

Shaw Taylor MBE FRSA

Shaw has been a resident of Totland for a number of years, he is probably best known as the presenter of "Police Five" a five minute fill-in between shows that was initially destined to run for six weeks but lasted for 30 years! He is attributed with inventing the catch-phrase "Keep 'Em Peeled" which has taken its place in television history. He trained initially as an actor but the attraction of a regular salary probably played a part in his transfer to television.

During his long career in television he has been the quizmaster on a number of shows, a commentator at Royal Command Film and Stage Performances and other royal occasions including covering the Cenotaph remembrance ceremony for ITV. Also he has been a sports commentator, a foreign correspondent, a disc jockey and a travel presenter. His very distinctive voice has been frequently heard doing the commentary on a number of documentary programmes.

Shaw also wrote this extremely moving poem which he read during a Remembrance Sunday Ceremony:

I WATCHED HIM GO....

I watched him go

He climbed the trench a yard ahead of me

And hardly topped the ridge before he

Stopped stock still, and sagged.

I caught him as he fell.

Our arms entwined we slithered down

The wall of stinking mud until

We hit the duckboards at the bottom.

His eyes stared up "Why me?"

They seemed to say "Why me?"

I lit a fag and gave it him,

He took one puff, enough,

That's when he went, I watched him go,

The smoke still trickling from his lips.

I watched him go.

The boat's side caving in my ribs.

With shoulders hunched and fingers numb

With cold, I grasped his hands.

Above the gale I heard a yell

"Hold on - for God's sake hold!"

And realised the voice was mine.

He couldn't hear. I'd not the strength

To haul him in - nor he

And all the while the greedy sea

Kept dragging him away.
Our fingers touched and parted. Just a kid.
That's when he went, I watched him go,
His head held back for one last breath.

I watched him go.
His wingtip not ten feet from mine.
"Red Leader Bandits Angels Five"
I heard the call and so did he.
He grinned and raised a thumb.
I knew the sign - the first one down sets up the pints!
And then they ran, those round black holes
From near the tail. A perfect line
Of perforation straight to him.
The forward jerk, the smile transfixed,
That's when he went, I watched him go.
A twisting spiral trailing smoke.

I watched her go.
Her nurses cape held high to shield her from the heat
We kept the hissing jet of water neat
And straight towards the yellow fangs of flame.
Why did she yell and run bent low towards the blaze?
What did she see? A figure? Shape? A trick of light?
I wedged the writhing nozzle tight
Beneath my arm to keep a sodden path
Between the burning timbers
And the heat crazed walls.
That's when she went, I watched her go,
Amid the rumbling roar and showering sparks.

I watched him go
He hurtled past so fast I laughed.
I'd never seen a policeman run before.
And then I saw the child
In open space, it's face turned up
Towards the whistling shrieking sound.
The ground came up to meet them as they fell.
The child secure, held safe beneath
A shrapnel shredded tunic seeping red.
That's when he went, I watched him go.
A shield of blue above the unharmed child.

They're all gone now.

Their names an unremembered line
On Rolls of Honour glanced at now and then
By those with nothing else to read.
A breed of men and women I was proud to know,
And yet, I never think of them except
On days like this - and sometimes in the lonely night.
And then I wonder why they went?
What hand reached out and took them
In their prime? A time of grief
For those held dear.
Good God, you must have heard
Their prayers you must!
Or is there no-one there to hear?

Source: <http://www.shawtaylor.com/pages/1/index.htm>