take too kindly to this, and threw us into separate cells. The police made us all remove our footwear; saying it was for forensic reasons. This, I assume, was to match to footprints found on the smashed windows of News From Nowhere. Around twelve noon we were all released and told we were to be bailed pending further enquiries. This, I found strange, as we hadn't even been interviewed regarding the incident. Anyway, I wasn't complaining – the police gave us black bin bags to put over our feet, and string to tie them with. This had all the lads laughing, with some saying they were going out for a drink tonight and might keep the bin bags on.

Once outside Saint Ann's street we decided to go for a drink at a nearby pub. We crossed the road, walked in and ordered some drinks. One customer in the pub said, "Have you lot just come out of Saint Ann's Street?"

Obviously, we were not the first to enter the pub with bin bags for shoes. After coming out of the pub (when the money had run out), we jumped onto the 14c bus and made our way home. Strangely, none of us ever heard anything more from the police about this incident, and none of us got our shoes back...



Part 2

# Clubland



## Chapter 13

# Bentley's

**A**fter leaving politics in 1988, Jeff Bullock asked me what I planned to do with my life. I'd more or less given up competing in the Thai-Boxing. Not that I could have made a living from fighting as the money was appalling. I also spent a few odd days doing manual work on building sites, so now was the time to look for a new vocation. A black guy called Roy Sidwell, whom Jeff had met on holiday, came into Jeff's gym to work out. He was also a doorman who worked in the town on weekends. Jeff suggested I do some work with Roy, as he was looking for some doorman. I had never really seen myself as a doorman and never thought I'd make the grade, being only eleven stone. Jeff also informed me there were a lot worse than me on the door (I think he meant that they could not fight, as opposed to meaning that they were smaller than me) and urged me to give it a thought. Several days latter I informed Jeff I'd give it a go. What do I do for a Tuxedo (that's what doorman wore then) as I have no money, I told Jeff. He said he'd lend me the money – which was £50 I think – and that I could pay him back when I got paid.

Consulting some of my friends who worked on the door, they told me to go to a shop on Bold Street called Doormire. This shop supplied all doorman jackets, trousers, shirts and duckier bows. Off I went and got all I needed from Doormire, dressing myself up several times in my new work clothes and parading in front of the mirror. How did I look, I wondered; will I look the part, will people take me seriously? An old school friend of mine and ex pro boxer, John Green, worked on my local haunt and battleground the Broadway club. John didn't seem to have any problems running the club despite being not much bigger than I am, so why should I be worrying?

After purchasing all my glad rags and giving Jeff the ok, it was now time to meet Roy. Roy came in to the gym quite regularly so I'd seen him before but I had not yet spoken to him. Roy was a big man and very powerfully built and looked as though he could handle himself. Finally meeting Roy I shook his hand and said I was looking for work. He explained to me he was working on a club in town called Bentley's, that was situated by the Pier Head. There was only a Saturday night going and if any other nights came up he'd let me know. The club was open Thursday to Saturday and paid £25 a night. I would start at 10pm and finish at 2pm.

Saturday came and I made my way to Bentley's on the 14c bus, that luckily stopped right outside the club. I walked into the club and saw several doormen standing there, and introduced myself. Being a shy person by nature I found this all too much and was lost for words once formalities had been exchanged. The head doorman was a guy called Dominic. He looked to me to have a bit of Chinese in him and was the friendlier of the two I met. The other guy's name, I think, was Paul and came across ok. My next introduction was to the owner and his family that ran the club. The main guy was called Kim. He was as camp as they come and obviously gay. His mother worked on the till and took the entrance fee while the sister worked behind the bar.

When Roy arrived he asked me if I had met everyone, to which I replied yes. He then told me to stand at the entrance door and prevent people wearing tracksuits or trainers coming in. This I did for most of the night until entrance to the club ended at about 1.30am. At the end of the night I followed Dominic and Paul upstairs and into the club. We then proceeded to get everyone out, asking them to drink up and make their way out of the club. The club was not a big one, and before we knew it the club was empty and we were ready to go home. I couldn't believe how easily the night had gone.

The next night (Sunday) I went my usual haunt in West Derby village and later on to the Broadway club. I spoke to John Green and told him how the night had gone and said that I was looking forward to the following Saturday. John informed me there was always work on the Broadway should I ever need it. Back in the gym on Monday I spoke to Jeff and told him how well the night had gone and said that I would do more nights if any were available. Jeff said he'd speak to Roy. Saturday came and I made my way to Bentley's with a slight air of confidence. This time I was placed inside the club and made sure people didn't take glasses onto the dance floor when dancing and I also had to keep an eye out for trouble. Bentley's was not really a troublesome club and it seemed to have a happy clientele. Most were young lads and girls just enjoying a nice Saturday night out. Once again, at the end of the night I and Dominic got most of the revellers out while Roy and Paul stayed downstairs, stopping people walking out with bottles and glasses.

Back in the gym Monday, Roy spoke to Jeff and informed him there was a Friday night at the club if I wanted it. I said yes. Now I was doing two nights, I paid Jeff the money he'd lent me and thanked him for his kind gift. Now having had two nights at Bentley's I soon started to get the hang of things on the door and of how to make your night easy and how not to have to work for your money. When people are drunk and you're shouting, "Time please: do ye talking when ye walking," it does not always sink in and you



have to give people time in finishing their drinks. Obviously you don't have all night and you can't have drunks laying down the law or you'd never get home. All the same, you do have to be patient and understand that people are drunk. Sometimes doorman would lose their rag and throw someone out who just didn't seem to be listening. Sometimes it was justified, other times not. But remember, doormen are only human and do lose their patience and want to get home themselves.

After several weeks at Bentley's I soon started to realise who was genuinely drunk as opposed to those taking the piss. It was all a learning process, which I picked up quite quickly. One Saturday night a fight erupted in Bentley's and I found myself all alone when dealing with it. Roy and Dom were downstairs on the front door and Paul, who was supposed to be with me, was nowhere to be seen. As I tried to break up this fight they turned against me, pinning me to the bar. Outnumbered, I panicked, and did a stupid thing and put a glass in one of their faces. They all then backed off, by which time Roy and Dom had arrived. The group of troublemakers were then ejected from the club. Sadly the owner's sister was behind the bar and saw what I'd done. Roy had no option but to sack me.

My time at Bentley's hadn't lasted even a month and old habits die hard, I suppose. This is how I'd fought all my life and it was an instinctive thing that cost me my job on the door. I felt bad I'd let Roy and Jeff Bullock down but, hey, what can I say? Remembering my old friend John Green, I went to the Broadway Club hoping for the job John said was there if I ever needed it.

While at Bentley's, I met a charming young lady called Dionne Hughes. She was a sweet little thing who I called 'Buttercup'. Still to this day people talk about Buttercup and ask if I still see her.

Sadly, I don't, but I still always think of her.



## Chapter 14

# Broadway Club

Sunday night saw the usual hustle and bustle at the Broadway club, with local band 'Up and Running' performing. Les Walker was running the door on the Broadway, and I already knew him quite well from drinking there. The club was owned by the Cains with whom, as with Les, I was well acquainted.

On entering the club I found John Green inside talking to Les Walker. I got myself a drink and went over to talk to Les and John. John asked me how Bentley's was going, to which I said I'd been sacked. When I told them the reason why, they just laughed and said I was a mad bastard. Les then asked if I fancied some nights on the Broadway club. I said, "yes", and a new chapter in my career opened.

Back in 1989 the Broadway club still hosted live bands and acts, and was essentially a couples' venue at weekends. All the same, it had bad reputation for fighting, both within and outside the club. I started working on the Broadway club the following weekend and managed to get the Friday and Saturday. The Broadway was sometimes open during the week for functions such as weddings and birthdays, etc. These were held in a part of the club called the Manhattan suite – a newly-built extension to the club.

Also working on the Broadway door was Ray Stowie and John McGinn. Ray was a big bodybuilder type, a nice guy to talk to. I'd had brief conversations with Ray when he worked on another club in Norris Green that Ian Cain owned, the Green Peppers. The Peppers, like the Broadway club, was well-known for violence.

I'd first met John McGinn when in Buckley Hall Detention Centre Rochdale. I was doing six months for police assault, and stealing a car. I didn't really speak to John McGinn in Buckley Hall, but remembered him all the same. John McGinn was from the Huyton area of Liverpool, and well-known around there. Other doormen, such as George Roberts, Terry Roberts and Gerry Bennett from Breck Road also worked there. Working the Broadway was not a particularly hard door for me, given that I knew most of the drinkers and trouble makers going in there. Still, it had its moments... Most of the time I worked on the Manhattan suite with Ray

Stowie. Whenever he was working functions on the Manhattan suite, Ray would be constantly raiding the buffets. In fact, one night he stole a load of tuna and sweet corn sandwiches. He always maintained that it was for the dog. These activities eventually put an end to his spell on the Manhattan suite.

Now sometimes you did have trouble there, especially when you had family members falling out with each other at wedding events. As soon as you tried to intervene and stop any trouble, they normally turned on the doormen and forgot about their own personal grudges. One such event was a wedding there, when Ray and I tried to calm down a heated and obviously out of control argument. As Ray and I asked one woman to calm down she took off her stiletto-heeled shoe and started attacking us with it. When we tried to defend ourselves the whole wedding reception rose and started getting stuck into us. Now one good thing about the Broadway was that the other doormen were only a room away. They could be alerted by a buzzer, set off by the bar staff or DJ, if there was trouble in the Manhattan suite.

In raced the rest of the doormen to a scene of violent confrontation. They started dishing out back to this angry mob what they'd been giving me and Ray. Les Walker, John Green, John McGinn and several other lads started kicking the shit out of the attackers – including the woman with the stiletto heel. Tables and stools crashed over as people were knocked to the ground. If this was how they wanted to celebrate their wedding, then fine by us. When a mob gets out of control there's no time for talking – that's when you risk getting hurt. After several minutes of a once peaceful wedding being destroyed, some of the reception guests started cooling down their hot heads. That didn't include the ones on the floor out for the count. Finally order was restored, but the wedding celebration was more or less ruined. Well, that's what happens when you think you can take advantage of two lads on their own. We never started it, but we did finish it – all the lads were quite impressed with their performance, having seen what team work could achieve.

The door under Les Walker had situations like this more or less boxed off. Other lads, such as John Seddon, started working on the Broadway – Seddon was a friend of John McGinn from Huyton. Whenever new lads came on the Broadway those on the Manhattan suite (like me) would be promoted to the main door. The main door was the reception area to the club there was a big room off to the left, and the smaller Richmond suite (also for private functions) on the right. The main reception area was manned by head doorman John Green. I'd known John most of my life, and remember him being cock of Monksdown primary school, as I was at Wellsbourne primary. We'd had the usual school rivalries, but nothing really to fall out over. John had left school and pursued a professional boxing

career, doing quite well by all accounts. His obvious next move was to go on the doors, as a lot of ex-boxers did, and still do. John was a very good doorman and knew how to deal with most situations. His only problem was how he dealt with the locals from Norris Green, many of whom he'd grown up with. For some bizarre reason he had this private little war with them. He would bar them, sometimes assaulting them, on the flimsiest of pretexts. This behaviour would eventually bring about his downfall...

Les Walker also had other clubs he ran the security on: the Phoenix in Cantril Farm (also owned by the Cain's), and the Scottie club on Scotland Road. In addition he also ran a club on Edge Lane. Now whenever Les was short of doormen he'd pick someone to work on these other clubs. No one really liked going to these clubs, as you'd be strangers on someone else's patch. Plus, the locals didn't take kindly to outside doormen telling them to drink up. All the same, you had to go if you were sent. I went to the Phoenix a few times and didn't really like it. You'd have great difficulty getting people out after last orders. You couldn't exactly be heavy-handed either, because with only two of you being there on strange turf it would have been asking for trouble.

The only real trouble that ever came to the Broadway was in the form of George Bromley. Bromley was a well-known figure around club land, and a very nasty one at that. Bromley was notorious for stabbing doormen (and anyone else for that matter) who got in his way. A doorman called Murphy who worked on the Royal Court Theatre had a run in with Bromley. One night Bromley and co. burst into Murphy's flat, beating and stabbing him about the body. When Murphy's heavily pregnant wife intervened, she too was subjected to a beating. Another doorman from the Devonshire club on Edge Lane was whacked over the head by Bromley, with a golf club, leaving him needing a metal plate inserted in his head. I could go on to cite many more acts of violence by Bromley, but I think I've made the point. So you can understand why doormen were somewhat edgy when Bromley walked in.

Bromley frequented the Broadway now and then, and always walked in without paying. He did the same in every other club he went to. He got on ok with Les Walker, and they had mutual respect for one another. Bromley's other henchman was Tommy Gildea. Gildea was a knock-out specialist, mostly displaying his talent when the victim wasn't looking. Les Walker had a run in with Gildea in the Picture House pub in Anfield. Les was actually getting the better of Gildea, but made the fatal mistake of letting him up. Gildea then caught Les with one of his sucker punches that put him away. Full credit must go to Les Walker – most would not argue with Gildea, let alone fight him. The only real threat to us working the Broadway could be guest appearances from these two. The majority of the others that

frequented the Broadway were just pub drunks and scrappers. All the same, it did have its moments.

One memorable incident involved a local bin-man called Les. Now John Green had taken a dislike to this guy, like he did with a lot of other people. An argument developed one Saturday night between the bin-man and John Green, and it ended with the two of them going outside to have a fight. John being an experienced boxer, I thought the fight was a foregone conclusion. How wrong I was. John squared up to the bin-man in a typical boxer's stance, whilst I, John McGinn, Ray Stowie and young Perry and Ian Cain (the owner's sons) watched with interest. In rushed the bin-man, taking John totally by surprise. John threw a couple of text book punches – a left and a right, only for the bin-man to grab him slamming him against the wall that bordered the club. The bin man then un-leashed his own volley of punches. What I've noticed when fighting boxers is if they hit you, it's normally goodnight Vienna. However, once you take them out of their game plan – and don't let them dictate the fight – they are like a fish out of water. Anyway, the bin-man had done just that, and was giving John a hiding. We couldn't have that on the door – even though it was a fair fight. In rushed John McGinn, leg-kicked the bin-man and sent him flying in the air. I'd been showing John and other doormen how to leg-kick Thai style, which John McGinn now had off to a fine art. John McGinn then got stuck into the bin-man, with a very embarrassed John Green looking on. The bin-man then shouted to John McGinn, "I don't want to fight you mate, it's him I want!"

John McGinn now had the bin man terrified, and cowering against the wall. He rescued Greenie and saved the day.

Such was the embarrassment for John Green that I even made up a song about it. John Green was forever repeating things you said, especially to other doormen. If you said something about another doorman, he'd relay your comments to him. This was the reason John Green was nicknamed the 'Mixer', because of his shit-stirring. My song went like this –

"Last night McGinn saved Mixer's life  
Mixer was losing in a fight  
McGinn came running in  
hitting the bin-man on the chin

Last night McGinn saved Mixer's life  
The bin-man had the Mixer on the floor  
spinning him round till his bum was sore  
Last night McGinn saved Mixer's life."

This song was sung many a time by the lads on the door, to the annoyance of the Mixer. Even to this day, seventeen years later, it's still remembered

and joked about over a pint when talking about old times. We had many an incident like this at the Broadway, with most not ending the way this did for John Green. I've seen John Green bang people out, and hold his own with tough lads. I certainly wouldn't decry his fighting abilities. That day with the bin-man was just one of those days we all have – when things just don't go the way we'd planned.

New Year's Eve 1988 wasn't a particularly good new year for me. Around midnight going into the new year of 1989, a large disturbance erupted in the West Darby Arms (commonly known as the Barry's') pub, which involved a friend of mine John 'Wilber' Warburton getting a bottle in his face. Now the pub was bursting to the seams that night, and a lot of pushing and shoving had been going on. This came mainly from an over-excited and drunken group of about fifteen young lads. When Wilber and I tried to remonstrate with the group Wilber was hit with the bottle. I immediately ran to his assistance, only to be hit over the head with a bottle, then punched and kicked.

Getting into a clinch with one of them I fell to the ground with the lad below me. Trying to get to my feet wasn't easy, with the lad underneath punching at, and clutching hold of me. At the same time his mates, who were on their feet, kicked me while another of them hit me on the head several times with a bottle. I knew I had to get up quickly, but couldn't manage it while the rat underneath was hold on to me. I opted for plan B, as I like to call it. Picking up a half pint glass I shoved it in his face, making him scream and let go of me. This enabled me to get to my feet and finish the job.

Other friends with me that night were also embroiled in a vicious fight with this gang, including Timmy McNamara. The main group of lads were concentrating on me, hell-bent on kicking my head in. While doing the Karate with Terry O'Neil I'd purchased a Kubotan. A Kubotan is a metal pen-type instrument used for self defence in Japan. It could be used for jabbing in someone's eye, held in a fist-type grip and smashed down on someone's head or applied to pressure points on the body. I'd gone one step further and had my Kubotan sharpened at the end. Anyway, once on my feet I retaliated against those who had been hitting me with bottles. The final outcome was five of them ended up in hospital – the one underneath me had lost part of his nose in the glass attack.

They started this, and used weapons first, but they just didn't realise who they were up against. I may not be the biggest or meanest-looking man about town but I make up for it in other ways – as they found out to their cost. The next day in the *Daily Star* (2nd January, 1989) there was a round-up detailing where the major trouble spots in the country had been on New

Year's Eve. The Barry's was mentioned, with five casualties being taken to hospital. All I had was a few cuts and bruises and a sore head. This was in part due to a hangover from attending a party after the fight in the Barry's. Once again my training from Terry O'Neil had saved the day.

Several days later about five in the morning I heard a tremendous bang on the front door, and the words, "Open the door, it's the police!"

On opening the door I was restrained and handcuffed. I was then cautioned that I was being arrested for a Section Eighteen wounding – this is a very serious charge. Taken to Eaton Road police station, I was then questioned in front of my solicitor by a Detective Sergeant Money Penny. Money Penny informed me of the reasons for my arrest, and the nature of the charges against me. Maintaining my innocence throughout the interview, I was bailed pending an identification parade. There were twelve witnesses against me but only one picked me out on the I.D. Even he only said he thought it was me. All the same, that was enough for them to charge me.

Whilst awaiting trial I continued working on the Broadway club. I was socialising there, not working, when John 'Mixer' Green started winding me up on the Sunday night a couple of days before the trial. He was laughing and passing silly remarks about me getting struck down soon, and enquiring who would look after my then girlfriend, Dionne. Taking exception to this I whacked him on the head with a bottle, but came off worst through being very drunk. The end result was me having two black eyes that were swollen shut and worse still, a trial to face in two days' time. When my barrister first saw me he couldn't believe his eyes. Anyway, on the day of the trial I put dark shades on and hoped the prosecution wouldn't notice it. Luckily for me the prosecution had their turn first. These young lads had total contempt for the court and were even laughing and joking in the witness box about how they had attacked me. I couldn't believe it and guessed what the judge would do next. He sent the jury out before I'd even got in the witness box, and scolded those who'd given evidence, and the police who'd brought the case to court. He brought the jury back in and directed them to find me not guilty – a great result.

Not long after the trial I went back to the Broadway and gave John 'Mixer' Green a piece of my mind. A fight ensued, and Greenie ended up with forty-three stitches in his face. He claimed these were the result of me using a knife on him. Have a guess what happened next? He went to the police and got me arrested! When he had kicked my head in I had not gone to the police. He would have been calling them all the dirty grasses of the day if any of his numerous victims had screamed copper. What a coward – a lot of these people are good at dishing it out, but not very good at taking



it. Anyway, I'm glad to say John saw the error of his ways and did the right thing by withdrawing his false allegation.

After this, more and more people at the club were standing up to John Green, and not taking any more shit from him. Two such men were Sonny Conlon (son of Eddie Conlon, respected Liverpool doorman) and Dave Hindley. John had always fancied his chances against hard-hitting Dave, who had the name of 'Henry's Hammer', after British boxing ace Henry Cooper. John picked a fight with Dave one Sunday night and was knocked into next week. This was a real blow to John, who had never been knocked out in his pro boxing career. Yet here was Dave, who'd never had a boxing fight in his life, sending the Mixer to the Land of Nod for ten minutes. Dave was an unassuming-looking guy, but very deceptive. One blow of the hammer and it was curtains. I saw John the next day and blood was still coming out of one of his ears. Once again, don't get me wrong – John can have a fight and is far from being a pushover.

Sonny Conlon was next to square up to John Green in the Broadway, taking John down to the floor and tearing into him. Last, but not least, was Keith Foster. Fozzer, as he was called, was also a local hard case and Norris Green legend. Keith in his heyday (1970s) was a professional car thief and one the police could never catch. Getting into an RS 2000 with Fozzer in those days was something you deeply regretted, especially if he had the police on his tail. He would stop at nothing to get away, and had driving skills that would put Stirling Moss to shame. He, like many others in the Broadway, had finally taken enough of Green's bullying and general bad attitude. Trying his luck with Fozzer, Fozzer snapped and chased Greenie into the toilet cubicle, with Greenie slamming and bolting the door behind him. Fozzer then stabbed at the cubicle door with a screwdriver, cursing and shouting abuse at Greenie. John got the message and never bothered Fozzer again.

The final straw came for John Green when an altercation erupted between local hard man Bobby C and Andy Ellis. Bobby C had given Andy's brother Carl a bit of a slap, which Andy didn't take too kindly to. Andy, assisted by Nicky and Norman Ayres, burst into the Broadway club one night looking for Bobby C. As they did this John Green was in the foyer of the club – he signalled to Andy that Bobby C was in the gents. The trio ran into the toilets, beating and stabbing Bobby C. John Green apparently then vanished somewhere inside the club. When Bobby C found this out, it was time for John Green to go. Bobby C was a close friend of Les Walker and demanded that Greenie go – Les had little option but to sack Greenie. By the time of this incident, I had left the Broadway, and was now working for Tony Suku on the Hippodrome.



## Chapter 15

# Hippodrome

**T**ony Suku was a black guy who ran a few doors in town, namely the Hippodrome and Maxim's. The Hippodrome was formerly a picture-house called the Futurist on Lime Street, with two floors to the club. It was owned by a guy called Tony Coburn. Coburn had been in the club game for quite some years and had done very well, especially with the famous 'She' club. Also working on the Hippodrome were Billy Hughes, Ray Jackson and Tony Rattigan. Ray Jacko (as he was called) and Tony Rat (as he was known) were both from Norris Green. Tony Rat was from the next street to me, in Rencombe Green. They had both been on the doors a lot longer than me, and had worked for Tony Suku for some time. Another guy on the Hippodrome was Paul (Walshy) Welsh. Paul was an ex-Irish Guardsman who was a friend of Dave Youds, also an ex Irish Guardsman. Dave had introduced me to Paul before working at the Hippodrome. I'd met Dave Youds during my Thai-boxing days. Anyway, Paul was a big guy that pumped weights a lot and was up for a fight. Paul's training partner, and Hippodrome doorman, was Phil 'Balrog' Sinnott. Phil, like Paul, was a big lad and also a good doorman. Tony Suku's brother Charlie also worked at the Hippodrome. His favourite words when getting the punters out were, "Move it shit-head."

There were other nondescript doormen whose names I've forgotten, but who had nicknames such as 'Grover' and 'Vince Prince'.

The Hippodrome was open most nights during the week, with a particularly busy students' night on a Wednesday. It was fifty pence a pint, and that would leave students (our so-called future leaders) falling and crawling about all over the place. I can't believe many of them got out of bed the next morning to go to uni and learn. They were a harmless lot, but it could be a pain getting them out. Maybe this is how Charlie Suku coined his catch phrase, asking the non-compliant to leave. Saturday night was particularly busy at the Hippodrome, with young singles and couples enjoying a good night out. Most of the trouble at the Hippodrome would be your usual young kids, who'd had too much to drink. The door team was a good one, and more than capable of dealing with most situations that arose. One situation it couldn't handle was the local posse from Toxteth. This mainly consisted of black drug dealers and bullies. They'd arrive at the club thirty strong, and

just walk in without paying. There was very little that seven or so doormen could do, vastly outnumbered as they were. The black mob was led by a kick-boxing champion called Andrew John (known as AJ). AJ and co. would bounce in and stare and glare at the doormen, hoping one would be foolish enough to say something. They'd then make their way to the bar and order champagne and not pay for it. Even though Tony Suko was from Toxteth and black himself, there was very little he or anyone else could do. Tony Suko was just a guy who wanted to make a living, and he didn't get involved in black and white issues. AJ and co. were black racists, whom I believe didn't like white people; despite the fact most of them had white mothers.

Tony Coburn, the owner, eventually had to enlist the services of 'Panama' to put an end to this. 'Panama' was a well-respected figure in the black community, who had been put in jail for life for killing his white wife and stepdaughter, with an axe. Anyway, the Toxteth posse stayed away and annoyed other clubs and doormen around town. One in particular was a brave man who worked on 'Fridays' (or kicks?). Fridays was a nightclub attached to the Adelphi Hotel, about a hundred yards from the Hippodrome. Paul Hesketh was a big man who tried to stand up to AJ and co, but found he was more or less alone. A confrontation did occur, with Paul coming off second best. All the same he stood up to them, even when greatly outnumbered – you've got to acknowledge his courage and determination. The AJ posse also bounced into Quinn's (formerly the Sportsman) nightclub in Saint John's market and badly beat-up the door staff. They were becoming quite a pain around the town, with no one standing up to them. Now don't get me wrong, I knew plenty of other black lads in the town, some of them working the doors, and they didn't go round like this. One such lad was Peter Opara – he was a handy lad and kick-boxing champ, yet he never went around acting like this. Sadly a lot of blacks did. Andrew John (AJ) was shot dead in 1991 by the Gaynor brothers.

Ray Stowie from the Broadway club now joined me on the Hippodrome. Remember – the one who use to raid the buffets? Ray worked in the stores at the John Moore's centre (catalogue merchandise) in Old Hall Street, in the city centre. Walshy had also worked there, until he got caught moving a load of unauthorized goods from the warehouse and was promptly sacked. In fact, I think he was arrested and taken to court over this incident. Stowie still worked there, and no doubt carried on where Walshy left off. Stowie had no sooner started at the Hippodrome than he began stealing bottles of 'Grolsch' lager. I don't think these were for his dog... So, we had a good team of lads on the Hippodrome who could all rely on one another. Me, Walshy and Phil Sinnott all started training at Gold's gym in town, which was a 'Mecca' for bodybuilders in the city. Walshy and Phil moved into a flat in Allerton that was later to be nicknamed 'Muscle Mansion'.

The first time I met Walshy, he came across as quite wild and mad, but I immediately took a likening to him anyway. The 'balrog' or 'rog' as he was known was also someone I took to very quickly. There were plenty of other colourful characters (too many to mention) at the Hippodrome, such as Tony Coburn's nephew Adam. Adam Coburn was Mike Coburn's son, who had a job running the Hippodrome and keeping the doormen in check. Adam was a good lad (wore terrible suits) who was always there to protect the doormen should one fall foul of the law or needed to escape out the club. Sometimes doormen do lose their temper like any other human being and go a bit overboard when dealing with annoying punters. So Adam would always be there if we ever needed him. We also had a good glass collector called Tony, who'd sometimes sit outside the club and keep watch for AJ and co, alerting us if necessary and giving us time to lock the doors. Another character at the club was old Billy. Billy was the chef in the club restaurant (if you could call it that) who only had one eye. He claimed he lost his eye when a lace from a boxing glove snapped into it, during a boxing bout. He also claimed that when the Kray Twins came to Liverpool to muscle in on some protection rackets he sent them packing at Liverpool's Lime Street station. In fact, I've lost count on how many so-called gangsters have put their name to that one.

The Hippodrome was a fun door to work on and I never saw much trouble there. You'd spend most of the night chatting girls up or letting your mates in, to the annoyance of owner Tony Coburn. Tony would stand on that door like a hawk, and he hated anyone not paying. In 1990 the 'Dance Scene' was well and truly upon us with 'Rave Nights' opening up all over the city (and the country). Walshy now decided it was time to move on to pastures green. Walshy was one always out to make a quick buck and never missed an opportunity. He set his sights on the Quadrant Park, where more than a doorman's wage could be made.

Not long after Walshy left, my old friend John McGinn said that a new club was opening in Speke. It would be the forerunner of the club in Aintree called Fallows. The new club was to be called Fallows Too. Gerard Starkey had the door and John McGinn's mate Ged 'barmcake' Unsworth from Widnes was running it for Starkey. John McGinn asked me to work for Starkey. Gerard had a bigger firm than Suku and paid better wages. In fact, Ged ran a massive outfit called, 'Total Management Control Services'. I decided to go.



## Chapter 16

# Fallow's Too

With the success of 'Fallow's' nightclub in Aintree, Liverpool, the Speke area of the city was earmarked for the establishment of 'Fallows Too'. Fallows Too was situated on a former industrial site on Speke Boulevard. Gerard Starkey had the security on the club, as he did with Fallow's, Quadrant Park, Bonkers and many, many more places. John McGinn informed me that we (all the doormen ready to work on the club) were to attend a meeting at Fallows Too, to familiarise ourselves with the club and each other. It had initially been decided to have eighteen doormen working the club – learning this I understood why we needed a 'getting to know you' meeting. The club was quite large, with four bars scattered around a big dance floor and an excellent VIP bar overlooking it.

As well as Ged Unsworth, overseeing the door security was Stan Carnall. Stan was a big name around Speke, and the city generally. No one messed with Stan and he got a lot of respect. At the meeting in the club all the doormen were introduced to each other and shook hands. The doormen included John, James and Bernie Bradley, three brothers from Halewood who were local entrepreneurs, with businesses such as a taxi firm and off-licences. Also on the door were Lee 'Bomb Head' Jones and Steve Goulding from Netherly, John McGinn, Brian Furlong and Davey Connolly all came from Huyton. Others, such as Paul Horton, George Thompson, Ronnie Dunwoody, Billy 'Cowboy', John 'Mad Dog' Hurst, Sid Gough (boxer), John Ormisher, James Wall and local boxer Dave Keogh all hailed from Speke. Shay Neary and Stevie Bristow (two promising pro-boxers), Paddy Carroll and 'Chambo' were to join the door on a later date. On the Friday the club opened, eighteen doormen looked very impressive arrayed just inside the club entrance. In fact, Ged Unsworth told us to split up into smaller groups and try not to look so menacing. I could see his point – eighteen doormen could look very scary when your average Joe walked into the club. Therefore, we did as Ged said and tried to blend more into the background of the club.

The club was being managed by a nice guy from London called Greg. Greg was a sociable guy, and very helpful if you ever needed his assistance. At 10pm the crowds started to arrive, eventually forming a queue as more

people joined them. The management had big expectations for the club, as I did myself. I envisaged my employment there being a long-term affair. The first night was a great success, with a huge friendly crowd of singles and couples arriving. The VIP bar was kept just that and only the privileged, and those in the know, were allowed inside.

Before the club opened, Gerard Starkey, Unsworth and Stan Carnall had decided that certain elements from the Speke area were not to be allowed in. Speke had a bit of a bad reputation, with nasty individuals and gangs that we didn't need in the club. If Fallows Too was to be successful then these elements had to be kept out. One such individual was Tony Sinnott. Sinnott had been a very good professional boxer, and even had a shot at the British title. Sinnott had turned from pro-boxer to pro-slasher. He'd become very handy with a knife, and was greatly feared in and around Speke. Most of the people he associated with were more or less of the same stamp, and they, like him, were barred.

Fallows Too began to take off but never really pulled in the crowds that the management expected. With this the door numbers were reduced to about ten lads, which was still a good number to be working with. The club started having 'acts' and pop groups; one such group was the 1970s Bay City Rollers. It was really funny seeing them after so long with all their tartan pants and mad hairstyles. I think it may have actually been the full original band, give or take a member or two. Most of the audience was screaming teenage girls, who may not have even been born when the BCR hit the stage. The next event to appear at Fallows Too was the Sunday Sport road show. This consisted of a bevy of scantily-clad females, organised into a dance group. They'd perform a seductive type dance that had all the lads in the audience begging for more. Next to appear at the club was an Ali Baba style magician, who was actually very good and convincing. I can't quite remember his full title, but it was something like 'The Great something?'. Anyway, I watched this guy in his full turban and curly-toed shoes swallow a piece of string. He made an incision with a dagger in his stomach, and then pulled out the string! I, like the rest of the doormen, was convinced this guy wasn't creating an illusion but genuinely pulling the string out. If it was an illusion he was certainly very good; I turned to the other doormen and said, "Remember children – don't try this at home!"

Fallows Too was getting a good name, with very little trouble associated with it. Keeping the scum out and enforcing a strict dress code seemed to be paying off. The club also started opening on a Monday night with cheap drinks promotions to get people in. Most of the time I worked on the front door, and enforced the club's silly 'put your coat in the cloakroom' rule. One particular night a guy walked into the club and I asked him to do just that. He carried on walking past the cloakroom and into the club. Running



after him I asked him again to put his coat in the cloakroom. In a snarling voice he told me to fuck off, to which I replied, "Put your coat in, or you'll have to leave."

He then punched me one in the face, but didn't connect right. I then grabbed hold of him in a Thai-boxing clinch. I held on for dear life and he couldn't get me off. Steve Goulding and some of the Bradleys came running over and broke it up. Now what I noticed they weren't doing was attempting to throw him out. When I asked why he wasn't being thrown out someone said it was (boxer and Nerthely hard man) Pat McCormack. I said, "Well I'm sorry, but I didn't know who it was – I'm not a mind reader."

Steve Goulding came over and said, "What are you fighting for? Pat wants to have a word in the toilet."

So, 'Soft Joe' follows Goulding and Pat McCormack into the toilets – then McCormack swung at me again. He missed completely this time – I managed to get clear and square up to him. James Bradley got between us, and it was stopped once more. McCormack left the club, cursing me, with dire threats of what he was going to do when he saw me again. Now if Pat McCormack would have just introduced himself and told me who he was, and that he was a doorman himself, this silly episode could have been avoided. Anyway, I just put it down to experience.

Dave Connolly had an issue with his daughter Eva dating one Billy Kearns. Dave believed he wasn't right for her for a multitude of reasons. Without going into too much detail, Dave wanted the relationship to end. One Saturday night, at Fallows Too, Dave organised a call-out of doormen to attend a Sunday league football match the next day. The venue was at Pool Hey playing fields Cantril Farm. Dave hoped to find Kearns at this game.

We'd arranged to rendezvous at the 'Hillside' public house, in Huyton, from where we travelled – in a convoy of cars – to Cantril Farm. On arrival we disembarked, making our way across the fields into the football changing rooms. Not finding Kearns we went further on to where two teams were engaged in a match. Kearns immediately saw the mob heading towards him and, recognising Dave Connolly, ran off the pitch and made good his escape. Now standing on the sideline watching the match, was a friend of Kearns who interjected, "This isn't the time or place, lads."

To which Pat Mc replied, "We'll say when it's the time and place..."

The guy on the sideline was facing twenty or so doormen who stood around him but didn't bat an eyelid – he didn't even look scared. A bit of a stand-off ensued and more words were exchanged. The conversation grew a little heated but Peter Opara separated the parties. We soon departed, without catching up with Kearns. I asked someone who the guy was who

had stood his ground on the sideline. Someone replied that it was Mark Quinn. Now I'd heard of Mark Quinn – and heard some nasty stories about him too. I take my hat off to him for having stood up to us, greatly outnumbered as he was. Thinking that this was the end of the Billy Kearns saga we all retired to the Cantril Farm Labour club for a drink.

On Monday night I got a call from John McGinn, who informed me that Dave had just received a threatening phone call. The caller had said he was on his way to Dave's and was going to cut him up. I immediately made my way to Dave Connolly's as did other doormen from Fallows Too whom Dave had managed to call. Sadly we were all too late. Dave had confronted two lads who'd run up his path and were ready to kick his door in. Dave had charged out at them armed with a hammer, only to be hit with a bat or similar weapon. Knocked to the ground he was slashed across the face with a Stanley knife, leaving him with wounds that required over two hundred stitches. On arriving at his house we were advised by neighbours that he'd been taken to Whiston hospital, and was in a bad way.

Myself, McGinn, and the Bradleys from Halewood, along with some other doormen, made our way to Whiston hospital. We were finally allowed to see Dave, who lay clutching his wife's hand and in obvious pain. He had this long deep scar from his ear right down to his chin – it really did look awful. The next day some of the lads met up and talked about what we should do to those responsible. More talk than action was all that resulted, without any concrete plans. At that point I knew nothing was going to happen – sadly for Dave. The perpetrators never got their just desserts, nor was Dave ever the same man again. He came back on the door but was naturally wary of knives – who could blame him? Dave Connolly was a very brave man who did what any decent man would do when his home and family were under attack.

Not long after Dave Connolly got slashed, Lee Jones and I had a close call involving a similar weapon. Some guy tried to enter the club one Saturday night wearing tracksuit bottoms. We told him he couldn't come in because of the dress code. He then pulled out a large knife and began waving it about. Being the worse for drink, Lee and me jumped him, managing to wrest the knife from him. Lee then let loose with a volley of punches while I landed several kicks to his head. Out for the count, he was dragged outside and left slumped against a wall. By this time other doormen had arrived, one of whom informed us that 'sleeping beauty' was Ian Levine. He was the brother of local boxer Alan Levine, from the Aigburth area of Liverpool. The Levines having a bit of a name in that neck of the woods, Lee was a little bit concerned. Lee was only eighteen at the time. I wasn't unduly worried though.

Alan Levine and co. were now sending all types of messages back – about what they weren't going to do to me and Lee! I told Lee to watch himself, but he didn't take my advice seriously. Lee at this time was entering into the annual ABA boxing championships, and he looked a promising favourite. One Saturday night Lee was leaving his mum's in Nertherly with his girlfriend Joanne, when he was jumped by Levine and co. Lee being accompanied by his girlfriend couldn't exactly run and leave her behind. He stayed and fought back, but Lee was no match for three or four attackers. They were armed with a hammer and bats. Lee suffered a broken nose and arm, putting paid to any dreams of an ABA title. Immediately on hearing this all the lads on Fallows Too decided to take action. They, as well as Ged Starkey, Paul 'Smigger' Smith, Joe MacDonald and Kevin 'Mad Dog' Maguire and others who worked for Starkey, met at Ged's pub the 'Kendal' in Kirkdale. Off we proceeded in a convoy of cars to 'Cheers' bar on Aigburth road, where it was believed Levine and co. might be drinking. On arrival I think word may have reached the Levines, who made a sharp exit. We bounced into Cheers and began a walk round the bar hoping we'd find them. This wasn't to be, but we left a message that we'd be back. Sadly, this wasn't the last bit of trouble Lee would find himself in while working on Fallows Too...

Sometime in By 1991 Ged Starkey was getting serious trouble from the police and taxman. He had clubs and pubs all around the Northwest, yet no one was paying tax except him. He must have had nearly two hundred men under him, yet not one of them was paying tax.

With continued trouble from the Wolfpack and so-called friends stabbing him in the back, Ged passed some of his clubs over to Stevie Connor. Connor had been in the game a while, but was better at stealing doors from people than running them.

Once Connor took over Fallows Too then the club was doomed. Connor, not being as tough as he thought, started letting all the wrong types in and dropped the 'no trackies' policy. He also let Tony Sinnott back in, after we had kept him out for twelve months. In turn, Sinnott's cronies followed him – and so did trouble.

Greg, the cockney manager, found it just too difficult to stay at Fallows Too, and was eventually driven out. Ronnie Clucas and Willie Bridston came in to run Fallows Too. These two had previously been employed as doormen at Fallows in Aintree. Once Sinnott and co. were happily established in Fallows Too, they made the once excellent VIP lounge their base. Stay behinds and drug taking became regular fixtures in the VIP lounge, with no VIPs in sight.

The club became locked in a downward spiral, with fewer and fewer punters each week. Connor, Clucas and Bridston set about getting a nice little fiddle on the door, taking what they could from the sinking ship. All the same, I continued to work there, but was never happy under the Connors.

Another boxer (and well-known name) to join the team on Fallows Too was Brian Schumacher. Shoey, as his friends knew him, had been a navy diver as well as naval boxing champion. He had enjoyed a very impressive professional boxing career. Like many retired boxers, Shoey ended up on the doors when his career was over. Shoey joining the team could only strengthen the door, but the doors (and the wrong people) were eventually his downfall. Brian was a funny man to be with, always one up for a laugh and a joke. Sometimes when working on the doors the lads will pick a night through the week to go out for a drink and relax. You need to unwind when you work the doors, and going out together lets you do just that. It also fosters a sense of camaraderie amongst the door team. It's the equivalent of the corporate team-building weekend.

I immediately took to Brian and found him great to be with. Always joking and playing pranks – there was never a dull moment with Shoey. When working at the Hippodrome, you could leave by a side exit that also led to the cellar. Now in the cellar was all the club's booze. Sometimes when leaving the Hippodrome someone (Ray Stowie or Walshy) would shoot down and grab a bottle, or case. What you had to remember was the camera situated at the bottom of the stairs. Therefore, all you had to do was pull your hood over your head – entering and leaving – and you would be OK.

The Hippodrome was a club we often ventured to when out drinking, it being open most nights through the week. When in there with the lads from Fallows Too I informed Shoey about this little perk, but forgot to tell him about the camera. So Shoey ran down the stairs and into the cellar. He then emerged with a case of Budweiser, smiling and laughing as he came up the stairs. The next time I was in the Hippodrome owner Tony Coburn came rushing over to me and said,

“Shoe-Maker robbed me! He robbed me!”

When I next saw Brian and told him about this he was in stitches. As you walked into the Hippodrome there was a large chestnut-coloured leather chesterfield sitting in the foyer. I assume it was for punters to sit on while awaiting a taxi or just to rest their legs. After another night out at the Hippodrome Shoey actually got it out the door and down a small flight of stairs. He would have taken it home if he could have got it into a taxi. These were just some of the funny things Brian got up to.

Not everything was fun and games with Shoey, and he could be a handful when he wanted to. Opposite Fallows Too was a club called the 'Alicante.' This was a low dive of a place, where Sinnott and all those barred from Fallows Too would congregate. One Saturday night while out drinking in there Brian was attacked by several lads from Garston and whacked on the head with a instrument or two. When the lads found this out they arranged a call-out for the following Sunday morning. It was rumoured his attackers would very likely be in the 'Garston Hotel'. In bounced all the Fallows Too lads, to find Brian's attackers quietly having a drink. The rest is history, as they say, and I need not elaborate. Suffice it to say they received a strong dose of their own medicine...

Brian's niece was having some trouble with a boyfriend who drank in the 'Throstles Nest' on Scotland Road. Brian enlisted the services of two friends of his, Jimmy Coultard and Norman 'Knocker' Weaver. John McGinn and several more lads accompanied them. Also present was Brian's uncle. On entering the Throstles Nest, they saw the lad Brian was looking for who was with a group of mates. They all jumped up, then Brian's uncle embedded a claw hammer in someone's head while 'Knocker' let off the CS Gas and all hell broke loose. Caught in the gas attack was local boxer Joey Frost. The bar staff pressed the alarm button behind the bar, and everyone ran for the door before any police arrived. These are only a couple of examples of the many incidents that Shoey got involved in. He would eventually find himself embroiled in one that would seal his fate for good.

One Saturday night at Fallows Too, Lee brought up the subject of a problem a friend of his was having. This friend, by the name of Alan Hooper, ran a cafe in Wavertree. Hooper's café was in direct competition with another nearby. This trade rivalry eventually spilled over into violence. Hooper, not really having the back-up to confront his competition, called on the services of Lee Jones.

Lee, working at Fallows Too with Steve and Paul Connor, had the back up of all the lads on Fallows Too as well as all those working for the Connors on other doors. Lee informed everyone about the situation on Saturday night and asked for a call-out for the Sunday morning. We were all to meet in the Cat's Whiskers in Nertherly where Lee came from. The aim of the call-out was to give support to Hooper who would then confront the main guy who was giving him grief. He would try to sort it out or have a straightener if need be. (A 'straightener' is a fair fight, a man-to-man confrontation that is supposed to straighten matters out.)

Now Hooper couldn't have done this by himself as he knew the other lot would be mob-handed in their local on a Sunday afternoon. With the help of Lee and the rest of us, he knew he could risk it.

About thirty lads turned up at the Cat's Whiskers, which wasn't bad considering the short notice. We piled into different cars and made our way to Wavertree High Street. We pulled up at all the pubs along that route to see if we could find them, jumping back in the cars when each pub had been given the OK. The last pub we pulled up at was the Belle Vue. Just as we drew up a large mob came rushing out the Belle Vue, some armed with pick-axe handles whilst others had full picks.

Paul Connor was the first to pull up and got surrounded by a mob that must have been about equal to our numbers. As Paul tried to reverse, pick-axe handles and iron bars came crashing down on his car. One guy even put a full pick right through the windscreen of his car, where it stuck fast and protruded. Paul was trying to make a desperate U-turn and reverse, before he was completely overwhelmed. Just as he managed to turn round one guy pulled a sawn-off shotgun out of a black bin bag and fired both barrels through Paul's windscreen. The blast shattered the windscreen, putting a huge hole in it, blasting off the head-rest of the front passenger seat. Sadly, the rest of the blast hit Lee Jones in the head – he had been sitting in the front. Paul, Steve Connor, John McGinn and Jimmy Higgins – all also in the car – narrowly missed being hit. Paul then reversed like a madman, drove at all those in his way and made good his escape.

Those, like me, who weren't quick enough to jump in the car they'd arrived in, gave it legs whilst a vicious, nasty, mob gave chase. I had my foot still in plaster after getting it broken in a fight a few weeks before. Some bastard had jumped on it while brawling outside Pickwick's. All the same I escaped to fight another day.

What now puzzled me was how they knew we were coming down to see them that Sunday afternoon. They must have known we were coming, given the fact they were all armed and more prepared than we were. Had they not been armed, they would never have taken us, but sadly they were and they did. We had totally underestimated them and paid dearly for it. Lee was rushed to the nearest hospital in town and things didn't look too good.

After finally getting away from the Belle Vue and out of Wavertree, I and a few lads made our way back to Mark Foran's pub – The Red Rum in Croxteth. Me and John Hurst got a drink and sat down together. We knew things didn't look too good for Lee and horrible stories began to filter back. Lee had now been taken to Saint Paul's eye hospital, as his left eye had been badly damaged in the blast. In fact Lee had dozens and dozens of pellets embedded in his head, some having travelled round his skull and lodging at the back of the eye.

By now the police were obviously involved and all those in the car were being questioned about the day's events. Mad Dog Hurst and I left the Red Rum and made our way up to the Village Inn in Woolton, where some of the other lads on the call out worked the door. The lads on the door of the Village Inn were John Kenny, Sid Gough and Paddy Lacy. They were nicknamed the Dream Boys after the eponymous male strip group. They acquired this name because they spent most of their time looking in the mirror when working the door, and always dressed immaculately. Don't be fooled by this name – all were hard lads with impressive boxing careers behind them. I asked John Kenny (JK) if he had any news about Lee to which he replied, "Lee may have lost his left eye."

This was a big blow to me and all the lads too. Lee was only eighteen and had a very promising boxing career ahead of him. Later on Alan Hooper came into the Village Inn and I pressed him as to how they knew we were coming down this Sunday. Eventually he admitted he'd foolishly told them he was coming down mob-handed to sort them out. This now explained why they were armed and waiting for us.

The next day I and Mad Dog Hurst went to see Lee's family and arranged to go into Saint Paul's eye hospital to visit him. Amazingly, Lee was in good spirits, and talked about getting out of hospital and resuming his boxing career. I don't think it had really sunk in just how badly his eye was damaged. The doctors were still trying to remove most of the pellets embedded in Lee's head, with several operations to save his eye planned. Lee's parents were very upset about what had happened and everyone looked round for someone to blame. After several more days in hospital the doctors told Lee his eye could not be saved, and would have to be removed. Lee was devastated – the eye was removed and he was discharged from hospital.

The Connors, who ran Fallows Too, held several charity nights for Lee. These were to raise money for him as he was now out of work, his boxing career down the drain. Give them their due – they did Lee a great service, raising quite considerable sums of money.

Lee now turned his attention to Hooper, as it was Hooper's problem that had landed him in this mess. Lee proposed to Hooper he do the right thing and sort him some money out. After all, Lee had been there to bail Hooper out in his hour of need and had lost an eye in the process. Hooper was now obliged to help Lee in the only way he could – with money.

It was agreed between them that Hooper would pay Lee five thousand pounds compensation for his lost eye. They shook hands on it and Lee waited for his money. *Wait* became the operative word... Lee finally lost patience and threatened Hooper – who then came across with two grand. That was all Lee ever received from him.

On 14th February, 1991, – Saint Valentine’s Day – Lee took his girlfriend Joanne out for a drink on the very High Street where he’d been shot. They walked into The Lamb public house in Wavertree. As he entered Lee spotted Hooper, with several friends, staring over at him. He decided to confront Hooper and enquire when the rest of the money would be forthcoming. A heated argument developed between Hooper and Lee culminating in a fight. During the struggle Lee had his jumper pulled over his head. With Hooper now getting the better of him, Lee, having one eye and being fearful he might lose the other, pulled out a knife (he carried it in case he bumped into those who shot him) and stabbed Hooper once in the neck and once in the stomach.

The wound in the neck had been fairly serious with the knife entering four inches. The stomach wound punctured Hooper’s liver. Unbelievably, the neck wound would not have been fatal by itself, as the knife had only penetrated muscle tissue. The liver wound was to prove fatal, Hooper dying in hospital some time later.

Lee panicked and fled from The Lamb, dumping the knife shortly afterwards. Lee didn’t believe Hooper was seriously injured as he had shouted when Lee fled the scene, “You’re getting nicked Jones!”

Several hours later, lying in his bed, Lee could hear the police helicopter hovering overhead. This was followed almost immediately by a loud knock at the door. He was taken from his bed by several police officers, and informed he was under arrest for the murder of Alan Hooper.

Lee was taken to Belle Vale police station and questioned over the death of Alan Hooper. Lee was still in a state of shock – don’t forget Hooper had been Lee’s best mate before the shooting. Lee did the best thing by admitting that he’d been in a fight with Hooper, and only acted in self defence. He told police that since the shooting, and the loss of his eye, he’d become withdrawn and paranoid. He told the police why, now that he had lost an eye, he carried a knife for protection. He also told the police that he carried it was in case he was assaulted again by those who’d shot him.

The police asked Lee what he had done with the knife – he told them he’d dumped it on a rubbish tip. The detective running the enquiry was the officer who’d arrested me over the 1989 stabbing in West Derby village – Detective Sergeant Moneypenny. I believe he was also investigating the shooting of Lee outside the Belle Vue. He asked Lee if he would take them to where he’d dumped the knife. Lee cooperated fully, taking police to the rubbish dump where the weapon was recovered.

Lee Jones was eventually charged with the murder of Alan Hooper. When I first heard this I was devastated for both Lee and his family. John



McGinn and I rushed to Lee's house to see his parents, Alan and Doreen. Within the short period, I'd known Lee on the door I'd become a very close friend of the family. That included his two sisters, Victoria and Lisa. Lee was remanded in custody in a Young Offenders' Institution, called H.M.P. Hindley, in Wigan. Remember, Lee was still only eighteen years old and just a kid, even though he was big for his age. I and John McGinn would regularly take Lee's family to visit him. We even took their boxer dog with us and Lee would shout out of his cell window to it after the visit.

Hindley was full of rival black gang members from Moss Side's Alexandra and Gooch mobs, embroiled in a murderous drug-turf war. One in particular was a black lad called Julian 'Turbo' Stewart, who Lee knocked out during a fight. Turbo was later gunned down and killed in Manchester. Lee was now preparing his case and going down the self-defence route. Friends of Lee, who were also friends of Hooper, were now queuing up to give evidence against him. A man called Lol Moran was one of them. A close friend of Alan Hooper, Moran had been on the call-out that day when Lee was shot. He hadn't been quick enough in getting away, receiving a beating when caught by the pursuing mob.

On the day of the trial the prosecution laid out its case against Lee Jones, alleging that Hooper's death was a vicious wilful act of murder. Lee's defence – on the contrary – said his actions were those of a frightened man lashing out in self-defence.

I got as many as I could down to the court that day to give Lee's family moral support. I wasn't about to let them be intimidated by Hooper's ex-friends, now witnesses for the prosecution. Lol Moran and several of his cronies turned up that day, all dressed in big Crombie type overcoats, with shaven heads and nasty stares.

Lee's defence did an excellent job of portraying him as an innocent victim in all this. A young lad with no criminal record and a promising boxing career ahead of him, he had been dragged into circumstances beyond his control. The prosecution, on the other hand, portrayed Lee as a vicious, vengeful killer hell-bent on taking revenge on Hooper for his lost eye...

Now the case rested on the expert witnesses – the defence and prosecution pathologists. The prosecution maintained that the stab wound to the stomach (the fatal one) had been done in a manner that demonstrated intent to kill. They based this on the angle of the knife thrust. Lee's defence pathologist Dr Edmund Tapp argued that with them both being boxers their stance would change and their heights rise and fall. Thus there was a possibility, he argued, that Hooper had come down on the knife. This argument was to prove crucial in Lee's defence, leaving the jury with doubt in their minds.

Lol Moran was to have his turn in the dock, and looked like something out of a gangster movie, with long black overcoat and shaven head. At one time, Lee's defence asked Moran how well he knew Lee Jones, to which he foolishly replied, "I never slept with him if that's what you mean!"

The judge didn't take too kindly to this and rebuked Moran. Lee, on the other hand, was calm and collected in the witness box, and came across very well.

Moran had half the court room filled with equally silly-looking companions, which did their side no good at all. At the end of the case both barristers summed up, with Lee's side appearing to have the advantage. I think the final thing that swayed it for Lee was when the judge was summing up. He made a remark to the jury – something like – "Who do you believe – Lee Jones or the bald headed man?"

When the judge referred to Moran in this way I knew Lee had clinched it. The jury retired to arrive at a decision. Several hours later we were called back into court, followed by a dozen policemen separating both sides of the court, keeping Hooper's lot apart from ours.

The jury came in and sat down. The foreman rose and was asked had they reached a verdict, to which he replied, "Yes."

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, my lord."

There was an immediate cry of relief from Lee's family and a sigh of sadness from Hooper's. The jury was asked how they found Lee Jones on the manslaughter charge to which the foreman replied, "guilty." Lee was then sentenced to three years. Having spent twelve months in custody on remand, Lee would be released in six months with good behaviour.

John McGinn moved from Fallows Too and went to work at the Hippodrome. Tony Brown, from Bootle, started working for the Connors on Fallows Too. We soon became firm friends, and Tony introduced me to two of his brothers – Michael and Lee. They also started working at Fallows Too, and we were all on good terms.

It was whilst I was out drinking with Tony Brown that a minor incident occurred. It was so trivial that I can no longer remember what sparked it. Anyway, somehow it affected the Connors who controlled Fallows Too. Tony Brown had cracked someone, and the Connors wrongly believed I had instigated this.

To cut a long story short, the Browns left (or were sacked from) Fallows Too. I was dismissed myself, and we were all without work for a short

period. A feud now developed between myself and the Connors. This didn't really bother me as the Connors were always more mouth than action. All the same, all types of threats were being directed my way. There were dire promises of what was going to happen to me when our paths should cross...

Don't get me wrong – the Connors had been around a long time and do have a fair-sized firm behind them. However, I knew they would have problems taking me on. Therefore (as usual with them) nothing happened. I simply told them to join the queue of people wanting to take a swipe at me.



## Chapter 17

# Quadrant Park

**T**he first Dance Super Club to hit the scene in Liverpool – possibly the UK – was the Quadrant Park. A massive warehouse, holding 3000 plus people, it had an all-night entertainment licence until 8am. Quite a feat in those days, to get a licence (Spencer had a snooker-hall licence) till that late/early, whichever way you look at it. It had thousands of young kids (and the not-so-young!) dancing their little socks off, in a drug-fuelled frenzy of escapism.

People fainted and got robbed. A girl was raped in the toilets, and a young lad died of an ecstasy overdose. A lad fell asleep and died at the wheel of his car while driving home from the Quad. The owner, Jim Spencer, had the water turned off so clubbers had to buy his £1.50-a-time can of coke or bottled water. He didn't give a damn about Health & Safety regulations, or fire hazards. All he was interested in was money – it was £10 entry fee to get in. Yet people loved it, and cried when it was eventually closed. They still, to this day, have Quadrant Park reunion nights.

Now not everyone who went to the Quad (as it was known) was robbed, raped, or died – 90% survived unscathed. There's still no excuse for the damage this club caused to young people's lives in the long term. This ranged from lost jobs, broken marriages and deserted homes to mental health problems. Children were taken into care because the parents were too smashed to care for them. Mums and dads, social welfare services, doctors and nurses, the courts – and just about everyone else – were left to pick up the pieces.

With all its inherent dangers, people loved it! So what could have driven the young, and not-so-young, to such a den of iniquity as the Quad? Simple – it was a community. Everyone was a member, and all shared a common purpose: hedonism. A society lost in the post-modern ethical maze offered no sense of 'belonging' to its members. Without social goals to aim for, is it any wonder that a large section of young people turned to dance music like a new religion? They went to the Quad, swallowed their Es, and forgot about the real world outside the club's four walls.

Some girls were so smashed they couldn't remember having sex, let alone with whom, or how many. Young kids would pull faces better placed in a gurning competition than a dancehall. Some would lose control of their bodily functions. I look back now in amazement and find it difficult to believe such a place existed.

I know many people reading this, who went to the Quad, will not remember it as a den of iniquity. Instead they will look back on the nights spent there as some of the best times of their lives. Those selling drugs there must have had the most profitable days of their careers. I never worked the Quad, but would always shoot down there after Fallows Too had finished, with the Connors. I gave whatever support was needed to the lads on the door. Doormen on the Quad included Ged and Tony Starkey, Stevie Newcombe, Joe MacNally, (Bodyguard and Karate expert) Dennis Martin, Paul (Walshy) Welsh, Pat McCormack, Dave (The Wolf) Rawlinson, Peter Opara, John Dillon, and Renaldo Jenkins. There were many others also. The Quad was a massive building, and was jam-packed every Saturday night/Sunday morning. There were continual requests from nearby residents – and the police – to shut it down. When it started it was OK, but like many a club of that nature, it attracted trouble.

A major incident occurred at the Quad when Stevie Clark's 'Wolfpack' paid it a visit... However it was ignited, there was an explosion of violence between them and Quad doormen (and Anfield hardmen), the Farley's. Ian, Alan and Chrisy Farley were up-and-coming lads in the city, and took no shit from anyone. Ste Clark had arrived with Tony Yates in a Escort Cosworth. This vehicle was trapped in the car park as they retreated from the club. Joe MacNally dropped the entrance barrier down, trapping Clarke in the car park. Ste Clark had no option other than to drive through the barrier. In doing so, he ripped the roof off the car, only just missing decapitating Tony Yates and himself.

Some time afterwards, the Wolfpack were to catch up with Joe MacNally in Fallows. Joe was jumped by about twenty of the Wolfpack, several of whom slashed him with knives. Unfortunately for Joe (but luckily for them!) he dropped a handgun he was carrying. This was for protection in case he should he bump into them. Joe was not too badly hurt, and lived to fight another day.

As I was leaving the Quad one Sunday morning with John Dillon and Dessie Haley a fight broke out with lads from out of town. The only significant injury resulting was to Dessie – he'd been stabbed. These were just two of many incidents that took place at the Quad. To give the reader a better idea of how the Quad finally descended into anarchy read these stories from ex-Quad goers.

“Saturday night was probably the closest thing to Quadrant Park (Quad Reunion) that I have ever been to and it certainly brought some memories flooding back. Obviously, 15 years later the memories are slightly confused and blurred by everything else, which went on at the time, but there are a few things which really stand out.

Let’s set the scene... Friday nights in Wolverhampton was Cleo’s, or Love Revolution as it was known. We went every week, saw the same faces and partied until the earlier hours (including after the club on the car park and at the services). This continued throughout 1990 and people started to talk about this “Quad” night that they had heard about. One Saturday me and my two mates Jase (the Face) and Justin decided to jump into his battered Vauxhall Viva to travel up to Bootle to find this Mecca.

At the time I was only 15, nearly 16. My mates at school thought I was a weirdo as I listened to them talk about the crap they were into, while I sat there listening to Stakker Humanoid and the like. They all hung around on street corners, or in bus shelters drinking cider, while I partied the weekends away. Mum and dad didn’t really know what I was up to, other than staying at a mate’s house for the weekend (they trusted Jase as he was a few years older and a fitness freak (Forrest Gump-like)..... they thought we used to go swimming on the Sunday mornings!!!!)

So off we went in the autumn of 1990, off up to Bootle. Memories from this point blur but I remember walking in and feeling a sense of euphoria. Mike Knowler was on and the tunes we loved were blasting out, and we found our spot on the left-hand side of the dance floor and started to work our socks off. My stussy t-shirt was dripping wet about 30 minutes later and stayed that way all night. We then bumped into about ten mates from Wolves who had all had the same idea, including the two DJs from our Friday Cleo’s nights (Scott & Si Storer). Needless to say we went home happy.

Other visits ensued to the point that we made Quad our home for nearly every Saturday night from late 1990 through to its end. Memories include jumping around on the tables at the back of the dance floor, our heads scraping the ceiling, to Wood Allen and Digital Boy, and then falling in love with Secchi “I Say Yeah”, which nearly bought the club to a standstill.

One night in particular had DJ H Feat Stefy played around five times.... The opening piano bars at least being thrown in and then taken back out again, sending everyone into hysteria. First time any of us had ever heard this tune, and we drove home singing “money,

money” (that is what we thought it was at the time). It was not available until months later.

We also began to make the all-nighter a must, and I will never forget the N-joi PA in there. All I remember is this mad dancer, dressed in full lycra at the front of the stage as Saffron belted out “I’m in love with you....” Man, she looked fit that night! I also remember spending 4-5 hours on top of the fire exit on the right hand side (as you looked at it) of the stage, after climbing on the bins/coke machine. There were about six of us on there, going mental. How I never killed myself is beyond me.

Of course the shady bottom-right (stage looking out) toilets were a no-go area for me. The only time I ever went over there was one night where there must have been 5-6 people lying against the wall or across the floor. There was also the other night where for some reason the all-nighter didn’t open for a while and we sat outside the entrance with a stereo blasting out tunes. The queue was dancing and you could just feel the atmosphere building. That was the night that Jase’s car became home to a lad in a suit and his two girlfriends who did all manner of things to each other in the back while we looked on in amazement!

I also remember never feeling intimidated until the end. It was quite normal to meet a few girls and walk with them to the petrol station at around 6am for fags, etc. Not a care in the world, even though I perhaps should have been more wary. Driving home was always fun (for me, not Jase the driver). The number of times we had no money and had to take the number plates off the car to get petrol before hiding for hours in a backstreet.

The last night we went we were surrounded by young kids in the car park who wanted to know what we had in our pockets. We brushed them aside only for 10 bruisers to appear out of nowhere and chase us around the block for 10 minutes. We sneaked inside the club and hid all night..... Completely bricking it. You could even tell the atmosphere inside had gone off somewhat and I remember an altercation opposite us on the stairs where everyone suddenly started to run away. We thought someone had been shot, but we never knew or found out. It certainly didn’t feel like the home we had.

We never went back, but it was always in our hearts. Nothing else came close... until now. I can honestly say last Saturday I was that 15/16-year old once more. You couldn’t put a price on that and it just proves the magic of Quadrant Park is still alive.



**Toilets**

“Down the red light end of the all-nighter, it was like a warning, the toilets were like a scene from a film where you knew something bad was about to happen, but luckily enough for me nothing did. The red light end was for when you couldn’t get out of your sledging and you all sat on the dirty floor huddled up. What a sight that must have been.

You think that was bad, you should have tried the lads’ bogs! You go in – a lad by the sink would ask you the time. If you were out your head or from out of town you were in the cubicle getting rinsed of your possessions by a gang of URCHINS in SUEDE TRACKIES and a BERGHAUS!

I used to wear a nappy!!!! LOL.

The gent’s toilets in the warehouse at the red light end were really bad. I remember you could always find a gang of Scallies waiting outside them for vulnerable people to walk in! One of my friends had a 13- or 14-year-old kid hanging off the back of his ponytail, and there was nothing he could do about it. He handed over a fiver, and the kid went on his way. Probably the same kid went around the car park trying to tax money off people! The kid was a little gofer for the rest of his cronies, I guess. Can anyone else remember this little Urchin?”

The Quad was finally shut down in 1992 and has never re-opened since.

## Chapter 18

# Scott's

**A**fter leaving Fallows Too John McGinn and I, Paul (Walshy) Welsh, Tony, Lee, Michael Brown and John Holt, all started working on the door at Scott's. This was a nightclub attached to the Adelphi Hotel on Lime street. Also working there for Ged were George Thompson and Colin White. Ged Starkey still had the door at Scott's, this being one of the clubs and pubs which were slipping away from him as his control dwindled. Scott's was previously called 'Saturdays', but had to be shut down and re-opened under a new name due to trouble with blacks. Fridays was the other club attached to the Adelphi, which had also suffered at the hands of black gangs from nearby Toxteth. Remember, this is where we had held the 'Battle for the Adelphi' BNP meeting on April 20th, 1984. Toxteth was only a petrol-bomb's throw away, for blacks clubbing this side of town. Anyway, the club had been closed and reopened – now Ged needed some experienced lads to work there.

The bar in Scott's opened most nights to cater for hotel guests, with seven days a week work if you wanted it. I was happy with the Thursday, Friday and Saturday. On re-opening, we expected black punters to make it their home again, but on the whole they didn't. At this time, I was training at the 'Rotunda' boxing club with Tony Brown, under the excellent coach Jimmy 'Albo' Albertina. A lot of doormen and retired boxers would train there on Tuesday and Thursday mornings. These two mornings would be gruelling sessions devised by Albo, and another excellent coach named Ray. Regulars there would include doormen Stevie Bristow (at that time a pro-boxer) Dave Smith, Greg Evans, boxing brothers Liam and Ste Foran and occasionally Joey Frost. Albo had a good bunch of lads that trained there and fought out of the Rotunda. In fact, the Rotunda boxing club had a reputation as one of the best in the country.

We kept ourselves fit, making sure we were ready for it on the door should the occasion arise. Tony Brown had been an excellent pro boxer, fighting British legends like Rocky Kelly, George Collins, and Kostas Petrou. Tony would always run the legs off me in the Rotunda, never ever seeming to tire. He was the same on the door with those foolish enough to fight him. Jim Watt, the Glasgow-born world lightweight champion, stayed at the Adelphi

one night coming into the bar and talking to Tony about his fights on 'Fight Night'. 'Fight Night' was a programme that featured champions' (and up and coming champions) fights on the British boxing scene. In fact, I believe Tony Brown received 'Fight Night' of the year award after his epic battle with Rocky Kelly.

Our time at Scott's wasn't too eventful; there very rarely being any trouble. I think the only time was when a load of black lads came in and it went off with Tony, Lee, and Michael Brown. Georgie Zito also joined in on Tony Brown's behalf, as Tony was shouting, "Get the brown boys! Get the brown boys!"

The brown boys were then leathered and thrown out. Tony and his brothers could be a right handful when they chose to. In the Adelphi there was a residents' bar where hotel guests could get a late drink. On one particular night doormen from Scott's went in for a drink, and one of them picked someone's room keys up. They paid an impromptu visit to the room, taking some things that didn't belong to them. The end result was that Ged Starkey lost the door, and we all were sacked.

Fallows Too had more or less become a drinking den for Tony Sinnott and co. All the decent punters who had once frequented the club stayed away. A one-time promising club was on its last legs, with possibly one last show to go on.

The club management had decided to book the dance group, 'Hunkamania', from America. This was an all-male strip group, similar to the 'Chippendales'. Arriving at Fallows Too they put on a show for the mainly female audience, then retired to the VIP bar.

Shoey's girlfriend, who had been at the show, claimed one of the strippers felt her arse. The end result was the dancers were attacked by the low life crowd drinking there, with big Shoey steaming in as well. A bodyguard, by the name of 'Bruno', took a bad beating, and was struck with bottles and glasses. Eventually Bruno and co. were overwhelmed and badly beaten up. Never in a million years did they expect to come to Liverpool to dance, then be beaten up by the doormen!

Shoey was arrested, and later sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Later lucky Shoey was to have this sentence overturned. This was due to defects in the judge's summing-up at the trial.

Instead of taking this as a Gypsy's warning, Shoey continued his downward spiral. In fact shortly before this incident he had knocked out the comedian at the Devonshire club. His offence? he passed remarks about Brian's girlfriend when she was leaving the toilets. Some of the things Brian did were very funny – others less so.

Sadly, Brian ran out of luck when he killed his father-in-law. This was by means of a single blow that split his liver in half. Convicted of murder, Brian was sentenced to life imprisonment. He remains in prison to this day, having become embroiled in many violent incidents.

## ACTION! RACE WAR TO DOOR WARS



Everton FC National Front Paper sale 1981. Don McKechnie second left and Joe Murray third left.

*Action! Race War to Door Wars*

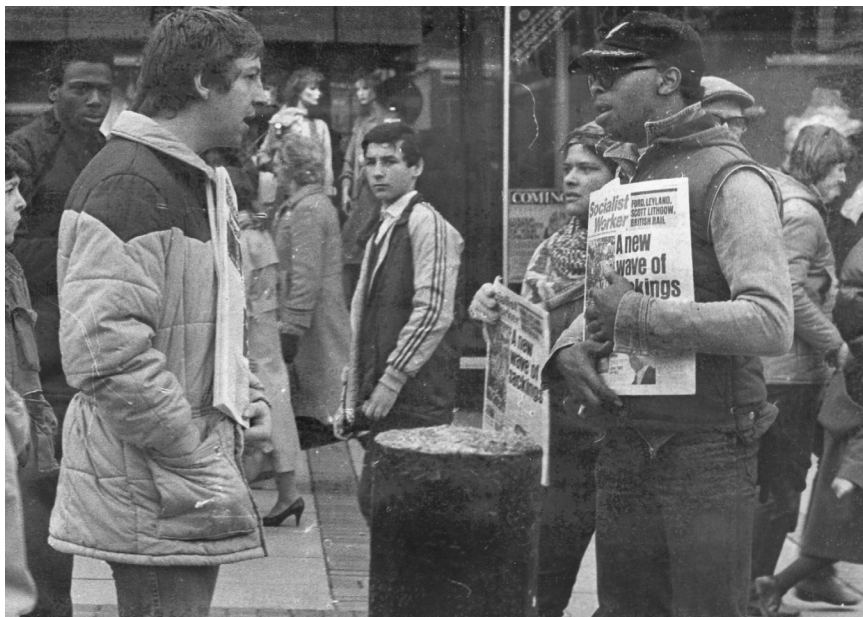


Me (left), John Tyndall, wife Valerie and Jimmy McGhee, Liverpool 1981.

Church Street paper sale 1983. I was in jail at the time.



## ACTION! RACE WAR TO DOOR WARS



Me facing Steven French (not gangster one) from the Liverpool Black Caucus 1983.

# Bishop backs call for ban on march

by Carolyn Taylor

THE Bishop of Liverpool, the Rt Rev Dr David Sheppard, yesterday supported calls for a ban on the proposed New National Front march through the city.

In a carefully-worded statement, the Bishop condemned the march and said it would inflame feelings.

He said: "I hope that the proposed march by the New National Front will be banned.

"Far from supporting the police, it would deliberately inflame feelings at a time when all people of good will must work for reconciliation.

"The religious leaders of Merseyside have unitedly condemned support for the National Front. What it stands for is divisive and destructive.

"I believe the march last Saturday to protest at some police methods was ill-judged.

"But it was a way of ex-



Bishop Sheppard  
'Destructive'

pressing what many people in the Toxteth area, black and white, have been feeling. I don't believe it would have been right to ban it."

The Bishop was speaking on his first day back behind his desk after a four-month sabbatical.

His comments follow a call for a ban on the march, provisionally plan-

## Witnesses appeal to demonstrators

A CID chief investigating the stabbing of two young policemen during Liverpool's 'Oxford out' march last Saturday yesterday appealed to the 2,000 demonstrators to help in the hunt for the attackers.

Detective Superintendent Ernie Miller, deputy head of Merseyside CID declared: "I am sure that the majority of marchers are appalled at the stabbings

and the attacks on the police.

"If they are supporters of law and order they should come forward and help us."

Mr Miller said: "The marchers most probably are afraid of coming forward. But we hold no animosity towards them so I would ask anyone who saw the attacks to go to the local police station and I will get in touch with them."

ned for Saturday, September 19, by Garston Tory MP Malcolm Thornton, who said it would lead to more violence.

If the Chief Constable feels the march should be banned he can make such a recommendation to the Liverpool City Council who will then have to decide whether to allow the

march to go ahead.

Yesterday the leader of the city council Sir Trevor Jones promised they would seriously consider a ban if they were approached by the Chief Constable.

The Merseyside Community Relations Council has declined to comment on the march.

## Action! Race War to Door Wars



January 1984 paper sale on Church Street, Liverpool. I'm on the far right of the photo, holding Tesco bag.





# Attack on book store

by Daily Post Reporter

DETECTIVES were yesterday investigating a "political" attack on a radical left-wing bookshop in Liverpool city centre.

Eight young men burst into the News from Nowhere shop in Whitechapel and caused havoc in just 30 seconds.

A spokeswoman for the self-financing and independent shop said £300 of damage was caused as shelves were sent crashing to the ground. One hit one of a dozen customers in the shop.

A till was thrown to the floor, displays knocked over and a window smashed.

## *Freedom*

She added: "They were from a right-wing group although we are not sure which one. We suspect they were from the National Front."

The shop, which is run as a co-operative by four women, has been attacked eight times in the eight years it has been in its current premises.

National Front activities organiser Martin Wingfield last night said: "It had nothing to do with us. We do not agree with attacks like that. We believe in freedom of speech on all viewpoints."

A spokesman for Merseyside Police, said: "We are investigating the incident."

# City MP in bid to ban march by Front group

Merseyside's Chief Constable, Mr. Kenneth Oxford, is being pressed to seek a ban on a planned march in his support through Liverpool by a Right-Wing breakaway group of the National Front.

The New National Front is believed to have sought police permission for the Liverpool march, provisionally set for September 19.

But to-day Merseyside Tory MP, Mr. Malcolm Thornton — who recently unsuccessfully tried to have an anti-Mr. Oxford march banned — called for the Right-Wing event to be stopped.

Mr. Thornton, MP for Garston, revealed that he yesterday met the Home Secretary, Mr. William Whitelaw, and was given an assurance that appeals for a ban on marches in Liverpool would be supported by the Government.

He said to-day: "I do not think there should be any marches in Liverpool in the foreseeable future, because of the present climate.

## Lunatic

"Whether they are extreme Right Wing or extreme Left-Wing marches, the organisers are not able to control the lunatic fringes and there will be unprovoked violence against the police.

Adding that he had only been informed of the planned New National Front march this morning, Mr. Thornton said he hoped it would be banned.

He said the means for banning the march involve Mr. Oxford asking the local authority, in this case Liverpool City Council, to apply to the Home Secretary for the march to be banned.

Mr. Thornton added, "I hope Mr. Oxford seeks the powers to have the march banned, and I hope he re-

ceives the total support of Liverpool City Council."

## Serious

Leader of Liverpool City Council, Sir Trevor Jones, said they would give "very serious consideration" to banning the march if the Chief Constable called for it.

"Obviously, I cannot predict what decision the council will make, but I would say such a march is the last thing we want in this city," he added.

Leaflets calling for support for the Liverpool New National Front march have been distributed around London by the Hove-based organisation.

It's national organiser, war veteran M. Charles Parker, said: "We are deeply concerned about the way our police are being abused and attacked by immigrant groups and their sympathisers. We have to show that we support the police and that is the reason we want to hold the march in Liverpool.

## Peaceful

"This will be a peaceful demonstration, I know there is always the danger that some people will come looking for trouble, but we will not retaliate.

"Whatever the outcome of the march, we see strongly enough for the police to go ahead with it. We cannot sit back and do nothing."

(Patrol bomb

## LIVERPOOL BNP HAS OPPO WORRIED

The article being made by the British National Party in Liverpool has seriously worried the local establishment and its allies in the political left, so much so that it has successfully lured the local media to the BNP.

### REDS THREATEN

At the centre of the party's active campaign in the area are its very right wing Black British Association in the middle of the city of Liverpool. There have been no popular and successful that they have badly shaken the BNP's opponents. Recently an attempt was made to intimidate the party's paper editors: a gang of about twenty-old members and supporters of the "Socialist Worker" Party, many of whom were Black from the nearby Wirral and area, split their usual sales pitch some hundreds of yards away in Church Street and turned up at the same location as the BNP. The reds threatened not only the BNP men but also anybody among the general public who had the temerity to buy their papers; one young lady who had no political connection with the BNP, but merely bought a copy to see what

the paper was all about, was screamed at by one Black and called a "nigger bitch". To an old man who bought a paper the same Black barked "you the Union Jack?" - a reference to the flag which BNP sales teams always take with them on such occasions - and went on to protest, "by buying that paper you are condoning the killing of 6 million Jews". Despite being outnumbered by more than 3 to 1, the BNP members stood their ground and kept on selling. Eventually, the Blacks left the scene, despatching of frightening their way.

On this page we show two photographs of the scene, taken by Stephen Green (under the pseudonym 'Steeple').

### POLICE GRILLING

The same kind of intimidation was attempted at a different level by a number of the local police, acting in concert on higher political instructions. With the majority of ordinary Blacks on Merseyside, the BNP enjoys a good relationship based on mutual respect. In response to the Turkish troubles and widespread demands from local Whites and Blacks sitting out of them, however, there have been a number of appointments and decisions made in the politics of the area which have been blatantly grossly racist. Local BNP Organizer, Ken Usher, found this out to his considerable distress last month.



KEN USHER

### BNP Recordings

#### FULLY RE

Speeches from the BNP national rally in London on October 1988, the theme of which was "Love and Light for Britain's Future".

Side 1: Speeches by Charles Butler and Ray Bull. Side 2: Speech by John Tyndall.

#### VOICES OF NATIONALISM

Side 1: Speeches of speeches from the National Front rally in London on September 1988. Side 2: Speeches by Ray Bull, Kenneth McMillan, Les Goodwin, Butler and others. Side 3: Talk by John Tyndall.

#### TYNDALL SPEAKS I

Side 1: Talk by John Tyndall on "Britishness" and the "British race". Side 2: Talk by John Tyndall on "Britishness" and the "British race".

#### TYNDALL SPEAKS II

Side 1: Talk by John Tyndall on "Britishness" and the "British race". Side 2: Talk by John Tyndall on "Britishness" and the "British race".

These 4 sets of recordings are presented in cassette form and are available at £1.25 each (plus £1.75 postage). Order: BNP Recordings, Box 111, Stone, Staffs ST16 2JH.

Page continues

faith. When he arrived at the station he was greeted there by two buses, the colour of which he was subjected to the most brutal treatment and abusive language. He was ordered to step and was hit in the face several times. The news account of many come in the book, although to date no charges have been brought against him for anything. The officer in charge referred to him several times as a "nigger bitch" and said he was going to put him away "for 15 years" and was determined to destroy the BNP on Merseyside. "By hook or by crook". The party, the officer said, was there in the side of the scene, and that "that state of affairs cannot be allowed to continue".

Ken Usher is a big fellow and well able to take care of himself against most corners. It is almost certain that the purpose of the requirement was to provide him with a restraining action which would then provide him with



NATIONALISTS STAND THEIR GROUND



mentions with the excuse they wanted to charge him with the very serious offence of "slandering" a police officer. With steady will and courage he refused the temptation to protest them with this opportunity. Instead, the BNP Liverpool Branch has filed an official complaint through the proper channels, and is waiting to hear the result. In the meantime, for reasons of possible self-defence the name of the officer concerned, although known to us and readily stated, is not being disclosed in this report.

Readers to say, neither of these attempts at intimidation will be allowed to have the slightest effect in deterring Ken Usher and his colleagues from continuing the fight on Merseyside, which they have begun and which, so far, they have won to considerable

# POLICE CALLED TO IF CLASH

**VIOLENCE flared in Church Street on Saturday when National Front supporters clashed with members of the Anti-Nazi League.**

The trouble began as Anti Nazi League members distributed leaflets advertising a 'Rock Against Racism' event in September.

Fighting broke out after one of the leaflets was torn up. Saturday afternoon crowds watched in horror as police were drafted in to control the fighting.

Six people, including a woman, were arrested and charged with threatening behaviour.

Afterwards a spokesman for the Anti-Nazi League blamed members of the neo-Fascist British Movement for Saturday's outburst.

"The supporters that arrived as we were giving out

the leaflets were wearing the black ties with a rubic cross which are the distinctive marks of the British Movement", he said.

"They took off their ties as the fighting broke out, and they were carrying National Front newspapers, but they were almost certainly British Movement members.

"One of them was boasting that he'd had breakfast with the British Movement leader, Michael McLoughlin".

*Action! Race War to Door Wars*

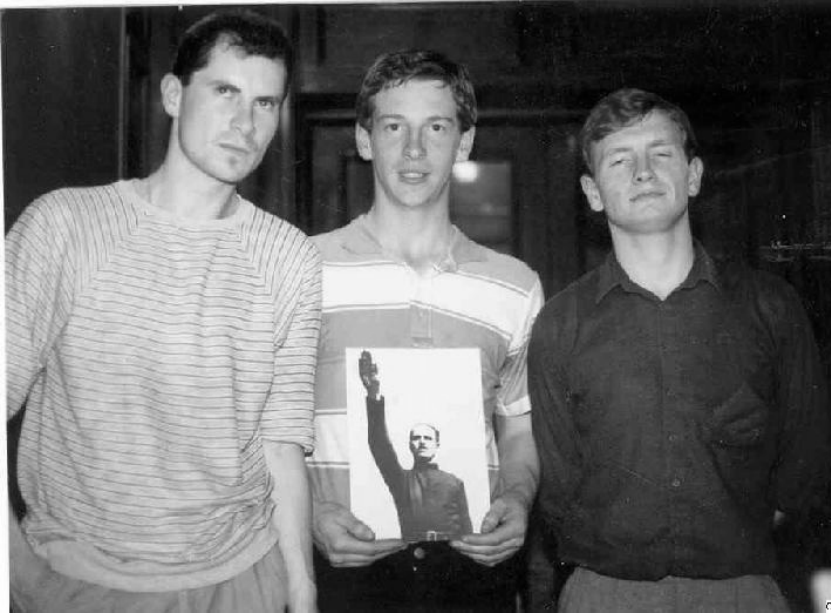


Violent thug SWP member Alan Gibbons. Now a children's book author and teacher in Liverpool. Seen here on Church Street 1983, being restrained by police.

Jimmy McGhee (left), Rita Gunnery and Billy Clarkson, Liverpool 1981.



## ACTION! RACE WAR TO DOOR WARS



Nick Seiglow, myself (holding photo) and Andy Lunt, in London 1984.

Liverpool and Scottish BNP in London 1984, after BNP's National Annual Rally.



*Action! Race War to Door Wars*



1985 Thai-Boxing match in Up-Holland Lancashire. I'm fighting Steve Connaghan from Tony Moores Club, Manchester.

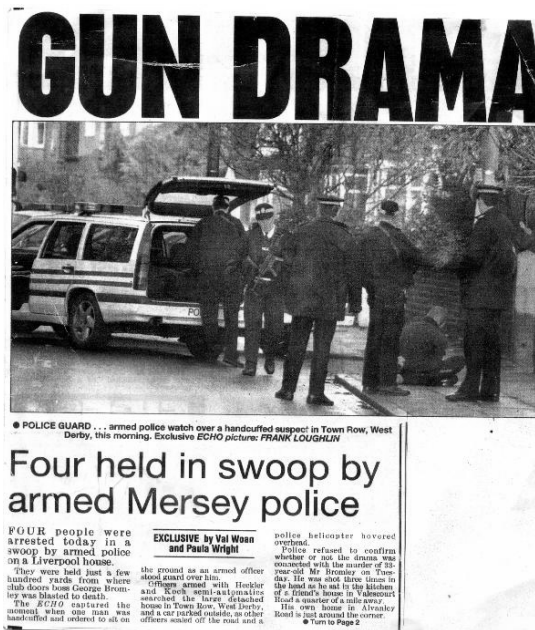
BNP lads having drink.



## ACTION! RACE WAR TO DOOR WARS



Nationalist home after Anti Fascist Action attack 1988.



Me being arrested for George Bromley Murder, 22 November 1997.

*Action! Race War to Door Wars*



NPD Rally August 2002. From left to right: Horst Mahler (former lawyer for Red Army Faction and now NPD member). Udo Voigt (NPD leader). Local candidate in German council elections, called Harry. Not sure next guy's name. And, of course, Nick Griffin,

Me sitting opposite Griffin, at a dinner organised by NPD August 2002. If you look closely, you can see dirt in my head from 1985 claw hammer attack by Iraqis.





ACTION! RACE WAR TO DOOR WARS



Me and Nick Griffin, November 2002 by-election Blackburn. Robin Evans won. I'm the one with the flag.

Me and Le Pen in Wales during European Elections in 2004.



*Action! Race War to Door Wars*



Me and me dad 1996.

The author's mother's home following an arson attack, on 5 June 2007, by elements exposed in this book.



ACTION! RACE WAR TO DOOR WARS



My lovely son Joseph, when four years old.

## Chapter 19

# Mr Smith's

**A**fter losing our jobs at Scott's nightclub, McGinn and I set about looking for door work outside Liverpool. We had upset a lot of people in the door game in Liverpool, and now had to look further a field. Steve Gibbons was running and working a lot of the doors in Warrington, Mr Smith's being one of them. Mr Smith's was a big club and had hosted the likes of Peter Waterman and Michaela Strachan's 'Hitman and Her'. This was a late night clubbing show, broadcast in the early hours each Sunday morning. The show featured many artists from that era, particularly from the Stock Aitken Waterman stable. These included Sonia and Sinitta, and regular clubbers were invited to partake of the evening's atmospheric dancing and party games. The club had at one time been a cinema; many former cinemas had been converted to bingo halls or night clubs.

Off John and I went to Warrington, finding Gibbo (as he was known) standing on Smith's door accompanied by several doormen. One in particular whom I recognised was a big man called Brummie. Brummie had been a long time well-known face around the Liverpool club scene. He had reportedly been a hard man in his day. In fact, he'd even had a run-in with Liverpool legend Mickey Bennett. Most of the other doormen came from the Huyton area, which John McGinn was familiar with. We both said hello to Gibbo and exchanged pleasantries with the other doormen. We then informed Gibbo we were looking for work. Gibbo's expression changed: a look of worry descending upon him. He told me no work was available, but if any came up he would let me know. Now I can't blame Gibbo for thinking like this, as a lot baggage had followed me from Liverpool. Maybe it was just me being paranoid and Gibbo was telling the truth... Anyway, we departed, heading back to Liverpool.

I didn't really want to work back in Liverpool as there was now too much politics between the various security outfits. Anyway, most of them were run by my enemies. I and McGinn continued our search for work in Warrington, finally getting started at Mr Smith's. Back in 1992 Warrington was a thriving town with a busy night scene. Clubs and work were plentiful, with Gibbo having a large slice of the work available. Other doormen on

Smith's were Jimmy Styles, Jimmy 'Sutto' Sutton, Billy 'Sergeant' Rodney, Fred Mallet, Paul Mahon, JB, Ian 'Knocker' Brookfield, Paddy Hughes, Damian, Terry Litz, Stephen 'Skelly' Skelding, Kevin and Peter Blaney. John McGinn and I had arrived at Smith's when the dance scene was in full swing. John Cotton, Dave Graham and Simon Edwards were the DJs on a Monday night, which was the main dance night. The queue on a Monday night would stretch round the side of the club and it always had a full capacity crowd of two thousand. A large contingent from Liverpool would be in attendance, with Manchester trailing behind. With the Quad now closed for good, Mr Smith's had become the new 'dance Mecca'. This appellation had been ascribed to other clubs also – like Maxim's, at Wigan Pier and the Empire in Morecambe.

Most Monday nights the doormen would patrol round the club, looking for people dealing or taking ecstasy tablets. If a suspect was found then he, or she, would be taken into the toilets or fire exit and searched. Whatever drugs were found would be sold back inside the club and the profits shared among the doormen. I know this wasn't the right thing to do but it would have been pointless giving them to the police, or throwing them in the bin. Ecstasy would be sold in there whether you liked it or not, so it would have been pointless occupying the moral high ground. Those Monday nights could be very profitable some weeks. Trouble was never far away on Monday nights, usually emanating from scousers. There would be the usual complaints from non-scousers (wooly-backs, as scousers called them) who had been sold 'dog-worming' tablets instead of real ecstasy pills. These situations sometimes ended in fights. Most would ask for their money back, or demand a free replacement ecstasy. Scousers being scousers they would normally respond by saying, "You're barking up the wrong tree mate!"

Other more serious trouble came when rival gangs were in the club simultaneously. Most gangs could not match Ste Clarks Wolfpack from Liverpool, and stayed clear of them. Other gangs from Salford and Manchester could also be a problem. Ste Clark was an up and coming security boss at this time, and was beginning to make a name for himself in Liverpool. He had a fearsome crew behind him who were scared of no one. Many a Monday night after the Wolfpack would kick off we'd go in and pick the losers up and carry them out. Have a guess what – it was never the wolfpack's fault, rather someone else had taken a liberty with them. One look at the Wolfpack was enough to keep anyone at bay, let alone encourage them to take liberties. All the same, whenever they came into Smith's they always gave Gibbo and the lads on the door respect. When the Wolfpack would leave Smith's at closing time, Clarkekey would always ask for a drinks carry-out to take to whatever party they'd be going on to. I always remember Gibbo charging through the roof for the vodka, and saying how much he loved the Monday nights.

An old friend of mine, Wayne (pine boy) McLean from Norris Green, was looking for work having been involved in buying and selling cars most of his life. The bottom had fallen out of the car game, and he needed a new source of income. I managed to get him on Smith's door on Mondays, and knew he was someone I could rely on. He also knew Gibbo well, having been brought up in Norris Green. Monday nights were becoming the night of the week in and around Merseyside on the dance scene, but with this came more problems. Bigger dealers were now robbing smaller dealers in the club; you would normally find the victims in the toilets, their pockets rifled and faces smashed in. A lot of taxing firms, who had learnt their trade well in the Quad days, were plying it to great effect in Smith's. We also had a few run-ins with firms from Salford and Manchester. One Monday night an argument outside saw me, Jimmy Styles and Wayne McLean fighting off several lads – one armed with a sword. I narrowly missed being decapitated, when I slipped and fell trying to kick his legs from under him. The following week while I was having a burger in the club restaurant Wayne McLean got locked outside the club while fighting off a group of lads. The doormen decided to just lock the doors and leave the trouble outside, forgetting Wayne was still there. It was only when someone told me in the restaurant there was trouble outside that I raced through the club to find Wayne in the car park, embroiled in a fight. I charged in, with the rest of the doormen behind me, to Wayne's aid. Most ran off, but one or two of the group got caught, and received a kicking. Another funny incident happened when 'Sergeant' Rodney grabbed hold of some Rasta's head and shock it. He was left with a handful of dreadlocks. Many an incident like this occurred, on some Monday nights bringing a welcome bit of excitement.

### **Chinese Night**

Having now settled well in Mr Smith's, Gibbo started giving me extra nights' work. Tuesday was not a busy night at Smith's. The main clientele then was Chinese. Groups of Chinese would arrive from Liverpool and Manchester. This night became known as onion night. I never really thought Chinese to be troublesome, and had always had a lot of respect for them, yet trouble and fighting is all you got on a Tuesday night. Chinese from Liverpool and Manchester seemed to be always fighting with one another – it would then end up in the car park with both sides retrieving weapons from cars.

Now don't ask me what was going on between the rival Triad groups, as they all cursed and abused each other in Chinese. You could guarantee every Chinese night they would kick off with each other. Also, they could

be quite nasty bastards when they wanted to be, and weren't scared of mixing it with the doormen. In fact, John McGinn had a run-in with them one particular night, being arrested in the process when he pulled a knife on a group of them. About this time Roger Cook had done a programme on Triad violence and extortion amongst the Chinese community around the Northwest. Several of the wanted faces that appeared on the programme were Chinese that came to Smith's on a Tuesday. This gang of Triads had been dishing some heavy violence out to those who didn't comply with their protection rackets. The police set up a sting operation at Smith's, in the hope catching them. It was not successful – I could now understand why we had our hands full on Tuesdays. A few years later I was to run into this lot while working in Liverpool – and it wasn't to buy a sweet and sour...

### **Soul Night**

The Soul night was the last Wednesday of every month. It was a night of soul music attended by black males and white females. I don't think I ever saw any white men attend. Anyway, this was a night that proved the most difficult to police, in all the years I've done the doors. Firstly, the black guys coming into the club resented obeying the club rules which were emptying whatever loose change they had in their pockets, then being brushed up and down with a metal detector. Now on other non-black nights the white people had to obey the rules and didn't complain – so why should they? They also resented the fact that it was white men doing the searching and not their fellow blacks. In fact, I think they'd have resented whoever was doing it. In the foyer of Mr Smith's nightclub there would be a set of lights of different colours, each colour indicating a particular part of the club where trouble had broken out. Green for top bar, red for bottom bar and others for where the DJ stand and dance floors were. When one of these lights went off, the doormen would run in and yes, sometimes knock people out of the way or even knock their drinks over. I know people don't like this happening to them, but you have to get to trouble as quickly as you can – someone's life may depend on it. When people did complain I tried to explain this, and enquired if they'd like us to take our time if they were getting beaten up or glassed. If drinks had been knocked over the club would get them another. When you did that, and explained things like this, most people would then understand.

Well there was one group of people who couldn't, or didn't want to, understand. And guess who that was? Yes, our very own soul brothers. Barging past them, or even knocking a drink over, were cardinal sins that could turn the whole club against you. So, when any of the buzzers went off you had to move carefully through the crowd, saying, "Excuse me." as you

did so. Now once again, white people didn't act like this. The bar staff also came in for a lot of stick as well. When ordering drinks our coloured brothers couldn't say, "Excuse me, can I have a drink please?"

"No", they had to shout, "Yo Bitch! Yo Bitch!"

I've lost count how many times we had complaints of blacks ordering champagne, only to disappear into the crowd without paying.

One particularly scary situation happened one soul night when we were clearing the front stage. A group was due to perform and we needed to clear the stage before they came on. John McGinn saw a black guy smoking a joint and asked him to put it out. What a stupid thing to do, I said to myself... Thinking that if the black guy said no, what would John (or any of us) do anyway? So why bloody say it in the first place? This black guy went ape and started screaming at John, who now realised the silly mistake he'd made. Before long half the club had joined in, and now surrounded us. I told John to walk towards the door while I tried to calm the black guy down. I told him to take no notice of the doorman, and to carry on with what he had been doing. This half calmed him down, but he was still visibly annoyed. He then muttered a few words and went about his business. Most of the other blacks didn't even know what was going on, but just came to give help to a fellow soul brother. The group came on and things returned to normal.

You only had to make silly mistakes like this and you'd have a Zulu dawn on your hands. One white girl, who was not as lucky as we had been, had a hundred stitches inserted in facial wounds after she accidentally bumped into a black guy while she was carrying a drink. The contents of the glass spilled over him, then the glass was smashed in her face. Another extremely dangerous altercation occurred when several blacks came to the door one night and refused to pay. When JB (who is coloured and a very good doorman) refused to back down, standing his ground and insisting the blacks had to pay, he later became the victim of a brutal assault. At the end of the night several blacks came into the foyer and shouted abuse at JB. They called him a 'Bounty' and 'Uncle Tom' before one slashed him across the face with a craft knife. A further thirty or so blacks followed them and attacked the door staff. JB had to take cover at the front of the door (behind the turnstile where punters paid on entry) while the others found sanctuary in the cloakroom. The blacks then rained bottles and glasses down on the hapless doormen. Order was only restored (without arrests, by the way) when police arrived with dogs. The joys of diversity – aren't they wonderful?

Now I'm not saying all the blacks acted like this on the soul night, and I'm sure there were plenty of decent ones that didn't. However, there was a sense of group solidarity amongst them that if displayed by white people would have been labelled 'racist'. They also resented (more accurately



hated) the white power structure of the club, just as they do the power structure of the country. The liberal intelligentsia can wrap this up any way they want, use all the euphemisms in the world to make believe their multicultural dream is working. But when you're out in the jungle the view is a lot different from the view from an ivory tower...

### **Manchester Stag night**

On Saturday nights, Smith's hosted hen nights and stag nights and was still a 'dance round your handbags' affair. Whenever you had a stag night with a large group of males attending, you made sure you requested some form of I.D. from some of the party. This enabled the club, and the doormen, to know where some of the guests lived should a fight start and doormen get injured. It also kept the group in check, especially those whose place of abode was now known. Also some such parties would book in advance, and when the club was informed they were coming, they would be told to bring several forms of photographic I.D.

Now one particular Saturday night a particular stag party did neither of the above things. In fact, they entered the club in twos and threes giving no indication of belonging to a bigger group. They must have been slipping in right under our noses, with the intention of causing trouble, hence the subterfuge. Later on in the night, the door staff was called to the front bar by staff, who pointed out several lads standing on tables and generally making a nuisance of themselves. When the doormen tried to remonstrate with them it fell on deaf ears. The doormen were left with only one option: throwing them out. After escorting them from the club and showing them the door, something very strange happened. A large group of males followed them and prevented the doormen from throwing them out. This was the stag party that had sneaked in who, we later found out, were from Wythenshawe, Manchester. They immediately grappled with the doormen escorting their friends, who were Ste Gibbo and Fred Mallet. Gibbo was punched in the face, which was more or less the signal for the rest to join in. All the doormen, Jimmy Styles, Paul Maher, Billy 'sergeant' Rodney, Fred Mallet, and others ran to Gibbo's aid. A full-scale free-for-all had now erupted in the club foyer, the doormen heavily out-numbered. We were fighting for our very lives as kicks and punches rained down on us, and bottles flew through the air. I remember getting one lad in rear naked choke and dragging him into a corner of the foyer, my back to the wall. I choked him until he slid to the floor unconscious, and then ran to the aid of my friends. Some of the lads had taken a few whacks on the head with bottles, and were bleeding profusely. The situation grew worse by the second; we were only bailed out when the police arrived. Luckily for us a cloakroom girl had phoned the police.

Most of the stag party started running out of the foyer into the street, with police in pursuit. Those not quick enough were caught and dragged to the floor by the doormen. We started getting stuck into them while the police did the same outside. In fact, I remember running outside and kicking one to the ground while a copper looked on. I thought I was going to be arrested: instead the copper just turned away. They dragged some into police vans – several arrests were made – and the club returned to order. Two of the doormen had to go to hospital for head wounds from bottle attacks, while the rest of us just nursed the odd bump and bruise. With several being arrested as well as injured, all types of threats of reprisal were made to the lads on the door. Word filtered back that this lot weren't just your average stag party, but a nasty Manchester firm. I decided to take counter measures.

With this threat looming on the horizon, I saw a friend of mine who could supply C.S. gas and knuckle-dusters. No way was I going to sit round while this mob re-grouped and returned for round two. After all, there would only be a dozen doormen on a Saturday night, and these would be no match for an organised, much bigger, mob. My friend arranged for me to travel to Warrington and pick up several C.S. gas canisters, as well as some dusters. I planned to distribute these to the lads on the door, to at least have some chance should this mob re-appear. After picking the haul up with John McGinn, I headed back to Liverpool. Stopping at a service station on the M62 for some fuel I noticed a police Range Rover slowly following behind me. I kept my cool, filling up and exiting the service station. The police followed, keeping behind me for several minutes. Out the blue the police sirens went on, and I was pulled over. A search of the car revealed my stash. I told the police it had nothing to do with my passenger John McGinn, and I was ready to take the blame. The police then arrested me, taking my car (and John) to Warrington police station. My car was impounded, and John was released. I knew I would almost certainly going to jail for this. While sitting in a cell waiting to be interviewed I wondered how the police knew to stop me or if this was, as the police said, a routine stop and search? Anyway, charged under sub-section five of the Firearms Act for the gas, and with possession of offensive weapons for the dusters, I was then released on bail.

A police sergeant by the name of Gerard, who oversaw the door staff in Warrington, informed Les (Aunty Les, as he was known), the licensee, about my predicament. He called on Les to remove me from the door at Smith's. Aunty Les did as Gerard requested, removing me forthwith. Gerard had a lot of say over the doors in Warrington at that time, and had several run-ins with Gibbo. One such altercation resulted in Gibbo (normally a placid man) hurling aside the chair he had sitting on and flying at Gerard. Gibbo screamed at Gerard not to issue idle threats such as hinting he could take

Gibbo's doors from under him and kick all the scousers out back to Liverpool. Gerard did not like the fact that door firms from Liverpool were running most of the doors in Warrington. Gerard finally left the police force and went to work a Liverpool-based security firm called Premier Security. Very strange behaviour for a so-called hater of scousers and door firms...

## Chapter 20

# Hard Dock

In 1992, during my sojourn at Mr Smith's, in Warrington, I was informed by Steve Gibbo that John Smith (owner of the club) was taking over another venue. This was the Hard Dock – a dance night-club on the Dock Road in Liverpool. I was asked if I would be prepared to run it for him...

I was a bit wary at first as The Dock – as it was commonly known – had a very bad name. It had only recently been shut down due to problems with drug-dealing and violence. However, if I was to move on in the field of security and start making some decent money it was an offer I couldn't refuse. Steve told me it would only be open on Saturday nights, giving me only one night of potential trouble to contend with.

Getting together a decent door firm for Saturday night on The Dock wasn't going to be easy. Most worked Saturdays at other clubs, and weren't about to give up an easy night elsewhere to go to a potential headache like The Dock. There were several weeks yet before it was due to re-open so I set about recruiting some lads.

Wayne McLean was now looking for work, having spent most of his life in the car game. He wanted to try pastures new given the fact that car sales was no longer as profitable as it had been in years past. I'd known Wayne all my life and I knew I could rely on him. My next choice was a good lad I had worked on the door at Smith's with – Jimmy Styles. Jimmy, from Huyton, was an experienced doorman. Whilst training in the Thai-boxing I'd come across a young lad named Carl Adams. Carl was not a particularly aggressive fighter, but more than a match for the average guy in the street. It was Carl who put forward the suggestion of recruiting Thai-boxing fighter and trainer Paisiri. Paisiri was a Thai national, living and working at Master Toddy's gym in Manchester. He was fairly big for a Thai and easily capable of dealing with any so-called hard case on the club scene. The rest of the Dock door team consisted of experienced local doormen who were also handy boxers – Paddy Hughes, Tom Kelly, Terry Culshaw and Cliffy Dom.

On the Dock's opening night I expected rival door firms to come and test the door – and take it if they could. Back in the late 1980s and early 1990s

that was the order of the day. If you were incapable of defending your door you lost it – it was the law of the jungle, plain and simple. Obviously there was a lot of money to be made at dance clubs like The Dock through ecstasy sales. This, more than the door wage, was the real reason other people would have their eye on the place. The first night was a bit of a damp squib – not many punters turned up. The next few weeks that followed were pretty similar – the club just didn't seem to take off. Some of the door team started to drift off back to the clubs they'd previously worked at.

One Saturday some local (black) crack dealers from Toxteth arrived in a Porsche 928 S, and a red BMW Alpina. The dominant figure amongst them was one Leroy Gilbert. He dealt hard drugs and was a wannabe gangster – his entourage was composed of similar wannabes. They had the 'attitude' that they felt should accompany their 'status' in the demi-monde.

When they came to The Dock, they did not want to pay the admission fee and expected everyone to back down from them. Many doormen were frightened of blacks – the Tyson factor most probably. They didn't scare me though, because I'd battled with them at demos during my political phase, and warred with them in the ring. They didn't possess any super-human attributes; they went down like everyone else when hit correctly on the chin.

What blacks did possess was a brittle self-confidence and social cohesiveness. My understanding of the socio-economic factors influencing them gave me an insight into the black man's psyche – 'attitude' would never intimidate me.

One Saturday Leroy and some of his soul-brothers were in The Dock when several white girls went to the lads manning the front door. They complained that they'd been assaulted by blacks in the club. I gathered the lads together and charged back inside with the girls. They indicated Leroy and co. as the perpetrators, but when I confronted them they denied any involvement. This was particularly strange as they were the only blacks in the club. This was a good excuse to get rid of them before any more of their number decided to make the club a home from home on a Saturday night.

I, Wayne, Carl, Paisiri and the other lads dragged Gilbert's crew out, escorting them from the club. The Dock was part of the Dock Road Heritage market area. It was situated inside a former warehouse – its hard iron stairs were steep and an advantage if attacked from below. Having deposited Leroy and his friends at the bottom of the stairs we traipsed back up to the club. One of the black lads with Gilbert took exception to being ejected by Carl and shouted up that he wanted a straightener with him.

I spoke to Carl, informing him that he should not feel under any obligation to have a straightener with anyone. On the door we worked as a team, and anyone challenging one of us would have to take on the lot of us. Carl intimated that he appreciated what I'd said was correct but he'd like to fight him anyway. The door team then surged back downstairs to confront the black gang. Gilbert was still posturing, "This is one-to-one – we don't want any other doormen jumping in..."

"That's fine by me," I replied, as Carl braced himself.

The black who wanted to fight Carl bore a startling resemblance to Olympic sprinter Ben Johnson. That was what the doormen called him. Ben now flew at Carl, his lack of stature belied by his aggression. They exchanged punches until Carl grabbed him in a Thai neck clinch. In this manoeuvre, both hands are placed around the top of an opponent's head, and he's forced onto his knees. Carl, trained as he was by Jeff Bullock and Jeff's mentor Master Toddy, was practised in applying and executing knee strikes. 'Ben Johnson', though, wasn't well-versed in escaping from such a hold – he was helpless as Carl pistoned knees into his head and body. Lesser mortals would have been pole-axed by the ferocity of Carl's attack. Give Johnson his due, he took it before managing to break free and giving as well as he got. He caught Carl with some good shots, and for a while, I was worried. Paisiri looked on like a true master, shouting instructions to his student. Just when it seemed that Carl was faltering out of nowhere landed a classic head kick that put Ben Johnson to sleep.

Picking Ben Johnson up off the floor Gilbert tossed him into the back of the BMW. They departed cursing and threatening all manner of revenge and retribution. All the lads on the door congratulated Carl on an excellent win completely disregarding Gilbert's threats. About twenty minutes later Gilbert and co. came screeching onto the forecourt of the Dock in a BMW. The occupants jumped out and raced towards the foot of the staircase. One of the black lads had an Uzi sub-machine gun and fired it recklessly upwards at the door. All of the lads dropped to the floor and scrambled through the door before shutting it tightly. At this point in 1992 such an incident was unprecedented – gun crime in Liverpool or armed attacks on doormen was almost unheard of.

After several minutes had elapsed, I opened the doors and peered out. The BMW and all its passengers had disappeared. This, I knew, would not be the end of the matter I was sure there would be a follow-up the next Saturday. When Saturday arrived I'd brought in some extra lads – one being Andy Ellis. We waited at the top of the stairs, an assortment of weapons concealed around the club. Lo and behold they screamed up in the BMW and an Escort Cosworth. They came up the stairs towards us, one or two

new faces accompanying them. One of these was a black guy called Darren Alcock. He was a local black gangster from the Toxteth area who had a reputation as a torturer and extortionist. When they finally reached the top Alcock, Gilbert, 'Johnson' and several others were stopped by me and the rest of the door team. I'd had the good sense to see Carl was a bit nervous when they arrived so I told him to go inside the club. Paisiri stood firmly by my side, as did Wayne and the others. As the gang made to enter the club I informed them they were barred, and would not be admitted. Alcock enquired, "Me?"

To which I replied, "Not you – you weren't here last week. None of the rest are coming in though."

"Where's the doorman who had the straightener last week?"

"He's not working tonight, but he'll be in next Saturday."

"We'll come back next week..."

When Saturday arrived Alcock and co. returned – and this time with Carl stood his ground. The same routine ensued as previously –

"You're not coming in – but (Alcock) you're ok."

A short stand-off and staring contest, with neither side turning away. Alcock and his posse left, skidding out of The Dock in their fast cars. The following week like clockwork, Alcock and co. returned – demanding entrance to the club. Just as before they were told -

"NO."

To my Surprise, this time Alcock asked if he could come in. This took me totally by surprise, but I quickly answered,

"Yes."

The rest of his entourage departed.

At the Dock, we would place a bucket near the exit and ask departing punters to throw in any change, or what they could afford. The proceeds would be counted, and then split between the door team. On leaving Alcock would always throw £20–40 in, and did so each time he came. After several weeks had elapsed one Saturday night Alcock turned up with Leroy Gilbert, Ben Johnson and several other black lads. He asked if they could come in, informing me that he would ensure they'd all behave – he gave me his word on this. Instinctively I believed him – perhaps I recognised leadership qualities in Darren Alcock. He was true to his word – none of them caused any trouble, returning to the club every Saturday without further incident. I respected Darren for this – many of those you let back into clubs end up involved in further incidents and get barred for life.

The Dock never really took off for John Smith and a new owner took over. His name was Jimmy McVitie – McVitie was a big man, and had been in the club game for some time. When McVitie took over, I also had a new door crew. This consisted of Tony Quigley, John Drummond, John Dillon, and Jimmy ‘The Genie’ Cook. I had also kept on Wayne McLean, Carl Adams and Paisiri. All these lads were good doormen and well respected in clubland. With a crew like this working the door we were up for anything or anyone who wanted to try their luck. McVitie had also employed Tony Gibbo (no relation to Ste Gibbo) as a door manager, to oversee the door. In reality, he was just a spy for McVitie. Jimmy enlisted the services of Richie Aspinall and Stevie Banks to start promoting the club and get the right DJs. John Smith’s mistake was in his promotion of the club – or should I say lack of it. Without the right DJs and music, you can kill a club off in no time. Richie and Ste knew the game inside out; they had the club up and running and on its feet in weeks. The long-awaited crowds soon started to arrive, and the Dock took off big time.

The door was now solid as a rock, with little trouble ever coming our way. In fact, so boring were some Saturdays that we would get up to all types of mischief. A friend of Wayne McLean, Alan Hawksworth, brought back some stun guns from America. I told Wayne to get a few just in case we ever needed them on the door. One Saturday when bombed-out-of-their-heads customers were leaving we decided to try the stun guns out on them. To our amazement, they never even flinched! Either the stun guns were rubbish, or the ecstasy tablets were strong – we threw the stun guns away after this.

Back in the 1980s Jimmy McVitie had been running the famous Cavern club on Matthew Street. At that time, his stepson Kirk (who worked the door) got into an altercation with a man who was left with brain damage. The police failed in a prosecution against Jimmy and Kirk, but succeeded in driving McVitie from clubland. Once the police found out Jimmy was running the Dock the licence was revoked, and the club closed. The club stayed closed for several months, finally re-opening in November 1993. I told all the lads to get to the Dock that Saturday, including two new arrivals on the firm, Andy Sampson and George Lewis. On arriving at the dock, we noticed a group of lads standing on the door. When questioned what they were doing there, they said they were working the door for Tony Gibbo. Remember him – Jimmy McVities spy? Anyway, I replied, “No you’re not – we are.”

Then we told them to leave. Just then, Tony Gibbo emerged from the club and said, “I no longer want your services.”

“Fuck off! We’re doing the door here tonight and no one else...”



The lads Tony had brought in worked for Crosby man ‘Whacker’ Lawson. To give them their due they were as confused as I was, but in the end, they left. After we had worked the Dock that night, Gibbo paid us, and said he did not want us in next week. It was nothing personal – he was now the licensee, and probably had Jim McVitie in an awkward position. Against my better judgement, I agreed to leave and settled for a payment from Tony Gibbo. A thousand pounds he gave me, and I walked away. I gave all the lads that had come down a night’s wage, and thanked them all for standing by me. Looking back now, I should have fought to keep the door and not let a rat like Tony Gibbo have one over on me. I was new to the game and this was my first door – you live and learn though. The Dock was closed several months later, when a black lad was stabbed to death.

I felt a little let down by Jimmy McVitie, as I always got on well with him and his charming daughter. But I never harboured any grudges against Jimmy, and was very sad to hear of his premature death a few years ago.

## Chapter 21

# HMP Kirkham

Steve Gibbo found me alternative work in Warrington, mainly at Churchill's bar and Zig Zags nightclub. Zig Zags could be a bit of a rough club, and didn't have the friendly local clientele that Smith's had. All the same, Gibbo had a good door and things ran smoothly. Sometime in June 1994, I appeared at Warrington Crown Court for sentencing on the C.S. gas, knuckle-dusters, and a lead-filled cosh.

On arrival at court Stuart Driver, my barrister, met me. This man was useless in court, and I would have been better off defending myself. Driver informed me that he had good news and bad news. The good news was that it was not a senior district judge I was up in front of, but merely a recorder. The bad news was that they (the prosecution) intended to use my previous political affiliations and crimes against me, even though this case had nothing to do with politics. So in I went, to stand in the dock and hear the prosecution rip into me about what a violent man I was. The prosecution told the court, in detail, about every march and rally I'd been on, and every arrest that had followed. They then finished me off with horror stories about razor blades that had been sent to poor suffering Jews. After sitting there and witnessing this crucifixion I ruled out any chance of a suspended sentence and heavy fine...

Driver stood up next and stated that this incident was nothing to do with politics, but failed to mention why I had had the weapons. He also neglected to inform the court that I had received a commendation from Cheshire constabulary for preventing police officers getting their heads kicked in, on the night of the stag party incident. Another fact he omitted from his address to the judge was that I no longer had anything to do with politics. The judge then tore into me saying, "People have a right to walk down the street without getting gassed, dustered or coshed by you, regardless of their colour."

This case had now been turned into a political circus, possibly at the behest of the security services. Anyway, the judge gave me twelve months and downstairs I went. I was later taken off to Walton jail. On arriving there I underwent the usual admission procedures of shower and change of clothing. Then it was off to my new home on one of the wings. I was

padding-up with a young lad from Speke, Liverpool, called Gary Halliday. He was doing twelve months for an assault, and came across as a likeable guy. The next day I was informed I would be moved out of Walton with me having a brother working there. Come the next ship-out to Kirkham I was on the bus with Gary my cellmate, and off we went.

Just as I enjoyed the coach ride to Haverigg in 1983, I quite liked the journey to Kirkham. Kirkham, wasn't far from Preston so it didn't take too long before we arrived. It was similar to Haverigg with the long accommodation billets and prisoners wandering freely around. We drove in then headed over to the reception area. Once again the new arrivals spent a day or two in induction, as in Haverigg, before being allocated work in the prison. I now settled into a billet and shared a room with a guy from Nertherly, in Liverpool, called Gary Carney. Gary was an ex-fireman and a funny as well as sociable guy to get along with. I can't remember what he was in for, but he knew all the local Liverpool villains. Also in our billet were two horrible Irish tinkers – in for conning the elderly as bogus workmen. They were also two smelly bastards that never cleaned themselves let alone their room. The smell from dirty socks when you passed their room was horrendous. Eventually they were told by the screws, as well as cons, to clean their act up or else. Gary knew most of the characters I'd worked with on Fallows Too nightclub, and knew Lee Jones well with both of them coming from Nertherly. He was very surprised I'd survived an encounter with boxing hard man Pat McCormack when working at Fallows Too; he also hailed from Nertherly.

I managed to get a good job in the stores while at Kirkham. This was where new inmates would come on arrival, to be issued prison clothes. It was an easy job which kept you indoors most of the day. The only down side to it was picking up the dirty clothes cons would throw out at the weekend to be washed. Each billet would then come to the stores to get clean ones through the week. Other than that, it was a good job. My cell mate from Walton, Gary, was in a newer billet further up – on the lines that had ceilings and were a lot quieter. Others billets didn't, and could be very noisy at night. I managed to get a billet change and moved in with Gary. One lad that was in my new billet was a guy called Scott Roberts. Scott was from Stoke, and was a big man with a presence about him. When he found out I was a doorman from Mr Smith's he came into my room and introduced himself. I got talking to him and could tell he was on the same political level as me. He also had a tattoo on his arm of a , captioned 'These Colours Don't Run'. Several other tattoos decorated his arms, a bull-dog amongst them. You could tell by looking at and talking to Scott that he was a handy lad. He had massive hands and shoulders to match them. All the same, he came across as a good guy and not a bully. Scott had several

other Stoke lads in with him, one being a handy boxer. Scott was finally shipped out for re-arranging someone's face in a fight at the kitchen. I'm unsure where they shipped him off to, and I've heard nothing of him since – he was a good lad and I hope he's doing OK.

Dave Cleary was another good lad in our billet. He was a close friend of the Fitzgibbons family, from Liverpool. Dave had made hundreds of thousands of pounds robbing post offices, but lived the high life too much and was now broke. Dave also held political views similar to my own, and regularly came into my room for talks on politics. Martin Harvey from Huyton was a lad who should never have been in prison and was one definitely unsuited for it. He was a chef by trade but had got involved in a fight outside Mr Pickwick's nightclub, and ended up breaking a guy's jaw. He finished up getting two years' imprisonment – he was a funny lad who should have stuck to cooking instead of fighting!

Whilst serving my sentence at Kirkham I was surprised to see a coach pull in carrying an old friend of mine called Tony Grace. Grazer, as he was known, had been a local Norris Green Villain all his life and spent the best part of it in jail. I was as pleased to see him as he was to see me, and he regularly came round to my room for chats. These were mainly about smuggling some booze in. Kirkham was an open prison and it was easy to smuggle things in by tossing them over the fence. Another local from Norris Green arrived at Kirkham – Peter 'Bally' Ball. Bally was in for stealing cars, and like most in Kirkham, doing a short sentence. We all got along great and now decided it was time to have a party in our billet at the weekend when no one worked. Weekends were your days off, and you could spend them in bed if you wanted to, go to the gym or do whatever took your fancy. Bally had organised some booze, including vodka, to be smuggled in. He'd arranged to pick it up by the greenhouse allotments where tomatoes were being grown. We all sat anxiously in my room waiting for the drop to arrive. All the billets would be locked up at 9pm, so it was important that he got the stuff before then. Bally came rushing in, and a big smile covered his face, as the vodka and the rest of the booze was shared out. We concealed our contraband and just waited for the screws to come round do a head count, and then lock us up for the night.

Once the all clear was given, the vodka, cider and beer were dragged out of their hiding places and poured into cups. Some cons turned the volume up on their large ghetto blaster stereos that were banging out music. The drinking, dancing and general misbehaviour went on into the early hours of the morning, with everyone fully enjoying themselves. Now if the prison authorities have soft and weak prison regimes that operate like Kirkham, then what do they expect? Remember, a jail is full of criminals: can they be expected to behave themselves? If booze or drugs can easily be smuggled

into prison for taking or selling, then prisoners will do it. The authorities are to blame for this situation. Anyway, Bally made this a regular fixture which became known as the 'Bally Special'.

It was during this time at Kirkham that I received some bad news. A lad I'd worked with on Zig Zags called 'Raga' had been shot dead along with another guy I didn't know. This had happened outside Raga's home. He'd been given some money to do a job for someone, but never did it and kept the money. The guy didn't take too kindly to this and shot them both as they sat in 'Raga's' car outside his house. He fired a pump action shotgun into the car, emptying the magazine as he walked round the vehicle. Two good friends from Warrington, Terry Litz and Stephen Skelding (known as Terry and Selly) who also worked on the door in Warrington, would regularly visit me at weekends, filling me in on the gruesome details of the case – a man was later arrested and jailed for life.

In January 1995 Mathew Williams led a three-man escape from Parkhurst Prison, on the Isle of Wight, after using welding equipment to make a ladder from scraps of metal. During the few days they were free, they came within an ace of getting off the island. They came across a small plane – and one of the escapees was, in fact, a trained pilot. Unluckily for them, the plane's battery was flat. Without food, or proper shelter, hunger and cold brought about their capture, and they were returned to the prison.

Mathew Williams is the son of NF 1979 general election candidate Warner Williams. Warner had been in the NF for many years, and had stood in several elections. I first met Warner around 1979. He was a big man from Birkenhead, originally hailing from Cornwall, and he was active in the Cornish Society. In fact, he was once featured in the Liverpool Echo, condemning Sayers Bakers for not making real Cornish Pasties.

The last time I'd seen or spoken to Warner was at a meeting in the Mitre public house on Dale Street. This would have been in the late 1980s. This place had been the venue we used for the National Socialist meetings.

He told me then that his son (Mathew) had made some form of explosive that was easy to ignite. In fact, they had tested it on some old dilapidated churches on the Wirral and had blown them up. Warner being a general prankster, I dismissed this as one of his jokes.

Some time in the 1980s, as the BNP held an out-of-town rally, a nail bomb was found in a phone box in Liverpool city centre. Not long after this, one exploded in a Leeds telephone box. Not really putting two and two together, we dismissed the explosions as the work of a crank.

A neighbour who lived next door to Mathew Williams had annoyed him by playing Patsy Cline music too loud ('Who's Sorry Now?', perhaps?). This led to Mathew Williams firing a crossbow bolt through her window.

When she reported this to the police Mathew Williams was arrested. On searching his house the police stumbled across a laboratory, in the attic, that contained a home-made rocket. They also found detailed plans for poisoning the North West water authority's reservoirs with cyanide.

It was also alleged he planned the spreading of anthrax spores, and tried to poison members of his family by injecting tomatoes with toxin. He apparently was so clever that he had the ability to transmit rabies to common houseflies!

The judge described him as a very dangerous man, and handed down five life sentences. His escape led to the resignation of Prison Service Chief Executive Derek Lewis.

Time passed very quickly in Kirkham with only six months of a twelve month sentence left to serve. John McGinn picked me up when my release date arrived, and drove me home to Liverpool.



## Chapter 22

# Venue

**A**fter being released from jail (January 1995) I set about trying to find employment back on the club doors. This wasn't going to be easy as I'd had my badge withdrawn by police in Warrington. Most of the doors in Liverpool were still controlled by those I'd fallen out with. All the same I was confident something would turn up. It did – in the form of John Lally. Lally had been a face around clubland for many years, and he'd now moved into door security. John started running the famous Coconut Grove, on Green Lane. The Coconut Grove had been a top nightspot in its day, but was now closed and dilapidated. Charlie Scott (another long standing club-owner) decided to re-open the club under the new name of 'The Venue'. Terry Molloy was, I believe, the licensee. Lally had secured the door, and was now looking for doormen. Myself and Lee Jones approached Lally asking him for work.

Lally obligingly said 'yes', but unfortunately had no work on the Venue at that time. He did have work elsewhere – on the old nightspot called Oscar's. Oscar's was situated on Prescott Road, and had been a bit of a rough yard in its day. So Lee and I started work, settling into Oscar's. I trusted Lee a lot, having worked with him before, and was confident we could handle any trouble that might come. The club had now undergone a refurbishment, with the bar being extended. They also introduced a dress code – no tracksuits or trainers – that managed to keep most of the undesirables out.

The Venue was beginning to have problems on a Sunday, as this was the busiest most attractive night, but sadly the door wasn't up to it. Lally didn't really have decent enough lads to man it, only one or two good ones who'd stand their ground. Lally decided to give me and Lee a Sunday night in an attempt to strengthen the door. On the Sunday that Lee and I started, the door consisted of John Owens (no relation), Gary Dudley, Ray Navarro, Steve Bird, Mick Harris, Ian Hannaford (brother of Joe Hannaford), John Barrett and Keith Norma. I was not familiar with most of the lads working that night and not really sure how they'd perform should trouble arise. Lee and I decided to stick together and watch each other's back.



Keith Norma was a short powerfully-built black guy whom I recognised immediately. Remember the black man who'd come to Church Street on a Saturday afternoon, the one I said reminded me of Leroy from the 1980's American TV show 'Fame'? Yes, it was him – he didn't recognise me and I wasn't about to refresh his memory. After all, that had been many years earlier – plus I was working in a field where politics had no place. Keith Norma died several years later of kidney failure brought on by steroid abuse. He'd also had a lot of problems with his water-works after being stabbed up the rectum by Johnny Phillips, a Toxteth drug dealer who also died from steroid/cocaine related abuse. Anyway, what a strange old world it is – as well as a small one.

The crowds soon began to arrive and the club started to fill up. Most people coming into the club I'd recognised from previous clubs I'd worked on. The club scene is a close-knit community that mainly follow individual DJs around. A good DJ can be the making or breaking of a club. Now unbeknownst to Lee or myself several people had been barred the week before for smoking cannabis. They were at the door trying to come in accompanied by several of their friends. I recognised two of them straight away as being Peter Willis and Buster Brady. Peter Willis I'd known since 1980, after meeting him in a Young Offenders' Institution called 'Buckley Hall'. Peter was a person I immediately took to, and I got on with him well. I'd also seen him quite regularly since being released, and we always made time to stop and talk to each other. Buster Brady I'd known for a very long time, as he had been brought up, and lived most of his life, in Norris Green. Now finding myself in a confrontation with them was a bit of an embarrassment. The lads on the door needed my support and I wasn't about to let them down, but neither did I want to fall out with old friends. You can sometimes find yourself in these awkward situations on the door. However, professional ethics dictate that you stick with the lads you're working with – your first loyalty must lie with them.

John Owens had been working the week before, and I think it was he who'd who barred them. An argument began between John and Buster Brady. John informed him he was barred. I then tried to calm things down but to no avail. All the lads were now at the front door blocking entrance to anyone who'd any idea of forcing their way in. The next thing I knew Buster let off a canister of C.S. Gas, sending everyone running for cover. I squinted and rubbed my eyes as some of the gas had got me along with most of the other lads. Me, Lee and John Owens managed to get back to the door and slam it shut. I'm not quite sure what happened to the rest of the doormen, as panic had set in. What I do remember is some had gone on the missing list, leaving only several good lads to front the door. Buster and co. had now vanished and we resumed letting other people in. I felt a bit let

down, as I'd have thought Buster would have shown a bit more respect. Anyway, these things happen and I held no grudge against Buster. Buster was a good lad and sadly he was murdered in Spain several years later.

Charlie Scott, who was running the club, had now had enough. He decided to get rid of Lally and get a real firm in to run the door. Charlie Scott had a business to run, money to make, and the last thing he needed was trouble with the police on his case. Also, when punters go to a nightclub they like to know there are doormen who will look after them should the need arise. Sadly this wasn't the case at the venue. Charlie Scott enlisted the services of Joe McCormack, brother of Pat, who I've already mentioned. Joe McCormack was well-known in and around clubland and knew Charlie Scott fairly well. Joe set about getting rid of all Lally's doormen, but kept me and Lee on. Other doormen who joined us were mostly from Huyton. Dave, George and Alan Lewis, as well as Jimmy Styles, made up the door. I'd worked with all these lads before and knew they were good doormen.

Once the door had changed hands all the problems and trouble ceased. The Sunday night was heaving with prominent DJs like Dave Graham, spinning their tunes. The owners of the Coconut Grove, Pat Hills and Bobby McGauran, were opening a new bar in the heart of the city on Matthew Street called the 'Rubber Soul'. Joe Mac asked if I would work the Rubber Soul through the week, to which I said 'yes'. Terry Molloy from the Venue had now moved to the Rubber Soul, and was, I think, its licensee. Terry Molloy was a nice guy to work with – always telling jokes. Terry had been around clubland for many years and could tell you a story or two. Jimmy Styles, John Murray and Lee Jones also moved down to the Rubber Soul and did alternate nights there. Matthew Street at that time was the home to many a new bar and now seemed the 'in' place for club revellers to frequent. The Rubber Soul was quite spacious inside, with a dance floor at the rear of the club. Being in the city centre it always had the potential for trouble to break out. Like anywhere in that neck of the woods undesirables could always wander in when barred from nearby bars or clubs.

The clientele of the Rubber Soul was generally well behaved, with punters normally the worse for drink rather than troublesome. One week night while I worked at the Rubber Soul with John Murray, Dutch football team Feyenoord FC were playing local team Everton, at Goodison Park. A lot of Dutch supporters after the match were drinking and generally misbehaving in and around the city centre clubs and bars. A lot of Dutch supporters headed for Matthew Street, Flannigan's bar in particular. Then Everton football hooligans got word that Feyenoord fans were in Flannigan's and made their way across town to head straight for Flannigan's. A mass brawl erupted between the two groups, leaving the doormen able to do very little about it. My friend strongman 'Billy Cowboy' worked on Flannigan's and

did what he could in an attempt to control the violence. Being heavily outnumbered there wasn't much he could do, but he gave it his best shot. The police were on the scene and they separated both groups making dozens of arrests. This was to the great relief of all the doormen on Matthew Street.

Now the Rubber Soul had been quite fortunate in that no Feyenoord fans came our way. One guy I did notice inside was a massive 'Viking' type Dane, who entered the 'Rubber Soul' with several prostitute type females. He was with three or four women and looked as if he was just out enjoying himself, staying clear of any hooliganism. It is amazing how deceptive looks can be in some cases. At the end of the night when we were clearing the drinkers out, our 'Viking' friend wasn't in too much of a hurry to leave the club. After several polite requests, and with his group being the only ones left, I decided to be a little bit more forceful... They all had drinks in their hands, and that can be dangerous when trying to get people out – especially if they're drunk. I said to John Murray, "Eric the Viking isn't going to go – we're going to have to drag him out..."

I immediately knocked the Viking's drink out of his hand, and it smashed on the floor. The last thing you want is a recalcitrant punter shoving a glass in your face. John and I then engaged in a vicious fight with this big bastard, whom we found out was no walkover. Also, the women he was with got stuck into us too. John and I managed to get him to the front doors and out into the street. As we tried to get back and shut the doors he'd come charging back at us. One of the women attacked me with a bottle – I responded with a front kick to her stomach. She tumbled backwards head over heels, remaining flat on her back where she landed. The 'Viking' charged once more at me and John, only to be met with a flurry of kicks and punches. He stood and glared at us screaming abuse in his native tongue, as John finally managed to get the doors shut. John and I looked at each other, breathless, and started laughing. I said to John, "Thank fuck he was on his own!"

Terry Molloy was quite happy with the manner in which the door was run. Myself, Lee Jones, Jimmy Styles and John Murray did a night or two each. Mick Riley from Kirkby and Quad veteran Steve Newcombe had also joined the team. Mick had worked with me on the Hard Dock; he'd also done a lot of work on the 'State' and was an experienced doorman. Steve Newcombe had been on the dance scene since its very beginning. He had worked the Quad, Bonkers and many more of Ged Starkey's clubs.

A funny incident occurred one night at the 'Rubber Soul', when a troublesome black guy came to the door and caused a commotion. To cut a long story short, Steve Newcombe cracked him one, putting him to sleep. Ste then picked him up and sat him against Cavern Walks, opposite. He then pulled this guy's coat over his head and left him sitting there like a shop dummy. Now when the black guy came to, he stood up with his arms pointing

up in the air. With his coat being over his head he couldn't see, and was running round like a headless chicken. Obviously still half asleep after receiving some 'Night Nurse' from Steve, he staggered panic-stricken up and down Matthew Street, until some passer-by pulled his coat down. Even after this he still didn't know where he was – it was one of the funniest things I've ever seen.

Coming towards the end of 1995, with Christmas looming around the corner, office parties and festive revellers started hitting the pubs and clubs. The Rubber Soul received its fair share of them. One night during the week, when I was working with John Murray and Jimmy Styles, Bromley and Gildea made an appearance. They were accompanied by Kevin Fields and Eddie Kelly. Bromley said 'Hello' to me, as the rest walked in with Gildea. They all got drinks and positioned themselves by the dance floor. Now as I've said the town centre was full of Christmas revellers, with several parties enjoying themselves in the Rubber Soul. Now I had a feeling, shared by John and Jimmy, that something would happen tonight given the fact we had known troublemakers in. Within half an hour of the gruesome twosome arriving it went off big time. A large brawl (or should I say massacre?) erupted by the dance floor, right where Bromley and co. were standing. When we raced over to the dance floor, several bodies were already on the floor and out for the count, a number of females screamed hysterically. Bromley and co. were continuing to beat friends of the unconscious revellers. I grabbed Bromley, and John and Jimmy stopped Gildea. George screamed at me to let him go. I replied that he was out of order in having attacked harmless party-goers. Bromley then broke free and joined the rest who were heading towards the door. Terry Molloy was fuming and told Bromley and co. to leave the club – and they did so.

The scene on the dance floor was one of chaos. Several unconscious figures lay prone on the floor, whilst others nursed bloody noses. In a minute or two Bromley's gang had caused serious damage, putting an end to a pre-Christmas party and displaying a singular lack of seasonal goodwill. Paramedics arrived, with two still unconscious males being stretchered out. Another one had regained consciousness. The Rubber Soul was then closed for the night and the punters told to leave.

Terry Molloy angrily said to me, "Joe Mac better sort this out – or I'll get Alfie Lewis to run the door!"

With the club now closed John, Jimmy and I made our respective ways home. I had a feeling that this wouldn't be the end of the matter...

Now I'm not sure who'd alerted Joe McCormack to the trouble that had taken place, but he knocked on my door early the following morning. He wanted a full account of what had transpired. I briefly outlined the course

of events and added some additional information. It turned out that Gildea had grabbed some girl's arse that was with the party. She had then turned round and slapped Bromley across the face. That was a big mistake – the rest is history. Joe McCormack rang Bromley and told him he was on his way to his home to sort this out. On arriving at Bromley's Joe Mac called me on his mobile saying Bromley had vanished from his place and was a fucking shit-house. Not long after talking to Joe Mac, Gildea, Bromley and Joe McNally turned up in Gildea's gold-coloured Lexus. Gildea shouted out of his car window to me,

“Stay out of this, Joey – let us sort it out with Joe Mac.”

They left and shortly afterwards Joe McCormack then turned up again at my place. I informed him Gildea and company were out looking for him. Joe McCormack then asked if he could use the house phone. He called Gildea and offered to meet him to sort things out. Joe told me he was going to sort Gildea out – he wasn't having anyone looking for him in a car – he then left again.

Joe finally met up with Gildea, and Gildea backed down and apologised. I was not present at the meeting; this is what Joe has told me. This nasty episode was finally put to bed, with a final message from Joe McCormack to Gildea and co. –

“Stay out of the Rubber Soul!”

In January 1996, I found myself working the Venue one Saturday night. Working alongside me were the Lewis brothers and Andy Sampson. Now the Venue had a small VIP type bar, even though it was not regarded as one. An altercation arose between a punter and George Lewis and Andy Sampson. The punter was manhandled and thrown out. No one thought any more of it. Through the week word got back that it had been John Hornsby's brother, and that John was not too happy about this happening. Now somehow, my name had filtered back to Hornsby and that it was I who'd given his brother a smack and thrown him out. Anyway, Hornsby was sending all types of messages back about what he was and was not going to do to me.

Several weeks later, we were all going out on Joe McCormack's birthday and decided to meet in the Sefton Arms, West Derby village. On arrival, two lads from the Venue met me. They got me a drink and we waited for more of our party to arrive. Now have a guess who came out the toilet and started making his way towards me? – John Hornsby. Hornsby went to walk past me and had not seen me, when I decided to shout him and sort this little problem out.

“Hello, John,” I said, at which point a shocked Hornsby turned round and recognised me. He then asked, “What happened in the venue with our kid?”

I was just about to answer him when an uppercut sent me crashing to the floor. He then proceeded to kick me whilst I was down. I shouted to the two lads with me to get into him, as I tried to get up. To my amazement, they just stood there looking on, as if they were refereeing. Now these were two big lads, and certainly no pushovers, yet they both froze, unable to help me. By this time, I had back peddled to the bar and used the bar to slide up and get back on my feet. Hornsby again attacked me, but this time I got in a clinch with him. My two so-called mates then broke it up. Hornsby then started shouting he had been at a funeral and had been drinking, and he did not really want to fight. He then left the pub with his wife and several other friends.

With me shouting abuse at those who had stood by and refused to help me, we left the pub. We finally met up with Joe Mac and a few others and went looking for Hornsby. Not finding him in any nearby pubs I just forgot it for the moment, enjoying the rest of the night out on Joe’s birthday. This would not be the last time I had a run-in with Hornsby ...



## Chapter 23

# The Garage 1996

The Garage used to be called Flintlocks, but like a lot of clubs at that time, it found itself isolated and empty once the dance scene came along. Jeff Barton, the owner, decided it was time to move with the times and revamp/change the club as well as the DJs. Dance around ye handbag was now coming to an end. Stevie Connor had been running both of Barton's clubs, his other one being above the Garage, called Rio's. Stevie Connor had a good run, running clubs and pubs in and around Merseyside, (many for Ged Starkey, until he back-doored him). However, the vicious world of door security is a cutthroat business: you don't last long unless you keep a tight hold of things; you also need to back it up with a 'do or die' approach if things get bad. I had worked with Stevie Connor on the door at Fallows Too back in 1991 and he did know a thing or two about the game. Times were different now; Ged Starkey was no longer involved in the doors and Stevie Connor's firm was not what it used to be.

Lee Jones left the Venue and started running both the Garage and Rio's for Tommy Foran, now that Stevie Connor had vanished from the scene. Lee immediately brought me on board, so I left Joe McCormack and the venue and joined him. When Connor had left the Garage and Rio's, the Garage was in a mess. Black gangs were walking in and out without paying, as Connor had swallowed it with them and not kept a firm hand on the security there. I then said to Lee, if we're to sort this door out and take all the shit that's going to come with it, let's not work for Foran, let's take the door ourselves. We spoke to the owner Barton, and he agreed. I got Lee to call Foran and tell him we were now running the door, and to fuck off. We then set about cleaning the Garage up. The main problem was the breakfast bar. The club would shut at 2am and then re-open from 4am until 10am. What the blacks were doing was walking in mob handed, so you couldn't stop them all from not paying, and in case it went off with the doormen, they'd be mob handed and we were not. In fact, I think we had seven lads on the breakfast bar. I devised a system where we let four in at a time, then shut the door. The four that were now inside were confronted by seven and told it was £3 pound in. If they didn't want to pay, out they went and the door shut behind them, and so on. If there was any trouble, then the seven lads



on the door could deal with it. Within a week or two, with several blacks getting ejected during that time, the problem on the door was more or less sorted, and my little system of four in at a time was beginning to pay off. I was not acting in a racist sense nor felt any malice against individual blacks coming into the club, but sadly for the good blacks there were plenty who spoilt it for the rest. I had a job to do and did it as best as I could under difficult circumstances.

There were plenty of black lads who came into the Garage who didn't have to pay (other doormen, drug barons etc), who showed the doormen respect and were given it back. But for some strange reason, most of the blacks didn't want to pay. Now the white lads didn't do it. I am stating a fact here and not racist hate towards blacks. Things started to calm down and get back to normal on the Garage when one morning on the breakfast bar a black lad called 'Day-Day O'Rourke', I think his name was, came into the club and said, "he doesn't pay to come in and am I all right, kiddie?" I said, "no kiddie, you have to pay." Then he pulled a gun out and stated waving it around and pointing it at me and threatening what he was going to do. Luckily for us, a doorman called John (Seddo) Seddon (whom Day-Day hadn't seen) was standing behind him. Seddo immediately grabbed him from behind and tackled him to the ground. We all then jumped on him, got the gun off him, kicked the shit out of him and then threw him out. I took the gun from one of the lads who had it, and found that it was a replica. Another black lad called Marty Martins done a similar thing on New Years Eve at the Garage, but this time the gun was real. We had a few more scary incidents like this at the breakfast bar, which led Lee Jones and me to purchase some body armour.

## **Ferraris**

Around this time Lee had acquired the security contract for Ferraris nightclub on Wilson Road, Huyton industrial estate. Henry Williams, a longstanding figure in the city's underworld, owned Ferraris. I was familiar with most of the lads now working on Ferraris. John McGinn was there, Mark Joseph and Woodchurch hardman Keith 'Parny' Parnell, had all done stints on Mr Smith's Monday rave nights in 1992. Other impressive doormen were pro-boxers, Tommy Jones, Andy Palmer and Stevie Goodwin. All three had enjoyed distinguished pro-boxing careers, Palmer was also an ex-paratrooper. Andy was a black guy that hailed originally from Toxteth, but was now living in Moreton on the Wirral.

Ferraris opened in 1992, in the old Huntley & Palmer biscuit factory. Famous people like football legends, Jan Molby, Ian Rush, Duncan Ferguson and Liverpool FC manager, Roy Evans, frequented the club. Some of these

were even prevailed upon to judge a 'Ferraris Beauty Contest'. Brummie, who had worked on Mr Smith's, left Smith's to go and work on Ferraris for Henry. Brummie was an excellent promotions man, and would come up with great ideas to publicise the club. He organised Beauty contests, Santa's Grotto at Christmas time, and even rode into the club on a white horse. He'd have charity nights for sick kids and organise anything else that got the club into the spotlight.

Like Fallows Too, Ferraris was situated smack bang in the middle of a rough estate – Saint John's. As well as the Johns (as it was known), you still had the rest of Huyton and Cantril Farm nearby. When the club first opened (like Fallows Too) it had, and maintained, a strict dress code. This, for the time being, kept all the undesirables away, and Ferraris took off big time. I was still working at Mr Smith's at the time and would pop in on the way back from Warrington. It was a big club with a nice VIP bar and was always bursting at the seams whenever I went there. Henry's son Jay was a lad I got on with well, and when he wasn't coming down to Warrington for a drink I would see him in Ferraris on my way home. Ferraris would always be open to doormen after they had finished work, somewhere you could relax and unwind after sometimes-busy nights. It also gave you time to get to know other lads from other doors, and meet up with lads you had previously worked with. Stevie Gibbo controlled many doors in Warrington as did Shaun Johnson, who ran Ferraris. Now many of the lads would work for both Gibbo and Shaun, and all knew each other. Therefore, whenever there was trouble in any of the clubs there would be solidarity amongst us – and mutual aid. One such incident involved local Huyton lad Dave 'Big Lewie' Lewis. Dave had been at a party in Runcorn that either he or his charming ex-girlfriend Emma (sadly now deceased) had been invited to. Anyway, Dave got into a bit of trouble with some doormen who lived and worked in Runcorn, and he needed some assistance...

Henry Williams was a very generous man, who took all the doorstaff (and several employees) from the club to watch Lennox Lewis fight Tony Tucker in Las Vegas, 1993. In all, Henry took about twenty people, who all stayed at the famous 'Hilton Flamingo' hotel. After the fight Henry and co. decided to visit a nightclub called 'Sharks'. It had a nasty-looking door firm called 'Shark Patrol', with some mean-faced Fijians. Halfway through the night Henry decided to leave the club and then return. On attempting to re-enter the club he was stopped by the doormen. He insisted that he had already been inside the club, and just wanted to go back to join his friends. The door staff refused him entry, disbelieving him. An argument ensued, ending with a doorman throwing a punch at Henry. The lads inside became aware of Henry's plight and rushed out to help him. A massive brawl then erupted between Shark Patrol and Ferraris security.

Andy Palmer was hit over the head with an iron bar, only to jump back to his feet and fight like a man possessed. Skelly wrestled a gun from a Fijian and started firing it in the air. Keith Parnell sparked several out, but was attacked with a number of metal truncheons. Shark bouncers now started using pepper spray on the lads as the brawl spilled out into the car park. A TV helicopter hovered overhead, and there were several TV crews on the ground also. Police reinforcements arrived on the scene, as the out of control fight continued. Don't forget there were Tommy Jones, Dennis Bailey, Andy Palmer and Ste Goodwin – all past or present pro-boxers. Also present were Keith Parnell, Shaun Johnson, Big Skelly, Burt, Mark Joseph and Jimmy Hughes – all tough experienced fighters and doormen. Shark security wasn't without ability – most, if not all, of them were nearly as big as Skelly. They were also armed with pepper spray and metal truncheons. If not for the intervention of the police Shark Patrol might have been re-branded Mackerel Patrol... Eventually, order was restored, and normality descended back upon Shark nightclub. Most of the lads were carted off to the nearest police cells. Strangely the cops believed Skelly was British wrestling supremo Dave Boy Smith. Several of the lads were charged with affray, but having left for America never returned to stand trial.

Whilst I was serving twelve months at H.M.P. Kirkham there was a major disturbance at Ferraris, just before Christmas 1994. Trouble had been brewing between two rival factions/families – this eventually erupted in the club. It started somewhere at the back of the club, and when doormen tried to stop it they turned against them. With the combined parties, the lads were facing a sixty-strong mob. Bottles, glasses and stools were weapons of choice, and they rained down on the lads. Once again, Keith Parnell was in the front line – smashing faces as he went there. Mark Joseph, Stevie Goodwin, Shaun Johnson and the rest of the lads managed to push the main group of attackers out of the fire exit and into the car park. Just when they thought the nightmare was about to end, the mob regrouped and came back round to the front door. A massive scene of disorder was now visited upon the club, with the lads from Ferraris fighting for their lives. Keith Parnell had been whacked over the head with a piece of wood with a nail protruding from it. Stevie Goodwin and several other lads had also sustained injuries. Mark Joseph now let loose a full can of C.S. gas that sent most people running with streaming eyes.

This is only an abridged version of what happened that night, and I can only repeat what I've been told. Most of the doormen gave it their best, while some cowered in fear and abandoned their colleagues. It isn't for me to name and shame, as I wasn't there that night – but you know who you are. As for the mob the lads faced, they consisted of a few hard knocks themselves – not people you would want to meet while trying to hold the

door. Full credit must finally go to all those brave doormen who held the line that night and prevented the club's destruction. Ferraris was a very violent club in a very violent area. There were several deaths/murders (and god knows how many fights) in and outside the club, and this was before Lee took over.

Lee took over the club when Henry fell out with Shaun Johnson. Shaun had been running the door from the very beginning, and was a very close friend of Henry's. I first come across Shaun when fighting for Jeff Bullock's Thai Boxing club. Shaun was fighting out of Terry McElhinny's gym in Prescott, when I saw him matched against a guy from our gym called George Morrison. This fight occurred at the Mons public house on Breeze hill, Bootle in 1985. Heavy-handed Shaun knocked him out cold – a handy lad, he was a match for any would-be hardcase on the club scene. To cut a long story short, Lee took the door with me standing fully behind him. After Shaun lost the door all those loyal to him on Ferraris, and the Huyton lads in general, rallied behind Shaun in a show of strength. They assembled in the Huyton Rugby club and threatened to come down to re-take the door. With this threat hanging over our heads, Lee and I set about mustering all the lads we could and got them down to Ferraris. All the lads from the Garage, and Rio's, Ste Cheetham and other individuals I cannot remember, all turned up for a show of strength. We waited for them to show up – and wait we did.

Shaun was more than a match for me on the cobbles, and probably Lee too. However, fighting a nasty battle (or war) wasn't his M.O. He knew weapons would be involved, people would get hurt – and he and his crew just weren't up for it. As I've said before, in the ruthless world of club security the weak do not last very long before they go to the wall. At the time Lee took over Ferraris, the club was on its arse. No dress code operated, and people once barred had been let back in. Old friends of mine were now showing up, who previously had stayed away from the club. Peter Willis, Bobby 'Rambo' Walsh and many, many others. All the same, when the club was finished I looked back and asked myself if it had been worth falling out with Shaun over a lost club? With hindsight no, it hadn't been. Shaun had also been good to me, when I got out of jail and was looking for work, and I do now feel bad about stabbing him in the back. But hey, what can I say? What's done is done.

Joe McCormack was still running the Venue around this time, and Lee and I popped in one Sunday night for a drink. Remember, Joe Mac, Gibbo and Shaun Johnson were more or less part of one big family when it came to doors, with lads sometimes working for all three of them. Therefore, it was a cert we were going to bump into lads who had worked for Shaun on Ferraris. As soon as Lee and I entered the club we saw all the lads previously

employed at Ferraris, lads we both knew. They included some I would even call friends. One in particular was an arrogant little shit who thought he was bigger than his actual size. He aimed a few dirty looks at us but said hello to Lee and then ignored me. Now Lee had taken the door, but for some reason he'd said hello to Lee but blanked me... Was he scared of Lee, but thought I was a pushover? I followed him into the toilet and asked him this. He gave a typically arrogant response and a fight erupted. He ended up leaving the Venue to get eighty stitches in his face. He probably wished he hadn't gone out that night. Give him his due though, he never went crying to the police – you have to give him credit for that. Sadly, this was another collateral damage casualty from the door takeover on Ferraris.

Lee and I continued to work Ferraris, and we were always ready and prepared should anyone causing trouble come to the club. Two good black lads Carlos and Michael, from the Garage, would do the odd night there. Ferraris was now on its arse, but resident DJ James Klass kept it going with his own particular brand of music and accompanying humour. I even named a tune after him, one that he would always shout to those on the dance floor, 'Oh, James Klass!' I can't write music, and don't remember what the tune was called – so use your imagination. James Klass was a gangly black guy – and very funny with it. He never had a chip on his shoulder (or a whole bag of spuds!). It's a pity they weren't all like him.

Henry tried to get business going by building an extension to the club, promoted by the drink called 'Straight Eights'. It was a bit of a wine-bar type extension that looked nice both inside and outside. Henry even started putting strippers on at Friday tea-time to boost the customer numbers. This did actually work for a bit. The strippers were quite nice-looking, and went the whole hog. They would drag someone out the audience and throw a Johnny on them. One was Huyton lad Dave Maloney, whom the girl placed on the floor and straddled. Everyone (especially the Lewis brothers) was shouting words of encouragement as Dave filled his boots! It was very funny indeed to watch – and ten out of ten to Dave for having the bottle.

Ferraris had more or less become our own little drinking den. There would be stay behinds at the club, and parties until all hours of the morning. Jay Williams would host these most weekends for the trusted few on the door, close friends – and of course lady friends. One night at Ferraris, Jay and I were invited back to a house for a party, and given an address in West Derby. On arrival we found the house in darkness, with no signs of life let alone a party. We went round the back of the house to find it deserted also. We thought we must be early and expected everyone else to show up soon. At the back of the garden was a shed. We took ourselves, and the case of Budweiser we'd brought, to sit in the shed until our host turned up. One hour, two hours and then three passed without anyone showing up, by which

time we'd drank all the Budweiser. Finally leaving about 5am, we both went home. All I can assume is we got the wrong house and sat in someone's shed; the owner was probably in bed oblivious to his nocturnal guests. No doubt he'd puzzle over the pile of empty Budweiser bottles.

A mystery blaze eventually destroyed Ferraris. Many happy memories went too in the inferno that claimed it.



## Chapter 24

# Miss Moneypenny's

**W**hile working on the Garage, in early 1996, Albie from Mr Smith's asked if I would provide security for a dance night at the spectacular Saint George's Hall, in Liverpool. Andy Bassett from 'Peruvia' was promoting the night for the famous 'Miss Moneypenny's'. I found it strange – and rather upsetting – that someone would be having a 'Rave' night in a beautiful Neo-Classical building like Saint George's Hall. The building had been empty for a long time since being closed by Derek Hatton's Militant-dominated council. All the same, someone would be doing the security – so why not me? This was not the time to start getting political, and as I said someone would have done it even if I had said no.

I then went about getting a good door crew together, as rumours were already circulating of a big Cheetham Hill (Manchester) firm coming to the night. My door team consisted of Wayne McLean, Liam Bollard, Robin Hector, Terry Litz, Stephen Skelding, Shaun Jackman, John Dillon, and Lee Jones. All these lads worked for me on the Garage and Rio's, as well as doing work for the Bennetts. The night fell on a Sunday, and it started unusually early. All the above lads turned up, with the exception of Lee Jones. I had now started to cotton on to the fact that Lee Jones seemed to vanish when potential trouble was on the horizon. Anyway, even without Lee there the rest of the lads were a match for anyone.

Turning up at Saint George's Hall I met Albie and went inside to look round. Saint George's is a massive hall, with amazing architecture and decorative floors. The hall we were in held a massive organ that must have been twenty feet high. I looked around this lovely place and envisaged what it would look like in a few hours time. Drinks, rubbish and people smashed out of their heads would litter the floor. Damage, vandalism, and god knows what else may occur in this lovely building. The night got underway with a splendid light show that displayed the architectural features to best effect. Sound waves from the music were reflected off the walls – a strange acoustic phenomenon. The crowds started to trickle in, many of them from Manchester. Some local faces from the club scene popped in to have a look, most of whom left later. There was a sort of strange 'fancy dress'



effected by the Miss Money Penny's crowd; it was not a scene I was familiar with. The night seemed to be going OK, but all the lads kept their eyes open for trouble.

My attention was captured by several cars pulling up outside, a Mercedes being prominent amongst them. Several black guys got out and made their way up the steps towards the entrance. Skelly and Terry immediately recognised some of them as being from Loc 19 Security, in Manchester. In fact it was Stevie Bryant, Ste Francis, Giro, and several others whose names I don't know. In they came, followed by their entourage – they exchanged pleasantries with Terry and Skelly, as well as acknowledging the rest of the doormen. Seeing as Terry and Skelly knew them, as well as them being regulars at the Mr Smith's soul night, we had no real cause for alarm. If these were the dreaded 'Cheetham Hill firm' then I did not believe we would have any problems that night. Most of the night was relatively peaceful, with no violence whatsoever happening.

Towards the end of the night, a black guy came to the door. I informed him that entrance had now finished, and everything would be ending soon. He claimed he had already been in, went out and was going back in to his friends. Unsure about this I said I had not seen him leave, and the night was finished. He was insistent that he had been in already and just left to get a breath of fresh air. An argument developed between us. In the end, I relented, gave him the benefit of the doubt and let him in. Now unbeknown to me he had already been in – he was in fact with Stevie Bryant's crew. This I only found out come the end of the night, when getting everyone out. He was sitting smack bang in the middle of the 'Cheetham Hill' mob. On getting readmitted and returning to his boys, he obviously told them about the minor argument we had. He must have been upset that I/we would not let him back in at first. You could tell something was not right when we approached them to ask them all to drink up and leave.

Liam Bollard was the first to ask them to drink up and greeted by a wall of silence. At his second attempt someone shouted, "Fuck off knob-head!"

Several other doormen heard this and ran over to give Liam back up. Wayne 'Pine Boy' McLean bounced over and asked, "Do yer want it?"

By now, most of the doormen had raced over to what looked like an inevitable confrontation. Now the black guy I had knocked back at the door was one of the main antagonists. He was shouting abuse and winding the rest of them up. All the 'Cheetham Hill' boys were now on their feet, and were right in our faces. Terry and Skelly tried desperately to calm things down, as did Stevie Bryant and Ste Francis. Big Shaun Jackman (now serving double life for two murders) was screaming abuse, and had to be

restrained. He was all for getting stuck right into them, there and then. Now somehow things calmed down and some actually started to move towards the door and leave. The one I had knocked back (the main shit-stirrer), whom we called 'Wobbly Head', was still trying his best to wind things up. Just as we were herding them towards the entrance, it went off again...

Giro, Wobbly Head and a dozen more had acquired, or kept hold of, large vodka bottles. These were all empty by now and they were not shy about what they intended to do with them. All hell broke loose with John Dillon, Pine boy, Liam, and Shaun, now right in their faces and ready to go. I honestly believed nothing could prevent the carnage that was about to occur. Remember, there were about fifteen of them, all handy lads with dangerous weapons in their hands. Once smashed those vodka bottles would have very nasty sharp ends, ready to stab into a face. Once again, Terry and Skelly were doing their best to prevent it going off big time. There was a sort of 'Mexican standoff,' with John Dillon demanding -

"Are we having this or what lads?"

"Fucking right!"

responded Pine Boy McLean.

I had worn my bulletproof vest that night, but was presently more concerned about the bottles they had. Everyone seemed resigned to the fact it was going to go off. It was a very scary, tense moment.

Stevie Bryant and Ste Francis came back in, after leaving for a minute or two, and saved the day. Stevie grabbed hold of the hot-heads in his camp, and managed to drag them away. Terry and Skelly did the same. In the end both groups separated, with the Manchester boys making their way to their cars. I was quite happy it ended like this, as people in both camps would have been seriously injured. I was pleased with the way all the lads had stood up for themselves, despite the obvious danger. They would have gone the whole hog if they needed to, but thanks to the calmer elements on both sides, a bloodbath was averted.



## Chapter 25

# Stephen Cole

On 12th May, 1996, Stephen Cole, Chilli Jenkins, Ray McKenna and police grass Paul Johansson (Johansson stood in the witness box and testified against Darren O’Flaherty who was jailed for five years for wounding him) ran into Brubakers social club, Kirkby and attacked doorman John Dillon. Dillon was stabbed about the body, and in the arms and legs. This, police believe, was the catalyst that led to the hacking to death of Kirkby bully-boy, and all round bad guy, Stephen Cole.

John Dillon had been working at Brubakers that night with several other doormen who, according to Dillon, could have done more to help him when the attack took place. Bad blood had developed between Cole/Jenkins and John Dillon following the acquittal of Stephen Cole over the shooting of Tommy Cross. Cole had blasted Cross in the face with a 9mm handgun outside the Chaser public house on 20th August 1994. He was cleared of attempted murder on 8th August 1995; the scene was now set for a major showdown between rival factions.

Stephen Cole was a well-known hard case in and around Kirkby – not someone you wanted trouble with. Even though he was a bully, and generally disliked, he could have a fight. Cole was from a coloured family that lived in Kirkby. Things could not have been easy for families like this, growing up in Kirkby (Liverpool overspill) in the 1960s, when racism was more prevalent than at present. All the same, the Coles, like other coloured families in Kirkby, got on with it and fit in as best they could. In fact, Cole was a keen footballer who played for Liverpool reserves between 1978 and 1982, and had continued to play for local clubs.

As time moved on into the 1990s, Cole got involved with the club-door scene in and around Merseyside, with close friend Chilli Jenkins. Jenkins had worked on the Quadrant Park for Ged Starkey in 1991-2, as had John Dillon. Cole and Jenkins were now working on the Cream dance club, right next door to the club Continental (conti) where John Dillon worked.

Dillon worked for the Bennetts, who ran the Conti door. After the stabbing of John Dillon at Brubakers there were several stands-offs between Cole

and his mob and Dillon and co. at the Cream-Conti doors. On 18th May, 1996, police had to intervene as Cole and Jenkins shouted abuse at John Dillon while working on the Conti. Dillon had a fair size firm behind him that were more than a match for what ever Cole/Jenkins could muster. He was not about to back down from Cole and his associates. The next morning (Sunday 19th May) police visited John Dillon and informed him that they had received an anonymous phone call stating that Stephen Cole was about to shoot him.

According to the police John Dillon organised a call-out of doormen (some thirty strong) to go looking for Cole. Police patrols in Kirkby saw large groups of men meeting at Gino's wine bar in Cherryfield Drive, Kirkby. At 9.15pm a convoy of doormen began its run into Liverpool in a hunt for Cole. In the next 15 minutes, they stopped outside the Copplehouse Pub and Chasers, both on Long moor Lane.

The police car – way out of its area – radioed details of the eleven-car convoy and turned back to Kirkby. At 9.30pm a mob, between twenty and thirty strong, burst into the Farmer's Arms public house and attacked Stephen Cole. Cole was with his wife having a drink when he was smashed over the head with a baseball bat and hacked with knives and a machete, suffering horrific wounds. At 10.20pm Stephen Cole was pronounced dead.

A massive police hunt is now underway for the mob that murdered Stephen Cole, with all eyes pointing towards John Dillon.

On Wednesday 21st May, Lee Jones and I and two lady friends decided to go the Paradox nightclub for a night out. The talk in the club (and all of Liverpool for that matter) that night, centred around the Cole murder. Almost every doorman that came in the club was talking about it, and the likelihood of any reprisals. At the end of the night, Lee and I headed back to the flat Lee was renting in the Woolton area. Lee retired to his bedroom with his girlfriend while I fell asleep on the couch with mine. At about 6.30am I was a woken by a loud bang on the front door that made me jump to my feet. I immediately shouted to Lee that there was someone at the front door and by the sound of the knock, I thought it was the police. On opening the door my suspicions were right – it was the police. They barged in and now arrested the awoken Lee Jones, (who was later released without charge) for the murder of Stephen Cole. I sat back down on the couch with the girl I was with, while police carried out a detailed search of his flat. After about an hour or so of searching the police then took Lee away to a police station. A plain clothes detective looked at his watch and indicated it was 7.30am and that he was now arresting a Joseph Owens. Handcuffed and led away I said bye to my lady friend.

On arriving at the police station (not sure which one it was) and having been put in a cell and informed I could have a solicitor of my choice and

they would be informed immediately, I instructed the officer that I wanted Kevin Dooley and co. of Kirkby. I sat for about an hour or so in my cell until I was informed my solicitor had arrived. He informed me I'd been arrested on suspicion of murdering Stephen Cole and would be interviewed soon. Taken from my cell I was escorted to an interview room and introduced to two detectives, Christian and O'Brien. Christian seemed to be in charge and was asking most of the questions. Christian asked me to account for my movements on the day of the murder to which I did. He asked me would I be prepared to give a blood and DNA sample, I said yes. In fact, you don't have any say in the matter – if you refuse then it will be taken by force. After having obliged the police with everything they asked for, I was told I would be bailed pending an identification parade. The I.D. was to be held at Halewood police station in several days' time. The police informed my solicitor I was to come to Lower Lane police station in Norris Green, where the police would then escort me to the I.D. suite in Halewood. This I did, only speaking to my solicitor on arrival at Halewood. A sergeant Smith was introduced to me at Halewood and told me he would be overseeing the I.D. Smith, if I'm correct, was an Australian and came across as a nice friendly man. Smith explained how the I.D. worked and said if I have any objections to anyone on the I.D., I could have them removed. I surveyed the line of men for my I.D. and was happy for it to go ahead. Positioning myself in the middle of the line-up I was now ready for the police and witness to proceed.

The witness (and only witness) was Stephen Cole's wife Lorraine. She told the police she was confident she could identify a person she saw stab and murder her husband. A policeman at the end of the line-up now indicated the identification was now in progress. The I.D. is a two way mirror where the witness can see the 12 men on the line-up but you can't see the witness. Several seconds into the I.D. I heard a woman's voice say could she pick more than one witness to which the police said no, you can only pick one. She picked number one; I was number six.

The outcome of the I.D. parade didn't surprise me, and I was now glad it was over. I, like dozens of other doormen, got caught up in the dragnet the police had thrown over club-land. They were arresting anyone they believed was connected to (or knew) John Dillon. If I'd stabbed and murdered Cole then why didn't his wife pick me out? Shortly after this time, John Riley had been also arrested, and was in fact charged with murder. According to the police, Lorraine Cole had identified Riley, who was well-known to the Cole family, as he had supposedly stabbed her husband.

Another person arrested and charged with murder was, Robert "Evil Roy" McCarthy. Evil Roy's car had been spotted in the convoy of cars that left Gino's wine bar and made their way towards the Farmer's Arms. A very observant policeman noted down several of the car number plates,

Evil Roy's being among them. On arrest, Evil Roy admitted he had been in the Farmer's Arms, but only as a peace-maker, not a killer as the police claimed. Cole had threatened Evil Roy that day. He had driven past Evil Roy's house in Kirkby and pointed his fingers at him, as if he was pointing a gun. Evil Roy told police he'd only gone down to the Farmer's to sort things out, trying to prevent trouble. The police still charged him with murder.

The spotlight now turned on John Dillon. Police had uncovered the fact that on the day of the murder John Dillon had made roughly sixty phone calls from his house to various doormen, friends and associates. The police believed John was organising the 'call out' that was later to hunt down and kill Stephen Cole. Police now set their sights on those John had called. Wayne McLean, Andrew 'Blakey' Blakemore and all the Bennetts, were next to be dragged in by the police. In addition, due to the wide-awake copper who had taken down car number plates, the murder squad started rounding up other suspects. These were Jimmy 'Genie' Cook and Ian Archer.

Once the police had all these in custody, they set about questioning them about their whereabouts on the day of the murder. Those John Dillon had phoned had not committed an offence because someone had called them, neither had those police believed were in a convoy of cars, on the way to commit a murder. The police are the ones who have to prove things, not the other way round. What the police do/did was to get everyone in, then try to break whatever alibis they might have. They then tried to place them at the scene of the crime. A phone call or a car being in a convoy doesn't prove you murdered anyone. All those arrested were bailed pending further enquiries.

Several weeks passed and all those arrested thought that would be the end of it, with some even going on holiday. Then something unexpected happened. A girl called Joanne Clark made a statement to the police that she was drinking in 'Gino's' wine bar when she saw John and Paul Dillon, the Bennetts, Wayne McLean, Tony Stapleton, and Andrew 'Blakey' Blakemore. With this new witness coming forward, all were re-arrested and charged with 'conspiracy to cause grievous bodily harm'. Now why Joanne Clark did this still remains unclear. She was at one time the girlfriend of Paul Dillon, and was at least on friendly terms with those she then accused.

A car spotted in the convoy was registered to an Ian Archer, but Archer had sold the car to Ray Navarro. On arrest, Archer informed the police that he had sold the car to Ray Navarro, with Ray being subsequently arrested. Ray hadn't sent the logbook off to be changed, so the car remained in Archer's name. This put Archer in a very awkward position but if he had an alibi for that night, and maintained he had sold the car to a person or persons unknown, he could have got out of this tight corner. He didn't have an alibi, panicked, and threw Ray to the police. Remember, this was a

murder investigation and someone without insider knowledge of how the system works can't be blamed for losing their bottle. Ray was charged with conspiracy to cause grievous bodily harm, and remanded in custody with all the others.

John and Paul Dillon, Wayne McLean, Ray Navarro, Tony Stapleton, Andrew 'Blakey' Blakemore and Jimmy 'Genie' Cook were now all remanded in Walton jail, on conspiracy charges. Facing the same charge were the Bennett brothers – Tommy, Wayne, Joey, and Jason. John Riley and 'Evil Roy' were on murder charges. Things weren't too bad for the lads in Walton, as they knew one or two screws who came into the clubs they worked in. These made sure the lads were looked after and always got access to the gym. I myself had heard no more from the police regarding the allegations against me, and haven't up to the present day. The lads in Walton hadn't been in there very long when Riley and 'Evil Roy' got bail on the murder. This was due to their not being served legal papers within the prescribed limits set by law. They were automatically given bail, which then paved the way for the rest of the lads to apply to a judge in chambers and get released on bail. All those released had conditional bail, the condition being that they had to reside outside of Liverpool. Wayne McLean was bailed to an old friend's house in Birmingham, while John Dillon, Ray Navarro and Jimmy Cook were bailed to Denbigh. This was to the home of ex-Kirkby man John Broady. Broady was living in a farmhouse, and tended a pack of hounds belonging to the local hunt. John Broady is a good man, always there for his friends whenever they need him.

The trial date was set for November 1997, at Preston Crown Court. I was at this time in Strangeways jail, on charges of threatening to kill Tommy Wynn. I hadn't yet been charged with George Bromley's murder. On the day of the trial, there was a lot of legal wrangling, as well as plea-bargaining. Their case against some of the lads was very weak, and Joanne Clark had been more or less discredited as a liar and a crank. This cuckoo was a manic-depressive and had been on all types of medication. The Crown knew they couldn't rely on her evidence, with even the judge rebuking her. With this, the prosecution decided not to call her, but then were left with a very weak case against several of the lads. The prosecution dropped some of the charges to violent disorder, with the possibility of 2-4 years on a guilty plea. Blakey, The Genie, John and Paul Dillon accepted this, while Wayne McLean didn't. Wayne was about to until the excellent John Brown intervened, telling Wayne to hang on a little bit longer. John Dillon was sentenced to four years. Paul Dillon three years. Jimmy Cook got eighteen months, but that was later reduced to nine months, and Andrew Blakemore received three years. Due to John Brown's skilful manoeuvring, charges were dropped on Wayne McLean and Tony Stapo. Ray Navarro had been offered the same deal as Dillon and co, but held out in the belief that Ian



Archer wouldn't be turning up to give evidence against him. Sadly, Archer did turn up and gave evidence against Ray. Ray was convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

On 5th December, 1998, John Riley and Robert 'Evil Roy' McCarthy were found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment. Afterwards, the elfish Detective Superintendent Russ Walsh, who led the inquiry, described the case as a "barbaric slaughter". He said – "We will not tolerate the gratuitous use of violence by any members of the public and will diligently pursue anyone who resorts to this type of behaviour." Det Supt Walsh praised Mrs Cole for her "strength and dignity", saying he hoped she and her two daughters would be able to rebuild their lives. The police came under criticism from the judge for not preventing the murder in the first place. Had the police continued to follow the mob and not turned back when supposedly out of their area, this murder might not have happened.

At the time of writing, John Riley and Robert McCarthy remain in prison. Since conviction, they have consistently maintained their innocence.

## Chapter 26

# Premiere

As things seemed to be picking up for Lee, he was asked by the newly formed Premiere security. This was a security firm set up by Kevin Dali and Tony Rimmer. Also on board with them was Danny Hodgson, Joe (ponytail) Mac from Aigburth and Peter Littler from Widnes. Now Kevin and Tony, I believe, asked Lee to come on board and amalgamate Rio's and the Garage into the growing Premiere Empire. Lee agreed to this, and even started invoicing Rio's and the Garage through Premiere. Now I had no problem with this except that I was doing all the fronting on the door of the Garage, especially the trouble-happy Breakfast Bar. I said –

“Come on Lee – there are so-called directors, or people on board with Premiere, who aren't doing a thing regarding trouble at the Garage. I front the door every weekend, having guns and god knows what else shoved in my face and expect a little bit more respect.” Don't get me wrong, all the lads working the Garage put themselves on the line but I was the brains and leadership behind it all.

Tony Rimmer and Kevin Dali started coming down on the odd Sunday morning and things seemed to calm down a little at the Garage. All the same, I believed I was worth my weight in gold and should have been brought on board, not just treated as a foot soldier. Anyway, Premiere refused to accommodate me and I gave Lee an ultimatum – bring me on board or I walk. Without me, Lee Jones could not have run the Garage, and he knew it. Moreover, no one else would have stepped in to help him. He asked Premiere one more time and they refused – why they did so I will never know...

Lee decided to keep the Garage, Rio's and the newly acquired Ferraris and break away from Premiere. Premiere security's response was muted – we heard no more from them. Shortly after Lee's departure from Premiere, they took on my old friend John Hornsby. Since the trouble at the Venue with him, we had more or less sorted our differences out, and were on speaking terms but not over-friendly. This was, once again, about to come to an abrupt end. Lee now going his own way in the field of security, started thinking he was something he never was. Lee, Paul Parker, Lee's sister and boyfriend James, decided to go the Paradox on a busy Wednesday

night. Now the Paradox was run by Premiere security and we were not really sure what reception we could expect, as Lee had split from them. Anyway, in we went and were met at the door by Tony Rimmer, John Hornsby and several other doormen. We exchanged pleasantries but there was a distinct chill in the atmosphere. I don't think Premiere were happy that Lee had taken back The Garage and Rio's. In we went to the club and walked up to the bar to get a drink. Kevin Dali approached us and put his hand out to shake Lee's as a gesture. It was at that moment that Lee made the stupidest move he could have.

He head-butted Kevin and the two of them fell to the floor. They both rolled around on the floor, and Dali started to get the better of him. Lee, realising this, bit Dali's lip off. Dali managed to get to his feet and ran to the lads on the door. I immediately said to Lee, "What the fuck did you do that for?"

Before I even got a reply in they all came: Rimmer, Hornsby, Dali and between ten and fifteen other doormen behind them. I thought to myself 'we're fucked!' I am not too sure of the course of events that followed. I recovered consciousness being carried out by James and Paul Parker. Now don't ask me how but Lee had managed to escape out of the fire exit. Apparently, Lee had been rugby tackled by Tony Rimmer, who had proceeded to stab a broken bottle into his head, right next to his good eye.

Finally getting myself outside I met up with Lee. He was bleeding heavily from a massive head wound – losing lots of blood. We jumped into a taxi and headed to Fazakerley hospital. Had the bottle just been an inch or two to the left, he would have almost certainly been blinded. At the hospital, Lee was growing very weak and lapsed into semi-consciousness. In addition, who should arrive at the hospital but Hornsby and co, with Kevin Dali in a bit of a bad state. Part of his lip had been badly bitten by Lee and he was in need of surgery. Both parties just stared and threw insults at each other, with police arriving shortly afterwards. I was quite badly beaten up but nothing I'd not had before. I have been in fights all my life and I'm quite used to giving and receiving beatings – this was no exception.

Paul Parker, James and I sat in the waiting room of the hospital holding on until Lee emerged and we could make our way home. Premiere waited likewise for Dali. It was getting rather tiresome listening to Hornsby saying, "That's twice now Owens."

When Lee was finally released, he had over a hundred stitches in his head, and was quite lucky Tony Rimmer had not blinded him. We left the hospital and all retired for a good night's sleep.

Why Lee had kicked off in the Paradox (the other two were not fighters by any manner or means), I will never know. I have since made up with

Premiere, and hold no grudges. They did what any friends would have done, when their pal was attacked in this fashion. This was not the end of the feud with Hornsby though, but rather the real beginning of it.

The breakfast bar was not the only night of problems at the Garage, Thursdays were even worse. The Thursday nights were called 'Buckets of Bud Night'. You would hand over a ten-pound note and get a bottle opener and a bucket with 10 bottles of Budweiser in it. Most of the people on Thursdays were either penniless students who came for the cheap booze, or white trash. The trash would finish their bottles and sling them over their heads and onto the dance floor. And yes, people did get hit on the head by them. Now why they didn't just put them back in their buckets or back on the bar is beyond me.

To give you an insight into the mentality of the white trash that frequented the Garage on a Thursday night, I will relate a depressing story. Three students came in on the 'Buckets of Bud' night, one of them blind. They sat the blind guy down while one went to the bar and the other to the toilet. This left the blind guy sitting all alone. It didn't take too long before the white trash noticed this, as well as the fact that he was blind. One scumbag went over to the blind guy and sat next to him, while removing his own shoe. He then waved this obviously smelly shoe under the nose of the blind guy and held it there. This was to the great merriment of his friends. The blind guy obviously sensing something wasn't right moved his head from side to side to avoid the stink from this rat's smelly shoe. After several minutes of this, and no sign of his friends, the blind guy was beginning to get distressed.

Returning from the bar with the drinks his friend now realised what was happening. He immediately informed me, drinks still in his hands, what was going on. As I ran over to put an end to this horror. I witnessed with my own eyes the cruel delight this piece of shit was taking in tormenting a blind man. Never have I witnessed such a despicable spectacle.

Running over as fast as my legs could carry me I kicked this low-life in the face and put him to sleep. I have seldom, before or since, enjoyed dishing out the ultra-violence as much as I did to this dog. If I wouldn't have put him to sleep I would have enjoyed giving him pain, and plenty of it, as Terry O'Neil would say. This was the type of vermin we had in this club and they never got respect. I tried my best to persuade the now very distressed blind guy to stay and have a drink in the club, even putting a doorman where they sat, but to no avail. The trio left, their night out ruined.

Another interesting incident was a heavily pregnant girl who was off her head on ecstasy, trying to hit Wayne McLean over the head with a bottle. Now I know she was pregnant, but Wayne cracked her one all the same. This was the type of scum who frequented the Garage.

Also, it wasn't long before the blacks (kidders) from Toxteth cottoned onto the Thursday nights, with free entrance fee and cheap booze. And yes, even with this you still had some causing problems. The main problem was smoking pot. I didn't mind them smoking it in a discreet manner, but no, they had to smoke it at the bar in front of the owner. So this put us in a terrible position. I then said to Barton, let's stop all the trackies – that might keep them away. In fact, the lads on the door were getting fed up with the same group of blacks causing us trouble, and one doorman even put a sign up saying, 'No Trackies OR Blackies'. It didn't last five minutes before the owner Barton took it down. Anyway, I enforced the no tracks policy and can you believe it, they came dressed up next time with shoes and smart jeans or canvass on. I said, "fuck me, what do we do now?"

Just when we thought we had enough on our plates, a mixed group of Chinese (triads), whites and some blacks turned up asking to come in. They were with Georgie Zito, a long time club goer and longstanding member of the Liverpool Chinese community, and someone I'd always got on with and respected. I told George some had tracksuits on and couldn't come in, but he and the rest of his party could go in; the others would have to get changed. He said ok. So George and co. went inside and the rest bugged off. About 20 minutes later a glass collector told me some people in the club had let some Chinese in through the fire exit. We bounced in: Joey Bennett, John Seddon, Chris Wright, and me. And lo and behold, who's standing there with George Zito, but the ones we'd knocked back with the trackies on. I immediately told them to leave, which they did. Outside the club the main Chinese guy says to me, "do you want trouble?" I said in reply, "I'll have whatever you want." I thought nothing of it, as getting threatened on the door is a regular thing. Off they went and that was that. Ten minutes later they come back, this time with a few more. The main one came back over to me and pulled an iron bar out from under his coat and hit me on the head with it. Another one did the same to John Seddon. I fell to the floor with this bastard whacking me on the head and I was really taking a battering. Joey Bennett and Chris Wright were involved in a vicious fistfight with several of the gang. Chris Wright had his hands full and had managed to kick a few in the head (Chris was four times world kick boxing champion), but the real break came when Seddo managed to get a bar from one of them. Seddo was a big man and he now set about getting into the main Chinese guy who was whacking me on the floor. My head was now badly cut on the top, and my hands and arms had also taken a beating, trying to cover my head and face. Once Seddo got the iron bar, the other members of the gang started to back off, and the one hitting me found himself all alone. With Seddo attacking him and the rest of the lads kicking and punching this little shit, he soon dropped his bar and fell to the floor. We then slaughtered the little bastard.

When the police and ambulance arrived, the Chinese guy had been carted off by his cronies and was never seen again. I was told I had to go to hospital, as my head was gushing with blood from all the gashes in it. I said no and was made to sign a form explaining I'd been offered help. This is just to cover them in case I dropped dead later on. I sat down in the doorway and felt physically sick. This club was beginning to get me down.

Another particularly nasty man who used to come into the Garage was a black guy called Negus. He was reportedly a Jamaican Yardie living in Toxteth. It is said he had eleven children. Negus was a strange guy to look at, with something about him I couldn't put my finger on. He regularly came into the Garage on Thursday night, always accompanied by white women. We knew he was a doorman somewhere in the town, but didn't know where. One particular Thursday night he came in with several white women. This night, he naturally assumed he didn't have to pay, as well as any of his entourage. As a rule, being a doorman he didn't have to pay, but some of his party would, as there was just too many to let all in without paying. He was told some of the girls with him would have to pay, to which he said, "no, they don't." Lee Jones said, "if they don't pay, then they don't go in, ok?" Negus took exception to this and fronted up to Lee Jones. Lee being the man that he was, he butted Negus. Negus then lashed out at Lee, only to be jumped on by John Dillon, Wayne McLean and me. Lee was setting him up for a textbook right, as we all laid kicks in, while trying to drag him to the floor. Negus was a wiry, slippery bastard, and very hard to keep hold of. Somehow, he managed to break free and make good his escape. Later on during that night, Tommy Wynn and John Mc came in and were talking to me and the lads in the club, when our old friend Negus came back, and not by himself. In he came, charging with several other black lads, some of whom I knew. When they saw who was on the door, they sort of stopped in their tracks and didn't know what to do. Several of the black lads with Negus, I didn't know; they continued along the foyer towards us. I shouted to the lads, "get to the front of the door," at which they did, followed by Tommy and John Mc. Some of the black lads had stopped dead in their tracks and didn't want to know. Some were still up for it, but bottled it when Tommy Wynn cracked one of them. Negus and co. decided to leg it and live to fight another day.

A few years later I heard a rather disturbing story regarding Mr Negus. A certain Toxteth black gangster, whose girlfriend was ejected from a nightclub by the doorman, received a bit of a manhandling in the process. Having ejected plenty of women from nightclubs, manhandling is all that you can do, when they have hold of your hair and are scratching your face off. The gangster took exception to this and enlisted Negus to teach this white boy a lesson. So, on one cold winter's night, Negus and co. found where the doorman lived and paid him a visit. Now I'm not quite sure

whether they kicked the front door of his house open, or the doorman foolishly opened it, believing it was someone else. Anyway, in they got in and proceeded to stab and beat this poor man about the head and body, while his terrified wife and kids took refuge in one of the bedroom wardrobes upstairs. After Negus and co. had finished with this poor man, who by this time was paraplegic due to all the deliberate stab wounds to his spine, they then went in search of his wife and kids. They found them huddled and in complete terror in a front bedroom wardrobe. Negus then dragged the wife out of the wardrobe, screaming and begging for mercy; he then set about re-arranging the defenceless women's face with his craft knife, leaving her scarred for life. Not content with his, this Mau Mau animal then set about kicking a small child around the bedroom, something I am sure would have delighted Jomo Kenyatta. All this because someone's girl got thrown out of a nightclub. I know what you will be feeling when reading these words, the same as me: complete HATE for this creature. I cannot believe that there was no racial motive involved in this. For such senseless savagery committed by Negus and co., death is the only answer for fiends like this.

Negus was finally caught after dropping a pager at the scene, which was then traced back to him. He is now serving 16yrs for this horrific crime. As for the doorman, wife and kids, they received a life sentence of pain and misery.

## Chapter 27

# Bromley Murder

**A**round about midnight on Tuesday 18th November, 1997, police came into the Club Continental, or Conti as it was known. I was there having a drink, and talking to the lads on the door who ran the security. The police pulled Joey Bennett to one side to talk to him. After about five minutes they left. Joey, who was working on the door at the time, came over and informed me the police had just told him George Bromley had been shot dead. This didn't really surprise me, as Bromley had upset a lot of people in his time, as well as taxing local drug-dealers. "Taxing" is the new name for an old racket – extortion. Criminals or drug-dealers kidnap other drug-dealers, threatening them and torturing them if need be. This is to 'persuade' them to hand over their ill-gotten gains. This can be quite a profitable venture for the taxman, given the huge amounts of money drug dealers make.

Bromley and his crew had the taxing game down to a fine art, using various methods of persuasion and torture. His favourite method of torture was an electric iron. He would order the unfortunate victim to reveal where his money was, or have the iron administered to various parts of the body. Once it was plugged in, most never waited for the iron to warm up before spilling the beans... Now some were not so forthcoming about the whereabouts of their loot, and needed the old deluxe iron applied to refresh their memories. Bromley was a sadistic bastard taking a great delight in what he did. In saying that though, he never sold or took drugs and only robbed people he saw were screwing-up the country. Anyway, the rights and wrongs of this conduct can be argued another time.

He'd not only acquired his fearsome reputation by taxing drug dealers, but from his overall viciousness in dealing with people who'd upset him. One such man was Jimmy O'Callaghan. O'Callaghan was popularly supposed to have IRA connections. He was generally regarded as some big hard-case – until he met George Bromley, that is. Bromley blamed O'Callaghan for setting him up when he was ambushed and shot in the leg. I never really got to the bottom of this story to learn who'd shot Bromley and why, but it involved a guy called John White. Bromley later blasted the bottom half of White's leg off with a shotgun in the Grapes public house in Kensington, Liverpool. The lower part of White's leg was left hanging by a



thread – he was very lucky not to have it amputated. In fact, years later I remember Bromley referring to White as ‘Skippy’, as in the eponymous 70s kids TV programme, because he now hopped like a kangaroo.

Bromley eventually caught up with O’Callaghan in the Malibu club on London Road, Liverpool, beating and cutting him to pieces. In the attack O’Callaghan was stabbed up the rectum leaving him permanently in a wheelchair with a colostomy bag. This was the sort of man George Bromley was.

Leaving the Conti shortly after 2am I went home. The next day, one of Bromley’s tax-men by the name of Tommy Wynn knocked at my house to tell me George was dead. I told him I’d already heard last night, when having a drink at the Conti. He also said it had happened in Charlie Seiga’s house and he believed Charlie had set George up to be murdered. I told Tommy I’d been at Charlie’s house that day (about two hours before the murder) and couldn’t believe Charlie would do such a thing. Anyway, Tommy told me to call around to his house and he would tell me more. At the time of his murder, George, Tommy, Charlie and I were all on friendly terms. We would drink together regularly. In point of fact, it was George who had introduced me to Charlie Seiga a few months earlier.

Later on that day Charlie’s brother Joe knocked at mine to tell me Charlie was still being questioned by the police over what had happened in his house the previous night. I told Joe to let me know as soon as the police released Charlie. Within an hour of Joe leaving, Charlie turned up at my house. He said he’d invited George round for some dinner, Charlie being an ex-chef. At about 6pm someone knocked on the door. He’d answered the door and a masked gunman had burst past him running straight through into the kitchen where George sat at the table. Charlie’s kitchen is directly visible from the front door and the gunman would have had no problem seeing George.

By this time – fearing for his life – Charlie had fled through the lounge, out of the patio doors and into the back garden, hiding behind some bushes. He heard shots but after several minutes of silence, believing the gunman had gone, he returned to the living room through the patio doors. Making his way into the kitchen he found George slumped on the floor. He was in a right mess, with part of his head blown away, but miraculously still alive – Charlie then rang the police and ambulance.

The emergency services arrived on the scene, with an Armed Response Unit securing the house to ensure it was safe for the paramedics. George was hurriedly taken away in the ambulance and later died in hospital. The police took Charlie to the local police station, not yet a suspect but a witness. He had all of his clothes removed, for forensic examination and was given

a paper-like boiler suit that the police issue in these circumstances. He was asked to give the police a detailed account of what happened and a description of the gunman. Charlie told the police the gunman had a mask on, and that George was at his home for dinner, which he was preparing. After several hours of questioning they said his story of a gunman knocking on the door and killing Bromley didn't add up. How come the gunman knew he was there? Why was there not a struggle between Bromley and the gunman? Charlie said he couldn't explain these things and that he'd told them the truth. He was eventually released on police bail, pending further inquiries.

I told Charlie about Tommy coming around saying he thought Charlie had set George up to be killed, and that he'd invited me round to his house to tell me more. Charlie then decided to go round to Bromley's house to see his wife and set the record straight. I enlisted Lee Jones to accompany us, just in case there was any trouble. Off we went to Bromley's in Lee's car, being met at the front door by Tommy Wynn, and another friend of George's. Tommy Wynn then said, "What have you brought Seiga around here for? He's the one who set George up to be killed!"

Charlie butted in, saying that was a lie, and that he was here to put an end to the rumours Wynn had been spreading. George's wife Debbie came out and asked us to leave. I said to Charlie, "Come on – let's go."

We then left. The police were still occupying Charlie's house taking it apart, bit by bit. They had obviously got it into their heads that Charlie wasn't telling the truth and somehow had something to do with Bromley's murder. We drove off in Lee's car dropping Charlie off at his brother Joe's. He was staying there whilst the police ripped his house apart, supposedly searching for clues.

Thursday night came, and Lee and I were working on the Garage door. Rumours were still flying round as to who ordered the hit, and who'd carried it out. Later that night Tommy Wynn came down to the club saying he wanted nothing more to do with what happened to Bromley and was staying out of it – he then left. There was a heavy police presence in town, with ARVs constantly driving past the Garage.

On Friday night Charlie, Lee Jones and myself went for a drink around the town centre. Talking to people about the Bromley murder I gained the impression the general reaction was one of 'good riddance'. Bromley would not be much missed, especially by those scarred, wounded or disabled by him. We ended up going back to Lee Jones's house and had further drink. Come morning, still the worse for ale, Charlie decided to go and confront Tommy Wynn at his home. This was to put an end to the rumours Charlie believed Wynn had been spreading.

Against our better judgement we foolishly drove to Wynn's house in Wavertree and knocked on his door. Opening the door he appeared rather surprised to see us. Before he had a chance to say anything Charlie started screaming abuse at him, calling for an end to the lies he was spreading about Charlie having set Bromley up to be killed. Wynn replied that we were out of order coming to his mother's house (we were). He said it wasn't just him saying this, the whole city was. A heated argument developed on the doorstep, with Charlie poking Tommy in the face. I remonstrated with Charlie and telling him he was out of order and that wasn't what we'd came for. All we wanted was to know if Tommy was saying these things and if so to stop him.

Tommy then told us that Eddie Kelly (another of Bromley's sidekicks) had a confidential police document – from a bent detective – with a list of suspects on it. We then forgot about Wynn and raced off to Kelly's. This, Charlie said, would establish his innocence. Into Lee's car we went, and drove off to Town Row in West Derby. Arriving at Eddie Kelly's we pulled over outside his house noticing he had electric gates with an intercom. Charlie pressed the buzzer and called for Kelly to come out. It was still only about 8.30 in the morning and he was still in bed. We all climbed over the gates and started shouting for Kelly to come out. Eventually he did, none too pleased. Charlie shouted he wanted to see this document, take it to his solicitor to prove he wasn't even a suspect, let alone a murderer.

Now unbeknown to us Tommy Wynn had phoned the police making an allegation that we had all threatened to kill him. He'd also told the police we were on our way to Eddie Kelly's. Armed Response Vehicles had been scrambled and were now on their way to Kelly's house in Town Row. Eddie Kelly kept trying to tell Charlie he wasn't on the list, but refused to give him the document. The next thing I knew was, an ARV was slowly pulling up outside the house the officers quickly disembarking. I told Charlie and Lee quickly but it was too late. The police shouted,

“Walk out and get on the floor! Get on the floor!”

Charlie, Lee and I nervously walked out onto Town Row, and then got down on our hands and knees, lying face down on the floor. By this time Kelly's wife had came out in her nightdress, and along with him, was ordered to get down on the floor.

More and more ARVs arrived, as did local patrol cars. The whole of Town Row was sealed off and people coming out of their homes were ordered back inside. It felt like ages we lay on the floor, while confused and excited residents were peering out their bedroom windows. Finally I was lifted off the ground and thrown into an ARV. Taken to Cheapside station in the city centre I was left sitting on a bench at the charge desk for what seemed an eternity.

An armed officer stood over me with a Heckler Koch MP5 carbine and didn't say a single word. I finally asked him what I was being detained for, receiving no reply. Some time later my solicitor arrived from Kevin Dooley and Co. He informed me I'd been arrested for threats to kill Tommy Wynn and things looked pretty bad. Now I found all this just too much to absorb. I was shocked that Tommy Wynn had made such a statement. Given the fact that he'd been up to his neck in crime all his life, I'd never have thought he would grass to the police. Anyway, he had and I now was facing serious allegations. I was taken to a room and interviewed by two detectives, who informed me and my solicitor, just exactly what Wynn had said.

Wynn alleged me, Charlie, and Lee had came to his mother's house and threatened to shoot him if he didn't stop spreading rumours that Charlie had set George up to be killed. He even told police I'd said, "You will get three in the head, like that grassing bastard did!"

He also told police Lee Jones had a gun sticking out his coat pocket during the incident. Charlie and Lee had been taken to other police stations across Liverpool and were having similar questions thrown at them. My solicitor informed the police that Wynn was telling lies and that I denied all Wynn's allegations.

The next day I was charged with threatening to kill Tommy Wynn, and appeared with Charlie and Lee at Liverpool Magistrates' court. We were all remanded in custody and taken to Walton jail.

Arriving at Walton jail sometime in the evening (this now being my third spell there) we underwent the usual admission procedures before being packed off to different wings of the prison. I managed to get to see Lee and Charlie on exercise, and also a few other cons I knew from previous jail sentences. Walton hadn't changed and the same dead-heads were incarcerated there, together with a large number of smack-heads.

We attracted a bit of a following while at Walton, with scores of inmates coming over and telling stories about being on the receiving end of Bromley's violence. They said how glad they were he was now dead. Some actually still bore the scars on their faces that marked their encounters with the man. We maintained our innocence to all inquisitive and joyful cons. We kept ourselves to ourselves resisting the temptation to hold court. We only discussed the case amongst ourselves. Prison can be a dangerous place for people suspected of murder... cons serving long sentences, and wanting parole, could go to the police and falsely claim you confessed to them. Any low-life prepared to stand in the witness box and commit perjury against you could gain an advantage at your expense.

My stay at Walton was cut short as I had a brother who worked there as a Prison Officer. Now under the rules of the prison, any family or close

relative of any prison officer had to be moved out of the establishment for security reasons. So I was shipped out and ended up back in Strangeways, in Manchester. Now I'd been to Strangeways before – back in 1983 – and quite liked it there. It was a very clean prison, something Walton certainly wasn't, and time seemed to quickly there. Strangeways was now more relaxed than in 1983, having suffered serious rioting in 1990. There were TVs in the cells of all those who worked. More people seemed to work in Strangeways than on my previous sojourn, and a calm relationship between cons and the screws prevailed.

I was first housed on what was known as the unemployment wing, and shared a cell with an armed robber from Liverpool called Paul Malone. He had served fifteen years on a previous armed robbery conviction, and was now awaiting trial for another. He wasn't a bad cell-mate and we always found things to talk about. He asserted he'd been set up by the police on his fifteen year sentence, and made the same claim with regard to the charge he was awaiting trial for. We would go out together on exercise, during those cold November days, and talk about our forthcoming trials. We gave each other hope, advice and encouragement. Paul was later cleared of the armed robbery charge he was on remand for, and proceeded with a civil action against Merseyside police.

On one of my court hearings in Liverpool over the alleged threats to kill Tommy Wynn, I returned to my cell to find Paul gone and a new cell-mate installed. He was a lad from Stockport, who said he'd been brought down from HMP Haverigg to give evidence at a forthcoming trial in Manchester. Now I don't know if he was telling me the truth, as he never got produced for court – or ever left our cell. He also refused to go out on exercise, and remained in the cell throughout. As quickly as he came he vanished. One day when I returned from exercise he was gone. I always wondered if the police had put him in my cell hoping I was going to confess. He was a strange guy that I never trusted him from day one.

About a week had passed by without a new cellmate being installed, when a prison officer came to my cell and asked if I wanted to move onto another wing, and work on the cleaners there. I immediately responded in the affirmative, and moved that day. I was taken to the fives on my new landing and padded up with a Manchester lad called Stringer. He was an OK lad, and we got on very well. My job consisted of brushing and mopping all landings on the wing, and I had my cell door open most of the day. Being on a wing where you worked gave you the right to have a TV in your cell. So, I got myself into a nice routine and time passed quickly. Others scousers on the wing I met were big Stan and a lad called Martin from Cantril Farm. Big Stan helped me out a lot when I first came onto the wing, with phone-

cards and tins of tuna. Such little gestures go a long way in jail and are appreciated by everyone.

Just before opening up one day to go down for breakfast, two prison officers from security told me I was wanted at reception and to come with them. I was wondering why, or if I had done something wrong in the prison, all the way down to reception. A detective and Operational Support Division officers were waiting in reception and looking my way when I arrived. I was then passed over to the detective and police by the jail security screws. The detective then said, "Joseph Patrick Owens, I'm arresting you for the murder of George Edward Bromley."

I was totally taken aback and said nothing in return. I was then taken out of the prison and put into a police van. On the journey back to Liverpool, the driver of the police van raced as fast as he could, sometimes driving through red lights with blue lights flashing and sirens wailing. In fact, he nearly collided with other vehicles about half a dozen times. I believe this was a psychological game they were playing with me in order to frighten and intimidate me before I got to the police station. It didn't work.

We finally arrived at Bromborough police station, on the Wirral. My solicitor arrived and informed me why I'd been arrested. I had left my car in the car park of Natterjacks nightclub in Huyton the night I had been arrested for threats to kill Tommy Wynn. According to the police it had been found with three men in it attempting to stage an armed robbery on a post office. Lo and behold, the gun that was supposed to have killed Bromley was under my driving seat.... I'd asked my solicitor to tell a friend in the court that day to move my car off Natterjacks car park. Being a lazy bastard he delegated the job to three small-time local criminals. This trio then went on to stage a bungled attempt at armed robbery using my car as the getaway vehicle! They hadn't even managed to begin the robbery before they were arrested by armed police. All three in the car denied to the police under questioning that the gun was anything to do with any them. They might just have been able to pull this off, were it not been for the fact that two hundred bullets fitting the type of gun recovered were found during a police search of one suspect's home. The police didn't believe their story about the gun and they were all charged with conspiracy to rob.

The police asked my solicitor if I was ready for interview. I replied in the affirmative. Escorted to the interview room I sat down beside my solicitor. The main interviewing officer was a female Detective Sergeant and a Detective Constable who'd interviewed me over the alleged threats to kill Tommy Wynn. They started the interview by enquiring about my movements on the day of the murder. I was asked if I could account for where I was and where I'd been. That morning saw me visit my parents' house, several

streets away, with a big bag of laundry I'd given to my mum to wash. Living by myself I still took my washing to my mum's. I then gave them an account of my whereabouts for rest of that day, and confirmed that I'd visited Charlie's house.

The police asked if I could account for the alleged murder weapon found in my car. I told the police I couldn't as I was in jail when it occurred and I didn't have control of the vehicle. The same lines of questioning continued throughout the day – my movements and the gun in the car. I could only reiterate what I'd already said, and finally the interviews concluded. An hour or so later I was charged with murder. The next day I appeared in court alongside Charlie and the one from the car who had the bullets in his house. All three of us were remanded in custody on the murder charge and we were taken to Strangeways. I was now upgraded to Security Classification Category A.

Being re-classified Category A meant that I was now issued with a passbook type document in which all my movements were recorded. I was accompanied any time I left the wing by several screws and an Alsatian dog. This security classification was initiated following the recommendations of the Mountbatten Commission on prison security. Mountbatten's inquiry followed a number of high-profile prison escapes that had caused a furore in the 1960s. The Great Train Robbers and Soviet spy George Blake are examples of such escapees.

The system devised classified prisoners as one of four categories – A, B, C or D. Category A prisoners were regarded as those for whom escape must be made as difficult as possible. This was due to their perceived dangerousness to the police or members of the public. Another reason why an inmate would be classified as category A would be if they were regarded as a threat to national security... Out of a total prison population of fifty thousand some five hundred or so were on the A list.

I was transferred to E-Wing, where a category A facility for the north-west of England had been established. A few prisoners on the E list (potential escapees) were also housed on the cat A unit. These wore a distinctive two-tone outfit of blue and yellow panels. Two of these 'bumble bees' were from Manchester, the third was a scouser, Bernie Flynn. Flynn bore a passing resemblance to Hailey Cropper, the transgender Coronation Street character. I could not help thinking of him as Hailey Flynn...

I heard a good deal about those who had been moved from the unit in recent months. Dave Taylor had been moved from the cat A unit shortly before our arrival. He had been ghosted out, just before the recent move, on suspicion of bullying. He had already served a fifteen year sentence for

shooting a security guard during an armed robbery. He hadn't received a day's parole on that sentence, having been involved in some serious violence. He'd broken the PO's jaw in Walton jail, and had survived being stabbed in the heart with a knife made out of a toilet brush. He was fair-haired, 6.3, athletic build. He bore a resemblance to Sean Bean, the actor who played Sharpe in the Napoleonic war drama. He now faced a string of charges – armed robbery of a jeweller's shop, possession of a loaded revolver, and shooting a man in the legs. The shooting victim had a leg amputated below the knee.

Dave returned to the category A unit after the murder charge against me had been dropped, and I had been released. He was acquitted of everything apart from possessing the revolver. He got five years for that, but the prosecution appealed his sentence as unduly lenient, and it was increased to eight years. Charlie was there when Dave returned, and was quite friendly with him.

Masheye and Kevin were also Manchester lads. They had been convicted of assault and robbery on a van delivering cash to a post office. The police had been waiting to ambush them, and Masheye had been caught at the scene. Kevin had then run back and sprayed the arresting officers with C.S. gas, enabling Masheye to escape. They were moved shortly after the move to the newly created unit. They later had their sentences reduced to single figures.

Peter Fury was an Irish traveller who was serving a long sentence for supplying amphetamine. He was a cousin of Bartley Gorman, the so-called 'king' of the gypsies, now deceased. Peter was, by all accounts, no slouch in the ring himself. The cousin though, was an old-style bare knuckle fighter who boasted that no man had ever beaten him. Peter was back in Manchester for a confiscation hearing and only remained on the cat A unit for a short time.

Van der Bosch was a Belgian confectioner who had despatched a consignment of chocolates to England. Bespectacled and middle-aged, his denials of any knowledge of the quantity of amphetamine concealed in the order had the ring of truth. At his trial he was acquitted – I don't know whether he returned to Belgium, or remained in the Lake District where he had been resident.

Slick was mixed race and serving life for the murder of a super supermarket manager shot in the head whilst opening the safe at gunpoint during an armed robbery. The interesting thing about his case was that he had been convicted – partially at least – on the strength of a cell confession. His cell mate was a registered police informant who had plied him with



drugs before recording his slurred and disjointed 'confession'. This was accomplished by way of recording equipment concealed in the waist-band of his trousers. Despite the collective conviction that all the cells were bugged, and directional microphones covered the exercise yard, this is the sole example I can recollect of any recording featuring in a case. Slick's conviction was quashed several years later. Innocent or not I don't know, but any conviction based on a confession to a criminal must surely be regarded as unsafe? Whoever was guilty of the killing, the most likely explanation was that it was unintentional and due to over-excitement in a rush to open the safe. No comfort to the victim's family though, even if the shooting wasn't deliberate.

There was a plethora of interesting characters and stories on the category A unit. Another person from Liverpool there was Ted Avis. Ted had been charged with conspiracy to import 120,000 ecstasy tablets from Belgium. His co-defendants were two pilots – who had not been cat-A'd – and Paul Ellis (from Birmingham) who was also on the Cat A unit. Paul was a former nightclub owner who had been previously been acquitted of murdering a recalcitrant customer at his club. The tablets had never actually arrived in the UK, having been seized by Belgian police in a hotel room near the airport. Arrested at that time was a Scottish convict on the run. The Scot had pled guilty in a Belgian court and been jailed for three years. Ted reckoned if convicted they'd get eighteen years here – this proved to be an underestimate!

Ted got a 23-year sentence, Paul eighteen years. Both later had their sentences reduced to 16 years on appeal. Oddly enough, the two pilots were found not guilty on all charges. The investigating team had overheard a conversation arranging a meeting at a Little Chef restaurant. The pilots, Ted and Paul were ushered over to a table where a recording device had been installed. The resultant transcripts were clear that something was being imported by air. Giving evidence in their own defence the pilots claimed to have been planning the importation of smuggled gold. Now if that was the case for the pilots (or could have been the case) then how could the others have been scheming to bring drugs? The differing verdicts seemed inconsistent to say the least.

Another scouser – Scotty O'Brien – had only recently been moved after being downgraded from category A status. I wasn't personally acquainted with him, but knew of him. Some of his co-defendants had been re-classified at the same time, others remained on the A list. These were three Chinese – reputedly triads – who had shipped the massive load of Thai sticks (high quality marijuana) that had led to their arrests. The Chinese had – all three – Anglicised their first names. So we had Michael Chang, Johnny Chung and Henry Wong in the unit with us. They were actually ok guys – Henry

was obviously the boss among them. He and Michael weren't speaking to each other – I think Henry had expected Michael, as a foot soldier, to take the rap. For his part Michael was disappointed by the level of support he'd received from the 'organisation' following his arrest. Johnny was stuck in the middle trying to remain on speaking terms with both of his countrymen... It emerged some years later that another of the accused in the case – Wolfgang Cadogan – had been involved in a case in the USA where he had plea-bargained his way to freedom. Part of his deal with the DEA was that he give evidence against the others involved in the case. They had been jailed for 100 years or so, whilst he'd survived to smuggle drugs another day.

Henry had been jailed in America for heroin smuggling. Each successful drug run had enabled him to purchase an apartment block in Hong Kong. However, all good things must come to an end and the operation had been busted. The sole evidence against him consisted of a fax that had been sent from a number loosely linked to him. His attorney had relayed the offer of a deal from the DA's office. A guilty plea would result in a ten-year sentence, and the seizure of his assets. Of this he could expect to serve perhaps seven years. The alternative? Putting his fate in the hands of a jury, and running the risk of a thirty-year sentence with a maximum of ten per cent remission. Seven years definite jail time as opposed to a possible twenty-seven, it was simply too great a risk to take – Henry took the deal. He said that the reality was far removed from the impression of the American penal system gained from the television. Whilst state prisons might be the hell-holes portrayed in the media, the federal prisons were far more relaxed and those incarcerated tended to be more intelligent and mature. Henry had become friendly with a Colombian drug baron and flew there to meet him after both had been released. Henry wore his gold Buddha with diamond eyes. He also wore his \$40,000 Rolex watch, which had been a present from a Japanese Yakuza boss. The Colombian turned up in a bullet-proof car with bodyguards when he saw Henry's Buddha and watch he exclaimed,

“Madre de Dios!”

In addition, he told Henry to hide them before he got them all killed. Life was cheap there: a ‘Sicario’ – teenage gang member – would carry out a contract killing for \$50... Henry was glad to get back to Hong Kong. The Colombian sent Henry a present: twenty-five kilos of cocaine. No doubt he was expecting him to open up a new market. Henry simply dished it out to his friends and colleagues, accepting it as the gift it ostensibly was. Moving to Canada, Henry resumed his former activities – and served three years in a Canadian prison.

Michael too had seen the inside of an American prison. He had been operating a string of successful jewellery stores in New York – he had also

been smuggling and distributing heroin. He too had copped a plea, surrendering his assets in an attempt to minimise time spent behind bars. He had been deported back to Hong Kong and become involved, at a low level, in Henry's marijuana smuggling operation. Michael was a funny guy. He had boiled and eaten eggs from a pigeon's nest – the bird had nested in an unused cell where the window had been left open. Teased about the Chinese eating dogs he had responded by translating an ancient Chinese proverb, "Eat everything with four legs except the table!"

Sam Cole, of Wavertree, Liverpool, was just nineteen – he had been tipped as a future champion until a diagnosis of diabetes ended his boxing career. He had turned to crime, and partnered up with Andy 'Shak' Shacklady. Sam had been acquitted previously of shooting two men in a drugs dispute. He had been charged with stabbing a black guy to death in Preston in a row over drug debts. He had been transferred from Walton, after displaying his boxing skills... He had made a major error by denying being in Preston that day before being confronted by CCTV footage showing him near the murder scene. Coupled with the inability of the police to retrieve the clothing he was wearing on the tape this left Sam with serious problems. He fully expected to get his 'L plates' – be sentenced to life imprisonment. In due course this was exactly what happened.

His erstwhile partner in crime – Andy Shack – jailed for life some years later, after a gun battle in a Skelmersdale Street left a Scottish drug dealer dead. He is, at the time of writing, hoping to win an appeal against the murder conviction, based on the victim being armed himself and having been killed by a ricochet. If successful this would leave him serving twenty-odd years for drug offences, plus whatever penalty was imposed for failure to pay whatever astronomical sum was demanded on his DTOA assessment.

Joe McNally, I'd known as a fellow doorman in the city. He had been serving a thirty month sentence for the possession of half a kilo of heroin when an old incident returned to haunt him. He had been in Buckley Hall – a category 'C' prison – when detectives called to arrest him. This was due to a deal that had gone down over two years previously. Joe had been at a boxing match in London when (60s gangster) Charlie Richardson introduced him to his brother in law. Joe had then started purchasing guns from this guy – Ged Gander. After several successful deals Gander had met Joe's courier at a motorway service station. This guy was a Scot, who'd become acquainted with Joe through his brother. The police had swooped on them and recovered seven nine millimetre automatic pistols, together with a large quantity of suitable ammunition. Gander's personal weapon – a loaded pistol – was recovered from the side compartment of his car door. The Scot had pled guilty and been jailed for eight years. Gander was convicted after a trial, and was jailed for 14 years for the exchanged guns. He received two

years consecutive for the other weapon, leaving him serving a total of 16 years. Over two years later the police had prevailed on the Scot to confirm Joe Mac's involvement. This statement – along with mobile phone records – was enough evidence to charge Joe. The final nail in his coffin came when – shortly before his trial – Gander also made a statement confirming his involvement. This was in an effort to have his sentence reduced on appeal. I'm unsure whether this was successful or not. Anyway, faced with this Joe threw his hand in – he was jailed for nine years on a guilty plea.

Dave Hill, Robbie Hughes and Kevin Kennedy from Speke (near Liverpool airport) were charged with Conspiracy to Rob. They had allegedly been part of a Salford-Liverpool gang (an unusual combination) that had specialised in robbing security depots. They had used HGVs – with battering rams welded on – to smash through the walls of these establishments. Once the walls were breached masked men would race inside, fire a few shots and grab bags of money. Two successful raids had netted something in the region of £1.2 million. An abortive raid in Poole, Dorset, had ended in the raiders hi-jacking a police armed response vehicle as a getaway car! The car had been recovered in London – the police weapons were found intact inside.

Others involved had been sentenced at an earlier trial. These included Loz Brown and Graham Dorian, both from Salford. They had been classed as High Risk Category A prisoners, and at that time, the procedure was to hold such prisoners in the Segregation Unit. For this reason I never met either of them personally. Two others involved had been with us in the cat A facility. Andrew Scroggie, from Birmingham, and Dave Fletcher from Bury – both seemed decent enough types. Scroggie was a qualified HGV driver who had been videoed driving the vehicle used in the Poole raid. Fletcher was a small businessman who had – according to the police – created and fitted the battering rams at his industrial unit. At the first trial Brown had got twenty years, Dorian seventeen, Scroggie twelve and Fletcher five.

A few weeks before the trial of Fletcher, Scroggie and the others was due to start Scroggie received an unexpected visit... From a police officer involved in the case. The cop in question – a Detective Sgt Kelly – had made himself very busy. He'd put the wives and girlfriends of those arrested under pressure, and had informed Scroggie's current girlfriend that he was still seeing the mother of his daughter. Now he would come up in the hope of getting Scroggie to turn Queen's evidence, there being little direct evidence against him.

The screw had informed Scroggie that a Detective Sgt Kelly was here to see him, and although he could refuse to speak to him, it might be to his

advantage to do so. Scroggie was fuming that not satisfied with disrupting his private life and trying to put him, away Kelly now had the nerve to try to turn him into a grass. Scroggie paced up and down before announcing,

“I’m going to go across to see him, and I’m going to knock him out!”

Someone said the screws would leather him if he did, after dragging him to the block. Banging out a visiting police officer was unprecedented as far as anyone present knew.

“I don’t give a fuck – he’s getting knocked out.”

Seeing that Scroggie was determined to banjo Kelly Jock offered a bit of advice:

“If you do don’t hit any of the screws. Deck him, then stop and stand back. Stay calm.”

“SCROGGIE!”

The screws had arrived to take him across for the meeting with his adversary. Opinion was divided as to whether or not Scroggie would do as he said he would...Within five minutes they had their answer – Scroggie was in the segregation unit. He had walked into the room and as Kelly stood up to greet him stuck one on him. Kelly, stunned, crashed to the floor and remained there. Scroggie raised both hands and coolly walked back to the door where two surprised screws stood shocked. He calmly walked off to the block giving the screws no opportunity (or excuse) to use force against him.

The Governor regarded the matter as too serious to be dealt with internally, and Scroggie was charged with police assault. He later pleaded guilty and had an additional six months added to his sentence. However, he was, in time, granted parole, which effectively nullified the additional prison time. He said later it was one of the most satisfying moments of his life when he hit Kelly full force and deposited him on the ground.

Kevin Kennedy had been extradited from the Netherlands, where he had been in hiding. Following his arrest the police then felt they had sufficient evidence to prosecute Dave Hill and Robbie Hughes. Those convicted at the earlier trial were shifted to other establishments before the new defendants arrived at the Strangeways facility. No doubt this would be in order to avoid collusion between the two groups of Operation Jaguar defendants.

Hussein Ege was supposedly the central figure in a conspiracy to import heroin – 30 kilos of it – into the United Kingdom. Unlu, a fellow Turk, was a co-defendant who vehemently and consistently denied involvement in the conspiracy. He claimed – and I was inclined to believe him – that he had

visited Ege to organise a different conspiracy... He had been given his telephone number by a fellow Turk who lived close to him in Amsterdam. This guy had assured him that Ege had access to large amounts of heroin in Britain – another Turk had a customer in the North-East of England. Unlu had hoped to interpose himself as a middleman. On his visit to the UK, to make arrangements for the future, Ege had been charm itself. He had taken Unlu out and about with him, then for a meal with the two Pakistanis charged along with them. He had also taken him to a Manchester casino, where they met with a Pole, Gregoz Koltun. Ege was captured on CCTV there kissing the Pole – who was simply a delivery driver. It was referred to on the TV news as ‘The five million pound kiss’. They had later visited the home of one of the Pakistanis – and it was there that armed police had swooped on them. A large quantity of cash had been recovered – and a Polish registered car recovered packed with heroin found in a nearby garage...

Koltun had been recruited in his hometown by a fellow Pole who was connected with both the Polish and Russian mafias... They had first met when both were purchasing jeans in Turkey for resale in Poland. The few thousand pounds he would have been paid for delivering the drug-laden car would represent enough money to buy a home or business. He could speak little English when he first arrived in Strangeways, but soon picked it up. He was concerned because Polish law was then – perhaps still is – that a Polish national being jailed abroad served the same sentence on his return to Poland for bringing the country into disrepute.

Ege had been in the UK for 14 years after being granted political asylum. He claimed – rather improbably – to be an activist of the left-wing group Dev Sol. He was a regular at a number of casinos in Manchester and Liverpool where he gambled thousands of pounds at a time. He drove a bullet-proof Mercedes, and had managers installed in a number of kebab shops he controlled. He told an interesting tale about being stopped by a traffic cop on the M6, while having £3 million in the car. The cop – according to Ege – had taken a thirty thousand pounds bribe to let him go on his way. Ege addressed almost everyone as ‘Uncle’, and of course was nick-named this by the lads on the wing. In Turkey calling someone Uncle was a sign of respect – Ege even addressed the prison governor thus. Listening to Ege in full flow was almost surreal at times. He had buttonholed the governor over a complaint about the staff, “I am king Uncle, you are big king. These people are no kings, Uncle, these people no good! Thank you very much, Uncle!”

One night Ege rang the emergency bell in the early hours of the morning – he told the night screw that he’d had a nightmare about his son being badly injured. To calm him down and reassure him the screw agreed to call

his home and check on the boy's welfare. He returned to tell Ege that he'd spoken to the babysitter, and the kid was safely tucked up in bed. Ege thanked him profusely and went back to sleep.

The corollary of this occurred two days later. When Ege launched an attack on his wife at visiting time. The 'nightmare' had been a ruse to discover whether or not she had been at home. When their case eventually went to court the two Pakistanis turned Queen's evidence on their Muslim brothers. Ege got 25 years, Koltun and Unlu 14 years each.

As might be expected there were quite a number of Manchester lads there. Malachi Reynolds was still a teenager. A member of the Gooch gang, he had previously been acquitted of a shooting and also the possession of a firearm. He was now charged with pointing a sub-machine gun at a patrolling police officer who had challenged him. He later received a 10-year sentence for this offence. There were another two members of the same gang there too. Piggy and Mo were charged with conspiracy to murder. A certain mobile phone had received a call from the proprietor of an Indian restaurant – he was having trouble with a customer who regarded his takeaway as sub-standard...The irate customer was a black youth in a bandana who uttered 'gangsta' type threats. Shortly afterwards a car pulled up and the occupants shot the disgruntled curry-eater in the head. A police search of the victim's home revealed thousands of pounds in cash – unusual in a teenager's bedroom. The police case theory was that the restaurateur was receiving 'protection' from the Gooch, and had called Piggy when a problem had arisen. Both Piggy and Mo were still teenagers – Piggy had previously been acquitted of shooting two members of the Longsight Crew, a rival gang. They were eventually acquitted on the conspiracy charge. A couple of years later Piggy got eight years jail for kidnapping and possessing a sub-machine gun.

Another Manchester firm on the unit were the Adetoro brothers and Gary Shearer – they had another two co-defendants too. Buzzer was well over six foot, stocky and of mixed race. His girlfriend's brother Andy Pollitt was the final alleged gang member. They were all charged with conspiracy to rob, following a series of bank and security van raids in and around Manchester. Shearer was the son of a well-known Glasgow villain who had moved south. He had previously served an eight year sentence for manslaughter when two people were shot dead at an afro-Caribbean festival. There had been some legal quibbling which meant the charges had been reduced from murder to manslaughter. All were from the Cheetham Hill district – it was said in the city that a racially mixed 'firm' was usually from that area. Polly was merely a car-thief who had supplied vehicles. He was shell-shocked when he was convicted and sentenced to 12 years. The others got between 25 and 17 years for their roles.

Interestingly enough, present at the scene of Shearer's double killing was 'White' Tony Johnson. He was later gunned down following a dispute over the proceeds of a security van robbery. Some of the notorious Noonan brothers were acquitted of his slaying; he was 21 when he died. He was the son of Mrs Winnie Johnson, mother of Keith Johnson who was one of the child victims of moors murderers Ian Brady and Myra Hindley. The Adetoro brothers – David and Adeshgun (or Sheg) – had another brother Tunde. He was on the run for a separate series of armed robberies. He made headlines when he was given several life sentences after firing an AK47 assault rifle at pedestrians in a vain attempt to avoid pursuing police cars. They had been chased back along the M6 on their way to (or from) a robbery in the Lake District. On reaching Rochdale, and being unable to shake off the police, he had started firing the rifle wildly, wounding several passers-by.

Shearer was the type of guy who, a hundred years ago, would have been out building the empire. Now he consciously regarded himself as one of the 'Hip Hop Generation', modelling himself on the gangster rappers from the American ghettos. The gang culture – and the guns – just like the dress and music – were cultural imports from the USA. The tragedy was that lives were ruined – or curtailed – in emulating that lifestyle. He was proud of the fact that he had never signed on the dole or received treatment on the NHS. He expected to pay for everything – and obtained the funds for this from crime. He was wearing a Rolex watch by the time he was 16.

Anthony Toby was also from Cheetham Hill. He was accused of conspiracy to import cannabis from Spain – his co-accused was the son of one of the early winners of the national lottery. His uncle had already admitted his guilt in the case. Toby had – a couple of years previously – transferred £1 million from a Hong Kong company into a Swiss bank account. The bank only issued a statement of account once a year. As ill luck would have it the statement arrived the day before he was arrested – he ripped it up and tossed it in the bin, and the police discovered it there. Consequently the funds in the account had been frozen by the Swiss authorities. His Ferrari car had been sold by Customs (to avoid storage costs), so he wasn't a happy bunny. He had previously been acquitted over the shooting of a club doorman, and had served a short sentence for theft. This charge had been robbery originally and related to the snatching of a bag containing takings from a shop. Toby was found not guilty on the drug charges, and got bail on the money-laundering charge, which was later dropped. He got his million back, and was compensated for his Ferrari. I heard some years later he was on £250,000 bail on firearms charges.

Dave Annal – 'White Dave' – had been Toby's co-defendant on the theft/robbery charge years previously. He was now accused of a conspiracy



to import cocaine, and money laundering. He was married to a Jamaican woman. His fellow alleged conspirators were Delroy Bailey and Donovan Hardy. Dave's brother and several others were named as co-conspirators, but not indicted. This was because they had all already been sentenced after pleading guilty to various charges during the conspiracy period. All were later convicted and received sentences of between 25 and 14 years. They had been introduced to undercover customs officers posing as bankers by an American contact that had been 'turned' by the DEA.

Ricardo 'Rico' Hynds was a Jamaican Yardie who had been convicted of gunning down another Jamaican in London. Jailed for life, his original tariff (set by the trial judge) was 15 years. Home secretary Michael Howard had increased the tariff – or minimum time to be served – to 30 years. He was suspected of another seven killings in Jamaica, including the murder of a police inspector. He was a cut above what I imagine to be the calibre of the average Yardie. He was very much a political animal, a fanatical supporter of the PNP, the People's National Party. This was a left-wing outfit and government in Jamaica alternated between them and the Jamaican Labour Party. The JLP – according to Rico – were a clique of CIA stooges who deserved to be 'smoked'. He claimed that when the JLP got into power they placed the PNP's 'soldiers' on wanted lists. This led to an exodus to the USA and UK – these yardies then became involved in the drug trade to survive. Doubtless there was an element of truth in what he said, but I've no doubt the PNP when in government used the same strategy against the JLP's gunmen.

Andy Brown had been the proprietor of a garage near Manchester – and he had been having large amounts of cannabis delivered there. Caught red-handed, he had pleaded guilty and been sentenced in record time. Within five weeks he was serving a five year sentence. Because of a combination of his first offender status, his (comparatively) low sentence and his co-operation he had been re-classified category C, and was awaiting transfer. He was working as a cleaner, and was on friendly terms with the screws. This led to dark mutterings about him being a 'grass' – I'm bound to say though that I think such suspicions were without foundation.

Lillie had worked alongside me on the door at Mr Smith's in Warrington. I spied him when we were out on exercise, through the wire mesh that enclosed the cat A exercise yard. I shouted a greeting across, and he waved an acknowledgement. I had heard that he had been arrested on drug charges, but was unaware that he was being held in Strangeways. A few days later he was cat A'd, and appeared on the wing with his co-defendant Sully. Sully was short, ginger and running to fat. Lillie was six foot – and about 20 stone. He had been heavily involved in body-building, and had scoffed a lot

of steroids. He had also corrupted a dwarf who was prescribed human growth hormone – he sold his supply to Lillie! They had been arrested when his runner – a fellow body-builder he had attended school with – had turned informer when caught moving drugs. The police already had him under surveillance – and had planted a listening device in his flat. The resulting tapes included his marathon sex sessions with a variety of females. Telephone intercept evidence cannot be used in British courts. The police involved in Lillie's case had ensured that the bug had been placed close to the telephone – this got round the prohibition on using telephone intercept evidence. Released on bail, Lillie had fled during his trial when he perceived strong bias against him on the part of the judge. He had fled at first to Spain, then to Tenerife. He had been spotted there by a policeman who had been at school with him. The island was sealed off, but Lillie reportedly still managed to escape – disguised as a burqa-wearing Muslim woman... Rumours next placed him operating out in the Far East. As far as I'm aware nobody has heard anything of him since the Tsunami struck at Christmas 2004.

Popeye Joyce had been charged with false imprisonment, firearms offences and robbery. His uncle – Johnny Ward – had already pleaded guilty to certain charges in relation to the case, and was detained in the normal prison system. Both were members of well-known extended Irish traveller families, long settled in the Manchester area. Someone on an adjacent wing shouted across to Lillie that there was a rapist hiding on the cat A wing. He further intimated that he should listen to a tape he would send across. That night when the food arrived from the kitchens a cassette tape accompanied it – surreptitiously passed from hand to hand, it ended in Lillie's possession. He was horrified by the content – it was the recording of the 999 call from the victim in Popeye's case. It transpired that while the uncle had held her partner downstairs, Popeye had raped the female victim while holding a sawn-off shotgun to her head. This had been her 'punishment' for spreading rumours about the Joyce clan. The news spread through the wing like wildfire and few people were surprised by what happened next. There was a kaffuffle outside with surgery screws at Popeye's door. He had slashed his wrists. He was removed to the hospital wing and we never saw him again.

Gene Gibson and Steve Hadfield had been arrested flying into the country – they owned their own small airline, and a suitcase containing 30 kilos of cocaine had been found in their possession. The case containing the drugs was listed on the manifest as consisting of 'control modules'. The customer who had supposedly ordered these had quite a history of dealings with their company. Over the previous couple of years tons of freight had been moved on his instructions. The unfortunate thing was that no independent evidence

of the customer's existence could be found... In point of fact the tons of freight were cannabis – but Customs jumped to the erroneous (but understandable) conclusion that the cargo had been cocaine. The cocaine movement was a favour for someone – and it has been said that no good deed goes unpunished. Anyway, they ended up with 25 years each and multi-million pound DTOA orders.

'Mick' faced several charges of armed robbery at various travel agents in Manchester. He, together with Pat Logan, faced a charge of shooting another Irishman in the legs in a South Manchester pub. Talking to them, Jock realised that the pub in question was managed by his wife's sister and her husband. They, being honest citizens, had given statements to the police but were very reluctant witnesses. In the event they did not appear. Pat, while maintaining their innocence, promised a payment by way of compensation. He also promised Mick that he would look after him if he pled guilty to the robbery charges. The prosecution were keen to dispose of the case by way of a deal, and would drop the shooting charge for a guilty plea to the robberies. In the event Pat didn't pay anyone. He was shot dead at his home the following year. His murder was featured on Crimewatch, but remains unsolved. I didn't realise in Strangeways that Pat Logan was Paddy Logan, of anti-fascist activist fame.

Wayne Hardy, from Nottingham, appeared on the unit soon after we arrived. He was only charged with a drug deal involving a few kilos of cannabis. Whilst he'd been on remand in Nottingham shots had been fired at a prison officer's house, and rightly or wrongly he was suspected of instigating this. He was cat A'd and transferred to Strangeways. His claim to fame was that he'd been one of the first people exposed by McIntyre the undercover reporter. I remembered the episode, but Wayne Hardy was a lot smaller than he'd appeared on TV with McIntyre. I recalled him boasting to McIntyre about a Rolex watch he'd acquired, "It's worth forty grand – but I didn't pay that for it!"

Embarrassing, no doubt, when watched in the cold light of day. He only received a three year sentence and had his security classification downgraded.

Frank Hughes and Tony Copeland were co-defendants on two conspiracies to import class A drugs. They were from Stoke and South London respectively. One charge related to 30 kilograms of heroin, the other to thousands of ecstasy tablets packed in wine bottles. The heroin had allegedly been brought into the country by an Irish lorry driver. He, his suspicions aroused, had ditched the drugs. When they swooped on Frank and the trucker they found nothing. Tony Copeland drove into the scene of the ambush and somehow managed to drive away without being stopped. Now this in all probability was just a fluke, but it meant that Frank was very

suspicious of him. Without the drugs they were all released on bail – the Irish lorry driver promptly disappeared. Frank and Tony, however, went straight back to work – and were soon loading the pill-filled bottles into a coach's luggage compartment. They had been arrested on the pills charge when someone stumbled across the concealed heroin and reported it to the authorities. Convicted on both charges Frank and Tony got 21 years each.

Joel 'Lucky' Gordon, Darren 'Daz' Walsh and Big 'un were teenagers. A co-defendant – Christian Brewer – for some reason hadn't been cat A'd, and remained at Lancaster Farms YOI. All were charged with the murder of another teenager from their area. He was white, one of them was mixed race, the others black. The victim, Craig Pearse, had been on friendly terms with them, and had been lured to Crumpsall Park. He had been stabbed and slashed repeatedly and his throat cut three times. The pathologist's opinion was that this had been an attempt to decapitate the victim... A size 14 footmark was imprinted on his chest. Now if a black kid had died at the hands of a white gang you'd never have heard the end of it – as the Steven Lawrence and Anthony Walker cases illustrate. How many readers are familiar with the name of Craig Pearse?

They had been caught because they had boasted about the murder to local girls – who had then made statements to the police. The victim's brother had started making his own enquiries as to the identities of his sibling's killers. He was ambushed in the street by a masked gunman, who blasted him in the legs with a sawn-off shotgun. Daz was charged with this shooting – as well as the murder itself. When the trial opened Big 'Un went downstairs to the segregation unit, having agreed to give evidence against the others. Lucky and Brewer were both convicted, and sentenced to life. The murder charge was dropped against Daz, and he was released on bail. Some time afterwards he was jailed for eight years for the shooting.

The sheer savagery of the attack, the wanton brutality, makes it difficult to believe there was no element of racial motivation involved. The reason behind the killing remains unclear, though drug-dealing debts or rivalries most likely played a part. The frenzied, protracted, assault is inexplicable in any logical terms. The victim, though white, was one of the brainwashed victims of black 'culture' (or sub-culture) that are so common amongst today's youth. Alienated from their own society and culture, they adopt the dress, speech and behavioural patterns of urban Los Angeles – as packaged by the music industry and media. Ergo, there would have been no cultural division between victim and killers – the distinguishing factor could only be racial.

Wayne McDonald was a well-known Salford character who had been arrested with three others, allegedly in the middle of a cocaine deal. A

search of the house he'd been living at revealed a silencer for a sub-machine gun; this was supposedly classed as a component part of a firearm. The situation was complicated by the fact that he was on the run at the time. He had jumped bail on a charge of supplying thousands of ecstasy tablets to two undercover police officers, one of whom was an Asian. His co-defendant on this charge had pleaded guilty; he felt that the taped conversations with the cops made the case unbeatable. The co-defendant had been sentenced to 12 years, so Wayne knew the starting point if he was captured... They had both been bailed on the supplying charge due to breaches of the recently introduced custody time limit regulations. He was acquitted on all charges, after getting bail again under the custody time limits regulations. The most recent news I had of him was that he was on the run after two nightclub doormen had been shot in Bolton.

There were a handful of prisoners on the unit who should in all probability have been detained elsewhere. Wayne Topps had been suffering from depression and threatening to shoot himself. He fired a handgun through a door as police officers tried to talk him round. One of the officers was wounded and Topps had been charged with attempted murder. He had spent several months in a special hospital, but had now been declared fit to stand trial. He was from Nottingham, and claimed to be related to the Topps family who owned the tile warehouses. He was a persistent self-harmer, and was often to be seen with bandaged wrists.

Chris Brand was another of this ilk. He had served over 20 years of a life sentence – imposed for the killing of a fellow prisoner. He claimed this had happened when the victim made sexual advances towards him. He had been dumped on the cat A unit after being thrown out of Ashworth hospital following repeated attempts to expose institutional corruption. He claimed to be the nephew of Billy Gentry, former partner in crime of John McVicar, the armed robber turned journalist. He got into debt gambling on the outcome of draughts games. When winning he had collected, now losing he couldn't pay. In the early hours of the morning he fashioned a makeshift weapon from a toothbrush handle and razor blades. He then inserted this in his anal orifice and twisted it round several times! He disappeared over to the hospital wing, never to return. The officer who discovered him, and who was assigned the task of cleaning up his cell, went off sick afterwards – and remained ill for the next few months.

Michael Steele had dark darting eyes – and an air of suppressed anger. An Australian, the story went that he had been caught walking round with his girlfriend's head in a sports-bag. He was also said to be wanted for a couple of murders in Australia – charges he would be extradited to face when his sentence was completed. He was unpopular both because of his demeanour and because of his 'fishing'. When drugs or any other contraband

were being passed from one location to another, via a system of lines swung from cell to cell, he would try to intercept the 'parcel'. Several of the lads made a pact that if he went for any one of them they would all attack him simultaneously.

Another prisoner who had killed fellow inmates was Brian Lee. Brian had already been told unofficially that he would never be released, and had already spent over 20 years in the prison system. He concentrated his energies on body building and fitness training. He had made determined efforts to harden and strengthen his right hand, until it was, in his words, "an 'ammer 'and." He was moved to Garth prison where he received official notification that he would spend the rest of his life behind bars.

As well as the mad, there were the bad – those prisoners held in the segregation unit for their own protection, on the ones and twos on our wing. Some were very bad indeed – Darren Vickers was one of the worst of the worst among the beasts below our feet. He had been a bus driver, and was awaiting trial for the murder of an eight-year old boy. The lad had gone missing and had been last seen on the bus Vickers was driving in Bolton. The disappearance remained a mystery until some human remains were discovered in woodland. Pieces of the skull were identified as belonging to the missing child, and Vickers was duly charged. The nonce's downstairs used the same exercise yard as us, but at different times. There were a couple of incidents when boiling water had been thrown from the cell windows. They were also spat on and cursed. Small wonder then that few of these loathsome creatures ventured out into the fresh air. Vickers was small and porky, with a bad complexion and a straggly moustache. His girlfriend believed in his innocence, and visited him regularly. She brought her three small children – all boys – along with her. Doubtless the reader will wonder at the mother's mentality – the only thing I can think to say in her defence is that she didn't appear to be the full shilling. Vickers' conviction was duly reported in the media, and he was shipped off to Wakefield, to rot behind bars for the remainder of his miserable existence.

Another monster caged in the segregation unit was the half-caste responsible for killing OAPs in Blackpool and the Isle of Man. He would strangle them before setting fire to their homes. I'm glad to say he hanged himself in his cell – and another one followed his example shortly afterwards. I'd like to think it was through guilt at the enormity of his actions, more plausible is the theory that it was down to a desperate desire to retain control.

I had been released some months before the arrival at Strangeways of the man now regarded as the world's most prolific serial killer... Dr Harold ("Call Me Fred") Shipman's appearance was relayed to me by lads on the

unit, whom I'd come to regard as friends. He had originally been charged with forging the will of a late patient. After being further charged with a couple of murders, he was cat A'd and shifted to Manchester. He wasn't located on the unit however, but was being held on the hospital wing. He met the other category A prisoners at visiting times but didn't face the same hostility as the cat A monsters, who were held in the segregation facility, on the ground floor of our wing.

By all accounts he had a wry sense of humour. Mick shouted to him on one visiting period, in his broad Dublin accent, "I've a terrible sore head, Fred – what would ye recommend for it?"

Dr Shipman said nothing but drew his index finger across his throat...

Jock had been in the hospital wing for a while and had got on fairly good terms with Shipman. He had beaten him several times at Scrabble, before the doctor started cheating, using all his difficult letters to create non-existent words then claiming these were medical terms. Discussing his case Dr Shipman told Jock he'd asked the same questions as his barrister had. He expected – if convicted – to serve 15 years of a life sentence. Getting natural life must have been a big shock to him.

There were many other interesting characters who arrived at the cat A facility between my departure and Charlie's trial. Some of these I knew of through him, others through other lads still on the unit.

Paddy Conroy was transferred to the unit after being stabbed in a fight in Whitemoor prison, in Cambridge. He was from the West End of Newcastle, and was serving 11 years for kidnapping and wounding. A rival gang had desecrated the graves of his father and brother, and had supposedly been planning to return to remove body parts. They then intended to throw these throw these through Paddy's window. Understandably irate, Paddy had managed to get hold of one of this other firm. He admitted giving the guy a beating, but denied the specific charge of pulling his teeth out with a pair of pliers. His father had been an old time villain and Paddy had followed him into the family business. All over Britain you'll hear stories of the Krays visiting various provincial cities – and being put on the next train back by some local villain. Paddy's father was supposed to have performed this office when they visited Newcastle.

Paul Massey had been extradited from Amsterdam. He was charged with attempted murder following the stabbing of a black guy from Sheffield. The victim had been stabbed once in the groin. He'd actually 'died' but the ambulance crew managed to re-start his heart. Massey and a couple of friends had been out with a film crew filming a documentary entitled 'Gangsters'. One of the parties had urinated against the wheel of a parked

coach. It turned out that the coach held a stag party from Sheffield – they piled off and that’s when the stabbing happened. The film crew wiped the tapes made at the time, and were charged with attempting to pervert the course of justice. Massey had fled to the Netherlands after spending his first night on the run in Preston, staying at the Railway Hotel. He was later jailed for 14 years – despite the victim denying Massey had stabbed him. His sentence was reduced to 10 years by the court of criminal appeal. However, he was later given another two years for threatening two police officers who had arrested him for drink-driving.

The Member of Parliament for Salford had been vocal in his opposition to Massey’s influence in the area. In revenge Massey had announced his intention of forming a new political grouping to offer local opposition to the Labour Party. He blamed this putative foray into the political field for the severity of his sentence.

Mickey Two-Strikes was a casualty of the laws introduced by the previous Conservative government which prescribed an automatic life sentence on conviction of a second serious offence. He had been convicted, when aged eighteen, of a section 18 wounding for hitting a guy with a pool cue in a pub brawl. Now in his thirties, he had hit a neighbour with a baseball bat during a violent dispute. Unaware of the new laws he had admitted everything when interviewed by police. Being left with no alternative, he admitted his guilt in court – and was jailed for life. He was the first person in Strangeways convicted under the ‘two strikes and you’re out’ legislation – hence he was christened ‘Mickey Two-Strikes’. He had accepted his misfortune philosophically – and was waiting to be moved to a special unit to be created at a London prison. This would be limited to those lifers sentenced under the two strikes legislation.

Gary Watts and his co-defendant were both young blacks, arrested for the armed robbery of a Manchester post office. The co-defendant had received an eight year sentence; Gary was another victim of the ‘two strikes and you’re out’ laws, having a previous conviction for possessing a firearm with intent. He was another member of the Gooch. His brother had only recently been acquitted of a shooting in which a member of a rival gang had been paralysed.

Two young scouse kids arrived on the wing. One was 16, his cousin 18. They had been charged with murdering a young father in Birkenhead. His body had surfaced in a local boating pond a couple of days after he’d been reported missing. It transpired that the episode was a street robbery gone wrong. The victim had been robbed of a few pounds and beaten unconscious before being tossed into the water. No sense, no feeling, as the saying goes... The elder of the pair pleaded guilty in an unsuccessful attempt to get his cousin – against whom there was little evidence – off.



Vincent Clay had been arrested over a highly publicised incident where a man's arm had been hacked off with a samurai sword. Vinny was 6'4" and had been an avid consumer of steroids. He had previously been acquitted – after a year in custody – of wounding several doormen, and gouging a club-owner's eye out with a broken bottle. He had served a three year sentence for firing his revolver in a hotel bedroom after arguing with his girlfriend. The arm hacking was a case of mistaken identity – the intended target lived two doors away. Even the local police were wary of Vinny. Two officers parked their panda car and walked into a fish & chip shop to place an order. A huge masked figure appeared as if from nowhere on the street outside brandishing a Stihlsaw. The giant proceeded to use the Stihlsaw to remove the roof of the police vehicle! The policemen no doubt had a tough time explaining why they returned to the station in a convertible... He had been arrested once dressed as a wizard trying to halt the traffic on the occasion of the summer solstice. He died in a hail of bullets a few years ago; gunned down by the brother of a businessman he had been involved in a dispute with. He claimed to have no fear of death. He was a believer in re-incarnation, and had spoken of suicide if convicted in the samurai sword case. It was a little-known fact that his father had committed suicide.

Colin Blundell was slim and dark-haired. He had been charged with murdering a bank worker in a late night town centre incident. There had been quite a media storm at the time, with licensed premises holding vigils and a minute's silence for the victim. He was also charged with stabbing someone else in an earlier incident that same night. He gave every impression of finding himself out of his league on the cat A unit, and pretty much kept himself to himself. He was eventually acquitted on the murder charge and received eight years for a section 18 wounding that occurred shortly before the killing.

Blisset faced trial for the murder of his step-father, who he had stabbed during a domestic dispute at their Salford home. It was a little difficult to understand what, if anything, distinguished him from the run-of-the-mill killers on the other wings... psychiatric reports perhaps?

Murad had been apprehended at Manchester airport attempting to enter the country on a false passport. In those pre-9/11 days this wasn't a particularly serious matter, perhaps one meriting six months in prison. However he was an Algerian, and there was a good deal of publicity about the bloody massacres carried out by the Islamist opposition in Algeria. When he arrived at Strangeways he didn't realise his treatment was anything out of the ordinary. None of the staff on the cat A unit could speak French, Jock could and they asked him to translate for them. The Arab was shocked to discover he was under suspicion of being a GIA (Armed Islamic Group) member, and went pale at the very idea of this.

Leggy and Tommy Pownall were brothers from Wigan. They were charged with conspiracy to supply heroin. They were part of the non-cat A influx that had come across to the unit on a voluntary basis. John, known as Leggy, was the dominant brother. He could have a fight, by all accounts, but had pulled a few strokes with various people. They had been associates of a notorious Bolton drug dealer who had been shot dead at his home. Billy Webb had lain gurgling in his own blood for half an hour – police wouldn't let the ambulance through until they were sure the gunman had left.



## Chapter 28

# Rio's and Garage Raid

Once Lee Jones and I were firmly behind bars awaiting trial, the police set about dismantling whatever club set-up still earned us a living. I was charged with the Bromley murder, and threatening to kill Tommy Wynn; Lee Jones simply with threats to kill. The police decided to raid both clubs – Rio's, and the Garage – simultaneously, though door staff at the garage were just searched and released. Luckily, for Lee and myself being in prison meant we escaped what awaited the lads that night...

At about 00.10am on Sunday 14th December, 1997, a team from the Operational Support Division raided Rio's nightclub. Ostensibly this was to execute a warrant under the Misuse of Drugs Act 1971. Peter Kelly, Terry Litz and Stephen (Skelly) Skelding stood at the bottom of the stairs at the club entrance. Wayne McLean and Robin Hector were standing at the top where the customers lined up to pay on first entering the club. Wayne heard a loud commotion – shouting and screaming. He saw Pete Kelly lying face down, being sworn at and hit with telescopic truncheons by police in full riot gear. He couldn't see where Terry Litz or Skelly were. The police charged up the stairs, shouting at Wayne, "Get on the fuckin floor Mclean!" at which point Wayne raised his hands in the air and started to comply. Before he could get down on his knees, he received several baton blows about the head and dropped to the floor.

"Murderer! Murderer!" the police were shouting, raining more blows to his legs and body. He then had his wrists grabbed and handcuffed behind his back. The police continued to strike Wayne with their batons about the legs and body one shouting to his colleagues –

"Look, we've got the murderer here!"

Wayne estimated he must have been hit a least 30 times whilst on the floor. He was dragged by the handcuffs into a cloakroom, where the beating continued. Eventually Wayne passed out, coming to while being lifted by the handcuffs into the back of a police van. Again the beating continued – torches were shone in his face before he was struck with them. When Wayne arrived at the main Bridewell, he was taken out of the police van and made to run a gauntlet of kicks and punches from a line of police. He

was finally taken to a cell and thrown to the floor, with some hard case copper then standing on his face.

Whilst at the Bridewell Wayne was searched, and the contents of his pockets placed on the counter. Prior to the raid Wayne had £100 in his pocket that was now strangely missing. The police also informed Wayne a package containing drugs had been found in his pocket. Not only had he been robbed of his money and beaten up, they were now planting drugs on him. He then went to see the police doctor.

After assessment by the police doctor, Wayne was admitted to hospital where he was a patient for five days. His injuries consisted mainly of a broken left arm, lacerations to his head, and bruising. His kidneys were also severely bruised and he was passing blood in his urine. His arm was operated on and a plate fixed in it. Except for the fact that Wayne was wearing body armour, his injuries would have been a lot worse.

The police account is very different: at about 10 minutes past midnight the OSD carried out a raid at Rio's nightclub pursuant to a search warrant issued under the Misuse of Drugs act 1971. Their task was to detain and search all of door staff working at the club. The police claim that when going up the stairs to confront Wayne McLean he became aggressive and abusive, and shouted

“Fucking come on then!”

The police say there was some kind of struggle with McLean, and McLean then attacked PC Watson. Yet the girl manning the cash till, Victoria Jones, has a different account to give. She says, “I was shocked and stunned by what was happening. Wayne hadn't done anything. He hadn't offered any threat to the officers.”

She notes that he was surrounded by police officers who continued to hit him after he was handcuffed.

Wayne McLean was not the only doorman to receive a bad beating, in fact, they all did. Robin Hector, Peter Kelly, (who, by the way, had knives and amphetamine planted on them), and Terry Litz were all struck with batons and repeatedly kicked and punched. Robin Hector, after being kicked in the stomach several times, protested to the police that he had a hernia, at which he heard another copper say, “Fuck him – throw him down the stairs!”

Skelly was also badly beaten, but additionally had an officer put his baton within a gold chain around his neck, and then proceed to twist it until he choked.

All in all, it had been a very vicious premeditated attack, with high-ranking police officers allowing the planting of evidence and the perversion of the

course of justice. I believe the assault on the Rio's doormen was an attack on me, and a warning to anyone else who thought they were above the law. The police saw me and all who worked for me as a threat that needed to be stamped out. With myself and Lee Jones in jail, and those who worked for us in hospital, or in hiding, they thought they more or less had things boxed off.

The end result was Wayne McLean found not guilty of assault on PC Watson and possession of a controlled drug. McLean then pursued a civil prosecution against Merseyside police. He was awarded £24,000 for wrongful arrest and imprisonment, and the injuries he sustained. Robin Hector and Peter Kelly were also found not guilty of possession of drugs and knives. Sadly, they both pulled out of a civil action against the police, in case it prevented them getting a future licence to work on the door. Terry Litz and Skelly acted similarly, for the same reasons.

Not too long before the Rio's raid, one had occurred at the Buzz nightclub in Skellhorn Street. Similar tactics were employed against the doormen and even against a black girl called Dawn, who worked as security at the club. Baton strikes, punches, kick and just about every form of brutality was inflicted on the door security. The only thing missed out was the planting of knives or drugs on them. All the same, they received a bad beating. John Croker, Paul (Walshy) Welsh, John Drummond, (a good lad who worked for me at the Hard Dock) Chris Burke, Russ Burke, John Whealand, Mark Howard and woman security Dawn. They, like the lads on Rio's, were all charged with assault/affray. Again, as at Rio's, the case against all the lads/girl at the Buzz failed, as a crucial club security tape went missing that would have shown who the real aggressors were. The police also had to pay out thousands of pounds in compensation, up to £30,000 in some cases, for wrongful arrest and imprisonment, and injuries received during the raid. With the police messing up at the Buzz, I think that is why they planted stuff on the lads on Rio's.

With 1997 now having passed into 1998 and with several court appearances behind us, I was convinced we would all be facing trial for the murder of George Bromley. This became even more apparent after the committal proceedings. On the day of the committal hearing, we had hoped to appear before a stipendiary magistrate called Paul Firth. This gentleman had, at a previous court appearance, thought hard about giving me bail, as the case against me was so weak. Except for the fact that I had violence on my record, Firth said he would have granted bail. Sadly, Paul Firth was not sitting that day but a Mr Ward was...

Charlie, Tom and myself were again brought from Strangeways to Liverpool Magistrates' court amid tight security. Our usual guards at the

Magistrates' court greeted us with hellos and smiles; they had now become inquisitive onlookers at a very high profile case. They also had a certain amount of respect for us, not looking upon us as common criminals. After being brought up the steps into the dock, I stared across the courtroom, scanning for family and friends. My dad and sister were there, as were Charlie's brothers Joe and Jimmy Seiga. Next, to arrive were Bromley's sisters and half-sisters. The police paraded them about the court dressed in black like grieving widows. They helped them into the family liaison area seats and offered them cups of water. Far from looking like grieving widows, they were more reminiscent of the three witches from the play 'Macbeth'.

I understand the police have a job to do, and strive to be impartial, but come on – neither Bromley nor his family were ever friends of the police. The witches of Eastwick sat there with heads bowed, in an obvious attempt to influence the committal proceedings. The court clerk asked us all to rise and give our full names and addresses. Having done this we were told to sit down. Prosecutor Neil Flewitt opened up the case with a detailed account of that dreadful day when George was killed, and how their investigation had led to our arrests. He then read out Tommy Wynn's statement, and emphasised how it was very significant as far as I was concerned. The police alleged I had said to Wynn, "You will get three in the head like that grassing bastard did!"

Now the reason why police claimed it was highly significant was that on the day I was supposed to have said it (22nd November 1997) the number of shots to the head had not been released to the public so how could I know this? In fact, George had died on Tuesday 18th November and exactly how many times he'd been shot in the head was printed in the Liverpool Echo of 20th November. I knew this 'significant fact' because I had read it in the Echo. I immediately informed my solicitor that this was a deliberate lie by the police, and asked for the relevant Liverpool Echo to be found and read. This was done, much to the embarrassment of the police. Only for the sharpness of my memory, this little lie could have sealed my fate.

My representative argued that my case now rested upon a single fingerprint on a newspaper and a statement from a convicted criminal. When all the arguments had been put forth, the magistrate retired to consider his verdict. I was almost certain he would come back and commit us for trial. No magistrate in the city (with the exception of Firth) would have had the guts to stand up to the police and throw it out. After an hour or so, Ward returned and we stood to hear his decision. This is what he said,

"I'm not saying I would convict you, but there is enough to go before a jury."

The various defence counsels (and ourselves) were dumbfounded. If he would not convict then why the bloody hell was he committing it? Naturally, the police and the witches of Eastwick were over the moon – figuratively speaking of course.

Back to Strangeways we went and resigned ourselves to the fact that we would be going to trial. Time passed relatively quickly on the Cat A wing, with interesting new arrivals every other week. Having had several sessions with my legal team, Mike Hogan, Steve Langdon, Peter Shire (from London) and the inimitable Julian Nutter, I gathered they were confident of my acquittal. On one bright sunny day in June, 1998, I received a letter from Tommy Wynn. In the letter, Wynn stated that he was no grass and would not be going to court. He also said we were out of order going to his mum's house that day (and we were) and that that was the only reason he had gone to the police. He was never going to stand in the witness box, and if he saw me about, he would have a drink with me. I rushed straight to Charlie's cell and with great delight informed him about Tommy's letter and its contents. We were both over the moon Charlie said, "They must have to let you go now."

"Yes. I think you're right."

Not long after this, sometime in July in fact, the CPS prosecuting QC David Steer and some of the police were having a meeting to decide the direction the case would be taking. This meeting was held on a Friday – a scorching summer's day. Mike Hogan had been keeping me abreast of developments and said he would call the jail should the case be discontinued. I waited impatiently, pacing the landing floor, willing that phone call to be made to the jail. Dinnertime came and went and we were banged up. I could not eat – the excitement of maybe being released was just too much. Then unexpectedly, Charlie's solicitor informed him the threats to kill case had been dropped against him, and the murder charge dropped against me. A screw had come to Charlie's cell and relayed his solicitor's message to him. He in turn asked the screw if he would just run along to my cell and tell me the news. This he did, and it was the best news I'd ever had in my life.

When we were opened up, I ran straight to the phone and rang Mike Hogan who confirmed what I'd been told. Not only was it right, but they were applying for High Court bail to get me released immediately. I waited and waited yet still no news came. Teatime was approaching and I started to get worried; unexpectedly a screw came up and said, "Get your stuff – you're going home!"



I hurriedly packed what I needed and gave the rest, like phone cards, away to Charlie. I said farewell to all my good friends on the Cat A, people who had been my family for the last nine months. Jock, Sam Cole, Ted Avis, Scroggie and even mad Topps.

Making my way through to reception, I bumped into a P.O. who was shocked by my release. He told me the delay in releasing me was because the prison had been instructed under no circumstances to let me go, and even had a special number to call should my release ever appear likely. He then asked in a snarling voice, "How have you managed to get out of this one?"

"Because I'm innocent – that's how."

I was then released, emerging to find my sister Alison and her husband Davey waiting for me. We hugged and kissed each other, nine months' stress showing on everyone's faces. I could not wait to get home to see my wonderful parents, as they were the ones who had suffered the most since I had been arrested.

## Chapter 29

# Kevin ‘Mad Dog’ Maguire

**I**t was whilst training at Terry O’Neill’s Samurai Karate Club that I first heard of Kevin Maguire. He was generally regarded as a cross between (judo champion) Neil Adams and Mike Tyson! The story went that Maguire would have been the next Neil Adams if a knee injury had not put paid to his ambitions. He was said to be about to embark on a professional boxing career – despite the apparent lack of any record as an amateur.

The popular perception was of Maguire as the new ‘hard case’ on the Liverpool scene. Maguire revelled in this notoriety, constantly throwing his weight around. It was around 1988 that he first started showing his face around clubland. Many people were petrified of him, doorman in particular. He took a savage delight in humiliating and belittling them in front of their peers and customers.

Although I had heard a lot about Maguire, I did not actually see him in the flesh until 1989 I was working the door at the Broadway club when Maguire arrived with Marty Battle and a small entourage. The most striking thing about Maguire was his lack of stature. What he lacked in height he made up in breadth. Whilst he obviously adopted a punishing training regime, the telltale sign of steroid abuse were there to be read.

With the squat muscular figure of Maguire to the forefront, the group made their way to the lounge. There was a mixed vibe of fear and anticipation amongst our group of doorman. In such a volatile atmosphere anything could happen...

What actually did happen was a complete anti-climax. Les Walker, who was running the door, entered the club. We quickly briefed him that Kevin ‘Mad Dog’ Maguire and Marty Battle were in, accompanied by several ‘friends’. Les went in and bought them all a drink. After an hour or so Maguire’s group left the premises peacefully, leaving the door team breathing a heavy collective sigh of relief.

At that time Maguire had started working the doors himself. Back then, Total Management Control Services had virtual monopoly on city door work. TMCS was run by a good man called Ged Starkey. Maguire worked the door of the Quadrant Park, in Bootle, for Ged. The Quadrant Park was one

of the first places in the city – or indeed the country – to have an all-night licence when the dance scene really took off. The Quad, as it was popularly known, was effectively two clubs in one. The original Quad was upstairs, while the all-nighter downstairs was staged in a cavernous warehouse-type structure.

The Quad was owned by Jim Spencer. Like most establishments of that type, in that era, it had an unenviable reputation for drug-dealing and violence. The lifespan of such a club tended to be short – and Quad proved no exception to this general rule. The police ensured that the Quad closed down and Maguire moved on.

Maguire hailed from the Crosby/Waterloo area and centred his activities largely, but not exclusively, on these ‘soft touch’ areas. Though clearly capable of holding his own in a fight, Maguire was always more of a bully than a brawler. In attempting to ply his trade further a field Maguire came up against people who were not prepared to accede to his extortionist demands.

As the 1990s dawned, more and more security firms were springing up. These were capitalising on the increased demand for pub and club door security staff. Such a lucrative market was always going to be a potential cause of conflict. Coupled with the fact that those who controlled the door of an establishment could control the distribution of drugs within its confines, the stage was set for major drama.

With such developments Maguire found himself facing opposition unimpressed with his reputation. One such individual was Stevie Clarke. Stevie was a big man, with a following to match. He was the leader of a large ‘firm’ known as The Wolfpack. Why were they called The Wolfpack? It was said that if you had trouble with one, then the rest of the pack would go into attack mode. When The Wolfpack just happened to be in your club – as was frequently the case when I worked at the door Mr Smith’s in Warrington – trouble was seldom far away. When violence flared on such occasions there was little else to do but pick up the pieces and throw the losers out – the losers were never The Wolfpack. To give them their due they never had any confrontation with the lads on Mr Smith’s door having a good respect for Stevie Gibbo, who ran it.

Maguire had more than met his match in The Wolfpack. A dispute between them was resolved when Maguire was gunned down outside the Kiss nightclub, in Aintree. A fusillade of shots left Maguire with bullet wounds to both knees, the victim of a punishment shooting. Most people would have seen the writing on the wall, sought an alternative way of earning their daily bread, but not ‘Mad Dog’ Maguire.

After a period of recuperation it was business as usual. Maguire eventually teamed up with fellow extortionist George Bromley, whose

reputation was every bit unsavoury as his own. Davie Ungi completed Maguire's team. Davie was a good lad, a talented boxer, from a well-known family in Dingle. I could never understand why he linked up with Bromley and Maguire. Maguire's bullying was continued, and he was jailed for five years in 1995. On that occasion he had kidnapped a police inspector's son in dispute over drugs. The terrified youth was bundled into the boot of Maguire's car.

I accompanied George Bromley on a prison visit to Maguire while he served this sentence. We travelled to Haverigg semi-open prison in Cumbria. Maguire had been allocated there as he was not regarded as 'dangerous'. His embrace of evangelical Christianity may have played a part in the decision to send him to a low security institution. As a confirmed agnostic, I regarded his cell-block conversion with certain scepticism. My fears were justified when on release he turned from being a born-again Christian to an active-again taxman.

As the 1990s drew towards a close Maguire's activities had tapered off; little was heard of him publicly. He teamed up with a young-up and-coming lad named Nathan Jones. I recalled him frequenting the clubs some years before. Given that Maguire was considerably older than Jones the basis for their friendship remains opaque. They lived fairly close to each other in Crosby, and Maguire seems to have regarded him as his heir apparent. Maguire initiated him into the trade of torture and intimidation. Rumour has it he was a diligent student of Maguire's methods and tactics.

The dynamic duo was widely believed to be responsible when a local lad called Neil Green was found dead on Crosby Beach. He had been a victim of their bullying and the rumour mill had it that they had got a little too physical with him. Perhaps someone decided to take revenge for Neil Green. Perhaps another victim, past or present, decided they would pay for what they had done. Whatever the cause, the curtain was about to come down on the Mad Dog Maguire show. Nathan Jones, although strictly a supporting actor, would pay a terrible price for sitting at his mentor's feet.

On 1st October 1998, Jones and Maguire followed their usual routine of visiting a Crosby gym for a session of weight-training. Over the past week a new customer had started using the same facilities. The customer seemed to know Jones and Maguire casually. That morning he greeted them before snagging them in a short conversation. Without warning the stranger produced a large-calibre handgun and began shooting. Kevin Maguire died first, Nathan Jones made a run for it but the gunman pursued him, firing. Exiting the gym, his deadly mission accomplished, the gunman coolly hopped onto the pillion of a waiting motor-cycle and made good his escape. He left behind a scene of carnage – screaming staff, the reek of cordite, blood, broken bodies and the unmistakable stench of death. Maguire lay dead at the scene. Jones

suffered a cardiac arrest on the way to hospital, and died: the shock of his terrible wounds was just too great.

Within minutes of the killings becoming public knowledge, theories were being postulated as to who had executed the pair, and the reasons behind their deaths. The most popular line seemed to be revenge for the death of Neil Green – but who had pulled the trigger?

The killings were national news. The element of pre-planning involved, coupled with the ruthless conduct of the operation inevitably led to speculation about the possible involvement of Northern Irish paramilitaries in ‘The Gym Murders.’ Others, though, were inclined to look a lot closer to home...

On a Sunday morning – about a month after The Gym Murders – I rose and stretched in front of my bedroom window. Scargreen Park was situated directly opposite my home. On the park’s far side a blue Ford Orion sat parked, two men inside the vehicle. This struck me as rather strange – and anything at all suspicions gets my antenna twitching. The car was completely unfamiliar, so I thought I’d take a closer look.

I had intended to pick up my washing from my mother’s house – a couple of streets away. A slight detour would take me directly past the Ford Orion. As I drew near to the car a Volvo T5 Armed Response Vehicle screamed up out of nowhere, tailgating me. It was pointless trying to lose it. Even had I successfully taken evasive action I would have remained wanted. I pulled over before emerging from the car slowly and carefully.

The usual “GET ON THE FLOOR AND DON’T MOVE!” routine ensued. With half a dozen Heckler and Koch MP5 trained on me I’d no intention of moving anywhere. I could have recited their script chapter and verse by now. I did what they said. Formally cautioned, I was informed that I was under arrest for conspiracy to murder, though the victim or victims remained unspecified at that stage. Handcuffed, I was manhandled into the Volvo T5 away to Copy Lane Police Station.

On the way there one of the ARV officers made an attempt to engage me in conversation –

“Now then, Joey lad, aren’t you getting fed-up of all this palaver – getting dragged out of cars at gunpoint by the police?”

Before I had time to respond, he went on, “Don’t you remember me?”

“Sorry, I’m afraid not.”

“I was the one who arrested you out side Eddie Kelly’s house, after the Bromley murder.”

He seemed a little hurt that I’d failed to recognise him, so I tried to soften the blow.

To be honest with you, when being arrested, all you notice is the gun, not the face behind it.”

This seemed to mollify him. On consideration, I suppose he had a valid point – being arrested at gunpoint was starting to become a regular occurrence.

At the station I was placed in a detention cell to await the arrival of my legal team. Mike Hogan and Mark Hayes from Paul Crowley and co. (I'd used them on the Bromley murder) were briefed by the police before I met them. They informed me that the conspiracy to murder charge related to The Gym Murders. According to the police, the Golf GTI I had been driving when pulled over had been seen in the vicinity of the Crosby gym 'acting suspiciously'. This was at the time of the murders apparently, and two witnesses had supposedly noted some of the number-plate characters.

Again, according to the police, there were only three maroon Golf GTIs in the country that had registration numbers featuring the digit/letters supplied by the witness. Of the three vehicles described one was registered in London, one was customised, whilst the third was the one I had been driving...

Following a lengthy consultation with my solicitor, the interview got underway. The interviewing officers were Detective Sergeant McDonald and a Detective Constable Webster. McDonald came across as a decent enough fellow who was simply doing his job. I gained the impression that he had served in HM Armed Forces, although he refused to be drawn on the subject. Webster, by contrast, had a suggestion of the academic, or ascetic about him – a hint of the de-frocked priest or disbarred solicitor. It was easier, by far, to imagine Webster poring over dusty tomes in a university library, than hacking his way through contemporary concrete jungles in pursuit of miscreants.

After they introduced themselves, and explained the reasons for my arrest, they enquired if I had understood. Following my affirmative response 'MAC' set the ball rolling. Where was I on the day of the murders? Did I own a maroon Golf GTI? Was I acquainted with the deceased?" and so on. I politely explained that I was making no comment, and would be maintaining this position throughout the interview. Mac's next gambit was to explain that they had two eye-witnesses. This pair could, purportedly, identify both me and the car I was driving. Could I offer any explanation as to why these witnesses would have provided the police with a partial identification of my car's registration plate? Once again I responded with "No comment." Mike Hogan then interjected, enquiring whether or not the two were non-committal. My "No comment" responses greatly shortened the interview, and I was given police bail to attend Copy Lane Police Station the following day.

I returned next day, in the company of Mike Hogan and Mark Hayes. Mac cautioned me again, starting that I was now under arrest for the murder of Kevin Maguire and Nathan Jones. My response was again one of “No comment.” The questions of the previous day were reiterated. It transpired that an identification parade was scheduled in two days’ time at Halewood police station. I was once again released on police bail pending the outcome of the planned parade. I was given to understand that the witnesses attending were to be Maguire’s wife and the gym proprietors – Carl Tierney and Mark Scott.

Word had flitted back to me on the grapevine that neither Tierney nor Scott had any intention of identifying anyone, even if it were possible for them to do so. The aggressive and generally anti-social behaviour of Maguire and Jones had driven the gym to the verge of bankruptcy – members stayed away in droves. Despite their undoubted shock at the location and nature of the pair’s passing, neither owner was likely to shed any tears over their late clients...

Two days later I made my way to Halewood police station. Once more Mike Hogan and Mark Hayes were in attendance. I was greeted on arrival by inspector Smith, a uniformed officer with an Australian accent. He talked me through the procedures involved in the identity parade and made me a cup of tea. He apologised when they failed to provide the Lapsang Suchong I had jokingly requested. He halted in mid-sentence when something clicked into place inside his head, “Christ weren’t you in here over another murder a while back?”

“The Bromley murder was dropped against me in July.”

“Na, this was last year – Stephen Cole, that’s the fella! Now you are back again for a double? Stone me that as got to be some kind of record!”

He was speechless for a second or two, rubbing his hands together with something approaching glee and murmuring again, “Strewth, back again for a double – it has just got to be some kind of record!”

I told him that locally people were saying that where Cole had died was being renamed. From The Farmers Arms it was to be re-christened the Miner’s Arms – because there were bits of Cole everywhere... This type of black humour appealed to him and he guffawed heartily.

Those participating in this identification parade were the same people who had taken part in the one staged when I was detained over the Stephen Cole murder. Most people taking part are now kept on a database and recalled if needed. This saves the police having to scour the streets in search of passers-by bearing a resemblance to their suspect, and then bribing them

to attend the line-up. This was formerly how such procedures were conducted.

I picked a position at random and awaited developments. The police signalled that proceedings were about to get underway. Through the two-way mirror system, I was vaguely aware of silhouette figures parading up and down the other side. After several minutes of such goings on, I was informed that matters were concluded – the results were negative for all witnesses. That was that so far as I was concerned, I was released with no further action to be taken.

A few months afterwards, I read that two men had been charged in connection with the deaths of Maguire and Jones. The same witnesses who had failed to identify me fingered one Darren Becouarn as the trigger-man. As I understand the situation, there was documentation found to connect him with the purchase and alteration of the getaway motorcycle. A mobile phone linked to Becouarn or a family member had apparently made an incriminating phone-call.





## Chapter 30

# John Hornsby

**A**fter Charlie Seiga's acquittal and release, we kept in touch, and I would drop by regularly for a cup of coffee. We would talk about the case and some of the characters on the Cat A unit, as well as the lighter moments in jail. Not far from Charlie's house, along Eaton Road, was a small coffee shop that did excellent sandwiches – and delicious scones with jam and cream. Charlie decided we would pop round there for a change – let someone else do the cooking and fetching. As we walked into the coffee shop, I noticed my old friend John Hornsby sitting at the back of the shop, deep in discussion with supergrass Dave Gould. Gould had turned Queen's Evidence in a big ecstasy case, where he was one of a number of defendants. This resulted in Huyton man Gordon Wilson – then resident in Ibiza – being jailed for 18 years. Grass Gould received a (much-reduced) seven-year sentence for his assistance to the authorities.

They always say you can judge a person from the company he keeps – that was my first thought when I saw Hornsby and Gould skulking with their heads together. On seeing me, Hornsby and Gould left their table and made in my direction. I told Charlie there might be trouble ahead... I could have easily left the coffee shop, but I don't run from anyone – especially not a would-be bully like Hornsby. Straight away I glanced round the nearby tables in search of some nice 'Made in Sheffield' cutlery, but found they used only plastic knives and forks. Undeterred, I stood my ground. When Hornsby was only feet away he lunged forward to attack me. I managed to get hold of Hornsby in a body lock, while he rained punches down on my head. Believe or not, they didn't even feel hard let alone do any damage. My arms were locked around his fat waist and he couldn't release them. Using his massive weight advantage, he swung me round as I held onto him and we both went crashing through a cake display. Still he couldn't get me off him and we both fell to the floor. Eventually his weight advantage proved too much for me, and he gained the upper hand in our contest.

By this time, women with small children and elderly women were screaming, in a state of shock. The poor girls running the place had phoned the police in terror – not that fat whack Hornsby was bothered. Had he only asked me to step outside, I would of course have obliged him. Causing

trouble in front of women, kids and pensioners was bang out of order. Anyway, I left the café without a mark on me. All I had was a sore leg where the fat bastard fell on me.

Not long after this incident, someone took a few shots at supergrass Gould in his own home. Well have a guess whom he blamed and what he did? Big 'hardcase' Hornsby and Gould the grass both went to the police. The precious pair made statements alleging that I had threatened to kill them. They told the police that when I left the café I'd said I was going to shoot the both of them. I was called into Eaton Road police station to see a Detective Galloway, who put this accusation put to me. Well, I was dumbfounded. Did I go to the police when attacked, or even complain in any small way to anyone? No, I did not. As in all the other altercations with Hornsby – or anyone else for that matter – I had taken my bumps and bruises like a man, never once thinking of going to the police. Once you enter into this arena, there are no rules, and drug-dealers like Hornsby know this. Yet they still all go running to the police when things are not going their way, like the cowardly scum they are.

John 'Buckets of Blood' Hornsby stands around 6'0 and weighs around 18 stone. Gould is about 6'5 and 22 stones. I must have weighed about twelve stone at the time. The idea of this hulking pair cowering in fear of their lives and calling the police in terror would be laughable if it was not so pathetic. I made all these points in an outburst to the startled police officer. Detective Galloway seemed a decent enough man and the expression on his face regarding their running to the police said it all. He stared at me for a moment before remarking, "You know, that was a better speech than Henry V."

Then, as had happened over the Joe McCormack incident, Detective Galloway read out a statement warning me, or any of my associates, that the police were watching.

I later found out the reason why Hornsby had attacked me. It was because his house had been shot up and he believed I was responsible. After further investigation, I found out why. It had been rumoured that Hornsby was the police informant whose information had led to the arrest and imprisonment of ecstasy smuggler Gordon Wilson and his co-defendants. The arrests had apparently occurred at a fortuitous moment for Hornsby, who had been left in possession of a five-figure sum belonging to the gang.

## Chapter 31

# Kidnapped

**N**ow while we were on the Category A unit a fellow Liverpudlian had arrived in the block, or segregation unit. Although I'd never met Alan Lea personally his name was familiar – I was acquainted with his brother who was nick-named 'The Mouse'. Lea was being held in a ground-floor cell, two storeys below us. He was located almost directly beneath Charlie's cell. During the course of shouted conversations, he told Charlie he would open a line of communication with Tommy Wynn. Charlie sent him down telephone cards for this purpose, and kept him plentifully supplied with tobacco. Segregated as he was for GOAD (good order and discipline) his smoking supplies were very limited. As he was only serving a short sentence, Lea was released before Charlie went on trial.

Following Charlie's acquittal (October 1998) Lea got in touch with him. He spun Charlie a tale about an acquaintance having a parcel of counterfeit currency for sale. Charlie fell for it – hook, line and sinker... The story was used to lure Charlie to a junkie's flat. Guns were produced instead of fake notes and Charlie, out-witted and out-gunned, was trussed up like a turkey. What followed Charlie has described – at great length – in one of his books. He was beaten, bitten, scalded, sexually humiliated and threatened with death. This wasn't to avenge George Bromley's murder – Lea believed the newspaper nonsense about the case being a hundred thousand pounds contract killing and wanted to grab the money.

After Charlie's brother had paid £17,000 in two instalments Charlie, burnt bruised and bewildered, was released. The police had already been alerted, and Lea and the junkie flat owner were swiftly apprehended. The black guy involved managed to escape, and to the present day this 'third man' remains at large. Lea and Airey (the junkie) were remanded in custody charged with a string of offences. Charlie went home after hospital treatment and the incident made the national media.

Lea would have been justified in being optimistic about his chances of avoiding conviction. After all, Charlie was a fellow criminal who professed to live by the tenets of 'The Code'. This unwritten law of the underworld was, and is, quite clear about the correct course of action for a criminal of

good standing. No statements to the police about other criminals, no giving evidence in court for the prosecution. Offences against the person or property of one adhering to the 'code of the streets' should be dealt with by the injured party and/or his associates personally. Having lambasted Wynn for his breach of criminal etiquette in the Threats To Kill case, and then going so far as to publish Wynn's statement in his autobiography, Charlie might reasonably have been expected to have the courage of his (previous) convictions...

However, when the trial of his tormentors got underway Charlie not only adhered to the statements he'd made to the police, but actually pointed Lea out from the witness box. He justified this perfidy by claiming they had breached 'the code' in some unexplained fashion. Why exactly the code allowed Charlie to rob innocent people with guns but prohibited Lea, etc, from robbing a criminal with guns Charlie never actually explained. Perhaps they were nastier than Charlie had been to his victims – and what? Who is to determine what an acceptable level of violence is? Who decides which people are legitimate robbery victims? The greatest injury Charlie suffered was to his pride. Going into the witness box was a spiteful gesture of revenge from a man no longer confident about being able to take care of his own problems. The need to get back at his torturers overcame his fear of being labelled a 'midnight' (midnight mass = grass). Lea and Airey were both sentenced to 12 years' imprisonment.

Having given evidence for the Crown, and put two men behind bars, Charlie went on to publish books revelling in his reputation as a 'gangster'. He has appeared on radio, TV, the internet and the press enjoying the limelight as one of the 'celebrity criminal' crowd. Kate Kray has puffed him up in 'Ultimate Hard Bastards' as one of the toughest men in the world! He treasures her gift of Ronnie Kray's favourite tie. Turning in his grave? Ron must be whirling like a dervish at a grass posing with his apparel ...

Nobody seems interested in pointing out the inconsistency between Charlie's words and his deeds. He is not the first hard man, or so-called gangster, to go grassing to the law – and he certainly will not be the last, but he certainly is one of the most shameless. His endless self-promotion and his literary pretensions would both have been impossible without collective amnesia (or wilful blindness) from both the underworld and the media.

## Chapter 32

# Re-Arrested

In October, 1999, I was re-arrested over the Gym Murders! A loud bang roused me from my slumbers, and cacophony of voices shouted around my front door. I hurriedly dressed and opened the door, seeing ten officers in plain clothes. Under restraint, I was informed that I was yet again under arrest for ‘conspiracy to murder’. The Gym Murders had re-surfaced from a sea of police bureaucracy. Experiencing a mild episode of *déjà vu*, I requested that my legal representatives be informed of this development.

Several hours later, John Brown and Mark Hayes arrived from Paul Crowley and Co. They had been briefed by the police that new evidence had emerged. This related to the two witnesses who claimed to have seen me ‘acting suspiciously’ in a Golf GTI. These were apparently the same two witnesses who had been unwilling to view an identification parade a few weeks after the murders. It struck me as rather strange that they should decide to view a line-up and give evidence some 12 months later...

Eventually, I was taken to a small room and introduced to the interviewing officers. One made such an impression on me I can no longer recall his name. His colleague was a miserable-looking individual called Clarke. Clarke asked the questions, having informed me that a third party would be monitoring everything that went on. It was the National Crime Faculty, a cracker style outfit

The usual questions followed to which I gave my usual response –

“No comment.”

Did I own a Golf GTI? Was I at the scene of the murders? I was then informed that an identification parade had been scheduled for Halewood police station. An Armed Response Vehicle was summoned; handcuffed I was loaded into it. The Volvo T5 roared down the M57 in the direction of Halewood.

On arrival I was taken to the cells, to find myself face-to-face with my old ‘friend’ Inspector Smith. Shortly afterwards John Brown and Mark Hayes arrived. We were allowed a private consultation, where I was brought

up to speed. John Brown repeated what the police claimed. The two mystery witnesses were said to be private investigators from Manchester. They had supposedly been working in Crosby that day, close to the murder scene. John Brown intended to seek, from Inspector Smith, permission to meet the witnesses. His intention was to establish to his satisfaction that neither had been shown photographs of me prior to the parade. Inspector Smith raised no objection to the proposed course of action.

The helpful Inspector Smith led my representatives to a small room where the witnesses waited.

“Hello Mr Hughes – Mr Sumner.”

He had no time to say anything else before one of the pair demanded to know, “Who are these two?”

“They are the defendants’ solicitors...”

“We were given a promise by Merseyside police that no one would know our names or see our faces!”

They refused to say anything at all to my solicitors, who then left the room.

I think Inspector Smith then faced the realisation that he had made something of a faux pas.

Conducted from the holding cell to the line-up, I received nods of recognition from several of those assembled. It felt as though I had been standing for only a few moments when Mark Hayes gave me a thumbs-up gesture. The two ‘witness’ had walked up and down the line-up, inspecting the participants through a two-way-mirror they had failed to pick anyone out.

Returned to Copy Lane Police station I faced further questions from detective Clarke and friend. They enquired if I owned a certain mobile phone. The police believed I had been in possession of this phone at the time it had been called by Darren Becouarn. They claimed Becouarn had been arrested in possession of a contract mobile phone taken from the registered owner. This phone was said to have contacted my putative phone. An extensive search of my home had failed to unearth any trace of the article in question. Once more, my only response was to say,

“No comment.”

The police were no further forward in their investigation. Additionally, the custody time limit clock was ticking away... Following arrest, the police can only hold a suspect for 36 hours before either charging or releasing

him. John Brown had realised that my previous periods of detention would count towards this thirty-six hour limit. By subtracting the time I had already been held, John Brown had arrived at 24 hours, not 36, as the length of time I could be detained. The police interpretation of the law was that the 36 hour period started afresh on each occasion. It took an intervention by the CPS before the police would acknowledge that John Brown's interpretation of the law was in fact correct. With an identity parade that had proved useless, and a ticking clock, the police threw in the towel. I was released without charge.

Now I will never know who the so-called witnesses were or why after 12 months they now decided to go on a identity parade. I believe I was being set up by Merseyside police who now had a personal vendetta against me. This would not be the last time they tried to set me up.





## Chapter 33

# Police Setup

I received a telephone call from Wayne McLean, when he had finished training at Terry Phillips' Knowsley Village gym. Nothing unusual in this – Wayne calls me regularly. He said he needed to see me, and asked if I would give him a knock at home. I said ok. At first I wondered what it could be, then said to myself,

“He’ll probably just need me to give someone a crack.”

When I arrived at Wayne’s he sat me down then said,

“I’ve just been speaking to Joe McCormack. He said the police have been to his house. They told him he was going to be killed – and that you were going to do it!”

“What! You’re joking aren’t you?”

“No. I wish I was...”

I found all this very, very strange. When the police come to warn you that your life is in danger (as they’ve done to me), they never tell you who is supposedly involved. To do so would be an invitation to adopt proactive measures – kill them first. At first I thought it must be the police shit-stirring, trying to cause trouble with other people on the security scene.

Finally I got hold of Joe Mc and we met him in a café in Allerton Road. We sat over coffee as he began relating what the police had said. I found it amazing and frightening that the police could say something like, knowing full well the possible consequences. I dismissed it all as police lies, but could never be entirely certain whether or not Joe Mc believed me. After all, according to the police, I’d killed four or five people by now. Joe said that in his opinion Philly Glennon senior was behind all this. He believed the current situation was connected to the incident outside the Venue. Anyway, after a short time we parted company and went our separate ways.

A few days later I got a call from the Bennetts, who ran the Pen and Wig in town, that the police had been in looking for me. I thought to myself –

“Strange.”

Another odd thing had occurred. An old neighbour, from my previous address, had called my mum's. She told me that the police had been knocking at my old address, and asking people had they seen me.

On Sunday morning, I left an address I didn't think the police knew (otherwise why go to my old address?). I went to get my regular Sunday Times, at about 10.30am, and headed for West Derby Village. There was a small kiosk there from which I had been getting my papers. On leaving the shop I noticed a guy jump from a Volkswagen Golf to a phone box. Now this guy may not have been an undercover cop, but his actions were very suspicious.

I got back into the car, heading towards the Jolly Miller pub on Queen's Drive. Driving up Mill Lane an ARV shot past me, all the blue lights and sirens on, I knew straight away it was looking for me. Was the guy in the phone box a copper? I shot into a side street, hid for a few minutes. Everything seemed quiet so I nipped out of the side street, back onto Mill Lane. . As I headed back up to the Jolly Miller they came from everywhere and hemmed me in at the traffic lights.

Rather than wait to be dragged out of the car, I got out. Then the 'usual' happened: hands in the air; walk towards us; get down on one knee; and so on, and so on.

I was then handcuffed, and told I was not under arrest, but a senior officer of the firearms department wanted a word with me. A black Galaxy pulled up and uniformed police got out. One introduced himself as Sergeant Alanson, and asked would I please listen to what he had to say –

"You are being warned that the police are monitoring you and your associates as we believe you intend to carry out violent and illegal activity."

In short it meant

"We're watching you – so take note."

Once again the police were not only breaking the law when telling Joe Mac I was going to kill him, but also putting my life in danger. What if Joe Mac had got a gun and decided to get me first? The police knew exactly what they were doing, and maybe this is what they expected. All this nonsense that I'm a £100,000 time Hitman has been repeated that many times that people are now starting to believe this rubbish. I currently live in a council house with my 74 year old mother. I haven't got a pot to piss in, as they say. There is a political motive why the police are after me and nothing else.

## Chapter 34

# Stone Security

Sometime in 2000, Lee 'Bomb Head' Jones approached me and asked did I want to work for Stone security? Since Lee's release from prison in 1998, he had involved himself with John Hughes, James Jordan and Danny Hodgson. They had brought him on to the board of Stone security in the hope of giving fellow director Tony Sinnott the boot. Not quite happy with Sinnott, John Hughes, Danny Hodgson and James Jordan enlisted the services of Lee Jones in an attempt to muscle Sinnott out. This Jones managed, the matter culminating in Lee chasing Sinnott down Speke Boulevard with a Machete. However, Sinnott was not the only one Jones would be muscling out...

Lee needed someone on hand whom he could rely on, and whom he could call on at a minute's notice. Lee had the clamping contract on the prestigious Albert Dock, on the waterfront and needed a hand when pissed-off motorists had their cars clamped and refused to pay. Now most did not argue and paid the clamping fee, but others did. Some would summon cutting tools to saw the clamp off while others called for back-up. On several occasions, Lee called me down to the Albert Dock to confront people refusing to pay. Lee would always point out that it was a ticket enforcement area, and that it was their own fault if they had not purchased one. My employment with Stone Security was not a highly paid position. In fact, tight arse Bomb Head only paid me a £100 a week.

After Lee had got rid of Sinnott, he then set about doing the same to Danny Hodgson. Once Danny was gone, John Hughes was next. Lee informed me that he had hired two thugs to threaten Hughes at the point of a gun. Hughes was then made to sign his share of the company over to Jones. Next on the hit list was James Jordan. Jordan, resigned to the inevitable, went without a fight, leaving Lee Jones sole director of Stone Security. Last but not least was yours truly... Around this time a strange incident happened which I now believe was connected to Lee Jones.

One night in November 2002 I pulled up at the flat I was living in, I noticed silver Zafira Spacebus parked outside. Me being the type of person who notices things out of place, I immediately noticed this. I knew all the

cars that parked outside the flats, and this was not one of them. It also had two shady looking blokes inside, who just happened to be looking straight at me. I got out of my car and made my way to the flat door, which was several feet from the curb where the Zafira was parked. The flat was above a row of shops. I went straight upstairs to the living quarters of the flat and looked out from one of the bedroom windows looking out on to the street, where the Zafira was. The two men in the space bus just happened to have gloves on. Ten minutes later, it drove away. A sixth sense told me something was not right and whoever were in the Zafira were doing a reccy of my movements. I then started wearing my bulletproof vest, the one I regularly wore on the Garage.

At about 6pm on 27th November, 2002, I had just picked my two-year-old son up from the nursery and was making my way back to the flat I was sharing with my charming girlfriend, Sandra Jane. I pulled up right outside the flat and immediately noticed a young thin lad, coming out of an entry that went around to the back of the shops. He had a woolly hat pulled over his head that tried to conceal most of his face. I was right on to this lad and said to myself, "he's sussy." I sat and watched him walk further down the row of shops, further away from my car and watched to see if he stopped or turned round to look back. He didn't, he just carried on walking. I then jumped out of my car and ran around to get my two-year-old son out of his car seat and straight into the flat. As I opened the front passenger door to get him out, I felt this thud on my back, followed by a loud bang that sent me crashing to the ground. I immediately knew I had been shot, but was not sure just how bad it was or what damage it had done. I jumped back onto my feet and turned around, and saw this small weedy looking lad, looking straight at me. I did the right thing and ran around my car, with this lad chasing after me, and was expecting at any second another shot. When the shot did not come, I stopped running and turned around, to see this little rat running away. He then jumped into the silver Zafira I had seen a week or so before and sped off. I think the reason a second shot did not come was that the gun must have jammed.

Now I felt ok, and the vest I had on had obviously done its job. Everything seemed calm and quiet around me, with everyone seemingly going about his or her business. I then thought, "Shit, my son," and ran around to the passenger seat of the car, only to find him still fast asleep. "Thank God for that," I said to myself. All the fear and adrenaline had now calmed down and I got my son out the car and made my way into the flat. I then told Sandra Jane, "I've just been shot and don't worry, I think I'm ok." She then said, "I heard that; was that you that got shot?" I said "yes." She then went ballistic. "Phone the police, phone the police, he may still be outside." I said, "He'll be well gone by now, and I don't want the police." Well, I could not

control her and to shut her up, I phoned the police. I rang 999 and asked for the police. When I was put through, I told them what had happened and where I was, and that I was ok. I then decided to have a look at my back and to see what damage had been done. Sandra Jane looked at it and said it was a small bruise not worth putting a plaster on, let alone going to the hospital.

I went back downstairs and out of the flat's front door, outside to where the shooting happened. Since the vest on my back had no bullet in it, I looked around on the ground and saw a big slug several feet in front of me. I could now hear sirens in the background and waited for the ARVs to arrive. When one arrived a police officer (I think he was by himself?) got out of his Volvo T5, came over and asked was I the person who'd phoned the police? I said, "Yes, and I was the one who was shot." I then started telling him what had happened, when he said, "You don't look like someone who's just been shot," to which I replied, "What do you mean?" He said, "You don't look bothered or concerned," to which I replied, "Well, if you don't believe me, there's the bullet on the floor." He asked me for my name and then said, "Do I know you?" I said, "Maybe." He then got back on his radio for a few seconds, then came running back and pushed me into the flat. He had obviously just had his memory refreshed. More police and paramedics arrived, and the police sealed off the crime scene. I was taken back into the flat where my son and Sandra Jane were. A paramedic came in, looked at my back and said straight away, "did you have a vest on?" A police officer then started taking a statement from me, but all I said was how small and skinny he was, and would not say any more. Even if I knew who it was, I would not have shopped him anyway. I have led my life sorting or accepting my ups and downs, and I wasn't about to change now.

While still in the flat, many police officers kept popping their heads around the door to look at me, with looks of disappointment and amazement at how I had cheated the gunman! In fact, friends listening to the police scanner said they had heard it mentioned I was possibly deceased. The police left and I never again heard anymore about it from them. So much for victim support.



Part Three

# Return to Politics





## Chapter 35

# Back In The BNP

**F**orced from the doors, in the aftermath of the Bromley murder and living a negative lifestyle, I was drawn back towards politics again. This came about after the advent of the Internet – the BNP now had a website. The website was not the most professional in the world being, like most sites of that time, somewhat rudimentary. I noted the contact phone number from the website and rang them – a charming well-spoken lady answered. I later found out that this was Nick Griffin’s mother, Jean. I explained who I was, about my previous time in politics, and that I’d like to get involved again. I also enquired if she knew Tony Wells. She said no. I found this rather strange – I thought everyone would know Tony Wells...Then it dawned on me that his real name was not Wells, but Lecomber. Wells was an alias he used before he was arrested with the bomb, I never did really get to the bottom of why he used this name,

“Sorry – I meant Tony Lecomber, not Tony Wells...”

“Oh yes, of course I know Tony Lecomber.”

“Could you ask Tony to give me a ring please?”

“Certainly I will.”

A day or two later Tony Lecomber phoned me and sounded very surprised I was getting back involved. He told me the party had now changed and there were no more marches or paper sales. The party also had a new leader, Nick Griffin. I explained I wanted to get involved again, but told him I’d been to jail again in 1994 for possession of CS gas and knuckle dusters. He said that wasn’t too bad, to which I replied, “You haven’t heard the rest of it yet.” I then informed him I’d also been arrested several times for so-called contract killings.

Whilst a criminal record is not necessarily a bar to BNP membership (some would say almost obligatory!) this was a little out of the ordinary. Tony said he would discuss things with Nick Griffin, and let me know in a few days time. Several days went by and I was beginning to think I’d never hear from Tony again. I started to wonder why I’d even bothered in the first place. Then, after about a week, Tony called me back. He said he’d

spoken to Nick Griffin and that I was allowed to become involved once more.

I had a long telephone conversation with Tony and asked him if Andy Lunt was still involved. He said, yes, Andy was still involved. He had no contact number for Andy but he did have an address. He gave me it, and off I went that night to find him. With the aid of an A-Z I finally found Andy's address. When I rang the bell the door opened and there stood Andy, whom I'd not seen for years, looking rather puzzled and surprised. I told him I'd got his address from Lecomber and was interested in getting involved with the party again. Andy said he didn't have much to do with the Liverpool BNP, and just did his own thing with Paul. We had a long talk about old times, laughing and joking about some of the mad things we'd got up years before in the old BNP. We exchanged telephone numbers and I said I'd keep in touch.

Getting back on the phone to Tony I told him I'd found and spoken to Andy Lunt. I told him I would see him again soon, and possibly meet up with Paul. I then asked Tony if we could have a meeting and a chat. I said I'd be willing to travel to London for this. He agreed and a date was set.

About a week later I journeyed by train to Euston station. Waiting for Tony to arrive I noticed a guy walking towards me with spectacles and receding hair that vaguely resembled Tony Lecomber. As he got nearer I realised it was indeed Tony Lecomber. The young athletic Lecomber was gone, and a very much older looking version now stood in front of me. I had not seen him since 1985 – it was now 2001.. Anyway, after my initial shock at how much he had aged, we shook hands and headed to the nearest pub.

We sat down with our drinks and started talking about the good old days, and about what great fun it was fighting the Reds. Tony told me that that was all history now and the BNP had moved on since then. The marches, paper sales and general confrontation with the Reds were things of the past. The former policy of forced repatriation was now voluntary repatriation. All this made little sense to me at first – it sounded as if the BNP had sold out. We chatted for a while before I took some BNP papers and caught the last train home.

I'd always kept in touch with Jimmy McGhee, and told him I was getting involved again. He said yes when I asked if he fancied going along to a big meeting planned for Oldham. When I had been in the BNP in the 1980s, the party had had one big meeting in London: the National Rally. Now they had both North and South Rallies. I went to the meeting with McGhee but recognised not a single face present, except Lecomber's. There were various speakers at the meeting, as well as the new Party Chairman Nick Griffin.

The central theme of the meeting was racist attacks on whites by Asians. At the end of the meeting, Griffin unfolded a huge banner with the headline 'Stop Racist Attacks.' He then informed everyone we were to march from the meeting to the local police station and stage a demo outside it. We made our way (about a hundred strong) to the police station, banner unfolded, chanting, "Racist Attacks – We Fight Back!"

Griffin had told us that the demo wouldn't last too long, in case the local Asian community took offence and got organised. We remained outside the police station for about thirty minutes before leaving.

Not long afterwards Andy Lunt and Paul announced that there was to be a local BNP meeting in Oldham, and asked if I'd like to go along. Oldham at that time was simmering, ready to explode. The BNP had to be ready to take advantage of this situation. I attended the meeting, held on a Sunday, and was finally introduced to Nick Griffin. He said he'd heard a lot about me back in the 1980s, and asked what made me want to get involved once more? I told him I liked what I now saw, had been following events on the website, and was glad that Tyndall had gone. Not that I was anti-JT, but I thought him too old and outdated to advance the BNP's cause. I took a liking to Nick Griffin, and we were immediately on friendly terms.

Shortly after this meeting, an elderly man (Walter Chamberlain) was badly beaten by a gang of Asians in Oldham, in an apparent racist attack. In fact, a 'No Whites Allowed' policy was supposed to be operating in certain Asian areas. The BNP began to concentrate its efforts on Oldham, announcing that Nick Griffin was to stand there in the general election. From then on the BNP was never out of the news.

The attack on Walter Chamberlain couldn't have come at a better time for the BNP. Nick Griffin had announced after the attack that he planned to stand in Oldham West and Royton in the forthcoming (2001) general election. Mick Treacy, then Oldham BNP Organiser, was standing in Oldham East & Saddleworth. The BNP started a high-profile campaign, highlighting racist attacks by Asians on white people. The BNP was receiving both massive amounts of publicity, and growing support. Along with several other Liverpool lads I was hardly out of Oldham during the general election campaign. I even had a loudspeaker attached to my car which blasted out "VOTE BNP!" The level of support coming from the public convinced me, as well as Griffin, that he (or Mick) might even win but sadly, this wasn't to be. Griffin gained 16.4% of the vote (6,552), whilst Mick Treacy polled 11.2% (5,091).

Fully immersing myself in political activism, I took over the BNP organiser's role in Liverpool. I mounted several campaigns against housing asylum-seekers – at Speke, Liverpool, Skelmersdale, Lancashire and

Ellesmere Port, Cheshire. The Merseyside BNP started fielding candidates in the local council elections, where none had previously stood. I became friendlier with Nick Griffin and accompanied him all over the country, filming and interviewing white people in predominately-Muslim areas. One example of this was after the 2001 Burnley riots, where white and Asian youths clashed. I picked Nick Griffin up from his home and drove to riot-torn Burnley. On our arrival in Burnley burnt-out cars littered the roads, and a once thriving public house (The Duke of York) was a burnt-out shell. The occupants were lucky to have escaped with their lives when Asians petrol-bombed it. The press were also all over the place, and immediately raced over to Griffin and began to interview him. I had my camcorder at hand, and recorded the press filming, and interviewing, Griffin. Only yards away from us were a group of Asians, including Labour MP Shahid Malik. They stood and stared, gob-smacked at the nerve of the BNP in standing there before them.

From then on, when any major events such as riots, or Asian violence against white people, occurred, I would pick Nick up. We would go off, camcorder in hand, to record the aftermath. Accompanying Griffin on so many activities, I more or less become his personal bodyguard. I was by his side during several high-profile by-elections in 2002, including Mill Hill in Blackburn, and Mixenden, Halifax. A rather amusing event I accompanied Griffin to was the Radio Academy Festival, in July 2002, at Cambridge. This was a debate about free speech, between Griffin and (Islamic cleric) Abu Hamza. Journalist and presenter Rod Liddle chaired it. What was funny about this was, when Griffin and I met up with Hamza (who had seven bodyguards with him) Griffin extended his hand to shake Hamza's, totally forgetting Hamza didn't have any. He had two hooks instead of hands, having had them blown off, while fighting the Russians in Afghanistan. After the debate Nick and his wife Jackie went for a meal with Rod Liddle (former member of the Socialist Workers Party) who referred to Islam as

“Stone age with Kalashnikovs.”

I don't expect that Mr Liddle would repeat this remark in public!

Abu Hamza is currently serving a seven-year sentence for incitement to murder, and awaits extradition to the USA on terrorism-related charges. Interestingly, an associate of mine released from H.M.P. Garth in 2006 informed me that Abu Hamza was corresponding with a Palestinian serving a 45 year sentence there for attempted murder. This involved giving his pregnant (Irish) girlfriend a disguised bomb to take on board a flight to Israel...

In August 2002 I accompanied Nick Griffin to Germany for an NPD rally. We met Udo Voigt (NPD leader) and Horst Mahler, former Red Army

Faction lawyer. We stayed in Germany for several days, and had a very pleasant time there. Our German brothers were the perfect hosts, and it was a trip I shall remember for a long time. I accompanied Griffin on other occasions, too numerous to mention, and I was regarded now as, more or less, his official bodyguard. Personally though, I would have hesitated to use that term, considering myself more of a helping hand in case of trouble.

After being appointed, I served as Nick Griffin's Personal Security Advisor for around three years. After picking him up from home, I would drop him off at a venue, collecting him afterwards. My general remit was to ensure he reached meetings unscathed. When he leafleted or canvassed in wards contested by the BNP I would watch his every move.

On one occasion in Oldham, a group from 'Unite against Fascism' was scouring the streets in search of BNP leaflets. We were leafleting, and they came upon us in Tony Wentworth's street. After screeching the usual taunts of –

“Nazi! Nazi! Nazi!”

they surged forward to attack Griffin. I punched and kicked one to the ground, and the rest backed off. Once more came the screeching –

“Nazi! Nazi! Nazi!”

It was not a particularly nasty mob, but large enough to have damaged Griffin – but for my intervention. The police finally arrived and dispersed the rival groups. On my watch, this was the sole occasion Griffin faced immediate personal danger. Had I not been present he would certainly have been assaulted.

Whenever we were about town centres such as Burnley or Oldham, I would always walk on his right side, as he is blind in his left eye. I would always look ahead for potential trouble (Asians or blacks, but mainly Asians) and steer clear of Burger King or Macdonald's restaurants that had large groups of non-whites eating in them. In fact, once in London with Griffin, Mark Collett and Tony Wentworth, we walked into a kebab house containing several young tough-looking black kids in a particular heavy populated black area. I instantly sensed danger and told all to go and sit in my car outside, and for Griffin to get in the driver's seat, just in case a sharp exit was necessary. Now I was not quite sure whether the Turkish kebab owners had got onto Griffin, as they all started talking in Turkish and were looking my way. The young black lads in there obviously knew the kebab owners and were cracking jokes with one another, so the last thing I needed was for them to have recognised Griffin and spill the beans to the black lads. The order I asked for seemed to take forever in coming, and I wondered were they stalling for more time – so more of their troops could arrive? The

black lads kept turning round and looking at me, especially when they heard my scouse accent when ordering the food. I didn't look away when they stared at me and put on a, "I don't give a shit approach," which seemed to work. Minutes felt like hours and I kept going out to the car to see if everything was ok outside. The black lads finally got their food and went about their business. Several minutes later my order arrived and off we went. Only for my quick commonsense approach, I know that they all would have just stood in the kebab house and happily chatted away about BNP business. In fact, it was Collett whom I had to tell to be quiet, as he was talking rather loudly about BNP affairs.

Another close call was in Peterborough. Griffin, Simon Darby and I were walking through Peterborough city centre, after filming a new year's message in Peterborough cathedral, for the then BNP TV, and also filming Griffin giving a talk in the actual subway where Ross Parker had been stabbed to death by Asians. While we were walking through the city centre three Asians recognised Griffin. I spotted this and alerted Griffin and Darby to the fact that Griffin had been identified. The Asians were now making a beeline for Griffin and I overheard one of them say, "Ask him about this." I hadn't caught what it was they planned to ask him, so I immediately went on the offensive and stepped in front of them and said, "Would you like to talk to Nick Griffin?" to which one said, "Yes." It was then that Griffin and Darby realised they had three Asians to contend with, and not just passing glances as before. The main one then proceeded to ask Griffin why he was so anti-Muslim, to which Griffin said we were not. Griffin explained that all that we wanted was to keep our way of life and didn't hate anyone. One then said, "What would the BNP do for Muslims if it came to power?" Griffin explained that as long as Muslims accepted that they were in a Christian country and obeyed our laws they would be treated as equally as white people. Griffin then went on to say that a lot of Muslims would freely go back to their countries of origin, only to find themselves persecuted there. He then pointed out that he supported independence for the likes of Kashmir, and would freely trade with this country if it helped Muslims resettle there. With this, the anger and hatred slowly vanished from the faces of the Muslims, and both had something they agreed on. After several minutes of firing questions and answers back at each other, I informed Griffin we needed to move on, in case less friendly Asians appeared on the scene and in bigger numbers. Griffin informed the Asians it was a pleasure talking to them, but he needed to press on with our journey. We all parted and not a bad word was said. It was situations like this that I handled very well, and put my years of experience working on the doors to good effect.

Once in Halifax, we needed to go and interview a pub landlord who had been getting a lot of hassle from local Asians and who were vandalising his

pub. The only problem was that the pub was about 200 yards from the local mosque. Now I'm not sure what part of Halifax the mosque was in, but it was right bang in the middle of an Asian area. We found the pub and knocked on the door, and a very scared looking landlord came out, telling us it was very dangerous coming to the pub and the local Asians wouldn't be too happy if they saw Nick Griffin at his pub. Griffin informed him that all we wanted was for him to tell us about the type of intimidation he and any other landlords were getting from local Asians. He gave a brief description as to what was going on and what type of threats he was receiving. I'd also brought along a professional filmmaker I'd hired from Chester, who regarded all this as cloak and dagger and highly exciting stuff. While this guy was filming, I noticed up the road several Asians gathering outside the mosque and looking down towards us. Now I don't know whether they recognised Griffin, or were just intrigued at the sight of the cameraman, but several of the Asians started to make their way down towards the pub. I informed Griffin that we had to leave ASAP. Griffin told the landlord we would have to go now as several Asians were now making their way down towards his pub. The landlord didn't seem too pleased and shut the door with an assortment of locks and bolts. Griffin, the cameraman and I made a dash for my car and rather hurriedly drove away.

Situations like this were a common occurrence, and we had many close calls in Oldham and Burnley and other parts of the country.

With the European elections fast approaching, and a realistic prospect that these might see the BNP's first MEP elected, morale was incredibly high. Griffin needed a publicity stunt both to launch the party's campaign and to catapult the BNP to public prominence. To raise the party's public profile in the pre-election period he arranged a visit from Jean Marie Le Pen, president of the BNP's French counterpart, the Front National.

Le Pen's international reputation and the political standing of the Front National easily left Nick Griffin and the BNP in the shade. Already a longstanding MEP and former parliamentary deputy, Le Pen shocked the world when in April 2002 he came second in the French Presidential elections.

Griffin scheduled the press conference for Sunday 25th April 2004. This was to be followed by an invitation-only black tie dinner for BNP members and activists, price £50 per head, or £80 for couples... The venue, the Cresta Court Hotel in Altrincham, Cheshire, was within a stone's throw of Manchester Airport, where Le Pen had arrived early that morning.

The previous afternoon I had attended a meeting in my capacity as Griffin's bodyguard. Also present were Warren Bennett (Chief Steward),



Steve Cartwright and David Elders of the Scottish BNP, and numerous other security personnel. These included many from the East Midlands. All had gathered to work out security arrangements for the day itself. Arriving at the venue for the black tie dinner at about six on the Saturday evening, the sympathetic owner of the site asked Griffin, "Do you mind if I say something, Nick?"

With a smile Griffin replied in a typically patronising tone, "Of course not, you're the host."

"Bloody hell!" remarked the middle aged farmer, laying eyes on the security team as they emerged from their fleet of (mostly hired) cars.

At the briefing held shortly afterwards, it was decided that the press conference would go ahead as scheduled at the Cresta Court Hotel. If it was realised that the Reds had discovered the venue we would turn to Plan B. This was to hold the press conference at the site of the black tie dinner, a remote rural location. By agreement with both the site owner and West Midlands Police anti-fascist protesters would be allowed to demonstrate on a pre-designated patch of mud. This would ensure that there was no threat to the security of either the land (which was used by a shooting club) or the guests attending the dinner.

One of the team sensibly suggested that Plan B be implemented from the outset. He pointed out that in those circumstances the BNP could, with the assistance of the police, control the whole situation from start to finish. Griffin rejected this suggestion out of hand, stating that it was better to go for the plush hotel than the remote field as a venue for a press conference. Griffin was of the opinion that the press would not bother to travel any great distance. He was to be proved disastrously wrong.

In the days immediately preceding the Le Pen visit there was huge media coverage, much to Griffin's delight. Left-wingers called for Home Secretary David Blunkett to ban Le Pen from entering the country. Blunkett was powerless to do so given Le Pen's status as an EU citizen and Member of its Parliament. Blunkett did however warn that the police would be paying very careful attention to Le Pen, and if he said anything out of turn he could expect to be arrested.

Early on the morning of Sunday 25th the BNP security team gathered at the rural dinner venue to collect Griffin and finalise arrangements. We were almost certain that the press would have leaked details of the press conference venue to left-wing mobs, but the Reds were not the only ones with covert information. Two BNP members, Joe Finnon and Diane Stoker had been working as BNP moles in various left-wing groups in Manchester for the previous seven months. They were regarded as trusted and reliable

activists within these groups. At nine that morning they reported to Tony Wentworth that car loads of Red activists were already meeting up in Manchester city centre with two activists at Manchester Airport checking for flights coming in from Paris and other French cities.

Griffin gave Dr Phil Edwards, BNP Press Officer, the authorisation to release venue details to the awaiting media. Within minutes of this, Wentworth received a phone call from Stoker informing him that that they (the Reds) were all now aware of the press conference location and media rendezvous point, a large junction in nearby Stockport. I called Griffin immediately to update him, and suggested we should now switch to Plan B. He acknowledged this, and then hung up.

As the press arrived at the hotel skirmishes had already broken out at the rendezvous point. Several BNP members had fought off their left-wing rivals, and a middle-aged local BNP organiser had floored one leading left-wing activist.

So far the press conference itself had gone off without a hitch. Whilst Griffin shared jokes with his French counterpart in front of the world media, Red crowds had gathered at alarming speed outside the hotel. As Griffin, Le Pen and their security team were about to find out, a major factor had been overlooked in the visit preparations. Immediately adjacent to the hotel was a very loosely secured building site – a rioter’s goldmine. This being a Sunday, the large industrial-size waste bins hadn’t been emptied following Friday and Saturday exertions.

When the security team dropped off Le Pen at the Cresta Court Hotel, and drove from the hotel car park, they made a monumental blunder. When the time came for Le Pen to leave they couldn’t return to collect him as a hundred reds demonstrating outside blocked egress to the car park. Regional organiser Bev Jones, who had picked the hotel, couldn’t have made a worse choice. There was one way in and out – and that very sharp and narrow. There were skips full of debris outside the hotel, due to repairs being carried out on it. In addition there was rubbish that had been thrown out over the bank holiday. Why in the world Bev Jones had been left to pick the hotel, and not the head of security, Warren Bennett, is beyond me. Anyway, it was only when it was time to leave the hotel and get Le Pen to safety that the extent of the problem we faced appeared to dawn on Griffin and Bennett.

Luckily for Le Pen I still had my vehicle parked in the hotel car park. The Reds were mainly at the front of the hotel, and my car was parked at the side, in a very narrow parking place. It needed to be reversed before it would face the right direction for leaving. I told Griffin/Bennett where my car was, and opened a fire exit to show them. All we had to do was to get

Le Pen into the vehicle before the Reds cottoned on. The whole security assembled at the fire exit, and Warren suggested we go out of the fire exit, walk a few yards to where there was a three feet high wall, lift Le Pen over it, then walk the short distance to the road, where the black Galaxy was parked.

However, the police, for some reason known only to themselves, kept us at the fire exit doors until the Reds realised what was going on and came running round. Had we been able to leave when we wanted, we could have made it over the wall before the Reds appreciated what was happening. We would then only have had a few yards in which it might be necessary to fend off an attack from them. The security team we had on the day was second to none – it would have been more than a match for the screaming dykes and weedy looking males outside. But we were not allowed to go and many people thought the police intentionally kept us there to allow the demonstrators time to organise.

There was only one option now remaining – and that was my car. We opened the fire exit and told the police that it was now or never. I jumped in first and started the engine whilst the security team hurried Le Pen to the car. Having covered him all the way they bundled him into the vehicle. Several missiles had been thrown at Le Pen, but none of them had hit their target. Le Pen sat in the back of the car with one of his security team and Jean Michel, another Front National representative. Griffin climbed into the passenger seat. As I tried to reverse, the Reds swarmed around the car, with BNP security and police pushing them back. It seemed like an age before I'd reversed and started making my way from the hotel car park. As I drove towards the exit, the Reds kicked in the car's doors, side panels and lights. In addition, they emptied bin loads of swill over the car that had been put out of the hotel kitchens. A lot of this filth had covered my windscreen making it difficult to navigate – I couldn't see where I was going. To make matters even worse the Reds had snapped off the windscreen wipers.

The police directed me out the hotel grounds at a speed of about 5mph, giving the Reds more time to attack the car, and preventing a quick getaway. The BNP security did an excellent job of throwing the Reds from the path of the car, even giving some of them a smack. The police on the other hand were pussyfooting around with them, never once drawing their batons or using C.S. gas. The twelve police officers on duty that day received no back up in what was obviously escalating into an out-of-control situation. Every now and then, I'd have to wind my window down to see where I was going, due to the muck on my windscreen and the missing wipers. The Reds that day were a pathetic bunch of freaks who wouldn't have lasted five minutes against BNP security had they been let loose on them. Safety in numbers is what always wins the day for the Reds.

Every time it looked as if police and the BNP had cleared the way and I could finally put my foot down, I would hear a cry of “STOP! STOP!” as someone nearly went under the wheels. It felt like hours before I could see the exit and the way out onto the road. My car had taken a terrible beating and every door, panel and light was smashed. The occupants of the vehicle were all in one piece though, and that’s all that really mattered. Finally, I could see the road ahead and now knew I only was only a few feet from freedom. With a final push from the BNP and the police I was able to shoot out onto the road and make good an escape. I still couldn’t see and had to roll my window right down. Just as I did, a black demonstrator jumped out in front of the car. I pressed the accelerator to the floor, expecting any second a big thud, and the black guy flying over the bonnet but sadly, he jumped clear.

We were pursued half-heartedly by some Reds in a battered old Volkswagen bus but lost them, due to running some red lights and yours truly’s skilful driving.

As we travelled further from the hotel, I noticed people in the street staring at the car. Pulling into a quiet side street and getting out to look I realised why – it had everything from cabbages and Brussels sprouts, to every type of desert on the menu over the top and sides. Plus, every door and light had been smashed. We’d parked up and I started clearing refuse from the windscreen when a guy came out of a house and offered me a hose pipe to clear it off. I can’t even remember explaining what had happened – I was just too busy getting the crap off. Remember, the wipers were snapped off, and I needed to get this stuff off double-quick in case I had to drive off if any Reds found us. After about twenty minutes I’d cleared it all and was ready to be on my way. We phoned the security bus and rendezvoused on the M61 motorway. Le Pen changed cars then we all headed off back to Wales, for the big meeting and sit down meal. After the dinner, Le Pen was returned to his hotel, The Hilton, at Manchester Airport. Around twenty BNP security personnel stayed overnight in the foyer to guard against trouble.

Griffin had dropped a right clanger. Although the dinner passed off well enough in the end, the repercussions were serious and had been utterly avoidable. The inevitable press coverage that followed was far from Griffin’s expectations. The front pages of the Monday morning papers were only to have been expected. Each carried pictures of the mayhem that had prevailed the previous afternoon. Television news bulletins carried much the same content. The content of the press conference and the after dinner speeches had been eclipsed by the senseless (preventable) violence that came to epitomise Le Pen’s visit to Britain. Griffin had been advised the previous night to bring the press conference under our own control. This would make

it far easier to handle. The advice was repeated on the Sunday morning when it was learned that the opposition had ascertained the location of the venue. Griffin refused to switch course as had been previously agreed, leading indirectly to the disgraceful scenes the world witnessed. Le Pen has not visited Britain since, although Griffin has been to Paris on no less than three occasions.

I carried on doing this unpaid security work until June 2004. Having heard that Griffin had taken on Warren Bennett (from Edinburgh) as BNP Security Chief, I then learned that Bennett was being paid. Now I found this rather strange: why would he appoint Bennett to a salaried position when I was doing the job for nothing? Bennett, a scaffolder by trade, had lost his job over football hooliganism and politics. Griffin had taken him on at £500 a week plus expenses (this is the figure I was given by Mark Collett, Dave Hanam and Mick Treacy. Though Warren Bennett said it was nowhere near this much). You can doubtless imagine my feelings – but why would Griffin do this? I had worked the doors for over ten years, had a wealth of experience in the security field, whereas Bennett had none...

Some digging around established that the Scottish BNP had been instrumental in removing Tyndall as BNP leader and replacing him with Griffin. At the time of that leadership challenge the Scottish contingent were very influential within the party. Having helped sway the vote in Griffin's favour, Bennett believed it was time to receive the 'quid pro quo' he felt to be his due. Additionally, Griffin no doubt calculated that Bennett on board would be less likely to cause him future problems. Therefore, loyal, hard-working Joe was just dumped in favour of Warren Bennett.

Parting from the BNP, I left Griffin with this warning – "Don't come crying to me when Bennett lets you down."

Some of the security team Bennett went on to form (such as Calvin Richards) were good lads. The majority were buffoons – idiotic-looking in dark shades and big black overcoats. They postured for the cameras when in the public gaze, acting out a role they did not understand. Now Warren Bennett is a handy lad, and not to be underestimated, but his knowledge of organising and operating a security team was zilch. Do not forget I had worked in some of the most violent clubs in Liverpool, employing fifty people at one time. I had faced everything from Sunday punchers to sub-machine guns on the door, dealt with every type of threat. That was the major difference between Warren Bennett and me.

Eventually, as I predicted, Griffin and Bennett fell out. I even received a text from Griffin acknowledging I had been right. Bennett's tenure as Security Chief had cost the BNP between £50-70,000. Bennett received

£500 a week, plus expenses, for nearly two years. Two radios and body armour accounted for another £20,000. I, On the other hand, would have cost the party nothing. Griffin lacked the grit to stand up to Bennett and keep me on. Before anyone criticises me for having a go at Warren Bennett they should ask themselves this: how would Warren Bennett like it had the roles been reversed? Would Warren like it if he'd done security in Scotland for three years, free of charge, before I'd moved there from Liverpool to get paid for doing the job he'd done gratis?

When Warren and most of his team left the BNP, Griffin was in a difficult position. He needed to find a new Security Chief and did not have much material at his disposal to choose from. Eventually, he had to settle for Fatty Reynolds, from Leeds. Reynolds was a former member of the Bennett security team. He had pledged his loyalty to Warren Bennett, sworn not to be involved in any future security team. Reynolds, like many in the BNP, did not keep his word.

I was quite shocked to learn Reynolds had taken over as Head of Security. He was far from being in peak physical condition. Extremely obese, he suffered serious health problems through steroid abuse. Reynolds was also into urinating and defecating on his equally sick obese wife. In fact, Reynolds was exposed as a sexual deviant in the *Sunday People*. Anyway, he carried on where Bennett left off, with the silly dark shades and black overcoats. During Griffin's trial, Reynolds, along with an equally silly bunch of lemmings, happily paraded before the world media. One reporter remarked that it reminded him of a Kray funeral!

People still close to me and active in the real world of security, regarded this pantomime as embarrassing for the BNP. This is what happens when you have amateurs trying to do a professional's job. They should have left security entirely to me – I would have provided lads second to none in the field. Warren's alleged £500 (or whatever amount he was on) a week should have remained in the BNP's bank until it was needed for paying real, experienced security.

There are other examples of Griffin's lack of judgement. There must come a point where naivety shades into negligence.

A little episode which neatly illustrates how naive and unworldly Griffin & co. are, is the case of Adrian Marsden.

Marsden was elected as a councillor in Mixenden, Halifax, Yorkshire. He contacted Griffin with a strange tale indeed... He claimed that as he passed a row of garages near his home he had been seized from behind in a vice-like grip by one man, as another smashed blows into his solar plexus whilst telling him, "Let this be a warning – we're watching you!"

The threats were said to have been delivered in clipped Oxbridge tones. The descriptions of the assailants were vague, referring to ‘military bearing’ and ‘dark clothing’. The injuries Marsden displayed – slight bruising to the torso – were of a minor nature. These were displayed at a hastily convened press conference; Griffin condemned the security services for the attack, regarding it as an attempt to frighten the BNP out of local government.

I, on the contrary, had arrived at a very different conclusion. My suspicions were aroused from the word go. I drove across to Yorkshire (with Griffin) to view the scene of the ‘crime’. The row of garages was isolated and left almost no opportunity for concealment. What could the assailants hope to have achieved? The descriptions sounded like stereotypical ‘spy’ descriptions from a TV viewer. Would MI5 officers (civil servants) have risked their pensions to perpetrate such an assault upon an elected representative of the people? My conclusion was that Marsden had concocted the incident – attention seeking, or for some more opaque reason.

Griffin clung doggedly to the notion that the forces of the secret state were out to get the BNP. This belief was reinforced when Andy Sykes – later exposed as an undercover searchlight mole – claimed to have been subjected to a similar ordeal. The miscreants in that case were described in very similar terms. Someone else who’d overdosed on ‘The Professionals’ and ‘Callan’... I pointed out the deficiencies in their stories, and eventually I think Griffin accepted I was right. Even then, he didn’t admit he was wrong, he simply refused to discuss the matter further, saying it didn’t matter even if I was correct in my suppositions.

## Chapter 36

# Police Informer Lee Jones

In June 2004, I noticed my wages from Stone security had not been paid into my bank account since April. On phoning his office, a fellow employee and company secretary, Phil Speed, answered the phone. I informed Speedy about no wages going into my account to which he replied he would phone Lee. Five minutes later Lee called and asked what the problem was. I repeated what I'd said to Speedy. Jones then replied, "That's right, you're getting no more money from me." He then slammed the phone down. Lee shortly afterwards rang back and said he was going to burn my mum's house down if I did not fuck off. When he rang again I diverted his call on to my answer phone. Silly 'Bomb Head' then left a threatening message on my phone.

Several days later, I was visited by the police at my mother's home and told to report to Copy Lane police station. This I did, in the company of my solicitor, Mike Hogan. I was cautioned, and then told I was being arrested for threatening to kill Lee Jones. Apparently, Jones had told the police that I had called the office, threatened Speedy and told him to get £20,000 ready or I would kill Lee Jones. The lying bastard even got Speedy to make a statement to this effect. Jones also said I called his mobile and threatened to kill him should he not comply with my demands. I was completely shocked that Jones had made a cold-blooded statement to the police, given the criminal nature and history of the man. Remember, Jones had stabbed a man to death. He was also a seller of heroin and ecstasy tablets, and had dealt in firearms. The rat had also broken his own father's jaw on two occasions. Referring to the second incident, he described how he "caught him with a purler." How any son could speak in such terms of doing that to his own father is beyond me. However, it just about sums Lee Jones up. He repaid the so-called friends who had set him on his feet, when he got out of jail, by stealing their security firm.





## Chapter 37

# Graham Johnson

**P**aul Bennett and his uncle John Haase were jailed in 1995 on charges of involvement in a major heroin distribution ring. Both were jailed for 18 years. However, in 1996 they were given a Royal Pardon and freed, having served only 11 months or so. I am acquainted with Paul Bennett as he is a contemporary of mine, and originates from the same area as myself. I have never met John Haase and have no knowledge of his activities.

Whilst holding my own opinions on the scourge of drug-dealing, and the concomitant problem of drug abuse, I recognise the futility of individual attempts to counteract it. Government lassitude has allowed the problem to grow to such dimensions that countering it is a Sisyphean task. Therefore, rather than adopt a lonely position on the moral high ground I remain on speaking terms with acquaintances involved in drugs.

There were obviously widely differing accounts given of the reasons for the exercise of the Royal Prerogative, by the authorities and the underworld respectively. John Haas was subsequently convicted on drugs and firearms charges, and received a lengthy custodial sentence. Paul Bennett is, I understand, on the run avoiding drug and gun charges. A local Liverpool MP, Peter Kilfoyle, has taken a close interest in the case and is keen on learning why the then Home Secretary, Michael Howard, recommended that they be pardoned.

In July 2004 I was telephoned by Graham Johnson, who told me he had got my number from the Liverpool Echo. He introduced himself as a reporter from The Sunday Mirror, and requested my assistance in locating Paul Bennett. I told him I knew someone who would in all probability be able to contact Bennett. I told him who this was, and I was unaware that the individual in question had already been involved in protracted negotiations with the Sunday Mirror. These had been ongoing since January 2004, and were in relation to the sale or publication of supposedly ‘incriminating’ photographs. These were claimed to show a relative of Michael Howard, and a customs official, accepting a total of £500,000 between them from associates of Haase and Bennett. This was said to be in exchange for the Royal Pardons that had been issued to the duo...

I called at this person's home purely as a favour to Graham Johnson. There is no truth whatsoever in any suggestion that I went there to 'lean on' him on behalf of the Sunday Mirror... Bennett, as I understand it, had no interest in speaking to Graham Johnson – believing him to be an agent of the police, and/or security service, working under journalistic cover.

However, from this initial contact there developed a friendship of sorts between Graham Johnson and myself. It was after quite a period of intermittent contact that I mentioned the possibility of writing a book about my life. Johnson at this time had already written several books, and had numerous contacts in the publishing field. I told Johnson about my ambition of writing a book, and that I didn't believe any mainstream publisher would touch me. He disagreed, and even suggested writing it with me. So was born my working relationship with Graham Johnson.

We met up in London and went for some lunch, over which we discussed the future of the book. Graham took me to an Italian restaurant, where I ordered pasta and some coffee. Graham explained to me that the book would have to show I had now changed my views, and looked back on my life with disdain. I compromised saying that I wouldn't change a thing in my life, but would admit the path I'd taken hadn't really achieved anything. Graham also thought up a title for the book – 'The Nazi Assassin'. This wasn't a title I would have coined for the book, but I tolerated it because of its provocative nature.

I met up with Graham on several occasions, and we recorded some taped interviews for the book. All such interviews took place in a hotel room; giving me the impression that a third party may have been recording/filming proceedings. I was asked many direct questions, such as how much I'd been paid for contract killings. He also tried to elicit intricate details of how such operations are performed.

"I wouldn't know how they're performed as I'm not a hitman" was my response.

As time went on and the prospect of the book being published appeared imminent, I requested a contract from 'Mainstream Publishing'. This wasn't possible said Graham, sadly, as criminals were not allowed to make money from their books... Now I found this rather strange, as the local high street bookshops are full of such offerings. Also, around this time, Searchlight (anti-fascist magazine, and arm of the secret state) produced a tabloid-style paper to issue against the BNP at election times. It was headlined 'Nazi Godfather Spills The Beans'. Now I did not intend to spill any beans, assuming there were any to be spilled. I now smelled a rat – I had been foolish to believe I was going to get a fair crack of the whip from any publishing firm in this country.

Still, I believed I could control the way the book was going. I felt I'd manage to get my point of view across – how wrong I was. I informed Graham Johnson that I planned to pull out of the project if a contract wasn't forthcoming. Amazingly, Mainstream Publishing did an about-turn and issued me a contract. The final nail in the project's coffin came in autumn 2006. Graham Johnson e-mailed me some chapters of the book for approval. These were full of inaccuracies, and contained remarks about myself and my family which I regarded as highly insulting. I pulled out of the project and refunded Mainstream Publishing a four-figure sum I'd received as an advance. An emissary of Graham Johnson, incidentally, had handed this to me in cash.

I may be doing Graham Johnson a gross injustice here, and if so I apologise unreservedly, but I doubt if there was ever going to be a book... That is unless Johnson had got some 'confession' on tape that would have sent me to jail. With me off the scene, Johnson could have continued with the book without any control or input from me. He would then have been free to write whatever he wished. Perhaps this explains why he didn't want to give me a contract from the beginning?

The synopsis of 'The Nazi Assassin' that appeared on both the Amazon and Mainstream websites described me as Britain's foremost contract killer and credited me with seven victims! Later Graham Johnson claimed the publisher had requested a change of title. Supposedly, there was concern that the public would be confused and think the book was about World War II. My immediate response was, "So: 'Where Eagles Dare' – that's about falconry then, is it?"

His only response was an embarrassed, nervous laugh.

The suggested alternative title was 'Double Evil' - the suggested blurb for this was: "Life in the shadows with Britain's most notorious gangland hitman."

Leaving aside its grossly inaccurate nature, then (as described above) I sampled the merchandise... Having withdrawn from the book I was contacted by Graham and asked to reconsider. He told me that the bits I wasn't happy with could be edited out later. I intimated my decision to go ahead and write the book myself – he wished me well but privately thought I'd never manage it. I'm happy to have proved him wrong, though it has been a struggle at times.

I stuck with 'The Nazi Assassin' as a working title, adding a question mark to indicate that while this was what the police/media might think, there was a substantial element of doubt. Recently, with the book virtually ready for publication, I felt that a more accurate description of the content was called for. Therefore, I substituted the present title for the former.

While working on 'The Nazi Assassin', Graham Johnson had simultaneously been putting the final touches to 'Drug Lord', his book on the Haase/Bennett scandal. In this he describes me as a "White Supremacist contract killer" working for Paul Bennett. He claims I was responsible for the murder of George Bromley and five other people, and that this was at the behest of Bennett/Haase. He doesn't name me in the book, though he admitted that it referred to me, and claimed it was based on police intelligence... This is a prime example of sloppy journalism, based on giving undue credence to 'police sources' and failing to critically evaluate information passed to them.

Another example of such falsehood concerned my supposed relationship with Johnny 'Mad Dog' Adair, the notorious Ulster Loyalist paramilitary. I have never met Adair, never spoke with him, had no contact whatsoever with him. This didn't stop C. McGuigan of The Belfast Telegraph (30th May 2004) printing the following load of drivel –

A BRITISH National Party organiser – quizzed by cops over a number of gangland murders – has boasted about his links to jailed terror-boss, Johnny 'Mad Dog' Adair, to add to his hardman image.

Prominent BNP member, Joey Owens' links to Adair can be traced back to the Shankill loyalist's days as a glue-sniffing 'singer', in a right-wing skinhead band.

Racist Owens, who has been questioned by police in relation to numerous gangland murders in his native Merseyside, now provides security to BNP chief, Nick Griffen – he was by Griffen's side when he met with Euro fascist, Jean-Marie Le Pen – and tries to portray himself as a politician.

However, according to anti-racist campaigners, Owens still enjoys boasting about his friendship with Adair, in order to add to his intimidating reputation.

He also shares Adair's appetite for violence.

The Wigan-born enforcer forged links with Adair in the 1980s, through their shared National Front connections.

Adair later travelled to Liverpool to meet Owens publicly, after he was first freed from the Maze jail, under the Good Friday Agreement.

That trip was reported to have alarmed cops, who had identified a funding link between right-wing elements in Liverpool, and Adair's Shankill UFF 'C' company.

Owens was charged with the gangland murder of George Bromley, in 1998, but was acquitted after a key prosecution witness withdrew evidence.

It is understood that he was also questioned in relation to the murder of two drug-dealers, Kevin Maguire and Nathan Jones – shot dead in a Merseyside gym.

Owens has always strenuously denied any involvement in the killings.

He has, however, been jailed on a number of occasions.

In the early 1980s, Owens served an eight-month jail term, after sending razor blades in the post to members of Liverpool's Jewish community.

The former national kick-boxing champion was also jailed in 1994 after being caught carrying CS gas and knuckle-dusters.

Oddly enough, I'm told that Tam 'The Licensee' McGraw, in Glasgow, has similarly been labelled as a friend or associate of Adair, despite never having met him in his life... Sloppy journalism or something more sinister? Time alone will provide the answer to that question.



## Chapter 38

# Tony Lecomber

From the desk of Joe Owens.

For immediate release.

04-04-06.

Setting the record straight.

Around two weeks before Christmas 2005, I received a card from Tony Lecomber.

I found this rather odd, as I had never received one from him at any time in the past.

I thought little of it, putting it down to simple courtesy and friendship. The message written on the card was a general seasonal greeting with a footnote that he would be visiting me sometime between X-mas and the New Year. This too struck me as strange – I had no contact with Lecomber for at least the previous eighteen months. In reply to his Christmas card I e-mailed him my mobile and land line numbers the following day.

Still confused as to why Lecomber would want to travel to Liverpool from London to see me over the festive period, I e-mailed him again stating –

“If you’re on a fishing expedition on Griffin’s behalf you shouldn’t bother.”

He responded by saying –

“This is nothing to do with the BNP, or Griffin, it’s a personal matter regarding me”.

Several days later, I received a phone call from Lecomber. He said, weather permitting, he would be down – he was also visiting someone in east Yorkshire.

It was not until after New Year that I received another e-mail from Lecomber saying he would be visiting me on the 9th or 12th of January 2006.



He finally showed up on the 12th January, we met around 12.00 noon at the Showcase cinema on the East Lancs. Road, Liverpool. Nearby there is a Pizza Hut which I often visit. The restaurant was quiet as we sat down and ordered drinks whilst perusing the menu. We ordered, and as we waited for our food to arrive, I asked Tony Lecomber the purpose of his visit.

He looked around us before saying to me –

“It’s now too late to stop immigration. In London 42% of births were from recent immigrant women, and this statistic doesn’t include births from the home grown ones.”

“Tell me something I don’t know.”

“What we need is direct action.”

“What do you mean by ‘direct action?’”

“Targeting members of the establishment who are aiding and abetting the coloured invasion of this country...”

“What does ‘targeting’ mean?”

“Killing them.”

“How is that going to stop immigration?”

“It would deter other people from filling their jobs.”

“That’s rubbish! The IRA never deterred establishment figures by murdering others. Take Airey Neave for example. Which establishment figures are you referring to?”

“The likes of Greg Dyke.”

My alarm bells were now well and truly ringing. My brain raced as I tried to figure out what this man was up to. I then pressed him further on the issue of how these people were to be killed –

“A lot of intelligence would have to be gathered on those we plan to target, and cars with false number plates would have to be acquired.”

I told him I wanted no part of his mad-cap scheme and remarked that anyone embarking on such a venture would last no longer than the Brazilian shot by the police on the London tube.

We finished our meal and left the restaurant.

On leaving I reiterated that I wanted no part in his crazy scheme, to which he responded – “If you change your mind give me a call...”

After we had parted company, I immediately rang Mark Collett and told him the gist of the conversation I'd just had with Lecomber. He, like I, was deeply shocked. I also rang Stevie Cartwright, from Glasgow; he said he would call Warren Bennett, head of BNP security, to inform him about this serious threat to the party.

Warren Bennett and, I believe, Scott McLean, informed Nick Griffin of the situation. I then received a phone call from Nick Griffin, and briefly outlined to him the conversation I'd had with Lecomber. We decided to meet up on Saturday 14th January, at Chester services on the M56 motorway, to discuss this serious turn of events.

I met Nick that afternoon and recounted, almost word for word, the conversation I had had with Lecomber. To my amazement Nick claimed Lecomber was suffering from diabetes, said diabetics were prone to mood swings, and that –

“This could explain Lecomber apparently taking leave of his senses.”

After I had stopped laughing, I replied –

“Well, it must have been a long mood swing. I got the x-mas card two weeks before Christmas and had the conversation on the 12th January with Lecomber!”

Nick was forced to concede that I was right.

We spoke for some time, going over every possible scenario to explain Lecomber's strange behaviour. We both agreed that the man was up to no good, in fact, Nick then said –

“This now explains why Searchlight have always known our exact membership numbers. Lecomber will be confronted at the forthcoming court case demo, in Leeds.”

Lecomber did turn up at the Leeds demo – accompanied by his wife and children. This was something he had never done before, bringing his family with him. Some astute observers believed this was an attempt to ensure his personal safety.

I was also in regular contact with Stevie Cartwright and he informed me, as Nick Griffin did, that Lecomber would resign, fall upon his own sword. I have retained the original text message from Griffin saying –

“Tony told to resign, or fall on own sword, now let me get on with my court case.”

Before I go any further, neither Nick Griffin nor anyone else in the BNP have refuted one word I have said concerning this episode. All they have done is release a statement saying that Lecomber had approached a non-member and said words that could be “misconstrued and bring the Party into disrepute.”

How in the world I could misconstrue someone asking me to kill people is beyond me, I know exactly what Lecomber said and what he meant – as does he.

After several weeks had gone by I was led to believe that Lecomber was still working for the BNP. I e-mailed Griffin and asked him if this was the case? To which he replied – “Tony is now passing his job over to another senior member, which will take some time. Losing Tony, a good strategist, electioneer, activist etc, is a great loss to the BNP – now leave the poor man alone.”

Leave the poor man alone? The same poor man who tried to solicit me to murder people? I found this response from Griffin very strange indeed... Instead of using the full weight of a BNP tribunal to bring Lecomber to book and kick him out the party, Griffin was more concerned about Lecomber's feelings. To this day Lecomber is actively working for the BNP in a salaried position.

Sadie Graham may have ostensibly taken over Lecomber's old job but that is just window dressing by Griffin. Why was John Tyndall expelled immediately from the BNP just for criticising Griffin, yet Lecomber who advocates murder can nonchalantly carry on his duties in the BNP? The excuse that he is clearing his desk, and passing over his job, is just a load of bull!!!

I now challenge Lecomber and Griffin to refute one word I have written here. In point of fact, I even offered to pay for Lecomber to undergo a polygraph test if he denied what I was saying. To date Nick Griffin has not taken up my offer.

It would be pointless to go on and on about this matter. However, the reader might like to ask himself a few questions –

- Why has Lecomber been treated with kid gloves and the whole matter brushed under the carpet by the BNP leadership?
- Why has Lecomber not received a visit from the police, as they are aware of his conspiracy/solicitation to murder?
- Why has a deafening media silence greeted what one would have expected to be a heaven-sent opportunity to smear the BNP?

I will tell you who has received a visit from the police – ME! I was not the one soliciting murder. I told the police I had no comment to make. It still strikes me as strange that I should be the one being paid a visit by Special Branch...

Whatever Lecomber's motives were I do not know? I could speculate, but prefer just giving the facts, as I know them.

Joe Owens

The above statement was released on the internet to let fellow nationalists know exactly what was said during my meeting with Lecomber. Incidentally, he has not been expelled or proscribed and still attends BNP functions.

I believe Tony Lecomber is a Searchlight (and/or MI5) agent. He had been sent to embroil me in acts of violence in the run-up to BNP chairman Nick Griffin and Mark Collett's trial on race charges.

What the actual plan would have finally been is a matter for speculation. Had I been foolish enough to go along with Lecomber's scheme, it could only have landed me in prison – or dead! It would also have had a seriously detrimental effect on the forthcoming trial of Griffin and Collett. The media hysteria alone would have been enough to send Griffin and Collett to jail.

This, I believe, was the main aim and objective. I was only a pawn in the grand strategy of some very sinister forces... It has long been suspected in nationalist circles that Tony Lecomber is an agent of the state. The question mark over him arose in the light of his (ridiculously short) sentence of three years on explosives charges. Lecomber's intent and planning – as well as his political learning's – could easily have seen him potted off with a life sentence. Why would the enemies of nationalism give a sentence of three years to a man planning to bomb and murder (because that's what bombs do, kill people) when they had him bang to rights? It just doesn't add up.

It was when it was announced to fellow nationalists that I intended to feature this episode in my book that I was proscribed (19th April 2006) by Nick Griffin.

Now this is very strange considering that I announced on Stormfront that I intended to write a book on 28th July 2004, and no one called for me to be proscribed. On the contrary, Nick Griffin placed a posting on Stormfront via Odin's Eye (Sharon Ebanks) wishing me good luck with my book! These sentiments were repeated in a number of e-mails Griffin sent me around this time.

He did not proscribe me when I donated £1000 towards his (Griffin's) Euro election campaign, and £1000 towards the London Assembly elections. Nor when I bought Oldham BNP a £2000 digital duplicator, and gave the

party a video-editing system and computer worth nearly £3000 for only £500. In addition I bought the paintball guns (used at the annual Red, White & Blue festival) for £400. In addition I paid for their gassing and re-balling every year.

There is a long list of services I performed for the BNP, and for Nick Griffin personally. To proscribe me in such a way – and for such a reason – exposes him as both ungrateful and selfish.

Why Nick Griffin is protecting Tony Lecomber I do not know. I couldn't even begin to speculate. What I do know is that Lecomber is an enemy of nationalism – and probably in the pay of Searchlight magazine/MI5. Griffin and the BNP do themselves no favours by protecting Lecomber – the matter is something that will come back to haunt them.

As this book went to print Tony Lecomber was the focus of the BNP Organisers Bulletin-April 2007. It stated therein –

### **'Reminder**

Tony Lecomber, while a long-term, devoted and very valuable key official in the BNP and a genuine nationalist, is no longer an official or member of the party. Internal party business should therefore not be discussed with him and he should not be invited to attend party activities. Please note that this is not a proscription aimed at personal contact and friendship. Tony is a victim of his own past and the BNP's past follies. We recognise his sterling work for the cause in the past, and his selflessness in stepping away in order to avoid compromising the future. (Nick Griffin)

Now the reason Lecomber featured in the Organisers Bulletin was that he had, in late March 2007, attacked party activist, and BNP official, Eddy Butler. Mr Butler had, on finishing work one night, returned to his car. Suddenly a man jumped out of the darkness, wearing a white balaclava – his eyes and mouth blackened beneath it. He launched an attack on Butler. Eddy, being no pushover, fought back and in a fierce struggle managed to drag the balaclava off the attacker's head. This action revealed the assailant to be the one and only Tony Lecomber!

Butler was understandably unhappy about this, and reported the matter to Nick Griffin. This was exactly what I had done the previous year. Griffin was left in a very awkward position – this was the second time, in just over twelve months, that Lecomber had committed serious criminal acts. Faced with the likelihood of the matter entering the public realm, Griffin had to act. Eddy Butler suggested Lecomber be proscribed, at long last driven from the party. In fact, Butler had written Lecomber's notice of proscription, only to be over-ruled by Griffin, who proceeded to write the notice himself.

As you can see, it is far from a proscription and actually throws bouquets at Lecomber. Now when I was proscribed (just for writing this book?) I was never applauded for the donations I'd given, party work I'd undertaken. Similarly, neither was John Tyndall. JT was proscribed just for publishing an opinion in *Spearhead* magazine that Griffin and Lecomber did not like...

Why wasn't Lecomber expelled/proscribed when he solicited me to kill cabinet ministers on 12th January 2006? He now goes and attacks a leading party official – supposedly, because he felt that Eddy Butler was freezing him out of the BNP. Yet he still is not proscribed...truly bizarre – or is it?

At the very least Lecomber quite clearly has some massive hold over Griffin. My surmise is still some kind of financial skulduggery. A disclosure of such a nature could mean – depending on the scale of depredations –

- a) Possibly jail for Griffin,
- b) Being disbarred from MEP candidature.

It is difficult to conclude other than that Nick Griffin is a criminal, using his Chairmanship of the BNP for his own ends. For what possible reason would any political leader keep such a man as Lecomber close to him other than partnership in crime? I believe the BNP is a career move for Griffin who, in his own words, plans to pass the party reins over and retire at fifty-five. The fact he believes he can get away with whatever he wants in the party in the meantime sums up his contempt for the membership.

Sadly, the little cabal around him consist of criminals, deviants and very weak people whom he can easily control. Most of them, who have access to party money, are on the take like him. If I'm wrong then can someone please give me an explanation of why Lecomber is treated with kid gloves? If anyone wants to research into the murky world of Tony Lecomber, I would recommend 'Notes from the Borderland' by (anti-fascist academic) Dr Larry O'Hara. O'Hara may be an enemy of nationalism, but he is not corrupt, a liar or an agent of the state. I have more respect for genuine left-wing opponents than I do for crooks and state spies like Griffin and Lecomber.



## Chapter 39

# Stone Security (again)

I released the following statement (below) on my website when Jones was getting cart blanche from the police to run security in Liverpool. A former killer, smack-dealer and crook is now on best of terms with the police, despite the fact he has been arrested for several murders. The silence from official quarters was deafening—

Some of you doubtless read in yesterday's Echo (28.12.2006) that those rogue security firms involved in a gangland turf war in Toxteth had been driven from a prestigious project in favour of 'Stone Security'. What the report omitted to mention was that Stone Security is owned and operated by Lee Jones... Lee Jones is a convicted dealer in class A drugs, has convictions for offences under the Firearms Acts, and has served a three year prison sentence for stabbing a man to death. In addition, he was arrested four times in connection with the murder of Tony Sinnott, one of the original founders of Stone Security. Jones was in fact captured on CCTV chasing the murder victim whilst brandishing a machete... Lee Jones was a prime suspect in the murder of another gangland figure George Bromley, shot dead in 1997. He was charged with threatening to kill an associate of the victim. After being tied to a chair and beaten by Jones – when suspected of misappropriating funds – a company employee was found hanged in his own home. He gained control of Stone Security by threats and intimidation – one director was forced to sign a share transfer certificate at Gunpoint, by masked men! A bullying, drug-dealing, killer – exactly the type of person the Security Industry Authority might be expected to take stern action against? Not a bit of it. He and Stone Security are fully licensed and accredited by the SIA. Inexplicable? Perhaps not... In certain circles it is whispered that there has been a quid pro quo. One Francis Kennedy had rented a property from Lee Jones. When Mr Kennedy defaulted on his rent an enraged Lee Jones damaged his car with a sharp weapon. Whilst Kennedy's Mercedes was in the garage being repaired undercover police took the opportunity to plant listening and tracking devices. The result was enough evidence was



uncovered to send Francis Kennedy to prison for twenty-five years on cocaine trafficking charges... Co-incidence? perhaps... Blue chip clients such as CB Richard Ellis, Persimmon, Lovell Partnership, Beetham Towers, Westbury Holdings, Wimpy Homes and the Passport office (can you believe that?) are unlikely to Know the true nature of the man signing contracts with them at the Boardroom table. They may well raise an eyebrow at such a man receiving SIA accreditation.

By contrast with Lee Jones there is the case of Andy Wragg. This is the former SAS soldier convicted of manslaughter for the mercy-killing of his handicapped son. He was given a two year suspended sentence. Having earned £80,000 a year in the security industry he hoped to return to work –

“He’s been told he’ll have to overcome myriad hurdles, and seek special dispensation, to work in the security industry again because of his manslaughter conviction.” (Sunday Times 15th April 2007)

Perhaps he should have served in HMP instead of serving HMG – Lee Jones doesn’t seem to require any ‘special dispensation’. Perhaps his is a very different sort of ‘licence’.

## Chapter 40

# The Devil and All His Works

**H**aving now recounted most of my exploits in clubland, with detailed accounts of the horrible police informing bastards I have come across, I would like to make an addendum. Drug-dealers and police informers like Lee Jones, John Hornsby, and Dave Gould etc, make me sick. They are allowed to ply their trade – with carte blanche from the police – just so long as they throw the odd body to their handlers. I always thought the war was against all drug-dealers – not just some. Those that play the game by the rules of the Customs and police can sell their goods knowing they have effective immunity from prosecution... What a set of hypocrites they are! Do the police want all drug-dealers off the streets, or just some of them? Make your mind up – whose law and order are you enforcing? Take Lee Jones, for example. Once an enemy of the police, now on the best of terms with them. What on earth is going on? Consider the number of (so-called) gangsters writing their autobiographies detailing past crimes including murder and drug-dealing. To my knowledge not one has ever been arrested. The celebrity gangster world is riddled with police informers and phonies. Have you read some of these books? Absolutely unbelievable rubbish! “Two thousand fights and never lost one,” or the dozens of murders they are supposed to have committed. Either these people are living in cloud cuckoo land, or they have a secret relationship with the police...

Charlie Seiga is a case in point. In his books, he details dozens of brutal attacks against his enemies and numerous armed robberies. He even appeared on Kate Kray’s, ‘Hard Bastards’ programme. This show was specifically set up to exploit the celebrity gangster cult. He even appeared in her book *Ultimate Hard Bastards* (sub-titled *The Toughest Men In The Universe*, or some such poppycock!) Yet this is a man who stood in the witness box and gave evidence for the prosecution that sent two men to jail for twelve years. Now am I missing something here?

The so-called underworld of hard men and hired assassins stands idly by while grasses that have sent their so-called friends to jail – for long sentences – walk the streets unharmed. The whole celebrity gangster gravy train is

both a con and a sick joke. WH Smith's and other bookshops are full of these dismal offerings, and the even sillier people who ghost-write them are lionised. The police know the truth about this but several of them have jumped on the bandwagon.... Hardly a week goes by without some new taxman, enforcer or general bad boy writing his memoirs. One to date which is yet to be published is *The Devil: Britain's Most Feared Underworld Taxman*, by Graham Johnson.

### **"Synopsis**

'The Devil' gives a true snapshot of organised crime in the UK today, revealing the hidden depth and breadth to which it has penetrated society and how it affects all our lives. Gangster Stephen French stole GBP20 million from Britain's biggest drug traffickers during his reign as the underworld's top narcotics 'taxman' – a new form of extortionist who kidnaps drug dealers and forces them to hand over a slice of their profits using torture and extreme violence. From Sicily to Istanbul, French was feared by those who claim to fear no one. He kidnapped and tortured some of the world's richest and most ruthless crime lords, using unspeakable acts of evil until they paid up. French's other claim to fame is that he was responsible for Curtis Warren's introduction to the world of crime, forcing him to carry out a burglary at the age of ten. Warren went on to become the wealthiest criminal in British history and French was his top enforcer. Now a legitimate businessman, French built up an empire worth GBP7.5 million at its height. Having turned his back on his former life, he is seeking to set the record straight."

Interestingly enough the synopsis above has metamorphosed into the synopsis below (both taken from Amazon.co.uk).

### **"Synopsis**

Drug dealers beware. The Devil is coming to get you. Gangster Stephen French invented the perfect crime: robbing drug barons of their huge fortunes. In SAS-style swoops, French raided their fortified mansions and tortured them with horrifying violence until they paid up. Through 'taxing' the richest and most powerful crimelords in the UK, he netted over 20 million. French was no ordinary criminal. He was a world-champion fighter, he studied psychology at university to master mind-control techniques, and he used the teachings of Machiavelli and samurai warriors to outwit his enemies. 'The Devil' also reveals French's complex relationship with Curtis Warren, the wealthiest criminal in British history. The two were childhood pals, then partners and finally bitter enemies.

Now a legitimate businessman, French built up a multimillion-pound empire. Having eventually turned his back on his former life, he is now seeking to set the record straight ...”

What an utter load of tosh! Where has Graham Johnson got his information from? Will this be another of the many ‘confession’ books allowed to go un-challenged because Mr French has joined the snitch/celebrity gangster club? Let me give some background to Stephen French... French is a well-known figure both in Liverpool’s black community and throughout the city generally. He has been actively involved in selling drugs for the last 20 years.

There is one particular episode, which I very much doubt will be featured in Graham Johnson’s book. I related it to Graham Johnson, and told him that I might include it in my book. I eagerly awaited his account of Stephen French’s life and crimes. This book was scheduled for release in February 2007 but it has not (as yet) appeared. I wonder if Graham Johnson is waiting to see what I write before he goes ahead with publication.

This is the episode that I related to Graham Johnston. The account is from an unimpeachable source, and has been given to me by an individual privy to events as they unfolded. It seems there was a dispute of some description between French’s firm and a (white-dominated) rival outfit from the north end of Liverpool. Several black lads went to the home of a senior member of the opposing firm – when he was known to be working a door miles away. These creatures broke into his house whilst his wife and young children were asleep upstairs. They doused the house in petrol – including the staircase – and fired it before making good their escape... The house was razed to the ground. The woman and kids were lucky to escape with their lives. However, they had been forced to leap from a third-storey window and had broken their legs on landing. One of the boys was left with a permanent limp.

The rival organisation was convinced that Stephen French had ordered the arson attack. Some associates or acquaintances of the doorman who had fallen victim decided to take action – without his knowledge, or approval. They had a whip-round to raise some funds, then approached a party they believed capable of administering some well-deserved punishment. Through a friend, he set in motion a chain of events culminating in a plan to exorcise ‘The Devil’ – permanently!

Two men met in a quiet public house. A Gaelic greeting was exchanged before they got down to business. The situation was briefly explained, and technical assistance entreated. The younger man was concerned that his friend might not want to get involved – years of prison: escape bids; solitary confinement, dirty protest and hunger strike had taken their toll on his health.

He stared into the distance for a moment before chillingly replying, "I've killed a lot better men for much less..."

"Do you still have access to some ...material?"

He replied in Gaelic then, seeing his friend was struggling to translate, repeated the proverb in English, "He that keeps not his arms in time of peace will have none in time of war."

Both laughed – but a certain person in distant Liverpool wouldn't be laughing in the not-too-distant future, if things went according to plan.

The party who had been approached to arrange things gave a progress report to his 'clients'. One of them detailed the plan to someone else, who told a friend, who told a friend. Before long Stephen French learned of the scheme to make things go with a bang for him.... The Devil – gangster, torturer, extortionist – was on the telephone to his rivals, almost in tears, pleading for peace.

The mission was aborted and those involved compensated in a small way for their time and trouble. It is a true saying that 'loose lips sink ships' ...

## Chapter 41

# The Future

“It is not the critic who counts nor the man who points out how the strong man stumbles or where the doer of deeds could have done better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood.” – Theodore Roosevelt.

**N**ow, with the end of this work in sight, I can’t really imagine what sort of impression I’ve made on the readership. Doubtless, there will be many horrified by some of the incidents recounted. Looking back, I find it hard to believe I’ve been involved in some of the events described herein. There may even be some readers who believe that those who have engaged in violence forfeit any right to make their opinions heard, and should be excluded from any political process. I do not regard myself as a man of violence – I am a man who can be violent when defending my person or political beliefs. Should I then be denied ‘rehabilitation’? I’ve never used gratuitous violence, robbed old grannies, or sold out my comrades. Our history is littered with examples of terrorists – men of violence – who have metamorphosed into political representatives. From Michael Collins to Menachem Begin and Jomo Kenyatta. Indeed, if Gerry Adams et al are considered fit to sit in government why should those who challenge the liberal consensus be excluded?

I have led a very mixed-up life, without any real sense of purpose. However, this is the course my life has taken – whether I like it or not. Had I channelled my energies into something constructive from an early age, I believe I could have reached the top in whatever field I chose – having courage, tenacity and determination. The energy expended on the endless fights and other trouble I have been involved in, could have been far more profitably employed. My life has been both exciting and dangerous but sadly, I have nothing to show for it other than plenty of odd and amusing memories. Constructive endeavour with worthwhile reward at the end of it – climbing Mount Everest or winning an Olympic medal – matters far more than silly exploits in clubland.

One thing that cannot be denied is that I am a survivor. I possess unique talents and instincts that have enabled me to survive adversity and danger.

These are the type of hardships our ancestors faced when venturing overseas to conquer new worlds. Despite wild animals and blood-thirsty savages our people survived, prospered and conquered. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not equating myself with Christopher Columbus, or frontiersmen like Jim Bowie and Daniel Boone – my point is that I have a well-honed survival instinct, and do very well when up against it. Had I been born in another time, when one had to rely on fighting ability and determination to live, I believe I would have fared very well.

The life I have led is not one I would wish anyone to emulate. Don't waste your time, as I have, fighting for silly, negative reasons that could land you in jail – or dead. I would be delighted if my life story could be turned to some positive account – for me personally, for fellow nationalists, and for the cause, we espouse. I'm sure there will be far tougher people than I reading this book, and far better educated – if my life's experience serves to make one such person politically aware it will have been worthwhile. As to the reader who is already politically aware – my hope is it will encourage him to nail his colours firmly to the mast. Courage and determination are needed in the fight for a just (and worthy) cause. The struggle – where we should be concentrating our energies – is that for national (and racial) survival.

Some readers may be familiar with a short work by English Playwright, novelist and short story writer, W Somerset Maugham: "The Appointment in Samara", 1933. It is a little parable about a merchant in Baghdad who sends his servant to market for provisions. The servant returns pale and trembling – having been jostled by Death in the market-place, who made a threatening gesture to him. To avoid his fate he borrows his master's horse and rides from Baghdad to Samara to hide from Death there. The merchant goes to the market-place and bumps into Death there. He enquires why Death has made a threatening gesture to his servant. Death's response is to deny it was a threatening gesture – "it was only a start of surprise. I was astonished to see him in Baghdad, for I had an appointment with him tonight in Samara."

The moral of the story is that there is no escape from the inevitable. Those who opposed coloured immigration from the start have been vindicated – London has now descended into a multi-racial 'hell-hole'. With brutal killings a regular occurrence, as the darkening of this country continues so will the violence, death and anarchy. You, the white man reading this book, will be driven further and further, eventually into the sea (or from the country) unless you fight back. There is nowhere to run, and no escape. Our enemies have promoted this on a global scale, with every white nation under attack. Get yourself organised and alert your fellow white man – the battle has already begun. Liberal multi-culturalism is about to bury our people and

nation, without a single shot being fired. The enemies of our countries, culture and race, are biding their time until they can destroy us – once and for all...

Constraints of space prevent me from expanding upon my ideas for the advancement of the white man's cause, both in the UK and from a broader perspective. Perhaps in future I shall publish my thoughts on providing an occidental meta-narrative, a code for the West...