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Sinister visitors?

NICK WATES, the Tolmers Village Association's co-ordinator, wouldn't be at all surprised if Napoleon Bonaparte walked into the Association's shop in Drummond Street and offered to occupy the development area with his troops.

The shop seems to be a homing ground for all sorts of curious characters, and neither Wates nor his colleagues in the Association can be blamed for believing that there may be something sinister about it.

The most recent offer of help came from a man who turned up out of the blue and declared himself to be a big time developer who had the trump card which could force Joe Levy's hand into releasing its grip on the Tolmers triangle.

The man, who called himself **Nickie Bosanquet** —

and mustn't be confused with the real Nicholas Bosanquet who was recently elected to Camden Council — put up a convincing enough performance.

He dropped names of eminent people and phoney companies with gay abandon and said he could arrange for the community to have the Levy owned land — and all he wanted in return was a cinema, a restaurant and 10 per cent of rehabilitation costs.

Legal advisers were called in to hear his plausible talk, and impressed by his apparent knowledge of the area and the political history of the site, they quizzed him for three hours. The last they, or anybody else there heard from him was as he left the shop saying: "I'll get my annual reports to show you. Hold on a minute they're in my car."

Meanwhile the real Nicholas Bosanquet, who stands

at about 6ft 1in compared with his impersonator's 5ft 9ins, becomes known to the TVA and a few more inquiries reveal that there was not a shred of truth in what the man said.

But why? Why did this man spend some five hours telling lies?

Another earlier offer of help came from another strange man, smartly dressed who told Nick Wates. "I believe you're having a bit of trouble. I can offer you two sorts of help — heavy or legal".

By "heavy" the man explained, he meant he had a force of large powerful men on call to deal with any bother. And by "legal", he said, he meant he could offer the service of lawyers. Whether it was the same large powerful men, who also gave the legal advice, the man didn't say.

But pressing two quid into Wates' hand, he rushed out and hailed a taxi.