

Finger off the button before you speak



One day we were returning home after assisting the Police at an incident in Lanarkshire. Father and I were sitting in the back of a Police Land rover with two Officers in the front, the driver and a passenger. We crossed Rutherglen Bridge round the curve into Main Street Bridgeton and had to stop in a row of traffic, waiting for the lights at the crossing with Newhall Street, to turn green



Now in those days both sides of the road had 3 or 4 storey tenements



At the front of the queue was a driving school car with the big L plate on top and a young driver (of the type that normally takes a lot of very unfair slugging) at the wheel. The lights changed to green.



The “learner” (substitute whatever you think is correct for learner) driver put the car into first gear moved forward 1 foot and stalled. By the time the learner (Again, substitute whatever you think is correct for learner) driver, sorted things out, the lights had changed again to red. One or two cars hooted but no doubt observing the Police vehicle behind them in the queue soon stopped.

The lights turned to green again

The “learner” driver repeated their (or substitute word) 1-foot forward manoeuvre and again stalled. This time all the drivers in the cars behind started honking and hooting and shouting out of their windows.



One of the Officers switched on a loudspeaker that all the Police Landrovers were fitted with at that time and said” gentlemen, (I suppose he assumed that all the drivers who were shouting and hooting were men), were you never a learner? Give the young “learner” driver a chance.

The lights turned to green, the learner (guess what you can say here) moved into first gear, moved another foot forward and stalled.

Echoing off the walls of the tenements came the immortal words of the Officer ----For goodness’ sake, the silly b---h (his words, though I have never seen a dog driving a car) has gone and done it again”—

yes, he had forgotten to turn off his loudspeaker