

Gangsters : “Alcopone’s Guns Don’t Argue”

By Alan Miles – 8 Apr 2013 [[email](#)]

Me and my mate Mick, and a bloke I shall call Andrew, left the Leyton Baths one Saturday night after it closed. I have forgotten which band were playing that night, but what I am going to tell you is the ‘gospel’. Everything that I have written is the truth although the events happened nearly 50 years ago (in most cases). So I cannot remember in full what was actually said.

Andrew, who was with us, was a Mod. He wore a nice black leather jacket which had just come into fashion, and Levis Press jeans and a nice pair of desert boots. He asked us to go to a Mod cafe, which was at the end of Ruckholt Road in Leyton. I had bad vibes about this place, and was hesitant in going there from the start. Anyway, we walked into this kind of ‘fry-up’ type cafe, at the bottom of Ruckholt Road. It was quite full inside; quite a few Mods in their parkas, some wore blue-beat hats and some wore French berets. Also, there were a lot of ‘Mod-Birds’ all chatting merrily, Speed I suppose caused this. When people took ‘Blues’ or ‘Bombers’ their eyes almost popped out of their heads, they chatted incessantly ...mainly old bo*I*c*s .

So on with the tale “for something wicked this way comes”.

We all sat down (and luckily by the front door), and drank our frothy coffee. Suddenly some bloke began shouting out to Andrew. Things like “who are you screwing?” (which in those days meant who are you looking at?). Suddenly two blokes stood up and a fight broke out between them, this ‘paranoid’ and Andrew were whacking away at each other. Anyway, the Gaffer whose dump it was called out to the two blokes “Pack it Up or I’ll get someone who will”. The ‘paranoid’ who accused Andrew of ‘screwing him’ sat down again, and after a few seconds the bloke started accusing Andrew again, of ‘screwing him’. And so they went back to fighting each other.

The old Gaffer behind his counter got on to the ‘blower’, and I watched him chatting away to someone. After a couple of minutes, and after Andrew had sat down again, the cafe door flew open and a stout stocky bloke, not very tall , and dressed smartly in a grey suit led a bunch of scruffs (about four of them) , all dressed like they had just got off a

building site. Some of the lads dressed like this for forensic purposes, i.e. they could dump their scruffy clothes and carry knives etc. It made them look like they were going to work.

The group ringed the counter to the end , and the tubby little man spoke in a high pitch voice, and he said " If anybody wants to have a go at anybody, well they can have a go at me ".The bloke looked too old to be mixing with 16 year olds in a cafe. We were puzzled as to who this little tubby man was. " Let's f*c* off" I suggested, so we ran out of the front door of the cafe, in the presence of this tubby little man. We ran out of the cafe as quick as a flash and legged it up Ruckholt Road, a road I still hate it is so depressing. We ran up to Leyton High Road, laughing about the bloke that had walked in with his Motley Crew. We parted company from Andrew, and Mick and I decided to stroll home to Walthamstow.

A short while later and we were passing Cleveland Park Road, along Hoe Street when passing across the road, and heading to The Bell, was a large white Cadillac. There were a couple of faces peering outside of the car window at us. The Cadillac pulled up at the traffic lights and turned left at Selbourne Road, which is now Walthamstow Central Station.

"They're tailing us" I said to Mick, so in order to lose them we took the next turning on the right, leading us into Orford Road. We made for St Mary's Church in The Village, and then walked through the cemetery and out of the gates, and started to head for The Drive opposite. Incredibly, the white Cadillac cruised slowly along Church Hill, stopped and reversed, and pulled up beside us. The front window wound down, so we walked towards the Cadillac to see what these blokes wanted. A voice inside asked "Do you know Georgie White?" with this questions a shotgun barrel slid out of the window, and pointed at my testicles. The gun was then withdrawn, and the Cadillac drove away. It seems that we had offended "The Colonel" aka Ronnie Kray.

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