

Reginald William George Booth 'Reg'

17th October 1927 - 29th June 2020



Reg was born in Salisbury 27th October 1927.

He grew up in Cranborne Village with his brother, George, and sister, Pat. He attended Wimborne Grammar School but missed his final exams due to appendicitis, which then led him to join the Merchant Navy and trained at the Vindicatrix School for merchant seamen.

Joined his first ship at the end of the war having also trained as a DEMS gunner to shoot down enemy aircraft (without much success).

He met Alice at a dance hall in Poole, where she scribbled her address on his navy clothing ration book but didn't see her again for six months as he joined his ship the next day.

His last ship was the M.V. Cranborne and after seven years in the Merchant Navy decided it was time to settle down, get married and join the police force. He joined Bristol Constabulary where Nigel was born, then transferred to Dorset police in Poole where his second son, Keith, arrived. He served for 25 years with many postings around Dorset. Poole to Corfe Castle to Cerne Abbas as a uniformed PC then to Dorchester where third son, James, was born. He then transferred to plain clothes as detective constable then detective sergeant. He was then assigned to Regional Crime Squad travelling around the West Country then to Bournemouth to head up the newly formed drug squad for some years. Finally, as a sergeant in Special Branch.

During his years in plain clothes, many a surveillance operation was conducted in disguise. His wigs and sunglasses still stored at his home in Hamworthy. It didn't fool the IRA as an eight-car team tailing terrorists came unstuck up a single-track welsh mountain when the IRA made a U turn at the top and went back down the mountain smiling and waving at the undercover convoy driving up the mountain.

On retiring from the police, he took up a position as the Southern Seas Fishery Protection Officer patrolling the south coast in a patrol vessel and a RIB.

Finally retired to spend many happy years with Alice on Scotch Mist and at their French cottage in Fresville.



AL! QUICK,
WE'RE LOW
ON WOODS!

MEANWHILE
*THREE SHEETS TO THE WIND
ON SCOTCH MIST

Thursday 9th July 2020

Poole Crematorium

Service conducted by Bob Rowley

Order of Service

Entrance Music
Barrett's Privateers
by Fisherman's Friends

Welcome

Summary of Reggie's Life
read by Jacqui

Hymn

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

Reading

Sea Fever

by John Masefield

read by Nerissa

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

A Reflection of Memories

Music: The Leaving Shanty
by Fisherman's Friends

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be Thy name;
Thy Kingdom come;
Thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the Kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.

Reading

A Sailor's Prayer

by Emily

Oh, for a glimpse of the sea again,
For the thrill when the ocean spray,
Caught from the crest of a rolling wave,
Is a kiss from a sea bouquet.

Give me the wheel of a sailing ship
And the surge of the briny main.
Bring on the wind til the hawsers sing
And the spars and lanyards strain.

Sing me the chanteys of sailing men
To the tune of a northern gale.
Sing to the music of anchor chains,
To the beat of a popping sail.

Bury this frame in these fields you must,
But this soul is unfettered and free.
I'll set my sails to a western wind
And beat my course to the sea.

Reading

Sailing

by Hannah

We're setting off
Inside our skiff
To skirr the ocean vast,
To raise the sail
And let the wind
Balloon it from the mast.

We'll chase the waves
And cue them till
They froth a foamy white;
We'll ride the current till
The craggy shore
Is out of sight.

Then when the sun
Is overhead,
Across the deck we'll lie;
And lift our feet
Up in the air
And walk the endless sky.

Hymn

Father, hear the prayer we offer:
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly rest and stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our guide;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side.

Love Maria Whitcomb Willis (1824-1908)

Committal and Blessing

Closing Music

Beyond The Sea
by Bobby Darin



Donations in memory of Reg are for
The Reg Booth Memorial Fund

Personal messages, memories and donations can be made online at
www.oharafunerals.co.uk
or cheques made payable
to the charity may be sent to Poole Yacht Club,
New Harbour Road West, Poole BH15 4AQ.

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