

“Sound of Silence”

By Alan Miles [\[email\]](#) – Nov. 2013

There was an incident in 1965 in the Public Bar at The Bell, which I cannot forget. The bands were now playing in the Public Bar due to many houses nearby complaining of noise-levels. One particular night I was just wrapping-up my microphone whilst the others were putting their stuff away, (this was when I sang with The Pattons).I was chatting away to a young lady, and I'll never forget she looked across at me and said “That bloke don't like you”. I looked to my left and standing staring at me and only a few feet away, was a wiry young man. He wore a red V-neck sweater, he had a thick bush of light brown wiry hair and his eyes were piercing like black stones. He had a nose like a hawk's beak. He just stood there and stared menacingly at me .Often 'frontman' were threatened by blokes who were jealous for whatever reason, but this bloke looked as though he was going to kill me.

I looked to my left and just standing behind me, was Johnny Donaghue, wearing a nice white shirt. I looked at Johnny and nodded towards the direction of that bloke. Johnny said to me “I know”. The bloke with the big nose, gradually walked towards me, suddenly Johnny put his hands on the attackers shoulders, spun him round and said “alright mate”. I think the man then tried to retaliate, but Johnny put the 'nut' on him. I have never seen anything like it, the bloke caught it full on his nose, and blood gushed everywhere. I became a bit worried about Johnny's shirt, but there wasn't a speck of blood on it.

My would be attacker looked like something out of Riverdance as he went running backwards cocking his legs in the air and holding his bloody nose. I think he was trying to regain his balance and ended up sitting on a chair at the end of the bar, covering his face with both hands, and both his hands and face were covered in blood. He made no word nor whisper said nothing at all, he sat like that for a couple of minutes, while we were packing our stuff up. Then he suddenly dropped his hands from his face and began to stand up.

At that moment another friend of mine called Steve came running up from behind me, and kicked this man clean under the chin, it looked like a penalty kick from Match of the Day. I think that the guy was kicked so hard, that his head hit the wall. He still didn't say anything, and he sat back on the chair with his face buried in his hands. At that point Frank, the old manager of the Bell pub came flying-out from behind the bar, and shouted out to Steve “that's enough, that's enough” and the silent attacker whoever he was finally made it out of the front door.

Many years later, I was talking to an old friend of mine called Mac who once lived at Vallance Road, a few doors away from the Kray Twins. He said to me “Do you remember The Dummy?” He then said “he used to go into pubs and pick fights with people and he worked for The Krays. If they wanted anyone smacked-up, he would do it “.

Then I recalled a few years before that, I saw The Dummy having a fight outside a pub. He wore a Teddy Boy's suit, and while he was punching the lights out of some bloke, he was coming out with incoherent sounds. I asked Mac if that was The Dummy I saw. He said “yes”. So in concluding, somebody must have sent The Dummy that night to smack me up. If you paid The Dummy enough he would beat somebody up for you. So whoever paid him for that night may have lost their money.

You might think that two or three onto one is cowardly, but characters like him and Eric Horst and others are so strong and violent, that they can take a lot of punishment. In the incident that I witnessed....it had to be done. I think Johnny and Steve knew all about him and I would like to thank them for helping me on that evening.