

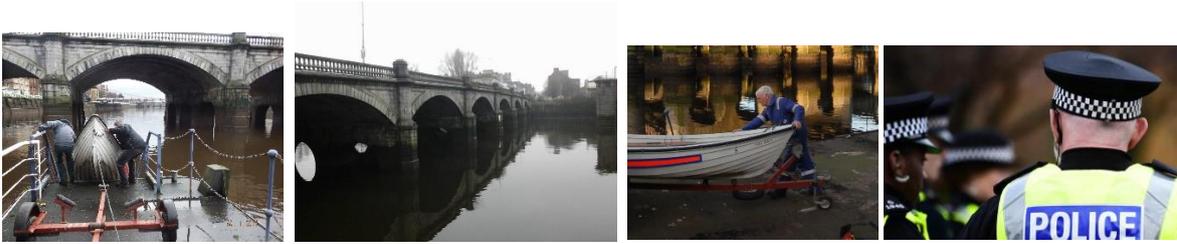
TALES OF THE RIVERMAN 116

October 2022. Last night about 2230hrs we were involved in an incident where a person was threatening to enter the water. A woman had knocked the house door, and informed me of this. Christopher Parsonage myself and William Graham were all standing by as the Police dealt with the situation. Fortunately, no one entered the river, and I am glad to say that when I called 999, the satellite positioning number UN6 worked perfectly.



Although the Police had the person who had caused this cry for help to be raised, sitting, being talked nicely to, in one of their vehicles the three of us stayed in readiness until the woman left the area. Why?

Well, I remember an incident where a man was threatening to jump off a City Centre Bridge. Father (Bennie) and I had sat below the bridge for over an hour before the Police managed to persuade the man to come down off the parapet, and they had him sitting side on, in a Police car, door open, talking to him, calming him down. We were told we could leave the area, lift the boat out of the water and return to Glasgow Green; but Bennie said no, we wait. Sure enough, suddenly we had a close-up view of a man coming over the parapet arms and legs waving about, falling down into the river, where all we had to do was move a few feet, to lift him into the boat (no problem for as soon as he hit the cold water, he wanted back out) and within minutes he was returned to the Police Officers. He had got fed up and frustrated sitting in the car talking, so he headered one of the Police officers, shoved the others out of the way, sprinted to the parapet and jumped. As Ben said, you never know how people will react. Always wait until they are well away from the river. This type of incident occurred several times. Definitely cries for help.



From the house one night I heard terrible screaming, opening the window I observed a man on the St Andrews Bridge and a glimpse of a woman over the parapet on the outside of the Bridge. My sister Ann did a 999 while I ran from the house, grabbing a walking stick as I ran out the door. On the bridge I saw the young woman on the outside girders trying desperately to hold on to stop her falling into the fast-flowing river. The young man was hitting her hands as hard as he could trying to make her let go and fall. I ran towards him shouting for him to stop. I threw myself on the ground (like footballers do when they score), slid along the ground pushing my left hand through the girders catching the woman by her right arm, holding her in the tightest grip I could, from this awkward position. I pointed the walking stick which was still in my right hand at the man, poked him and pushed him away from the woman. He was shouting at her and trying to get past me. She was getting heavy to hold onto, but thankfully the cavalry arrived. An E division car screamed to a halt and one officer ran forward and shoved the man out of the way, while the other officer reached through the girders and caught the woman. Other Officers arrived; and the woman was lifted back over the rail onto the bridge. The man was being talked to and all seemed peaceful and quiet. That did not last. Suddenly the woman punched the officer beside her, ran towards the officer who was holding the man, jumped on his back, arms round his throat, kicking, punching and shouting “what do you think you are doing to my boyfriend”. As Bennie said, you have to be prepared for anything.

I wonder if the two lovers were put in the one cell.

