

TALES OF THE RIVERMAN 106

The Tuxedo Flasher



Word was received one night that my services were required at the Tuxedo Princess. I was to stop at the locus (The Tuxedo Princess) rather than as usual travel past to the nearest launching place at Finnieston where I would launch and come and come up river. Also strange was that the policeman was laughing while talking to me on the phone and requesting that I brought extra lifejackets with me.

On arrival on the Broomielaw next to the Tuxedo I was informed that an older man had attempted to get onto the teenage disco on the ship. and had been refused. He seemingly was very annoyed at this refusal, and went downriver to where he had a yacht moored, and sailed his yacht upriver to just downstream of the Bells Bridge. He waited for the Waverly paddle steamer to come upriver, bringing day-trippers home after a cruise. He sailed through the Bells bridge when it was opened for the Waverly and continuing his journey upriver, he arrived at the Broomielaw. He tied his boat alongside the Tuxedo then, allegedly. took his clothes off, climbed the mast of his yacht and exposed himself through the portholes much to the amusement of the partying youngsters.



The reaction from those inside the ship, was to run up on deck, and pour the remains of their pints down on top of “the flasher”. I presume it was beer as surely no one would waste spirits or the likes of Barolo.

Lifejackets were passed out to the Officers on board the Tuxedo, then we proceeded to Finnieston, launched the boat at the old ferry steps beside Bettys Bar, and rowed upriver. By the time I arrived with the two police officers on board, “The flasher” had taken refuge inside the cabin of his yacht where it was assumed he was now sleeping.

A Police Officer was placed at the bow (front) and stern (back) of the yacht and as instructed by the Duty Officer, and I towed the yacht to Finnieston.



The “Flasher” was brought from the cabin protesting violently. As his yacht was too big to bring alongside the Finnieston Steps, we had to bring him into my rowing boat first. He kept protesting and shouting that he would never put foot in a fibreglass contraption (his boat was wood of course, and mine today, was fiberglass). We lifted him down into my boat and had him moving quietly to the bow, to step onto the Ferry stairs. Suddenly he hunched down, came up fast, and attempted to shoulder the Police Sgt over the side of the boat. Of course, we were all to alert for that to happen and we finally managed him onto and up the stairs, and he was taken into custody.



He finally appeared in Court still in his pyjamas, claiming that he could not be charged with flashing, as he was wearing a pair of skin-tight flesh-coloured tights.

Aye well.

He was, however, found guilty of trying to shoulder the Sergeant into the Clyde.

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