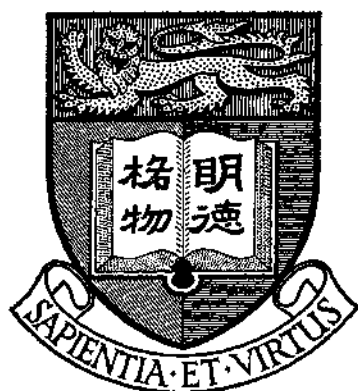


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ALL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR
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FAREWELL

In September, 1951, the first issue of the Hong Kong Police Magazine was published and I addressed readers of the magazine in a foreword to that issue in which I discussed the justification of producing such a magazine, its objects and its scope.

Since that time we have come a long way. A good start was made but now, as we had hoped, the magazine is bigger, better and greatly improved in general appearance and indeed in every respect.

The intervening years have seen a lot of changes in the Force. We have expanded rapidly and the problems of this expansion are still with us but are slowly being overcome.

The magazine has grown with the Force. It has benefited morale and has contributed towards good relations with the Public. In this alone it has justified its existence.

Now leaving the Force on retirement I take this opportunity of saying farewell to you all and of wishing you good health and happiness, progress and prosperity in the years to come.

J. Maxwell.

Commissioner of Police.

EDITORIAL



Retirement

Mr. A. C. Maxwell, Commissioner of Police has recently left the Colony on retirement, accompanied by his wife. To both the Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell, we wish "Bon voyage and God speed".

Mr. I. P. M. Irwin, Assistant Commissioner of Police has also left the Force on vacation leave, prior to taking up a post with the Police College, Ryton on Dunsmore. To Mr. & Mrs. Irwin, we wish good luck and prosperity in the future.

Inspector T. Pilkington has also left the Force on leave prior to retirement. To him and to his wife, Mrs. Pilkington, we wish good luck and a happy retirement.

Foreword

The foreword to this edition of the Magazine has been written by Mr. A. C. Maxwell, as was the foreword to the edition published in September 1951, the first issue.

In his foreword on that occasion, he said: "The object of this magazine . . . is to give us of the Hong Kong Police a means of expression, an interpretation of the Force to the Force and to the public, a medium for the spread of special knowledge and a page on which some record of the Force may be written."

Since those words were written, the Magazine has travelled a long way often

passing through turbulent and troubled waters but always returning on course. In our eighth year we might feel that in part our object has been achieved, whilst as with all ventures of a literary nature, complete success seems to remain tantalizingly, just out of reach.

Publicity

Whilst we are most grateful to those members of the Force who are or have become—news conscious, we would like to emphasize that any event or occurrence may be of general interest, even of public interest, and whilst it is appreciated that most of us live in a world of turmoil, sometimes one's own particular part of that world may be singularly private. Consequently we ask those of our readers who have knowledge of any event which they may think to be of some interest, to contact one of the editorial staff of the Magazine, in order that arrangements can be made to obtain coverage.

Thanks

To our various contributors from within the Force, many thanks for their contribution published in this edition of the Magazine: in answer to the general hint contained in our last editorial, on this occasion there has been a noticeable improvement in response by the Force as a whole and also possibly of even more value, in the quality of articles submitted.

Dr. H. P. L. Ozorio has provided a concluding article on the subject of fishing off the shores of the Colony, which will be appreciated by those interested in this type of fishing, for its accurate, informative, detail.

Mr. A. N. Reynolds has provided another reminiscent account of his experiences which the older, serving members of the Force will find interesting. Miss Dorothy Lee of the Social Welfare Office has given us permission to reproduce one of the lectures delivered by her at the Hong Kong University and has kindly supplied us with the photographs which illustrate her contribution.

Acknowledgements

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following publications:

Barbados Police Magazine, Vol. 4 No. 5.

Fingerprint & Identification Magazine, No. 6 and No. 8 Vol. 40.

The Quarterly Magazine of the Leicestershire and Rutland Constabulary (Winter, 1958).

Northern Rhodesia Police Magazine, 'Nkhwazi'.

"Looking Backwards"

By

Mr. A. N. Reynolds.

In January of 1910 a memo appeared on the notice board in Bow Street Police Station stating that the Hong Kong Government required men for the Police Force and that volunteers should hand in their names.

I volunteered and a week or so later about fourteen others and myself were interviewed at the Crown Agents by Inspector Withers of the Hong Kong Police. Of the fourteen, myself and Jim (Lofty) Kille of Vine Street Police Station were chosen; probably all the names were put into a hat and we were the lucky (or unlucky) ones.

I would like to make a correction here and point out that the date which appeared under my photograph in the last issue of the Magazine should read "1910 and not 1903". Most of this article is written from memory and mistakes may occur.

I am recalling the names of men most of whom have long since retired but who helped to shape the Police Force and I hope that names may help to recall many happy memories for those who read this article.

At the end of February, 1910, myself and Jim (he later transferred to the Government Civil Hospital staff, where Doctor Bell, Police Medical Officer, and Doctor Kock were in charge and what a grand group of Doctors, Matrons, Sisters and Nurses staffed the

Hospital—many a policeman and his wife had cause to be thankful for their administrations. Jim left Hong Kong in 1920 and became "mine host" of an hotel in Portsmouth. I remained firm friends with him until his death (last year) embarked on the P. & O. S.S. "Nore" of about four thousand five hundred tons. Also on board were six men for the Shanghai Municipal Police and Goal. We did not have much money (we received a bounty of about fifteen Pounds from the Crown Agents to buy Kit and mine eventually consisted of a topee and two white suits) but we certainly made the most of that trip. We stopped at Port Swettenham to unload rails. The rubber boom had just begun, a rubber plantation manager on board the ship told me to buy rubber shares; excellent advice, but the "root of all evil" was lacking. It rained more heavily here than I have ever seen it rain and the holds could not be uncovered for three days.

On arriving at Hong Kong, it must have been Easter or a weekend. We made our way to the Central Charge Room and reported to the Inspector on Duty, who said "I dinna ken ye mon, you must report to the Colonial Secretariat". As the Colonial Secretariat was closed down, the prospects did not seem too bright; we later learned to respect and understand "Rah" Fenton and his humour which was as dry as his haggis.

Two memories of Rab. Trivial case brought to the charge room—relieve the regular coolie who pulled the punka string and put the culprit in his place for an hour—caution and send away. Complaint of assault, very minor signs, but plenty of blood smeared on the face. After wiping off the blood, no signs of assault, Rab produced the red ink and through the interpreter, solemnly told the complainant to put some red ink on his face. This he proceeded to do and he looked quite good. Rab then told him that as the blood would wear off, the ink would remain and tomorrow he could go to the Police Court and take out a summons. Contentment all round; the complainant probably saw the funny side of it after leaving the charge room.

Eventually we were taken up to the single men quarters. This was on the top floor of Central, which comprised one long room where about twelve men slept, five small rooms for sergeants and a small recreation room. On the same floor was the mess room and billiard room presided over by "Billiard Jimmy", age unknown, half blind, but could he play billiards?

Each month the mess caterer was elected and he was responsible for the daily menus and worked out the monthly cost, which was about twenty to twenty five dollars a month. One soon knew a good caterer and likewise, a bad caterer soon knew how bad he was!!!

Salary on starting was about £96 per annum, the dollar being worth about 2/3d. but this moved up and down and during the 1914-1918 war it went up to as much as 6/-. Anyone lucky enough to have a good dollar account at this time had quite a windfall when they changed it into sterling.

Uniform was long way from being the attractive and comfortable one of to-day. The cloth of which the summer suit was made was not far short in quality of that worn by the inmates of Victoria Goal. Winter serge which buttoned up to the neck and had a white piping and finished up with an ordinary leather belt. A topee was worn at all times by men on day duty, a peaked cap being worn at night. On ceremonial occasions a spiked topee with pugaree was worn, (I wonder why topees are not worn today? Skulls thicker?)

Duties in the central and other main Hong Kong and Kowloon Districts were of

six hours duration. Most Police Constables were on 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. section duties. The central District was divided into six sections, with so many beats on which Chinese or Indian Police Constables patrolled and these men were supervised by the European Police Constables.

There was no Police Training School and instruction in Police duties was given by the Chief Inspector and the Barrack Sergeant; you were shown round the sections by older hands, from whom you probably learned more of the facts of life and police duties, than from the instructors and books; you also learned to know more of the highways and byways and the customs of the Chinese.

After a month or so you were questioned by a Superintendent and if found satisfactory was posted to a district.

Leave was one day a month, no annual leave and ten months on half pay after five years. Long Leave was optional. If no leave, three months pay in lieu was given.

The Central Station was much as it is today, with the exception of the building opposite the old building; in its place there being a matshed, which was the Chief Inspector's Office. The Captain Superintendent's of Police office was on the ground floor of the old building, now used as cells; also on the ground floor was the accountant's office, store and canteen.

Married quarters were scarce, there being about six at Central and two above No. 8 Police Station, a building which was opposite the present Caine Road Married Quarters. Other single men lived at No. 5 Fire Station, which was situated at the corner of Queen's Road East and Wellington Street. At this time the European Police also performed duties as firemen, a full time superintendent, Bill Lane, being in charge. Men received fifteen to twenty five dollars extra a month for performing the duties of firemen. One or two memories of the Fire Brigade. When a fire occurred firemen who lived at Central Police Station were warned by the ringing of a large hand bell; if the fire was at night men immediately jumped up out of bed and seized their uniforms which were lying handy and ran to Hollywood Road with their clothes under their arms; (this was to get past the man on duty in the Central Charge Room, who recorded the number of the last man out) in Hollywood Road they would get into their uniform

and a boy would take their night clothing back. Having been told where the fire was the men would make their way by rickshaw or a chair to the scene of the fire. At No. 5 Fire Station men would be preparing the coal combustion steam engine pump which was drawn to the scene of the fire by a number of coolies hauling with ropes and in the interim local men in the area where the fire was burning would be fighting it with hoses connected to a fire hydrant until the arrival of the main body of men with the fire pump tender and the fire float; the float of course, was the most useful, as five hoses could be connected to it if they could tie up near enough to the fire. It must be remembered that in 1910 there were no four wheel motor driven vehicles in the Colony and looking back it is amazing how fires were fought and brought under control, sometimes in the most inaccessible places.

When I joined the Hong Kong Police the New Territories had only been taken over 12 years and there were a number of officers who could speak of the actual take over, but during the short period which had elapsed, police services were in good working order and running smoothly and when one considers the lack of transport, it speaks volumes for those men who assisted in the takeover and later policed the district.

The Governor was Sir Henry Lugard, Colonial Secretary, Mr. H. May, later Sir Henry May, who at one time had been the Captain Superintendent of the Hong Kong Police, and after doing a spell as Governor of the Fiji Islands, returned to Hong Kong as Governor. I have recollections of an attempt made on his life at his official arrival to take over. He was at that time being carried in a chair by eight chair bearers on his way to Government House.

Other dignitaries were Judges Rees-Davies and Gompertz and Magistrate, Mr. Hazeland.

The senior police officers were Captain Superintendent of Police (later changed to Inspector General of Police) J. Baddely, Deputy Superintendent of Police Lyons, Superintendents R. P. J. Wodehouse and T. H. King. The ranks were Chief Inspector and Chief Detective Inspector (only 2 Chief Inspectors when I joined and only 2 when I retired), Inspector, Crown Sergeant, Lance Sergeants, Acting Lance Sergeants, (two stripes) and Police Constables.

Names of some of the men of different ranks—Chief Inspector Baker, Chief Detective Inspector Hanson, Inspectors Langley, Robertson, Macdonald, Diamond, Withers, Cameron, McHardy, Fenton, J. O. Sullivan, Collison, Murison, Terrett, Gourley, Kerr, Sims, Angus, Lamont, Birchell, Davitt, Cashman, Browne, Earner, B. Macdonald, M. O. Sullivan, J. Grant and Hedges—some of the latter were Crown Sergeants reaching inspectorate rank later. A number of these men had joined around 1890 and were exceptionally big men and in their younger days formed a very powerful tug-of-war team, photographs of which used to hang in Central Canteen.

In and around 1900 a number of men were taken on the Force from the Marines, the first batch of twelve were afterwards known as the 'Twelve Apostles' and a second group of forty were known as the 'Forty Thieves'. Of these men, the names I can remember were Deveney, Cooper, Kendall, Appleton, Sutton, Davis, Pitt, Kent, Garrod, Culliford, Blackman, Floyd and Purdon.

As can be well imagined, lack of transport and other modern facilities which go to make an efficient police force made police work of these days a foot slogging and laborious job. Evidence given before judges and magistrates could no more be presented in a haphazard manner than it can be to-day. In speaking of foot slogging I will give one instance which is, I agree an outstanding case. Inspector N. Lamont when in charge of the New Territories, accompanied by his bull terrier, would walk from Tai Po over the hills to Castle Peak and back by way of Ping Shan, Au Tau, Lok Ma Chau, Cheung Shui and back to Tai Po sounding the alarm at each station.

When the New Territories was taken over, an area of 355 square miles (incidentally the Boer War started shortly after the take over) was added to the Colony; it will be seen why it was necessary to take on the aforementioned men, but during my time the force was always under staffed, chiefly I suspect from the fact that the Colony's finances were not over flush, and I would say that the cost of the present Police Headquarters was more than the entire police force of those days. Just a small instance to show to some extent how small savings were effected, I was asked to act as Chief

Detective Inspector, unpaid. As I have already said, there were only two Chief Inspector's when I retired, notwithstanding a World War which left behind, as all Wars do, a great increase in serious crime. After the big increase of men from the Marines other men came out from England, chiefly from the home forces. A number of Royal Irish Constabulary men, who included names such as Lane, Shannon, Fallon Harron Brennan and Hourihan joined in 1912. In 1914, shortly before the outbreak of World War I, six men signed up locally from the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry; the arrival of these men greatly helped our football team which had been in existence for two years.

After the 1914-1918 War further men were taken on to replace those who had volunteered and did not return; included among these were six men from the by now disbanded Royal Irish Constabulary men from this force were always a fine type of policemen).

Very occasionally misfits joined the police who would never have made good policemen. Some did not like police work; again others did not think much of the police force and the way it was run, five years generally saw the end of these men and the police force certainly did not think much of them and it was no loss when they were dismissed or resigned.

The strength of the force when I first joined would be about one thousand Chinese and Indians and about 125 Europeans; on the detective staff there would be about twenty-five Europeans and fifty Chinese.

The senior ranks had been added to by the arrival of Messrs. Burlingham, Perdue and Scott during the years 1912 to 1914.

During 1910 to 1925 the force really got under way. The Police Training School had started, finger prints and photography and other departments of the Criminal Investigation Department were improved and strengthened, though in 1932 there was still only one man with a few Chinese assistants in charge of finger prints and photography. I speak more especially of the Criminal Investigation Department as most of my service was in that branch. In speaking of the detective staff, the good work done by the Chinese staff must not be forgotten, without which indeed, success would have been impossible; there is only one person

who can probe the mind of our Chinese Friends (I refer more especially to the uneducated with their dislike of being asked to give information in regard to any criminal proceedings) and that is another Chinese. I would like to add here that after fairly wide experience I do not think there is to be found anywhere in the World, a more law abiding man than the average Chinese.



Insp. Chu Heung, interpreter Wong Chuk Kai and author of this article.

Of the Chinese staff I was very pleased to meet during this present visit, three of the senior men of my day, now on well earned pensions, namely Principal Chinese Detective (Later Inspector) Wong Lau, who joined in 1912 and retired in 1946, a total of thirty-four and a half years; a recipient of three medals including the Long Service and Good Conduct Colonial Medal, with bar and star,

Inspector Chu Heung who joined in 1902 and retired in 1941, making a period of Thirty-nine years, recipient during this period of numerous police medals for good work and Interpreter Wong Chuk Kai who joined in 1907 and retired in 1949 making a period of forty-two years. During his service he was interpreter to eight Chief Detective Inspectors and I know of what great help he was on the staff. From 1942 to 1945 he was with Mr. Thompson working as liaison officer at Kwei Lin. He returned to Hong Kong and resumed work as an interpreter until 1949 when he retired.

I have often been asked since my return, what I think of the Police of to-day compared with those of my day. Making comparisons are generally in my opinion a waste of time and mean nothing. So many things have to be taken into account such as conditions prevailing at the times in question and this applies especially when making comparisons with the yearly Blue Book figures. When you have a highly efficient police force as of today, supplied with all the latest scientific and medical aides and experts on various subjects to help and who deal in hundreds, what comparison can be made with the police force of thirty years ago or more who only dealt in tens and where every dollar spent on improvements was queried.

The bringing in of witnesses and evidence was one of the biggest bugbears, as without immediate contact with the witnesses and without transport to bring them in, days often elapsed before they were forthcoming and the Chinese border was always open for wanted persons to get over and when this happened, it was a case of good-bye.

Police of the early part of the century had also a deal of sickness to contend with, small-pox and plague was still rife, malaria was quite common and police and their families suffered accordingly. I would like here to pay tribute to police wives, more especially to those of the past, some of whom were in out stations where transport, electricity, gas, etc. was nil—even living in Hong Kong and Kowloon was far from pleasant during the summer months. Launches were the usual and by no means unpleasant means of transport.

Taking all in all I would say that the individual policemen and the police work of

my day would stand up to their counterpart of to-day.

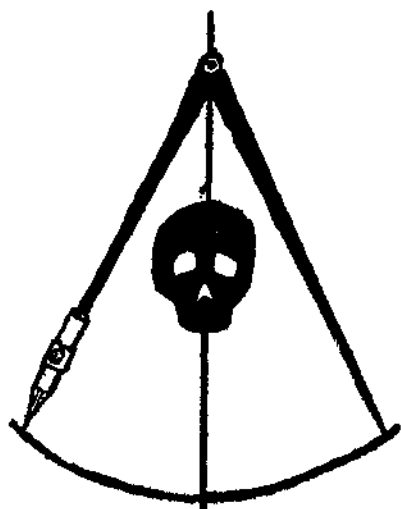
One point I would like to bring up here. A year or two ago the question was posed concerning the earlier Hong Kong Police and their capabilities in the canteen. I am not going to suggest that they could not put away a pint and I mean a pint, not a barrel. Drinking was more concentrated and by concentrated I mean that the lack of various forms of recreation as of today, such as wireless, television, motorcars, cinemas and dances and not forgetting the modern up-to-date quarters of both married and single, meant that whereas today men can separate and have a quiet drink if they so desire the earlier policeman was left with only the clubs and canteens to foregather. Speaking as one who was around in those days I can say that with few exceptions drinking was no heavier than that of today.

It is interesting to note the large number of sons and daughters of long since retired police officers, who hold positions in both police and other Government Departments and in Civil Life. There are also, to my knowledge, a large number who are holding down good jobs in the United Kingdom and other parts of the World. The three retired members of the Chinese Staff, who I have mentioned, also have sons and daughters in Hong Kong, United Kingdom and the United States of America, who are doing well chiefly as teachers and nurses. All of these received their early education in Hong Kong which speaks well of the teachers of those days.

It took two World Wars and two Commissions (Remnant and Desborough) to put the police in their right social and salaried positions. Today it is not a United Nations Army which is spoken of but a United Nations Police Force which may one day keep the World at Peace.

I have seen with amazement the progress and increase of the population of Hong Kong. It has to be seen to be believed, but this progress could not and would not have been accomplished unless the people who had invested their money had been sure that Law and Order would be maintained and there was an efficient and up to date police force capable of doing this.

I would end this second contribution, as I began. "The Hong Kong Police was always a good Force".



THE ROUTE 2 MURDER

*(This was an outstanding case in which the Police effort.....
reached a level unexcelled in my thirty years Police experience.....
Extract from minute by Mr. J. M. MacIntosh, then Commissioner
of Police.)*

At 20.15 hours on 23rd December, 1952 the body of a fully dressed chinese female was found lying in a ditch, by a farmer at Fung Shu Au near Ta Shek Wu Village, on Route 2, New Territories.

An examination by Police of the body and of the scene revealed that the deceased had been murdered, that she had been criminally assaulted before death and that death had taken place twenty-four to twenty-five hours previously. It was noted that there were severe injuries to the forehead and the crown of the deceased and that her clothing had been interfered with; the string of her underpants was knotted at the rear instead of at the front, as is common. On the scene was found a ladies' wrist watch with a broken strap (the watch had stopped at 14.46 hours), a piece of a cardboard box and some withered garden plants. An identity card was found on the deceased bearing the name, Ho Sze Mui. A post mortem examination showed that the cause of death was shock from subarachnoid haemorrhage from injuries to the head.

This then, was all that could be found from an examination of the scene.

Subsequent enquiries were based on the following theories. That the deceased was not a local person, but was probably employed locally; that to reach the lonely spot at which she had met her death she must have had some means of conveyance, and that due to the nature of the assault upon her, her assailants were probably European or Indian.

To carry out the enquiries, all available inspectorate officers were moved into the New Territories to check on the movements of military and civilian personnel stationed at the Army camps in the vicinity. This alone entailed the checking of ten to fifteen thousand persons. Chinese detectives were set to checking all villages and cycle shops in an effort to establish a history of the deceased and a complete laboratory staff was moved to Shek Kong where they set up Headquarters. The Military authorities were requested to co-operate and they mustered all transport and log books, all personnel and kits and made all their civilian personnel available for questioning.

Investigations into the movements of all these persons over the 21st and 22nd December were commenced. The first results of these large scale enquiries came on Christmas Day, when a taxi cyclist named Liu To Leung was located by detectives at Sheung Shui. This person remembered that at approximately 18.30 hours on the 19th December, he had taken a female answering the description of the deceased from Dodwells Ridge Camp to Shek Kong via Route 2. He also stated that at Fung Shu Au he had been attacked by two European soldiers, who had forcibly dragged the female off his bicycle. He then identified the deceased, from photographs, as being the female in question and remembered that she had been carrying plant cuttings. Enquiries were then made at Dodwells Ridge Camp, where a gardener was located who remembered giving some plant cuttings to a female at 18.00 hours on the 19th December. The gardener stated that the female had been sent to collect the cuttings by a N.A.A.F.I. employee at Shek Kong. Also at Dodwells Ridge Camp was found an amah, who was able to identify the deceased, from photographs, as being Ho Sze Mui.

This information threw a completely new light on the case and the massive check programme had to be completely revised to cover the period beginning 19th December.

The Police Surgeon confirmed that the deceased could have been in a coma between the time of attack and the time of death.

By Christmas day the position was that the deceased had been positively identified and her movements had been checked; that she had been attacked by two European soldiers and that her assailants had come from the direction of Shek Kong on bicycles.

Police now directed their enquiries to Shek Kong Camp and it was found that 19th December had been pay day and that there had been considerable movement of personnel on that night.

In the meantime enquiries at various cycle shops revealed that a Lance Corporal Douthwaite, a Trooper Dalton and a Private Honeyman had all hired bicycles from the Ki Hung Bicycle Shop, Kam Tin, at about 18.00 hours, 19th December. All three men were attached to 35 Infantry Brigade Head-

quarters, Shek Kong and enquiries at the Guard Room of this Camp, revealed that the book in which personnel booked in and out of the Camp had disappeared. The last man to see this book was a close friend of Douthwaite. Statements were recorded from the three men and it became apparent that they were lying in respect of their movements on the night of the 19th.

Suspensions were strengthened when it was found that neither Douthwaite nor Dalton had produced a dress uniform for examination by Police, but this line of enquiry petered out as both soldiers were only temporarily attached to 35 Infantry Brigade Headquarters and nothing concrete could be established.

It was established however, that the three men were definitely suspect and that there was room for a close investigation.

By the 29th December all other persons were eliminated and all vehicles had been accounted for. The deceased had been identified as an amah of the N.A.A.F.I. at the 11th Infantry Unit, Shek Kong. She was reported as being a respectable person and was well spoken of. Her husband had been located and her property checked and found correct. It had also been established that the bicycles used by the two assailants were the property of the Ki Hung Bicycle Shop.

Police enquiries were now concentrated on the three suspects. Honeyman was suffering from a fractured right arm, which was set in plaster, and it was found that he had sustained this injury before the murder. All three men were questioned at length and they all admitted that they had been together on the night of the 19th December. They admitted that they had hired bicycles at the Ki Hung Bicycle Shop and that they had proceeded to the Paramount Dance Hall in Fan Ling, arriving there at about 20.00 hours. However, Dalton and Honeyman stated that they had travelled to Fan Ling via Route 2, while Douthwaite claimed that all three of them had proceeded there via Lok Ma Chau.

The entire scene was reconstructed by Police, the role of the deceased being enacted by a Woman Police Constable and the parts of the suspects, by police officers of similar weight and build. It was found that when

the various parties started out from opposite ends of Route 2 at the times that the deceased and the suspects were believed to have done, they would meet at about the scene of the murder. Unfortunately this did not take police much further in the enquiry.

The three suspects remained at large but their movements were closely watched. At odd intervals they were called to Ping Shan Police Station for questioning.

In the meantime the movements of the three suspects on the night of 19th December were being carefully checked. They themselves had insisted that they left their camp at approximately 18.30 hours, while the Ki Hung Bicycle Shop had recorded that their cycles had been rented at 19.05 hours. This threw the Police time table slightly out of gear but it was established that a clock at the Ki Hung Bicycle Shop, which was used for obtaining the times at which cycles were rented, was invariably ten minutes fast and was of an obscure and unreliable make. As the questioning of the three suspects proceeded, it became apparent that Douthwaite was lying hard and that Honeyman was also lying but in an attempt to cover up for the other two.

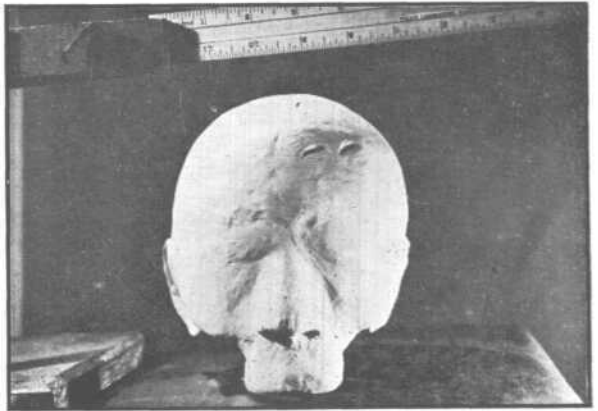
At this stage it was clear that the Police case would rest on the statements of the suspects themselves, the times and distances involved and possibly the weapon used, if it could be found. It seemed that no help could be expected from outside avenues.

In an effort to find the murder weapon the area was searched within a radius of half a mile of the scene of the Murder by search parties of a hundred men. Mine detectors were used and fifty grass cutters were employed to crop the grass in the vicinity. A great variety of bottles, broken pieces of metal, rocks, etc. were found, but laboratory examination and tests ruled out any of them as being the murder weapon.

Two skulls were treated with plasticine and numerous tests were conducted upon them with the exhibits found. The wound on the deceased's head was carefully examined under the microscope and it was found that bottles, jagged rock, iron bars and the like could not have caused the deceased's injuries.

At this stage it appeared that the murder weapon was the key to the case, if it could be found.

The wounds to the deceased's head were quite unusual, being semi-circular in shape with a distinctive depth at the top; they were double wounds and of exact measurement throughout. It appeared that a double-headed, circular weapon of considerable hardness had been used. An attempt was made to exhume the deceased's body for further examination and experimentation but this was abandoned when the husband objected.



Plasticine Model of a skull showing the double, semi-circular wounds found on the deceased's head.

Reproductions of the wounds were then made on plasticine models of skulls and using these as moulds, fillings were made to represent the weapon used. The fillings were produced and studied and posed a real problem. They were semi-circular and when the circle was completed, it was 23 mm in diameter. It did, however, give Police something to go on.

The whole line of enquiry was now back-tracked to see if there was anything of this nature which could be connected with the suspects. The tools on the bicycles hired by the suspects were checked but could not have caused the injuries, nor were any of the suspects in possession of knuckle duster or signet rings which might have caused the wounds.



A photograph of the deceased's head was enlarged to life size and the arc formed by the wounds transferred to tracing paper. The circle of the arc was constructed by bisecting two chords of the arc with uprights. Their point of intersection is the centre of the circle. The completed circle is of the same diameter as the base of the handcuffs found.

The results of the systematic questioning of the three men were now compared. Douthwaite admitted to being with the other two on the night in question and also admitted that they were all on bicycles hired at the Ki Hung Shop. He claimed that they had left their Camp at 18.30 hours and had ridden to Fanling via Lok Ma Chau, arriving there at 20.00 hours. He admitted, however, to returning to Camp, via Route 2, with the other two men, at midnight. Dalton and Honeyman, on the other hand, although admitting to being with Douthwaite and to hiring bicycles from the Ki Hung Shop on the fatal night, claimed that after leaving Camp at 18.30 hours they had travelled to Fan Ling via Route 2, arriving at Fan Ling at 20.00 hours. They claimed that they had returned to their Camp via Lok Ma Chau. These admissions put them on the scene at the time of the Murder on bicycles identified by the cyclist, Liu To Leung. It was shown to the three suspects that one of them was lying and that a wedge had been driven into their alibi. They were then closely watched for their re-action and it was seen that Douthwaite was closer to Dalton than to Honeyman.

It now had to be considered which of the three suspects should be eliminated. According to the cyclist, Liu To Leung, two soldiers attacked the girl, not three. It was decided that Honeyman had made the best showing in the interrogations which had taken place and it was therefore decided to treat him with kid gloves and to slowly let him into the case.

He was taken to Shek Kong and was taken over Route 2, retracing the journey of that fateful night. He showed how Douthwaite and Dalton had cycled ahead of him at the steep incline just prior to the

scene of the Murder, while he dismounted to walk up the gradient because of his broken arm. At the top of the gradient he had remounted his cycle and gone on to Fan Ling, fully expecting to meet his two friends there. On arriving at Fan Ling he had found that they were not there and on going out on to the main road to look for them, had seen them cycling towards him from the direction of Route 2. They explained that they had called in at a restaurant on the way and that Douthwaite had had a puncture. Honeyman had noticed that the rear tyre of Douthwaite's cycle was flat.

The rear tyre of the cycle used by Douthwaite was examined but no useful evidence was obtained. The restaurant where they had claimed to have stopped was checked but no one had seen them there.

At this stage, Honeyman stated that Douthwaite possessed a pair of handcuffs and as it turned out, this was the final link in the case. Honeyman remembered that prior to Douthwaite and Dalton cycling on ahead along Route 2, he had seen Douthwaite threaten some passerbys with the handcuffs.

Enquiries were made and a pair of handcuffs was found in the Regimental Guardroom where Douthwaite had been employed. These were tested for blood but with negative results. Douthwaite was questioned regarding these handcuffs and admitted that he had carried them on the night in question, that he had handed them to the manager of the Paramount Ballroom on arriving there and had received them back before leaving. This was checked and was found to be correct. The handcuffs measured 23.5 millimetres in diameter at the base.

These handcuffs were measured, tested, weighed and examined and it was found that

the impressions made on plasticine models were similar to the injuries inflicted on the deceased female. It was found that the double, semi circular injuries could be caused by gripping the two cuffs together and striking with the round base of the handcuffs. Enquiries were made at other military camps in the area but no trace of other pairs of handcuffs could be found. The history of the pair found in the guard room at 35 Infantry Headquarters could not be ascertained, but they had been found.

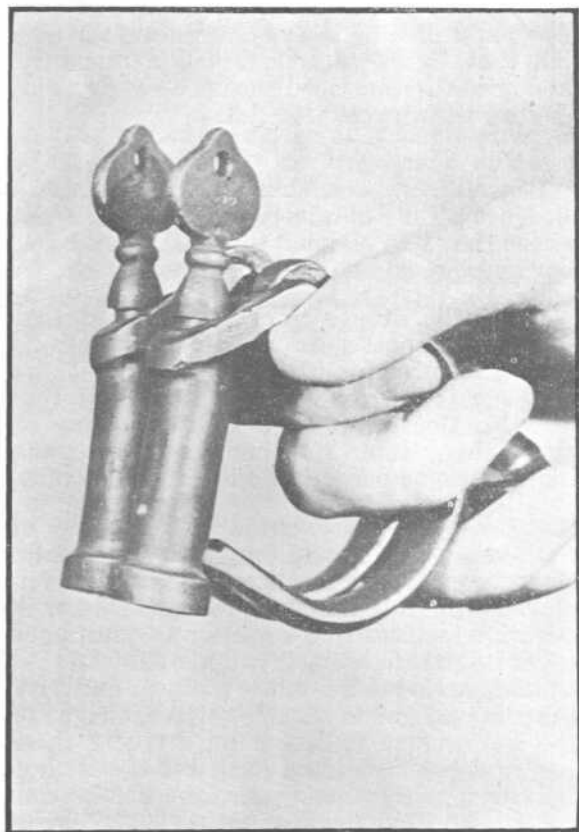
It now remained only to place Douthwaite on Route 2 on the night of the Murder. It was established quite definitely that the deceased and her cyclist had left Fan Ling between 18.30 and 18.40 hours. It was found that the cyclist, Liu To Leung, took exactly thirty-two minutes to reach the scene of the

murder, and this would place him and the deceased on the scene between 19.02 and 19.12 hours.

Dalton and Honeyman were asked to cycle along Route 2 from Shek Kong, exactly as they had done on the night of 19th December, and it was found that the time taken to reach the scene of the murder would be eighteen minutes. This would place them on the scene of the murder at 19.23 hours, ten minutes too late, until it is remembered that the clock at the Ki Hung Shop was invariably ten minutes fast. It was also found that the time taken to get from the three suspects' camp (which they had left at 18.30 hours) to the Ki Hung Cycle Shop was only ten to fifteen minutes.

At this stage the evidence available was that the deceased had been attacked by two soldiers at approximately 19.10 hours on the 19th December at the spot where the body was found; that the deceased was identified and that she was of good character; that bicycles of the Ki Hung Cycle Shop had been used by the murderers; that Honeyman was speaking the truth; that the deceased and Liu To Yeung, the cyclist, had set off from Fan Ling to Shek Kong via Route 2 at 18.30 to 18.40 hours on the 19th December; that it took them approximately thirty-two minutes to reach the scene of the murder which they reached at approximately 19.10 hours; that Douthwaite and Dalton were on Route 2 on this night and at this time; that they had left the cycle shop before 19.00 hours; that it took them approximately eighteen minutes to reach the scene of the Murder and that they did so at approximately 19.10 hours; that there was no other soldier on the route at this time; that the handcuffs carried by Douthwaite could have caused the deceased's injuries; that Douthwaite lied re the route he had taken; that he had lied concerning the visit to a canteen and concerning the puncture to his cycle's rear tyre and finally that Dalton was lying on the same points as Douthwaite with the exception of the route he had taken on that fateful night.

Following a conference at which these points were discussed, the three suspects were taken to the Ki Hung Cycle Shop, Kam Tin, where they were handed the cycles they had used on 19th December. They were



Method by which handcuffs could have caused the wounds found on the deceased's head.

asked to follow the same route which they had used on the night of 19th December. Douthwaite insisted that they had all cycled via Lok Ma Chau and actually set off in that direction. Honeyman and Dalton, however, objected strongly and insisted that they had all set off in the opposite direction, that is via Route 2. After some argument, Douthwaite reluctantly agreed and all three finally set off along Route 2. At the incline, Honeyman fell behind as he had stated, leaving Douthwaite and Dalton to carry on. At the top of the incline, that is the scene of the Murder, Douthwaite and Dalton dismounted to await Honeyman, as they put it, but they failed to agree exactly where they had dismounted.

This was the first mention they had made of waiting at the top of the incline for Honeyman.

The case was now completed, Douthwaite having at last admitted to being on the scene of this brutal murder on the night in question.

Douthwaite and Dalton were arrested and charged with Murder.

The evidence was strongly contested by two leading Counsels of the Colony at the subsequent trial in the Supreme Court. The two accused were convicted of murder and sentenced to death. Appeals were lodged but refused.

Notes on Hong Kong Sea Fishing

by

Dr. H. P. L. Ozorio

OFF SHORE FISHING

Location

Between late Autumn and early Spring, the sea being colder, most of the fishes that visit local waters can be found in the deeper levels. These may be from 10 to 30 fathoms deep and the species caught, varies with the time of the year.

For this type of fishing a boat is essential; preferably a hired one, with a boatman to do all the necessary rowing, especially if, as is usual, he knows the fishing grounds.

Tackle

80 to 120 yards of monofilament nylon ranging from 8 to 40 lbs. test, wound on rectangular boards or circular, rimmed spools for faster stripping from the main tackle. This line is used by hand (nigger fishing) and is fitted with a sinker and hook in the 'pater noster' fashion. The swivelled sinker, varying from $\frac{1}{8}$ — $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., depending on the depth and speed of the tide, is at one end of the line. To the other end is tied 3 feet of nylon trace of the same strength attached to a hook, also varying in size according to the desired catch. Fishes, such as the Pomfret, with small mouths need small hooks. For White Salmon, which have very sharp teeth, a wire trace is suggested.

Bait

Live bait is used. Shrimps, 3"—4" long; live squid; large prawns up to 8", the type you get in restaurants; herring; and even live crabs are suitable under certain circumstances. These must be impaled in such a way that they are not noticeably injured; e.g. large prawns are hooked through the underside of the mouth and up through the hard plate on the fore-head. In this way, the bait is left to swim freely, a tempting morsel for any predatory fish.

Method

The tackle is lowered away until the sinker touches bottom. Then 3 feet is retrieved so that the baited hook is free to swivel round the sinker. Gentle movement up and down, with frequent soundings to keep level with the uneven bottom, keeps the bait moving and prevents snagging. It is a wise precaution to wear a cloth or leather finger stall on the index finger to guard against cutting by the line when a strike is made.

Drift slowly down the length of the feeding area. When you reach the probable limit, pull up the line, row back to the start, lower the line again and repeat the process.

The day time is the best time for fishing, the best tides being the neap tides twice a month and preferably at the change of the tide. To catch most deep-sea fish, their feeding grounds must be known. Those hidden reefs and rock clusters where they congregate at certain times must be carefully noted.

Late Autumn

During October/November there is a short run of White Salmon (ma yu). These are taken with live squid or herring along the west coast of Lantau, the Brothers' Islands and the Castle Peak area.

Also there is a run of yellow Pomfret off Kowloon Docks. These are taken with shrimps with a 10 to 15 pound test line. Average weight 10 to 15 pounds; they are good scrappers and when smoked, an epicurean delight.

Between October and December, most other species of fish, such as the Large Bream, Yellow, Black, White and Red Groupa, the Grunt and the Croaker, can be caught around the Brewery area, Castle Peak, Stonecutters, Tsun Wan, Taipo, Stanley and around Lyemun. Kaitak, when it was accessible, was a favourite spot.

Winter

In the last week of December, Sea Perch (lo yu) make an appearance and remain until February. These average between 5 and 30 pounds and are taken with large prawns, first at Black Point, and later from the Castle Peak all the way down to Tsun Wan. Occasionally large cod weighing up to 60 to 70 pounds will be hooked in this area. Lyemun also provides some surprises.

Towards the end of Winter, there is a run of Flag Bream (che kei laap) off Tap Mun Island. Yellow croakers can also be caught off the Brewery at this time, with the occasional groupa and flounder.

Spring

The next run is in the early Spring when the White Salmon makes his appearance. This very game fish can be caught off Cheung Chau and all the way down, especially off the east and west sides of Lantau. He is a big customer and will fight you for every inch. He is taken with large prawns, live squid or herring.

Trolling

During these months, especially in late Autumn and early Spring, when the weather is rough and drizzly, you can troll for large mackerel with a feather or spoon. The local fishermen use live herrings trolled astern at about 2—4 knots. They can be taken on hard line or better still with rod and reel. They can be found in Lamma Channel, outside Lyemun, and in the Capsuimun—Castle Peak area. Although this type of fishing is not so productive of strikes, one fish caught is of sufficient size to give you the satisfaction of a good day's sport.

For keen anglers

It is recommended that they should try for Sea Perch in December/January, when as many as six to ten, weighing up to 20 lbs, can be caught in a few hours; White Salmon in the Spring; and Yellow Pomfret in the Autumn.

To them—

"Best of luck and good fishing!"

THE DRIVER EXCUSES HIMSELF

I thought the side window was down but it was up as I found when I put my head through it.

A cow wandered into my car. I was afterwards informed that cow was half witted.

Wilful damage was done to upholstery by rats.

A COURSE ON LEAVE

by

D.S.I. M. Williamson

When one has completed a tour of duty and is looking forward to a life of idleness on leave, the thought of volunteering for a lengthy course of instruction seems repulsive and incongruous. Yet on reasoning clearly, it becomes apparent that a life of idleness is the quickest way to ruin a leave.

The Detective Training Course at Wakefield has just the right amount of mental activity to keep the brain in trim, and the social side is more than abundant to prevent boredom.

The Course is administered by the West Riding Constabulary, who enjoy the reputation of being a Crack Force. All the instructors are members of the Force but the numerous outside lecturers are drawn from various parts of the country, and are specialised in their own field.

Wakefield as a town is not pleasing to the eye but its atmosphere grows on you after a time; so does the grime from its industry. To compensate for these drawbacks the residents make up for the discomfort by their hospitality.

The students are accommodated in lodgings with either British Officers or Colonials, usually three or four to each lodging. The landladies are specially selected by the school authorities and very few complaints are registered. I was lucky and shared a flat with another Colonial Officer from Nigeria and had the best quarters available.

The Course is of twelve weeks duration and is divided into Senior and Junior Classes. Hong Kong Officers are classed as seniors and study with British Detective Sergeants and above. One Senior class comprises twenty four officers, eight of whom are Colonials.

The Chief Instructor is an Inspector of the West Riding Constabulary and he is responsible for one class.

The first three weeks are a bit hectic, trying to study English law, Court Procedure, methods of investigation and the British Methods of all round Police work. The British officers have a slight advantage over Colonials due to their being familiar with the different procedures and English Law. The first progress test after four weeks usually shows how much ahead they are and one just has to keep on trying.

By living and talking with the British Officers the studies become less difficult and after the eighth week the second progress test shows that you are now familiar with the Course. The last four weeks is again hard work and the final examination is entirely up to the individual to do as best he can.

The instructors are a great help to Colonial officers and will give extra tuition if required. Sometimes they insist on extra tuition. I do not want to bore you with the different subjects in the curriculum but it will suffice to say that they cover the main subjects in great detail as far as law is concerned and bring you right up to date in case law.

Accent is put on aids to crime detection by the use of Forensic Science, Records and communications. The lecturers are all top men in their own field and are extremely interesting. The West Riding Pathologist, Dr. Price, spends a great deal of his time lecturing and working in the field with the students. His enthusiasm and devotion to his work is really remarkable. Nothing is too much trouble for him in the way of assisting the students as well as the surrounding constabularies. He has a very high reputation throughout the world and some of his work in difficult cases is known to all Police circles.

Whilst all this hard work is going on, the social side is not neglected. Although the Commandant expects each student to

work conscientiously and put in a few extra hours per week during the evenings, he also realises that over 100 men, all in lodgings, must have some recreation.

Every Wednesday is a half day and bus outings are arranged to various nearby factories. The visits are all interesting and well-organised. The students soon looked forward to the Wednesday bus trips. Some of the evenings were hilarious. The boys were encouraged to let their hair down and a Road house with dance floor was usually the stopping place on the way home. The Brewery trip is saved until the last outing and the bus drivers are specially briefed as to the location of various lodgings. The landladies are also warned of what to expect and bodies are dumped in the different parts of Wakefield without any fuss or bother. The following morning is devoted to Private Study.

Some of the field exercises are most realistic in which all the students take over the case at some stage of the enquiry. The murder case lasts the whole day, usually chasing through woods on a rainy day. Everyone enjoys this thoroughly, despite the weather.

The final exams are a bit shattering but the final dinner is even worse. This is the grand finale to the Course and is celebrated in true style.

Having lived and worked together for three months one makes many friends, and parting is difficult. Everyone is loath to say farewell. One comes away with a feeling of having done something really worth while and full of knowledge. It definitely gives an appetite for working on returning to Hong Kong, but if you wish to become a C.I.D. officer on your return to duty, perhaps the best course to take is Thames River Police or Traffic!

4th Group N.T. (North) N.T. Police Scout and Cub Group.

This Troop was formed six months ago and consists of nine scouts and fourteen cubs, all of whom are sons of police officers living and working in Frontier Division. The

Troop is sponsored by New Territories Police Officers and is entirely a Police Troop, including the Scout Master, Corporal 3313, E. Costa.



The 4th Group, N.T. (North), N.T. Police, together with some of the sponsors.



The Assistant Commissioner of Police, New Territories and Marine, Mr. Segrue, takes the salute.

LEARNING CHINESE CHARACTERS

In this short article, I am not going to attempt to air a sketchy, recently-acquired, smattering of Chinese Characters. I will try to describe how written Chinese appears to me.

The first impact is one of horror at the enormity of the task of cramming into the mind a language in which every idea and phenomenon has a character of its own, ranging from one stroke (乙 —uet: one; to mark; curved) to as many as thirty strokes (鸞 —luen: a fabulous bird); and as similar as 免 and 兔 (to: rabbit and min: to avoid) and 貨 and 貸 (foh: goods, commodities, and t'ai: to lend on interest). The exact number of extant characters is not known, but estimates have been placed as high as 45,000.



However, with a competent knowledge of the various combinations of three to four thousand, it is possible to understand the best of daily newspapers. To the mind accustomed to functioning in English, some of the combined uses of characters can be confusing. Thus 夫 (foo) means husband or man—but 夫人 (yan: man; person) is a polite way of referring to the *wife* of a third person; and 橫 (waang) which means cross-wise, perverse, or at the side, can be used in the phrase 橫行 (hang: to walk, or act) to mean perverse conduct, or in the phrase 橫財 (ts'oi: property, wealth) to mean good luck or a windfall—the two uses, to my anglicised mind, seem contradictory.


To make matters even more complicated, the Communist Chinese have introduced a simplified version of many characters. 鬚 (so: a beard, moustache) is reduced to 須; but as 須 is already used for sui: ought; necessary, for which there is no simplified version, this could lead to confusion.

Simultaneously with the simplification of characters, the Communist Chinese are carrying on the search for a practicable method of romanizing the language. It

seems probable that, by the time you have mastered the language, it will join Latin, Greek and Anglo-Saxon among the dead languages of the world.

However, learning characters is not as terrifying as it appears; there are several mnemonics to assist the memory.

The most obvious mnemonic is that of the direct pictogram. If one has seen the original pictogram version of a character which has not changed its appearance greatly, it is difficult to forget. Thus a hill  becomes 山 (saan) and an eye  becomes 目 (muk).

With many other characters, although the present form is not so immediately obvious, once the original idea has been explained, the present character is quite easily remembered. Thus, 酒 (jau: wine) is derived from the shape of a wine jar, , plus the radical for water, 氵, whose origin is immediately obvious; or, more intriguingly, the character 至 (chi: to reach; up to; most) is explained by Ernest Tipson as representing a bird, with wings bent backwards, flying down to earth — 隹; and the character 不 (bat: not; do not; never) as representing a bird (个), with wings outstretched, flying to the sky (一), but never being able to reach it. 卜 (buk: to divine; a diviner's rod) represents cracks, produced by heat, in the tortoise shells used by ancient seers in their divining.

工 (gung: work, skilled in; ingenious; repair) represents, quite simply, a carpenter's square which gives shape to everything he does.

Another assistance in remembering, is the block of characters in which the same main character is used to give the sound (phonetic use), and the radical gives the meaning. Thus the character 唐 (a surname) is pronounced t'ong; when used with

the radical for rice, and therefore food, 米, it becomes 糖, t'ong: sugar; when used with the radical for action, 才, (or also written as 手, shau: a hand) it becomes 擋, t'ong: to parry, or evade; when used with the radical for land 土 (t'o) it becomes 塘, t'ong: a pond, reservoir or embankment. These blocks of identical phonetics are very common, and, if the word is commonly used in the spoken language, the phonetic, and the idea denoted by the radical will be sufficient to make the meaning obvious. Thus, if you know the character 文 is pronounced man (literature), when you see it used with the radical for insect, 虫, and becoming 蚊, you can easily, and correctly, guess that it is man: a mosquito, or gnat.

Another, and more common way, of remembering the formation of characters is to imagine what the origin might have been. These images, like those of some modern poetry, are completely arbitrary and depend largely on your first impression of the character. Thus, when I first saw the character 裘 (k'au: fur garment), I thought

of the clothes (衣, yee: clothes) which women always ask for (求, k'au: to see or ask for); and the character 探 (t'aam: to visit, to search out) makes me think of a person taking (才 denotes action) a stick (木, muk: wood) and prying around inside a cave (穴, yuet: radical for a cave or den). The only fault with a mnemonic such as this is that you must remember that what you think of as a cave, 穴, is really minus the dot at the top, becoming 允.

Whichever method you adopt for learning characters, when you start to master the language, you find a lot more in the streets and shops than you realised existed before. I personally have had the pleasure of catching out a trader in Upper Lascar Row who was asking a price exorbitantly above that marked on the price ticket. For someone who is fond of reading, the language opens up a field of reading which is very interesting. In general, for a permanent resident of the Colony, the language is worth the effort put into mastering it.

THE DRIVER EXCUSES HIMSELF

I unfortunately ran over a pedestrian and the old gentleman was taken to hospital much regretting the circumstances.

I misjudged a lady crossing the street.



YOUTH WELFARE IN HONG KONG

by

Miss Dorothy Lee,
Assistant Director (Youth Welfare)
Social Welfare Dept.

There are in the Colony thousands of children who have to spend their lives on the streets without any form of family discipline and without any kind of education, formal or otherwise. These children, of whom there are, at a rough guess, some 50,000 to 60,000 belong to the poorest section of the Colony's population. Their parents and relatives eke out a precarious living by working as casual labourers, hawkers and other humble jobs and the families live in overcrowded bed spaces, squatter huts, stair landings and so on. The task of earning enough to find food and shelter is so urgent that there is no room left for family life as those of us more fortunate understand the

term. Such people could hardly be expected to bring up their children well, let alone provide all the other essentials for their children's physical and intellectual development.

Take Ah Choi for instance. His father has T.B. and is unable to work. His mother is getting old. They live in a bed space in a squatter hut and pay \$20 rent monthly. Ah Choi and his younger sister are unlicensed hawkers—they sit daily by the local market and try desperately hard to earn the few cents to feed four mouths. Apart from the fact that Ah Choi has to use his wits in selling his vegetables, he and his sister have at the same time to keep their eyes open just in case the Police carry out a raid.

When economic maturity is forced upon many such children at an early age, they have to fend for themselves somehow, through begging, hawking or as shoe-shine boys. There is also the possibility and in many cases the probability of their being used as tools or accomplices of adult criminals or the triad societies. Because of their lack of home conditions and urged by the natural instinct in a child to be gregarious, they come together in the street gang which becomes their only "club". The problem we have to face is that the streets are not places of choice but of necessity; what has to be done is to direct this adventurous gang spirit towards constructive and socially useful ends rather than to let it be exploited by criminals or political agitators. Moreover, if we try to repress this gang spirit



Many Clubs and other poor children are entertained regularly, specially at Christmas.

it can become dangerous; if encouraged, in the proper direction it can become a social force of great value.

We have often heard of complaints about many children who roam the streets begging, fighting and gambling. These street children are unloved, and so they become good haters; they are hungry and badly clothed and so they steal; they are starved of the normal experiences of a child and so they seek self-glorification in gangs and self importance in contempt for authority. They can only be helped by discovering what their needs are and meeting those needs with love, friendship, understanding and good example.

That is being done for just over nine thousand boys and girls between the ages of eight and eighteen years in the one hundred and eighty clubs which exist in Hong Kong today. These clubs are centres where children meet together regularly under supervision and by engaging in a variety of activities grow up into fit, happy men and women and good, well informed and intelligent citizens. What are some of the activities which form the club programme? At the ordinary club meetings the children come together as a family gathering. (Club premises vary greatly, from good accommodation in a modern welfare centre to a little corner in a bathing pavilion.) Each day's programme includes some physical exercises, games, handwork, singing, the 3 R's and so on.

The club leader is at hand all the time giving that help, advice and good example which is so absent in their experience. To encourage members to read, lending libraries with suitable books are available on both sides of the harbour; to encourage appreciation of music, similar libraries of records have been set up. To have a better knowledge of Hong Kong visits of observation are made from time to time. Children are also encouraged to make practical use of their hands through weaving, rattan weaving, fretwork, embroidery and so on. Then there are the regular inter-club competitions in singing, folk dancing, drama, story telling and various kinds of sports to encourage friendly rivalry and to develop that very necessary "club spirit" and esprit de corps.

The children are also encouraged to give of their services and to share what they have learnt. In emergencies such as after a big fire, club children prepare and distribute milk to the large number of children queueing for their meals. Or they may do "good turns", such as entertaining the residents of Old Peoples Homes, handicapped children in hospitals, etc. A monthly magazine is put out by the Boys' and Girls' Clubs Association to provide club members with a wider background of knowledge and as a medium for the exchange of news and ideas by club members themselves. Scouting and guiding are also a club activity.



The children are also encouraged to save their hard earned cents. The Boys' and Girls' Clubs Association operates a Savings Bank and interest is paid to depositors. A club member who is a shoe shine boy may lodge his 10 or 20 cents daily and often when the need arises he would draw from his account, perhaps to help bail a friend who might have been charged with obstruction or some other technical offence.

A very important item on the club programme is the regular visits made by the Leader to the children's families. We cannot divorce a child from his family. The more a leader knows about each of his members, the better he is in a position to understand and to help a child with his problem. Very often too the leader is able to help a member's family; if he cannot, it is his business to refer the family to the appropriate welfare agency. In short the leader is a group worker, a case worker and a "jack of all trades". Regular "parents evenings" are also organised. Parents come to the club and bring their younger ones, sit and chat over a cup of tea; or perhaps they may see some entertainment specially put on by their children.

Let me give you some examples of the effects of club training.

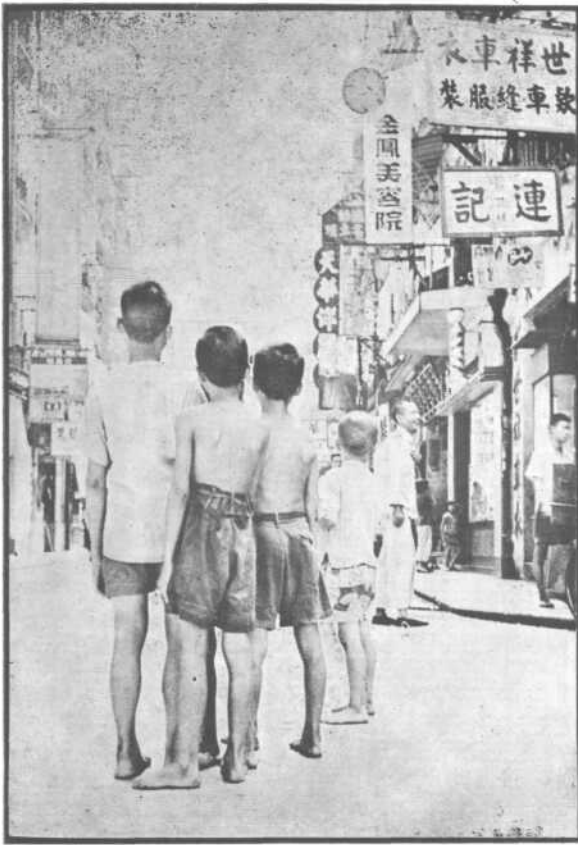
Some of us who were here soon after the Liberation may recall the young toughs who roamed the streets of the central district and posed quite a problem for the Police. However, some of them were collected to form the first post war club in this district. Through the club, these lads learnt something of give and take, of what is good and what is not so good. Gradually these children were able to influence some of the other street gangs and today several of them are earning a respectable living in restaurants, as office boys, shop foks, etc. Some return to the club regularly to give a helping hand, to give to the younger ones some of the things they have learnt in the club.

You will recall the October 1956 riots which started in the Li Cheng Uk Resettlement Estate. When the Police had to force open a locked gate to get on to one of the roofs where a club is situated, some of the children of that club bought a lock and replaced the broken one. In each resettlement estate where the rioters demonstrated, club children guarded their club property stoutly—their parents were only too anxious to leave their children with the Leader at the height of the trouble—even the government sponsored clubs were not molested. You can readily imagine that these youngsters could quite easily have become a tool of the agitators—but the training they receive, the personal interest which the Leader takes in them and in their families make them realise that the Leader is more than just a worker

—he is their friend and elder brother and he "cares" for them.

Now I would like to give you two individual examples. Take Yu Kam Cheung. His father is an opium smoker. The father had sold two other sons and left this boy to beg and he has to take a younger sister on his rounds. When he came to the club four years ago, he was dirty, in rags and very absent minded. Gradually he learnt to use his hands in making rattan stools—then he thought out the patterns to be woven—he also learnt to make brooms and other types of articles—he felt a pride in his achievements. He then joined the Scout Troop and is very proud of his uniform. He has been helping to teach the younger ones how to weave and he settles their quarrels too. A few months ago he was one of six selected and given a licence to shine shoes at Fenwick Pier. He now earns \$3 to \$5 per day. He is encouraged to save some of his hard earned cash and I believe he has something like \$30 to his credit in the Saving Bank.

Look at Chak Fun. She is only eight years old and was given to an aunt to be looked after. She loves going to the pictures and often she was found missing for a few days and nobody was any the wiser of her movements. One day the aunt became angry over her constant disappearances and she was beaten. The girl was referred to the Child Welfare Section of the Social Welfare Department. Subsequently she was admitted into a club. She was not very interested in what was going on and she was lazy. Once she missed coming to the club for two days and the other children in the club informed the Leader that she has spent all her time at the cinema and she did not return home either. She was smart to trail behind adults and quite naturally she was admitted as a child of one of the patrons. The Leader went to her house the following day and persuaded her to return to the club. The Leader explained to her the dangers of sleeping out and promised that if she behaved herself the Leader would take her to the cinema at the end of that month. She beamed and promised to be good. From then on she became more co-operative, she takes part in all club activities though she may not do them well—she sometimes does odd jobs voluntarily and the Leader often gave her praise where due.



It is estimated that 50,000-60,000 children of school age are too poor to afford to go to school. Some 9,000 such children belong to Boys' & Girls' Clubs.

We all have a pretty good idea as to the types of home (if we can call it a home) in which these children live. In order that some such children could be given the opportunity to get away from their crowded and often sordid surroundings the Silvermine Bay Holiday Camp came into existence five years ago. Fortunately for some three thousand five hundred such children the Camp is open throughout the year to them for a week of simple but good food, nice and comfortable surroundings, many indoor and outdoor activities, as well as the unique experience of living, working and playing together with others as one big family. Not only club children go to camp annually—some of their younger brother and sisters have the opportunity too. Then through various welfare organisations children from squatter areas, resettlement estates, crowded tenement flats

and young workers in factories all have the opportunity of joining in for a week of fun. At every camping period we have club children, as well as children who do not belong to any group. This is good experience for both groups.

Sometimes we may come across a group of "dead end" kids, but if the Camp Warden can get at the ring leader, the gang usually settle down after a day or two. The children realise that in Camp they do not have to fight to get their food or whatever that is available—they learn to work together—the cleaning of the premises, helping to prepare meals or watering the garden—they also learn to play together and to share games equipment.

For many it may be the first time that they get decent, regular meals, the first time when there is plenty of water available for washing purposes, a bed to their own and what is just as important, enough room to stretch themselves. Through the week's stay the Leaders are able to get to know each child more closely and it is quite possible to learn that some are members of triad societies or that they are constantly harassed by such gangs in the city. Such cases are followed up when the children return to town.

A few years ago a group of the real Wanchai toughs were in Camp. They were real toughs and something had to be done when they left Camp. That was how "Open Clubs" came into existence. An "open club" has no fixed membership—members come today and may not be seen again for several days. Due to their "wild" life they may forget to come and especially after a week end or a public holiday. However, when they gradually get settled, they come more regularly.

The activities in such a club are more recreational — football, basketball, table tennis, etc., and a shower before they leave. The leaders give each member more individual attention and when they learn group discipline and are settled, they may be promoted to a regular club. Through such open clubs quite a number of these toughs have got out of the clutches of gangsters and triad societies. I have so far talked about the

younger age group, i.e. the eight to fourteen. But there are the teen-agers we have to consider. I suppose when we see these young people we take it for granted that they must be in some kind of employment.

This may be so for some. But we must not forget that many are in a similar plight as their younger brothers or sisters—living in over-crowded conditions, too old to continue with a particular organisation and there is no other organisation to take over to help them continue with the development of their character and personality. Some are fortunate to be able to afford the few dollars monthly to attend literacy classes for two to three hours daily, but what do they do the rest of the time? Others may have jobs, as apprentices, shop foks, factory workers and so on, working twelve or more hours a day and seven days per week. We have a pretty good idea of their working or home conditions—there is unlikely to be any privacy in the bed-space; the constant din and noise of co-tenants, perhaps arguing over a minor domestic problem or just holding a conversation for the ears of all living on the same floor, the nagging mother who calls her son a lazy fellow for not getting out to look for work in fact no one is more concerned than the boy himself—how to equip himself to enable him to get a job or perhaps he has already exhausted all possible sources of getting work within his own limitations. He has nowhere to go—is it better to hang around the bed-space or to roam the streets? Whether they are at work or at home the strain and stresses forced upon them are great when they are confused, should we be surprised if undesirable characters, criminals or political agitators are just waiting round the corner, only too ready and eager to take such people in hand to exploit them.

Let me give you a practical example: Ho Kwong, aged seventeen lives alone by the staircase of a restaurant in Nathan Road. He is an orphan and has been leading a street life for more than six years. He has no relatives. His earnings as a shoe shine boy net him \$3 daily. He has never been to school but he is now able to read the news-

paper. His club Leader reports he is well behaved in club. In June the Leader paid a visit to his pitch. He was not there and later learnt that the boy had been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for being a member of a triad society. He returned to the Club on release and in talking to him the Leader discovered that he was forced into the secret society because he has to earn a living; in other words this was his protection. He told the Leader that he has also to pay 50 cents daily to the foks in order to be given the privilege of shoe-shining in the tea house. The other day the Leader found him gambling by his pitch with other shoe shine boys. As most shoe shine boys gamble, he considered he could not be an exception. He is tired of being in an unhealthy environment but he cannot find alternative work.

We happen to know such people because they are members of a welfare organisation. There are thousands who do not belong to any group and you can readily appreciate the terrific odds they are up against. What are some of the ways we can help? Very little is being done at present but I will offer one suggestion which is the line on which we are thinking. Since the thought foremost in these young people's minds is how to get a tool that will equip them to get work, we must provide facilities for vocational training, such as mechanical and electrical repairs, tailoring or machine sewing for boys and cutting, machine sewing or dress making for the girls.

This kind of formal training should enable the students to be better equipped, but this is not sufficient if we are really going to do something constructive for them. Through various other activities of an informal nature, such as music, singing, the provision of games equipment, etc. and accommodation, we can bring such people together to enjoy themselves, to relax, or what is more important, to have someone there all the time, giving them that help and advice which these young people need.

In this way the worker must come to know each of his members as individuals; he must know how they feel about life; what

are some of the thoughts foremost in their minds. You know often we may not be a help but the fact that we have a sympathetic and understanding ear will go a long way in making a person feel he has at last found someone with whom to talk—he himself does the talking and is not being talked at!

I must digress a little and say that in all such work the most important part of the whole set up depends on the right kind of leadership. A great deal depends on the worker for the development of a real purpose in his work. Such workers must possess a sense of humour and a firm belief in the essential worthwhileness of every individual under his care. But I consider that such workers must not become so engrossed in their jobs that other things cease to exist. He should aim at being a person of wide and varied interests and have a life of his own to lead. He should be an alert and cheerful individual who knows when to work and when to relax, who is interested in the world around him. Such a balanced personality must influence those he works with, helping them along the road towards good citizenship, instead of drifting, wasted human material, aimless, rootless and uncared.

We do realise that a child needs training in his social and physical, no less than in his mental life. It would be surprising even if those children who can afford to go to school can complete this process during the years in a primary and in a secondary school. For

most children the opportunities for social and physical training are arrested just at the stage when they are most needed. How much more essential then it is for non-school children to have opportunities for development. Whatever group of children is considered, I believe that anyone or any organisation interested in the welfare of Hong Kong in general and the welfare of Hong Kong's younger citizens should and must bear in mind the purpose behind all work with such groups viz. the building of character, the development of the whole personality of individual boys and girls, to enable them to take their place as full members of a free society.

No matter in which branch of the social service we are attached, we have a great responsibility to those we try to help; it is not enough just to meet their material needs or just impart knowledge to them—the services we perform should encourage them to become reliable neighbours, useful and intelligent citizens viz. they should carry their training further to the community where they have rights as well as obligations. That is being done by many welfare organisations, both private and government for some of the 50,000 to 60,000 children and young persons in Hong Kong. The raw materials are there and you and I have the responsibility and privilege in making our small contribution towards moulding the raw materials at our disposal.

NARCOTICS



Secret Compartments

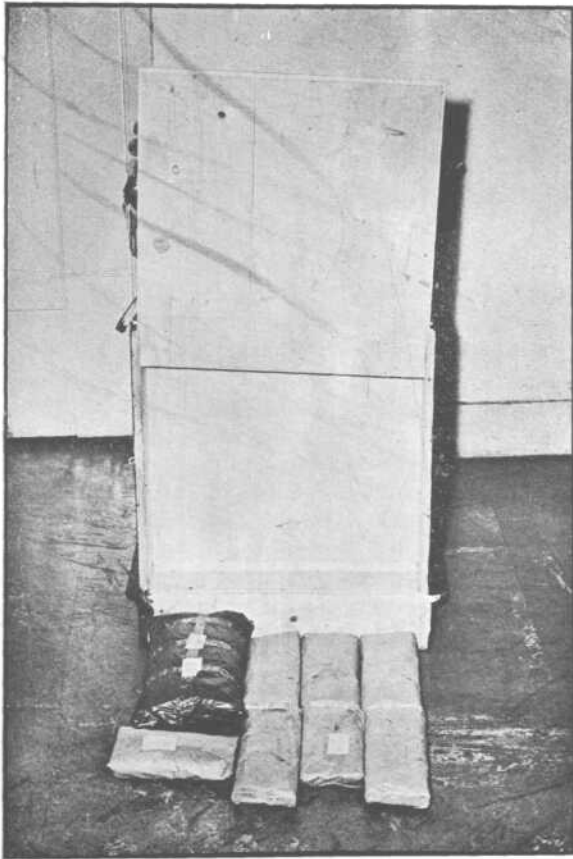
Readers may remember that in the Autumn, 1958 Magazine, reference was made to the finding of secret compartments on board a junk at Cheung Chau. Photographs included with the article showed several wooden boards that had been hollowed out. After the junk mistress had been fined for the offence and the boards confiscated, it was assumed that the case was closed. However, the sequel came on 19th January, 1959, when the same junk was intercepted again off Chu Lu Kok, Lantau Island. A three hour search was unproductive and the police party was preparing to abandon the search, when suspicion became centred on a shrine. Close examination revealed a secret drawer in the base and a hollow back that contained 7 lbs. 13 ozs. of Diacetylmorphine Hydrochloride. At the Victoria District Court, on 13th January, 1959, the same junk mistress was sentenced to 12 months hard labour. As there is no provision under the Dangerous Drugs Ordinance for the confiscation of vehicles or vessel used for carrying drugs, the junk was not confiscated.

Opium

Deviating from the path of secret compartments, which we have followed since

appearing in print, readers may be interested in a brief outline of the part opium has played in the history of the Colony.





In the 18th Century, Great Britain was, through the East India Company, shipping large quantities of opium from India to China. During the early years of the 19th Century, China attempted to stop this trade, but due to the large profits involved, met with little or no co-operation. The action of a Canton official, who burnt a large quantity of opium on its arrival from India, precipitated the Opium War of 1839—1842. The war ended with Hong Kong being ceded to Great Britain, together with the right to continue shipping opium to China.

After Hong Kong became a British Crown Colony, Government took over the monopoly in opium. The right to sell opium to the general public was vested in "farmers", who obtained their licence by being the highest bidder at public auctions held periodically.

Opium remained on the open market, under government supervision, until the Pacific War. What happened during the Japanese occupation is unknown, but the Military Governor who took over the Colony in 1945 repealed the Ordinance governing the sale of opium, making it a Dangerous Drug and bringing it into line with Morphine and Heroin.

The Hong Kong Police Gold Medal Essay Competition

An annual Essay Competition will be held, commencing this year. The competition is open to all serving members of the Rank and file of the Hong Kong Police Force and the Competition will be governed by the Rules which are published below.

The subject for the 1959 Essay Competition is:—

POLICE AND THE PUBLIC.

Competitors are invited to submit essays in English or Chinese on the above-

mentioned subject. Entries should be forwarded to:—

The Hong Kong Police Gold Medal
Essay Competition,
c/o The Welfare Officer,
Police Headquarters,
Arsenal Street,
Hong Kong.

and should be submitted to reach Police Headquarters by 15th June, 1959.

THE HONG KONG POLICE MAGAZINE

Divisional Superintendents and Heads of Branches are requested to give the fullest possible publicity to this notice and all encouragement to competitors.

RULES

1. The Competition shall be held annually and shall be open to serving members of the Rank and File of the Hong Kong Police Force only. Any question as to the eligibility of any competitor shall be determined by the Committee of the Competition.

2. (i) The following prizes according to order of merit may be awarded.

(a) As a first prize a Gold Medal, and, subject as hereinafter provided, a cash prize of \$100.

(b) A second prize of \$50.

(c) A third Prize of \$25.

and (d) 10 prizes of \$5 each if the number of entries exceeds 200.

(ii) In awarding prizes, the Committee shall have regard to a general standard of competence and merit, and, subject there to, may in their discretion withhold the award of the Gold Medal while awarding a first prize of \$100 or may withhold altogether the award of a first prize and award only the second and third prizes above mentioned; the Committee may in their discretion divide any of the cash prizes.

3. (a) Essays must be the original work of the competitor.

(b) Essays must not exceed 1,500 words or 2,000 characters; they must be written or typewritten on foolscap size paper, with a $1\frac{1}{2}$ " margin space on the left hand side. If written, the essay should be in the competitor's own handwriting.

(c) Where a reference is made to any published work the title must be quoted in a footnote.

(d) Essays may be submitted in either English or Chinese and no particular advantage shall lie in the language used.

4. Each essay must be submitted under a pen name or motto which must appear at the top of the first page of the essay and on the outside of a sealed envelope accompanying the essay. The sealed envelope must contain the competitors name, rank and Division/Branch to which he belongs.

The name of the competitor must not appear on the essay itself or on any document other than that contained in the sealed envelope.

5. The Committee shall as they think fit appoint such persons to act as Referees or Judges of the essays under such conditions as they may prescribe.

6. The award of the Committee shall be made public in such manner as the Committee shall think fit; and any essays submitted for the Competition and adjudged of sufficient merit may be published by the Committee.

7. The decision of the committee shall be final.

8. Entries shall become the property of the Committee.

9. The Committee shall consist of the Commissioner of Police, the Editor of the Hong Kong Police Magazine, the Social Services Officer and Mr. Chan Wai Man.

10. Prizes shall be provided from the Police Welfare Fund.

Hong Kong Police Photographic Competition

We publish below, the three prize-winning photographs in the Hong Kong Police Photographic Competition.

The judges of the competition considered the 1st prize photograph to be technically excellent, of a very high standard and having considerable merit.



1ST PRIZE "GUARDIAN OF LAW"
(by P.C. 699, Kam Chin, S.S.P.)



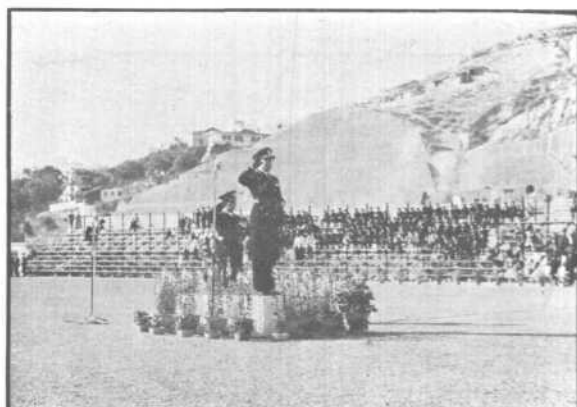
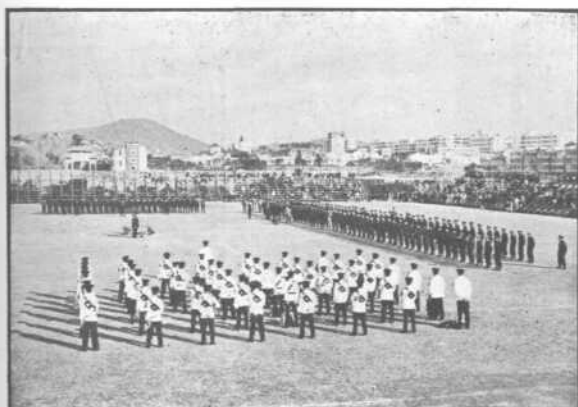
2ND PRIZE "PIPER"
(by P.C. 3829, Tang Cho Kon, Police Band)

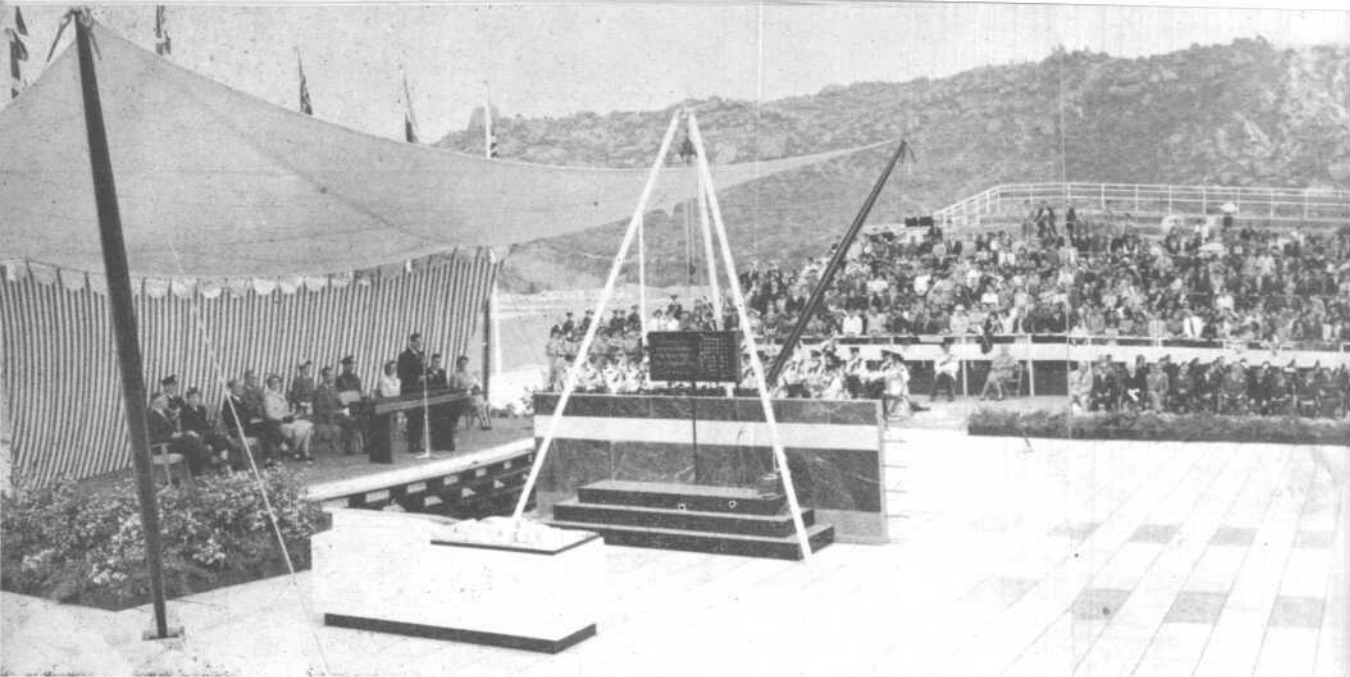


SPECIAL MERIT PRIZE "ACTION, PUBLIC SAFETY"
(by Sgt. 1480, Cheng Chik Sang, S.S.P.)

PRESENTATION OF LONG SERVICE AND GOOD CONDUCT AWARDS

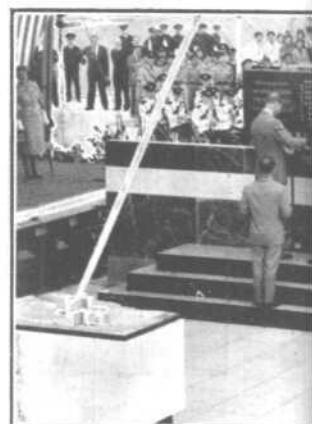
BY
MR. A. C. MAXWELL, C.M.G.
ON
21ST JANUARY, 1959





VISIT OF H.R.H. PRINCE PHILIP

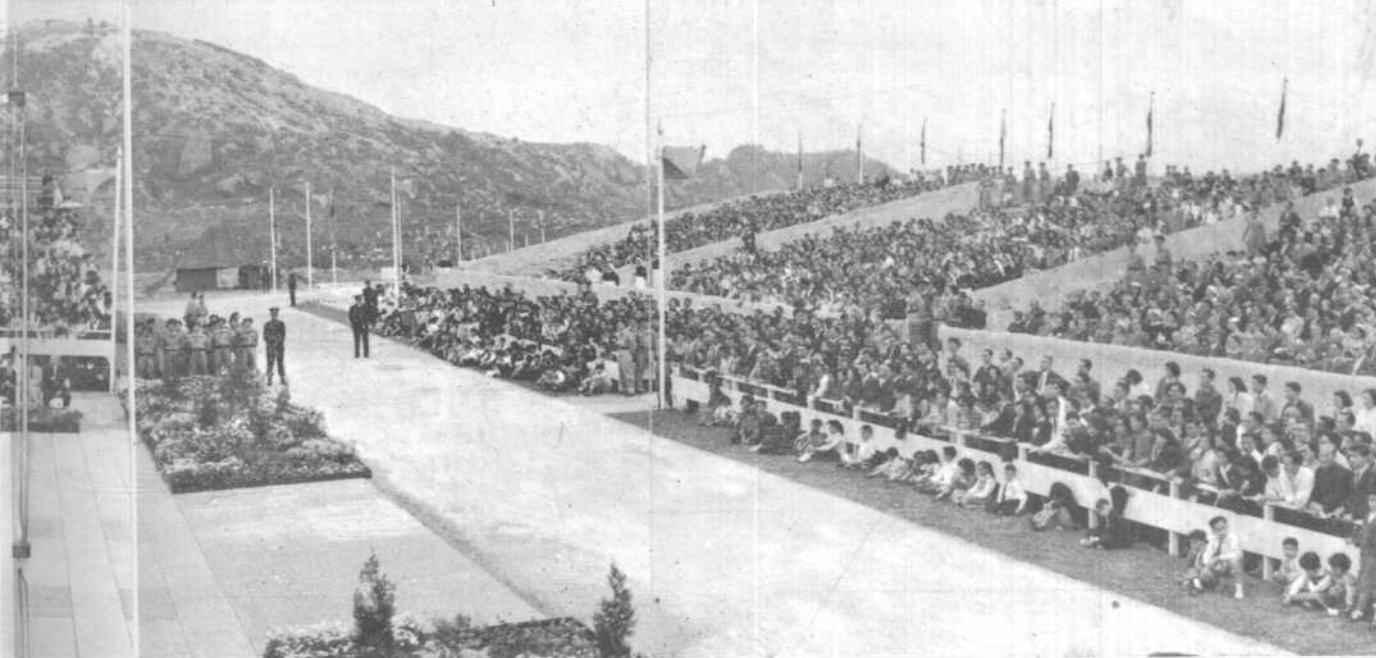
H.R.H. visited the Colony on 6th, 7th and 8th March, 1959



On 7th March, 1959, H.R.H. laid the foundation



H.R.H. was received at Government House by Mr. K. A. Bidmead, O.B.E., Deputy Commissioner of Police, and inspected a Guard of Honour under the Command of Mr. G. A. R. Wright Nooth, Assistant Commissioner of Police.



ILIP, DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

59 and during this period attended many local functions.

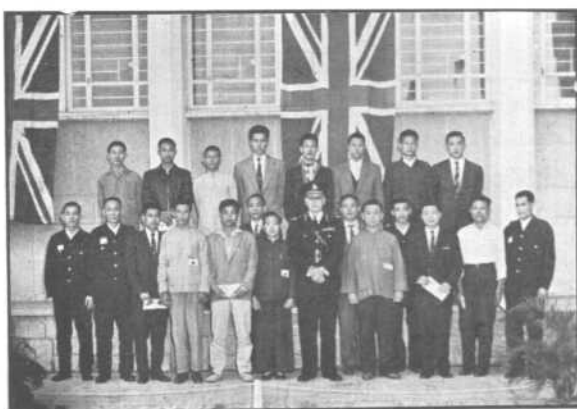
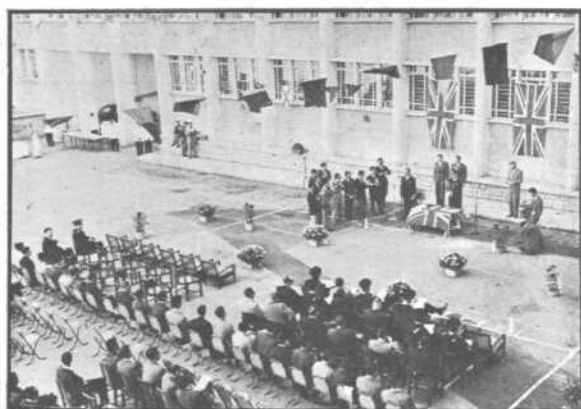


n stone of Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Kowloon.



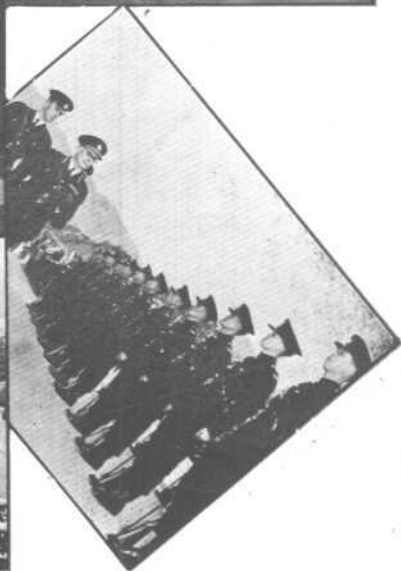
On 7th March, 1959, H.R.H. attended a football match at S.C.A.A. Stadium.

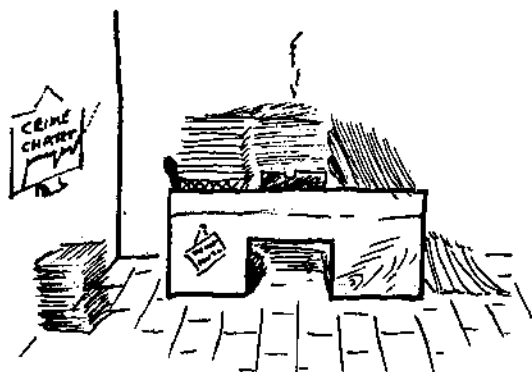
Presentation of Letters of Appreciation to Members of the Public on 17th March, 1959.



Opening of Toun Wan Divisional Police Station

by
Mr. A. E. Maxwell, C.M.G.
7th January, 1959.





Letters

to the

Editor

Dear Mr. Editor,

Dr. Freud, A. W. has agreed, under pressure, to reveal some of the more printable secrets he threshed out on the analyst's couch. Perhaps your readers will feel comparatively sane after reading this case-history and thus re-gain hope. So let us hear the learned Doctor.

"I well remember Case No. 382, which I labelled "Alistair in Blunderland." Alistair came to me complaining of persistent hang-overs, sagging pockets and a feeling of insecurity. The revolver he wore under his well-cut Hawaiian shirt did little to bolster his confidence. I persuaded him to lie down and this, I am glad to say, he did with almost practised ease. A beaker of foaming lemonade was administered and the unaccustomed liquor quickly produced a narkit-hypnotic trance. Then, between blobs of fizz, I scraped the noisome depths of Alistair's gooey subconscious. There I found:

- a. the laws of Hong Kong (undigested);
- b. the addresses of some of my colleagues who specialize in certain social diseases (very well digested);
- c. also, he was obsessed by the following dream-narrative."

"He dreamed he walked through a monumental gate-way proclaiming BLUNDERLAND to be on the far side. A hand manacled to one of the pillars pointed the way to the croquet-ground. Alistair found himself descending into a dark narrow valley surrounded by a forest of restless palms. A watery sun shone murkily through the dense

pall of opium-smoke overhead. In the distance the unseen natives chanted dismally and monotonously, "Ying, ying, ying."

"In one corner a tall individual with an aluminium halo securely rivetted on was consulting a huge ledger and declaiming; "This one is black. This is white. This is still black. Black. Black. White." Following him were seven little men in pongee busily painting and repainting characters on the ground. Some characters were quickly blackened and suddenly whitened again with dizzying speed. Alistair felt most confused. One of the men in pongee saw him and immediately the little group adopted an all-round defensive position with the saint in the middle. Their brushes were raised piously to heaven and all united in declaring, meanwhile winking furiously to one another; "There is but one character and the accountant sets the tone." Alistair felt even more uneasy.

"At this moment, the saint, who had been looking anxiously up the valley, called out; "The Lord Majuba!" and they all threw themselves flat on their faces. Coming down the valley Alistair saw a procession headed by a band of musicians. As they drew nearer he heard a refrain. The raucous chorus seemed to be a list of criminal offences. The musicians were a motley lot with brass well to the fore; some weirdies played instruments strung with red tape; the percussion was provided by a well-organised battery of cash-registers.

"Next shuffled an uneasy horde of stubborn, bristly, hedgehog-like creatures branded on their shoulders with a strange star-device. Alistair was mystified to hear

one of them grunt to him as they went by; "So you're going through the hoop, too, eh?" He tried to answer but found he could only grunt. He was horrified to find he too had a star burnt into each shoulder. He was swept up by the mob and jostled helplessly on. Vaguely on the outskirts he saw tall graceful swan-like forms with the mystic letters "O" and "G" stitched on their haloes. "Is that a perishin' 'og?" he muttered to his neighbour. "No, you idiot," was the answering snarl; "He's a flamin' g o! That kind always gets things back to front!"

"Away at the rear of all was the majestic Majuba of the double-five crown. Even at a distance Alistair feared to look at him.

"Suddenly Majuba roared in a voice of thunder; "Begin the game!" A space was quickly cleared and each flamin' g o busily erected an obstacle-courses of hoops of P's, G's and O's. All these obstacle-courses pointed inwards to the throne where the great Majuba sat in an awful state.

"Then every flamin' g o seized a squealing hedgehog and bowled him through the hoop. Some agile and slippery hedgehogs managed to come unscathed through the narrow and tortuous hoops. However, many knocked against some awkward obstacle on the way and came out with numbers all over them. Each such hapless soul was seized by his flamin' g o and marched before the big Majuba. Then up would go the cry; "Off with his warrant-card!" and the hedgehog was engulfed by the ground beneath his shaking feet, never to be seen again. By now Alistair was in a cold sweat.

"Soon the game was in full swing. Creatures were running about in all directions; some crafty hedgehogs would not allow the flamin' g os to trap them; others collided with each other in blind panic; elsewhere two flamin' g os quarrelled over a prostrate victim and above all the noise and confusion the voice of doom thundered every minute or so; "Off with his warrant-card!"

"Alistair was suddenly pounced on by a gaggle of flamin' g os and hurled giddily through the hoop. Helplessly he banged against Perishing 22 and Perishing 4576 and

stumbled out unclean and guilty before the lord Majuba. Came the dreaded verdict; "Off with his warrant-card" and down he hurtled into the endless deeps!"

"It was usually at this stage," said the Doctor, "that Alistair awoke with a great cry on my couch and fumbled frantically in an inside pocket. Once his illness was diagnosed, it was, of course, comparatively easy to cure. In one strenuous session of advanced Judo I managed to wrest his warrant-card from him long enough to stamp on it the panacea; "Confirmed to P.E." I am glad to say that, filled with a new sense of security, Alistair now writes Divisional notes with the best of them."

That, Mr. Editor, concludes another case taken from the F.I.B. files, psycho section; Dr. Freud, A.W. to blame. Your readers may regret to learn, although I doubt it, that the Doctor is contemplating retiring entirely from this section because of "Mother's" neglect. He may soon have to resort to work unless help is forthcoming!

S.O.S.

* * * * *

WALLARINGA.
ASHMOBE ROAD,
CARSHALTON.
SURREY.

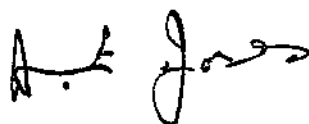
24.1.59.

Dear Mr. Editor,

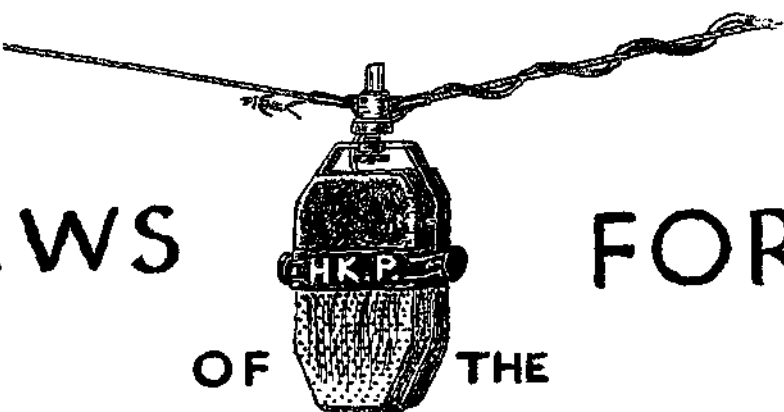
Thank you for sending me the copy of the Hong Kong Police Magazine which contains a reprint of one of my Sutterthwick pieces. Thank you also for your kind remarks about the series generally.

May I congratulate you on the general layout and interest of your publication.

Yours sincerely,



NEWS OF THE FORCE



The following members of the Force have departed from the Colony on Long Leave; we wish them a pleasant holiday in the United Kingdom: Mr. N. G. Rolph, Mr. A. A. Shaw and Mr. A. Clough, Senior Superintendents of Police; Mr. V. M. Morrison and Mr. A. E. Shave, Superintendents of Police; Mr. G. A. Harknett, Assistant Superintendent of Police; Chief Inspectors W. Egglesten, J. E. Hayward and J. E. H. Hidden; Inspectors J. H. Evans and E. L. Thomas; and Sub-Inspectors M. J. P. Hulbert, J. N. England, M. J. Coyle, R. P. Style, J. M. Guernsey and G. P. Tebb.

We welcome back from long leave: Mr. H. W. E. Heath, Commissioner of Police, Mr. T. E. Clunie, Assistant Commissioner of Police, Mr. J. Moore and Mr. C. J. R. Dawson, Senior Superintendents of Police; Mr. E. P. Grace, Mr. Fong Yick Fai, Mr. R. D. L. Richardson and Mr. R. F. G. White, Superintendents of Police; Mr. C. F. Harbert, Assistant Superintendent of Police; Chief Inspector E. J. Stewart; Inspectors R. F. Bell and Au Kim Wah; Sub-Inspectors I. Tindal, H. W. A. Bailie, M. R. Atkinson, R. B. Bayless, T. Meeham, W. P. Morgan, H. T. Rumbelow, C. D. Mayger, I. C. Scott and M. Williamson; and Mr. L. N. Karpovich.

We welcome the following newcomers to the Force, who have been posted to the Police Training School: Probationary Sub-Inspectors W. E. Keill, R. Dixon, R. J. Irvine, M. P. E. Norcott, T. E. Babington, T. F. Donnelly, M. D. Sykes, W. Duncanson and C. F. Hopton; and Sub-Inspector M. G. Gill who has been posted to Police Headquarters.

We are pleased to record the following promotions: Mr. T. E. Clunie, Senior Superintendent of Police to Acting Assistant Commissioner of Police; Mr. C. J. R. Dawson, Mr. H. R. Terrett and Mr. P. Lowe, Superintendents of Police to Acting Senior Superintendents of Police; Mr. P. T. Moor, Assistant Superintendent of Police to Superintendent of Police; Mr. H. C. Lin, Sub-Inspector to Acting Assistant Superintendent of Police and Inspector E. C. Sharp to Chief Inspector.

Officers Leaving the Force are Sub-Inspectors C. L. d'E. Willoughby who transferred to the Basutoland Police, Sub-Inspector A. J. Harland who transferred to the Public Works Department and Probationary Sub-Inspector R. S. Frampton who was confirmed to the post of Executive Officer, Class II.

It is with pleasure that we record the following recent marriages. Sub-Inspector T. H. Malynn to Miss Kemption Wong Pui Mei, Sub-Inspector Chan Tat Wah to Miss Yuen Sai Woon, Sub-Inspector Ko Chun to Miss Kwok Wei Hing, Sub-Inspector H. S. Rumbelow to Miss Margery May Lennox, Probationary Sub-Inspector Ip Hoi to Miss Poon Chin Kuen, Probationary Sub-Inspector Cheung Kwok Kee to Miss Lam Yuk Bing, Probationary Sub-Inspector E. F. Taylor to Miss Catherine Millicent Downing, Probationary Sub-Inspector Au Kit to Miss Louise Kwan Sau, Probationary Sub-Inspector J. N. Roberstons to Miss Barbara Anna Whittaker, Probationary Sub-Inspector F. A. Walsh to

Miss Irene Sheila Brooker and Probationary Sub-Inspector M. R. Atkinson to Miss Hazel Veronika Henshaw.

We congratulate Mr. T. Kavanagh and Mrs. Kavanagh, Inspector E. L. Thomas and Mrs. Thomas, Sub-Inspector Kok Ah Chong and Mrs. Kok, Sub-Inspector Au Chi Yin and Mrs. Au, Sub-Inspector W. R. Young and Mrs. Young, Sub-Inspector S. J. Flower and Mrs. Flower, Sub-Inspector Chan Siu Chik and Mrs. Chan, Sub-Inspector D. C. Carrott

and Mrs. Carrott, Sub-Inspector Tang Sik Fai and Mrs. Tang, Sub-Inspector Chan Bing Wing and Mrs. Chan, Sub-Inspector F. G. Dunncliffe and Mrs. Dunncliffe, Sub-Inspector Ma Kwong Yee and Mrs. Ma, Sub-Inspector Leung Yum Park and Mrs. Leung, Sub-Inspector Wong Nai Tong and Mrs. Wong, Sub-Inspector E. R. Common and Mrs. Common and Probationary Sub-Inspector Cheung Kwok Ning and Mrs. Cheung, all of whom have had recent additions to their families.

*To The Favourite Who Refused to Budge at A Recent Meeting At
Happy Valley.*

*Why, when the race
Was going apace
Did you prefer to stay?
Why recalcitrate
At the starting gate
When the rest of the field were away?
Was your contumacy
Opposed to the lunacy
Of seekers for geomartic gold-crocks?
Or did the heat of the sun
And the thought of the run
Make you yearn for the straw in your box?
Was the impulsion
Of equine revulsion
At thwacks in the ribs with a quart?
Whatever the reason
For unaugured treason,
You lost me a good linen shirt!*

R. Apedaile, S.I.

THE DRIVER EXCUSES HIMSELF

A pedestrian hit me and went under my car.

I blew my horn but it would not work as it was stolen.



9th Hong Kong Bisley - 1959

The Police participated in this Annual Colony Shoot held at the Kai Tak and Gun Club Ranges from the 3rd to 25th January, 1959. The Revolver Section fired first and the results were as follows:—

Services Team Pistol Championship

Winner	—	H.K.P. ("A")	Ruttonjee Cup and four Silver Medals.
Runners Up	—	H.K.P. ("D")	Four Bronze Medals.
Third	—	H.K.P. ("B")	—



Inspector W. McK. Gillies, Colony pistol champion, 2nd year in succession.



Hong Kong Police Training School, winners service team champions pistol.

Services Individual Champion

(China Emporium Cup)

Winner	—	Sgt. Wong Kang Chow Aux)
2nd	—	Sgt. 1449 K. F. Wong (P.T.S.)
3rd	—	P.C. Aziz Ahmed (F.)



Sgt. Wong Kang Chow, services pistol champion.



Sergeant Ko of Western, Highest S.R.A. in Colony Shoot.

The K. B. Lee Cup (Pistol Teams, Tiles)

Winner	—	H.K.P. ("B")	Three Silver Medals
Runners Up	—	H.K.P. ("A")	Three Bronze Medals.

In this last competition the Police entered four teams in the Services Team and five teams in the K. B. Lee (Team Tiles) competition. In the Services Team Championship Hong Kong Police Teams consisted of:—

"A" Team	—	S/Sgt. Chan Chor Choy (PTS) Sgt. 2417, Sgt. 1669, Sgt. 1449 (PTS)	} Winners 1957
"B" Team	—	Mr. F. C. Ko (Aux) Insp. Gillies Insp. Northcote P.C. Aziz Ahmed	
"C" Team	—	Mr. Ramond Young (Aux) Mr. Yu Ki Leung (Aux) Sgt. Wong Kang Chow (Aux) Cpl. Loo San Tin (HKP)	
"D" Team	—	Mr. O. R. Sadick (Aux) Sgt. Ng Wah Ki (Aux) Sgt. 1238 S/Sgt. Chiang.	

THE HONG KONG POLICE MAGAZINE

In the Team Tiles, the Hong Kong Police entered five teams:—

Winning Team	—	"B" Team	Insp. Gillies Mr. Ko Fook Chuen Insp. Northcote
Runners Up	—	"A" Team	S/Sgt. Chan Chor Choy Sgt. 1449

Of special note in this section is the winning for the second year running of the Ruttonjee Cup by the Hong Kong Police Training School Team, this team winning against nine other teams. Sgt. Wong Kang Chow (Aux) in winning the Services Individual Championship achieved a worthy effort against thirty competitors and thus kept this trophy in the Police for the second year in succession.

The results of the second phase (Colony Individual Pistol Championship) in which thirteen members of the Police participated were as follows:

<i>The President's Cup</i>	Winner	—	Insp. Gillies	(Silver Cup)
	Third	—	Sgt. K. F. Poon	(Bronze Medal)
<i>The O. Sadick Cup</i>	Winner	—	Insp. Gillies	(Silver Cup)
<i>The Tang Shiu Kin Cup</i>	Winner	—	Insp. Gillies	(Silver Cup)
	Third	—	F. C. Ko	(Bronze Medal)
<i>The Chairman's Cup</i>	Winner	—	Insp. Gillies	(Silver Cup)
<i>The Sai Wah Cup</i>	Winner	—	Insp. Gillies	(Silver Cup)
	2nd	—	Sgt. K. F. Poon	(Silver Medal)
	3rd	—	S.I. Northcote	(Bronze Medal)

Included in the President's ten were seven members of the Hong Kong Police:—

Insp. Gillies	P.C. Aziz Ahmed
Sgt. K. F. Poon	S.I. Northcote
ASP. F. C. Ko	Cpl. S. T. Loo
S/Sgt. C. C. Chan.	

This is the first time since the Colony Pistol Championship was so run that all the trophies have been won by one individual.

In the third phase "Service Rifle Competition" in which two teams represented the Hong Kong Police, we did not meet with much success. Insp. Northcote placed 10th in the Services twenty. The reason or excuse for our failure was entirely due to insufficient practice in rapid fire. At all slow stages (i.e. deliberate shooting) both teams were always with the leaders, if not in fact leading, but in all Services Shoots, rapid and snap feature, we dropped very badly. On the 3rd day of the shoot, Sgt. 2417 was called to

P.H.Q. and for the entire shoot a Reserve had to shoot, their respective scores being vastly different. Our newly acquired rifles were used and they proved rather inferior. Both teams were very keen and tried hard but against teams which had been training for several months beforehand, we stood no chance. Our training lasted for only eleven days.

The fourth and final phase (Colony Rifle Championship) in which ten members of the Hong Kong Police took part with better results, were as follows:

<i>The Governor's Shield</i>	Second	—	P.C. Aziz Ahmed	(Silver Medal)
	Fourth	—	Insp. Gillies	(Silver Spoon)
<i>Highest Score S.R.A.</i>	Winner	—	Sgt. W. H. Ko	(Silver Cup)
	Tyro	—	Cpl. S. T. Loo	(Silver Spoon)
<i>The Lunar Cup</i>	Third	—	Insp. Gillies	(Bronze Medal)
<i>The Jardine Cup</i>	Second	—	A.S.P. (Aux) F. C. Ko	(Silver Medal)
<i>The Hon. Secretary's Cup</i>	Winner	—	P.C. Aziz Ahmed	(Silver Cup)
<i>The Governor's XX</i>	2nd	—	P.C. Aziz Ahmed	
	4th	—	Insp. Gillies	
	11th	—	Cpl. S. T. Loo	
	12th	—	Sgt. Lai Hung Sang	
	15th	—	F. C. Ko, A.S.P. (Aux.)	



Police Constable 3104 Aziz Ahmed, Runner-Up in Colony Rifle Championship.

Taking all in all the Hong Kong Police again did very well in this Annual Shoot, and it can be said that we received more trophies than any other unit. This was also the first year during which a member of the Rank and File of the Hong Kong Police won the S.R.A. Cup in the Colony Shoot. However, our teams for next year will have to be chosen well beforehand and given proper training if we are to improve our chances of success in the various events and generally raise our all-round standard.



THE ANNUAL POLICE SPORTS

by D.S.I. J. P. MacMahon

The ninth annual Police Sports meeting was held at Boundary Street on the 25th February, 1959. Despite the bitter cold, a big crowd of spectators attended to encourage the respective Divisional Representatives.

The afternoon's programme commenced with a March Past of Athletes led by the Police Band.

The first event on the programme was the three miles Championships which was won by constable 1506 Ng Hing Chi of Frontier Division. This was followed by the 100 yards' Championship and constable 3545 Li Kwan Hung of Marine Division took the honours, with Constable 4184 Sit Pak Po in second place and Sub-Inspector S. Jones of Police Training School third.

Next on the programme was the high jump. Sub-Inspector J. F. Greene of Traffic Office, Kowloon won this event, clearing five feet three.

Following this we saw the final of the Shot Put, with five Frontier Divisional representatives and one from Marine. This was a very close contest with constable 3014 Mohamed Asharf of Frontier Division beating Sub-Inspector A. Chalmers by half an inch. The distance, thirty three feet six inches.

Event number five, the half mile, P.C. 4184 Sit Pak Po of Hung Hom ran a very well judged race and won by about five yards from Cpl. 4032 Chau Hui Chun of Kowloon City. Last year's Champion, Sub-Inspector Dickinson of Marine, was third.



Sub-Inspector A. Chalmers, Marine Division, competing in the Shot put.



Mr. N. Reynolds Sr. winning the Veteran Race.



Frontier Divisional team winners of the Inter Divisional Championship Shield.

Next came the Woman Police Constables' Relay Race which was won this year by Hong Kong Command.

The one mile walk saw a very keen race between the Frontier Divisional finalists and Police Training School. Constable 1506 Ng Hing Chi of Frontier quickly went to the front in this race and remained there, though strongly challenged, for the lead during the first four laps of the race. On the last lap the lead kept changing between Constable 1506 and Cpl. 2277 Tang Chiu of



Cpl. 2277 Tang Chiu of Police Training School winning the 1 mile walk from PC 1506 Ng Hing Chi of Frontier Division with PC 6379 Hui Shiu of Police Training School third.



Mrs. Maxwell presenting the Victor Trophy to P.C. 4184 Sit Pak Po of Hung Hom Division.

the Police Training School who was the eventual winner by about one foot over Constable 1506. Third was Constable 6379 Hui Shu of Police Training School.

The two-twenty yards saw Sub-Inspector Jones of Police Training School just edge out P.C. 4184 Sit Pak Po of Hung Hom in the time of 24.4 seconds.

After the Tea Interval we saw the 440 yards Championship which was won by Sub-Inspector Dunn of Police Training School. Second and third were Constable 4184 Sit Pak Po and Sub-Inspector Dickinson of Marine.

One mile run was won by Constable 1506 Ng Hing Chi of Frontier Division. Time five minutes fourteen point five seconds. Long Jump Championship was won by Constable 4184 Sit Pak Po of Hung Hom Division, distance twenty feet three inches.

Woman Police Constables one hundred yards was again won by Woman Constable Lau Wai Liu with Woman Constable Shum Ah Lin second.

The Veterans' Handicap was won by Mr. N. Reynolds senior. He retired from the force in 1932 and must be the oldest veteran ever to compete in this race.



Miss Chan Wai Yuen presenting a bouquet to Mrs. Maxwell.

The Hop Step & Jump was won by Constable 3400 Cheung Pak Ling of Central Division.

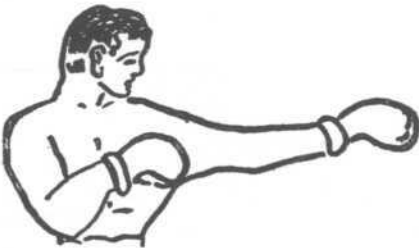
The Tug of War saw Marine Division and Colony Police Headquarters in the final. Marine coached by Chief Inspector A. F. Rose won the first pull. The second and third pull went to Colony Police Headquarters team.

The last Championship event, the Medley Relay Race, was won by Shauiwan and Bay View Divisional team.

This year Victor Ludorum winner was P.C. 4184 Sit Pak Po of Hung Hom Division. He won the Long Jump and Half mile, was second in the 100 yards, 220 yards, 440 yards and the Hop, Step & Jump. He scored a total of 32 points.

The Champion Division for the year is Frontier Division.

Mrs. Maxwell presented the prizes to the successful competitors at the conclusion of the meeting and in return was presented with a bouquet by Miss Chan Lai Yuen, daughter of Sub-Inspector Chan Fook Cheung. This brought to an end, yet another enjoyable Hong Kong Police Sports Day.



BOXING

by D.S.I. S. E. Collins

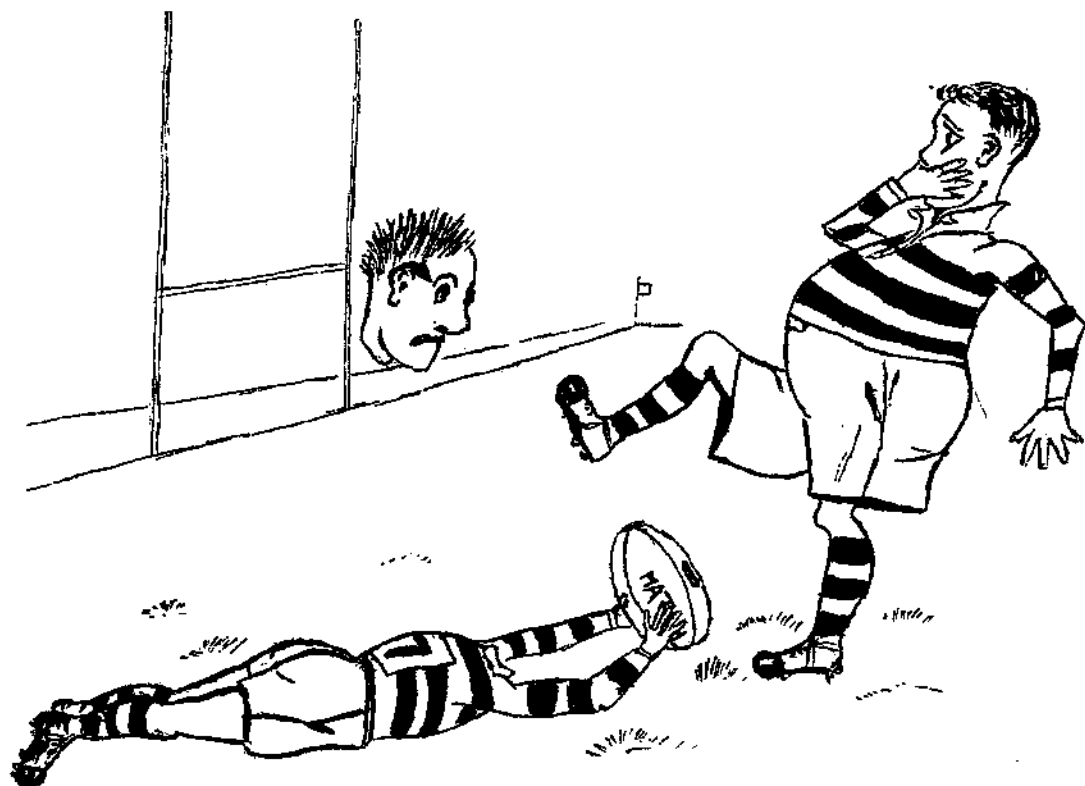
The Hong Kong Police Sports Association Boxing Section is nearing the end of another successful season. We have participated in all Hong Kong Amateur Boxing Association events this season and in the Colony Championship managed to get three runner-up cups. This was indeed, a grand effort as our boys were up against the best of the Army regiments. The three Police boxers were Sub-Inspector Don Bryan, Rex

Williams and Tsang Chun Wah. I am sure that many of our supporters thought that the Championship belt was in the bag at the end of the Flyweight bout between Rex Williams and Gunner Wick of the Army but the Judges gave the points to the Army lad who had boxed very cleverly by scoring with a straight left as he kept retreating from Rex who couldn't get 'in' at Wick.

Tsang Chun Wah was very unlucky as he was declared unfit by the Doctor for the final bout of the Welter weights after having beaten Private Burton and Gunner Ray in the preliminaries.

Next season the boxing section committee will be doing all that is possible to encourage boxing within the Force. We

would like to see tournaments between Commands or Divisions. I should think that Police Training School versus Police Training Corps would be a good display. However these sort of tournaments cannot be arranged unless the boxers get into the ring. I am sure that divisions could produce Eight boxers each which would make an "Inter Force Divisional Team Championship" possible.



RUGBY

Though one more rugby season has ended with the Police XV at the wrong end of the Hexangular Tournament table, we have had our disappointment mitigated to a large extent by a fine performance by the Police 'A' Team in the Blarney Stone 7-A-Side Competition with which the season was rounded-off.

In this competition, for which 29 teams had been entered, the 'A' team fought its way to the final where it was narrowly

beaten by a hard and sporting R.A.F. team. The score was 5-3, our three points coming from a try by Jack Johnston, who all-but converted from a very acute angle.

The last occasion on which a Police team reached the finals of this competition was in the 1939-1940 season, when we were beaten 8-3 by the Club 'A'. In the team that year were Messrs. G. A. R. Wright-Nooth, D. H. Taylor and J. R. M. B. Wall, who are still with us. The season before that, for



An action shot during one of the earlier rounds.

the only time in history, the Police won the Blarney Stone Shield by beating the 'P. & O. Building VII' 8-3 in the final. Tries were scored by Messrs. H. W. E. Heath and D. H. Taylor, B. C. Fay (who later went to Malaya) converting the first.

Impossible as it may seem, there was playing in the Police 'B' VII in the 1939 competition one illustrious gentleman who also played in this year's competition—Norman Reynolds. Think on, ye striplings



Mrs. W. Stoker, wife of the president of the H.K.R.F.U., presenting the "Tamar Trophy" to J. R. Johnston, the Police Capt.



The Police "A" team after the final.

of thirty short summers! Others in the 'B' team of 1939 were Messrs. A. E. G. Wheeler, A. F. Rose and J. Dempsey.

Since those days a runners-up cup, the Tamar Trophy, has been donated by the Royal Navy, and this has now been installed in the Bar at Boundary Street—one of our more acceptable contributions to the decorations.

On 26th March we entertained guests from within the Force and representatives from the various rugby teams to a very enjoyable dinner-party at Boundary Street, and this brought a fitting close to a season which, if not particularly successful from the point of view of victories, did earn us many new friends, which is equally important.

We look forward to next season with our usual optimism—we even guarantee that we shall not end up bottom of the Hexangular Tournament. We cannot, only five teams will be competing and thus it will be a Pentangular Tournament.



S O C C E R

There has been little change in the fortunes of our Senior XI since the last issue. This has been due essentially to Chinese New Year, the Police Sports and inclement weather. While maintaining third position in the league, we nevertheless lost a certain amount of prestige when we went down 2-1 to the Army XI at Boundary Street. This incidentally, was the first time this season we lost points on our home ground.

Our Senior Shield semi-final match versus South China had to be postponed because of inclement weather and will now take place at the Hong Kong Stadium on Sunday, 22nd March. While the general public appear to be of the opinion that the result is a foregone conclusion in favour of South China, the Police soccerites are of a very different mind and hope to make the step to the ultimate round.

It was gratifying to see Roy Moss, our popular Captain and inside-right being honoured with the captaincy of the Combined non-Chinese XI, which performed against the Combined Hong Kong Chinese before His Royal Highness, the Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh.

The schedule for our Senior XI during the remainder of the season is a heavy one indeed. It can be said that we have played

all our so-called "easy" games and with six league games left to play, we still have to face the strongest teams in the league viz. South China, K.M.B., Tung Wah and Kitchie, not to mention Eastern and C.A.A., who always provide tough opposition. With our Shield game versus South China and the Hong Kong-Macau Police Interport also up for decision and the possibility of some of our players being selected to represent the Colony in the forthcoming Asia Cup Competition, the pace is going to be hectic to say the least.

The Inter-Divisional League Competition is now underway with a record entry of fifteen teams-participating from the various divisions. It is generally conceded that Frontier and Kowloon City are the most favoured teams, but strong challenges are expected from Shauiwan and Bay View and Marine, in addition to which a number of "dark horses" are likely to emerge.

This is the most important of the Inter-Divisional competitions not only from the point of view of popularity, but also because it affords the best opportunity for hidden talent to reveal itself so that it may be nurtured and utilised in our representative teams. It is hoped all will co-operate to make the competition a resounding success.



CRICKET NEWS

The Police cricket section greeted the opening of the 1958-59 season with the usual turbulent meeting at the Club-house, presided over by our new Chairman, Peter English. Verbal enthusiasm boded well for the forthcoming encounters and the gathering finally broke up after the annual two hour debate on the question of disposal of money in the duck box; we hope to settle this matter next year.

Unexpected victories in the opening games against the Army North sides got us off to a most encouraging start. This was the first time in post war years that the Police had beaten an Army side and was due mainly to some fine bowling by Mike Duggan (6-52) for the 1st XI, and Jim Harris (6-42) for the 2nd XI. However this triumph was short-lived and we immediately suffered a series of defeats, caused by some poor fielding, the failing fitness of our 'Abbott and Costello' opening attack of Tony Whitehead and Danny Renton and the loss of Tim Williamsons' explosive appeal from square leg. Also we received the sad news that the 2nd XI captain, Mr. Tyler, would be forced to discontinue the game owing to ill health. He was one of our strongest supporters and a great asset to any side.

As the season draws to a close, we find ourselves nestling comfortably at the bottom of both League tables. But we are able to record two fine performances, by Cliff Pope (our amiable ambler) and Jim Harris, in performing the 'hat-trick' against Navy and Army respectively.

We would like to express our thanks to the Green Ranger for his efforts to hold the wicket together, our faithful supporters and their ladies and Harry Craggs for the offer of his services, telephoned so many times from the Boundry Street bar.

I feel sure that the Editor will bear with me as I appeal to any aspiring cricketers to come forward next year and lend us a hand.

We are quite a happy crowd and even though a few of our more prominent players may try and discourage you with their technical jargon, an afternoon spent on the boundry watching the Police XI will make it abundantly clear that a command of three fundamental strokes can secure one a place on the side; they are

The Prod:—

A stroke used for defending the wicket. It is played by jabbing the bat smartly in the general direction of the ball, feet together, arms straight. Never put the foot down to the pitch of the ball, as you may be hit on the toe.

The Swipe:—

At attacking shot, not to be confused with the unorthodox 'drive'. Throw the left leg out towards the square leg umpire, and violently describe an arc with the bat. Remember, keep the head well up and eyes firmly closed. If struck on the pads, immediately collapse writhing on the ground, clutching the abdomen as if in agony. This will eliminate the possibility of an L.B.W. decision.

The Slash:—

This stroke can be used when undecided whether or not to PROD or SWIPE. It is the more forceful version of the 'half cock shot', and in common with the PROD the feet must remain firmly rooted in the crease. It is usually played when one has lost sight of the flight of the ball and just before (or after) it hits the wicket or the player. Sway backwards as if avoiding a hook to the chin and counter with a solid swing of the bat. The ball should streak through the covers, hence the somewhat unfair expression "that was a bit of a streaky shot".

(Note:—I had been requested to mention the "SNIKE", but it has been decided by my Committee that this is not a stroke, but an ACCIDENT.)



CHATTER

FROM THE

STATIONS.



**EASTERN
DIVISION**

Sub-Inspector
C. Cowie,

Dear Mr. Editor,

The deadline draws near and the excuses are running out as the Scribe of the East seeks inspiration in the bottom of an empty glass! The fact that the bottle is also empty does not help matters any!!

Faces have been changing so rapidly at Eastern that the time has come for us to take stock of just who is and who ain't.



We have said farewell to Sub-Inspectors Cook, Lane, Chan Hin Wang, and Lau Kin Yeuk since our last contribution and have welcomed in their place Sub-Inspectors Wong Ngai Man, Taylor, the five "Police Supervisees" Sub-Inspectors Turner, Li Ping Lam, Chan Fuk Hing, Chi Tai Wai, and last but not least Chu Kam Pui.





The Annual Children's Party was held at Chinese New Year and this event was watched by your Correspondent from the safety of the Inspectors' Mess. Some of our more intrepid characters ventured forth to do battle but decided that discretion was the better part of valour and left it to people who know about these things. Others were more crafty and, attempting to fox the Sub-Divisional Inspector, joined the queue for the big handout. They were soon discovered by the hawk-eyed Woman Corporal who is reported to have said that, although the bombans had most of the habits of 'little boys' they would have to hide their 'knobbly knees' if they wanted to fool her!

Sub-Inspector Wong has taken the plunge and the Woman's Touch is once more evident at Wanchai Gap!

Eastern was fully committed during the visit of H.R.H. and we gazed in wonder as our Country Cousin from Police Training Contingent encamped in our Compound and proceeded to set up their Cooked-Food Stall (Unlicensed Variety). One thing which we could not fathom was why the P.Cs.-cum-Cooks had to carry their revolvers?

Eastern had their moments of Anxiety, Pride and Complacency all combined with a few good laughs, without which any Police Force is lost. Our "Piece de Resistance" was the Ying King Episode and during our Post Mortem someone demanded to know

"Where was Traffic when the
Trams came through?"

Up till now the Bombans have not
deigned to reply!

Yours,
Eastern.

* * * *



SHAM SHUI PO DIVISION

Sub-Inspector
C. D. Mayger.

Dear Mr. Editor,

For the felon it is becoming increasingly difficult to make a safe passage through this Division. Daily, hourly, in fact, nearly every minute, constables are popping out

from behind verandah pillars, scavenging lanes and dark doorways to challenge and search suspected persons. Our advice to those who wish to find a reasonable living is to commence a sampan service for felons operating from Tai Kok Tsui to Tsun Wan, thus by passing this Division and saving them the mental agony of a passage through our streets. Our Divisional motto is, of course, "An unlawful possession a day keeps the Duped away".

A case of pure accident is how our report book describes some incidents. You will no doubt presume from this that if the accident is not of the pure variety it must be an adulterated affair requiring investigation by the Criminal Investigation Department. These accidents should not be confused with traffic accidents which are a unique type and altogether beyond our ken.

The Salaries Commission—what a wealth of rumour we have had. This will be cut, that will be increased, some will get a lump sum in lieu of the other. We await the findings with anticipation. In anticipation of more than thirty dollars a month net rise.

We close by drawing your attention to the fact that the letters D.E. are the abbreviation for Death Enquiry and are not to be confused with the Duke of Edinburgh.

Yours,

Sham Shui Po.

* * * *



KOWLOON CITY DIVISION

Sub-Inspector
E. K. Counsell

Dear Mr. Editor,

I think the most burning question and the main topic of this station's chatter at

present is "What are They going to do with Them all?" and this question was not asked by the Uniformed Branch staff; so who then, does know "What are They going to do with Them all?"

Everyone knows of course, who "They" are, but may be a little puzzled by who "Them" are; well, as far as I can find out, "Them" refers to the end product which rolls off the endless production line at the "Modern Times" Factory at Hong Kong Tsai, the Probationary Sub-Inspectors. That is if they are lucky enough to avoid getting enmeshed in its many intricate wheels and cogs.

The main reason for this uncontrollable and of course unforgiveable out-burst of bewilderment, is the fear of that dreaded virus known as "Double Up Itus" which has been known to change firm and courageous men into hopeless neurasthenics, which in turn, if one is due for a transfer, may easily lead to a state of "Limboism", neither in one place nor the other, which produces a very similar feeling to that experienced when playing musical chairs and finding everyone has sat down before the music has stopped.

However, nothing daunted, numerous solutions were put forward (as usual) to remedy the infection before it spreads to the masses and the street sleeper begins to wonder if his pavement space is safe.

One of the most popular solutions is that a "Luxury Block" of flats be constructed immediately and the contract be given to one of those overnight factory builders at Kung Tong.

One flat per person, with all mod. cons. including hot and cold running (Sorry, Ed.!) water, built-in bars and not forgetting the swimming pool.

Names have even been suggested ranging from "Shangri La" to "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness", which as every movie-goer knows refer to the unknown elusive sixth happiness which would be found there by every single "Fan Kwai Lo Pom Pan" if this dream did come true.

Well enough of this rambling, I must return to the more conventional and important part of the newsletter before I wander over-leaf again.

The reason for the station coolies' confusion, as quoted in the last letter, has been removed and the movements and transfers of personnel have returned to normal so now only the "Pom Pans" are confused, and everyone is happy.

There have been no transfers from the Division as of yet(?) and the new arrivals are mostly from the Police Training School and so we welcome Probationary Sub-Inspectors "Mike" Quinn, Mui and Chan. A very recent arrival is Sub-Inspector "Bill" Spence from Traffic Office, Kowloon, who is now filling the Sub-Divisional Inspector's post while our Sub-Divisional Inspector, "Don" Fyfe, is off sick with a recurring ankle injury which he acquired chasing one of those fires previously referred to. Let's hope he returns as soon as he is well enough to cope with the task.

On the work side, things have been pretty hectic here at Kowloon City. As usual, I might add; it seems to be the norm here. Just as we recovered from Xmas and New Year, with increased beat coverage, staggered hours and extra duties, etc.

To fool the would-be robbers, duty times were sometimes staggered as much as one or two hours with little prior warning. This not only fooled the robbers, it had the cops bewildered too, so it was decided to revert back to normal times and this proved so successful that no further attempts were made.

Then apart from the usual murder, wounding or two, with an occasional armed robbery, we had the capture of the notorious criminal who attempted a daring daylight robbery in Waterloo Road (Our district) and the subsequent capture on the border of our and Hung Hom's division. One of the officers who actually found and apprehended the "Lan Tsai" was the Divisional Detective Inspector, Kowloon City, which goes to prove that Kowloon City always get their man, especially if he commits any crime in our division.

And then we had, as you all know, the preparations and visit of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, which went off very smoothly without incident, there again, proving the adaptability and efficiency of the Force, not forgetting that the Police (Kowloon City provided twelve men) trained and mounted as good, if not a smarter, Guard of Honour than the services.

It would appear that this high standard is now being accepted as normal for the Hong Kong Police and our motto is rapidly becoming "The impossible can be achieved, a miracle may take a little longer".

There is little to report on the sports or social side this Quarter. I can only comment that we have been too busy, and that we are girding our loins for "May 1st".

Also looming on the horizon are the dreaded examinations in May, which ensure that those little leisure periods between crises are fully occupied.

There have been so many applications for casual leave prior to the examinations that we are thinking of running a lottery. That reminds me, I must close now as there are some real hot Police General Orders' amendments I haven't read yet, so on this desperate tone I must close.

Yours,
Kowloon City.

* * * * *



**PSECIAL
BRANCH**

Sub-Inspector
R. Apedaile

Dear Mr. Editor,

The sun and the air-conditioning have returned and the Branch is back into its disguise as the "man in the white suit".

Files continue to circulate at a frenzied pace, but their contents are top secret, and the stories that Sub-Inspectors Rumbelow and Williamson brought back from Blighty are liable to censorship. Therefore, as usual, we have no news.

The only relatable piece of news concerns the security arrangements for the visit of His Royal Highness Prince Philip. A certain conscientious inspector, finding himself detailed to keep an eye on the crowd at the main entrance of Government House, prepared himself in style. Complete with rimless spectacles, bow-tie and camera, he sidles into the crowd, disguised as a tourist from another large, English speaking-nation. Puffing away at a big cigar to give a touch of authenticity, he soon became one of the crowd, and found himself in conversation with a couple of impressionable young local damsels who had come to see the sights. Feeling it to be his duty and led on by the obvious admiration of the young ladies, he was relating in his best Texan accent, the tale of the time when he had fought single-handed a horde of savages who were attacking one of his many oil-wells, when a smart young constable marched across, saluted militarily and said, "There's a telephone call for you inside, Inspector—."

We studious people also find time for sport. The inter-sectional mini-football competition was won, as usual, by "B" section. This win was due to enthusiasm, training, tactics and uncombative football talent—I would say this even if I were not a member of the winning team.

With the larger ball, Special Branch supply a proportion of players to the Police Headquarters team. Charlie Johnson has threatened to retire, but I think that the game has become a vital part of his life force, because he still turns out and shows us how to play, despite a temperamental knee. With regard to the Police Headquarters team, I would like to say a word in wonderment and praise of the way in which Sub-Inspector Collaco of Police Stores still kicks a ball with the best. He is fifty-one years of age, and to see him go into a tackle or chase the ball, you would think he was still playing for the Colony.

It is an interesting fact that the secretaries of Hong Kong Police Sports Association and cricket, football, basket ball, rugby and athletics are all attached to Special Branch—there must be a reason for this, but I cannot think what it can be.

When you lucky people who have outside jobs are basking in the luxurious warmth, spare a thought for us in the perishing air-conditioning.

Yours,
Special Branch.

* * * * *



**TSUN WAN
DIVISION**

Sub-Inspector
I. M. Henson.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Greetings to you all from Tsun Wan.

Before I proceed with the divisional chit-chat, I would like to dispel any doubts you may have suddenly acquired regarding my spelling. We are now *Tsuen* Wan Division and not *Tsun* Wan Division. I presume we are now spelt correctly, but not being an ardent reader of the Government Gazette I am not sure whether the correction has been announced in that worthy publication. No doubt complete confusion will temporarily reign in all departments if, and when, the correction is announced.

Our new station was officially opened on the 7th of January by the Commissioner of Police, Mr. A. C. Maxwell. The completion of the entire station was a fraction behind schedule due to a little bit of spontaneous earth movement here and there. However the builders must have done a good job as the station proper did not sink below the piles. However, time alone will tell.

The opening ceremony was attended by a large gathering of invited local citizens, village elders from all districts of the New Territories and many Gazetted and Inspectorate Officers of the Force. After the station was declared open for business the invited guests were conducted round, and afterwards served light refreshments in the handsomely decorated Rank and File canteen. A large crowd of the local populace also assembled for the opening ceremony. They were entertained by the Police Band.

I will not go into detail in describing the station as I understand the Magazine editorial staff are giving it coverage themselves in this issue. Suffice it to say that it is similar in design and layout to Kowloon City Station, with plenty of offices, quarters, etc. It is comfortable, light and airy. The Rank and File appreciate the layout I understand because when the Chief Inspector is on the warpath they get more warning of his approach.

With the completion of the new station there is a substantial increase in Rank and File and Inspectorate strength. Approximately eighty of the former stormed in from other New Territory Stations and our strength of the latter went up to ten, latest arrivals being Sub-Inspector Simon Lane from Eastern, Sub-Inspector Chan Kwok Yin from Central and Sub-Inspector Pi Shu Cheung from Immigration Office. Sub-Inspector Sin Chi Hoi relieved the latter and Sub-Inspector Ho Hing Chee moved up the road to Castle Peak as Sub-Divisional Inspector, taking over from Sub-Inspector Harry Harris, who has gone home on vacation leave.

Our Divisional Superintendent, Mr. H. Tyler, more recently departed for the "Cloak and Dagger" Branch and Mr. A. J. Schouten became our new Divisional Superintendent, having recently returned from home leave. Good hunting to Mr. Tyler and welcome, Mr. Schouten.

Last but not least, Frank Wakefield, or as he is commonly known "Wai Fei Lo", arrived from Frontier and became established as our new Sub-Divisional Inspector. The Rank and File have voted *not* to sport Presley sideburns.

Our Divisional Detective Inspector Gerry Fergus moved stations quietly with his retinue and within a few days announced that the chickens head was ripe for chopping. Everyone paid their respects to Kwan Kung, and with the completion of the 'Pai Shan'-ing and 'Kow Tow'-ing, everyone wished everyone else's health.

Ceremonies over, and all got down to serious organisation of the station and division in general.

Ceremonies over, and all got down to serious organisation of the station and division in general.

With the rapid reclamation and building operations going on in the area, the face of Tsuen Wan is changing daily. No doubt there is a continual increase in local population but on the whole crime is pretty low.

The Divisional Detective Inspector's last big (?) case was suspected arson of a school. Bags of excitement and flap all round until the culprit of this heinous crime was apprehended; a little lad who had had apparently decided that his bad showing in the end-of-term examinations could only bring wrath down on his shoulders from his teacher. He subsequently set fire to the incriminating papers before his teacher could lay his/her hands on them and in so doing nearly burnt the school down.

Now that we are all one big happy family at last, sport is playing a prominent part in the welfare of the Rank and File. A football team of great prowess has been put together and is all set to lick any other division who may dare to challenge. Basketball, table tennis and swimming is being organised and we hope that Tsuen Wan will soon be able to present strong opposition in all these sports. Our Pai Kau and Mahjong teams are likewise getting down to serious training.

We had a fair number of men participating in the recent Sports at Boundary Street and we carried off the winners' trophies for the Sack Race and Obstacle Race! Both victors must be fine athletes, no doubt.

And that is the lot from Tsuen Wan for this quarter. You will be hearing again from this correspondent, unless the Chief Inspector is able to find another Charley.

'Pro Laborum Nil Gratis'

Yours,
Tsun Wan.



**CENTRAL
DIVISION**

Sub-Inspector
F. McCosh.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Hello from Central.

Since last we wrote, we have had quite a few changes. We welcome Mr. D. H. Taylor as Divisional Superintendent in place of Mr. V. M. Morrison, who went on home leave, and Sub-Inspectors Roberts, Furness, Hallard, Newton and Hobbs from Yaumati and Police Training School.

We were sorry to say goodbye to Inspector Si Wai Ming, Sub-Inspectors Tim Fitzpatrick, John Floyd, Jack Adam and Peter Jones. Peter Jones enjoyed his Chinese New Year; with all the street gambling, he was able to furnish his scout troop with a new set of hurricane lamps. Inspector Si's transfer brought a spate of phone calls from his admirers asking for his new telephone number.

We welcome back from sick leave, Ivan Scott, who has just recovered from the Christmas celebrations. It was rumoured that he was showing the rest of the party how to do the splits and he did.

We are well represented in the rugger world, Don Bryan, Neil Roberts, and Bill Newton being the stalwarts. One of them (he will remain anonymous) after seeing

Alec Guinness in "The Horse's Mouth", thought he could paint the walls of the bar at Boundary Street better than the painters could and proceeded to show his artistic talent, aided by the remainder of his fellow ruggerites.

The sports are best forgotten; the best we could do was a close second in the sack race. We had high hopes for our tug-of-war team until the major sat down and the resulting earth tremor upset the rest of the team. (All those early mornings in vain!)

Waterfront had a report of an escaped monkey from the Circus on the Reclamation, which was said to be almost human. Last seen wearing European style navy blue suit, carrying a small suitcase, hailing a taxi in Connaught Road.

At present we are very busy with preparations for the Urban Council Elections and the visit of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. We will take that as an excuse to keep this short and not to take up too much of our valuable time.

One extract from the Report Book at Central:—"Suspected Larceny from Person. (P.P.)"—Inft. reports that X X X hrs. on X X X, she found her black leather purse contg. \$110, a driving licence in name of X X X, a Triad Risk Insurance Certificate, missing from her handbag. Remarks:—Pol. 159 to C.I.D. D.P.C. X X X enqs. Inft. sent to Q.M.H. for M/treatment.

Yours,
Central.



**HUNG HOM
DIVISION**

Sub-Inspector
N. E. Temple.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Greetings from Hung Hom,

"Where ne'er sets the sun, nor cock
to crow,

but men are men and deportees
go."

Having lately gone through a rather
hectic period of transit, I find myself,
sympathising with same.

We in Hung Hom now lay claim to
Western's 'Ranch' title. Thanks to our
recent gunbattles, plans have been drawn up
for batwing doors to be fitted to the charge-
room and for hitching racks to be placed in
the compound. Our locals have not yet
managed to get over their big day and the
top class entertainment from the C.I.D.
hordes, all wrapped in enough armament to
make even Don Castro feel safe.

Our next event was Chinese New Year,
with only the Barrack Sergeant having any-
thing to show for all the mobile patrols-
thirty-four pairs of rather well worn
trousers. Still, as our well quoted expert
J. J. Smyth Clutterbuck always says,

"Prevention is better than, than, Wai!!"

"Clutterbuck, what is it??"

"Oh yes! Detection."

Exchanges, Sales, Auctions and Free
transfers.

Yes, in this department we have had
our share. First, welcome to Mr. R. White
our new Divisional Superintendent and fond
but sad farewell to Mr. Baker, who has now
gone to spin the wheel of fortune as Staff
Officer Personnel. In this, we wish him well,
especially with regards to the Inspectorate
Quartering position. (Please, Mr. Editor,
just one little hint) "Tiny" Thomas has now
been cut adrift to more turbulent waters,
while Sub-Inspector Lai even managed to
complete a change of quarters chit before
being redirected to Central. Welcome also
to my friend, Sub-Inspector Chan Pak
Sheung, God's gift to Riot Drill. May his
stay be both long and enjoyable.

Congratulations to Police Constable
4184 on a magnificent athletic display, which
has even turned our Sub-Divisional Inspector

sports conscious and who has now ordered a
heavier paper weight and only uses two
station coolies to carry him up to his quar-
ters.

In the line of all followers of B.B. we
shall leave this letter short but sweet. By
the way, there is no truth in the rumour that
this magazine is affiliated to "MAD"
Magazine.

Adios from the Pampas!

Yours,

Hung Hom.

* * * * *



SHAUKIWAN
AND BAY VIEW
DIVISION

Sub-Inspector
J. Phillips.

Dear Mr. Editor,

On searching through back numbers of
your Magazine, I find that it has been a long
time since readers were fortunate enough to
get a News Letter from this Division. Although I am perfectly prepared to let this
state of affairs continue, pressure from
above prompted me to 'volunteer' to write
this letter.

As it would be an impossibility to give
a complete list of the comings and goings
since you last heard from us, I will confine
myself to our more recent changes. Since
Christmas we have lost a Divisional
Superintendent, a Chief Inspector and a
Divisional Detective Inspector. We said
'goodbye' to Mr. H. A. Giblett, Inspector
Reynolds, and Ace Investigator 'Jim Boxall'
(look out, Western!). Sub-Inspectors Wong
and Lomas also left us; the first to become
Sub-Divisional Inspector, Wanchai Gap and
the latter to guard our frontiers at Tak Ku
Ling. His parting words were, "What do

they think I am, a ruddy mountain goat or something?" We wish them all the Best of Luck.

We welcomed Mr. P. J. Clancy, Chief Inspector J. Andrews and Detective Sub-Inspector A. J. Lyster. Among the lesser lights who appeared amongst us were Sub-Inspectors H. W. Chan, H. Y. Chan, D. Holdroyd and R. Curlewis, who incidentally shows a marked resemblance to his namesake, Ron of 'Take-it-from-here' fame.

Now for a few Tit Bits of gossip.

The Sub-Divisional Inspector of Stanley and Shek O, Sub-Inspector B. Carpenter, informs us that his Miscellaneous Report Book numbers will reach three figures within the next month or so, and that he is contemplating opening a Crime Report Book any day now.

Police Constables applying for Traffic summonses continue to worry us with the statement, "There was no body in the car".

After the usual calm of a Sunday morning, a bored Duty Officer was heard to remark, "People must think that this place is closed on a Sunday".

A well-known Night Spot in this Division continues to flourish despite the most strenuous efforts of Sub-Inspector 'Deadly Nightshade' Bellingham.

Finally, a shocker from "Sokkers" (Shauiwan to the uninitiated); Chan Fat, you are charged that you did hawk your Chinese Pudding without a licence issued by . . .

With apologies for our long absence from the pages of this Magazine and assuring you that you will hear more regularly from us in the future (subject to more pressure from above),

Yours,

Shauiwan and Bay View.



YAUMATI DIVISION

Sub-Inspector
D. C. Diniz.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Many interesting items have occurred in this Division but as it would take pages and pages to relate all of them, I have only selected a few.

Our Divisional Superintendent, Mr. A. G. Rose, has been laid up in bed because of his appendectomy. We at Yaumati wish to take this opportunity to wish him a speedy recovery and mingle with us again in the best of health. Mainly we missed him at the "Big Game" on St. Patrick's Day. We certainly needed a good centre-half.

Our Chief Inspector, Mr. J. Holmes, will be leaving us shortly for his long leave in Ireland and may I, on behalf of the Division, wish him "Bon Voyage" and a pleasant holiday. We look forward to his return to this Division.

Yaumati welcomes new arrivals to the Division. They are Sub-Inspectors Chris Cook from Eastern, Tim Fitzpatrick from Central, Lam Tak Keung from Shum Shui Po, Li Shu Fung also from Shum Shui Po, Chik Ho Yan from Emergency Unit Kowloon, G. J. Thomas from Hung Hom and especially two new and fresh Probationary Sub-Inspectors from Police Training School, David C. Green and Jim A. James. Our best wishes go to those who have left us. They are Sub-Inspectors Neil Roberts to Central, Ted Taylor to Eastern, Alan Philip to Emergency Unit Kowloon, Chin Kan Cheung to Kowloon Court, Siu Tung Yin to Emergency Unit Kowloon, and Tang Sik Fai to Traffic. We have also had a change in Divisional Detective Inspectors. Inspector, now Chief Inspector, D. J. Carty has been relieved by

Jim Currie. We welcome Inspector Currie, and also wish the best to Chief Inspector Carty.

A festive mood prevailed throughout St. Patrick's Day. A farcical football game was arranged between the "Oldies" of the Kai Fong of Yaumati and our senior officers. Since the Kai Fongs pulled some younger (and fitter) chaps out of the bag, we lost 2 to 1. But the Shamrock-lapelled "Paddies" were not in the least disheartened. Paddy O'Meara did not play. This was the reason they lost. Why, with O'Meara in goal, the Kai Fongs would not have had a chance! The whole day ended quite well with all Irishmen out and all the Irish whisky in the Colony gone.

Second night. Every one dreads second night. Everyone, that is, except Yaumati. So many interesting things happen. The Tsim Sha Tsui Report Book corroborates it. The other day at about 5 a.m. a watchman telephoned the Duty Officer and informed him that a European male had climbed the scaffolding of a new 20-storey building. He had already reached the 17th floor. Immediately, the Fire Brigade was despatched and after some time, finally convinced the European male to come to the station. It turned out that he was an American. The Duty Officer, after much thought, put in the remarks column: "Enquiries reveal that the American male was doing something that was not his job." The American said something. The Duty Officer continued: "He also states that he is an explorer".

A European male went to Mongkok Police Station to make a report. The report book states: "Informant reports that he and his maid went out together to a hotel . . . he and his maid were involved in a fight . . . he has come here for police information." It evolved that the case was actually in Yaumati Sub-Division and that his mate (or maid, as you like it) was already arrested.

In the field of sports we are in the best of spirits, after a terrific game played against Shum Shui Po when we won 3-0. Can you blame us for being proud? This is our first game in the Inter-Divisional League and at the rate things are going, we

can expect to end up as the best team in the Colony.

If you want more news from our Division, don't forget to tune in to the same magazine again, next quarter, for the latest events from Yaumati! Until then.

Yours,
Yaumati.

* * * * *



WESTERN
DIVISION

Sub-Inspector
Yuen Ka Keung

Dear Mr. Editor,

The period of three months succeeding the publication of our last contribution to the Stations' Chitchat has not produced much of significance to relate. However, we of Western Police Station would like to express, through the medium of this journal, our regrets in losing Sub-Inspectors Green, Turner, Temple and many others during the preceding quarter. We hope they are all relishing the zest of better, if not more interesting, duties; all of us appreciated their sense of humour.

During this period we have welcomed a number of Sub-Inspectors for replacement of our ex-staff. Among them is one who in civil life bore the name of Mr. Hyde—reminding one of that mysterious and grotesque story, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde". Another is named Mr. Haigh—similar to that of a famous woman-killer who shocked the population of England sometime ago. Despite these dreadful coincidences, we are happy to have you both with us, Messrs. Hyde and Haigh, provided you have no particular distaste for the suffocating smell of the slaughter-houses and dried fish shops situated within the area of our jurisdiction.

While going through recent events, we have unearthed the following which might impress readers:

Rather late one night several weeks ago, when the temperature was such that one would feel restless (even the dogs made occasional barks against its unkind nature), dog-barking in the squatter area behind the slaughterhouse was so vociferous that it unfortunately awakened one of the taxpayers residing on Pokfulam Road. He made an aggrieved complaint to our station that one way or another something should be done to put a stop to those night noises. In response to this, a patrol was immediately detailed for investigation.

When the patrol arrived at the location concerned, on hearing the tramping feet of our men the dogs accentuated their barks to such a degree that within a moment the ferocious cries were here, there and everywhere. So far reaching in fact, that not only did the complainant become much more hysterical, but the whole of Hong Kong Island was likely to have been awakened from its lassitude. In view of the situation, no alternative appeared to be available to our patrol but to capture the trouble-making dogs and to bring the "night noises" back to the station.

The next morning our station area was converted into Show-rooms for a "Dog Exhibition" and later the Treasury was unexpectedly enriched with a handsome collection of Licence Fees, and of course, we received another complaint from the Veterinary Department for the extra work we had given them.

For some reason or other, the number of illegal immigrants has increased considerably in recent months. One day, our men on patrol apprehended a gang of illegal immigrants who had made their landing by way of Sandy Bay. On being escorted to the station, all of them were found to speak an entirely different language, one which no one in the station could understand. Therefore, we had to find an interpreter who could speak the same language. As a result of a lengthy and extensive search, a Sub-Inspector who could speak Foochow Dialect was finally found at Yaumati, and our problem

was then settled. As the situation goes, I think we will now have to start learning different dialects in addition to animal training.

As I have already said there isn't much of significance to relate. However, in concluding this letter, we should like to avail ourselves of this opportunity to extend our best wishes to all members of the Force throughout the colony.

Yours,
* Western.

* * * * *



MARINE
DIVISION

Inspector
A. Anderson.

Dear Mr. Editor,

It was with regret that we assembled to bid farewell to Mr. D. H. Taylor on his transfer to another division, for he had led us well. Mr. R. F. G. White has relieved him at the helm and being an experienced mariner will undoubtedly steer us safely through any troubled waters which may be encountered. We are very pleased to have him aboard.

Quite recently one of our harbour launches was still tied up alongside a large ship in Kowloon Bay, when it started under-way, towing the police launch with it. The ensuing scamper for life-saving apparatus was highlighted by one man, who not comprehending what was amiss, stood resolutely by his fender. The distance travelled was only short but it gave the crew a wonderful opportunity to practise their life jacket drill.

A very apt remark was passed the other day, after it had been officially announced that another phase of harbour reclamation

was to be undertaken. The wag quipped, "If they continue filling in at this rate, the Marine Police will be out of work and will probably have to be re-deployed as traffic men." Of course he does not know that the real reason, is to save buying more new launches.

During the war years, the B.B.C. introduced a feature in their programmes called, "Music while you Work". The primary purpose of this programme was intended to put factory and other workers in a happy frame of mind, thereby increasing production. We in Marine Police Station have our own version of "Music While You Work", by virtue of the police pipers who practice not infrequently, in our compound. The effect these pipers have on certain people, not being from the Highlands of course, is to make them throw down their working tools, stamp about in fury and finally leave on enquiries, until peace settles like a mantle once more.

A news headline caught the attention on 11th March, which announced to the world that there was a fall in the number of passengers carried on board the Star Ferries. To the Duty Officers of Marine this fall was inevitable in consequence of the great number of people who have swung to the super de luxe comfort afforded them on harbour launches.

Yours,
Marine.

* * * * *



COMMUNICATIONS & TRANSPORT

Cpl. 4304
Ng Yuen Kei.

Dear Mr. Editor,

In the past those dedicated, unsung heroes of Communications and Transport have been given many names, I quote:

- 1) Troglodytes (with apologies to Messrs. G. Martin, Connelly & Robinson).
- 2) Mushroom Growers.
- 3) Inmates of Leper Colony.
- 4) Denizens of the underworld.

I shall not attempt to emulate the literary genius of the present incumbent of Tsuen Wan, whose proverbial wit is legend.

Nothing outstanding has happened, our genial Officer in Charge Transport, Sub-Inspector McNiven is now the record basement dweller and has acquired the pearl grey, airconditioned, complexion of night club bouncer, a far cry from the lean sunburnt, statuesque physique of his "muscles" days at the Police Training School. Sub-Inspector Dirkin was the first member of Radio Control to brave the rigours of the air conditioning last Winter. He acquired a union suit; that of course, accounts for his present position, Officer in Charge, Comms! (Joke).

One member of Control did in error ask the Peak to supply an attacker dog instead of a tracker dog to turn out at a scene of crime. The Criminal Investigation Department were shaken rigid, shades of the Hound of the Baskervilles. This was only one of our little jokes of course.

To be serious for a moment, Adbul Kader has at last been promoted to Sub-Inspector a most deserving reward for his work in Communications for the last ten years.

Now, to the tune of the Air conditioner and the crackle of the Radios, we say,

"Up periscope and Roger out"

Yours,
Communications & Transport.



POLICE TRAINING CONTINGENT

Sub-Inspector
V. Renard.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Greetings from Das Einsatz Kommando Fanling.

Yes, we are still here although by the time this appears in print this scribe will be back on General Patrol somewhere enjoying a well earned rest and perhaps thinking of others less fortunate who will be spending their days in the midst of the New Territories.

Since our last letter to you we have done nothing of any importance except tossed off half a dozen Guards of Honour, run through a score of V.I.P. visits, controlled the proceedings during the stay of H.R.H. The Prince Philip, staged Riot Drill demonstrations for various dignitaries, etc., with the usual aplomb that has become a by-word of Police Training Contingent. Oh, I forgot, and trained about 160 men in the meantime. Untrue? No, just the facts man. Only the facts.

Some of our recent visitors have been the stalwart volunteers of the Force Training Scheme who came to us to sit at the feet of the Masters, as it were, and to learn the correct way of doing things. We showed them the beauty spots and pointed out to them the various personalities we have here. Although they are only "week-end soldiers" we were glad to have them

with us and I must thank them for keeping us in touch with the outside world. Only one stage coach a month, Pardner.

At the time of writing we are in the process of compiling end of term reports, handing in kit, and so on, waiting for the Big Day. However there is nothing on paper yet and Boundary Street Intelligence Office reports a negative as regards movements in or out of the battle zone. (I have a feeling here that my first paragraph was hastily written.) Incidentally those of you who may come here will find that contrary to popular belief Police Training Contingent is not as bad as it is painted. The only things required are the acceptance of fate (Laddie you're posted) and the understanding of a word (Work). Couple these together, add a sprinkling of fresh air, stir in some healthy exercise, mix well with no second nights and you have the recipe necessary to enable you to withstand an entire six months away from the air conditioned jungle of down town Hong Kong. (I can almost hear the cries now—"I'm not a soldier" or "I'll resign first"). Empty vessels, etc.

That appears to be our lot for this quarter. The water waggon is still leaking and mad dogs are still shot quite frequently by the Inspectorate. However our marksmanship is improving, only two shots per dog now. With apologies to you know who. So until such times as 'B' Company plays its final Retreat and the Commanders spend their last nights in a third of a Nissen Hut may we take our leave and offer this slight howler on the altar of Divisional Miscellaneous Report Book extracts.

Police Constable (on being questioned re duties of Platoon Orderley) "Oh he carries a list of Riot Drill Orders to tell the Platoon Commander what to say next".

Yours,

Police Training Contingent.

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BABY... OR GIRAFFE?



THE piano was born of much experiment. Developed from an ancient instrument called the dulcimer, the piano combines the clavichord's power of expression and the force of the harpsichord.

It came, too, in various shapes and sizes, some of which persist to this day. There was the Giraffe, the Cottage, the Cabinet, the Oblique, the Upright, the Grand and Baby Grand.

Before iron frames were used in wiring a piano, the instrument was apt to get out of tune—so that a tuner often had to walk on stage to adjust it during intermission.

Just as a talented pianist contributes much to our proper appreciation of music, so many products of SHELL are necessary for our greater enjoyment at a celebrity concert. These include detergents for keeping concert halls fresh and clean, and bituminous felts for insulation against damp and draught.

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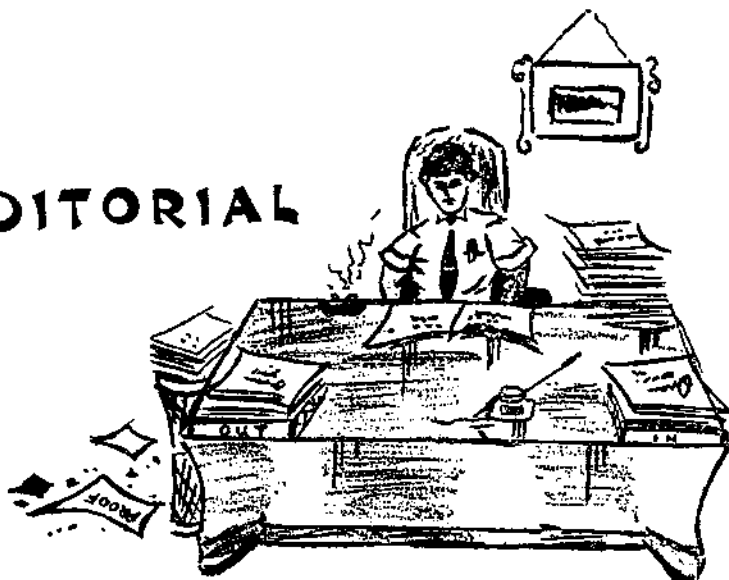
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EDITORIAL



Foreword

The foreword to this edition of the Magazine has been written by our new Commissioner of Police, Mr. H. W. E. Heath, thus heralding a new era in the history of this literary venture, which is nearing the conclusion of its eighth year.

Mr. H. W. E. Heath transferred to this Colony from the Leeward Islands in March, 1935, being promoted to the rank of Superintendent of Police after the end of the War, during which he was interned. In the same year, five months later, in October, 1949, he was promoted to Acting Assistant Commissioner of Police, in which rank he was confirmed in April of the following year. He was awarded the Colonial Police Medal for Meritorious Service in June, 1953 and the Queen's Police Medal for Distinguished Service in June, 1957.

Congratulations

Heartiest congratulations to Mr. E. K. I. O'Reilly, Senior Superintendent of Police, Chief Inspectors W. P. Apps and A. F. Rose, and Inspector Hu Hung Cheung on their awards in Her Majesty's Birthday Honours List.

Thanks

Our thanks go to those many writers who

have provided material for this edition of the Magazine at rather short notice. We have been beset by technical difficulties, which delayed the previous edition and foreshortened in consequence the period in which to produce the next edition. Our thanks go especially to those sources from outside the Force.

We appreciate the difficulties of producing material for the Magazine at quarterly intervals, a Policeman's lot in particular being a busy one, but sometimes, surely, a merry one. Those stalwarts, the divisional correspondents, appear to support such a contention, providing as they do a chronicle of events within the various branches and divisions.

Acknowledgements

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following publications:

- Indian Police Journal, April, 1959, Vol. V, No. 4.
- Journal of the Cyprus Police Force (Lion) Vol. I, No. 2.
- Malayan Police Magazine, March, 1959.
- Bermuda Police Magazine, Winter, 1958.
- Quarterly Magazine of the Leicestershire and Rutland Constabulary (Tally Ho) Spring, 1959.
- Kenya Police Review, March, 1959.



*Mr. H. W. E. Heath,
Commissioner of Police.*

FOREWORD

This being the first issue of the Hong Kong Police Magazine since I assumed the duties of Commissioner, I am pleased to take the opportunity to express my gratitude to all those who in various ways contribute to the publication of the Magazine.

During the tenure of office of my predecessor, Mr. Maxwell, the magazine has appeared regularly—except on one occasion due to pressure of duties following the serious riots of 1956—in spite of various technical and other difficulties experienced from time to time. Its standard has improved with each issue and credit for this is due to the comparatively few officers and others who, encouraged by Mr. Maxwell's personal interest, have devoted much time and energy to the publication of the Magazine.

The Magazine does fulfil a useful purpose; it acts as a mirror, reflecting the views of its various correspondents and contributors, and it provides a page on which can be recorded the various achievements of the Force. Not least, it allows the many who have left us on retirement, and who remain interested, to keep in touch with their Force.

For these and other good reasons the Magazine is important to us and I am confident that it will continue to flourish, to fulfil its purpose and to record the future fine achievements of the Force. *

H. W. E. Heath

Commissioner of Police

Chess Intricacies

by

J. G. R.

Chess—that fascinating, intricate, but inexorable game; a battle of wits between two players, each equipped with sixteen chessmen, playing on a chequered board of sixtyfour squares.

The Game of Kings, played by Kings throughout the ages for five thousand years or more, with origins so shrouded in antiquity that India, China and Persia have all been mentioned as its original home. This obscurity is revealed in the very name of the game itself.

Scholars differ as to the derivation of the word *chess*: whilst they appear to agree that it is derived from the old English word *checks*, its literal sense being *kings*, a translation of the old French *escheecs* (*esches*), disagreement appears as to the origin of the French word.

On one hand the French word is regarded as a corruption of the Persian *shah*—king, whilst on the other hand it is thought to be a corruption of the Arabic *shatrang*, from the Persian *chatrang*, which in its turn can be traced to the Hindustani *chaturanga*; *chaturanga* means the four *angas* or members of an army, elephants, horses, chariots and foot-soldiers, divisions which can be seen today in the highly carved ivory chess sets of India.

To support the contention that the word *chess* was originally the Persian *shah* (*shar*), the call "Check-mate!" could be a translation of the Persian *shar mat*—"The King is dead!" If it is accepted that the game originated in India, it can be traced to the Buddhists of that country not either than the third century *anno Domini*.

Although the names of the various chessmen may be quite familiar, further romance is revealed here: the piece with the battle-mented or crenellated top, prosaically called



a *castle* from the old northern French *castel*, a derivation of the Latin *castellum*—small fort, is more correctly called a *rook*, either from the old French *roc*—rock, an ultimate derivation of the Persian *ruk*, or from the Hindu *rat'h*—armed chariot.

The piece of the smallest size and value in this game, the *pawn*, might denote the Anglo-French *poun* from the Latin *pedonem*—foot-soldier or the Hindu *peon*—attendant. The importance or value of each chessman can in fact be deciphered from its size, with the King the tallest piece on the board, the Queen the next, followed by the Bishops, Knights and Rooks in that order. Each King and Queen has its own complement of a Bishop, Knight and Rook, defended in each case by a Pawn, which forms part of a continuous rank and which is designated by the piece it defends, for example, the King's Pawn or the Queen's Bishop's Pawn.

Whilst the King is the most important piece in the game, since the ultimate objective of the game is to place your opponent's King in an inextricable position called "check-mate", it is merely a figurehead, retaining little power for itself; the Queen is the dominant partner, being the most powerful piece on the board, for it can emulate the move

of any other piece except the Knight and is thus the salient factor in any attack or defence: the loss of this piece usually spells catastrophe. This relationship between the King and Queen is surely significant.

"Stalemate" occurs where either one of the players has no move available, his King not being in check, or neither player is in a position to force the issue, due to the actual position on the board or to lack of strength: an ending or decision of this nature results in a draw.

The Bishop, the piece with the mitre-shaped top, moves any number of squares in a diagonal manner, whilst the Rook moves likewise any number of squares in a perpendicular manner. The piece with the strangest characteristics is the Knight, which moves in a parallelogramic fashion, that is, one square diagonally, one square perpendicularly, and has the singular ability to vault other chessmen.

Whilst the various pieces have individual characteristics, the Pawn also retains one or two facets of slightly odd behaviour; whilst it is capable of moving forwards only one square at a time, with its first move it is permitted to move two squares; it attacks in a diagonal fashion, but where an opponent takes advantage of moving two squares in this manner in order to bypass an advanced Pawn, this latter Pawn can take *en passant*, that is, it is placed behind the Pawn which has been moved two squares in this manner and the offending man is removed from the board.

The Pawn has an opportunity of attaining greater glory, too; once it has advanced

to the final rank on the opposite side of the board, it can be promoted or "queened", that is, exchanged for a Queen or any other piece nominated: thus it is possible to have two Queens at the same time on one side.

In some circumstances a double move is made, which counts as one, when the King and one of the Rooks complete a defensive movement, known as "to castle the King"; the Rook is brought from its position in the corner of the board to the square besides the King, which vaults it, thus placing the King in a protected position: this move also serves to bring a strong piece, the Rook, towards the centre of the board where it may be more useful, either in attack or in defence.

This move is said to be of recent innovation, having originated during the reign of Louis Quatorze of France, when the King was playing with a courtier, who, forgetful of "lese-majeste", began to attack so strongly that the King was in grave danger of being checkmated; the King in a flash of inspiration devised this move to extricate himself from the predicament. Whether this story be true or not, the result of this particular game is not recorded, nor the courtier's comments on being thus deprived of an advantageous decision. Possibly he was satisfied with a mere draw.

This description of the various moves in the game of chess would not be complete without mentioning the strangest move of all, namely, that the King is never captured or taken, despite the main objective of play being just such a move.

(To be continued)

GENUS AMAH

by 'Bird Lover'

Genus Amah is indigenous to the Far East, but details of its origin are little known. It first made its appearance about the time of the arrival of the first Europeans in China, since when the species has become extremely common.

The species is unique in that there are no males, and the females are almost entirely hybrids, although cases are known where they have borne young. In these rare cases they have usually mated with a similar species known as Fah Wong, and occasionally with the species Ja Tse and Foh Tau. The young, however, are invariably mutations and when fully grown are not usually recognisable as members of the genus Amah.

Perpetuation of the species is achieved by the female Amah buying, borrowing or otherwise procuring a female of the species Homo Sapiens and initiating her into the mysteries of the life of genus Amah. Whilst being initiated these females are known as Makee Learns and in a short time are unrecognisable as Homo Sapiens.

The plumage of genus Amah is distinctive, consisting of a white breast and black bottom. The legs are also black. Some members of the species favour gold teeth, and a little jade is also usually in evidence.

The call of genus Amah, especially the variety known as Cook Amah, is a high-pitched 'Marseetar' or 'Missee' followed by a staccato like cackle which some Europeans have learned to comprehend. The variety of Baby Amah, however, is noted for its call known as the Bye Bye Routine. It utters this call whilst carrying an infant of species Homo Sapiens and unless forcibly prevented will cackle Bye Bye to every object in sight, imitated by the infant Homo Sapiens.

Genus Amah is a parasite of Homo Sapiens, but unlike true parasites it consumes the food of its host before the host has had a chance to eat it. Its abode is usually that of its host but at regular intervals it leaves for an unknown destination carrying a wicker basket containing its host's food, soap, floor polish, etc. This loot is known to genus Amah as Cumshaw, and if deprived of it, Amahs become listless and unwilling to work. This condition may become chronic, resulting in a change of host.

Another well known variety is known as Wash Amah. This species is usually silent during the daytime, but its call can always be heard at night, usually in competition with other members of the species and against a background of rattling buckets and tubs. If angered this particular variety can become dangerous and cause considerable damage to its host's clothes.

Although strictly parasites, genus Amah is gifted with some intelligence and cases are known where they have been trained to be of value to Homo Sapiens. Such cases are rare, however, and are always accompanied by the danger of a relapse.

Although not generally known, genus Amah is a dying species. This is due to the fact that fewer and fewer females of the species Homo Sapiens are available as Makee Learns, the majority preferring to become members of another parasitic species known as Mo Nui. Those interested in studying genus Amah can, however, find plenty of specimens on the Peak and in other areas favoured by European Homo Sapiens.

In my next article, I hope to be able to enlighten you on the lesser known habits of the species Mo Nui, a bird of extremely beautiful plumage and well worth watching.

Colonial Police Medal For Meritorious Service



*Mr. E. K. I. O'Reilly,
Senior Superintendent of Police.*

Chief Inspector W. P. Apps.



Chief Inspector A. F. Rose

Staff Sergeant Chan Lap



Inspector Hu Hung Cheung.

Sergeant Ho Cheung



CRICKET, AN ABERRATION

by Sub-Inspector R. Apedaile

These foreign devils have many quirks and aberrations but perhaps the most perplexing is something which they include in the genus of sport. I refer to the game called cricket.

This is unlike the majority of games and sports in which you have an hour or two of concentrated exercise. Cricket goes on all afternoon and if the players can get off work, all day. I have heard it said that in England a game lasts for three days or, in the case of an international match, for five days. There was even a match between South Africa and England in which they decided to play on until a decision was reached. They played and played for days but eventually the English side had to catch a boat and the match never did get finished. Mind you, they do not play without interruption for the whole day. They stop for lunch breaks, tea breaks, drinks of lemonade, rests between overs, rests while a field is set, rests while one batsman goes off the field and another comes on and rests while a batsman digs himself in.

The field can be of any curious shape; but in the centre, twenty two yards apart, are two sets of three narrow poles called stumps. This probably reflects the fact that in medieval times (it must have been in those simple days that the game was invented) a tree stump was used. Each set of stumps is called a wicket.

The participants consist of two teams of eleven and two judges called umpires. The actual players wear all white, and any deviation is scowled upon. One side takes the field and the other side bats, having two men batting together. The period in which one side bats and the other fields is called an innings. I am not sure to which side the term 'innings' refers. If being on the field is 'in' then 'innings' must refer to the fielding side which has the most men 'in'. If one is 'out' on the field, then the 'innings' must refer to the fact that the majority of the batting side are sitting 'in' the club house sipping ale.

The fielding side goes on to the field all clad in white sweaters which they remove after a short while and give to an umpire,

who wraps them around his neck like a rag and bone man. This vagrant-like appearance is emphasized by the inevitable battered straw hat and a dirty pipe.

The fielding side accustom their eyes to the light by throwing a ball from one to another. When they tire of this, the two opening batsmen come on to the field. Before the action begins there is a great deal of consultation and conference. The batsmen, under the gesticulated directions of the umpire, determine the relation of his stance to a line between the two wickets and digs a trench so that he will not forget that relation. The captain of the fielding side holds a conference with the bowler (the person who throws the ball to the batsman) and places the remainder of the team in the field. This is accomplished with the aid of a vocabulary consisting of such words as finer, sillier, deeper, squarer, a bit 'round, leg, slip, a bit off and come in for the ball; it sounds rather like a debate on the other sex. However, no matter where he puts his men it appears that the ball goes where they are not.

The field is set, the batsmen are ready, and action starts. or nearly. Just as it is about to begin, the batsman asks to adjust the sight screen (a large white screen for the purpose of silhouetting the ball). Now play can begin.

The purpose of the bowler is to hit the wicket with the ball, and the aim of the batsman is to hit the ball sufficiently far to enable him to run to the other wicket before the ball is returned; the second batsman runs from the other wicket to the batsman's wicket. Each time that the two batsmen cross and reach the opposite wicket safely, they are awarded a run. This task is somewhat complicated by the shape of the implement used. This implement, the bat, has a flat face tapering behind to a rounded triangle. This means that the batsman must be very careful to keep his bat straight and full face to the flight of the ball, so that the ball hits the flat face of the bat and is thus more easily controlled. This straightness of bat is apparently more important than scoring runs. If a person disregards the finer points and indiscriminately

throws the bat at the ball, consequently sending the ball to all corners of the field, scoring many runs in a short time, he is derogatorily said to be having a tonk. If a person keeps a straight bat, playing the ball carefully, accumulating his runs slowly but in an orthodox manner, even if his score is slight, he is lauded because of his stylish, polished batting.

The bowler bowls (throws) from one wicket to the batsman standing at the other. To confuse the batsman, he runs before he throws and windmills his arms before releasing the ball. If the ball hits the wicket or the batsman's leg or is hit by the batsman and caught before touching the ground, the batsman is out. When it looks as though he might be out, everyone shouts as loudly as possible, "ZAT".

When the batsman is out, it is part of the ceremony for his team mates to say, "Hard luck, old boy", "Just when you were starting to look settled too."

The appropriate reply is, "A stupid shot; just as I was beginning to see the ball as big

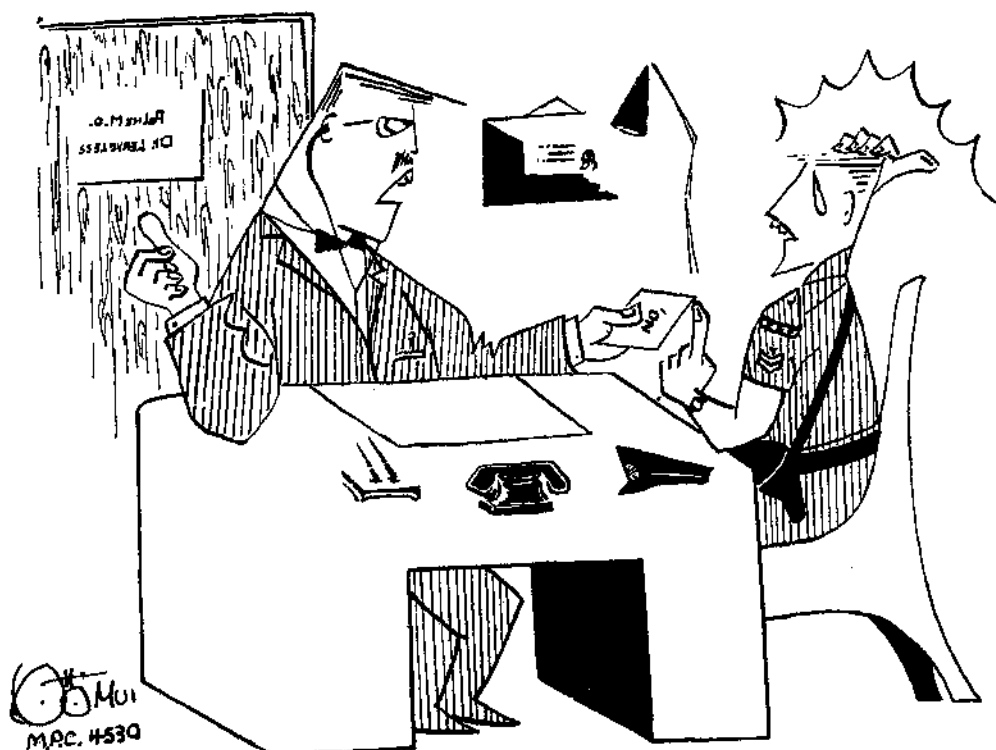
as a football." This probably reflects a subconscious desire to be playing football rather than cricket.

All the running and windmilling that the bowler does must be tiring, because he bowls only six times (i.e. one over) and then has a rest. To make sure that no one is asleep, everyone except the two batsmen, changes around.

It must be admitted that there is a certain grace in the way that some batsmen nonchalantly deflect the ball past a fielder with a sleight of the wrist, or a fielder, chasing a ball, overtakes, picks up and throws in in one movement. This gracefulness is recognised in the way that spectators do not cheer but clap decorously as though in Covent Garden watching ballet.

Perhaps the answer is that cricket is an art and we fail to understand it in the same way that we fail to understand and appreciate the glories of opera.

But if that is the case why is it called a sport.



To obtain relief it is necessary to suffer.....!

Mind The Sharp End

a beginner's adventure on the Broads

by J. M. Waring

(This article is published by kind permission of the Author and Editor of "The Little Ship" Magazine, where it was first published in the Spring, 1959 issue.)

I have just completed a week-end course of sailing instruction, to enable me to differentiate between the sharp end and the blunt end of the vessel. This was a well-advertised course run by the Norfolk Broads Association of Boat Owners, and it has left me with the confident feeling I can now dock the Queen Mary without tugs in New York harbour. Mind you, I don't know all there is to know about sailing boats, but I now call the blunt end stern and I also know what a gunter rig looks like because I took my course on a boat with a gunter rig and a loose-footed jib. The tiller is the stick you hold to steer the boat. . . . and I know all about the quant pole. But let me start from the beginning.

There were forty of us, all shapes and sizes, and all sexes, I think. Most of the women wore slacks and sweaters and so did most of the men. We all wore rubber-soled plimsoll shoes; this was specified as a 'must' in the pamphlet which introduced us to the course (I mention this because our instructor wore ordinary leather-soled shoes right through the course and every time a breeze came up I expected him to dash and change).

The forty of us met in a Wroxham restaurant on a Friday evening. We were fed. We were segregated into prearranged groups and shown our quarters aboard. My group consisted of two. The yachts were a mixed lot moored in the yard moorings. My particular boat was 23 ft. 6 in. long, 8 ft. 6 in. wide, 2 ft. 6 in. draught with 5 ft. 3 in. headroom, described as a three berth. I consider myself very fortunate there were only two of us attached to this vessel. Our first night aboard was quite wonderful. I shall never forget this first night. I shall remember every hour of it.

Feeling as if I had spent the night in an air-raid shelter, a hearty breakfast awaited us in the restaurant; then with a white cardboard box under our arm, which contained the 'packed' lunch, we wended our way back to our craft. Gathered into a group we were introduced to our sailing master. He gave us a brief talk, which boiled down to the 'best of luck'. We were then introduced to our sailing instructor—each craft had a sailing instructor. We were very fortunate with ours. He knew the lot. A well-known skipper of the Broads, now aged 71 years, he was one of the 'quaintest' characters afloat. He assured us he was 'born with a quant pole in his hand' and if we left the sailing to him we would get safely back to our homes. At the time I did not know what he was talking about when he mentioned the quant pole because I had never met this pole. The instructor methodically sorted out all the rope and bits of string that tie the sail together, and before we could say 'cup of tea' the covers were off, the sail was up, and in a group of ten or twelve ships we made our way slowly along the river to Wroxham Broad. Unfortunately there was very little breeze so as our instructor quanted us along we had the opportunity to study the wild bird life—this we found more interesting than trying to sail without a breeze. My companion was a farmer and by the time we moored for lunch I had learnt quite a lot about the habits of Canadian geese.

It was quite obvious as we munched through our 'packet' that our instructor had something on his mind—and how right we were, for no sooner had we scattered the crumbs to the geese than he's up and states, 'Are you ready, gentlemen? I will now instruct you in reefing.' I knew the thought

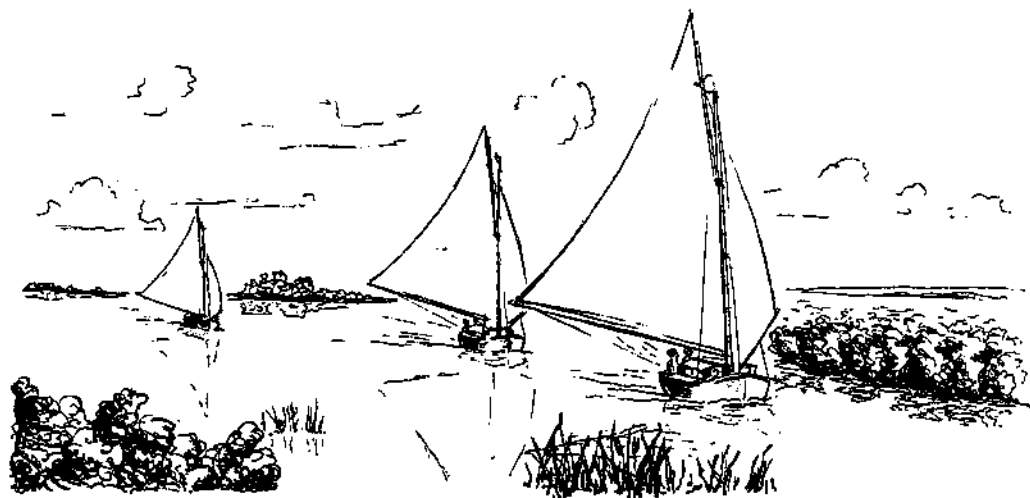
of this lesson had been worrying him all through lunch so I did my best to acquire the knowledge. I reckon reefing must be very important because we spent a good hour on this intricate task, and I reckon once I get all the ropes sorted out, and providing I have a spare ball of string handy, I can now reef as well as the next man.

I was pleased to note that not all the school became as expert as I was in the art of reefing and the raising and lowering of the mast. One group of teenage girls found themselves in great difficulty in endeavouring to lower the mast with the jib attached. It took them some time to get straightened out, because for some unknown reason their instructor had got himself mixed up with the mass of rope that appeared to be lying about all over their boat. But all's well that ends well, and by tea-time the whole class were on practical sailing round and round the broad. Back to base for our evening meal—a few yarns, and then to our bunks.

The following morning, Sunday, was 'our' day. This was the day the instructors sat back and watched the fruits of their previous day's tuition. We had to take the covers off the sail, we had to put the sail up, etc. Naturally it was nearly lunch-time before we got away, with a great feeling of achievement within us. But our instructor was a grand fellow with the pole in his hand and our boat was the first of the school to enter the Broad that day.

There was less wind than the day before

so we listened to tales of previous courses, of the time when there was too much wind, and of the first course when there was a snowstorm. At last the wind came from all directions; this forecast a thunderstorm we were told, but nothing materialised so we sailed our way to a sheltered spot by the river for our lunch. The rest of the day was uneventful. We were taught how to tack. We were taught how to shout at passing motor cruisers who ignored our starboard tack. We also learnt how to quant—this as the result of a remark my companion on the course made to me. He mentioned that when he had been on the Broads in previous years, in a motor cruiser, people passing by appeared quite friendly, a sort of companionship of the Broads. But this time people tended to ignore us. Was it, he thought, because people knew we were learners and had not to date been initiated into the 'Broads Club' so to speak. I pointed out to him that being ignored was not at all surprising to me. After all, when the occupants of passing craft saw two healthy specimens of manhood holding the same tiller in the stern of the boat, being poled up the river by a man of 71 years of age, they are apt to think it a bit queer. 'I suppose we had better have a go at that' he remarked. I assented. So first he then I took lessons at quanting back to base. Tucking down for the night we felt it had all been worth while. Looking back it was grand fun. I am looking forward to my sailing holiday this year. I have hired a gunter sloop. Wish me luck.



Hunting Of Game Birds And Animals In Hong Kong

We have a hunting ground of approximately 300 square miles, but in spite of this limited area and since Hong Kong is situated in the path of migratory birds, we have quite a good variety of game to shoot, such as duck, teal, woodcock, rock pigeon, scaly-back pigeon, quail and snipe. These are all seasonal birds and the latter is the most highly hunted one. On the grassy hillsides and in the scrub one can indulge in partridge and quail shooting if one possesses a good pointing dog. A knowledge of the game and where it can be found is necessary for a successful hunt.

Game shooting during the week-ends in the New Territories is one of the favourite sports in the Colony. For this, one only needs a 12 bore, double-barrel shotgun, with one barrel modified and the other full choke, using small shots for bird shooting and S.G. or rifled slugs for deer or pig. Before the Second World War when our land frontier at Sha Tau Kok was open, wild boar, bear and even an occasional tiger used to cross over to Lin Ma Hang. Now that the frontier is fenced to prevent illegal entry, these animals are shut off and none has been shot in this area for many years.

It is interesting to know the various types of birds which can be found in New Territories.

Snipe. This bird is generally found in the paddy fields from late August to the end of November. The main flight from the North usually arrives in September/October and a good bag can always be obtained if one knows how to point his gun well. The best hunting grounds for snipe used to be the paddy fields at Fanling, Sheung Shui, Kam Tin, Sap Pat Heung and the Ha Chuen Valley. Unfortunately, since 1949, the major parts of these areas have been turned into building sites for houses, shacks and vegetable gardens, so that one-third of the hunt-

ing ground is gone. The snipe also pass through the Colony on their return North for breeding during March/April and fine shooting can also be had if weather conditions are right. Snipe taken during this period are called Spring Snipe.

Duck. The first arrival in the Colony in October is the teal, followed by the mallard, yellow nib, pigeon and pin-tail. They are seen in Deep Bay districts of Sun Tin and Mong Tseng where the rice fields and marsh lands provide refuge and food. A successful duck hunter must be able to select a good hiding place along the creeks where the birds abound and must also have a good knowledge of their flight lines and what weather conditions are most favourable for shooting.

Woodcock. This is a much larger bird than the snipe although similar in appearance. It arrives from the North in late October and stays until March the following year. It is generally found along the banks of streams and creeks and in lightly wooded, districts near villages. It feeds on worms only. The best method to hunt it is to use two beaters armed with bamboo sticks to beat the bushes along the streams where thick patches conceal the bird. Another good way is to use a flushing dog. Woodcocks are usually found in Ha Chuen, Kam Tin, Fanling, Sai Kung, Tai Lam Chung Reservoir area and the Tung Chung Valley in Lantau Island. A strange thing about woodcock shooting is that where you have shot a bird at a particular spot one year, you are most likely to find another one there the next year.

Pigeon. We have two species of wild pigeons besides the local dove, all of which are allowed to be taken from 1st November to 14th February. The ruse employed by most sportsmen to put the birds over the guns is to have several beaters throw lighted firecrackers into the orchards or bamboo grooves to frighten the birds out, when they

can be shot by guns placed in the proper positions.

Quail. This is a fine eating bird weighing slightly over three ounces and can be found in the dry paddy fields and hillsides after the Autumn harvest. For the last few years this bird has been scarce due to large scale trapping and netting on the Mainland. A 20 bore shotgun using No. 9 shot is the ideal combination for hunting snipe and quail.

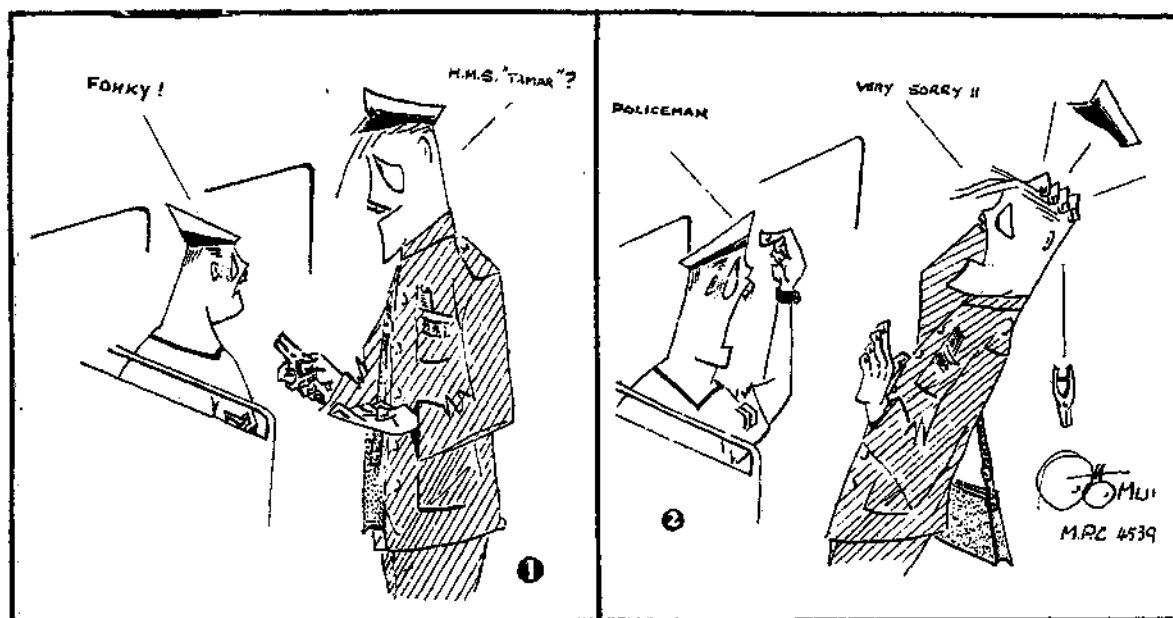
Partridge. This is the finest game bird in Hong Kong and is commonly known as Chinese Frankolin. These birds are not as numerous as before but a fair number can still be found in the Kam Tin, Sha Tau Kok and Castle Peak areas, as well as in Lantau Island. Illegal trapping and netting by villagers is again responsible for scarcity. There is no better sight than to watch a pair of well-trained bird dogs finding game and freezing at point over a partridge. You will never forget the excitement when you slowly forge your way ahead of the dogs with gun at the ready. The bird suddenly takes to the air like a jet plane and the noise created would even sometimes throw the seasoned hunter off. When the shot is fired, the bird

drops and the dog gleefully retrieves it and brings it back to his master.

Game animals. Deer and wild pig were previously found in good numbers in the mountain ranges where there is dense jungle. But due to over-shooting and trapping by professional hunters, who market the game, their numbers have dropped considerably of late.

The deer is a small animal, weighing from 50 to 75 lbs., but the wild boar weighs up to 400 lbs. The largest shot on record weighs 392 lbs. A medium calibre rifle, such as .250 or .300 is generally preferred by sportsmen to give their prey a fair chance. Others use a 12 bore shotgun loaded with buckshot or slugs. Hunting parties usually employ native guides who generally own a pack of hunting dogs. Pig shooting is one of the most thrilling types of hunting available to the sportsman in Hong Kong.

A really good sportsman always abides by the Game Laws and Ordinances and handles his gun safely. To make sure of this, he practises shooting frequently, so that when he finally goes into the field, he is more sure of his game and at the same time does not endanger the public with his gun.



Police Training School

New quarters for Inspectors under training were recently opened at an inaugural mess dinner which was attended by the Commissioner and Deputy Commissioner of Police. The photographs below show the combined dining room/lounge.



THE BULLFIGHT

by D.S.I. C. M. Johnston

The author puts pen to paper on this subject with considerable reluctance as many controversies have raged and still rage whenever or wherever the bullfight is discussed. As the author has had the temerity to pen something on the subject the reader may anticipate that he is an enthusiast; however, his enthusiasm is tempered with certain reservations when it comes to the point of justifying same. There is no moral justification for such enthusiasm as one must admit that the bullfight is morally unjustifiable. The author's reservations therefore, are these, and he is not prepared to excuse or justify his love of the Spanish national past-time. Having recorded the foregoing, the author will now attempt to give a general outline of the bullfight as it is practised in Spain. There are certain, and sometimes considerable, departures from the pattern described, but this description is, in the main, the course the bullfight pursues. An attempt will be made to avoid too much detail as this, to the layman is somewhat boring.

The bullfight usually commences around 4.30 p.m. during the season (April-October) and is performed in a Plaza de Toros (bullring).

The commencement is signalled by a pasodoble played by the bullring band, whereupon the matadors and their entourage step into the sunlight and parade across the sand to pay their respects to the President who will control the afternoon's proceedings. On completion of the parade, the matadors, usually three, who will each have contracted to kill two bulls, will return to the callejon (a corridor separating the spectators from the bullring) with their attendants. A mounted herald will then receive the keys of the toril gate (the gate from which the bulls emerge) from the President. The band strikes up once again and then the first bull comes charging through the toril gate. This bull

will be the charge of the senior matador present, and providing all goes according to plan the senior matador takes bulls 1 and 4, the second takes bulls 2 and 5 and the most junior takes 3 and 6.

As soon as the bull emerges, the matador's Peons perform what is known as the "running of the bull." This is done by trailing a gilt and magenta fighting cape in a zig-zag manner in front of the bull so that the matador may appraise its qualities and defects; e.g. whether it charges in a straight line, halts in mid-charge, or prefers to hook with one horn or has defective eyesight. This is usually followed by the Peons performing a few rather crude veronicas (the basic pass performed with the fighting cape). The peons then retire and the matador emerges to confront the bull with the fighting cape. In the first instance the matador will usually perform one or two veronicas with considerable caution keeping the cape high. If the bull responds well he will lower the cape, thus allowing the bull to pass him much closer while charging. If the matador feels the mood is correct he may then perform such other passes as gaoneras, chicuelmas and the larga cambiada. These passes, together with the veronica and media-veronica, if executed with grace and perfection can be, and often are, the most beautiful part of the bullfight. If such is the case one will hear the word "Olez" begin to resound through the Plaza, faintly at first and increasing in volume and momentum with every well performed pass. The band then strikes up again signalling the end of this phase of the fight and the entry of the picadors, bearing long lance-type weapons and mounted on horses covered on one side with thick padding.

Before describing this stage of the fight the author would like to diverge and say a few words about picadors and "picking".

The picador is, according to many, the villain of the piece and the "picking phase" has been, although not entirely, the main objection of many who condemn the bullfight as a cruel spectacle. The object of the "picking" is for the picador, when the bull charges the padded side of the horse, to aim the "pick" or vara as it is referred to in Spanish, at the bull's tossing muscle, called the murillo in Spanish and in the hump at the nape of the bull's neck and from where all the power in his neck emanates. This is done as one can doubtless imagine to weaken the bull and lower its head. If this were not done (the number of times depending on the President) it would be impossible for the matador to perform the kill in the time he is allocated as the bull's head would be too high for him even to attempt going over the horns to kill correctly. Conversely, it must be admitted that picadors, on the instructions of the matador, can and quite frequently do resort to doubtful tactics during the picking of a bull. This is done by inserting the "pick" in the wrong place, ostensibly by accident, and thus weakening the bull unnecessarily, or surreptitiously twisting the "pick" after it has been inserted. These vagaries are strictly illegal but difficult to detect but if they are, the picador can be fined.

To return to the sequence of the "picking", the matador first lines the bull up so that it can see the horse and picador, whereupon the picador invites the bull's charge. When the bull charges the right flank of the horse, the picador should insert the "pick" into the bull's tossing muscle. When such has been completed the matadors (all three may be required to perform) perform what is known as a quite (pronounced coo-ee-tay) to take the bull away from the horse and line it up again to take another "pick" providing the President deems it necessary. If the matador thinks he can perform well with the bull with less "picks" than the president is prepared to allow he can appeal to the president who will doubtless approve his request. This is termed "changing the thirds" and can also be requested by the matador at the end of the succeeding phase of the fight.

The next phase is the placing of the banderillas (barbed darts about 30 inches long and multi coloured). Current practice

is that these are usually placed by banderilleros but a few matadors still prefer to place their own or may do so to indulge the whim of his audience. The banderillas are placed two at a time by the applicant who usually, after attracting the bull's attention, runs in an anti-clockwise quarter circle all the while coming closer to the bull and, as he goes over the horns, places one each side of the base of the murillo. While doing so he will pivot in order to make good his escape from any attempt at pursuit which the bull may attempt. This process is repeated until the President "changes the thirds" or the matador requests him to do so. There are other methods of placing the banderillas but this is currently the most practised.

Now comes the final stage of the fight when the matador takes the muleta (a red piece of cloth with a piece of wood inserted partly along one edge so that it can be spread by the matador with one hand) and sword, the latter never leaving the matador's hand. The initial task of the matador is to gain control of the bull and this is usually done by flashing the muleta in front of the bull and then pulling it away quickly. This will usually be followed by a series of naturals, the basic pass with the muleta. These may be performed with the right or left hand, those with the left hand always commanding more merit as the target displayed to the bull is smaller owing to the fact that the matador does not have the sword to spread the cape. This may be followed by a series of chest passes, manoletinas and other assorted passes until the matador is satisfied that he has corrected all the faults he may have noted at the initial "running of the bull". This is essential as if all the bull's faults have not been corrected there will be added danger for the matador when he performs the kill. If he is satisfied in this respect and that the horns are low enough to go over to perform the kill correctly, he will proceed to line up the bull for "the moment of truth" which, if performed correctly, puts the matador in grave danger. This act is performed by the matador transfixing the bull about five yards away with the muleta in the left hand and standing "side on" to the bull. He will then sight along the sword, rising on his toes to do so and as he steps forward over the horns to place the sword between the should-

er blades of the bull he brings the muleta across his body from the left for the bull to follow and after having placed the sword correctly steps out along the right flank of the bull. If things do not go according to the matador's wishes he may require two or three attempts before he can kill correctly. Subterfuge is sometimes adopted by matadors to obviate the necessity of laying themselves open to such grave danger while going in over the horns to kill. The usual subterfuge is not to go over the horns at all but to stab at the bull from the side. However by doing this it is impossible to place the sword correctly and this is immediately noted by the audience who are not slow to show their disapproval, with a resultant loss of prestige to the matador. Some matadors are renowned for their honour in killing; others for the lack of it. Honour however, has a high price as will be seen by the fate that Luis Freg one of the most honourable killers the bullring has seen, suffered. He was seriously gored 72 times during a 20 year career.

If the matador has performed the killing rite correctly but has failed to kill the bull he will be allowed by the president to take the descabello (a sword with a cross-piece about six inches from the tip) and kill the bull by severing the spinal cord.

If the matador has performed well the

audience will take out their white handkerchiefs and appeal to the president to reward the matador accordingly. The trophies awarded are then cut from the bull. It may be an ear, two ears, two ears and the tail and a hoof depending on the strength of the appeal. In Madrid only the ears are awarded as the Madrileños consider the tail not acceptable as a trophy. If no trophies are awarded the matador may be allowed to make a circuit of the ring. The matador is also allowed to do this with the trophies he has been awarded and will on occasion be showered with tributes from an appreciative public.

While the matador is receiving the plaudits of the crowd, the bull he has killed will be despatched from the ring by a team of mules. The ring attendants will quickly smooth over the sand before the toril gate is opened once again for another bull to charge into the sunlight and the Spanish national past-time is repeated.

To attempt to recapture the true atmosphere of the bullfight one must possess a somewhat flamboyant literary style which the author all too regrettably does not possess, but entertains the hope that some who leaf through this magazine and read the foregoing will be somewhat enlightened as to the form of the bullfight as it is known to-day.

THE DRIVER EXCUSES HIMSELF

A bull was standing near and a fly must have tickled him as he gored my car.

A lorry backed through my windscreen into my wife's face.

Colony Arms



Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to honour the Colony by the grant of the Armorial Bearings reproduced above. They were formally presented by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh during his visit here.

The complete Armorial Bearings will be used principally on official flags and badges but permission to reproduce them may be given for selected purposes, though application must be made to Government in each instance. The crest, which is intended for more general use where an emblem of the Colony is required, consists of a Royal Lion wearing the Imperial Crown and holding a

Pearl representing the Colony. On the shield are pictured a Naval Crown symbolising the Colony's link with the Royal Navy and the Merchant Navy, Battlements indicating the Battle of Hong Kong in 1941, and finally two stylised junks to indicate trade on the seas surrounding the Colony.

The Shield and the Crest are supported by a Royal Lion and a Chinese Dragon indicating the British and Chinese aspects of the Colony. They stand on a green mount surrounded by water, an allusion to the island of Hong Kong itself.

Finally there is the motto, which is simply the words 'Hong Kong' on a scroll.

THE TREK

By Sub-Inspector D. C. Carrott

The war in Burma was progressing favourably for the enemy. On May 28th, 1942 the river launch, upon which I was employed at sounding the depths of the Irrawaddy River as the launch slowly twisted and turned between mud banks in successful battle against the river, received as cargo about two hundred refugees, dependants of the retreating army, and orders to take them to Katha.

I was barely five months out of school, having been suddenly enrolled in the local auxiliary force, we had been in action two days later, losing our first engagement with the enemy and our guns to wit, withdrawn to Rangoon for garrison duties, evacuated and finally deployed to work on the Irrawaddy Flotilla launches, whose crews had deserted in the face of the advancing enemy. We were a motley crew, Europeans, Indians, Burmese and others of mixed descent, with a common bond, schoolboys newly out of school, officered in the main by our school-masters. All boys trying very diligently to be men with a school-boys innocence.

We left Mandalay, with our cargo of evacuees, bound for Katha, two hundred miles upriver and four days to do it in. We were unlucky, it took us seven days and umpteen sandbanks. I was not a very good "sounder". My "no bottom" was frequently met with the launch lurching onto a sandbank and the captain muttering, "No bottom—what was that—a fish?"

We arrived in Katha, unloaded our refugees and the captain, my ex-school-master, then proceeded to Headquarters for instructions. He returned hurriedly and under deep emotion.

He told us: "All that is left of H.Q. is a large notice reading, make your way to India and arrange demobilization for those wishing to remain." This notice was dated the day before. Further news obtained from the abandoned H.Q. was a note saying that the Japanese had arrived in Bhamo twenty miles further upriver and the land route to Myitkyina would probably be cut off at any

moment.

The picture was now complete. We were in Katha with the enemy to the North, East and South; India was one hundred miles to the West as the crow flies. The option was to remain behind and be taken prisoner or attempt to reach India on foot, without maps, and with all the probability of being captured when we tried to cross the Chindwin, up which the Japs were also advancing. Those that had a chance of passing off as locals remained behind; those that could not, decided to try for India. There were two routes. Try to reach the recognised route through Myitkyina or strike out West and find our own way. Again, those of us from one school chose to try Myitkyina and those from my school chose the alternative route. The rations we had were shared evenly. I carried a sock filled with rice, another sock of tea, a tin of cheese, jam and a little sugar. Also an empty Quaker Oats tin to cook in.

We lived like lords for two days, on cheese spread with jam and then reverted to a steady diet of plain tea (no milk) and boiled rice (no veg) for the rest of the trek. We expected to make contact with the local villagers, but these apparently had also evacuated their villages for safer areas.

The decision to pick a route had been solved for us by others who had been before us. Their tracks were plain for anyone to see. We decided that if the route had been blocked by the Japanese someone would have escaped to trudge back and so warn us.

The first day's march was a nightmare. A forced march was decided on, to put distance behind us. For the first few miles we were in good humour as we trudged west, joking, singing and reminding each other that we would soon be in India. Then we hit a valley between two hilly ranges. It was just a dried up bed of a stream and was composed of loose sand. Every step taken, sank in yielding sand. A mile more and we lost our spirits. Another mile and dissension broke out, quarrels started on the least provocation. The party of twelve quickly broke into groups,

groups quarreled and cursed, but the sand carried on and on. We marched all day in loose sand. Limbs screaming to stop, fear of the enemy and determination to get out of the sand pushing us on and on. Soon sheer exhaustion called a stop. We camped that night with no water. A Sergeant who was also a junior master in school had assumed command. That night he made us promise that no matter what quarrels we had, no matter what obstacles we came to, no matter how far we had separated, we would always camp for the night together. That the person in the lead would stop at noon and again at seven o'clock at night, prepare a fire and boil up tea and rice for the party, his rations being made up by the rest of us on our arrival. Matches were shared. Watches had been a previous issue.

For two more days we trudged, heads down, sweating, and in a semi-conscious state, sand and more sand, limbs cramped with agony. We had found water and had no more difficulty in finding more.

On the fourth day we left the sand and climbed a saddle across the two ranges. We continued all day, over a gap in the hills. There were tall trees overhead to rest under, and plenty of cool, clear water. Our spirits rose, our limbs eased off, as they slowly grew accustomed to the long walk.

Then shock, we met our first dead body, crawling with maggots, stinking and bloated. He had been cast off the footpath and left forgotten. Another forced march. Death had crossed our path and had scared everyone. We walked and walked and soon started catching up the stragglers. These were mainly women, the aged being looked after by their children and parents looking after their own. We discovered that these were our evacuees and that they had been organised by a Forestry Officer, who had arranged transportation for them by another route until they reached the hills. He had made it his personal duty to look after refugees in his division and eventually paid for his humanity with death on his last trip. Instead of collecting more refugees he collected a bullet, a Japanese bullet, from a party which he mistook for Burmese soldiers.

The night before we descended on the Village of Mangsi on the Yu River was unforgettable. An Eurasian girl started moaning about fifty yards from our camp. On in-

vestigation we found that she was in labour. She had no attendants, having been left behind because of her condition. Horrified we tried to assist. Not knowing what to do, we comforted her and awaited the birth. A baby boy.

We left them next morning with a sock of rice, a sock of tea and instructions to take it slowly. She waved us on, smiling wanly and that was the final goodbye.

When we had asked her to accompany us she stated that we were soldiers carrying rifles. The other refugees would have nothing to do with us as we were not Burmese. If the Japanese caught them with us they would all be killed. If the Japanese caught them without us they would say that they had been forced to leave their homes by the British Army and were now lost and without food. As such they would have their lives. The girl was almost Burmese and could pass off as one. She could not make the trip to India and would find a village in which she would settle until the British came back.

Three years later we met her again with her sturdy son.

The dead were becoming more numerous and so were the refugees. Each glancing at the other and then politely ignoring one another. Determined to go on and on until something happened.

Something did happen. We reached Mansi and soon after had our first air raid. People screaming and running. The drone of planes, and the bursting of bombs. The wail of someone on discovering a loved one dead. The screams of the injured. After the raid, the injured were cared for, the dead ignored and a further hurried departure.

One day while trudging along we heard the drone of planes overhead and crawled into some bushes for cover. Our morale was very low and fear prevailed. Someone asked whether they were really enemy planes and if they could be seen. An officer admonished us tersely and ordered us to remain still as we might disclose our position by moving.

Soon thoughts which everyone suppressed but which could be seen furtively peering out from everyone's eyes was, "Will I become a burden to someone else?", "Will I get sick, or die?", "Will I escape?", "Escape?", "Escape from what?", "Japs". No, we were not afraid of the enemy any more. We were afraid of death, which we could see creeping up on

us. The universal cry was "Food" and there was none. The villagers had left their villages which had been ransacked by each passing refugee and what remained was desolation.

Here we decided to leave the beaten path and strike out anew. The Chindwin was a dozen miles away. This we knew from our geography. The Chindwin, the Naga hills and Assam. What we had seen so far plainly showed that there was no further hope on the beaten track. Try your own, was the answer, with the help of some village not torn apart by starving refugees, and that was what saved us from the Japanese and from hunger.

An incident soon occurred, of which I feel ashamed and will never forget. This particular day I was in the lead walking with a school friend. At seven we found a good camping spot and immediately started a fire. On second thoughts we decided to cook rice in the one tin we had. It was soon boiling. In dribs and drabs the rest of the party came in. My school-master, the sergeant, came in last, wanting tea. He saw us cooking rice and immediately flew into a rage kicking the can of rice off the fire. I was astounded and without thinking grabbed my rifle. The bayonet was fixed, and I lunged at him. He stepped back and fell over. Immediately the others piled onto me until I saw reason. My rations were made up, but for the rest of the trek I did not speak to the Sergeant again.

We struck down to Man-Si-Kaing and found it still populated but being steadily ravaged. We then crossed the Chindwin on bamboo rafts, travelling down river another twenty miles before we hit the other bank and cut straight up into the Naga hills.

For two days we climbed. Up the mountains where no path showed. Reaching up grasping a clump of bushes and pulling up, up, up, up. We made the top on the evening of the second day. We had climbed 7,000 ft. and had a perfect view of the country.

Glory be! Away in the distance could be seen a village with smoke too. People! Food! All the next day we struggled on and arrived. Food! We were given a suckling pig in exchange for a watch. The villagers were Nagas. The following day we left and found at the exit of the village a beaten path. On one side was what appeared to be a mile-

stone. On it in English was inscribed, "At this spot three brave warriors of—village slew a cowardly—": names have been forgotten. Headhunters! Was this true? All the stories we had heard. Fear of the unknown now took precedence. Our bellies were full and more pork, the remains, were being carried.

We wandered from village to village getting stronger as we received good food, solid food, wonderful food. We wandered for ten days ever westward all danger past, just waiting to arrive in India.

Another incident. Amusing now, but terrifying then, I had, after arriving in one Naga village, disappeared into the bushes for a call with nature. Almost completing the act. I heard a snort and a rush of feet to my left. I looked up and saw the head of a huge animal three yards away, eyes rolling and smelling the air, it saw me and watched belligerently. I grabbed my trousers and dashed back to my companions,—nature and hygiene forgotten. There was an acute shortage of salt in the area and the salty tang of urine had attracted the monster. To this day I cannot identify the animal. Too big for a bull, not a buffalo and resembling a bison. What it was doing there I have not found out or had explained.

On the 18th June we descended down through virgin forest onto a plain upon which a miraculous road could be seen. A road on which trucks could be seen whizzing by —INDIA!!

We staggered down laughing and crying and waved down an army truck. The driver, an Indian, took at us and pointed down the road saying, "Imphal".

Our spirits dropped as we carried on tramping, hot, sweaty and thirsty. We had done the impossible and no one was interested. Could this be true!?

We arrived at an army camp. They viewed us with misgivings. We had started out clean shaven and smart and arrived, dirty, bearded and gaunt. Were we soldiers? We showed our paybooks and were indifferently given transport to a transit camp.

Here we told our story and were at last received. New clothes, food, a bath and a good bed in a tent. No more walking. No more fear.

I awoke in hospital at Lucknow one month later.

Green Treasure

by Henry Ching, O.B.E.

*(Reproduced by courtesy of the Editors of the
Hong Kong Trade Bulletin)*

The cult of the colour contrast, abetted by the matt black ensemble, has revived the popularity of China's traditional treasure—the fabulous Jade. The opulent brouche, the delicate necklet, the pearl-blooming spray, the rich ropes of matched beads, solidly serenely green or intriguingly variegated—these are at once ancient and modern, conservative yet romantic, ostentatious yet conferring an aura of character.

The many shops in Hong Kong offering jade—as free gems or in settings, statuettes sculptured or intricately carved—are the tourist's delight. Green, of several shades, often relieved with grey, is the all-pervading colour. In chemically pure form, jade is white. The presence of various other chemicals produces colours ranging widely through lavender, mauve, blue, green yellow, orange red, brown, grey and black. Mostly it is green or grey.

The term jade is applied to two main types, similar in appearance. One is known as nephrite, a silicate of calcium and magnesium; the other is jadeite (silicate of sodium and aluminium). Jade contained in rock, is mined without difficulty, being found on the surface or not far below. Much is contained in boulders taken from streams. Hong Kong has none of its own, but imports it in the rough state.

In less difficult times, Hong Kong relied upon China; and for thousands of years the principal source of China's supply has been Central Asia. Latterly, because of the American trade embargo, little stone has come from China. Instead, Hong Kong now imports from Burma, where jade is found in the mountains of the north-west. The buying is a task for experts—men with a lifetime's experience. Even so, it is something

of a gamble, for a mass of rock may contain much less than was supposed of high quality gem material. Jade is geologically 'old' or 'new'; the more mellowed, the better. If the ore is rich, the colour will usually show through the skin. Export is supervised by the Burmese Government and the rocks bear the official seal.

Of jade, Asia has no monopoly. Jade objects have been found on Europe's prehistoric sites, notably in Switzerland. Jade was known to ancient tribes of the American continent from Alaska southward. The Aztecs of Mexico had elaborate jade jewelry, as did the Mayas further south. The craft seems to have died out there with the Spanish conquest.

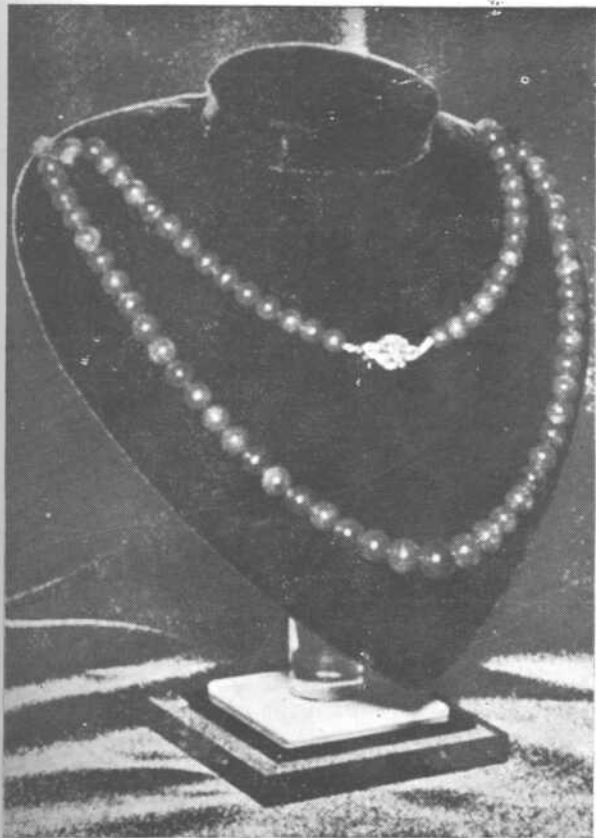
The greenstone of New Zealand is a form of jade. The Maoris appear to have used it extravagantly—to make war clubs! For centuries, however, jade had been associated most closely with China and the Chinese.

As with all precious stones, the shopper for jade is haunted by the fear of "worthless imitations", from diamonds downwards, jewels are so expertly counterfeited, in glass or plastic. Spurious jade can be dyed chalcedony (quartz), or even soapstone (steatite)—through this is seldom convincing. As yet, no synthetic jade has appeared. In buying in better Hong Kong shops, however, fear can be cast out; all is genuine. But how to tell? Of simple tests, jade should be of even texture, certainly containing no bubbles. It should also be of even colour. It is of crystalline structure, and the crystals can be seen under a microscope. Its surface is then also observed to be minutely dimpled—whereas the imitation will probably be too perfectly smooth and glossy. The evidence, however, is not all absolute. Nephrite has

an oily lustre. Jadeite has a more glassy appearance. Nephrite was apparently most favoured by the Chinese in the past. Fashions have changed, even in unchanging China; and Hong Kong dealers report that the more spectacular jadeite is now the more popular. The jade from Burma is all of this sort.

The price of jade can be calculated by the carat; but of course the measure of value is more elastic than that. Size, form, design and workmanship all enter—but, more basic, also shade, depth and uniformity of colour. Ultimately a choice jade piece is worth what it will fetch, according to its appeal to the knowledgeable collector. The Chinese rate the very dark green as of the highest category, it is the rarest. Second to green they prefer the lavender. Peter Goodwin, F.G.A., in his handbook available in Hong Kong, declares that a single large ring stone of first quality (one inch by three-quarters) might

It took ten years to match pieces of jade to make this lovely necklace.



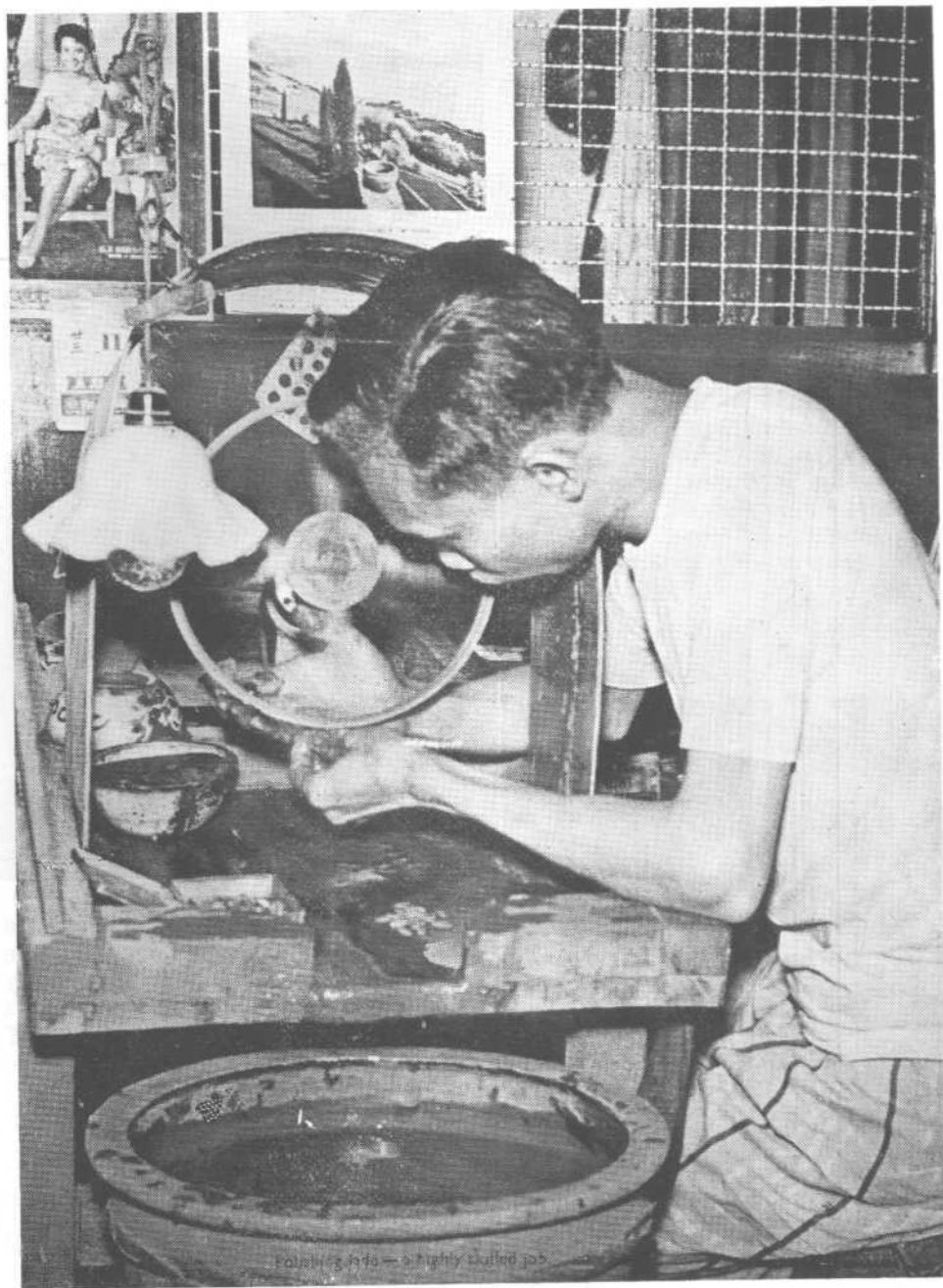
A fine piece of jade in a worthy setting.



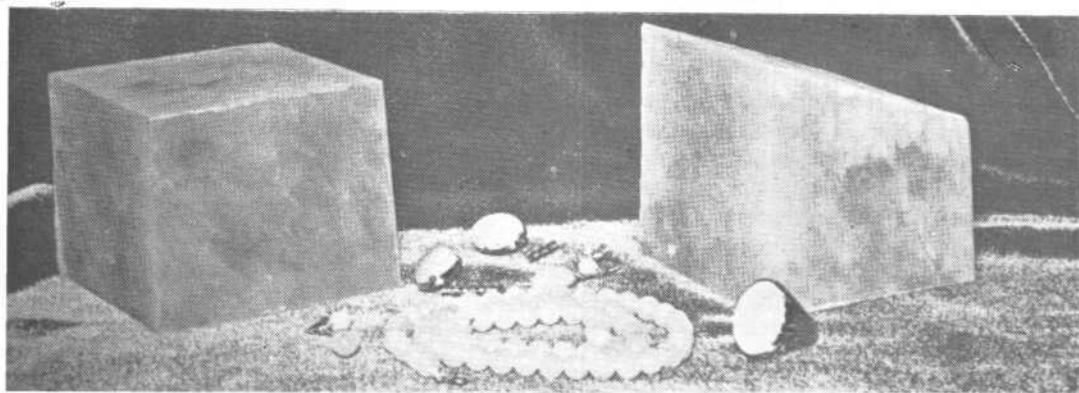
be worth as much as £1,500 sterling. Actually, such a stone in a recent sale in Hong Kong fetched nearly £3,000 sterling.

In Hong Kong's jade industry, the extraordinary skill and artistry of the fashioners is the essential asset. In the sculpting and the carving, the tools of trade, from the simple treadle lathe to the drills and gouges, are much as they have been for centuries. While it is a hard stone, jade is not the hardest and can be cut without difficulty. Rotary saws of iron are used. The assembly-line technique is adopted, the stone passing from specialist to specialist. The work calls for infinite patience and much skill for an error or a slip, even in the early stages, may ruin a priceless lump. Polishing is done with abrasives—black emery and graphite powder—finishing with leather. This is slow process, devotedly performed and sometimes requiring many days.

Jade not only commands the skill of its



Polishing jade—a highly skilled job.

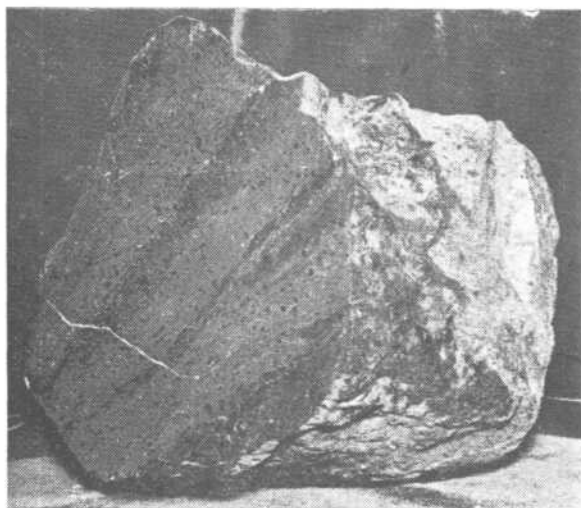


The little known lavender jade.

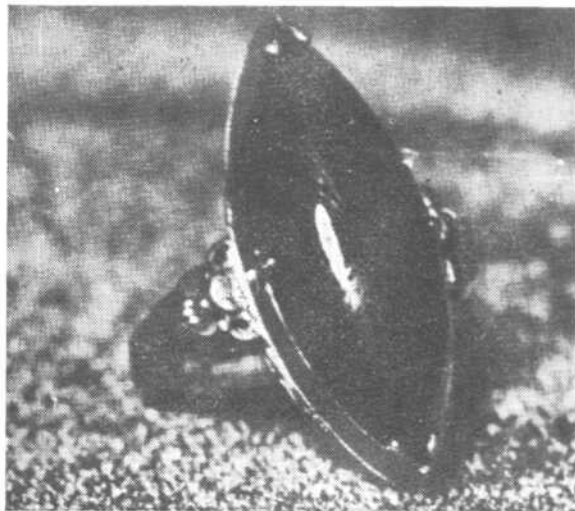
artists; it also holds their respect. Design is given careful, preliminary study so that all the beauty present may be exploited most effectively. In the planning before the carving, note is taken of the grain or striation markings, faintly visible on the surface; sometimes, test fragments are cut. The lines of colour are followed and the specks and faults taken into account. Thus a fleck of white in the green may become a fish, or a streak may suggest the spine of an animal figurine. Fairly large black spots may speckle the green, but these spots are faults and are usually discarded.

The range of jade products is extensive—jewellery, charms, bowls, chopsticks, tablets and plaques, statuettes and quaint ornaments, faithful in detail and proportion, or impressionistic or appealingly grotesque, or incredibly intricate. Solid, graceful sculpture is the more highly prized in China. Beautiful filigree appeals to foreigners, but it can be inspired by a multitude of flaws. First-class jade is not carved beyond the necessities of form. In Peking is a massive jade wine bowl, four feet six inches in diameter at the rim, fashioned some seven hundred years ago from a huge boulder; and there is a jade mountain of greyish green, seven feet in height, carved with scenes representing the flood prevention work of the legendary Emperor Yu the Great. These, mentioned recently in an article in the Times of London, are presumably beyond purchase.

To the Chinese, the clam jade is more than adornment, ornament or museum piece. It is wealth, of course; but it is also of spiritual substance; talisman, as well as symbol of rank and worth. It is invested with mystery and magic. In days gone by it was



Green jade in its raw state.



A ring showing the clear dark green jade most highly prized in Hong Kong.

believed to cure body pains. Hence, lamentably, came its foreign name. 'Jade' is from the Spanish 'ijada', which derives from the Latin 'ilia', meaning the loins. When the Spanish conquistador took jade home, they called it 'colic stone'. In China, jade dust was medicine; the stone was supposed further to be able to gauge the health and welfare of its wearer and to change colour accordingly. It could even preserve the body and was buried with the dead for this purpose. To-day in Hong Kong workshops, the dust is thrown away.

Food of the spirits, the substance of life—of old, even to eat from a jade bowl was conducive to immortality. The pure thing, the concentrated essence of hills and water, a link between man and the mystery of the Universe. The Chinese ideograph for jade (玉 YUK) is a synonym for purity and nobility. Wong (王) the character for King is clearly closed related.

Fragments of crystallised moonlight, says the legend of Kotan, and Confucius

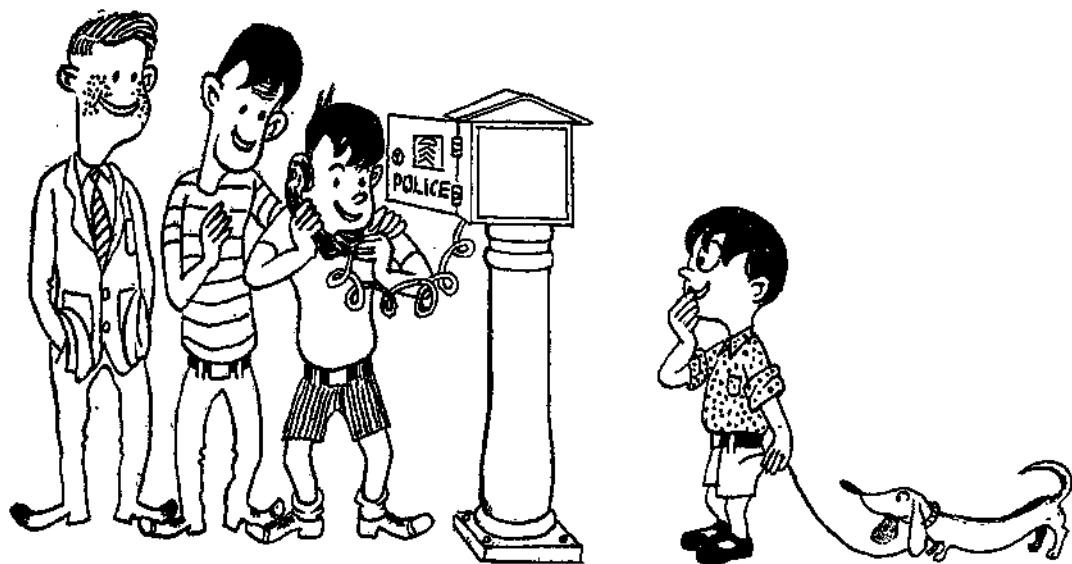
wrote that men found in jade the likeness of all excellent qualities. Soft, smooth, glossy—so is benevolence, fine, like intelligence; angular, like righteousness; hanging in beads—expressive of modesty and humility; when struck; yielding a note of soft music. The pleasant tone of a jade gong touches the realms of the immortal, calling the ghosts of ancestors.

Jade flaws do not conceal its beauty, nor does its beauty conceal its flaws. Thus it expresses loyalty. It is radiant from within—like faith. Bright as a rainbow like Heaven. Exquisite and mysterious in hills and streams—like the Earth itself. Symbol of rank—virtue and esteemed by all under the sky—like truth and duty.

Almost sacred, it seems; and perhaps some penitence can be read into the old Chinese proverb:

'Only with cutting is Jade shaped to use;

'Only with adversity does man achieve the Way.'



CPL 1986

Organisation

by J. B. Fleetwood,

Deputy Chief Constable, Admiralty Constabulary.

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"The rough and the criminal do not fear the prowess of the individual policeman, they fear the organisation behind him."—W. L. Melville Lee. "A History of Police in England."

The importance of organisation in police work.

Some years ago I was one of a small number of British police officers who landed in Sicily as members of the Public Safety Division of Allied Military Government (Italy). Our primary task was the re-activation and re-organisation of the various Italian Police Forces in the areas occupied by the advancing Allied armies. The nature of our work and the difficulties we encountered emphasised very forcibly the importance of organisation, whilst close contact with military personnel of several nationalities provided a unique opportunity for studying the military approach to the subject.

During the time I was engaged upon work of this nature four facts became very clear and these were:—

- a) In order to achieve maximum efficiency a police force must be organised in accordance with definite and accepted principles.
- b) The organisation of a police force affects its efficiency and the welfare of its members, to an extent which is often neither recognised nor appreciated.
- c) Size will always create special problems but the principles of organisation are applicable in all cases irrespective of size.
- d) In organisation, as in most other things, it is better—much better—to profit from the experience and mis-

takes of others rather than to start from scratch and learn by the costly and laborious method of progress through trial and error.

There is a common tendency to take matters of organisation somewhat for granted and to assume that they can be left to develop as the result of either pressure or circumstances or the unrelated efforts of individuals. The subject does, however, so affect and concern every member of a police force—particularly those engaged upon the operational aspects of police work—as to merit special consideration.

Ineffectiveness in operational units, internal friction and discontent may result from faulty organisation without this fact being realised, and in such cases the remedy may be sought in administrative changes or in repeated appeals for better results—with or without threats of possible consequences if the better results are not forthcoming.

Such measures are hardly likely to achieve any real success if the fault lies in defective organisation because what is being done merely amounts to an attempted alleviation of effects when what is really required is a removal of the cause or causes of the trouble. It is rather like trying to cope with the effects of a burst pipe by devoting attention to mopping up the water on the floor instead of first taking action to prevent more water coming from the pipe.

It is futile to expect or demand more operational efficiency or more effective supervision if the persons charged with these mat-

ters are so handicapped by defective organisation or administration that their time is largely absorbed by matters which prevent them from devoting sufficient time to what are their primary tasks.

On the other hand, if the organisation of a police force is planned with due regard for accepted principles, this will undoubtedly greatly help to ensure that the men who are doing the practical or operational work will be able to concentrate upon this to the greatest possible extent, and will also receive the requisite support and assistance from the branches or members of the force charged with administrative and technical functions. The opposite will almost inevitably apply where there is any marked departure from those accepted principles.

The matter can also be viewed from the point of view of the individual. A police officer who has some acquaintance with principles of organisation will be in a better position to recognise the source and nature of organisational matters which adversely affect the unit for which he is responsible. Knowledge of this nature is often the first essential for necessary and effective reform.

The creation or complete re-organisation of a police force rarely occurs but problems of organisation arising from changes or expansion are common. An officer deputed to deal with such problems, or to take any part in connection with them, will feel much happier, will avoid time wasting and costly mistakes, and will almost certainly produce a better result if he knows what to look for and comment upon, and how to express his comments in a manner which will enable them to be readily appreciated.

The subject of "Organisation" when considered in relation to police work is, unfortunately, too wide to be dealt with in a single article. In this issue I therefore propose to refer very briefly to some basic aspects of organisational theory, then to set down ten statements or principles of organisation and to comment on the first six of these. In the next issue I will deal with the remaining principles which refer to "Co-ordination," "Controlled Development," and the controversial but important subjects of "Lines of Control" and "Delegation of Responsibility."

At this stage I would like to emphasize that any views which I express are purely personal and are not based upon the organisation

of any particular police force but rather upon experience acquired as the result of acquaintance with many police forces both in this country and abroad.

A definition of organisation.

It is undoubtedly true that even the most carefully planned organisation is in itself merely a means for the attainment of an end and that its success or otherwise will largely depend upon human factors. In a necessarily brief article of this nature it is not possible to deal adequately with both the "structural" and "personal" aspects of organisation. I have concentrated upon the former.

There is no simple or generally accepted definition of organisation but in connection with the aspect of the subject which I intend to deal, it has been defined as; "The act of arranging in an orderly manner to fulfil a definite purpose." This of course implies that the arranging which takes place will be designed to create the relationship between persons and units which will achieve the fulfilment of the definite purpose in the most effective and economical manner. The pattern which results from such arrangements will constitute the relevant organisational structural.

The relationship between organisation and administration.

There are very few books on the subject of organisation but something about it will be found in almost every book on administration and this is because the two subjects are so closely related. The relationship may perhaps best be appreciated by considering the structure of any large-scale undertaking. This will usually consist of three parts, namely:—

- a) **The policy maker or makers**—The person, or persons, who lay down the policy to be followed and who exercise control at the highest level.
- b) **The administration**—Those who lay down the procedures to be followed in implementing the agreed policy; deal with the problems which arise in this respect; arrange for the provision of buildings, equipment, personnel, technical facilities, etc., and deal with necessary changes in the organisational structure.

- c) **The executive or operational personnel**
— Those who carry out the basic tasks and functions of the undertaking.

Organisation, in the sense of the creation of an entirely new enterprise or undertaking, is primarily a function of those in the first group assisted by the members of the second group who are utilised for that purpose. Administrators will therefore be engaged in the creation of the organisational structure in addition to dealing with changes which become necessary when it is actually functioning.

Division within an organisation.

It now seems appropriate to refer very briefly to such matter as division by levels of activity, division by types of activity, territorial division, "Line" and "Staff," and "Supply and Maintenance."

Division by levels of activity is the basis of organisation and all organisational patterns result from it. In the smallest unit, as in the earliest stages of any larger one, there is inevitably one essential division and that is the division between those who decide what is to be done and those who implement such decisions. As developments occur the persons in the two categories created by this initial division, and particularly those in the second category, become sub-divided into various grades, with those above supervising those below and thus constituting divisions according to levels of activity.

Division by types of activity.

When the Metropolitan Police was formed in 1829 it was an entirely uniform body but later the C.I.D. was created for the purpose of criminal investigation and to-day many members of that force carry out other specialised tasks in connection with training, traffic control and similar matters. These are, of course, examples of division by types of activity and the same type of division is to be found in every police force. Within the groups, branches, departments, or units, formed as the result of these specialised activities there will also be found examples of the basic division by levels of activity. Division by types of activity can and does create problems at operational level and this aspect of the matter will be dealt with later in connection with "Unity of Command."

Territorial Division.

In many cases, as the result of expansion or other causes, it may not be found possible or desirable for a police force to base all its operational units at headquarters and there will therefore be a division of the area into two or more smaller areas each under the control of an officer responsible either to the chief officer or to another senior officer at headquarters.

In this country the usual basic territorial area is the Division, but in some forces there are groupings above this level. The Metropolitan Police area is for example, divided in four "Districts" each consisting of five or six Divisions. In Kent the county is divided into two districts each consisting of a number of Divisions. In the Colonial Police Service there are many examples of a similar nature. Consideration of the purpose and value of such supra-Divisional groupings will be of interest when the subject of "Span of Control" is referred to later in this article.

"Line" and "Staff".

In most small organisations practically all the personnel are directly engaged upon the tasks which the organisation was created to deal with. In other words they are all "operational" and down through the various grades or ranks, through all levels of activity, from the top to the bottom there is what can be described as a line of authority along which orders are transmitted and direction and control exercised. An organisation of this nature is, in fact, referred to as a "Line" organisation with the personnel or units forming the operational part of it being referred to as "Line" personnel or units. In common with many other matters connected with organisation, this is basically a military concept and is best exemplified in the usual military form of operational control from the Army Group through the Army, Corps, Division, Brigade, Battalion, Company, Platoon and Section down to the private soldier.

The man at the top of any large "Line" organisation inevitably finds he must have some assistants to carry out essential advisory or administrative functions who have no direct connection with or control over any of the operational or "Line" personnel. These assistants form what is usually described as the "Staff" and are essential, under whatever name, in every large organisation.

Their importance increases with expansion and development and where "Staff" branches or departments have their own members at various levels they will then have internal "Line" responsibilities but solely within their own spheres of activity.

When dealing with non-military organisations, particularly industrial concerns, there is a modern tendency to use the terms "operational" and "functional," or "primary" and "service," in place of "Line" and "Staff" but the more usual terms seem the most appropriate when dealing with police matters.

The ideal relationship between "Line" and "Staff" is one of the greatest and most involved problems of organisation and will be referred to later in connection with "Lines of Control."

"Supply and Maintenance".

As an organisation develops it will be found that the administrative "Staff" branches are not suitable for coping with the many technical services which become essential. In a police force the result of this is that branches or departments with specialised technical functions have to be created for dealing with such matters as transport, communications, buildings and stores. These specialised departments may be described in various ways but for the sake of convenience I have grouped them all under the heading of "Supply and Maintenance," which seems to be both an indication and a summary of their functions.

The basic pattern.

The structure of the average police force generally conforms to a basic pattern of a division in "Line" (operational), "Staff" (administrative) and "Supply and Maintenance" (technical). In some forces one part may be of more importance than it is in others and the "Line" and "Staff" parts may be subdivided differently according to local problems and conditions.

Although many matters influence the structure and development of a police force, and the importance attached to the various component parts, all these may be roughly divided into (a) natural and material factors and (b) other factors. The first group includes such things as the object and duration of a proposed force or unit, the financial and material resources available, the extent and

physical features of the area concerned, the size, character and educational standards of the population, the type of duty to be performed, the volume of work, the number and standard of the personnel available, the legal system and the status of the police.

The "other factors" are not so easy to describe although they may be of very great importance. They will, in varying circumstances, include such matters as custom, tradition, civic pride, political consideration, and the ability, wishes and theories of individuals.

These are the type of things which have to be looked for and considered when seeking to discover why a particular police force is organised in a certain way, why changes have taken place in the past, and what are the factors likely to produce changes in the future. It must always be remembered that apparent defects in an organisational structure do not necessarily mean that those responsible are either inefficient or negligent. They may be fully aware of defects and, what is more important, of the appropriate remedies, but be prevented by financial or other reasons from making the necessary changes.

Principles of organisation.

There is little general agreement as to what should be included under the heading "Principles of organisation." Those expounded by leading exponents of organisational theory vary not only in content but also in number. Although a lot of research has been done during the last half century there is complete agreement that the amount of knowledge accumulated does not justify organisation being regarded as a science, and that no really true principles have yet been evolved.

Some generally accepted theories, which are the result of experience and research in the armed forces, in industry and elsewhere, are however usually referred to as "principles of organisation" and the following ten statements or "principles" are based upon such generally accepted theories:—

1. It is essential to have a clear appreciation of the object of a contemplated organisation.
2. Information regarding all relevant factors must be obtained, analysed and considered.

3. Each aspect of the work must be defined and made the responsibility of one person or unit.
4. Each person or unit must be under the direct control of one superior officer only.
5. Duties which are similar and the persons or units engaged upon them, may be placed under the control of a single person.
6. No person should be placed in control of more persons or units than he can effectively control.
7. Lines of control must be clearly expressed.
8. Responsibility must be delegated whenever necessary and when delegated:—
 - a) the extent of delegation must be clearly defined,
 - b) the authority necessary for the exercise of the responsibility must be delegated, and
 - c) the person given the authority must be held responsible for its use.
9. Co-ordination is essential and, where necessary, means of co-ordination must be specified.
10. An organisation must contain or be subject to some form of continuous inspection which will ensure necessary and controlled development.

Comments upon these principles obviously cannot be anything more than generalisations. Any attempt to deal with various local circumstances which might affect the application of them is of course beyond the scope of a short article of this nature. I have, however, prepared some brief comments which are designed to direct attention to various salient or controversial features.

Principle 1 — Clarity of intention.

This principle is of the utmost importance in connection with "operational" organisation but so far as the "structural" aspect of the subject is concerned, little need be said about it except to emphasize that it is always absolutely essential to have a clear appreciation of the true object of any contemplated organisational project or organisation. Failure to distinguish the true object or any attempt to combine dissimilar objects may, and generally will, lead to an unsatis-

factory result or the creation of a defective organisation.

Principle 2 — The obtaining and analysis of information.

As in many other things the great difficulty in organisation is deciding how and where to start. Once the subject is clear then the normal starting point in connection with the type of structural information by means of study of relevant books, articles, records, etc., visits and personal observations, interviews and discussions, questionnaires, reports, etc. Organisation to meet an emergency calls for an entirely different approach and I hope to deal with it at a later date under the title "Organisation for operational purposes."

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that no changes, or even plans should be made until a thorough enquiry has taken place and all possible information has been obtained, analysed and considered impartially. It is usually easy to change or abolish but it is often difficult to create or replace. There is a very old and true saying that a fool may ask more questions than many wise men can answer. It is equally true that a rash person may destroy very quickly more than many far better men can replace in a very long time.

Any final decisions should be based upon facts or upon the results of carefully considered information received from truly authoritative or responsible sources. Decisions must not be based upon preconceived notions or popular but inappropriate theories and never upon the placid, somewhat supercilious assumption that what works in one place must therefore work equally well in another place where people and conditions are quite different. A police force created to cope with a large, sparsely populated area inhabited by excitable, turbulent people with a history and tradition of violence, would hardly be likely to achieve any outstanding success if created on the basis of another force policing a compact and peaceful urban or rural area. Principles are of universal application but the manner of applying them may necessarily vary in different areas.

Principle 3 — Statement of functions and assignment of responsibility.

If a member of any business or similar

undertaking, or any police force, is to function with the maximum efficiency he must, amongst other things, be in possession of information as to what is expected of him and have a clear idea of his own position in the undertaking. Quite apart from the mental effect, assignment of responsibility and clear definition of duties are essential in order to obviate several evils which are likely to arise if these matters are neglected. Examples will readily come to mind but a few of the more common are:—

- (a) *Overlapping* — Two or more persons or units claiming the responsibility for the same task because the specific responsibility has not been clearly defined. This causes friction in addition to waste of time.
- (b) *Inactivity* — Two or more persons or units each leaving a task to the other owing to a mistaken impression that it is the responsibility of the other.
- (c) *Work dodging* — A person or persons using absence of specific delegation as an excuse for inactivity.
- (d) *Unsatisfactory performance* — A number of persons having a general responsibility for the same task with the result that what is the responsibility of many tends to become the responsibility of none.
- (e) *Undesirable extension of activities* — This is usually described as "Empire-building" and will be referred to later in connection with "Span of control."

Consideration of assignment of responsibility must of course always be related to the time factor. What may be the responsibility of one person or one group of persons for a certain period may quite properly be the responsibility of another person or group of persons for another definite period as in the case of the coverage of a beat by various constables at different specified periods.

Principle 4 — Unity of command.

Principle No. 4 emphasizes the necessity for unity of command which in simple terms merely means that all orders should come from one source and all responsibility should be to the same source. It is of course not unusual for a person to be under one senior officer for operational purposes and under another for technical or administrative purposes, as for example, is often the case in

connection with the mechanised branches of a police force. This, to a certain extent, is unavoidable but is also quite practicable, providing that the extent of the control or command of the various senior officers is clearly defined and understood and there is therefore no overlapping and no misunderstanding as regards operational control.

Plurality of control has other drawbacks and dangers apart from those due to overlapping and the friction it creates. It undoubtedly leads to a weakening of control over the personnel concerned. If a police officer is responsible to two or more persons with different aspects of his service, as described in the previous paragraph, he tends to become somewhat independent of each and all of them because no one has complete control over him or is completely responsible for him. This can produce a certain amount of slackness and that means reduced efficiency so far as both the individual and the service are concerned. When a police officer receives orders from different senior officers in connection with the same aspect of his work or the same task, the result will inevitably be confusion and irritation with an adverse effect on performance.

The lesson to be drawn from both the above cases is that unity of command is the ideal but that where it is not possible one should always act through the normal chain of command except in emergencies. Even in emergencies the officer in direct command should be informed as soon as possible of any directions, order or instructions which have been enforced from outside the normal chain of such command.

So far we have been primarily concerned with the reactions of sub-ordinated but "Unity of command" must also be considered from the point of view of the senior officer who has operating in his area sub-ordinates who are, by reason of their membership of specialised branches or units, to all intents and purposes, subject to the control of a senior officer of one of those branches such as C.I.D., Traffic, etc. The dangers and undesirable features of such a position will be obvious but, while theoretically undesirable, the frequency with which it is found in forces where the work performed by the specialist branches is complex and extensive, indicates that this fact has apparently convinced the senior officers of the forces concerned that

at the level of the basic territorial division there must be some compromise between the claims of the principle 4 ("Unity of command") and principle 6 ("Span of control.")

Principles 5 and 6 — Span of control.

Principle 5 and 6 can both be grouped under the heading of "Span of control" but whilst the former does not seem to call for any special comment the latter appears to merit some special attention. Although it is often not the case elsewhere, this principle is very carefully complied with in the Army where the usual operational ratio is that for every four or five officers of one rank there shall be a senior officer of higher rank. We see this principle of span of control carefully complied with in the operational forces from an Army Group right down to a Section. An Army Group may consist of two or three Armies, an Army of two to five Corps, a Corps of two to five Divisions, a normal Infantry Division of three Brigades, a Brigade of three Battalions, a Battalion of four Companies, a Company of four Platoons, and Platoon of four Sections.

The very careful way in which the principle is observed in the Army with its centuries of experience, indicates that it is pertinent to ask what is the most satisfactory number of subordinates suitable for direct supervision by one person. It is of course impossible to fix upon any one figure because conditions vary so greatly in different organisations but there is almost general agreement that in industry not more than six to eight persons can be directly supervised in an adequate manner by one person.

Many factors, such as the type and volume of work to be supervised, must be taken into consideration when endeavouring to arrive at the most satisfactory number which can be supervised under any particular conditions or circumstances but the whole subject is governed by two very important provisos, namely:—

- (a) that the greater the degree of accessibility of the persons to be supervised and the greater the similarity of their tasks, the greater the number of persons who can be supervised by one person, and
- (b) that the greater degree of direct executive responsibility of the supervisor

the less the number of persons who can be adequately supervised.

The number of persons who can be directly supervised by one person in a completely adequate manner is clearly limited and, although the extent of the limitation will vary in connection with many factors, if there is any marked deviation from the figures generally accepted as applicable to industry and the armed forces, then the danger of lack of real supervision becomes possible whatever outward appearance of supervision there may be.

If a senior officer has too many subordinates directly responsible to him then it may be that he cannot have or acquire sufficient knowledge of their diverse tasks to really supervise their work. His supervision fails on that aspect of the matter but this is not only a question of knowledge and ability; there is also the important time factor. The actual work may not be beyond the capacity of the supervisor but the volume of work may be more than he can attend to in a satisfactory manner. In this case, for an entirely different reason, there is no adequate supervision and efficiency inevitably suffers.

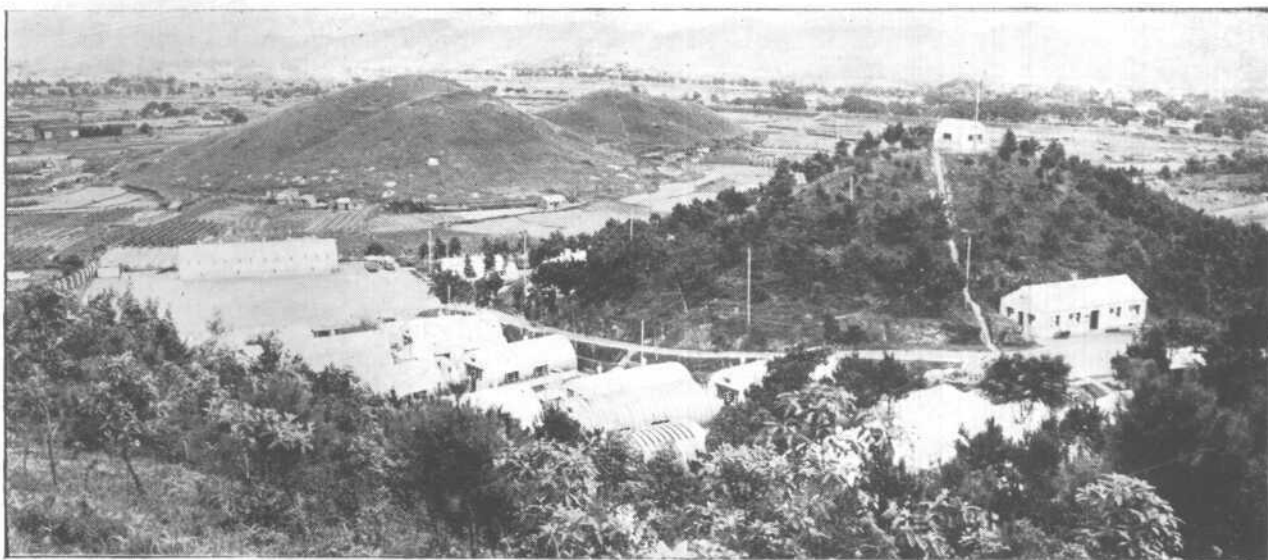
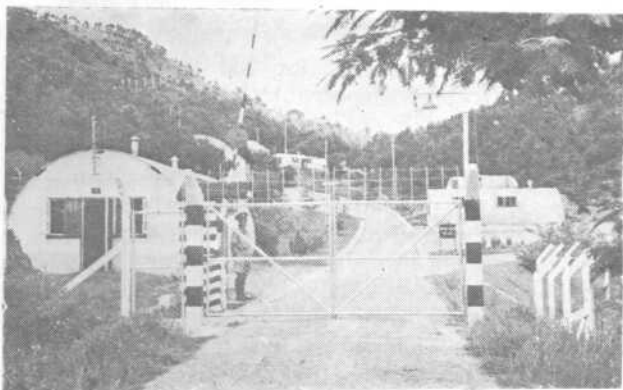
In some cases where this principle has been violated it will be found that this is due not to negligence or any similar cause but rather to the efforts of an individual who, as a result of over-estimation of his ability or a desire to add to his prestige and importance, has obtained control of more personnel or units than he can really control. Whatever the reason may be, the result of such activity is almost invariably that it destroys the balance of organisation, causes friction and suspicion, and thus inevitably reduces efficiency and adversely affects performance.

There is another danger which arises from the efforts of the person who wishes to extend the sphere of his own activities without proper regard for the effect on the organisational structure as a whole. Such a person is sometimes content with a nominal supervision of a unit or branch leaving the actual but unspecified control to a subordinate. In such a case the "Line of control" has been weakened and activities may develop which will eventually create unexpected and undesirable consequences.

(To be continued)

Police Training Contingent

(As so many of our correspondents have delighted in describing to readers the pleasures awaiting them at the Police Training Contingent we publish below some photographs of this Shangri La.)



NEWS OF THE FORCE

The following members of the Force have departed from the Colony on Long Leave; we wish them a pleasant holiday in the United Kingdom: Messrs. T. Cashman and G. Leys, Senior Superintendents of Police; Mr. P. Lowe, Superintendent of Police; Mr. K. W. Farmer, Assistant Superintendent of Police; Chief Inspectors J. Holmes, R. N. Oliver, A. F. Rose and A. E. G. Wheeler; Inspector C. Pope; Sub-Inspector A. F. Blair, D. A. Brook, G. D. Carter, R. J. McEwen, G. C. Morgan, E. R. Northcote, A. L. Purves, D. R. Rick, M. A. Ringer, G. H. Robson and J. P. Wilson; and Probationary Sub-Inspector M. C. Cuningham.

We welcome back from Long Leave: Mr. A. Morrison, Senior Superintendent of Police; Chief Inspectors W. P. Apps and J. F. Scott; Inspector J. R. M. Wall; Sub-Inspectors P. A. F. Alcock, T. M. S. Chalmers, F. R. Dunncliffe, J. G. Mansell, B. A. A. Newman, W. J. Palmer, R. A. Patterson and R. E. Quine.

We welcome the following newcomers to the Force, who have been posted to the Police Training School: Probationary Sub-Inspectors R. A. Calderwood, D. J. Collins, G. H. Cox, B. Eley, J. D. Flannery, N. T. Frampton, H. C. A. Irvine, W. Lawther, J. E. B. Stalker, G. A. Stanley, R. Wagnell and M. J. Watson. Joining the Force from Australia and New Zealand we have Probationary Sub-Inspectors G. M. Dorman and G. A. O'Connell respectively. Other newcomers are Probationary Sub-Inspectors Lee Yu Yin, Philip Lee Cheong On and Li Ka Kin.

We wish good health, long life and happiness to Chief Inspector A. F. Rose, who has proceeded on leave prior to retirement.

We have pleasure in recording the following promotions: Mr. C. Willcox, Acting Assistant Commissioner of Police to Assistant Commissioner of Police; Mr. D. H. Taylor, Superintendent of Police to Acting Senior Superintendent of Police on his appointment

as Senior Superintendent Anti-Corruption/Narcotics Bureau; Miss M. M. Patrick, Acting Woman Assistant Superintendent of Police to Woman Assistant Superintendent of Police; Messrs. Chan Cheung Chuen, H. A. Giblett, M. S. Milnes, M. Todd and H. C. Wells, Acting Assistant Superintendent of Police to Assistant Superintendents of Police; and Messrs. E. R. Moss and R. E. Quine, Sub-Inspectors of Police to Acting Assistant Superintendents of Police.

We wish good luck to Sub-Inspector Ng Shiu Fai, who is at present attending a course in the United Kingdom.

We have great pleasure in recording the following recent marriages: Assistant Superintendent H. C. Wells to Miss Barbara Ann Schabrone; Sub-Inspectors M. H. Groome to Miss Marlene Vaughan Edmunds, Ip King Sing to Miss Grace Liu Shou Wah, Kwok Ying To to Miss Aurelia Margaret Lee Shuk Yee, C. Page to Miss Madelain Lay, U Tat Ming to Miss Angela Leung Chan Hop; Probationary Sub-Inspectors Chik Ki Chiu to Miss Fu Yueh Cee and Wong Ngai Man to Miss Shiu Suk Lan.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Grace, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Scragg, Inspector and Mrs. J. R. M. B. Wall, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. R. B. Bayless, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Cheung Ping Sun, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. A. Evans, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Ho Hei, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. E. P. M. Hunt, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. A. B. McNutt, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. K. J. Sackett, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Sin Chi Hoi, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Siu Tung Yim, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. G. L. W. Woodhouse, Probationary Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Sung Hau Chee, all of whom have had recent additions to their families.

We say farewell to Sub-Inspectors T. E. Newton and A. B. Perkins, and Probationary Sub-Inspector Wan Hin Tak, all of whom have resigned.



CHATTER

FROM THE

STATIONS.



COMMUNICATIONS & TRANSPORT

Sub-Inspector
P. R. W. Shorter

Dear Mr. Editor,

First of all a short trip around the Radio Control Library, which as everybody knows is conveniently situated beneath a maze of highly technical and secret equipment, far too complicated to be explained to the layman. But I digress.....

'The Big Kill', by Mr. Michael Spillane (incidentally, this is rumoured to have been left behind by Mr. C. Wilcox after the Double Tenth).

'Basic Superhetrodyning on Very High Frequencies', obviously the property of Mr. E. W. Ross-Gwynne.

'Yachting Jottings'. Who else but Mr. M. C. Illingworth?

'How to retire at forty-five'. Mr. F. C. Appleton's, so I'm told.

'The Decameron'.

'Torment for Trixie', by Mr. Hank Janson.

'No Orchids for Miss Blandish', by Mr. James Hadley Chase.

All the above being the property of one A. J. McNiven.

'Three copies of the China Fleet Club Menu'. H. E. Pike's. Yes, you've guessed it. Harry is a bit of a chow hound.

'The Body Beautiful', by S. E. Dirkin.

'Better sight without glasses', property of Inspector Si Wai Ming.

'Across the Chindwin', Don (Burma) Carrott.

In the last issue of this magazine a remark was made about the pearly, air conditioned, complexion of members of Communications and Transport. Unfortunately, this must have caught on. Your worthy correspondent is now due for a sharp change, to wit, a transfer to Fort Zinderneuf (otherwise known as the Police Training Contingent) which is presided over by one Markoff alias E. F. C. Guyatt (yes, you know, the one who was dismissed from the Siberian chain gangs for cruelty).

Only one thing bothers me. Do we get Red Cross, Prisoner of War Parcels?

Remember the slogan of the Foreign Legion? March or die.

"Roger out,"

Yours,

Communications & Transport.



FRONTIER DIVISION

Sub-Inspector
D. Child

Dear Mr. Editor,

There is still a Frontier Division, and any reports you may have received that Frontier H.Q. has retired to Boundary Street are false.

It is some time since you last received a communique from the northern boundaries and the fact that Frontiers-men have appeared in Immigration Office, Traffic Branches on both sides of the harbour, C.I.D. here and there—and even a special representative to Direct the 'Branch'—may have caused you some confusion. Not to worry! Those of you who dwell south of Boundary Street can sleep soundly at night.

There have been many changes of faces of late—and, at the time of writing, an air of breathless expectancy prevails regarding further moves—but to list them all would be to pirate the works of the Arsenal Street Argus, and we would not like to deprive them of a job. A new Assistant Commissioner, a new Senior Superintendent, a new Criminal Investigation Department staff and, at the layman's level, a pile of new grist for the mill!

The latest fad—military police exercises—has been given full scope in recent months. One wonders if soldiers disguised as Sub-Inspectors could really penetrate the security shrouded sanctuaries of Command Headquarters, and as for detaining an Assistant Commissioner for enquiries—any level headed Duty Officer should know better. With regards to searching barren areas with the assistance of Gurkhas, the less said the better. Those who have tried it report that barren areas really are barren and that when a map

indicates 'Numerous Rock Outcrops' there you will find rock. And there's no roll attached to the rock—in case some night club habitués don't follow the meaning!

We once had a Divisional Detective Inspector—the footballer, I mean,—but he has now left us to follow the colours of the Legion of the Lost at the Police Training Contingent. While we congratulate him on his promotion we will miss his prowess on the field—and his dexterity in dealing with cards and Criminal Report Book numbers! At least the Golf Club will benefit from his transfer!

His Excellency has most kindly presented a cup for the best Divisional Revolver team. Although the official results have not yet been published we are confident that frontiersmen can still beat their man on the draw. In fact our District Training Officer went so far as to recommend a number of Village Penetration Patrol representatives for 'bit' parts in a forthcoming Western production.

Last month, June, it rained and the water rose higher and higher. Why was a returned called for from Frontier H.Q. listing the number of strong swimmers, swimmers and non-swimmers in each station? Could it be the Swimming Gala to be held later this year?

I will not bother to quote curious Report Book entries, although that appears to be the urban custom! All R.B. entries are curiosities, anyway. The time did arise, however, when a man wearily ascended the approach slope to a frontier station carrying a blood-stained chopper. He was properly challenged by the station guard who, jokingly, asked him where the blood came from—had he killed someone? The man in just as jocular a vein replied that he had killed not one but two people, and was duly admitted to the station precincts to make his report! He was subsequently hanged—although in fact the station guard had been right and he had only killed one.

Yours,

Frontier.



POLICE TRAINING CONTINGENT

Sub-Inspector
V. Renard.

Dear Mr. Editor,

This will be more of a note than a letter for as you can guess this company is in the process of disbanding and time is short (Henry Craggs would have written this but I think he is somewhere in the region of the Main Gate waiting for the 'off' signal) I will not dwell upon how the Inspectorate is taking it. Suffice to say that the cry "Whoo-pee" is the order of the day. By the time this appears in the Magazine, replacements will have arrived. To them may I offer congratulations/sympathy (Strike out which ever is inapplicable).

This company has been here for over 8 months and although the general opinion is that they would have preferred to be elsewhere it appears that there is much more liveliness in their step and less wheezing breaths than when they arrived. I may be cursed for all time for saying this but I think that they have enjoyed their stay. We are all off to the flesh pots shortly and no doubt we shall be able to say "Now, when I was at P.T.C." instead of "I'm not on the list am I?"

The last quarter saw our Company Commander, Mr. Carlyle, transferred to Tsuen Wan. It also saw Sub-Inspector Nicholas who came from Kowloon City to help us out due to shortage of staff. The local villagers who, last November, breathed a sigh of relief when he left 'A' Company are now reverting to walking in twos and saying "Watch out. The Kid's back in town".

Our Chief Inspector, Mr. L. F. C. Guyatt was recently confirmed in his rank. I am sure all ranks of the Hong Kong Police will join me in congratulating him upon this event, a reward so well deserved.

Another event taking place is the rapid growth of our primeaval forest accentuated by Sub-Inspector Harris's Genuine Old Fashioned Gardening methods (Copies of which may be obtained from the publishers Harris & Harris, Taipo, price 2/6d.). Our Jim has certainly done something with all his planting and pruning to make Police Training Contingent a better place to live in. Trees are popping up between the huts, exotic plants are rampant and flowers grow profusely everywhere. No longer are lectures given in Hut so and so. The command now is "3 o'clock by the roses" or "Parade in the glade". Recently I heard a good one on a defaulter case, "As I was tip toeing through the tulips I saw....." Incidentally, if you are coming up here, cultivate a taste for cucumbers, you'll soon find out why.

That appears to be the lot from this scribe. Our thanks go out to the Commandant, Mr. J. B. Lees, Chief Inspector Guyatt, Sub-Inspector Harris and his staff for having put up with us for so long. I know that they would like us to stay but really must insist. One can have too much of a good thing.

Yours,

Police Training Contingent.

P.S. In the last magazine someone wanted to know why Cook Police Constables from Police Training Contingent carried revolvers. Perhaps he has found out now.

* * * * *



WESTERN DIVISION

Sub-Inspector
J. T. Kennedy

Dear Mr. Editor,

Hello again from all at Western.

The time of publication draws closer and closer and inspiration seems as far away as ever. The problem is what to write about

in a Division where the intended criminal fears to tread and where, in the mis-quoted words of Gilbert and Sullivan, 'We're on the ball'.

Perhaps a mention of 'them as is come' and 'them as is gone' will help to fill in space. During the quarter we said a regretful farewell to Sub-Inspector Hyde, who we hear is now convalescing at Stanley (Police Station of course), and Sub-Inspector Yuen Ka Keung, who made such a valuable and much appreciated contribution to the last issue of the Magazine.

New additions to the fold include Sub-Inspector Hau who is just resting here before proceeding to the dreaded Police Training School and Sub-Inspectors Dibbs, Dixon and Kennedy fresh from internment at Police Training School. At the moment we are waiting to welcome back Sub-Inspector Lee Kam Hoi, who has just completed his sentence at Fanling.

Our achievements on the football field this season, we will admit, were not particularly outstanding. The team although greatly strengthened by three Sub-Inspectors from Police Training School, was still losing at the end of the season, but by a much smaller margin of goals. However, next year, fortified by a diet of milk and eggs, which idea is being copied from this season's champions, we are looking forward to carrying all before us.

Incidentally, who does select the players for the Police Team? A member from Western who could not get a place in the Western team, has been selected to represent the Police in the forthcoming game with the League Champions.

During the recent storms Western had more than its fair share of landslides and flooding, and many extra hours were willingly put in by all. The refugee problem, at one stage was very acute, and we had over 200 of those unfortunate people sleeping in the station garages. However the emergency was dealt with admirably with all departments working in excellent co-operation.

Recently a complaint was received from Kennedy Town area that a number of pig-boxes were causing an obstruction and producing an objectionable smell. Operation 'pig-box' was set into motion and within a

matter of hours the obstruction and smell, were moved. The station married quarters almost disappeared from view when over 500 of the boxes were stacked in front of them, but the residents were very understanding and no further complaints were received. I can only presume that either the smell disappeared on the way to the station or all the residents suffer from sinus trouble.

A rather heinous case of assault was brought to our notice a short time ago when C/m. XXX assaulted c/m. XXX. Enquiries revealed that the c/m.'s were aged 4 and 5 years respectively, no apparent triad background. Warned to keep the peace and allowed to go. We never did find out what they were fighting over, but we are proud to announce that the Criminal Investigation Department was not called in and the whole affair was dealt with by the Uniform Branch. C/f. xxx reports that at 0100 hours today she was bitten by a centipede and sustained injuries to her right hand. Sent to Queen Mary Hospital for treatment. Centipede could not be found. Obviously it wouldn't wait about to be arrested and probably left the scene as fast as it's 100 legs could carry it.

Well folks that's about all from way out West, so as the sun sinks below Kennedy Town Vegetable Market, and the Public Works Department slowly undermines the foundations of the station, we bid you farewell from this peaceful corner of the Colony.

Yours,
Western.



**TSUEN WAN
DIVISION**

Sub-Inspector
I. M. Henson

Dear Mr. Editor,

The Chief Inspector, presumably deter-

mined that Tsuen Wan shall never be absent from the Magazine's 'Chatter from the Stations' kindly insisted that yours truly put pen to paper once more and produce a few lines of gossip, even if it should take a week of second nights to complete the same.

There not being a great deal of 'goings-on' in this quiet corner of the Colony, a mention first of transfers in and out of the Division.

Our Divisional Superintendent, Mr. A. J. Schouten, has left us to take charge of our (part-time) comrades in arms, the Specials. Mr. H. J. Carlyle is our new Divisional Superintendent, but it is believed that this a temporary appointment for him.

Sub-Inspector Chan Kwok Yin has departed for Immigration Office and Sub-Inspector Chan Ho Yin has gone to join the new elite "Deaths Head" Corps at Stalag Fanling. We welcome Sub-Inspector Kung Mun Tong, a recent arrival from C.I.D., Marine and trust that the Divisional Detective Inspector, Gerry Fergus, will not slave drive him as Officer-in-Charge, C.I.D.

Congratulations are extended to Sub-Inspector Chik Ki Chiu on his recent betrothal to Miss Fu Yuen Chee. Yet another good man bites the dust!

With the exception of one or two incidents, things in general have been pretty quiet in the Division. A squatter hut fire resulted in nearly one thousand persons becoming homeless and the lads on second night patrol still have to pick their way carefully through the rows of sleeping bodies on the town's pavements. The Fire Brigade boys certainly did a good job in bringing those two appliances from Hong Kong side, especially since one was their mobile 'tea wagon'.

The recent heavy rains were responsible for the collapse of three to four dozen 'muk uks' and although there were a few minor landslides on the Castle Peak Road, it survived complete closure. At the water splash on Route Twisk, a determined soldier tried to drive his five ton vehicle through the raging torrent. In a flash his steed was lovingly embracing a concrete bridge support some twelve feet below and fifty feet beyond the point where he had been a few seconds pre-

viously. Quite a prang!

On a peaceful Sunday afternoon, a report was received that a bullock was trapped in a water catchment not far from the Shing Mun reservoir. Police and Fire Brigade personnel, equipped with ropes, slings, etc., arrived on the scene to extricate the unfortunate animal. For a full thirty minutes, blokes were charging back and forth along the catchment or canyon, with lassos twirling and to the accompaniment of cowboy whoops, the wretched beast was finally cornered, yanked out and sent on its way. If it had been able to understand the muttered curses directed at its hide, I'm sure it would have surrendered itself to the spit in shame.

The circus has come to town and can be found on the reclamation area. It is, of course, no competition to the permanent one in Tsuen Wan.

Sport? Well, at basket ball we have trounced a few local teams but I will commit myself by saying something like, "Watch out Marine". The football team has taught me a lesson in this respect, although they are still trying hard, led by our redoubtable Sub-Divisional Inspector.

And that's the lot from this quarter. Not very newsy I'm afraid but at least we have managed to put in an appearance. (What has happened to the Police Training School?)

Yours,

Tsuen Wan.

* * * * *



SPECIAL BRANCH

Sub-Inspector
R. Apedaile

Dear Mr. Editor,

You have not allowed us much time be-

tween the last letter and this; not even sufficient time to accumulate an edifying list of transfers.

I suppose a divisional letter is what you make it. Alistair Cooke goes on week after week, never dull, ever new, but America offers more scope than Special Branch. You have had in your columns correspondents whose personality comes through in print to brighten up what tends to be repetitious rambling. A case in point is Frank Wakefield. Why is he not writing now? Might I suggest that you include in your Editorial what you consider the function of Divisional Correspondents, and what the aims of the correspondent should be.

Nothing newsy happens in Special Branch. Even sport, one of the staple padding materials, is virtually non-existent. One item of sport that has just recently finished is the inter-divisional soccer competition. Although the games have been mostly enjoyed, the season dragged on far too long. The last few games were played in a temperature more suited to swimming or snooker in an air conditioned room. The exhaustion suffered by old crooks such as myself detracts greatly from the enjoyment of the game, and is probably bad for the health. I suggest that the competition finishes earlier next season. The manner in which Yaumati has overwhelmed every side they have played is astonishing—reminiscent of South China Colony competitions.

Of course, we have our boating enthusiasts. Peter Scott claims to be one of this kin, but from what I have heard of his plank with a sail nailed to it, I doubt if he qualifies as a boatman.

In our last letter, I gave a list of people in Special Branch who are secretaries of various committees and organisations. Like failing to notice an oak tree in a strawberry bed, I failed to include the most prolific secretary of the whole bunch; Secretary of the Police Recreation Club, Duncan McNeil, who has recently been elected to Secretary of the Hong Kong Police Sports Association, also. He certainly keeps us well informed of social events at the Police Recreation Club. I hope that the increased business attracted by his diligence compensates for the increased sta-

tionary bill. While on the subject of the Police Recreation Club, I would like to offer my congratulations to the present committee for the way they have kept things moving in Happy Valley.

Although there is no need to comment on the effects of the recent floods, the sight of a lengthy procession of cars, trams and buses held up for what seemed to be an hour or so in Queen's Road, East, reminds me of a tale that a friend of mine tells. He was driving a van down a narrow, one way street in London when an accident some way in front held up the traffic for a long time. Late already, he waited fifteen minutes and then decided to telephone his boss to let him know where he was. He made the fatal mistake of going into a pub to telephone where he met a persuasive acquaintance. He did not remember the van until half an hour later when a somewhat irate bobby came into the pub waving a notebook and looking for the driver of the van. Using great presence of mind, my friend waited until the bobby had gone upstairs to enquire and then he nipped out and drove rapidly away to an embarrassing chorus of whooters. This presence of mind did not prevent him from being summoned, but it left him the extenuating excuse that he had waited so long that he had been seized with a sudden urge of nature and had abandoned his van for a short while.

Yours,

Special Branch.

* * * * *



YAUMATI DIVISION

D. C. Diniz
Sub-Inspector

Dear Mr. Editor,

On behalf of the Division, I wish to



extend a warm welcome to Mr. Wong Wing Yin, our new Superintendent. Mr. A. G. Rose is leaving us to take up his new post as Divisional Superintendent, Western. We wish him the best and hope that his posting there will be a long and happy one.

Another arrival is Chief Inspector I. R. Jack who was transferred here from Immigration and subsequently promoted. A hearty welcome and congratulations from Yaumati.

Since our last newsletter, there have been only a few transfers. Arrivals are: Sub-Inspectors Bill Newton from Central, Lau Yin Nam from Immigration, Lau Sik Lun from Hung Hom, C. Y. Kwan from Central and Wan Hin Kai from Police Training Contingent. We welcome them and hope that their stay here will be a pleasant one. Departures include Sub-Inspectors Arthur Luke to Hung Hom, Mike Duggan to Central, Wong Sui In to Immigration, Tong Siu Chung to Kowloon City, Lam Shun Put to Special Branch, Ip Lau Sum to Kowloon Court, Leung Cheung to Police Training Contingent and Y. W. Chung to Kowloon City.

Now that the movements of our staff have been disclosed to all the interested parties, let us get down to some serious writing.

Our main topic this season, as you have

probably guessed, is the Inter-Divisional Football League. I will be modest, however, and only be brief.

We won it.

Credit must be given to many teams that sent the chill up our backs and had us biting our nails to the bone. One was Police Headquarters, Hong Kong who, because of their size and commando tactics, gave us reason to suspect that they intended to dismember our players and thereby eliminate us permanently from any further games. Nice try.

Even non-sports-fans admit that there were some interesting and exciting games



played. The best of these was our game with Frontier. They showed excellent sportsmanship and a good game was enjoyed by all. Bay View tried hard and hence managed to score one goal against our four. Hung Hom played what football experts may call a "rough" game. Kowloon City, of course, were our only match and drew with us. They played an excellent game and must be congratulated on their clock-like team work. The other teams were played and it was just a matter of elimination. (Pardon me, I forgot to remain modest.)

The next Hong Kong Bisley will probably see members of Yaumati Division taking part. Our rifle (.22 Cal.) shoots have proved highly popular and some sharpshooters are in the offing. Beware—Police Training School.

We have yet another field of sports which we are classifying as "Top Secret". You will hear rumours but with our sports record for this year, our hopes are high. You will hear more about our sports achievements in the next issue.

The Single Inspectors' Mess at Yaumati has been slowly coming into the limelight and what with their occasional gatherings and parties, has proved to become an ideal example of what an "organized mess" can really be. We extend our best wishes to it and offer it the best of luck for the future.

As our sports section has taken up most of the space, I have to leave the interesting items from our report books until next time. Believe me, we have some definite evidence to substantiate the old saying that fact is stranger than fiction. Be on the lookout for the next issue, when I will record all these facts and make you wish you were in Yaumati enjoying the benefits of high standards in sports, work and interest.

So, until then, we wish you an enjoyable summer and a happy leave day every week.

Yours,

Yaumati.



TRAFFIC OFFICE

Sub-Inspector
Au Chi Yin

Dear Mr. Editor,

We take this opportunity of welcoming back to the fold, Mr. A. Morrison who has returned from leave. After his visit to the United States, he has no doubt acquired a number of new ideas. It is therefore with a certain amount of trepidation that we await his pronouncements and can only hope that we will still be driving on the left hand side of the road when this letter is published.

We congratulate Mr. R. E. Quine on his promotion and welcome him to the Branch. We have noticed that he has already got into the habit of opening his morning newspaper at the correspondence column.

As in other divisions, we have had a number of changes in personnel. We bid farewell to those leaving us, and also extend a warm welcome to those joining the Branch and trust that their stay with us will be a happy one.

So far as we know the Traffic Branch has had one of the busiest quarters, this year. Special mention should be made of the visit of His Royal Highness, Prince Philip, in March. His arrival, stay and departure kept us more than busy with traffic control. The downpours in June gave the Branch another series of headaches. It caused many disasters—flooding, house-collapses and landslides, etc. Several traffic diversions were successful although complicated in some cases and it was unfortunate that some motorists lost their way and disappeared up their own exhaust pipes; they have not been seen since. Normal traffic arrangements were quickly resumed, although as one officer remarked, it all depends on what you mean by normal. The Traffic Controller was kept

busy at his office desk and was provided with a portable radio, so that he could listen in to the various broadcasts on road conditions. It was noted however that one does not always hear light music coming from the Divisional Superintendent's Office.

The 'PEAK PERIOD' is still the same mad rush and you will daily see various personnel trailing around the area on motor cycles. Since the wearing of white helmets became compulsory, it takes us some time to recognise the higher brass.

Many people will remark on the ease with which His Excellency seems to travel, even during the rush hours. Little do they know of the hurried arrangements made behind the scenes. Although we haven't started on 'Smoke Signals' yet, we do believe that we can beat the Red Indians at their own game of speedily sending messages.

Unlike the divisions, we cannot quote funny extracts from a Report Book. Our main book is a diary of events, which usually reads as follows:—

'Football match at the Government Stadium'
'Cocktail Party at No.The Peak'
'Charity Concert At',
'Official Reception at',
'.....'

This causes the Divisional Inspector, Traffic and the Officer-in-Charge Duties quite a few headaches trying to find personnel to cover all these functions. Our blessings and thanks to the various Sub-Divisional Inspectors for their co-operation when they utter the magic words, "I'll send a couple of men to cover."

Sub-Inspector Yuen Pak Ping and Sub-Inspector Lee Fook Kan are men of merit who carried out 'Operation Zebra' in January and May this year. This resulted in applause from the Chinese newspapers. The broad aim of the operation was to make the Public use the Zebra crossing correctly. We leave it to you to decide how successful we were.

Sub-Inspector Au Chi Yin had a good time in Manila while he was representing Hong Kong Football in the Asian Cup Competition in April.

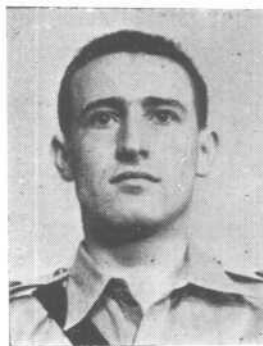
The 'Parking Meters'—the coin-swallowing tigers—have broken the peace since they were erected. It is hoped that the Public will understand that these meters are under the care of the Public Works Department and that the collection of money is the business of the treasury. The duty of our traffic men is to ensure that hired, parking spaces are paid for. We hope that letters requesting the refund of 50 cents inserted into a meter which is not in working order and complaints of improper working of the machines will no longer be sent to our office.

There should be a lot of things of value to dig up in this busy Branch, but I am afraid that the news will have to end here as it is now 'PEAK PERIOD'. So from the bottom of Garden Road, we remain,

Yours,

Traffic Office.

* * * * *



KOWLOON CITY DIVISION

Sub-Inspector
J. A. O'Hare

Dear Mr. Editor,

I understand that the fashion in writing Station Chatter is to follow a certain form, namely:—

1. An apology for:—
 - (a) Not having written anything recently, or
 - (b) not having subscribed at all.
2. A funny story from the Miscellaneous Report Book.
3. A funny story about one of the more strange members of the division.

4. A contemporary and comprehensive list of all Inspectorate 'Comings and goings' expressing welcome, appreciation and disappointment.

5. Why we are so brilliant at sport.

6. Finally a paragraph beginning, 'Rumour has it that.....'

I find it difficult to conform rigidly to these rules when applying them to Kowloon City Division. You will see why.

1. An apology—no need; This Division contributes regularly.

2. I was at a loss to choose one particular item from the report Book, not so much due to the quality of the reports, but due to the quantity of them. I have never yet seen the Sub-Divisional Inspector in fits of laughter on his morning inspection of the book. I feel that the reading matter might prove interesting to the man with the perverted mind, if and when he felt inclined to settle down to it. As yet, the idea has certainly not appealed to me. However, here we go with Kowloon City Marine Report Book No. 29143 (Recently reported by one of our Kowloon residents).

"Inft. reports at 0120 hours that frogs are croaking in her garden. Please send a Police Officer along to abate nuisance.

Sub-Inspector W. K. to scene to take necessary action.

F.R. from a/m Sub-Inspector—Noises not caused by frogs but by earthworms crawling out of their holes.

Pest Control Insp. contacted.

Pol. 159 to Sub-Divisional Inspector Kowloon City.

(Remarks:—not fit for publication)

3. Funny story about one of the more strange members of the Division. After a great deal of thought, I decided that Detective Sub-Inspector English fitted the part admirably. No matter how much the reader

may mock at my sense of humour, these next few words should gain interest from residents of Kowloon City Married Quarters. English has bought a trumpet. You can now dispel all ideas about the Salvation Army moving into Kowloon City or the thought that Harry James has taken up permanent residence there. How long the agony will last depends for the most part on the patience, goodwill and understanding of his fellow officer.

4. 'Comings and Goings'—This becomes farcical, but for the benefit of those of us who toss aside Part II Orders, here you have it.

N.B. S.I. Riach particularly asked me to put his name at the top of the list and clearly state his location.

IN

OUT

Sub-Insp. R. A. Patterson Sub-Insp. W. A. Riach—
Police Training Contingent

Sub-Insp. T. Meehan	Sub-Insp. J. A. Necholas
Sub-Insp. C. H. Craggs	Sub-Insp. B. F. Gravener
Sub-Insp. N. E. Temple	Sub-Insp. D. J. Galloway
Sub-Insp. R. J. Irvine	Sub-Insp. W. Spence
Sub-Insp. W. E. Keill	Sub-Insp. Choi King Sang
Sub-Insp. R. H. Barron	Sub-Insp. Kwong C. M.
Sub-Insp. Tong S. C.	Sub-Insp. Siu K. K.
Sub-Insp. Chung Y. M.	
Sub-Insp. Liu S. L.	

5. Why we are so brilliant at sport. This is where sticking to the rules really becomes a problem. Not because of any incapability, but simply lack of space.

6. Rumour has it that.....—Impossible—there are no rumours in Kowloon City.

Until next time,

Yours,

Kowloon City.

P.S. Sub-Inspector Quinn has lost aforesaid patience, goodwill and understanding and sold trumpet to a member of traffic branch.

P.P.S. Doubtless, Kowloon City Married Quarters are once more using alarm clocks.

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OR GARIFEE?



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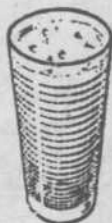
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一九五九年秋季
第三卷

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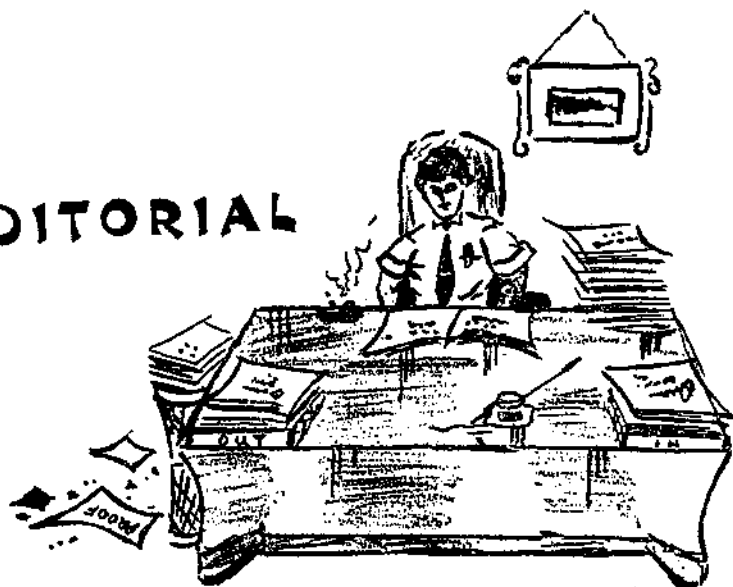
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EDITORIAL



THANKS

We are grateful to our various contributors from within the Force who have provided material for publication in this issue. To the newcomers to the Force, writing from the Police Training School, our particular thanks; we hope that they will, from time to time, make other contributions to the magazine.

The article, "Does anyone remember?" will undoubtedly cause some readers to recall other Forces and other times. Contributions of this nature, in the form of short stories, articles or group photographs, will be particularly welcomed.

Our thanks to "Bird Lover" who has contributed a second article in his series on local bird life. This contributor refuses to disclose his identity, maintaining that anonymity is the proper guise for bird watching in all its forms.

We are also grateful to Mr. A. E. Jones and Miss D. O. G. Peto and to the publishers of the Criminal Law Review for permission to reproduce "Mr. Sutterthwick's Court" and "Kaleidoscope".

ESSAYS

Under the title of "Policemen and Citizens" we publish the prize winning essay in the Hong Kong Police Gold Medal Essay Competition. This essay was written by Detective Police Constable 4726, MUI Wah Fuk, who is attached to the Criminal Investigation Department, Police Headquarters, and to whom we offer our congratulations.

RETIREMENT

Our best wishes to Mr. Cyril Willcox, Assistant Commissioner of Police, who has recently left the Colony on leave, prior to retirement.

We also wish a long and happy retirement to Mr. CHEUNG Chien Yueh who retired from the General Clerical Service of the Hong Kong Government on 18th July 1959. For the past ten years, Mr. CHEUNG has acted as Chief Clerk at the Police Training School.

DIVISIONAL LETTERS

This quarter, we are sadly lacking in letters from Divisions. Presumably, the various stand-bys account for this, but we hope that our next issue will contain the news which is lacking from this one. We were recently asked by a correspondent, what a Divisional letter should contain. It should, of course, be witty, gay and interesting, and written in impeccable grammar, but we shall be satisfied if we get any sort of a letter whatsoever.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We acknowledge, with thanks, receipt of the following publications:—

Trinidad and Tobago Police Magazine.

Jamica Constabulary Magazine.

Royal Malay Police Magazine and the Leicestershire and Rutland Constabulary "Tallyho".

Policemen and Citizens

by "PENG"

(Editors' Note: In the Hong Kong Police Gold Medal Essay Competition 1959, the First Prize of a gold medal and \$100 was awarded to Detective Police Constable 4726 Mui Wah Fuk (CID/PHQ.), who wrote under the pen name of "Peng". The Second Prize was awarded to Police Constable 4206 Ng Pak Man (W.), who wrote under the pen name of "Keng Hom": he will receive an award of \$50. The Third Prize was awarded to Sergeant 1574 Tsang Wan (BV.), who wrote under the pen name of "Chiu Ming": he will receive an award of \$25.

There was a total of twenty-three entries, which were judged by officers of the Education Department. The judges commented favourably on the general standard attained by all the entries and in particular on the high standard of the first three. The presentation of prizes will be made at a latter date.)



What is the relationship between policemen and citizens? Before discussing this question, we must, first of all recognize why policemen are required in our society and what are the duties of policemen.

Generally speaking, the average person wishes only to enjoy a peaceful and happy life. The complexity with which human

beings fit into society has been discussed at length; it is impossible for all to be perfect. In view of this, Governments, being instructed by the people, have no alternative but to use policemen to lead people along the right track and if necessity requires it, to deal with them according to the law.

Despite the fact that they are led along

the right track or dealt with according to the law, some citizens, nevertheless, try only to avoid being punished. They do not consider it a shameful thing to commit offences. Hence, there are still some who make use of technicalities of the law to avoid punishment. The police are therefore compelled to take further steps to guide citizens along the right way with morality and politeness, the object of this being to encourage every citizen to create a feeling in his or her own heart that doing something bad is most shameful and though one is poor and incapable, to cultivate the notion that he or she will really become a responsible person. This is the minimum aspiration which every citizen should bear in mind. Being possessed of this minimum aim it is never difficult to confine one's life within a law abiding sphere; to act otherwise would cause conflict between goodness and badness and this will result in disputes. The only way to solve such a conflict is by way of the "LAW", which is enforced by the magistrate as well as by the policeman. It would appear that magistrates, policemen and citizens are connected closely with the Law.

Although we realize that policemen are created, subject to the requirements of society, we must understand them, respect them and believe and assist them by rendering them facilities and co-operation in the course of their duties. Furthermore, we should sincerely accept advice from the policeman, because his duty is to prevent the whole of society from being endangered and to protect the lives and properties of citizens. Therefore, following this argument, we have no reason to refuse their requests nor can we afford to do so.

For example, how are robberies prevented? In what way may robberies not be caused? How are we to prevent juveniles from committing offences? How and what should citizens do when such incidents occur? How should we make reports to the police and how should we act before police arrive at the scene of a crime. If we know the answers to these questions we can enable the police to solve cases more easily and more early. Supposing that every citizen refused to compromise with evil as he would refuse to compromise with an enemy, then reports to the police concerning information on

criminal offences or concerning any suspects will assist the police to watch the activities of law offenders. Then the citizen would only be doing his duty, but so far as he is concerned, he does not consider such a thing to be his duty at all. Nevertheless, he is provided with the greatest of benefits. The police. As an example take the riots which occurred a few years ago. If all citizens observed the curfew orders and kept the peace, the rioters could easily have been overcome. In other words, we could have obtained a peaceful life a lot earlier. This is only one example. From this co-operation between the citizens and police, so far as the whole of society is concerned, may result with the greatest benefits, which are not too difficult to imagine.

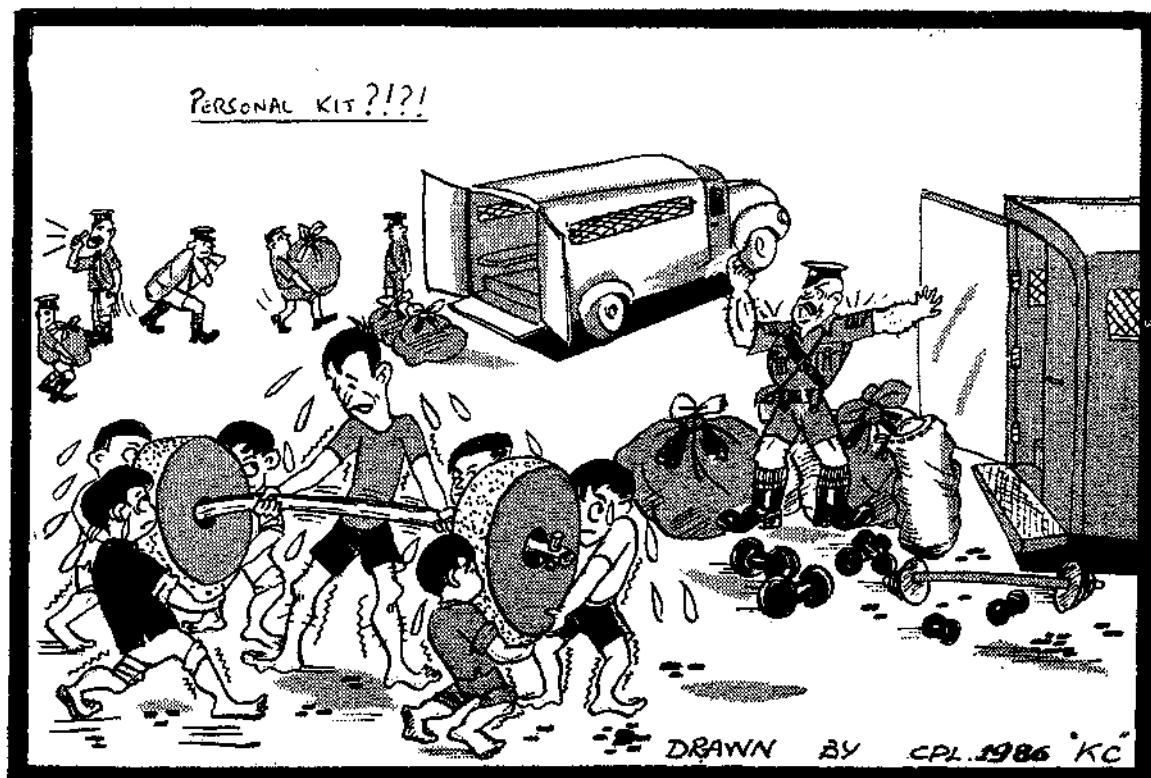
Being a policeman, one's fundamental duty is to cultivate a feeling of morality among citizens. During the course of his daily duty, the policeman must show his concern and must guide citizens, encouraging them to express their feeling of morality in their daily lives and their speech, as well as in their movements, so that they will, from deep within their own consciences, feel that doing something the wrong way is a shameful thing. It will cause them to believe that wealth can never bring forth real happiness and satisfaction during their lifetimes. Only the noble character will be respected and revered by others and to obtain this respect should be the highest aim of a person's life.

With regard to cultivating such feelings, I wish to give an example. Supposing that in handling an affray, if it is considered that the nature of the case is not very serious, then the persons involved may not necessarily be arrested and charged. Their broken relations may be 'stitched'; the seriousness of the matter should be explained; they should be warned that they should respect each other and that helping each other is a matter with which everyone should be concerned. They should be told that it is a shameful thing to go to court after a dispute caused by quarrelling and that they will be scorned and sneered at by others. They must be made to understand that their personal fame may be lost and that this is a shameful matter. In this way a big thing may become a small one and a small matter may become nothing.

As their two persons will indirectly affect other persons and if this goes on, everyone will come to learn and soon this will become a general practice. This is only one example which may mean many things. All these examples depend upon our policemen who should teach people with patience. It can never be done in a hurry. The results of this work will not be immediately apparent but if we can continuously advocate, and engineer things by making ourselves an example, by acting as pioneers, by leading citizens to follow the difficult path of morality, from the more easy path of dishonesty, then we will have unceasing progress and change, until we reach a stage when the present conditions of social consciousness will quite naturally change. If this occurs, the work of the police will have been successful and the bright future of our society will start at

this point.

We are fully aware that our society is a society of all. Therefore everyone existing within this society has his privileges, responsibilities and obligations to develop it and to reform it and if everyone has the same determination and the same ideas, then when they are working in co-operation with the police, the law offenders will be unable to do anything wrong. They will quite naturally try to be good instead of bad. If this can be done thoroughly, citizens will begin to understand the police and the police will begin to understand the citizens. In so doing, the peace of our whole society will easily be maintained. It is to be hoped that all will strive for this aim and if we do so, we can expect that there will one day be such a day as we anticipate.



Does Anyone Remember?

Johnny and I had been friends for two years. We had joined the Police Mobile Force in Palestine about the same time—early 1945—and had stuck together through all the trouble.

We were both wireless operators and up to the early part of 1947 had been attached to No. 2 Company, stationed at Mount Scopus, Jerusalem.

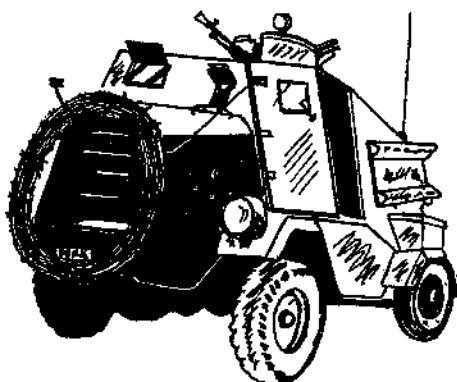
Wireless telegraphy (W/T) was our main interest and after a time, driving round and round Jerusalem in armoured cars, at all hours of the day and night, we became bored, not with the branch, as everyone was proud to be a member of this company, but with the particular job we were doing. On city patrol everyone used radio telephony (R/T). We felt that this was more a job for telephone operators, not young, keen, men trained in the use of W/T. Our talents were being wasted so we decided to apply for an advanced signals course.

I have taken training courses in many queer places in my time but this one was the queerest of all. The building was an old monastery just inside St. Stephen's Gate, on the east side of the old city of Jerusalem. It was in fact the place known as the 'First Stage of the Cross'. Here it was that Pontious Pilot tried Christ and washed his hands of the whole affair.

The building was in the form of a rectangle with an open, cobbled, centre court. In one corner, by the side of a fish pond, is a raised dias, with a marble throne and columns.

The room I occupied for three months was a monk's cell and by the time I left there, I can assure you I felt like a monk, as unfortunately the terrorists at that time were very active and almost nightly the security signal was 'red'. This caused all personnel not on duty to be confined to the school. It was just as well, I suppose, for I was more able to study and passed the course with a good percentage.

It was an interesting experience, I suppose, for I could look through my window and see the 'Mosque of Omar', sitting with its giant dome in a great square, and in our



courtyard every Friday, came dozens of monks and nuns, who knelt down in the yard facing the throne and prayed. In fact there was a standing order to the effect that all wireless sets must be turned off and there must be no undue noise during the ceremony. The monks and nuns would flit in on bare feet, some in brown and others in black habits, cowls completely covering the face and an hour later, without a murmur, they would be gone. I could never really understand why the authorities allowed them in. A dozen terrorists could have entered under disguise and blown the place to Kingdom-come.

After leaving the school we were posted to Jaffa District Headquarters. We now found ourselves regular members of what we called the 'Static' force and were duly issued with winter 'blues'. The PMF. was run on army lines, with all the necessary, but nevertheless uncomfortable, tight discipline associated with the army. Things were now easier; we were treated more as individuals and occupied a room each. The work was just as we expected and we were much happier working W/T. to all Police Districts. Thus we were able to get a better picture of the overall situation in the territory. The picture was not a very happy one. It was the practice for Jerusalem to transmit a 'SITREP' (Situation Report) at 09.00 hrs. every day and gradually the incidents which were occurring daily throughout the Protectorate increased from two or three to thirty

or forty, as the 'Irgun Zvai Lumi' and 'Stern' gangs stepped up their activities.

Later that year we were both posted to Ramle division. This is an Arab area on the Jaffa-Jerusalem Road, about ten miles from Jaffa.

By this time the situation was deteriorating rapidly. In this Arab District the menfolk walked around the streets quite openly with crossed bandoliers, rifles, tommy guns, etc. In general armed to the teeth.

I remember an amusing incident one day when having a discussion with one of these bearded gentlemen. He was expounding his theories on what was going to happen and gave it that in his opinion the Arabs would drive the Jews into the sea. He was wearing a crossed bandolier of .303 ammunition and was carrying a .45 T.S.M.G. I should imagine he was in for a surprise when his magazine ran dry.

We were allowed to visit the town but were instructed to go unarmed. There had been one or two cases reported of British Police being disarmed and relieved of their ammunition.

During this period we learned that arms were being sold openly in the 'Suk' (market), so one day I went for a walk with some friends from the station, and in a street by the side of the cemetery I saw a sight that will stay in my mind for ever.

Stalls were arranged down each side of the street, not unlike any market in Hong Kong, but the goods on display were not the kind one would expect to see in a market.

The place was nothing more than an arsenal. A number of stalls were selling ammunition of various calibres. Each round had been polished to a high degree and the whole stall gleamed like the inside of a treasure chest.

Other stalls were selling Bren guns, including spare barrels, spare parts and cleaning outfits. Mills 36 hand grenades were there in profusion. As a side line they were selling demolition sets with explosives and exploder units.

Not only were these articles being sold in the open, but it appeared that private tuition was also provided, free of charge, with every weapon sold. And this I thought was the most interesting part of all, for giving instruction on the various weapons were two German army officers in full field grey uni-

form and jack boots. I remember that one of them was even wearing the Iron Cross ribbon.

This was the first time I had ever seen German army officers. I did learn later that these people were soldiers of fortune, brought to Palestine to instruct and provide a backbone for the Arab (south) army and were stationed in the nearby agricultural school. How did military officers of a not so long ago enemy manage to obtain entry to a British Mandated Territory? Anyhow, there they were as large as life and incidentally, speaking Arabic with some fluency.

I did wonder how they had managed to acquire such an accumulation of arms but I found later that they were travelling to Egypt daily with false bottomed, large, American cars and ferrying the stuff from the large dumps still lying in Egypt following cessation of hostilities.

Christmas was fast approaching and both Johnny and myself wanted to return to Jerusalem to spend the holiday with our old friends. However, only one could go, one having to remain in Ramle to man the radio station.

I called "heads" and won the trip, so early on Christmas Eve morning, I walked to the main Jerusalem Road, where I met the daily despatch vehicle. This was a GMC. armoured troop carrier, which ran from Jaffa District HQ. to El Quds (Jerusalem) once per day. This run involved passing through Arab and Jewish held territory and there had been so much shooting that we were now compelled to use armoured vehicles.

The run was uneventful, though the crew told me that both sides took delight in using their vehicle for target practice on most days.

We pulled into the J.O.P. (Jerusalem Operational Patrol) billet at Mustashpha about lunch time, where I contacted my old friends. Needless to say, Christmas Eve went off with a bang and I remember, not so dearly, travelling to Bethlehem, where we all went down into the cave beneath the Church of Nativity and saw the manger, after which we stayed to hear the midnight Mass, which is held by the Russian Orthodox Church and is most interesting.

Christmas day was uneventful apart from the normal celebrations. However, on Boxing Day morning I was left to my own devices.

All my friends were out on patrol duty and it was whilst sat at breakfast that I overheard one of the armoured car crew members complaining that one of his friends was in town and that he would no doubt miss him, as he himself was out all day on an escort duty.

I immediately saw the chance of brightening up what had promised to be a boring day, so I offered to stand in for him. He gladly accepted the offer and introduced me to his driver and commander.

Departure was almost immediate. I collected the wireless operator's normal armourment, which consisted of one Bren gun and two boxes of magazines, one T.S.M.G. and seven magazines and a .38 Enfield pistol and twenty five rounds of ammunition.

Having 'netted' my radio on the other four armoured cars in the detail, I then 'netted' on J.O.P. Control, which was situated on the top floor of the Italian Bank Billet, just outside the main gates of Police Headquarters.

Code signs were checked and control gave us our alternative frequency on which to 'scramble' in case the net became overloaded or some 'pirate' came on the air. It would not be the first time that the terrorists had tried to create confusion, by either working as control or taking the part of some armoured car in difficulties, in order to cause a diversion of effort.

My vehicle was to be the 'field' control and I would be working to J.O.P. My commander briefed everyone on the trip which was to escort a Jewish convoy of lorries to the Dead Sea to collect potash. Each A/C. would be placed at intervals along the convoy and should we be attacked, the lead A/C. would pull to the side and keep the attackers engaged until the next A/C. arrived, when it would take the position of the 1st A/C., and so on. The first A/C. would then race ahead and regain his original position in the convoy.

The King's highway in those days was far from safe and it had become the practice that when the Jews or Arabs were running a convoy they would call upon the Police to provide an escort. This was rather unfortunate, as we were the ones who got it in the neck every time.

We arrived in the Measheerim Quarter at about 09.30 hrs. and to my astonishment the Jewish convoy was all lined up and ready

to go. About fifty lorries in all and every one armoured. Or rather the Jews called it armour. Every vehicle had thick metal (non armoured) plates surrounding the driver's cabs, with slits cut in them for the driver and his personal escort. I think the metal plates gave more psychological protection than anything else.

As I had once been surprised to see the populace of Ramle openly carrying arms again I was shocked to see that every Jew in this convoy was in possession of some kind of weapon. Most had a Luger, P38 or Colt automatic strapped to his waist. Some of the escorts had T.S.M.G.'s and Sten guns.

No comment was made by the police and everyone appeared to be on friendly terms. We placed ourselves in position. My vehicle was centre of the column. One of the driver's escorts who had remained standing on the opposite side of the road then took out a whistle and blew, whereupon every vehicle started to move at the same time. He then ran across the road and leaped into one of the vehicles nearest to my A/C. I realised that he was their convoy leader.

The thirty to forty miles journey down the Jericho Road, moving easterly from Jerusalem, was without incident. It was a beautiful day with a clear blue sky and a blazing sun.

The vehicles became very hot at any time, but under the circumstances we were battered down and the only relief was in the form of air intake through the wireless operator's and driver's vizors. Should any trouble be forthcoming it would be necessary to drop the visor covers, which would then place us in a very uncomfortable position, not only from the heat but from the restricted view, as the visor cover had a mere 1/2" slit with a 1 1/2" piece of thick shatter-proof glass covering it.

We arrived in good order at the Potash Company's premises on the north-western shore of the Dead Sea, at about noon, where a good lunch was provided. Whilst the lorries were being loaded, we enjoyed ourselves trying to swim in the sea.

The Jordan River empties into the sea near Jericho on the northern shore and being approximately 1,100 ft. below sea level, it is very hot and the water, perpetually evaporating, causes the remaining liquid to have an extremely high chemical content. There is

no exit for the waters from this sea, so little imagination is required to see how much liquid in fact evaporates. From this high density liquid the company extract the potash, which has many useful bi-products used throughout the world.

I said "try to swim" because owing to the density of chemical salt, everything floats and when a swimmer tries the normal actions of swimming, he finds great difficulty in submerging his limbs. This produces most amusing antics. However it does not pay to stay long in this water as the skin becomes infected and nasty sores appear, which take some considerable time to clear up.

About 14.30 hrs. we resumed our stations and commenced the long climb back to Jerusalem. The road winds through the hills with sharp hairpin bends and precipitous drops. The engines grind away in what seems like agony and the cabs become hotter and hotter. In fact if one allows the knee or hand to touch the metal sides, one receives a burn as severe as though you had come in contact with a hot stove. We drone on, the driver having to keep his attention on the lorry in front, and the commander, sat in his turret seat, ready to drop the cover at the least sign of trouble. Myself passing odd remarks to the A/C.'s regarding any delays or extensions to the column. Everything appears to be going well and I make a normal routine report occasionally to J.O.P. Control regarding our progress and E.T.A.

We are able to keep wireless contact the whole way for even though we are travelling through hills, Jerusalem is so high up that there is no interference with the wireless wave. I am able to use R/T. all the time, which is a good thing on a job of this nature, because a message can be spoken quicker, of course, than it can be transmitted by W/T.

I am almost asleep. How the driver keeps awake I do not know; perhaps because he is actively engaged. We are all wearing head-phones and the persistent crackle of static acts like a sedative. Occasionally I hear control calling, "Victor Item George seven, Roger, I will call you again in figures three zero minutes, Victor Item George seven out". I realise that this is not the Jerusalem patrol, so presume that another escort duty is working on the same net. From time to time I switch to 'intercom', which allows the three of us to talk to each other. It is ter-

ribly noisy inside the cab.

About two hours later, we reach the top and just east of Bethany, the convoy comes to a halt. Everyone gladly jumps down to stretch his legs and to get a breath of fresh air. So far so good; everyone is obviously relieved that things have gone so well.

Bethany is about five miles outside Jerusalem. It is Arab and the actual village is situated on the hillside to our right.

Whilst we are talking, the silence is suddenly broken by, "Victor Item George Seven, I am being attacked by small arms fire near kilo ten. Unable to identify attackers. Am still mobile, Victor Item George seven over". As the operator is speaking I hear distinctly the sound of automatic fire coming over the air. No doubt the guns of the A/C. Control replies, "VIG 7 Roger. Assistance is near if you require it. Keep moving and inform me of developments. VIG 7 over". "VIG Wilco VIG 7 out".

We discuss this new development for a few minutes and then the man with the whistle is there, ordering all drivers to move off.

We have hardly moved a wheel when suddenly there is the sound of small arms fire and I see that we are being attacked from the village on the hillside. Why they did not open up whilst we were all standing around in groups, I do not know, unless they thought that being on foot, we might turn and fight our way into their village. Looking back I feel that they only wanted to harass the convoy and possibly kill one or two, knowing full well that once mobile we would keep going.

We pushed ahead and the plan given at the briefing to car commanders works well. The people in the village were confronted the whole time with an A/C. using two Bren guns, which undoubtedly kept their heads down.

However, we were not out of the wood yet. I had passed my attack message to control but told them that we were able to handle the situation. Two miles further on, as we entered the road which dips down the outside of the Old City wall on its eastern side, towards the Garden of Gethsemane, we were again attacked, this time in great strength. It was a strange experience indeed. The old city is built like an old English castle with high battlements and in typical Beau Geste fashion, I could see dozens of Arabs in their

flowing robes, standing on the ramparts, in full view of everyone, openly shooting at us.

As we reached the brow of the dip, we came to a standstill, taking over from the second A/C. in the column. We were facing the wall and the commander and myself opened up with our Brens. The noise was terrific in the close confines of the car. I have no idea whether we hit anyone or not, but the Arabs were certainly making the tamac fly from the road around the car.

After a few magazines we were relieved by No. 4. We then scuttled down the off-side of the convoy to regain our position. This is a narrow road, running between the ramparts and the cemetery. I hate to imagine what would have happened had we met any oncoming traffic.

This was the only action in which I ever received any hurt. During those few hectic moments, whilst we were giving covering fire, the empty shell cases were flying round the inside of the cab like bees in a hive and unfortunately one found the neck of my shirt. I was in agony but could do nothing in such a restricted space. I held the scar in the small of my back for many months.

As we turned along the north wall to-

wards Damascus Gate, we passed a Trans-jordan Frontier Force camp and I thought for a minute that we were in for more trouble. All the camp appeared to have turned out and were all holding weapons and glaring at us in a most belligerent manner. But nothing occurred.

On arrival back at the dispersal point, we discovered that not a single vehicle was missing. Only one man was wounded. He was a driver and a bullet had pierced the so called armour plating in front of the cab, gone straight through and entered his chest. I saw the cab which was spattered with bright red blood. However, the plucky fellow had stuck to his wheel and brought the vehicle home. The bullet had pierced his lung but apparently he would recover.

I caught the evening despatch to Jaffa that night and spent a pleasant evening in the mess relating my Christmas holiday experience to my colleagues.

Victor Item George, I found, was a Jerusalem bound convoy from Jaffa, ambushed by Jews as it was approaching the outer limits of Jerusalem. They kept moving though and arrived safely.

QUOTE

"The increase in crime is due to a failure to apply the birch where it would do most good."

*Lord Parker,
Lord Chief Justice.*

Visit of H.E. the Officer Administering the Government to the Auxiliaries
Camps at the Police Training School on the 14th September, 1959.



A STORY IN PICTURES

"WANDERING CHILD FOUND"

A story heard many times but each with its own differences and heart-touching reality.



"Boy, Am I glad you came along!"

"I wonder where this is, it looks like a police station so it must be alright!"



"What's Going on, I am lost, that's all!"

(Below left) "Well, now, this isn't too bad, not bad at all. I like this!"

(Below right) "Who wants to go to the Social Welfare? I want to go back to the police station!"



Chess Intricacies

by

J. G. R.

Chess is a game of considerable skill, requiring sustained effort mentally in order to achieve ultimate success and consequently comparative patience: sustained effort physically is also required in tournament and championship play, since towards the end of a game or towards the end of a tournament, one cannot afford to relax and this complete concentration taxes all of one's resources.

The Russians in particular have not failed to appreciate these two factors, one mental, one physical, and approach tournament play in much the same manner as a fencer required to enter a championship; in their usual methodical manner they condition themselves in these various departments and study in great detail their opponent's style of play and any new ideas recently advanced for improving the game in general. Each of the great masters enters the arena supported by a team of advisers, who supply him with the latest information concerning an opponent's capabilities and suggest appropriate methods of play.

The Russians place great emphasis on the game as a method of training the mind, chess being a subject which is included in the syllabus of most of their schools. The Russian school of chess has probably made the greatest impression on the history of the game, the State having given its support financially to the playing of chess since the end of the 1917 Revolution.

Previously professional players had depended on the largesse of some rich patron or a group of moneyed supporters. This interest produced amazing results, providing a diversity of styles hitherto never seen by the rest of the world and creating a series of new world masters, who varied widely from players with a cool scientific strategical approach to players with a wild attacking



form. Chess under their influence became dynamic.

Fundamentally a game of chess has its strategical and tactical considerations and at the turn of the century, prior to the new influence being felt, the theory of the game had been developed to the point where successful championship play depended upon a player's strict adherence to theory and superior technique in applying it.

The four basic elements of the game are the elements of material, time, space and position. The first element is self explanatory, since obviously the player with the greater power stands the greater chance of winning; the second element equally provides a winning advantage, since the player who holds this advantage can strike first with the heavier force. Both these elements are quickly understood by beginners.

More difficult to appreciate is the element of space, although anyone who has played a game of chess and found himself in a cramped position, will remember how awkward it is to extricate oneself from such a situation: to create this situation would thus provide a winning factor. The element of position, excluding classical or recognised openings and their customary development, takes into consideration the fundamental

structure of the pawns in attack and defence and the effect of this structure on the development of various pieces or squares. An appreciation of these four elements provides a logical approach to the game in classical style and where no appreciable advantage has been gained in any of the four elements, it remains a question of tactical manoeuvring in order to engineer or reveal some advantageous weakness.

In consequence of adherence to dogma, chess became formalized, even stereotyped each stage of the game—the opening, the middle game and the end game—following an easily identifiable course, with players generally applying accurate technique to the exclusion of a decision, attempting thus to keep the draw in hand. This dull state of affairs prompted tournament promoters at the turn of the century to institute tournaments in which gambits had to be used, in this manner enforcing the masters to accept hazards and make sacrifices which they might normally endeavour to avoid. This decision had its effect in producing some brilliant games and considerable innovations to existing openings.

A younger generation of masters; who with consummate skill combined the old classical theory with the new, became known as the "Hypermoderns", a name given to hazards and make sacrifices which they devised in particular novel opening systems, which were readily adopted by a still younger generation, who played them as a matter of course, openings which tended to produce more dynamic middle game positions.

The Indian school provided an entirely new approach to the strategy of openings, introducing the subtler influences of the Oriental school of chess. The Hypermoderns

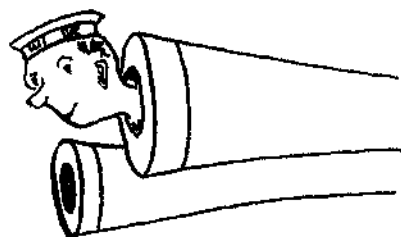
adopted in particular the fianchettoed Bishop, a favoured development of this slower and more indirect school.

Whilst this group was engrossed in their new ideas on the centre, in addition to the new field of opening theory, it required the influence of Alekhin to reorientate the game along modern lines, with the emphasis on dynamic chess once more. Alekhin is considered to be the founder of modern chess play, with his tendency to experiment along lines never before explored and obtain dynamic positions by avoiding lines analysed to exhaustion.

The Russians discovered with the dynamic approach to the game that they had to make radical alterations to existing views on weaknesses and strengths and with consideration of the potentialities and speeds of relative attacks, a high degree of acute positional judgment had to be developed. In the constant search for positions with dynamic possibilities, great interest focused upon opening variations. The new openings of the Hypermoderns were improved, with new tactical chances being created in many of the classical openings of former times and new twists added to these openings with the object of increasing latent dynamic energy.

The game of chess is not a game to be undertaken lightly, if anything approaching complete satisfaction is to be obtained, but once one has been bitten by this particular bug, it sustains a fascination which never dies. One has only to see engrossed players ignoring their orders placed beside them in one of the many chess cafes in London or Vienna to realize this fact. Business, wives, homes, engagements—all are forgotten in the thrall of the game, one of the oldest games known to man.

LIFE IN THE ROYAL NAVY



AS A BOY SEAMAN

by

ANON

The hustle and bustle of the big city to me was rather a frightening experience, as I had, up until the age of fifteen lived in the country. Fortunately I was only visiting for the day to have a medical and small educational test for entrance into the Royal Navy. There were three of us at the Recruiting Centre in St. James' Street, Birmingham; two destined for H.M.S. "Ganges" and the third, although a magnificent specimen of boyhood, destined to remain in civvy street. First lesson learned, never take things at face value.

At "Ganges", a huge foreboding place, we were welcomed by a smart Petty Officer who told us to turn back and go home now, or remain and be considered the lowest form of human life. For the first twelve weeks we were watched over like new born babes. They watched us bath, wash, clean our teeth, clean our boots, mark our kit, eat our meals, they even watched us while we slept. Up at 5.30 each morning (6.30 on Sunday) scrubbing, cleaning, polishing and beginning to get thoroughly fed up.

A change at last. We were moved to the main establishment, where we were to be re-educated and where at least we could move around without being perpetually watched. Whilst there we learned how to tie all sorts of knots, to do splices in rope, in wire, man huge guns, man whalers, cutters and dinghies, pull a boat, sail a boat, and most important of all learned that the only way to do anything was to do it to the best of one's ability, because no one was discouraged from trying. Mistakes were made day in and day out, but for those who genuinely did and gave of their best, encouragement was plentiful.

We eventually found that the time had come to go to sea, and we were told that as yet we still did not qualify as boy seamen until we had finished three months at sea, so away we went again to do still more training, and for those who think that life in the Royal Navy as a boy seaman is easy, they must try it for a month and then give their verdict. The "Vanguard", then a training ship (1951) welcomed us with a hot meal, cramped messdeck and duty watch on the first day. It was chaos, hammocks were slung at an angle, wrong hitches were used, and the duty P.O. laughed, and said, "Cheerio, the only way to learn is the hard way" and left. We learned! It was discovered that if awnings were to be spread or furled, boy seamen did it; decks to be scrubbed, boy seamen did it; parts to be painted, boy seamen; yes, for those three months we were chased round from truck to keel and stem to stern.

September 1951 saw us in H.M.S. "Drake" awaiting drafts to our first ships as members of the ship's company. Half of the mess was destined for H.M.S. "Illustrious" and half for H.M.S. "Lock Fyne", a frigate of some 2,000 tons. I was in the former and eventually joined H.M.S. "Illustrious" on September 28th, 1951 as a Boy Seaman, 1st Class. The mess deck we were to use was situated forward under the cable deck, and was 35 ft. in length, 19 ft. in width and 7 ft. in height, a total of 4,655 cubic feet, in which were fitted eight stools, four tables fifty-six kit lockers, hammock stowing positions, mess traps, a mess oven, case racks and last but not least, fifty-six boy seamen. We found that we had to sleep, eat, write our mail and survive in this vast space! Survive we did, and learned that survival meant co-operation

between each and every member of the mess; personal cleanliness was an essential! General cleanliness was high, as the mess was scrubbed out twice a day and inspected by the Gunnery Officer once a day. So much for messdeck life.

The general work consisted partly of ship evaluations, and although the boy seamen were used as messengers, side lamps and senior officers' flunkies, in the main it taught

us the geography of a ship, which in an air craft carrier, such as the "Illustrious" was and is quite complex. For those who were keen and paid attention as boy seamen and learned, where and when possible, it stood in good stead later. Five of us subsequently ended up as Boy Seaman Instructors. It was principally due to the fact that we were taught to jump and obey as Boy Seaman 2nd Class that this appointment was possible.

End and Beginning

by Probationary Sub-Inspector D. J. Edwards

*(The author is a former member of the Manchester City Police,
who has recently arrived in the Colony.)*

Police uniforms under each arm, appointments in a carrier bag; helmets strung over one's shoulders, and last but not least, a dog strap tied to one's braces and trailing to the floor, a human body bent, spent and doubled, staggers towards the charge office.

Checked, double checked, ticks, crosses, signatures and finally at the end of human endurance, all equipment and clothing eventually discarded and piled in a corner which, in due time, possibly may be adorning some pygmy on receipt of an order submitted to the Watch Committee.

Best wishes, goodbyes, the dreamed 9 o'clock walk to the "Super", a little advice, a handshake and a human being for a little while.

A few days at the sea side, a reluctant return, amassing of clothing, haste and dash, hot and bothered, au revours at the station, a boring journey, a little nervousness and eventually herded into the aircraft.

A comfortable seat, plenty to eat, much attention, a pretty smile, boarding and disembarking, cold and heat, sun and moon, prosperity and poverty and the final touch down—a point of no return except under auspices of persons adorned with crowns and laurel wreaths.

A final welcome, an abundance of clothing, a friendly reception, a sleepless night, food, excellent companionship, tolerant superiors, much running about and a little peace at last (?)

Mr. Sutterthwick's Court

By A. E. Jones, Magistrates' Clerk

A HOMOSEXUAL CASE

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Preliminaries

The young detective constable stepped into the witness-box and said, with all the confidence of a little experience, "The police are respectfully asking for a remand in this case, your worship. The accused desires other offences to be taken into consideration, and we haven't had time to complete—"

"Do let's have things in their proper order, officer," interrupted Mr. Sutterthwick crossly. "You tell me before the case has started that the defendant has committed other offences. You can't expect me to try him after that."

"I beg your pardon, your worship. I thought there was no harm in mentioning it, as I understand the accused is pleading guilty," was the somewhat abashed explanation.

"You have no right to assume that. And certainly no right at all to say it. He is the only person who can give information on that point to the court," said the magistrate, even more crossly.

The young officer could find nothing but "I'm sorry, your worship" to say to that. Then remembrance of a pet phrase of one of his seniors gave him an inspiration. "Perhaps it might assist the court to take a consent and plea?" he ventured.

"It might have assisted the court if you'd said that to begin with," was the unmollified reply.

Frell, the clerk, got up and said in an anxious undertone, "If it's a plea of guilty, the witnesses will be saved another attendance, sir. It won't be necessary to offer a remand for another court to try the case unless the defendant is pleading not guilty."

"I realise that," Mr. Sutterthwick murmured back. "I just want to make quite

sure that the lesson has been indelibly learned." Aloud he said, "The clerk points out that these would be no harm in finding out whether the accused is disputing the charge, and we may be able to assist witnesses by so doing."

"Thank you, your worship," said the detective constable, partly relieved, but fearful now that what had started badly would continue so, and the defendant would, after all, hotly contest the case or even ask to go for trial. However, Patrick Dallinan had no intention of going back on what he had said outside the courtroom. He had heard, with patient incomprehension, the exchanges between the magistrate and the police officer. He listened now in much the same way to the statutory formula addressed to him by the clerk. He knew what he must say at the end, and his "Tried here, sir" and "Guilty" were unhesitating, when Frell had finished explaining the choices of jurisdiction on the charge of stealing in a dwelling-house a suitcase containing clothing, a gold watch, a gold cigarette case and a pair of gold cuff links, total value £ 275, the property of one, Jocelyn Brighton.

Substance of the Case

The detective constable was able to give the facts of the case with something approaching his original confidence. He related how the defendant, when out of work and homeless, had been befriended by Mr. Brighton and given shelter in his flat; but, after one night there, Dallinan had, during his benefactor's temporary absence next morning decamped with all the valuable property he could put into Mr. Brighton's best suitcase. The case itself and a small part of the clothing had been recovered; in fact, the defendant was wearing some of the stolen gar-

ments. The rest of the property, stated the officer, was said by Dallinan to have been sold to men met casually in cafes and not known by name or otherwise. The way in which the officer proffered this explanation indicated that he was not so inexperienced as to believe it, but was experienced enough to know that the prisoner would not betray the smelter of illicit precious metals who had bought the missing gold articles.

"How did he come to be arrested? How was he traced?" inquired Mr. Sutterthwick.

"On information received, your worship," was the diplomatic reply, after a moment's hesitation; and the magistrate did not refuse the matter. His next question, after Dallinan had agreed that what the detective had said was all true, was, "What can you tell him about this young man—apart from this unpleasant story? It sounds a shocking case of rank ingratitude."

"Yes, your worship," said the officer rather dubiously, and went on more happily. "The prisoner, your worship, is a single man, aged eighteen years, and was born in Cork. After leaving school at the age of fourteen he worked first as an errand boy and then as a building contractor's labourer. When that contract was completed he had difficulty in getting other work, and finally came to England some eight months ago. He obtained employment almost immediately on the new by-pass road here, but gave up that job seven weeks ago, and has done no work since. He has not signed on at the Employment Exchange and is not drawing any benefit from national funds."

"How has he been living then?" asked the magistrate.

"He says friends have helped him, and he had some savings," replied the detective, and added, "He has made a written statement under caution which your worship might like to see."

The Prisoner's Statement

"Read it out," said Mr. Sutterthwick. The officer showed obvious signs of dilemma at this direction; clearly he feared further judicial censure whether he complied or did not comply with it. After some seconds of inner deliberation he said, "I think, with respect, that your worship should look through it first, before deciding that it should be read out in public." Mr. Sutterthwick raised his

eyebrows at this but indicated acquiescence. Sergeant Quing, the warrant officer, handled the document to him, and a copy of it to the clerk.

The magistrate studied the prisoner's statement carefully for some minutes and then said, "You were quite right, officer. This is not the sort of statement which it would be desirable to read out in court—at least, not at this stage. It will be sufficient if I say in general terms, that the defendant alleges that homosexual relations took place between himself and the prosecutor; I need not go into the details . . . I take it that Mr. Brighton has been informed of this?"

"Yes, your worship; and he strenuously denies it . . . Of course your worship will appreciate that there is no corroboration of this young man's story—and no likelihood that any corroboration could ever be forthcoming, so far as the police can see. Mr. Brighton lives alone in his flat."

Mr. Sutterthwick considered for a moment before saying "Yes, I can see that no prosecution could reasonably be undertaken merely on the strength of this statement. It could so easily be an attempt by the defendant to exculpate himself—or revenge himself for having been prosecuted."

Once again Frell rose from his seat and spoke confidentially to the magistrate. "You will see, sir, that towards the end of his statement he actually says, 'I really only took the gear because of what he did to me. I thought I was entitled to some compensation.' If he genuinely thought he had a right to do this, it would be a good defence to the charge of larceny—even although it wasn't legal right," said the clerk.

"I don't think he means it to be taken that way, but I agree we must have the point quite clear," replied Mr. Sutterthwick. To Dallinan he said, "I want to be sure about this. When you took this property belonging to Mr. Brighton did you believe you had a right to take it?" The prisoner pondered this for some seconds and finally said, "Well . . . no . . . not exactly a right, really your honour . . . but I thought I was only paying him back for what he done."

"Yes; that's what I'd understood," said the magistrate. Frell had to content himself with the reflection that it is always the precaution a clerk omits which brings disaster.

Mr. Sutterthwick turned to the detective constable again and said, "You indicated earlier on that there were other matters the police wished to inquire into. Are there likely to be further charges of a similar nature against this defendant?"

"No, your worship—not so far as I know. The prisoner has given us information about the taking away of a motor vehicle and the use of it without a third-party insurance policy. That is why we are asking for a remand."

"I see," said the magistrate, "Quite a different type of offence; and much less grave—though serious enough. In all the circumstances I think I can properly ask the probation officer to see him now, without waiting for the remand hearing."

Probation Officer's Report

Thorburton got up and said, "I have already seen him, sir. He made a point of asking to see me as soon as he arrived here."

"What do you make of him?" asked Mr. Sutterthwick.

"I'm not very favourably impressed at the moment," replied the probation officer. "I think he only called for me because he thought I could get him out of trouble cheaply. He's clearly gone very much to the bad recently, and got into some very doubtful company, to put it mildly. He frequents clubs and cafes which are well-known resorts of perverts in the district; and he has admitted quite frankly to me that he has been getting money by homosexuality since he left his job. I'm not saying anything about the prosecutor in this case, of course, but you will note, sir, that Dallinan, in his statement to the police—which the officer was good enough to show to me—says he realised straightaway that he had been picked up by a 'queer,' as he puts it; but he made no objection to going to this flat. That shows his attitude to this sort of thing."

It seems to be becoming too common an attitude," said Mr. Sutterthwick. "I get the impression, sitting here, that we've got the same problem on our hands with some of these young lads as we have with some young girls—the problem of how to wean them from the idea that prostitution is a good way of getting easy money."

"I agree, sir," said Thorburton. "I think that in this case a period of training and dis-

cipline would be necessary before young Dallinan could safely face the temptations he may meet in a big town. There is an approved home I know of which is very good with boys of this type—provided they haven't gone too far on the wrong road; but I don't know at the moment if the warden has any vacancies. If a probation order with a condition of residence was in your mind, sir, I could find out during a remand whether this home would accept this youth."

Remand

"I haven't made up my mind at all about him," said the magistrate. "But there will have to be a remand for the police inquiries. That will give you an opportunity to make your inquiries too. Do you think a medical report might be helpful?"

"The warden of any hostel or home would want to be assured that he had a clean bill of health, before accepting him, sir. That would particularly apply in a case like this."

"Yes, I think it may well be in the defendant's own interests to be medically examined," said Mr. Sutterthwick. He turned to Patrick Dallinan and announced, "I propose to remand you in custody for a week, and to ask the prison doctor to report on you. Is there anything you want to say to me today? Or will you say what you have to say, next week?"

"Nothing to say," mumbled the defendant with a rather resentful glance at the probation officer. The assistant gaoler led him away, and the magistrate said, "I'd like to see the prosecutor, Mr. Braughton, for a moment."

The Prosecutor

A well-tailored, middle-aged man with a prim look came into the witness-box and faced the bench with a desperate attempt to appear composed and at ease.

"You know what this young man has alleged against you," began Mr. Sutterthwick.

"Yes, sir. I need hardly say it's a monstrous lie," interrupted the prosecutor in a prim voice made shrill by excitement. "Really I can't understand how anyone could say such a thing . . . I thought I was doing him a good turn. I never dreamt that this would happen and he would turn out such a young rascal."

"You're not here to defend yourself against any charge," broke in Mr. Sutterthwick. "No prosecution has been brought in respect of these allegations and I have no authority to investigate them. I wanted to see you merely to give you a word of advice. It's a dangerous thing to pick up a complete stranger and take him home with you to spend the night—especially if you live alone—"

"I realise that now, sir," put in Brighton. "I was a perfect fool, but meant no harm. He told such a pathetic down-and-out hard-luck story that against my better judgment . . ."

"It's dangerous not only because he may rob you—as this young man did," pursued Mr. Sutterthwick steadily. "It's dangerous in other ways too—as I hope you see now."

"I do indeed, sir," was the fervent reply. Seeing that the magistrate had apparently finished with him, the prosecutor was emboldened to add: "This has been a great loss to me. It's not so much the intrinsic value of the articles, but some of them have great sentimental value. The gold watch belonged to my father, and the gold cigarette case was a twenty-first birthday present from my mother . . . I don't want to be hard on this misguided youth and if he would only reveal where he disposed of those articles—"

"I think you can consider yourself lucky that you've come no worse out of this adventure, Mr. Brighton," cut in the magistrate. "That is all. Stand down please." When the witness-box was empty he leaned towards Frell and whispered, "I don't think I dared say any more in the circumstances."



GAZE OFFIC ME



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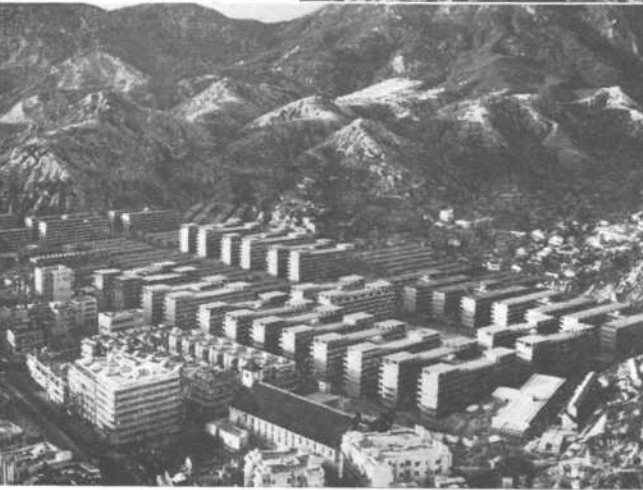
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Air Views of Hong Kong



GENUS MO NUI

by Bird Lover

Mo Nui is probably the most colourful of the local birds and one of the easiest to observe. Although not strictly speaking a bird, it is classified as such because of its ability to flutter and its talon-like claws which are usually sharpened to a fine point.

Although described in my last article as a parasite, it is initially a bird of prey, and like Genus Amah is exclusively female. It exists almost entirely on a diet of cabbage and is particularly fond of the blue variety which is rarely seen these days.

Mo Nui is seldom seen during the hours of daylight but makes its appearance in the evening, when it usually congregates in establishments known as Mo Tengs. Mo Tengs are patronised by the males of species Homo Sapiens who derive great pleasure from watching the flutterings of the Mo Nuis and tempt them with cabbage. Mo Tengs are usually dimly illuminated with blue lights, but nevertheless Homo Sapiens usually find it necessary to wear dark glasses therein. This enables them to scrutinise the Mo Nuis without the latter being aware of it. The activities of the Mo Nui whilst in the Mo Teng are taxed by the Government in the form of a levy charged to the Homo Sapiens patrons.

The Mo Nuis appetite for cabbage is insatiable and they are always to be found in the close vicinity of owners of this stuff. They are particularly fond of the brand of cabbage imported into the Colony by the nomadic genus Yankee Sailor, but when this is not available they will be content with the local brown, green or red cabbage, preferring the latter.

Mo Tengs are patronised chiefly by the following species:—Yankee Sailor, White-Winged Traffic Stoppers, Ping Gwai and the Blue Bottomed Beat Basher. Of these, only Yankee Sailor is popular with the Mo Nuis

because of the excellence of the cabbage supplied by them. The others are not highly thought of but are tolerated, the cabbage supplied by them usually being of the inferior brown and green variety which is produced locally.

A number of Mo Nui gathered together is known as a Cuddle and there is no finer sight on a winter afternoon than a cuddle of Mo Nui perched on the terraces of the Jockey Club, basking in the sunshine and preparing to pounce with unerring accuracy on any male of Homo Sapiens who is observed to be carrying large supplies of cabbage. Having selected its prey, Mo Nui swoops, and from then onwards, providing the supply of cabbage is constant, becomes a parasite, consuming its host's cabbage until the supply is exhausted. It then abandons the host and reverts to a bird of prey, unless it has stored up a large enough supply of cabbage to enable it to exist once more as a member of Homo Sapiens.

In 1949 and subsequent years a large migration of Mo Nui from North China occurred which caused great hardship to the local Mo Nui. The North China birds were immediately declared by connoisseurs to be a much better specimen than the local variety, there being far more meat on the drumsticks and breast. During the few years that these North China birds remained in the Colony they consumed nearly all the available cabbage and the local variety suffered in consequence. They have now nearly all left, but the local Mo Nui succeeded in learning the art of increasing their meat where they formerly lacked it and there is no comparison between a local Mo Nui of today and one of ten years ago.

Altogether, Mo Nui is a very easy and interesting bird to watch. Its nest, which is

(Continued to page 26)

(Continued from page 25)

usually well-lined, is easy to locate but difficult to approach unless Mo Nui is tempted with some cabbage. In fact, any other bait is useless, although it has been said that in the past the species White Winged Traffic Stopper did enjoy some success with other bait, but there is no confirmation of this. Watchers of Mo Nui will encounter several interesting and amusing incidents during their observations, and one scene which is really too good to miss is when Genus Gwai

Por invades the Mo Teng in search of an errant Homo Spaiens.

Due to censorship restrictions I have been unable to go into full details of the habits and peculiarities of Genus Mo Nui, but a few nights spent in watching this bird will be sure to bring them to light.

In my next article (if this one gets through) I will, by way of a change, introduce you to an almost exclusively male species, the Administrative Ostrich Bird.

PASSING-OUT PARADE AT THE POLICE TRAINING SCHOOL

On the 26th September, 1959, Mr. C. Wilcox, Assistant Commissioner, Police Headquarters, took the salute at a Passing-out Parade of thirteen Probationary Sub-Inspectors, who had concluded their period of training at the school.

In his address to the students Mr. Wilcox said:—

"Today is one of the most important days in your career as a Police Officer.

You will soon be called upon to put into practice all that has been taught you in the Police Training School and to take your place with other members of the Force engaged in the continuous battle against crime and its associated evils in this place.

Your training however has not ended, indeed it goes on in one form or another for the whole of your career and if you take advantage of the opportunity offered by this training, your life as a Police Officer will be all the more interesting and your career a successful one.

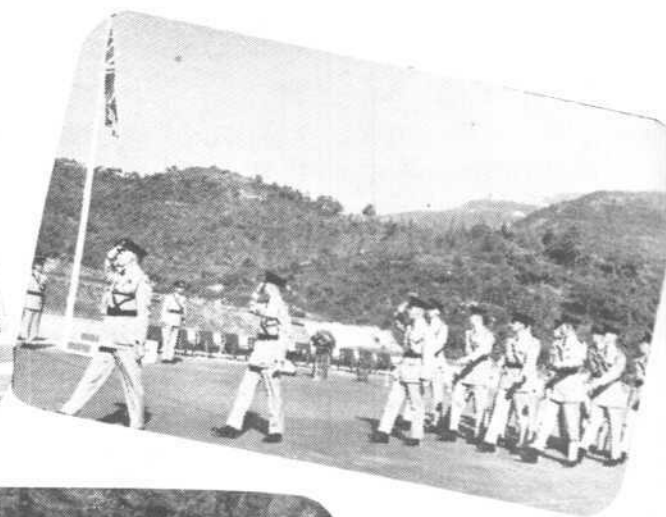
I ask you to remember two things

First that you are a servant of the Public and

Second that you are a member of a Police Force with a high reputation and that on the manner in which you personally conduct yourself, both on or off duty, rests the continuance of that reputation.

Just over thirty years ago I stood in a similar position as you now do having just finished my recruit training at the Training School. It is therefore perhaps fitting that one of the last things I do before I retire is to take the salute at such a Parade as this and to wish you who are now at the commencement of your career a long and successful one."

Mr. Wilcox is due to retire from the Hong Kong Police in November of this year.



RETIREMENT

Mr. Cyril Willcox, Assistant Commissioner of Police, left the Colony on leave prior to retirement in October this year.

Mr. Willcox joined the Hong Kong Police Force in December, 1928.

awarded the Colonial Police Long Service Medal.

In 1947, Mr. Willcox was gazetted as Assistant Superintendent of Police.



He was interned in 1941, when the Colony was occupied by Japanese Forces.

In 1946, Mr. Willcox was appointed Sub-Inspector of Police and in the same year was

In 1955 he was awarded the Colonial Police Medal for Meritorious Service, and in the following year was appointed Acting Assistant Commissioner of Police, being confirmed in this rank in 1959.

Possessed

by Sub-Inspector D. C. Carrott

Pui-lin was walking along Island Road from Aberdeen to Wong Chuk Hang. The moon was almost full and cast a pleasant luminescence over the countryside. Pui-lin had left Aberdeen at ten o'clock that night, thankful that there was a moon to light her way home. She was only fifteen years old.

She passed Watson's Aerated Water Factory, lost in pleasant thoughts which appeared to emanate from the calm cool light of the moon. The crickets chirping in the rustling bushes on her left proved a delightful chorus to her carefree dreams. The frogs in the lowland on her right, their disharmonious croaking, added rather than distracted from the pleasant scene.

Pui-lin noticed in the distance the outlines of a person approaching her walking also in the middle of the road. He too, appeared to be lost in this silvery reverie. As he approached, his soft footfalls could barely be discerned and she wondered whether he would give way to her or whether she would have to give proper diffidence to her elders and step aside. He loomed up closer and Pui-lin sighed as she stepped to the side of the road.

A moment later she looked sharply up. Where there had been a man, there was now nothing. She looked back and found that the moon gleamed balefully on an empty road. She cast her anxious eyes to the edges of the road. Could he have stepped off? On the right there was no cover. To her left the rustle of the bushes admitted no marauding presence. To make it worse the once pleasant chirping of crickets now turned menacing. The rustling beneath the bushes turned ominous. The frogs mocked, now, at her, forgetting their courtship, each croak sending a shiver through her. The cool of the evening turned cold and yet she could feel the perspiration slowly break out on her brow. She picked up her slippers and fled. Home to security. Home to the comforting arms of mother.

Loi Ho sat in front of her wooden shack

worrying about the late hour and her daughter's non-return. She had moved to the security of British rule with her husband when he had deserted from the Chinese army twenty years ago. All she had was a wooden hut ten feet by ten feet in a quarter acre of land, from which she had eased a comfortable living growing vegetables for sale in the local market. She was not rich but was comfortable. Her husband had died six years previous. She had borne nine children, of which three were still living. She looked up as she heard a rush of feet and saw "Daughter Nine" come in out of breath. She sighed as she heated the bowl of congee. "Poor girl, so hardworking and young, too." She remembered how Daughter Nine had been issued with an identity card only a month ago and how with pride she had again and again traced out her name, Chan Pui-lin.

She took the bowl of congee in and found Pui-lin on her wooden bed, out of breath, and wide eyed. "Poor girl," Loi Ho wondered, "She is growing up fast and learning about life the hard way. I wonder who her sweetheart is?"

Loi Ho clucked disapprovingly and suddenly bent down wide eyed as she noticed a slight puffiness around Pui-lin's lips. She questioned her daughter but only received a wide eyed frantic negative shake of the girl's head. Loi Ho started worrying and ambled out, determined to get Elder Aunt Five to see her daughter. For to say the least, something out of the ordinary had happened, something beyond her own experience.

Elder Aunt Five came in about an hour later escorted by Loi Ho, her fifty five years experience in the trials of mankind plainly visible in the finely wrinkled folds of her face. She sat still and looked hard at Daughter Nine and her mind flew back to the times she had carried the child gurgling and brimful of mischief. Sloe-eyed and pudgy in her baby fat. She leaned forward as Pui-lin mumbled some words that were incomprehensible. She gasped as she sat back, her hands

nervously twittering. "Daughter Nine has been possessed by a Spirit," she announced to the terror of Loi Ho. "GO!" she said, "Go and find Elder Uncle Three. He was a 'Nam-Mo-Lo', an exorcizist of evil spirits in his native town. He knows these things, let him come and decide!!"

Elder Uncle Three sat outside a hut smoking his long stemmed pipe and running his free hand through his sparse beard of a few hairs, which gave him prestige in this small community, so far from his native home. He saw the wife of his deceased brother emerge from her hut two hundred yards away and call him. She appeared to be in distress—but then all woman are. "Most of their lives they chatter away aimlessly expounding their positiveness and then scream for a man's attention on the least provocation," he reminisced. He was glad in a way he had never taken a wife.

Loi Ho stumbled to the hut and gasped out her story.

Unhurried Elder Uncle Three arose, puffed absently at his pipe and followed Loi Ho home.

He, holding the attention of all, examined Pui-lin carefully and systematically as his prestige demanded, and announced, "She has been taken possession of by an evil spirit. I will have to exorcize it. I will return in a hour and start the ceremony!"

One hour later he returned, complete with strips of yellow paper and ink brush. Grinding carefully a red paste he dipped the brush into this prepared 'ink', then carefully, meticulously, started writing on each strip of yellow paper the required magical word, muttering aloud "Nam-mo—Nam-mo—Nam-mo." These strips of paper or "Fu" were

then pasted over the doors and around the bed. A couple of strips with further ritualistic prayers was burnt over a bowl of water. The ashes were stirred into the liquid and the concoction forced down Pui-lin's throat with difficulty. Pui-lin struggled and screamed gibberish as she resisted. Her lips swelled out. A mucous steadily dripped from her nose and her eyes were tightly closed.

She remained in this state for two weeks eating nothing and drinking the burnt "Fu" ash in water.

Fourteen days later Pui-lin opened her eyes as mother Loi Ho was trying to feed her some congee. She glanced weakly at her mother, then looked around the room. Her gaze fell momentarily on the wall where she saw a dark evil figure returning her stare. She screamed and did not open her eyes again for another two weeks.

She then only opened them to see momentarily. She noticed that if ever she held her gaze too long on a particular object that object would turn into this evil haunting face. On being asked to describe it she could only say a black face, like an Indian, black beard with turban, all hairy and evil.

Two months later she stepped out of her front door, wan, sickly and weak, but herself again. Herself again but for an inability to face the dark alone or for that matter to remain alone at night anywhere.

Pui-lin is now twenty-six and a mother of our children. She tells this story laughing at herself. The inhabitants of Wong Chuk Hang nod in agreement when they hear this often repeated tale, for after all, were they not present and witnesses to it in every detail. The maidens listen attentively but will not now be seen on Island Road, after dark, alone.

KALEIDESCOPE

By Miss D. O. G. Peto

Formerly Superintendent of the Metropolitan Women Police

*(Reproduced by kind permission of the authoress, Miss D. O. G. Peto,
and the Editors and Publishers of the Criminal Law Review.)*

On Monday Inspector Crawley was on late. In those days, between the two world wars, her headquarters were at Vine Street Police Station or, more correctly, they were upstairs in the Man-in-the-Moon, an old public house which had been absorbed into the station. Having visited her officers on duty at Richmond, Putney and Hamersmith stations she was now at her desk completing a report, drinking a cup of tea and planning the rest of the evening's work with one of her sergeants, whilst three or four women constables, at the other end of the room, consumed the meal technically termed "refreshment." To-night there were just enough women to cover both of the Piccadilly beats, so when the Inspector had resumed her greatcoat and helmet she started out alone, intending to relieve the sergeant later on and send her in to help in the station.

Vine Street itself was a narrow cul-de-sac tucked in between the backs of business premises, difficult to find and often difficult to get into on account of police cars, tradesmen's vans, and a barrow or two belonging to street vendors who had fallen foul of the law. For foot-passengers, however, there was Man-in-Moon Passage, leading out between two shops into Regent Street, so narrow that it only just admitted a drunk supported by two constables, and so inconspicuous that not one passer-by in a thousand was aware of its existence.

The Secret Scene

Emerging from this passage and crossing Regent Street, the Inspector turned right as far as Piccadilly Circus and then made her way into a narrow street called Glasshouse Street, just now swept by a tide of cars and foot-passengers. On the edge of the pavement, or back against the buildings, stood girls singly or in couples. For the most part they were quite young, crudely dressed and more crudely made up, with a tendency to a high-water-mark at the neck and to shoes down at the heel. First one saw that they

were alone, and then one saw that men were talking with them. With too many people passing through the not over-well lit street it required an expert eye to see the actual moment of encounter. In the course of two minutes Inspector Crawley saw three stationary girls make advances to passing men, and two passing men make advances to stationary girls. She also heard one girl, standing back against a house, say "Hello, darleeng!" to a man who stepped round her whilst looking the other way. Technically, this constituted "annoyance of a passenger" or, alternatively, "insulting behaviour whereby a breach of the peace might be occasioned," but Inspector Crawley was not going to arrest the girl because (a) it was the only man she had so far seen her accost and (b) she would have no witness. Obviously the man wouldn't want to be brought into it, even if he had not already been swallowed up in the crowd. The girl had a round hearty face and a stocky build which did not sort very well with her violent make-up. As she moved away Inspector Crawley recognised her.

"Maureen! I warned you last week to keep away from here and you promised me you would go home."

"So I did go home, miss! I only came up here tonight to see a girl what owes me money."

"Who is she?"

"Calls herself Phyllis Benson. Shared my room last week and never paid a farthing of it! It's her you ought to go after, not a working girl like me."

"Working?"

"I wash up at Palliser's. What I do with my evenings is my own business—I'm no prostitute!"

"What do you call a prostitute, then, Maureen?"

"You ought to know—a girl what lives by it!"

"Sometimes. But a girl can be a prostitute if she lets men go with her for money

or for a good time, whether she works or not. How will you feel about having done this sort of thing when you marry?"

Maureen shrugged. "Same as my husband'll feel about the girls he's been with! I don't see more harm in one than the other."

"There's harm for both."

"Then why don't you pinch the men along with the girls?"

"The law doesn't work that way. I don't say it's a just law, but it's what the police have to carry out. Go home Maureen. I'd be sorry to see you in trouble."

Maureen moved off slowly and defiantly. Nevertheless, as soon as she was out of sight she quickened her pace and went off towards her home in the Caledonian Road.

By now it had got round that the women police were about, and the girls began drifting to the top of the street. Nearly all of them turned into Regent Street ahead of Inspector Crawley and melted out of sight. She moved on the residue and followed them.

The prostitutes in Regent Street were older than the Glasshouse Street girls and better turned out. Several wore expensive furs. One led a little dog. The furs were mostly hired, and some of the dresses were hired too.

Across the street Inspector Crawley could see a man standing on the edge of the pavement with his hands in his pockets. She knew that he was watching to see that Lally Wilkshire plied her trade with sufficient vigour. He lived on her earnings. Once Lally had come to the Station to complain of his knocking her about, but when it came to the point she wouldn't face the witness box. The Inspector wished devoutly that she could get a case against him, but he was much too smart to let himself be caught taking money on Lally or even consorting with her. Now, when he saw Inspector Crawley he went off up the street: so she moved on Lally, the woman with the dog, and a third woman, for obstructing the pavement, then, crossing Regent Street, took a side turning which eventually led to Piccadilly through streets of respectable shops, offices and clubs. In one of these streets some charming-looking women talked French to each other. When they saw Inspector Crawley they stepped back on to the neatly railed doorsteps behind them and went on talking to each other. They lived in flats over the shops. Since they were on their own doorsteps there was nothing to be done about it, so Inspector Crawley didn't do any-

thing. She just walked by very slowly and they wished her goodnight.

When Inspector Crawley was a constable she had wanted passionately to clean up the streets, to make harsher laws, to rescue all prostitutes from a life of sin. Sometimes she had even wanted to have them shut up in registered brothels and medically examined twice a week. But for a long time now she had known that one couldn't force people into morality by Act of Parliament, and that the less the State had to do with the control of prostitution the sooner men would grasp the fact that it was they who must learn to control themselves. Meanwhile the Inspector trained her women in scrupulous fairness in their dealings with all street walkers, whilst waging vigilant warfare for the protection of young people and the frustration of pimps, procurers and all other parasites who exploit the frailties of human kind.

It was now time to meet her sergeant in Coventry Street. On her way she glanced into a funfair. Behind the bioscopes which flanked the entrance, with disillusioned peers finding that what they were viewing for a penny wasn't nearly so indecent as the picture which they had seen outside for nothing, the Inspector caught sight of a cluster of youths around two girls behind the pin-tables. She looked at the girls' feet and saw that they were encased in plain lace-up shoes with low heels. That was enough for Inspector Crawley. Within three minutes she had cornered them, extracted their stories, refused to believe them, confounded them by cross-examination, detained them as absconders from an approved school, and set out with them for the police station. Once there, she sorted them out, rang up the school, and handed them over to the safe keeping of the woman constable on station duty.

It was now too late to meet her sergeant, so she stepped into the charge room instead.

The Station

A male inspector was entering particulars of an arrest in the charge book, looked up and nodded greeting. Two constables, a man and a woman, stood by his desk, completing the entries in their respective notebooks. The prisoner they had brought in had evidently been bailed and was about to go.

"Here's your bail slip. Nine o'clock tomorrow at Bow Street, remember," said the Inspector. The woman thanked him and went briskly away.

As she left the charge room, Inspector Crawley saw no less a person than Phyllis Benson being led in by one policeman whilst a second brought up the rear. Phyllis subsided in tears on the prisoners' bench, protesting her innocence to the station Inspector, to the two constables, and still more vehemently to Inspector Crawley as soon as she caught sight of her. The station Inspector looked her up and down with a gesture of his head as much as to say "Here's another silly girl in trouble!" Then he asked, "What's the charge?"

"Insulting behaviour, sir," said one of the two constables, proceeding to explain that he had seen Phyllis accost two men at the top of Glasshouse Street earlier in the evening and had then cautioned her in the presence of the other constable. Later, he had seen her again, this time in Regent Street, where she had accosted two men. The second of these had appeared annoyed, and the constable had thereupon arrested her for insulting behaviour. He had seen her about for several days in company with prostitutes.

The second constable confirmed this account. Phyllis protested. She had only spoken to one chap whom she knew—the girls had been kind to her—she had come up to London to get work! The lady Inspector knew she had, and had taken her to a girls' club. If she was let off she would go home and would never come back!

Pushing back his chair, the station Inspector walked over to the other side of the room and conferred with his woman colleague. Inspector Crawley had no faith in Phyllis's promises, and said so. The girl had been about for the past fortnight, associating with prostitutes, and the arrest was a good thing, as now it would be possible to send her home. In her opinion Phyllis had come up to London with the deliberate intention of seeing what street life was like. By her own account she had a good home, but her parents had spoilt her.

The station Inspector thought the same. "Yes, it's the best thing for the silly lass, and nobody but her parents need be any the wiser. About this club, Miss Crawley?"

"I introduced her to the West End Youth Club in the hope that the secretary might get her confidence, but she told me the girl wouldn't take any advice. She has been staying in a women's lodging house in Waterloo Bridge Road. A girl who had been lodging there was looking for her tonight, and said

that Phyllis owed her share of the room."

"All right! We'll send down to the Southampton police to give the father a chance to come up to court. She can be put late on the list. Perhaps one of your women would see to it."

"I shall be there myself. I've a remand from last week."

So Phyllis was duly charged and removed to a cell to await the morning. By this time it was past eleven and the tempo of proceedings had quickened. Two men, arrested in a drunken fight, had to be stitched up by the Divisional Surgeon. A pickpocket was brought in by a C.I.D. officer. Otherwise the prisoners were all street walkers. Two, defiant but businesslike, had been in Glasshouse Street when Inspector Crawley went through. She knew the others as Regent Street women, a little overdressed and over painted, but quiet and courteous. There was no need to explain the procedure for their benefit; just a brief statement by the officer arresting, a nod of assent, then the charge, the listing of property, the bail slip, the reminder of the time for their appearance at court, good night—and exit.

The rush was slackening now. The reserve W.P.C., who had been taking fingerprints in a corner, cleaned off her hands with an oily rag. The night duty W.P.C. came in to relieve her. The station Inspector had already handed over to the night Inspector. The night matron had come on. Phyllis Benson, in her cell, getting what comfort she could from a rubber mattress, two blankets and a cup of tea, fell asleep rehearsing the story she meant to tell to the court in the morning.

Inspector Crawley and the reserve W.P.C. went out into the cold night air together through Man-in-Moon Passage into Regent Street. Just ahead of them the prostitute last to be charged paused on the edge of the pavement and ran a speculative eye over the passing throng. Her intention was so obvious that a policeman coming off duty turned to watch her. In a sudden fury of righteous indignation she waved her bail slip in his face.

"Can't you leave me alone? Don't you see my bail slip? How the hell am I to pay the fine if I don't earn the money tonight?" And rounding the nearest corner she made a bee-line for another client.

So the kaleidoscope of the streets went on turning.

NEWS OF THE FORCE

The following members of the Force have departed from the Colony on long leave; we wish them a pleasant holiday in the United Kingdom: Mr. E. Tyrer, Assistant Commissioner of Police; Messrs. R. F. G. White, A. F. Cochrane, W. B. Scragg, Superintendents of Police; Messrs. C. L. Stevens and M. S. Milnes, Assistant Superintendents of Police; Chief Inspectors: F. G. Appleton and L. F. C. Guyatt; Sub-Inspector M. Taylor, W. Reid and P. P. O'Regan; Probationary Sub-Inspectors G. R. Dunning, J. M. Floyd and E. R. Counsell and Messrs. F. A. Ewins and D. C. Chatterjee.

We welcome back from long leave: Mr. R. F. Smith, Superintendent of Police; Chief Inspector W. Eggleston; Inspectors J. H. Evans and Wong Shiu Chung; Sub-Inspectors G. R. Lloyd, J. I. A. Murray, Augustine Lim, Mohamed Sadiq, H. W. A. Harris, H. V. Brown, J. N. England, R. P. Style, W. G. Lawrence and M. J. Coyle.

We welcome the following newcomers to the Force who have been posted to the Police Training School: Probationary Sub-Inspectors P. W. Renahan, B. Courtney, I. N. C. Cutler, N. S. Turnbull, P. C. Gadd, N. E. Humphreys, J. S. Darby, E. H. Evans, B. A. Cullen, D. J. Edwards, I. B. M. Kent and M. G. Farnham.

We wish good luck to Sub-Inspectors D. R. McKinnan and T. H. Walker and Probationary Sub-Inspectors C. McGugan and J. M. T. Furness who have transferred from the Force to other Government Departments.

We have pleasure in recording the following promotions: Mr. J. B. Lees, Senior Superintendent of Police to Assistant Commissioner of Police; Mr. J. F. Ferrier, Superintendent of Police to Acting Senior Superin-

tendent of Police; Mr. A. J. Schouten, Superintendent of Police to Acting Senior Superintendent of Police; and Mr. E. Blackburn to Acting Assistant Superintendent of Police.

We wish good luck to Inspector Cheng Cheuk Tin and Sub-Inspector Kok Ah Chong, who are both attending courses in the United Kingdom.

We have great pleasure in recording the following recent marriages: Sub-Inspectors B. H. Boyton to Miss Evelyn Tong Key, J. G. Mansell to Miss Sylvia Mary McIlwraith, P. R. W. Shorter to Miss Juliana Lam, Chan Sik Kwong to Miss Tsang Woon Kui, Albert Poon Bing Lit to Miss Mildred Yau Shoi Pak and Tsui Sui Cheung to Miss Mary Wen Choi Wan.

We congratulate Mr. & Mrs. P. J. Clancy, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. V. S. Becker, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. D. A. Chapman, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. S. E. Dirkin, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Leung Yiu Lun, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. D. J. Bryan, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Lam Woon Hung, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Lau Yim Nam, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. L. Power, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. F. A. Walsh, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Lau Po Hung, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Li Yuen Kong, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. P. Riley, Probationary Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Wong Kwok Piu, Probationary Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Li Kam Po, Probationary Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Leung Ching Por, Probationary Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Li Ping Lam, Probationary Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Au Yeung Chun, and Probationary Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Chung Yau Wing, all of whom have had recent additions to their families.

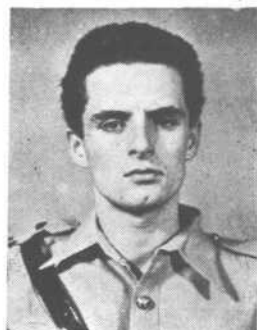
We say farewell to Probationary Sub-Inspector Lee Kam Yuen, who has resigned.



CHATTER

FROM THE

STATIONS.



WESTERN DIVISION

Sub-Inspector
J. C. Dunn

Dear Mr. Editor,

Although Western is still functioning as a Police Station and everybody is being kept extremely busy, little of interest has happened in the Division. As a result our letter this quarter will have to be short and sweet.

During the quarter our new Divisional Superintendent Mr. A. G. Rose, took over and we would like to take this opportunity to welcome him to the Division. Mr. Szeto Che Yan, our Divisional Superintendent who was here for over two years, has now taken refuge in some office at Police Headquarters. All of us at Western wish him success in his new appointment.

New arrivals include Sub-Inspector Tso, fresh from Tsuen Wan, and Sub-Inspector Li, who has now completely recovered from his term at Eastern. Sub-Inspector Brian Haigh left us for the delights of Wanchai.

The basketball team, ably led by Sub-Inspector K. H. Lee, who is at the peak of fitness after nine months healthy, open air life at the Police Training Corps, has had some measure of success winning four of their six games so far. Training has once more started for the football team and great things are expected from them this season.

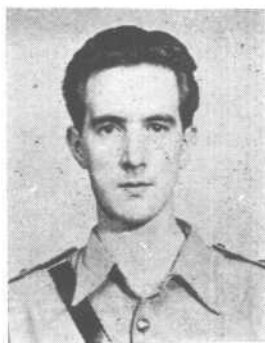
A big-game hunt was recently held in Kennedy Town area when a number of buffaloes escaped off one of the junks in the

harbour. Lefty Becker and Slim Kennedy were given instructions to deal with 'the critters' and enjoyed an afternoon's hunting. Sub-Divisional Inspector 'Taff' Bere directed operations and is now affectionately known among the Kennedy Town coolies as "Buffalo Bill Bere". Incidentally it isn't true that one of the buffaloes died of fright on hearing Taff's battle cry, "Fai-ti".

Well, I reckon that's just about all for now folks. By the way, if anybody should wish to visit us out here in the west, we advise you to travel by foot as Public Works Department are digging up almost every road within a mile radius of the station and by the time you read this, we will probably be completely cut off from the rest of the island.

Yours,
Western.

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EASTERN DIVISION

Sub-Inspector
V. Renard

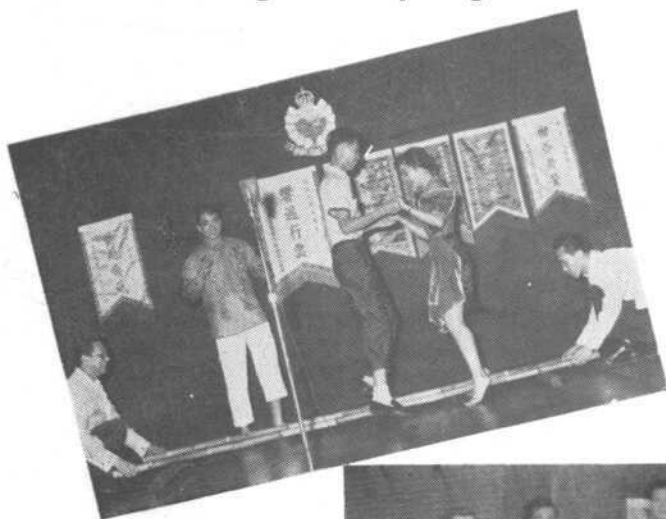
Dear Mr. Editor,

Sorry we missed sending you our notes for the last edition of the Magazine but you must appreciate that being the busiest Division in the Command we hardly have time for sleep, let alone write to you. (Opening gambit suitable for referring to when asking for time off.)

We have had several transfers in and out but thanks to Police Headquarters; we

have been left alone for the past month. This has resulted in collecting together a very settled team (No, not yet Inspector, you can't have a transfer!) and we are all working hard, mindful of Eastern's Motto—The family that riot drills together—stays together. This

happy spirit has permeated into the hearts of the local citizenry, with the result that they form three deep to watch us on Company Practices. We gave them the Gas Mask show last week; next week we shall do the Advance in Waltz time for their benefit. If only the



Staff Officer, Licensing knew we were operating without a Public Entertainment Licence.

The Inspectors' Mess has been given a re-spray and looks less like a barn than before. This has not been noticed by the television fiends to whom all walls look like giant screens. They are all too engrossed with 'The Naked City' and 'Dragnet' to worry about such minor details as this. I wonder if other Messes are worried about the alarming influence of television on our Inspectors' minds. If not stopped this can have disastrous effects, resulting in all Inspectors resembling Jack Webb and our Traffic boys, a leering Broderick Crawford. It is really a pity but I am not surprised if people of low intelligence are taken in by this drivel. Ten four?

I was very interested in the articles by Messrs. Johnston, Carrot, Apedaile, J.G.R. and 'Bird Lover' in the last edition. The 'Genus Amah' story was very well received, the subsequent 'Mo Nui' is awaited. Perhaps 'Bird Lover' would care to identify himself?

The photographs that accompany this article show two social occasions held at Eastern during the last quarter. At each of these the Police Band under the direction of Mr. W. B. Foster was in attendance. Our Divisional Superintendent, Mr. P. T. Moor, was present and gave the performers penants commemorating the events. We saw singers, acrobats, exhibitions of Chinese Boxing and displays of strength by some of our local musclemen. The highlight of the last evening was a display of Philipino dancing by the famed Lily and Leo dance team, who delighted the audience, especially with their version of the "Chicken Rock and Roll" and the "Bamboo Dance", assisted by budding Elvis Presleys from Eastern Station. The incidental music was provided by Bing Rodrigues and his Blue Heaven Band. Some of our lighter moments and certainly very well enjoyed by all ranks.....

Much will probably be written about the recent "Operation Greenmantle". This went down well at this end of the Island. During the evening Victoria Park had to be swept clear of rioters. This fell to Eastern Company and was carried off with only slight hitches. The things you find in parks though.....I heard one Commander order all his unmarried men out of the Park. However, we learnt many valuable lessons (about Riot Drill) and this should stand us in good stead if there is a re-currence of the contest

that took so many of our star performers to Kowloon and other places in 1956.

At the present time we are preparing for the 1st and 10th of October, which gives us "ho toh ye" to do. This also gives me my due to depart. Until the next time then.

Yours,
Eastern.



MARINE DIVISION

Inspector A. Anderson

Dear Mr. Editor,

As the sea constantly eats away at the land, so time moves steadily on to take from us the old hands who have served the Force well.

When the clock finally caught up with Tony Rose, a very real part of Marine Division slipped away, reminding us that there is no defence against time.

With this letter, we all wish Tony a long and happy retirement amongst his crops and chickens.

Another departure which made itself felt was that of Mr. R. F. G. White, who flew off to England on leave. Mr. M. C. Illingworth, who stepped into the breach, was especially welcome because he knows the front from the back end of a ship.

Before Tony left the colony, one of our engineers tried to get him to invest \$30.00 in an ox he intended to buy but after much laughter the engineer nearly ended up investing a sum of money in Tony's chicken farm.

Now that the sporting season has arrived, Sandy Chalmers can be seen, free of charge, practising daily on the lawn in front of Marine Police Headquarters.

Our swimmers once again demonstrated their proficiency at this year's Police Swimming Gala by carrying off the Inter Divisional Cup. The slogan, Marine—Supreme, therefore stands for another twelve months.

Poor old John Roberts at Cheung Chau received a bang on the head which made him see double for a few days. Surprisingly

enough it disappeared just before he went to draw his pay.

Five of our scholarly types attended a Radar course at Hung Hom technical college and for two weeks all we heard at the lunch table was talk about attenuation by atmospheric gases and anomalous propagation, etc.

From Launch No. 2 comes the tale of one of the inspectors who has equipped himself with all kinds of complicated underwater fishing apparatus but his total catch to date is one catfish and one crab which he found sticking to one of his flippers.

Yours,
Marine.

* * * * *



SPECIAL BRANCH

Sub-Inspector
R. Apedaile

Dear Mr. Editor,

As one of our leading newspapers commented editorially, Autumn is the time when Hong Kong shakes itself from its humid lethargy, and slowly, oh how slowly, gears itself to a more active life.

A minute minority look around for cricket bats, rugby boots, basket-ball shorts or hockey-pads, and so on. Others contemplate, regretfully, spreading waist lines or realize amazedly how much breath and energy it required to trot around that field which seemed so small last year; they decide reluctantly, but with a feeling of relief when the final decision is made, that the weather in Hong Kong is not really suitable for such active sports.

For the majority, it is the time for rummaging around for fishing rods or the library tickets unused since last winter. Shocks are received by those who, when rummaging, find those letters they fully intended to answer a few months ago. Still, with the longer nights blacking out our out-door activities, they will answer them soon: maybe, tomorrow!

One of the most popular sports appears to be fishing. Judging from the claims of

the enthusiasts, it is one of the most remunerative, too; it is a wonder that there are still fish in the reservoirs.

This is a divisional letter, but very little has been said about the Branch itself. The truth is, of course, that there is little that can be said. The work is confidential and therefore, taboo. We have no report book from which to glean little witticisms. The nearest item to it is a phrase from an old file I came across. Having thanked the addressees for complying with certain demands, the writer ended his letter by hoping that the addressees would meet the remainder of his 'demandings with comprehensive exhaustion'. Unusual English, but you can understand his meaning.

Apart from the first and tenth of October, where some learned a lot in the Solo school, the chief diversion that the Branch has enjoyed has been the general election in Great Britain. A few transistor radios were smuggled into offices on the ninth of October, and the results were followed closely. I found myself to be an oddity; one of the very few Socialists in The Branch. Consequently, I lost a few beers and a lot of face on the result, and a lot of breath in defending my political tenets.

One of the most interesting aspects of the election was the great effort in time, money and organisation which went into following the results as they filtered in, and prognosticating the final result before the shouting died away. Experts, presumably well paid, had obviously made a profound study of factors, such as migrations of population and industrial depressions that could affect the result; and brilliant statisticians were at work from the first several results, giving the swing in infinitesimal factions and calculating the final state of the parties from these infinitesimal fractions. If these experts would only wait a few hours, the result would be through without so much pother. Despite a slight contempt for this undue haste, probably an infection from our American friends, I was one of the keenest listeners to the result—by—result relay by the B.B.C.

A little idea for you, Mr. Editor, was given to me by one of our original minds. He suggests that the older members of the force be solicited for photographs taken when they first joined. These photographs should be used in a 'Spot-the-Personality' quiz. Any photograph that successfully defies recognition should earn for its contributor a small

momento from the magazine. Considering the tendency to stoutness in Hong Kong, there should be some interesting results.

Yours,
Special Branch.

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SHAMSHUIPO DIVISION

Sub-Inspector
J. T. Kennedy

Dear Mr. Editor,

This is Shamshui Po back in print again after a short absence. I must apologise for the laxity of my predecessor, but I have no doubt that he was too overcome by the sheer beauty of this "garden suburb" to put paper to typewriter. It is something in the air, I think.

There have been only a few notable happening in the Division of late. There was a spirited attempt to burn down the Resettlement Area factory a few weeks ago, but the Fire Brigade soon brought it under control with the help of Sub-Inspector Doolan, who braved the flames several times in an effort to get the people upstairs to stop work and go away before they fried. We had a visit from three charming Japanese film stars, which involved some crowd control problems, but there was no difficulty in getting volunteers for the task. In fact this is the only time that I have ever seen a squad composed almost entirely of Sub-Inspectors on a job of this nature.

In sporting circles I'm afraid we are not so prominent and our only active members at the moment seem to be the basketball team. Under the leadership of Sub-Inspector Ho Hei they are having a very successful season, carrying almost all before them.

Humour in the report book is almost non-existent in this super-efficient station which is very satisfying for everyone except the divisional correspondent. The only occasion on which it raised a smile was the incident when Traffic Office, Kowloon was informed of a 'traffic accident with person injured', when a small boy fell off his tricycle

in Shek Kep Mei playground. Red faces in the Charge Room.

Comings and goings are frequent, but here is the list if you are interested:—

In	Out
Sub-Insp. Ip	Sub-Insp. Tsui
Sub-Insp. Elias	Sub-Insp. Elias
Sub-Insp. Ho	Sub-Insp. Barron
Sub-Insp. Galloway	Sub-Insp. Davies
Sub-Insp. Choi	Sub-Insp. Purves
Sub-Insp. Necholas	Sub-Insp. Cooper

(who must be the only Sub-Inspector in the force to have the luck of two terms at Police Training Corps.)

Sub-Insp. Donnelly	Sub-Insp. Sullivan
Sub-Insp. Sykes	Sub-Insp. Wong
Sub-Insp. Flannery	
Sub-Insp. Norcott	

The recent Police-Army exercise provided us with a chance to display our skill in front of our visitors and gave everyone a little extra practice for the forthcoming celebrations. Apart from a few minor misunderstandings, everything went well and the station is the richer by one brown, steel, WD-type, helmet.

Members of the Division do not readily lend themselves to humorous stories, not because of any lack of humour on their part, but because everyone here seems to develop strange habits after a while and one simply does not notice them any more. So I must say farewell from this little piece of Eden and leave you until next time.

Yours,
Shamshui Po.

* * * * *



YAUMATI DIVISION

D. C. Diniz
Sub-Inspector

Dear Mr. Editor,

Let me take this opportunity to extend the Season's Greetings to all readers and their families.

Nothing of special note has occurred in Yaumati except for a five hundred pound bomb left over from the Second World War

and which was found in Tsim Sha Tsui. The bomb was surprisingly preserved and after all the dirt and rock had been removed, seemed ready for another dropping. According to the experts, the bomb entered the ground at an angle and when it was found, it pointed skyward at an angle of about seventy-five degrees. It would have been a 500 page Investigation Paper if the pile drivers had found it by sense of touch.

For our avid readers of the ins and outs of the inspectorate, I would recommend a perusal through Part Two, Headquarter Orders. I do wish, on behalf of the division, to welcome the newcomers, Probationary Sub-Inspectors R. A. Calderwood, D. Collins, M. Watson and G. Dorman. We hope that they will like Yaumati.

The division has been kept busy generally what with a few major fires, the bomb, the cross-harbour race and with preparations for the forthcoming exhibition of Hong Kong products.

As you probably know, the Kowloon Command has changed hands. Mr. G. A. R. Wright-Nooth, who is now with Headquarters, has relinquished his seat and in his place sits Mr. N. G. Rolph who has just returned from home leave. We wish Mr. Rolph the best and hope his command here in Kowloon will be a happy and lasting one.

This is all for this season but I wish to reiterate our wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you and every one of yours.

Yours,
Yaumati.

* * * * *



TRAFFIC BRANCH

Sub-Inspector
Au Chi Yin

Dear Mr. Editor,

Although the newsletter is only required Quarterly, the request for same seems to come up far more often than that. In fact I seem to spend more time writing news-

letters than I do writing letters to my girl friends.

There was little change in personnel during the last quarter. As usual, we bid farewell to the 'leavers' and welcome to the 'arrivals.' We also take this opportunity to congratulate Mr. Blackburn on his promotion and to bid him farewell on his transfer to the Police Training Contingent. Our newcomers usually arrive without motor-cycle or private car licences. We feel this must be a 'put up job' on someone's part so that they can get out to the country air at the Police Driving School. Incidentally the instruction is free, of course, and therefore our newcomers learn to drive without paying the usual instruction fees.

Although the bottleneck problem still exists in Queen's Road East, we have managed to make a few improvements. Eye-catching overhead signs have been erected and additional traffic lanes have been marked out. So if you now get home for lunch earlier than you did before—three bows to our Planning Section, please.

The number of vehicles on the roads in the Colony continues to increase, and we are now on to the prefix AB. Your correspondent is waiting for AU to come up before he buys his new car.

A Traffic Branch course for Rank and File accident enquiry personnel has been started at Police Training School. Keith Woodrow was the first instructor but he has recently been replaced by 'Rajah' Cullen. There is, however, no truth in the rumour that the 'Rajah' has taught our P.C.s to take statements in Urdu. Sub-Inspector Lau Fook Kan and Lee Chun Tung have also assisted on this course which is generally regarded as being most successful.

During the quarter we again had the usual crop of events calling for traffic coverage. In fact it seems that no sooner is one event over then the file for the next one is automatically produced. Among the major events were the Mid-Autumn Festival which occupied the Traffic Branch at various beaches and the Peak till very late at night; the Film Galas, football matches, and the Royal Air Force Battle of Britain Parade in connection with the Battle of Britain week, all of which occupied the Traffic Branch a great deal.

Yours,
Traffic

Police Training School

by

Senior Superintendent

R. M. Woodhead

The routine at the Training School has continued unabated during the summer months. Ten new Probationary Sub-Inspectors arrived from the United Kingdom and one from Australia; whilst three squads of recruit police constables commenced their training. With temperatures reaching 122 degrees these men soon assumed a deep tan, which is a characteristic feature of all the trainees at the School.

A Cadet Course consisting of seventeen Chinese rank and file and three Pakistanis completed their six months' training on the 1st August, 1959; whilst two N.C.O.'s advanced Training Courses, each with thirty trainees, were concluded on the 25th July and the 12th September respectively.

A new innovation during the quarter under review has been the introduction of a series of fortnightly traffic courses at the School. These courses which are designed to improve the standard of traffic accident investigation throughout the Force are proving most successful. Three of the courses have so far been held; twelve students having attended each course.

The Auxiliaries Camps commenced on the 26th July, 1959, and once again we welcomed to the School our part-time comrades for their annual training. Six camps have been held and all have been most satisfactory.

The following distinguished gentlemen have taken the salute at the parades which are held at the conclusion of the Camps:—

Mr. R. C. Lee, O.B.E., J.P.

Dr. the Hon. A. M. Rodrigues.

Mr. Tse Yu Chuen, O.B.E., J.P.

Mr. C. Y. Kwan, O.B.E., J.P.

Hon. A. Inglis, Director of Public Works.

Mr. G. M. Goldsack, J.P.

On the 14th September, 1959, we were honoured by a visit from His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, Mr. C. B. Burgess. His Excellency, who was accompanied by the Commissioner of Police, watch-

ed the Auxiliaries undergoing training and took the opportunity to fire a few revolver shots during a revolver course which was in progress.

Four passing-out parades have been held at the Training School, the salute being taken at these parades by Col. M. V. Fletcher, Chief of Staff, Land Forces Headquarters, on the 18th July; the Hon. P. C. M. Sedgwick, acting Secretary for Chinese Affairs on the 15th August; Mr. A. St. G. Walton, Director of Social Welfare on the 22nd August, 1959, when twenty-three Women Police Constables completed their training and Mr. C. Wilcox, Assistant Commissioner of Police on the 26th September, 1959, when twelve Probationary Sub-Inspectors passed-out from the Training School.

Mr. H. W. E. Heath, the Commissioner of Police, visited the School on the 22nd July, 1959, and again on the 28th September, when he saw members of the regular Force under training; whilst on the 14th September, 1959 he visited one of the Auxiliary Camps.

It is with regret that we bid farewell to Mr. Cheung Chien Yueh, the Chief Clerk at the School, who retired from Government on the 18th July, 1959, after twenty six years service. Mr. Cheung who has been attached to the School for over ten years was well liked by all and we take this opportunity to wish him a long and happy retirement.

We welcome Mr. Stephen Wong Mun Hon, who has been transferred to the School from the Education Department, as English teacher and Mr. Pau Se Ki, who has transferred from Police Stores to the School, as Chief Clerk.

We also welcome Inspector J. H. Harris who has arrived from the Police Training Contingent to take over the onerous duties of drill and musketry instructor at the School.

Chief Inspector W. P. Apps has left the school for Police Headquarters and in his stead we welcome Chief Inspector J. Duffy as our new Chief Instructor.

The Red Cross Blood Bank team paid its

annual visit to the School on the 8th September, 1959, and it is pleasing to record that forty-seven persons volunteered to act as blood donors.

In the world of sport there has been a fair amount of activity, even though our sports field is temporarily out of action due to absence of grass. Frequent table-tennis, basketball, volley-ball and soccer games have been played by regular and Auxiliary teams, whilst .22 shooting matches have been held fortnightly.

At the Police Swimming Gala the P.T.S. team did extremely well to gain second place with twenty points. Credit is due to the following who trained extremely hard prior to the competition:—

Recruit Police Constable 6058 Lam Luk Kan, winner of the one hundred metres breast stroke championship and the fifty metres inter-Divisional breast stroke event.

Probationary Sub-Inspector M. E. Humphreys, who was second in the one hundred metres back stroke championship and third in the inter-Divisional fifty metres back stroke event.

Recruit Police Constables 6058 Lam Luk

Kan, 6060 Cheung Tsan, 6574 Wong Ping and 6591 Kam Ka Hing, who were second in the two hundred metres inter-Divisional relay event and Probationary Sub-Inspector N. E. Humphreys and Recruit Police Constables 6591 Kan Ka Hung and 6058 Lam Luk Kan, who were second in the inter-Divisional Medley relay event.

The School soccer team will certainly be strengthened by the arrival of Probationary Sub-Inspector H. E. Evans. This young man has already made his presence felt in the Colony. In his first game for the Police team he scored a beautiful goal and played a big part in helping to defeat the South China team. We are expecting big things from P.S.I. Evans when he has settled down and gets really fit.

On the 22nd September, 1959, the Training School was the venue for a Cocktail Party arranged by the Gazetted Officers' Mess. His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government and many other distinguished guests attended this function. During the Beating of the Retreat by the Police Band, a guard of honour of Recruit Police Constables, under Inspector J. H. Harris, carried out ceremonial drill.

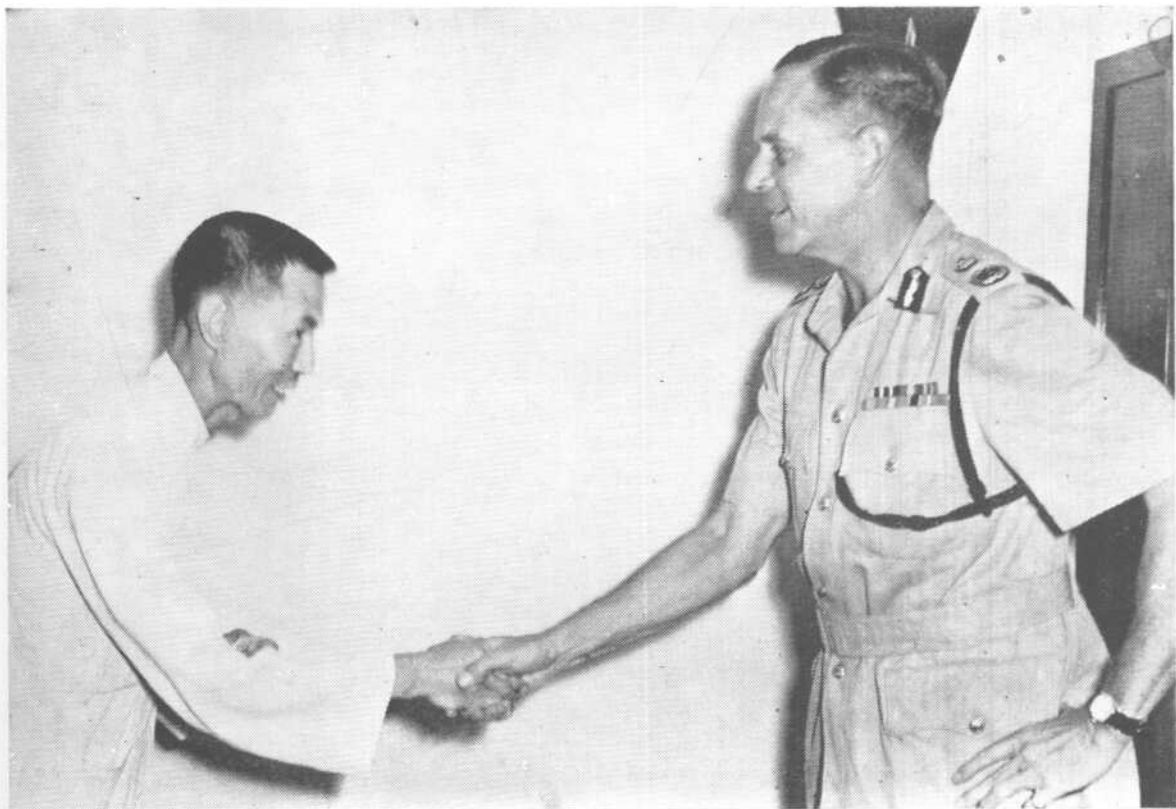


Inspection of the Parade by Mr. A. St. G. Walton, Director of Social Welfare, at a ceremony at the Police Training School, on the 22nd August, 1959, when twenty-three Women Police Constables concluded their training.

Retirement of Mr. C. Y. Cheung

Mr. Cheung Chien Yueh retired from the General Clerical Service in the Hong Kong Government on the 18th July, 1959. He has been employed by Government for over twenty-six years and for the whole of this

presented with a letter of appreciation by the Commissioner of Police, Mr. H. W. E. Heath, for his services to the Police Force. The photograph below shows the presentation being made at Police Headquarters.



period was connected with the Hong Kong Police Force.

During the past ten years he has acted as Chief Clerk at the Police Training School, where he was regarded as an institution.

On the 17th July, 1959, Mr. Cheung was

Mr. Cheung has been a loyal and devoted member of the civilian staff attached to the Police Force and he will be missed by all.

On behalf of the Force we wish him a long and happy period of retirement.

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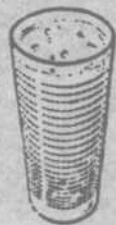
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WINTER 1959
VOL. IX • No. 4
(Published Quarterly)

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HONG KONG **POLICE**

WINTER **MAGAZINE** **1960**

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ALL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR
HONG KONG POLICE MAGAZINE, P.H.Q., HONG KONG.

Price:—\$2.50 per copy

恭 喜 發 財



A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR
TO ALL OUR READERS

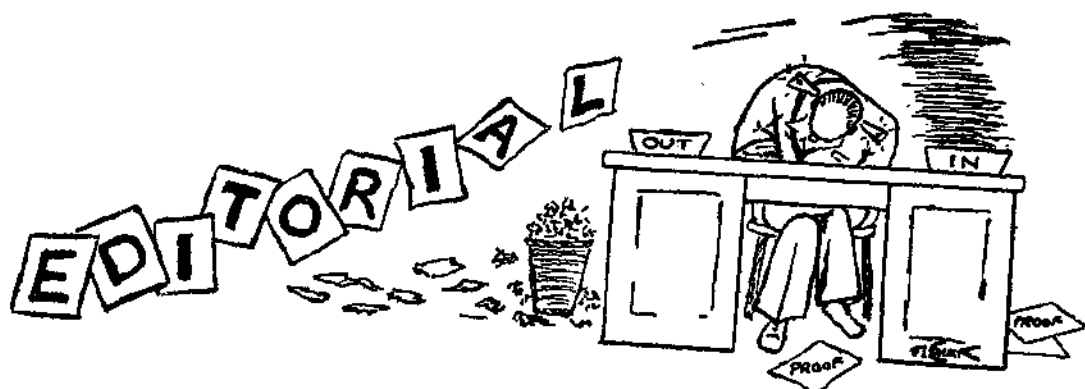
The Commissioner's New Year Message To The Force



"1959 has been a good year for the Force. The year has been comparatively free of incident and with improved conditions of employment in industry and other fields of labour in the Colony a stronger feeling of security has been apparent. This has allowed us opportunity to consolidate further and to advance our planning to meet future commitments and generally to progress in professional efficiency. We have, therefore,

had a busy and, I think, a profitable year.

"I believe that the Force has done well; law and order has been maintained effectively and our reputation remains high. I have every confidence that in the year ahead we shall be able to improve efficiency and enhance the reputation of the Force and I wish all members of the Force, Regular and Auxiliary, and the Civil Establishment and their families, a happy and successful year."



This issue of the Hong Kong Police Magazine sees a change in Editorship and once again I find myself assuming the Editor's Chair.

Having had editorial connections with the Magazine ever since its inception, I am in no doubt as to the responsibilities involved in ensuring regular production of the quarterly issues and in providing varied and interesting contents. In ten years we have come a long way and our publication has become established as a part of the Force, particularly in the sphere of social activity. In addition it is providing a means of collating a history of the Hong Kong Police Force and this, particularly in subsequent years, will doubtless provide a valuable and interesting record of the progress of the Force and the activities of the members of the Force. The Committee and I are fully aware that the Magazine can be improved and this we shall endeavour to do. However you, the readers, can also assist in this by giving us your suggestions for improvement. This is after all YOUR Magazine and YOUR suggestions would indeed be welcome.

Publication each quarter of a magazine is not an easy task and appreciation is due to all who assist in its production. In particular I would thank the members of the Management Committee for their valued assistance. Many hours of their leisure time is spent on work for the Magazine and this time they have given unstintingly over the years.

Appreciation is also due to our Divisional Correspondents who regularly supply

details of activities in Divisions and Branches; to our stalwarts who so frequently produce the right material at the right time and finally our outside contributors whose articles provide the variety so necessary in any publication. We are sincerely grateful to all who have so subscribed and continue to subscribe to our issues of the Magazine.

Material for publication is, of course, the life blood of any publication and I would accordingly suggest to all our readers who may have a story to tell or an amusing anecdote to relate, that these will be most welcome. If it should be that you do have a story, but are in doubt as to the ability to prepare it for publication, I would urge you to let us have the facts and we will be pleased arranged for it to be "knocked into shape".

It is our desire in 1960 to produce bigger and better issues of the Hong Kong Police Magazine each quarter, but to do so we must have your co-operation and this we now ask of you.

* * * *

In this issue we feature, pictorially, the 1959 Police Review. It was our desire to reproduce the Review photographs in colour, but unfortunately the cost was found to be so prohibitive that we were compelled to revert again to black and white.

* * * *

We are grateful to the author and the Gold Medal Essay Committee for permitting us to reproduce this year's winning essay by

Sergeant R. Jones of the Essex Constabulary under the title of "Science and the Policeman", and to Mr. R. A. Edwards for allowing us to feature his very interesting article under the title of "A Potted History of the Police".

To all the contributors from within the Force we are extremely grateful and we trust that our readers will enjoy the variety of articles which are featured.

* * * *

It is with sincere regret that we report the death of Mr. Guy Arthur Dudley Rich,

a former member of the Police Force, who passed away on the 19th November, 1959. Mr. Rich was keenly interested in the Police Magazine and many of his articles have been featured in our issues.

* * * *

We acknowledge receipt of the following publications:—

Provost Parade.

Malayan Police Magazine.

Bermuda Police Magazine.

Jamaica Constabulary Force Magazine.

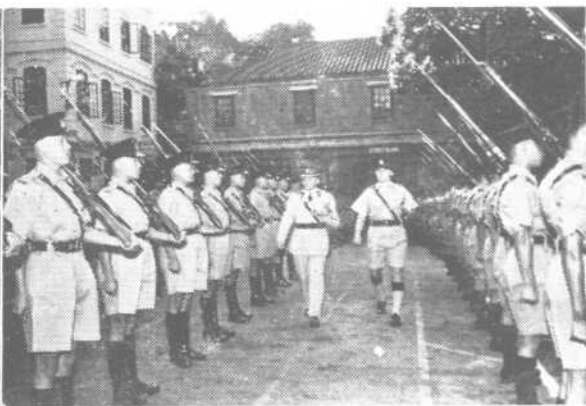
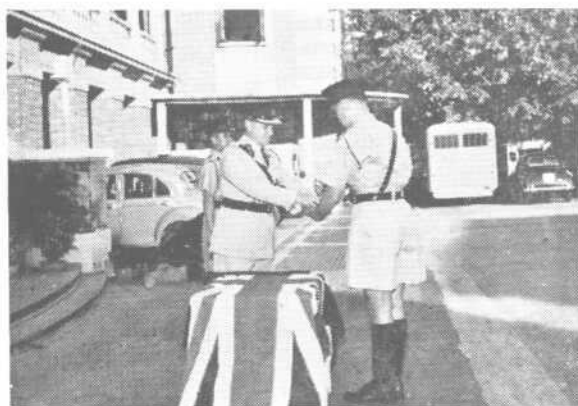
The Northern Rhodesia Police Magazine.

Thompson Cup Presentation

On the 7th October, 1959, Mr. J. B. Lees, Assistant Commissioner for Hong Kong Island, presented the Thompson Cup to Sergeant 2776 Chi Fu Kwo, of the Emergency Unit, Hong Kong Island.

This cup is presented annually to the best revolver shot in the Wei Hoi Wei Contingent.

The photographs below show the presentation being made and the inspection of a guard of honour which was a feature of the ceremony.

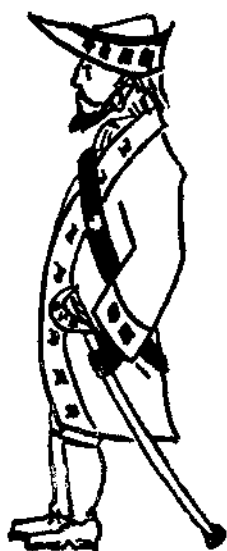




"PEELER, BOBBY OR BLUEBOTTLE"

A short potted history of the Police Force

by
"RAE"



The title "CONSTABLE" has been used to define an "office" since Saxon times, and in olden days would appear to have been connected intimately with the Church. At one time it was a duty of the Constable to go about the town to see that the order which stated all people should attend Church on Sunday unless they had a reasonable excuse, was carried out. A further duty of the Constable attached to a Church was of course to ensure that "body snatching" from the grave yard attached to the church was prevented. This practise was quite prevalent up until 1857 when the Burial Act made it an offence to remove or attempt to remove a body from a grave. Later the title became more directly associated with Watch Forces, as the Officer in charge of the Watchmen was known and appointed as "Constable" in charge of Watchmen, these watch forces being the fore runners of the modern Police Force.

As early as the beginning of the 13th century, London was divided into wards under the control of an Alderman and each ward raised and maintained its own Watch Force. The Statutes, the first in 1332 and the second in 1361, were the first in England to empower constables to "arrest persons suspected of felonies, robberies etc."

These constables were armed with lanterns and halberds or other weapons and this type of Watch Force existed from the reign of Henry VIII to that of James I, when during this latter reign the Watch Force deteriorated to such an extent that eventually it became composed mainly of old or infirm men, too old for other employment, who largely passed away their hours of night duty in snoring in watch huts.

In 1729 the first magistracy was created at Bow Street but it was nearly 20 years later that the first Stipendiary Magistrate was appointed and the first force, the forerunners of the professional Police Force, was appointed. It was known as the "Bow Street Police Force" and was about 80 in number. In 1800 a Horse Petrol force was established at Bow Street: this force was the first uniformed Police Force in England and were double breasted coats, with gilt metal buttons, scarlet waistcoats and blue trousers, and was armed with a cutlass, pistol, truncheon and handcuffs.

In 1829 a much-needed reform was introduced by Sir Robert Peel and the new "Police" came into being. These were in addition to the force already controlled by Bow Street and were also armed with trun-

cheons for protection, rattles to raise an alarm and a top hat designed both for protection from a blow on the head and to impress on the public that the wearers were civilians and not soldiers.

From the force maintained at Bow Street, originally six of the strongest and most intelligent of the constables were selected for the special duty of tracking down well known criminals, and these became known as the "Bow Street Runners"; these may well be regarded as the fore runners of the present day Criminal Investigation Department as their duties consisted solely of that type of work.

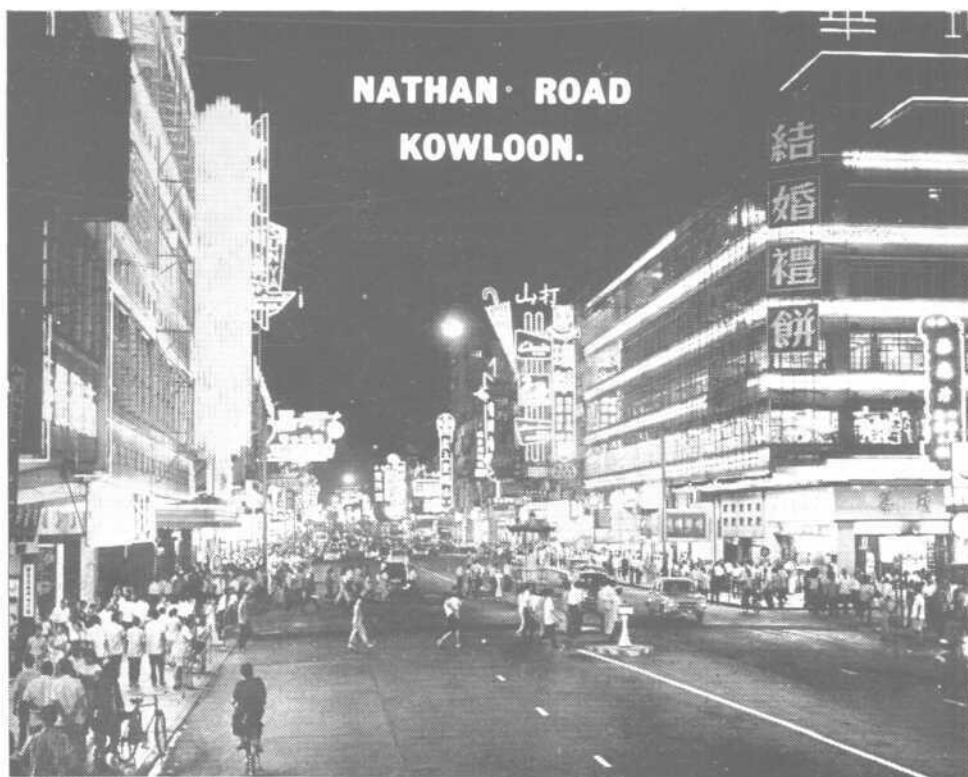
So far we have covered the formation of the Police in London only. By about the tenth century the whole of England had been divided into "Parishes" and the name in those days by no means meant the same as it does to day, when the word parish is usually used in conjunction with or as an ecclesiastical unit. Here again the safety of the people living in these parishes was in the hands of the Parish Constable and his Night Watchmen. This Parish Constable was usually appointed at a meeting by the inhabitants of the parish and this state of affairs existed until 1842 when the Police Force was first established. It is interesting to note here that England was only three years ahead of Hong Kong where the Police Force first came into being in 1845. The establishment of this Police Force in the urban areas was brought about by the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835 which required every Municipal Borough to appoint a Watch Committee and

the Permissive Act of 1839 under which the County Constabulary forces were instituted. Rural Police were gradually appointed until 1856 when the second Rural Police Act, commonly known as the Obligatory Act was passed. This called for the provision in every County in England and Wales of stipendary Police.

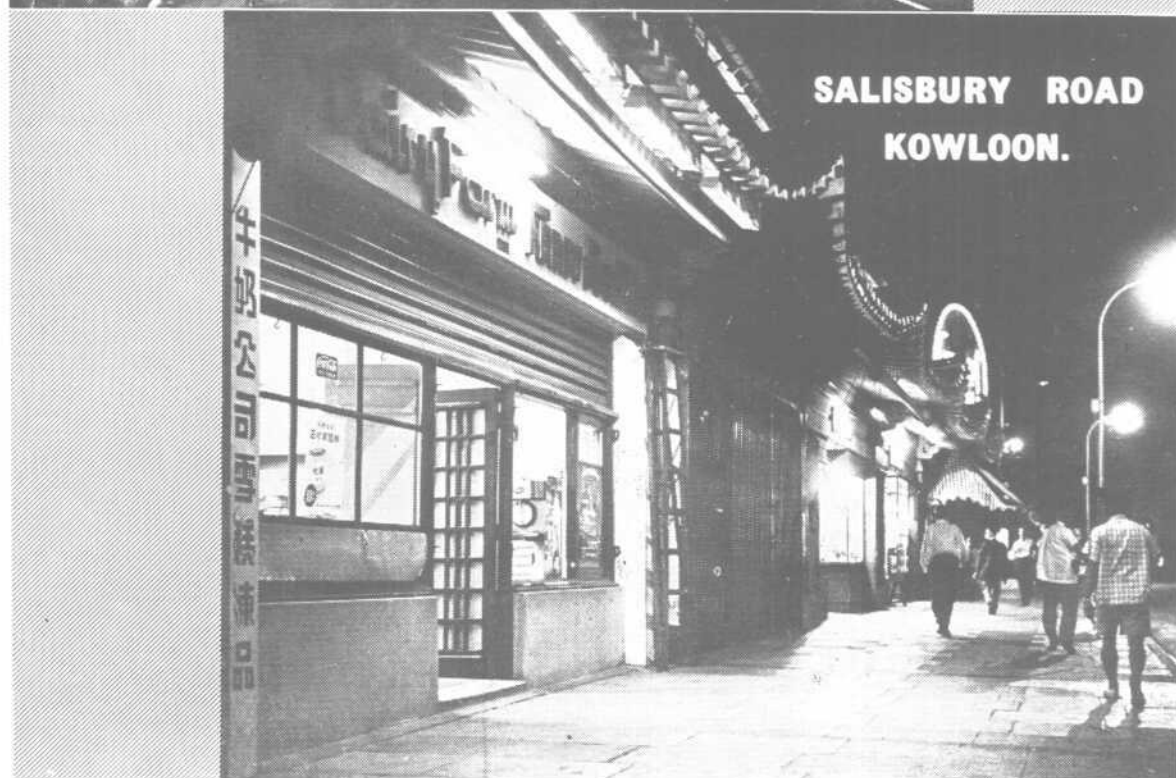
Always an important addition to the Police Force, and a force which has in national emergencies proved their worth on more than one occasion, is the Special Constabulary. The first Act of Parliament authorising the appointment of Special Constables in times of emergency was passed in 1673, but little or no use was at that time made of it. In 1831 a Special Constables Act was passed. Together with other acts that followed a few years later, it was laid down that special constables could be enrolled at the instance of two or more justices on occasions when it was deemed necessary and considered that the ordinary measures for the preservation of peace and good order were insufficient. Any citizen may be called upon to serve, and may be fined if he refuses. The services of Special Constables were particularly valuable in the suppression of riots. This force was called into use in 1848 when the Chartists assembled at Kennington with a threat to march on London. On this occasion more than 20,000 citizens enrolled themselves as special constables. This force again went into action in 1885 in connection with the bread riots of Bermondsey, and the Fenian Riots of 1867-68. Their record of service during the Great War of 1914-18 and World War II need not be told here.

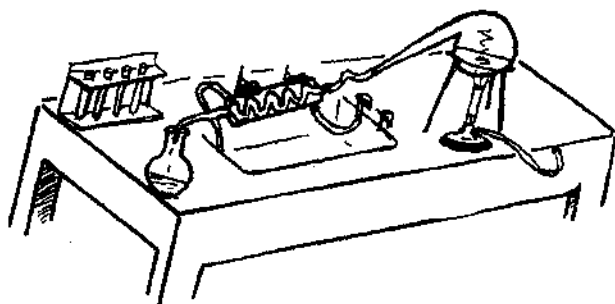
At a recent case in the Victoria district court, a pick-pocket wished the judge a Happy New Year. His Honour replied, "Under the present circumstances, I can hardly say the same to you." He sentenced the defendant to four years imprisonment.

**NATHAN ROAD
KOWLOON.**



**SALISBURY ROAD
KOWLOON.**





Science and the Policeman

(In what fields, in addition to the Forensic Science Laboratories, could modern Science be applied to the Police Service?)

by

SERGEANT R. JONES

Essex County Constabulary

(This was the winning essay in the Queen's Police Gold Medal Essay Competition held in 1958. It is reproduced by kind permission of the Committee of the Queen's Police Essay Competition.)

In other words, how can we harness science to the blue lamp? Pope posed the problem more vividly: "How shall we hold the eel of science by the tail?" We must strive so to bend her to our will that her modern miracles—so swiftly becoming commonplace—may keep us one step ahead of the knave.

We will first remember that our prime duty is to safeguard, to dissuade, to deflect, rather than to detect after the event. Thus, in a sense, when a motorist drives negligently with dire results, or when a theft is committed, we have failed. Then begins that secondary phase of duty that aims at detection as a first step on the misty road to retribution. Science can become the lamp that guides our feet.

We cannot doubt that the more efficient the Service, no matter how lightly, how un-

obtrusively we carry our scientific training, the greater the deterrence to the anti-social elements in our midst. Indeed, the Service is founded on that proposition. But still the war will go on.

What is science, anyway? In its broadest sense, we may say it constitutes all learning and knowledge. And so it began with the dawn of time. We may trace its birth to the untutored minds of the primeval, when the sun was the flaming chariot of the sun-god. But we will not smile.

We will remember that the first blind groping of the ancients to explain natural phenomena, gave rise to the fanciful that in turn gave place to the factual. We are still probing, and fumbling and wondering.

It might be salutary, now and then, to prick the balloon of our complacency in the nuclear age by recalling that the Greeks had

a word for it. Or what was Democritus babbling about an atomic theory in 450 B.C.?

If the field of discovery between the revelation of fire and the revolution of the first satellite soaring into space seems tremendous, what of the future?

It *may* be tremendous, provided always we remember we are cast in the role of creatures, not Creator. Let us recall with Poor Richard that "Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy." Let us reflect with Campion that "All our pride is but a jest." If we can find it in our hearts to turn from the tiny triumph to the sputnik and hold our breath before the glory of the galaxy, we need not fear. In our humility lies our strength.

But for the moment we are thinking of applied science, tamed and functional, harnessed for the commonweal. Let us leave the rarefied atmosphere of its higher reaches and come back to earth.

At times we wonder if some of our more recent incursions into the realms of science have not been somewhat harshly judged. Can it be that all we have witnessed so far is the opening gambit?

Perhaps radar, that sleepless eye, is one of them. Certainly it has fallen on troubled times. One had foreseen this. Hotly opposed by the motorists' organisations, it has also encountered technical difficulties that limit its range and tend to stultify it. But this must not be the end of the story.

The tragedy of the roads has reached a pass of human suffering at which we are not to turn aside from any hope of alleviation, even though a panacea is still far to seek.

We believe that radar can add a splendid chapter on the arts of peace to its epic achievements during the war. And we believe its potential is sufficient to justify the patient research that alone can perfect it and make that possible.

At the moment it is probably barely half-developed. But once its technical defects are overcome and public approval sends it

on its way rejoicing, it may be hard to set a limit to its kingdom.

One foresees its logical development exercising an unseen influence over a wide area on that segment of the motoring public who may sometimes need to be saved from their less responsible selves. The intolerant lorry driver and the heedless young blood at the wheel of his super-charged sports model may find surveillance trying. But the discovery that it is directed at conversion, not conviction, may start them thinking anew.

From roadways to waterways is but a step. Surely the frogman has come to stay with us. Like radar, his field is circumscribed. Unlike it, he has not become a storm-centre, which gives him a position of strength.

Perhaps he is also lucky in quite another sense. With his curious outfit that seems equally well suited to the Abominable Showman and the man from Outer Space, he may become a legend while yet he serves.

Romance clings to this strange figure that makes wide-eyed schoolboys late for lessons and seduces yet wider-eyed Press photographers from less attractive assignments. And small wonder. One who can call up guns and knives and safes and bodies from the vasty deep may be said to have the best of both worlds, real and romantic. We hope to see many more of these magicians soon, and a speedy end of the temporary expedient of loaning them to other Forces. We wish them calm waters and a prosperous voyage.

From the sorcerers of the deep to the magic cathode-ray and the siren screen. From Neptune to the dryad.

We feel that television, having cut her wisdom teeth, might turn some of her tremendous potential towards detection of the criminal. We will surely give her welcome, more especially when colour gilds her already lovely face.

We see this dryad beckoning in every squad car from Penzance, by way of Con-

way, to Thurso. Her orbit is vast and widening daily.....

Paste replicas of the jewels stolen from Bond Street; the face of the cracksmen who broke out of Strangeways; the likeness of the little maid lost from a corner in the Gorbals; all will flicker from the magic screen long before the great newspapers can read the myriad or the Police Gazette fetch up at the C.I.D. office.

Indeed, television may soon begin remorselessly usurping the time-honoured place of the printed circular.

We see it in its closed-circuit form hard at work in the vast supermarket that will soon become commonplace. In eleven years these wonder-stores-already we have 4,000 of them—have all but revolutionised the shopping habits of the nation. By 1960, 15 per cent of our food alone will be bought there, for new ones are opening at the rate of 50 every month. And we are not alone, for there are now 10,000 supermarkets throughout the world. On the Gold Coast, native women with babies slung over their shoulders trundle their wheeled baskets past the off-the-peg temptations of a magnificent modern supermarket newly set in the steamy heat of old Accra.

Certainly the supermarket poses a profound problem for the stores detectives of both sexes. But while we liaise closely with them, television could spell clarity on the screen hidden from the multitude.

We see it bringing order out of chaos at Epsom and Aintree. The senior traffic officer, sitting like a queen bee at the hub of things, will see his problem in perspective and deploy his forces with certitude and a thankful heart.

One of television's more obvious developments may soon revolutionise the conventional identity parade. Given the essential safeguards, we foresee it being televised from the studio nearest the place where the criminal was run to earth. His victim will match the performance perhaps from far away—a great saving in time and temper. We fancy he will enjoy the show.

Closed-circuit television is incredibly versatile. In fact, only to look at some of its present uses is enough to suggest more and more ways in which we ourselves might use it.

Aboard the giant carrier Ark Royal, 20 T.V. sets entertain the ship's company, 2,000 strong, and keep them posted on the great ship's every activity. Industry is already converted after discovering that increased sales have in some cases covered its cost *within one day*.

In the field of surgery, a life-giving operation can be watched by an auditorium full of students as against the former handful. Factory managers find that groups of workers on mechanical tasks can be placed elsewhere after their work has been handed to a single operative working with television screens at a central control point.

And still this infant Colossus moves ahead with giant strides. We do hope it will look in at the police station.

We admit to some misgiving about the lie-detector. We've seen its blood-pressure cuff, its pneumograph contact for measuring breathing, its electro-dermal electrodes and the galvanometer that records abnormal sweating from emotion. Frankly, we don't like it—it's un-English. But so are the crimes we're trying to unravel. Perhaps if we can establish it as an exact science, we may one day find it accepted, with the essential safeguards that the law demands.

One day the descent of a great bird with whirling wings into the market square or the nearest recreation ground will excite no comment. We will see the helicopter bringing police reinforcements to search for the convicts missing from a working party or the children adrift after a picnic. Or perhaps to restore order to the four-ale bar of the Merry Matelot. It will certainly have its say in crowd control on great occasions where the throng is dense and the canvas vast.

In the more mundane field of office routine, the dictaphone is likely soon to come into its own. It seems to be a step in the right direction—economy of priceless time.

When we recall that some of our more modest princes of industry have used them daily for years, it seems odd that a vital service should lag behind. But we hope to see this remedied before long.

By the same token, why has the tape-recorder had so little to say? Endemic to entertainment, an occupational hazard of both listener and viewer, it is strange that its impact has been so slight. However, it may be that prejudice, that has been so long a-dying, is about to breathe its last. Certainly our growing use of this silent listener should induce conspirators to select their cafes and other trysting-places with care.

There is nothing new in radio for the police, but its mutations are many. Take the astonishing transistor. Its logical development along Lilliputian lines envisages contact with country constables engaged on sheep-dipping and other routine duties far from the telephone. And all done by a mighty miracle in a matchbox.

We like to contemplate the time when they are first handed out by the sergeant when we parade for duty. We've devised a nickname for them. . . . The banter should be lively.

The old-type burglar-alarm has lived down its early vicissitudes. Slightly clumsy, somewhat primitive, it was also a shade temperamental. And so its voice cried unheeded in the arid wilderness of the sceptical who preferred to pin their faith to elderly night-watchmen. But today this school of thought is rapidly becoming outmoded.

The latest alarm systems are as sensitive as a gouty toe. Skilfully contrived, delicately adjusted, they make ready to sound the toes in at the first covetous appraisal of the nefarious without the gates—or so it seems. They are the finest yet. But most of them still appear to be designed for a single concern.

We like to think that in time all large and vulnerable undertakings will shelter amicably under the umbrella of the collective alarm system of the future. Costs will diminish and effectiveness be enhanced. Police officers might lecture to the waverers.

The future of the forensic science laboratories seems secure. But they *must* be geared to the changing world of the police outside with their constantly changing techniques and ever more rapid communications.

Some of these new techniques seem to insinuate themselves insidiously into our consciousness; others explode into our world like a time bomb—or a transistor. Let us take another peep at the future of the transistor of tomorrow and the day after.

This mighty atom can annihilate space. Under its sway we shall telescope beats, subdivisions and divisions. Soon entire Forces will melt and merge in emergency. Sooner than we think, direct two-way radio contact will become as commonplace as today's weather forecast or the political wrangles of yesteryear.

Aladdin had nothing on the transistor. One can foresee a solitary policeman in the Yorkshire wolds remaining in perpetual contact with Headquarters, no matter how far removed by conventional means. The transistor, all-powerful but unobtrusive, is the magic lamp that united them.

We are not certain that psychology falls within the purview of this essay, but perhaps it ought to receive honourable mention. In fact, we are not quite sure whether it is an exact science at all, or even one of the humanities. But surely some grounding in the subject should make us more humane, more aware, more understanding. We have often felt the need of it.

In contemplating tomorrow, nothing is more certain than that our latest and greatest discoveries—we will not call them achievements—will be completely eclipsed. One need not be a mere visionary to believe that in this restless world today's fantasies can become tomorrow's firm facts.

Let the mind thrust forward. Let us be nothing if not audacious. And let us resolve that as these miracles that affect the multitude become manifest, the Service shall not be diffident in claiming its share for the common good.

Once a minute television screen has been installed in the two-way radio via the

transistor, caller and called will see each other. Admittedly, much detail will be missing, and it will not be evident whether the man on the beat has found time to shave. But obscure or no, the object will be there, only waiting for some further minute but miraculous gadget to clarify it.

One day soon, television programmes, picture and sound, in black-and-white and in colour, will be recorded on magnetic tape. This technique, in a rudimentary form, has already been demonstrated to a favoured few among the initiated. Who can set a limit to its future?

Already the electronic computer is coming into its own. Soon these tireless robots will monopolise recording and accounting in industry—why not at the police station? Not only will they take over the simple, semi-mechanical tasks, but slowly, then swiftly, millions of clerks will be freed for other work by the astonishing adaptability of this magnificent autocrat.

It's all rather frightening at first prospect. But judged from our coign of vantage at this remote listening-post, there are reassuring possibilities.

It seems to us that as we build yet more advanced electronic 'brains' they may serve to help psychiatrists to solve those problems of the human mind that have baffled them for so long. It's a strange yet plausible thesis.

An essential of the computing-machine operation is the 'feed-back' or power of self-correction. In the human brain, overloaded and overwrought, comes the time when it suffers a nervous breakdown. So, incredibly does the computer. The analogy is startling. One day psychiatrists will discover new tracks into human consciousness by studying the latest computers which more and more simulate the human brain.

Soon we will come to draw atomic fuel from cheap and plentiful materials that lie near at hand. As nuclear energy strides ahead it will bring automation to the factory and its naked strength will be harnessed to ships and trains and planes. Already we

know how to transform its energy into electricity.

Atomic batteries will run on such unconsidered trifles as refuse spilled from nuclear reactors. They will provide energy prodigally for industry and the home. A single battery may provide sufficient electricity to last for long years of daily use.

Aeronautics will soon be transformed. Rocket-type and jet-propulsion vehicles, using nuclear fuels, will travel at many thousands of miles an hour. And so, in this swiftly shrinking world, the great cities will be only hours apart.

In the field of communication world-wide television is almost in sight. It will arrive just as soon as we discover how to prevent the television waves piercing the inosphere high above the earth and absconding into the infinite. To-day, techniques are being worked out that give ground for optimism.

What with conflict at the conference table, the swish of metallic curtains and other obstacles to universal amity, it may be some time before Interpol girdles the earth for the good of mankind. But we on this side can make ready for that day. We in this country can forge ahead with research into television—our Private Eye. Let us not be pedestrian.

Of course, what with remote control of road traffic and other developments of this modern age, we will have to learn to do without some of the time-honoured symbols of the life we knew. Not without nostalgia. For example, *a la* Stephen Phillips:

"The Constable with gesture bland

Conducting the orchestral Strand."

He will lay down his baton when Time writes a new score.

But there must be no push-button Force. Always the man will be greater than the machine he operates—the converse is awful to contemplate. We have yet to see a compassionate machine.

There's an old proverb that runs:

"A handful of good life is better than a bushel of learning".

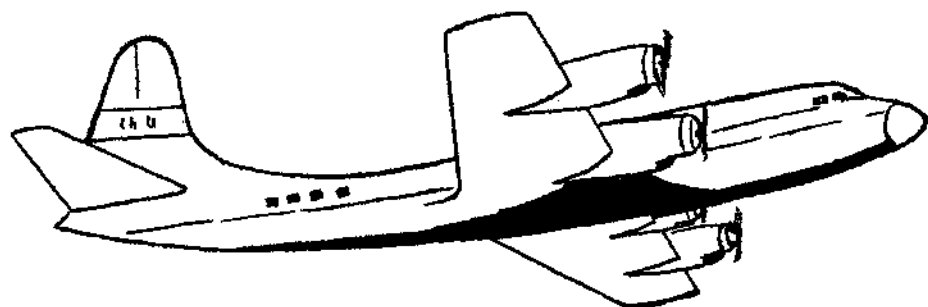
Police Schools

A presentation ceremony of scholarship certificates and prizes was held at the Police School, Canton Road Quarters, on the 28th October, 1959.

The Commissioner of Police addressed the students prior to the presentation of certificates and prizes by Mrs. Heath.

The photographs below were taken during the presentation ceremony.





impressions

by

P.S.I. N. E. HUMPHREYS

One nears Hong Kong; never having been to the Far East before (in fact never having been further East than Berlin) one finds the very idea awe-inspiring. One knows not what to expect; environment, people and conditions; they will all be so different from Europe, one was previously informed.

"Ladies and gentlemen, kindly fasten your safety belts please," says a very feminine, but detached, aloof voice. A short while later and the intercom crackles and the Captain's voice is heard; an attractive voice, warm and rather "pukka", after air-line fashion. "Ladies and gentlemen, in another ten minutes we shall be landing at Hong Kong, where the local time will be 07.30 hours and the temperature 84°. You can, if you look from the port side, see Hong Kong, which we have to encircle to come in from the other side."

One looks but sees only green, rocky islands the like of which are to be seen too from the starboard side, and the sea. The beautiful blue-green sea; it ripples softly in the early morning light. The sun shines far off to the east; to the west the clinging night is pushed relentlessly more westward.

One is slightly nervous, also hungry, but one cannot eat.

Junks are discernible, even at this height; now the aircraft is dropping, it banks and drops considerably then banks again.

A whole vista of sea, boats and ships, buildings, land, rock, hills, houses, rushes up. How can an aeroplane come in so low over a town ?, one thinks.

A slight bump, the plane touches down. (One makes a mental note of the airstrip—modern man's idea of "walking the plank"). The plane turns and taxis to a halt at the customs shed. The shed: dirty and congested: the heat is at first bearable, until the sweat comes; the sweat will not evaporate. One is uncomfortable and tired, oh, God, how tired!

One is met and made welcome. That helps and the nervousness disappears, but one is dirty and tired and desirous only of a shower and sleep.

The car takes one and all to the Vehicle Ferry. En route one notes the squalor of the buildings; the obvious poverty of the people, the states of dress, and of undress which some of these are in. One notes the drab Chinese shop signs, women with their kiddies on their backs, men with yokes across their shoulders, and women too, carrying lightly the burden of life.

The ferry provides fine views of both sides of the harbour. The mountains and hills, the whole panorama in fact is beautiful. Even the twin cities look beautiful from here. One passes junks and sampans loaded with goods from the big ships which have come from the whole world over. To Hong Kong; the Pearl of the Orient.

Point debarque: one then passes banks, buildings of imposing stature constructed of imported rock—there must be wealth here. Offices, shops and stores, all very European looking: obviously catering for Europeans, and expensive too. This area gives way suddenly to an open space, a field or square of some sort. And then another area is entered into: streets with bazaar—like shopfronts: streets with seemingly endless millions of death-riskers who blindly walk in front of passing traffic, obviously in a world of their

own.

The smell of this road is noxious. One retches from the pit of the stomach so great is the stench. Drains and unwashed bodies, unclean pavements, rotting food, excrement, meat markets, dwellings must all help to make this sickly street odour. My God, how can people be so poor? Children running naked on the road; old men and young, sleeping on the sidewalks under the arcades; washing, neither new nor clean, hanging at every window in sight.

One is tired and wonders what the hell one is doing there. The car heads for the centre of the island. Across the Divide. The sun shines brilliantly making the tropicane, a dark lush green and a bay can be seen, delightfully and invitingly sandy yellow, lapped by clear blue waters. One feels better—a portent of things to come.

EPILOGUE: Time: Far into the future.

Place: Somewhere in the tropics; hot and sticky.

Those present: One and another.

ONE: "Did you smell that? Took me right back to Hong Kong. Wish I was back there now. Were you ever there?"

ANOTHER: Yes, just a short while with the Navy, but I can only remember a place called "Wanchai" where the bars were and the wenches used to hang out.

* * * *

But one thinks and sighs. Former times one can never retrieve—except with the memory—which softens the harshness and gilds past pleasures.

GOVERNOR'S CUP

On the 29th December, 1959, His Excellency the Governor presented the Police Review Cup to the Emergency Unit, New Territories, the Police Review Shield to the Auxiliaries Emergency Unit and the Governor's Trophy for revolver shooting to Kowloon City Division, at a ceremony at Police Headquarters.

The photographs below were taken during the presentation ceremony.





FIRST LESSON

by
C. R. O.

Dusk was falling as I made my 'half hour' point at the junction of Hick Lane and Finney Road. There was sufficient light to make out detail but not enough to subdue the large, orange, light that had commenced to flash, like a minute light house, atop the 'call box'.

The sergeant was on his way to give me a 'Chalk,' said Fred, the charge room duty man. I muttered a 'roger' and replacing the phone locked the door of the 'call box' and resettled my cape, which had done its best to slip off my shoulder as I used the phone.

Half hour to supper and HE was coming out. Sergeant Brown was an athletic type and loved to accompany his beat men for an hour or so. Mobile lecture tours. "Never forget lad....." "Must always remember to check the "Insecure Property Book before proceeding.....". I remember when farmer Erskin's pigs caught Anthrax; that was a day, I served him with form A and....." The wife would be flaming, fish and chips all congealed, ugh! Wait till I was a sergeant, my men would love me, not.....

"Evening sergeant, all quiet".

"Hello Smith, hear about Jones on Hillcrest beat last night"?

I knew all about it, but the sergeant liked talking, so I replied, "Not all of it sarg. Understand the lucky devil is having a good rest in dock".

"Silly devil, heard a noise in Rigman's warehouse, went into the back yard, found the door open and went up to the first floor. He said he saw someone run between the bales and he gave chase. Not realising that he had crossed the width of the building, he ran through a door, and that is the last he remembered. In fact he had run through the hoist door and landed in the street. Lucky to get away with a broken leg".

He nattered on, I didn't mind. I was hoping he might decide to push off and see Barns who I knew was making a point down the road on the 'three quarter'.

Every so often he would break off to quip at some passing female, "Good evening Mrs. Jones, how's your George, still on night work.....?" He seemed to know every woman in the town. This was always accompanied by a smart salute and a twist of his military moustache. "Yes, he is, Sergeant Brown, I get quite tired of it, never seem to see him these days".

The sergeant would preen himself, adjust the cape on his shoulder, stamp his feet and rub his hands together. From the corner of his mouth he muttered, "Fools no one, George isn't the only one working nights," followed by leer and a sly wink. A grin from me showed I understood and encouraged the sergeant to produce more 'inside information'.

The light was failing fast and sergeant Brown had just said "O.K. let's have a look around" and we were about to move off

when I saw a young woman turn out of Bank Street and crossing Finney Road, head towards us.

As she approached I noticed she was somewhat distressed. She was wearing a gent's unbelted garberdine raincoat and a pair of slippers. She was an attractive woman of about 25, and had obviously been crying.

Now sergeant Brown was in his element when it came to the comforting of distressed females. Especially females endowed with the best of God's gifts, and he, I must admit, sensed the distressed condition of Mrs. Makin some appreciable time before I did, for he did not wait for the young woman to speak, but came straight out with, "Now, what's the matter love?"

Between sobs Doris, for that, I learned, was her name, explained that she had been to a friend's house, overstayed and on her return home found her husband in a furious temper and complaining that his supper was not ready.

They lived at Cross Church Street (part of my parish).

"Well now love, that's nothing to get so upset about, by now he had probably cooled off. There's no need to leave home".

That was the sergeant's snap decision and there was no doubt in my mind that he considered the matter closed, as he adjusted his cape and stamped his feet. A sure sign that he hand handled the matter with tact, sympathy and the necessary firmness required in an incident of this nature.

"I can't," sobbed Doris, tears beginning to stream down her cheeks.

"Why not?", said the sergeant, in a voice I had heard on many occasions. The tone of the voice saying, "Hell, this is going to call for another decision".

"He told me to get out and not come back or he would black both my eyes. He will too, he's done it before. I can't go home tonight", continued Doris.

"Why don't you go back to your friend's house then, until the trouble's over?" said the sergeant.

"They live at Green Lea, that's why I was late home. I missed my connection in Bolston. I have some friends here but I couldn't go to their house the way I am. I'm only wearing this coat of Joe's. I was changing into my house clothes, when Joe came in and we quarrelled. I was half way through changing when he told me to get out. I was so frightened he would hit me that I could only grab his coat as I ran out".

"What," gasped the sergeant and as though Doris interpreted this as an exclamation of disbelief and in order to prove her point she pulled the coat apart, and there stood Doris as bare as the day she arrived in this world.

The sergeant tried to cover his embarrassment by hitching his cape, secured it, stamped his feet and plucked at his moustache, before I realised quite what had occurred.

She closed the coat almost as quickly as she had opened it, during which time my lower jaw had dropped open and my cape had slipped to the pavement.

We were both utterly confused and would have given anything for her to have gone away and left us.

"Smith," the sergeant may have spoken my name once or twice; the senses are somewhat dulled when in a state of shock, I can't remember. "Yes sergeant", I managed to answer.

"Escort this young woman home. Speak to her husband and if you can't get him to keep her there, ensure she gets some clothes on."

"Roger", I replied and turned to call a taxi from the nearby rank.

The taxi pulled in and, muttering a "thank you" to the sergeant, Doris climbed into the back seat, closely followed by 'yours truly'.

I was climbing happily in alongside Doris when I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder accompanied by Sgt. Brown's voice, "You can take the short cut Smith". "Mrs. Makin, please wait for the constable when you arrive home".

Well, of all the rotten tricks, couldn't he trust me? Was I likely to abscond with the woman or something? This was one of the many occasions during my police career that I felt as though I was being treated like a criminal. In fact criminals get better treatment than policemen. Why do they have police-men if they can't be trustedall this was boiling around in my mind as I plodded through the alleys which would bring me to Cross Church street by the shortest route.

By the time I reached my destination though, I had simmered down and the wisdom of the sergeant's move was beginning to filter through my jumbled thoughts. I realised that even a police officer could place himself in a compromising position without thinking, but it was a point which should never be overlooked.

I arrived at the address as the taxi turned into the street, and together with Doris I went to the back door of her terrace type house. A two up and one down affair.

Knocking on the door with the usual police formality, I heard a gruff voice shout out, "Who's there?"

"Police" returned I.

The door was opened and there stood the ogre, Joe. A man of about five ten, looking as broad as he was tall and wearing only his pants. His manly strength was evident in thick profusion on his chest and, clasped firmly between his thumb, first and second fingers was an evil looking 'cutthroat' razor. One side of his face was covered in lather. "What do you want?" said he and then, catching sight of his miscreant wife he whipped the razor past my nose, causing me to flinch, as I thought for a minute that he was coming at me, and pointing at Doris, with the razor said, "What are you doing back?"

Doris took up the challenge and threw back a few unladylike remarks, not exactly suited to soothing an irate husband, to which Joe retaliated with equal force.

"Now just a minute Mr. Makin, surely this can be settled in a more gentlemanly fashion inside, without the neighbours being brought into it," I said.

It was now quite dark and I did not fancy a fracas in the street by the light of a gaslamp, with nosy neighbours peering from behind drawn curtains, conjuring up their own story of the 'Bobby' the madman and the nude.

I think it was the word "neighbours" that took Joe off balance and caused him to step to one side and taking advantage of this move I grabbed Doris and stepped inside, pulling her with me.

As we entered, Doris made a beeline for the staircase and vanished leaving me with Joe.

"I'll ask you to get out of my house", shouted Joe, whilst waving his razor in my direction.

"I'll leave when I'm perfectly satisfied there will be no breach of the peace", I replied with as much authority as I could muster, but realising at the same time that I was on very dangerous ground, not only physically, but legally.

Joe must have sensed the indecision in my voice and came up closer. From the flickering mantle light, I could see that he was, in all probability, a miner. His body was solid and muscular and there was no doubt in my mind who would get the worst of any trouble which might develop, apart from the subsequent furor created by my unlawful entry if Joe cared to pursue the matter. However, feeling that I must support the damsel in distress, I played for time, hoping that at least I could get the woman clothed as per the sergeant's instructions.

"This is my house and if I want to kick my wife out or anyone else I have a right to" said Joe, and as an afterthought he added, "including you".

I realised what a weak position I was in, but still hoping to complete my assignment I tried to upbraid Joe upon his conduct.

I had hardly started on this angle when Doris appeared and now fully clothed, with a face 'made up', she came and stood by Joe's side and said "Don't you think you are taking your duty too far constable?"

I was astounded to say the least. In

one sentence the tables had been turned. Whereas before, knowing I was in the wrong legally but feeling compelled morally to back up the distressed maiden, the maid had turned and jumped on my back together with her husband. I saw quickly the clever move. She had to live with Joe, not I, and she was taking the glorious opportunity of showing that she agreed with Joe.

I suppose she could do no other, for if she sided with me she would be back where she had started, with clothes this time, but never-the-less, still out in the street.

"Now Mrs. Makin, don't take that attitude, I was merely carrying out my duty in trying to assist you".

"You probably were, but you have gone too far, there is no need to abuse my husband in his own home".

I could see it was pointless arguing further, and after all, I had accomplished what I had set out to do, so I edged quickly toward the door.

My vision of Doris pouring forth her heartfelt thanks to the 'bobby' for saving her from a fate worse than death, was in vain. I considered myself thankful to have escaped without the loss of limb.

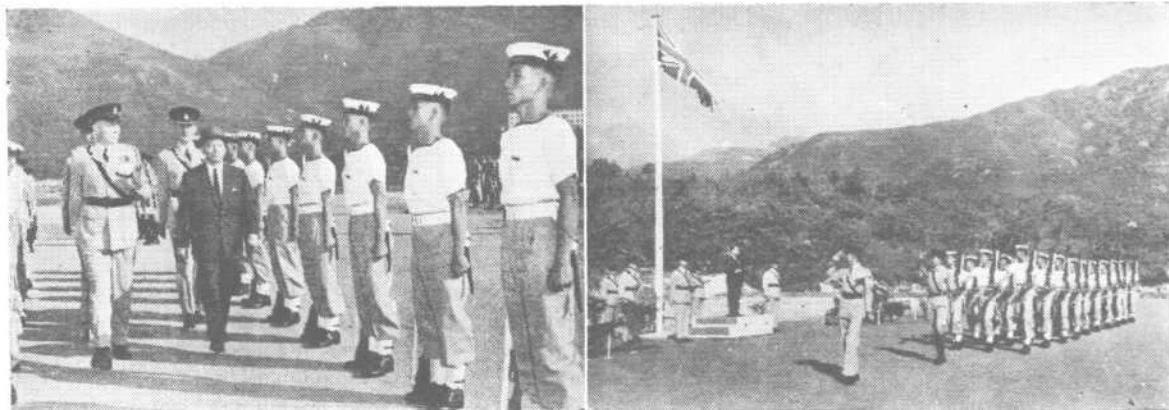
* * * *

".....and another thing Smith, always remember never to become involved in matrimonial squabbles". I had already learned that lesson but another I learned was never trust a sergeant, they're an insidious lot. They always give you the 'practical' before the 'theory'.

Marine Police

On the 17th October, 1959, a squad of twenty nine Recruit Marine Police Constables completed their training at the Police Training School.

The salute at the passing-out parade was taken by Dr. the Honourable A. M. Rodrigues, M.B.E., E.D.



GAZETTED OFFICERS' MESS

A Dinner Party was held at the Mess on the November, 1959, at which a presentation was made to Mr. C. Wilcox on his retirement from the Force.





First Impressions of The Hong Kong Traffic Problem

by

P.S.I. D. C. BUTLER

Geography has a fundamental bearing on almost every aspect of the road traffic problem in Hong Kong and must therefore warrant primary consideration.

The separation of the island of Hong Kong from the mainland produces an immense difficulty. For the two halves of the Colony are interdependent and both pedestrians and vehicles must flow between them, and while the pedestrian ferry between Victoria and Kowloon may be adequate, the vehicular ferry is far from being so—resulting in queues at both ends and congestion in the vicinity of the loading wharves. This also produces an increase in the number of taxis, for taxis do not normally cross by the ferry, and so one taxi is required for a person to reach the Star Ferry and a further one to take him away after crossing Victoria harbour.

The mountainous structure of Hong Kong Island results in steep gradients and twisting narrow roads. The gradients cause minimum requirements in the choice of vehicles and a consequent lack of the baby and bubble cars seen in Europe. This minimum size of vehicles combined with the narrowness of the roads in the rural areas causes difficulty in overtaking and passing—

and so "passing places" are provided in many places consisting in a mere widening of the road for a short distance. These "passing places" are also indispensable to buses for the loading and off-loading of passengers. The difficulty of transport to the Peak is obviated considerably by the Peak Tramway, but is significant of the gradient problem on the Island. Bends and corners on the narrow roads are dangerous to say the least, and it says much for the skill of the Island's drivers that there are not more accidents than at present. The introduction of the double white line system from Europe near and round bends is an attempt to keep motorists to the correct side of the road and not to cut corners: these lines are, however, frequently ignored either through ignorance or sheer cursedness.

The piecemeal growth of Victoria has resulted in a lack of planning of the roads. Here traffic congestion is at its worst and may be likened to Central London apart from the narrower roads and lack of an underground which, of course, make Hong Kong's problems more severe. Attempted solutions to aid the flow of the traffic have been one-way streets, to reduce right hand turns; and the three-lane road system or even four lanes—where the left-hand lane acts as a filter. Trams and the consequent tramlines benefit the general public but produce difficulties in the flow and other traffic.

The sheer numbers of vehicles on the roads presents one of the greatest problems. And in answer to the question "Are they really necessary?" the public would say, in its anxiety to get between two points as quickly as possible, "yes". So, too, would businessmen and the public utilities. The

vehicles are required; the problem is the lack of space for them to move freely.

A past Commissioner of Police said one of the main traffic problems was to regulate pedestrians so that the traffic can move. The common-knowledge that the Colony is overcrowded and over-populated does not help the motorist who drives in constant fear of people spilling off the narrow pavements or dashing madly across the road. Unfortunately the local population seem incapable of queuing in orderly fashion and everything is one mad scramble.

Owing to the night-life and long working hours in Hong Kong, people are moving about in the Colony earlier in the morning and later at night than in Europe. This produces a great strain on the Police, who are responsible for all traffic plans, and who must bear this in addition to their other burdens. The virtual absence of traffic-lights keeps the Police Force constantly at work as traffic wardens.

The long discussed solution for the crossing of Victoria harbour has been either a bridge or a tunnel. Indeed the obvious advantage of such a construction, causes one to wonder why nothing has been done as yet. The reduction in taxis and congestion at each end of the ferries would be enormous. Indeed cross-harbour buses would reduce taxis even more.

The introduction of double-decker buses on the Island is impractical owing to the narrow twisting roads. Then again the idea of a surface railway is squashed in considera-

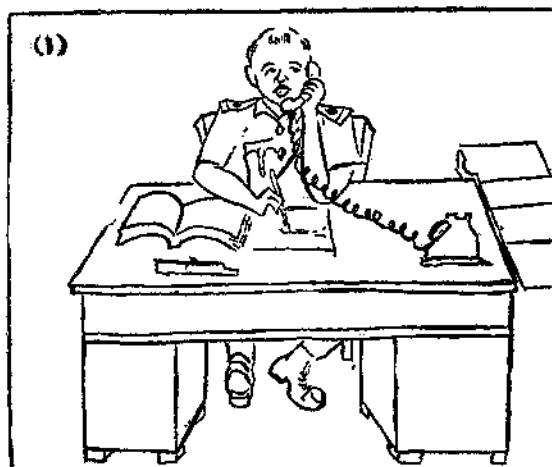
tion of the size and structure of the Island. But an underground Railway would be beneficial to all. Its cost would, unfortunately, be prohibitive.

Mirrors on dangerous bends would help if used properly and here arises the problem of education of the motorist in the Code. For if the drivers of the Colony followed the Code implicitly accidents would be reduced and the flow of traffic aided. But how to do this? By free courses of instruction or heavier penalties for offenders? Increased financial penalties would undoubtedly bring results.

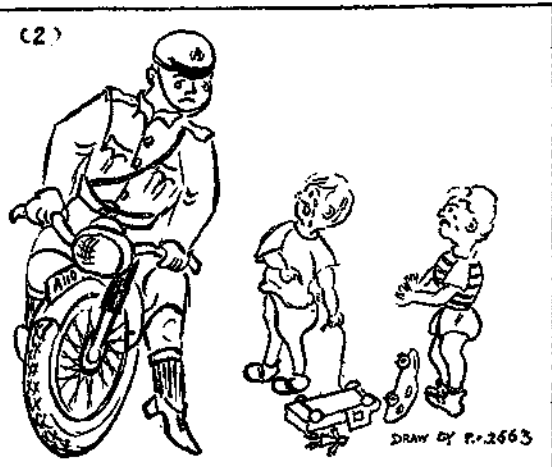
Traffic lights are impersonal things unless control rollers are provided and so the police constable must provide the means of controlling traffic flows; this, surely, cannot be bettered.

Unless there is a mass exodus from the Colony, the problem of pedestrian control will always be there. And whenever land is reclaimed from the sea it is immediately used to capacity in no way helping the traffic problem.

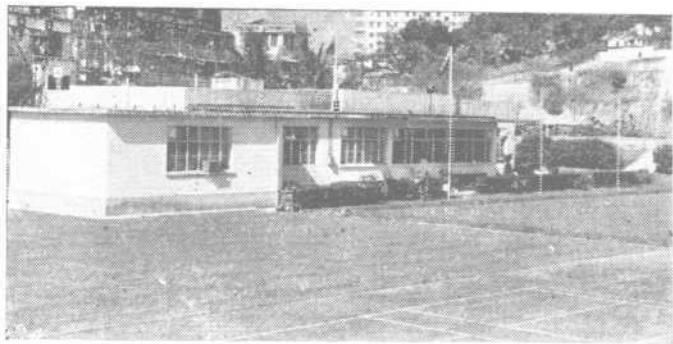
In conclusion, it must be said that these problems do not apply in entirety to the New Territories. For here is barren land in plenty and consequent spacing of villages. Indeed the area is large enough to warrant a Railway. The core of the problem is centred on Kowloon and Victoria—a problem apparently insoluble, but which may be lessened by the construction of a bridge or tunnel between the two.



Traffic Accident Report Received.....



And Action Taken!



Hong Kong Police Sports Association

At the request of the Editor and with valued assistance from Norman Reynolds, Tim Williamson and others we shall attempt to give readers a brief resume of the recent social and sporting events of the Association.

First and foremost at Boundary Street is, of course, football but unfortunately this has not been for years. In spite of a really spectacular start to the season we rather fell apart but with old stalwarts like Roy Moss, Au Chi Yin and Kung Wa Kit on hand we hope to improve and obtain a respectable position in the league. Au with 14, newcomer Evans with 5 and Roy with 4 lead the goalscorers list. A few words about those who spend most of their time on the field bent double looking at grass gone dry. Yes our vastly improved Rugby team which this season, egged on by their solid wall of support, a fresh infusion of talent from the Police Training School, and one or two rejuvenated old timers (one of the latter having great difficulty in dividing his time between rugby, divisional football and Colony hockey) have confounded their usual chorus of critics with some scintillating victories over much fancied teams. The present team are displaying a tremendous spirit, keenness and determination and coupled with the good sportsmanship with which the Police players are noted for, there is no reason why, in the not too distant future, we might attain the apex in local rugby circles. Good luck to them in their endeavours.

Little, unfortunately, is heard of our Basketball section although it is one of the best supported sports in the Force. A Committee headed by Kwong Kam Nin and Lau Yan To have worked hard throughout the season and no less than fifteen teams entered

the Divisional league, the eventual champions being Marine who beat P.T.S. (and their version of the 'Happy Wanderer') in the final play-off. Police teams also entered the Colony 'A'—'B' and Woman Division and did quite well. P.C. 4868 of Marine has also been selected to represent Hong Kong in the Asian Games in Manila, in January 1960.

Like the Rugby team our Cricket eleven have also benefited from new arrivals at the Police Training School but with the difficulty of arranging for 24 men to be off duty on Saturday afternoons, we had to withdraw our team from the Second Division and have concentrated on improving our position in the First. A friendly eleven appropriately named the "Bluebottles" was formed to play on Sundays and this has ensured that all interested do have a chance of playing at the weekends.

The added attraction this season of a bottle of Vat 69 for any player scoring more than 69 runs in a match has resulted in some high scoring and on only one occasion has the total score failed to reach a ton. Leading the race for the bottle was Peter English who in the first match of the season put up an undefeated 80. Judging by the way Peter ran to win the father's race at the P.R.C. Children's Party, he must have thought he was going through for his 70th run in another match.

Surprisingly enough Danny Renton, one of the bowling stalwarts, leads the batting averages. There must be a moral here somewhere. Together with Danny, Tony Whitehead has once again carried the brunt of the bowling and with a little less reluctance on the part of fielders to accept 'balls to hand',

they might have had better results to show for their toils.

Skipper Harry Brearley is the possessor of a rather unique record at the time of writing, in that he has been dismissed only one occasion this season. Mind you he bats at No. 11 but even so has contributed some valuable runs at the right time.

Several Clubs have passed complimentary remarks about the state of the wicket at the P.R.C. which appears to be one of the best in the league. Our thanks are due to the Green Ranger and the ground-boys for this.

Briefer notes on other sports—John Rumbelow and his merry band can be seen throwing each other around under the judo shed several times a week. Anyone interested is invited to attend..... Our two billiard tables are proving very popular and are in use nearly all day long..... Mike Watson, our sole pillar of strength in the Cycle Racing Section, is upholding the name of the Association every few weeks with wins against the top talent in the Colony..... Charles Smith very eager to enter his Pakistanis in the Colony Volleyball league..... Several rank and file members are reported to be keen on taking up lawn bowls but worried about being unable to keep pace with the time honoured custom which prevails at such affairs.....

Our social activities have been rather

curtailed during the past months but we saw Frank Roberts off in fine style only to find that he wasn't really going after all. Kowloon Command took over the Club on December, 21st for their annual X'mas party and a fine time was had by all.....great fun these get-togethers. A special word of praise for Doc Foster and his men who these days are performing brilliantly.

With the Clubhouse now being too small for the very popular rank and file dances we decided to hire the Eagle Ballroom at Lai Chi Kok and a grand X'mas Dance was held there on December 30th. There were over 500 members of the rank and file and friends present and the evening was a tremendous success. We are hoping to hire the China Fleet Club for a Chinese New Year dance for Hong Kong Island at the end of January.

At long last the returfing of the waste ground at the back of the stands has been completed and come next football season, we hope to have the ground re-aligned, new stands erected and plans well in hand for a complete new Clubhouse.

With the Seasons' Good Wishes to all members and the best of luck to all our sports teams in their quests for honours, we say farewell for the time being.

Yours,

The H.K.P.S.A. Committee

OBITUARY

It is with sincere regret that we record the decease of Mrs. Ellen Willerton, who died in Derby, England, on the 13th November, 1959.

Mrs. Willerton was the wife of Chief In-

spector George Willerton, who retired from the Police Force earlier this year.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Mr. Willerton and his family.

BATTLE OF CAMBRAI ANNIVERSARY

The Commissioner and the Hong Kong Police Force were honoured on the 15th November, 1959 when Mr. H. W. E. Heath was invited to take the salute at the march past of the 1st Royal Tank Regiment, at Sek Kong, on the occasion of the 42nd anniversary of the Battle of Cambrai.

"Cambrai" is the first of many Battle Honours gained by the Armoured Units of

the British Army.

The Battle of Cambrai, in World War I, was fought on the 20th November, 1917, when 500 tanks went into action against the heavily fortified Hindenburg Line.

The photograph below shows the Commissioner of Police taking the salute as units of the 1st Royal Tank Regiment march past.



(Photograph by courtesy of Army P.R.O.)

C. I. D. Parade

On the 24th December, 1959, a passing-out parade was held at the Police Training School, for thirty members of the twelfth C.I.D. Training Course.

Mr. H. W. E. Heath, Commissioner of Police, took the salute at the march past.

The Commissioner presented certificates to individual members of the Course, and a silver cup to D.P.C. 526 CHENG CHAU, the winner of the Course revolver shooting competition.

During the ceremony the Commissioner also presented a gold medal to D.P.C. 4726 who had submitted the winning essay in the Hong Kong Police Essay Competition for 1959.

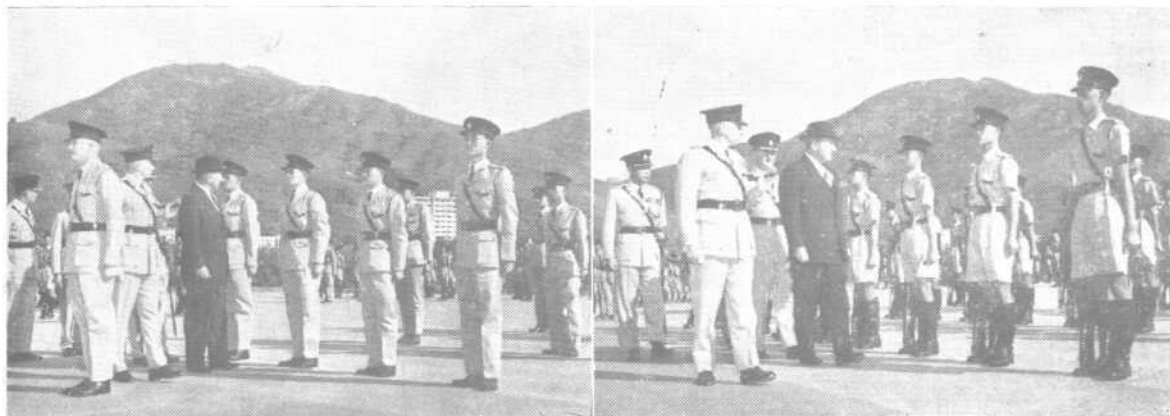
The photographs below show the presentations being made, the inspection of the parade and the march past.



Passing-Out Parade

A passing-out parade of thirteen Probationary Sub-Inspectors and thirty two Recruit Police Constables took place at the Police Training School on the 12th December, 1959.

The salute was taken by the Honourable M. W. Turner, C.B.E.



Hong Kong

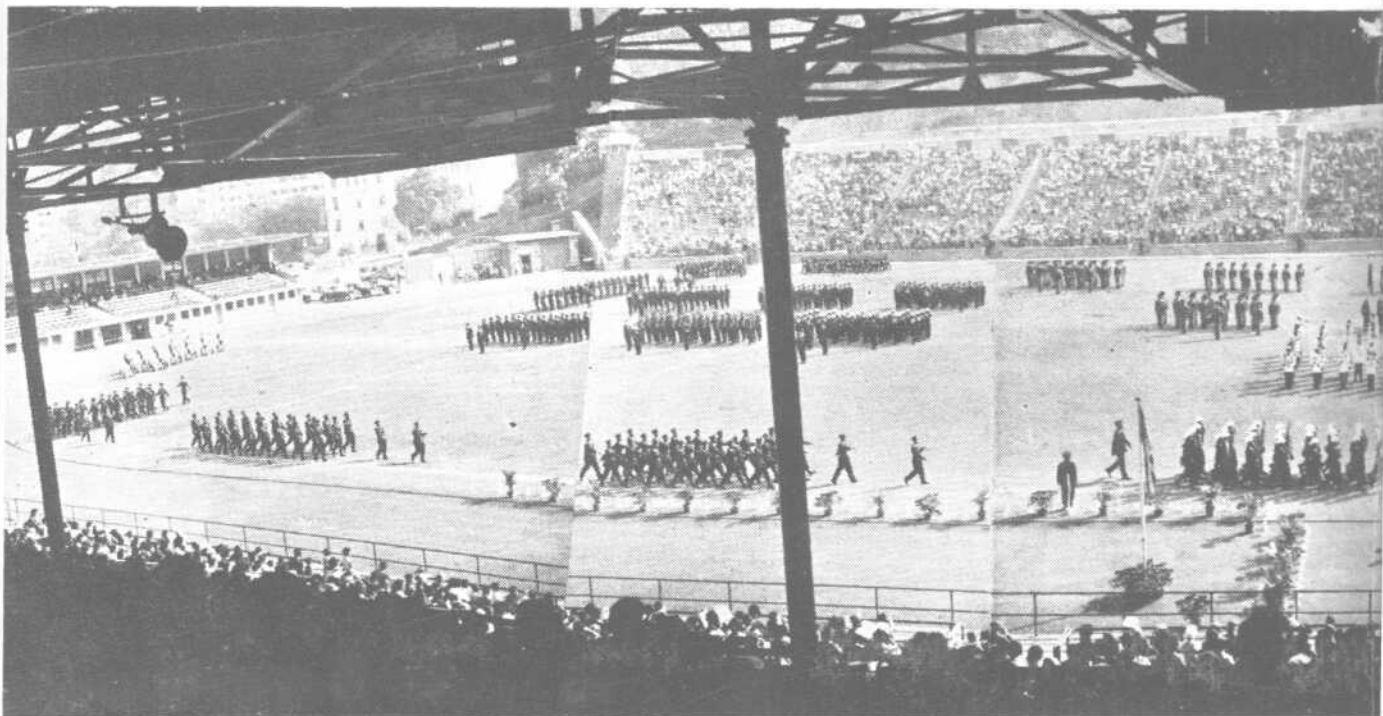
The Annual Review of the Hong Kong Police Force by His Excellency the Governor was held at the Government Stadium



The Deputy Commissioner Heading the March Past



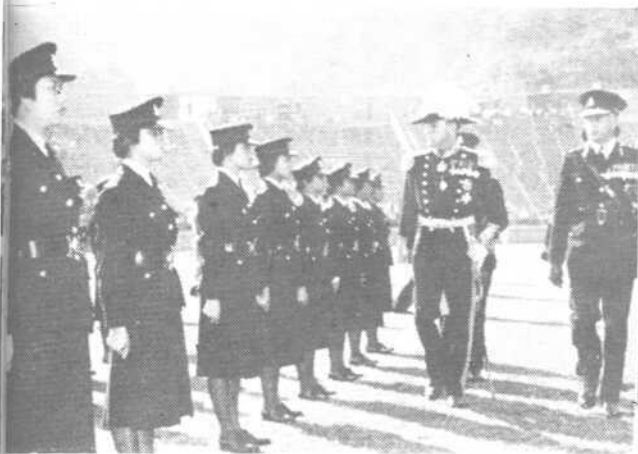
The Marine Contingent



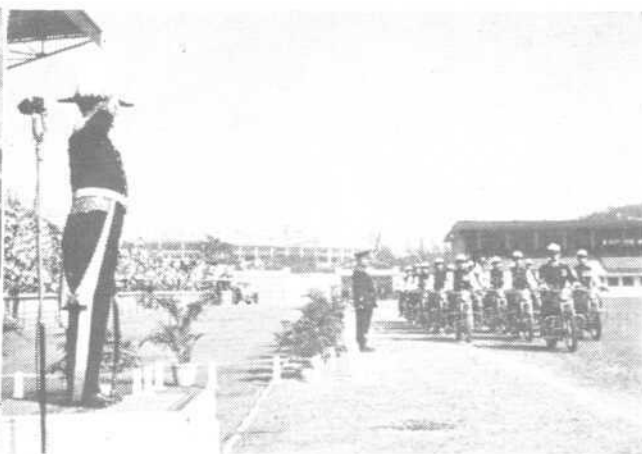
A VIEW OF THE

Police Review

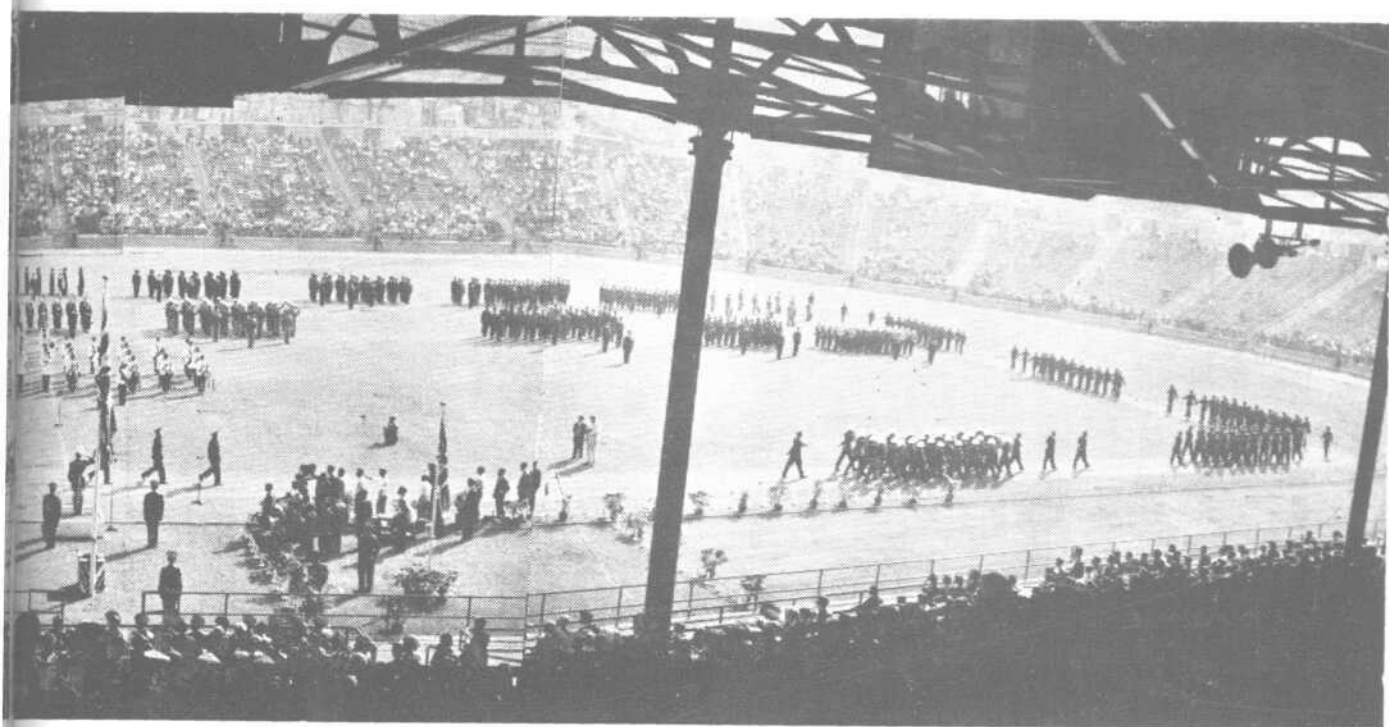
allency the Governor, Sir Robert Brown Black, K.C.M.G., O.B.E.,
Sookunpo, on the 6th December, 1959.



The Women Police Contingent



The Motor Cycle Unit



THE MARCH PAST



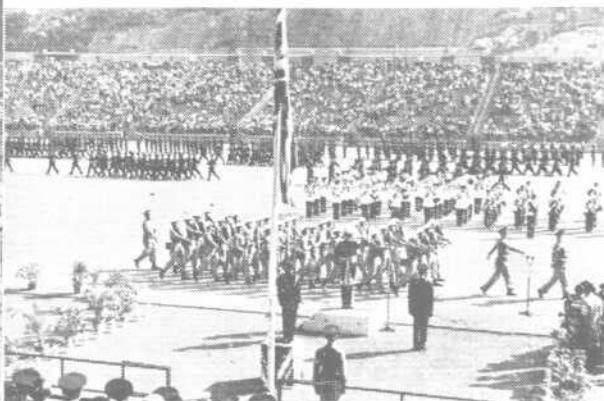
▲ The Police Dog Unit.

◀ His Excellency the Governor
with the Commissioner.



◀ The Police Helicopter flies past.

▼ A New Territories Contingent.





BULL IN A CHINA SHOP.

by

I.M. Sloanne

P.S.I. Reginald Marmaduke St. J. Phipps-foulkes (W.O.S.B. failed), an elegant second tour, unconfirmed bachelor of 28 years was changing for duty in the cock-loft that was euphemistically known as 'his quarters'. The 20watt fly-blown bulb cast a delicate orange glow over the peeling stucco walls and the rickety Government furniture, that to him was Home. Even the Ming dynasty jade horses (5 bucks a throw) and the elderly, thread-bare carpet, from a local ship-breakers yard, failed to lend a cosy atmosphere to the room. A thin wind whistled under the door and stirred the faded curtains, bearing on it the strange, exotic, aromatic, smells of the Orient. To Phipps-foulkes fastidious and perhaps uneducated nostrils, it smelt little different from the Porto-Bello Market, London.

Pulling luxuriously on a Balkan Sobranie Cigarette he leisurely dressed himself for duty. A little, chattering brown box on the table told him in a pseudo-American twang that the time was 3.30 and reminded him to frequently consume gallons of gaseous beverage daily if he wanted to have a ball, be a hit. Shuddering slightly at the thought, he thankfully drank half a tumbler of neat 5 star brandy and continued his dressing. Gently easing the perfectly triangular knot of his black silk regulation tie into the impeccable V of his stiff, white non-regulation shirt, he ensured that the gold collar-stud was just visible under it. He shrugged casually into his blue jacket, languidly

glanced at his slightly tapering trousers that broke correctly over his glistening black shoes, minutely adjusting his gently sloping, wire-less hat, flicking out his white cuffs and he was prepared for an arduous tour as second day duty officer.

He entered the Charge Room and surveyed the familiar scene. The Woman Police Constable warming her plump rear over the one-bar fire, the skinny interpreter nervously pecking at the typewriter with two ink-stained fingers and bemusedly peering through enormous glasses at some incomprehensible Ordinance. The Tai Lau, his tongue curled against his upper lip with effort, laboriously writing his English lesson. The assistant Duty Officer having a confidential chat with an unsavoury looking type in a corner of the room. The Arms storeman quietly dozing in his cage. Phipps-foulkes began to make the rounds. At the teleprinter he was not particularly surprised to learn that 'Now was the time for all good men to come to the aid of the Party' and that the tireless brown fox was still leaping as determinedly as ever over the somniferous hound. The Report Book had its normal quota of assaults and disputes involving C/Ms dressed, as ever, in C/S style clothing, who were living true to form, and scolding C/Fs over children or money affairs. The cells were full of their usual inhabitants, who, although they could scarcely be described as bashful, were beginning to withdraw. Outside, the drivers were preparing for the worst

and had stretched out with their great-coats in the rear of various vehicles.

Phipps-foulkes settled into his chair and waited for business to start. An hour or so of lost identity cards, children, money, face and virginity, a phone call from a belligerent European, whose neighbours were playing mahjong and who wanted something done about it, and wanted it done 'pretty damn quick' or he would want to know the reason why. He wasn't without influence, he warned, being a senior civil servant and on very intimate terms with several senior Police Department officers. He turned out to be in supreme command of night-soil collection in the North East section of Wanchai. Phipps-foulkes promised action, and made a note to have him telephoned at 0400 hrs. next day to tell him the mahjong had now ceased.

A gentle rumbling from below his belt buckle warned him that the time was approaching for him to sample the exquisite cuisine of the Single Inspectors Mess. He was just about to leave, when in came another customer. He stood for a minute at the door-way staring intelligently into the room. Phipps-foulkes sat summing him up. He was six foot of well-stacked, Indian-tailored, globe-trotting, blue-berry-pie-eating, overpaid, rimless-spectacled, wholesome, clean-living, all-American, tourist from the top of his crew-out head to the bottom of his two tone sneakers. After a while he spoke. 'Saaay, do any of you guys speak English?' he asked hopefully. Phipps-foulkes looked at the interpreter, a puzzled expression furrowing his brow. 'Sometimes we speak English, but some of the people are only speaking Cantonese and some can only speaking Shanghainese, so we are not always speaking English, but we can'. He volunteered helpfully. 'I see. My name's Hicken Grosenburg. Joe. Z. I'm a Lootenant in the U.S. Marine Corps.' he beamed. 'From Columbus Ohio. U.S.A.' He looked around again. 'Saay, is this here a Police Station?' he asked suspiciously. Resisting the temptation to tell him that it was a Salvation Army Home for disabled Korean babies, Phipps-foulkes carefully agreed that it was. 'I've just flown in from Tokyo. Japan', he said 'I've always had a yen to see this little old British Crown Colony of Hong Kong, China, for myself, and now here I am'. Phipps-

foulkes again refrained from an obvious comment, and asked the man's business.

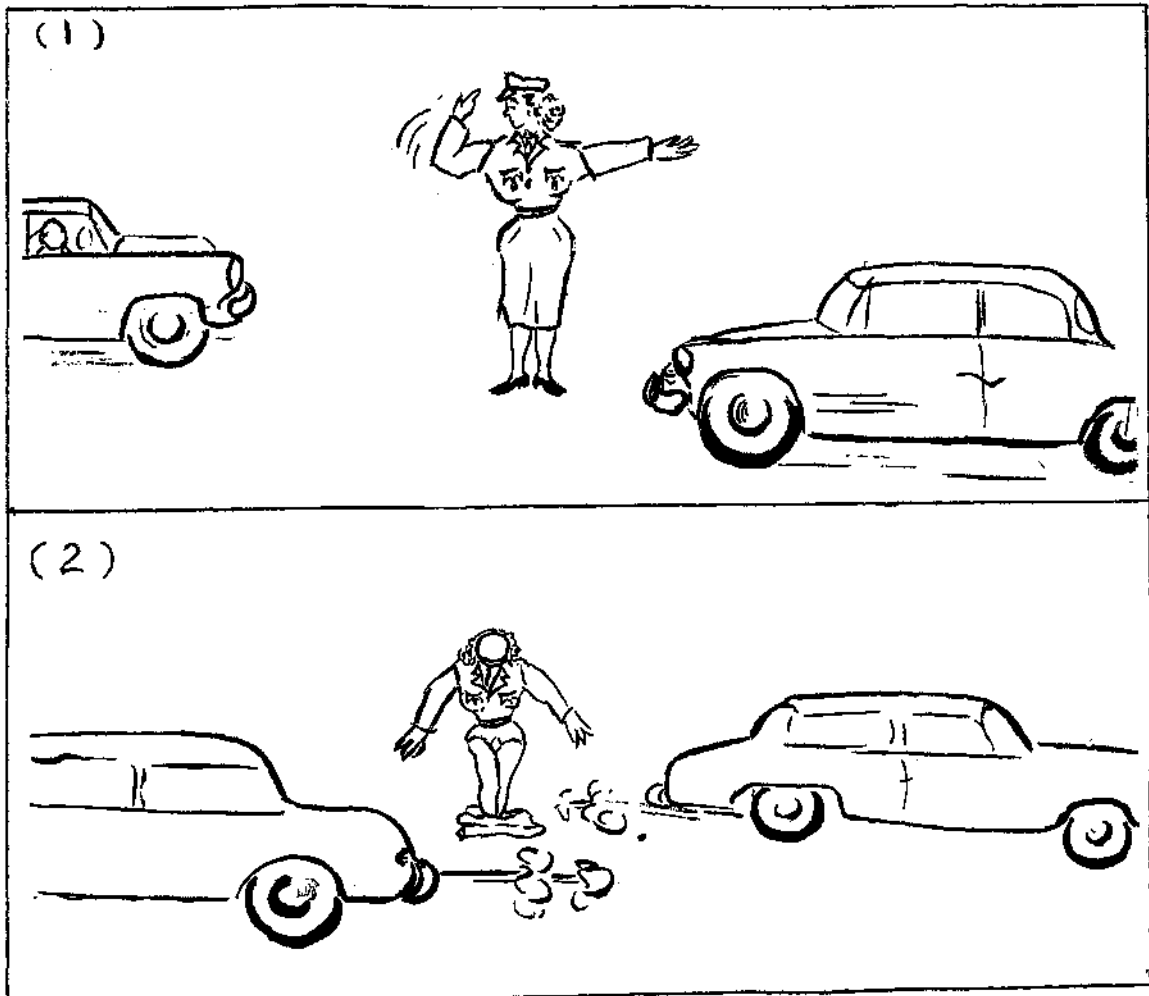
"I just called in to see if you guys could help me", he began 'you see I've heard a very great deal about this little old place of Hong Kong, yes sir, a very great deal, and I sorta got to wondering whether I could get to see some of these opium dens I've been reading about, so I brought my cameras thinking I might get some authentic pictures of these here people actually eating the stuff, to show the folks back home'. Phipps-foulkes haughtily declined and felt it his duty to tell the man that all the sort of thing had stopped anyway. Joe. Z. became downcast at this news, like a baby whose Jello-stick had been confiscated. Phipps-foulkes then suggested the Border. He brightened instantly, looking almost as happy as if he had heard that an American missile had left the ground. 'Saay that's an A.I. idea, where is it', he asked eagerly. 'Oh. over there' said Phipps-foulkes waving his hand in the direction of Tsim Sha Tsui. Impressed, Joe Z. turned and gazed nervously across the harbour. 'This is a must', he insisted, 'I just gotta get some shots to show the folks'. He pulled eagerly a Pancho Villa-type bandoleer arrangement slung round his shoulder. A sort of endless leather conveyor-belt with leather boxes of various sizes stuck onto it. He opened several of these, one after another, found range, light density, colour effect, relative humidity. Then, opening the largest, he wound up the outside key raised it to his eye, dropped stiffly to one knee, and with a wirring sound from the box panned shakily, from left to right. He rose, wheezing, to his feet, his face flushed and his glasses misted with exertion and triumph. He switched the device off and patting it fondly, informed the Charge Room staff, who were by this time standing in a gaping line behind the bench, 'Stereo, zoom lenses, colour, automatic range-finder, one thousand U.S.' 'No sound?' asked Phipps-foulkes disappointedly. 'Anyway, one thousand U.S. what?.....credit coupons.' Joe Z. was rattled, his mouth dropped open in amazement at this sacrilege. 'Why.....saaay, one thousand dollars U.S.' he whispered reverently. 'One thousand genuine, green-backed, hard-currency, all-American Dollars'.

Then he noticed Phipps-foulkes's stars

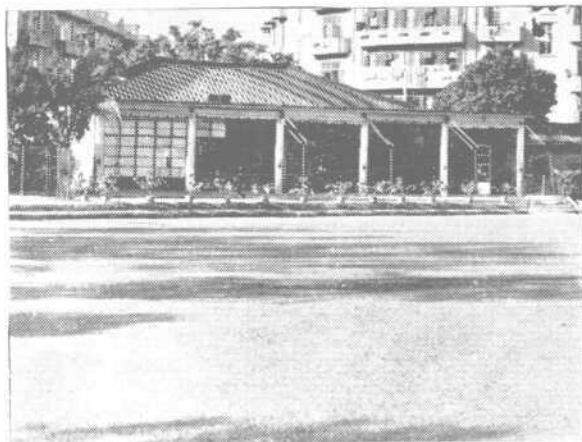
glinting in the light. 'Saay, aint you kinda young for a one star man?' he asked in awe. 'Even in the Marine Corps, you gotta be over 40. You must be hot potatoes, sir.' Phipps-ffoulkes swelled visibly, the suspicion of a sneer curled his stiff upper lip, he only needed a dented riot helmet with strap swinging and a morning-after-the-night-before-round-Wanchai-stubble to look as though he had hit every beach worth hitting between the Halls of Montezuma and that dripping-green-hell-they-called-Guadalcanal. 'Its a privilege, sir, to have met you', he said respectfully 'here is my card, if you are ever in Columbus, Ohio,

be sure to look me up. I'm going now', he told them sadly 'But let me assure you that we really do appreciate what you poor British are doing in the name of Democracy and Freedom in this far-flung corner of your diminishing Empire. Thank you sir, and goodbye'. He shook Phipps-ffoulkes and the entire staff by the hand, presented them each with a card and left.

Phipps-ffoulkes breathed a sigh of relief, passed a silk handkerchief over his brow and looked at his watch. It was time for dinner, but somehow P.S.I. Phipps-ffoulkes did not feel like any.



NO COMMENT



THE POLICE RECREATION CLUB

The past year's activities were somewhat overshadowed by threats of dispossession. Alarming reports were received of the intended demolition of the Club premises during road widening operations in the area. After correspondence with the Public Works Department we found that tentative plans had been drawn up for road improvements and they would necessitate the removal of the Club house. However, no firm decision has yet been reached and it seems that we shall still have a roof over our heads during 1960 and probably 1961 as well. This is a great relief to all members and especially to the current Committee who do not now have to worry about the problem of alternative accommodation.

In spite of the eviction threat, the Club carried out a full season of activities; dances during the winter months and a barbeque and launch picnic during the summer. The lawn bowls section had a crowded schedule, two teams were entered in the Colony leagues, and acquitted themselves well, in fact winning the coveted Valley Shield for the first time. The tennis section is becoming more and more popular and there was a good turn-out for the Club championships. With more practice and the addition of a few more experienced players we may yet become a power to be reckoned with in the Colony tennis circles.

A billiard table was installed during the

year and has proved very popular, being in almost constant use every night. Players are now battling it out for the championships and it is hoped soon to engrave the first name on a magnificent Snooker shield recently presented to the Club by two long-standing members Messrs. Arliss and Lonsdale.

For those not given to such strenuous sports the Club provides a television room, whist drives, library, and of course the facilities for a cooling drink at the bar or even a nice hot cup o' tea.

It seems however that many people still don't know a good thing when they see it, for only about one third of the Regular and Auxiliary police officers entitled to join have done so. Dances, picnics, barbeques, bowls, tennis, billiards, cards, television, refreshments, and unlimited scope for gossip, all for a joining fee of \$20 and a monthly subscription of \$7, what more could you ask?

If any non-member reading this decides it is time he took advantage of the facilities offered, just drop a line to:—

The Secretary,
The Police Recreation Club,
Happy Valley.

and we will be happy to send you a copy of our Constitution and Bye-Laws.



My first day in the ARMY

by

P.S.I. E. H. EVANS

"You are required to report to No. 1 Training Battalion R.E.M.E., Honiton, Devon, before 1200 hrs. on the 7th July 1955," so the first sentence of my call-up papers read. Just think, not even "requested" but "required"; check, I thought, having read it through once. Little did I know of the consequences which could have befallen me had I not complied with that order. Anyway, thinking to myself that some one really "wants" me at last, I decided to pack my holdall and precious few belonging and make my way to the Cider (or Scrumpy) County of Devon.

Having missed my first night's sleep since birth, I arrived in Honiton at the unearthly hour of 03.00 hours "military mean time." I found a "wash and brush-up" room and after about five minutes, I decided to look into the mirror and yes they were—like holes in the snow—and I hadn't been drinking either! Thinking that the Army authorities would appreciate it if I had a shave, I had one and eventually thought that I did look quite respectable.

Later on in the morning I saw several

more young lads with anxious faces whom I learned later to be on the same "mission" as I. Having forced ourselves to introduce each other, we decided to catch the bus to the camp. Excitement was now mounting as we neared what we thought was our destination. I maintain to this day that the bus driver was a "mate" of the Drill Sergeant because we were told to "disembark" about 1½ miles from the actual camp. We thought, in all probability that here we could get a connection, but to our dismay were confronted by an immaculately dressed sergeant who immediately bellowed "fall-in" in no uncertain manner. It wasn't long before he impressed upon us that we were not going to Billy Butlins for a fortnight, but our Army basic Training Camp. I shall never forget that first March; "left, right; left, right," he bellowed, but this initial addressing of us 'Civvy Boys' had no impression whatsoever. He must have been quite annoyed though as we learned to our discomfort later on the drill square.

Arriving at the camp, hands in pockets and feeling very uncomfortable having walk-

ed a mile quicker than ever before, we were staggered at the cleanliness and discipline which prevailed inside the gates. As soon as we did enter those "pearly gates" that friend of ours, the sergeant informed us that now we were in the ARMY and brought us to attention in no uncertain manner; in the same breath he mentioned something about "the cooler" and "C.B." which left us dumfounded, to put it mildly.

Just as we thought we could have a "breather" having been allotted a bed and mattress, we were introduced to a person who had two stripes on his arm whom we later got to know as Corporal Ball and not "Corp". He preceded to inform us what lay ahead of us that day. To say that I felt like 'punching him on the nose' was putting it very mildly indeed.

Lunch, was next on the agenda and what a shock that was. I'd heard so much about army meals that I was very curious indeed as to what the outcome would be. Entering the dining hall, we were confronted by a queue which appeared to be endless and a few Sergeants and Corporals bellowing their

heads off. Surely not a dining hall, thought I. The size of the queue diminished with remarkable rapidity and in no time we "Sprogs" were on the scene. A hot steaming kitchen with a row of cooks 'throwing' potatoes (at least so I was told) and vegetables on to plates which were in turn on trays, which in turn were almost too hot to hold. A few old soldiers who had been there a whole week tried to console us with "You'll get used to it". Nevertheless to say we had to starve in the meantime.

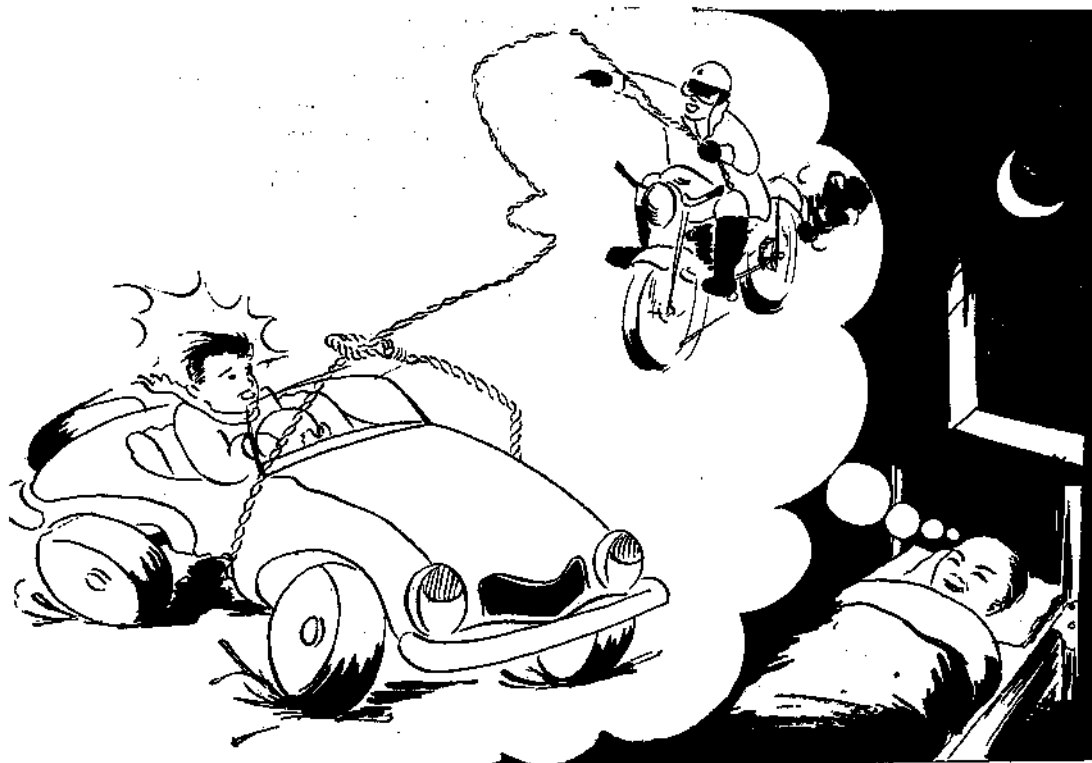
In the heat of the mid-day sun we were marched to almost every store on the camp and returned to the billets laden with blankets, pillows, great coats, kit bags, steel helmets, etc., etc. This I may add was all in one excursion to the stores. Evening and bedtime was drawing near, most of us feeling as if on our last legs. Not to be dismayed, of course, we were informed that reveille was at 05.00 hrs. and that didn't mean 0505 hrs! My eyes closed and my mind was at rest for seemingly 5 minutes when a voice uttered in a shrill tone "wakey, wakey, my little beauties". "Morning Corporal". We chanted.

How to Lose Friends and Antagonise People

(WITH APOLOGIES TO DALE ARNEGIE.)

Do you loathe being polite, and knowing your place?
Are you heartily sick of the human race?
And, if it were in your power to choose,
Would you take the veil or become a recluse?
You can sever connections with all human kind
If you keep these simple rules in mind.
When the boss's wife comes to dinner in mink,
Lose no time in letting her know what you think
Of her flashy diamonds and showy pelts:
Wait till the butter for the fish sauce melts,
And smear it on her dress in a greasy stain:
I'll wager you never see *her* again!
Don't object when mother-in-law decides to stay:
You can get rid of her in a more subtle way.
Greet her sweetly, clasp her to your breast,
(You jolly well know who's going to come off best!)
Wait until she's resting on the settee,
Teacup in hand, magazine on knee,
And announce you simply can't wait another day
To get your spring-cleaning programme under way.

Let her live for a week in a welter of brooms,
Hang lines of wet washing in all the rooms:
Roll up the carpets, dismantle her bed;
(Sternly ignore any tears she may shed!)
I guarantee the old curmudgeon
Will pack her bags, in very high dudgeon!
When the vicar's wife graciously calls to enquire
Why attendance at the sewing-bees isn't higher,
Do you offer sherry and biscuits? Or a freshly-made brew?
No, let her stand there, famished, while you
Munch stolidly at sandwiches, scones, and cake,
And all the leftovers from yesterday's bake.
If, in conversation, she happens to say
That she's had a thoroughly exhausting day,
Don't let her sink gratefully into a chair,
Suggest that what she needs is air,
And drag her on a five mile tramp
Through uphill fields, freshly-ploughed and damp.
Coming back, suggest saving a couple of miles
By using that path with dozens of stiles.
As you pass the duckpond, subdue all sense of sin,
And, with an air of detachment, push her in!
If you follow these easily assimilated rules,
Fall out with relations, call policemen fools,
Insult your friends, and assiduously quarrel,
You can be like Diogenes, and live in a barrel!



THE TRAFFIC OFFICER'S DREAM

I wonder? If

by

D. B. S.

As policemen do, we were having an argy-bargy over a noggin and natural ebullience rashly rose to the surface. This was on the part of junior members of a semi-rural Division in 'K' which I do not wish to identify in case of reprisals. For those of you who have a policeman's nose and can keep a secret I suggest you could satisfy your curiosity by walking down A e Street where there is a white "Temple of Ffiferey-Naulds". This sect worships the tortoise. English in his "Aftermatch" ** explains how a predatory martin removed the sacred object to its nest and how it was therefrom recovered. It was interesting to discover that a martin can swim as it is not generally known as a wader or diver. One may speculate that sudden immersion brings out hidden talents.

Well, to make a short yarn into a police report we were challenged to a game of football. This was a bit unfair, as we are a hardworking and downtrodden lot whereas the challengers—well, the Divisional Superintendent has lunch even on a Sunday!!! Something had to be done to offset this advantage so we left out all footballers for a start. We wanted a handicap of one goal for each 10 years of difference in the total ages of the teams, but there is little generosity nowadays and we had to play from scratch.

It was key men versus key men, you know, the ones they put on the "Take Post" board? As far as this Division was concerned a great deal of organisation was required to get the C.I. and the D.S. through the Boundary Street gate. However, by using the D.D.I. as a point section, the defile was widened sufficiently to let the C.I. in without any great cost to Club Funds for repair to gate-posts, etc.

The challengers came on in procession of rickshaws from the right and advanced in

review order to the centre of the field.

Let us not be mean! We were well and truly beaten. The challengers are noted for their physique and fitness and it was on wind (bullus droppingsus) we were defeated, left standing and often flat. We must thank the referee, linesman and the many members from the onlookers who so nobly and generously gave of their time, and effort, to get us nearer the challenger's goal.

I wonder? If the linesman had not fallen full length on his face during his solo run with the ball, would we have drawn the game?

Exercises are held to exercise thinking powers and imagination, to accustom one to not thinking during the real thing. In this Division we firmly believe that anything difficult can be done in a short time and that the impossible may need a moment or two longer. Now, relax. I'm telling this story, and I have to build it up. The point is we are never surprised at any instructions we receive. During "Greenmantle" however, we were informed that a riot was in progress at the junction of Hing Wah Street and Lai Chi Kok Road, with houses on fire. This information we will admit almost caused our boilers to burst as this road junction is in the middle of a projected reclamation area and at present under the auspices of Davey Jones, but we dealt with it politely and informed directing staff of their error.

I wonder? If we had correctly replied "Tell it to the Marines" would we have been classed as rude.

Having been awarded a medal I suppose the actual task of going up to receive it is relatively simple. I certainly would have thought so, but there are unexpected snags

(** To be published 2001 A.D., if ever)

everywhere. On proceeding to receive my award, my navigating sense told me I was on a collision course with His Excellency. Now it is a funny thing that one trains hard in drill so that one doesn't have to think when drilling, so in cases such as these, does one think or not think?

I wonder?.....If I had continued on my collision course, halted, and then made a smart left turn, would His Excellency actually have landed in the stands?

Police/Public relations is much to the fore nowadays and people making minor reports at stations may have to wait for more urgent affairs to be determined. In an attempt to obviate this an experiment was tried which basically is a matter of running two reporting centres in one charge room. This meant some minor additions to staff.

An improvement was expected but, in fact, it was so tremendous that no one in the charge room is now fully occupied. Let us go further and admit that for a deal of the time, some of them may have nothing to do.

I wonder?.....If this efficiency continues, will we be instructed to remove the additional staff from the charge room on the grounds of unemployment or redundancy?

A Constable was sent to a house to deal with a disturbance. When he arrived he found he had to deal with a violent insane person. Before entering he intelligently unloaded his revolver. Inside, the insane person did in fact go for the revolver but was dealt with by the truncheon.

I wonder?.....If the press had known of this intelligent and courageous act, would they have classed it as "news"?

People call mules stubborn. However, in my somewhat limited experience I have found mules to be intelligent and as self-centred as cats. I agree you can't very well fondle a mule on your lap, but you know what I mean. I was once friends with a mule who knew every bugle call and would harness itself, although it always found difficulty with the buckles as the upper left incisor was missing. It was a happy-go-lucky

care-free animal and on non-working days it used to undo its halter and the stable door and go A.W.O.L. for 2¼ hours. Grooming was completed at 09.30 hrs. and tiffin was at noon. It was never late for a meal.

I do not think mules deserve the bad name they get. If I printed this opinion in the S.C.M.P. I am sure a certain gentleman would display his erudition and prove me wrong, with a letter of his opinion on mule psychology.

Nope! If there is a stubborn animal it is the pig! At a fire recently amongst the burned houses were a number of pig-sties. Most animals flee from fire but the pig just waits until he is overcome. Amongst these pigs, were some very fine litters ranging in size from sandwich to banquet. It was hard work convincing these piglets that they would taste better later with sweet and sour sauce. We are always polite to the public and talked the pigs into various baskets. One or two raised objections to being picked up by an ear or a hind leg but there were no complaints laid against police.

Fires keep one busy and there was a certain gentleman who was most insistent that the pigs be saved and persisted with his insistence to the point of becoming a pain in the neck. It was surprising that he did nothing to catch and save the pigs.

At this fire a baby died. The father claims he handed it over to an unknown person at a certain spot and the baby was found at that spot.

Another little piglet was seen dodging through a bunch of bushes and the persistent gentleman was told to catch it. He went forward, evidently could not see it and made no effort to catch it. It was indicated to him but he replied "Sure I see it, but it is not mine".

I wonder?.....If that had been the baby would the reply have been the same?

Of course, we could go on and on, but:

I wonder?.....If this is published, will I be sued?

Police Course at the University

An extra—mural studies course was held at the Hong Kong University in December, 1959. The course, under the heading of social and psychological background of crime, was of two weeks duration and twenty four police officers, both Gazetted Officers and Inspectors, and three Probation Officers attended.

The lectures during the course were varied and interesting. They introduced a different approach to crime and criminals than that usually considered by police officers and consequently stimulated considerable discussion.

The varied nature of the lectures can be judged from the following which are a selection of lectures given during the course:—

The conflict between Chinese attitude and British Law.

Problems of youth.

Psychological aspects of crime—crowd behaviour.

Psychiatric aspects of crime.

Reliability of witnesses.

Public and Police.

Treatment of offenders.

The course was the second to be organised by the Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Besides attending lectures, the participants also visited a number of factories as well as Tai Lam Prison, the Remand Home and Boys' and Girls' Clubs. They also took part in group discussions.

The Course was opened by Mr. H. W. E. Heath, Commissioner of Police, on the 7th December, 1959.

Miss Beryl Wright of the Department of Education of the University was responsible for drawing up the curriculum. The lecturers included members of the University staff, senior Government officials and private individuals who had studied the different aspects of the problem.

These courses are intended to become an annual feature of Police training.

Police Swimming Team

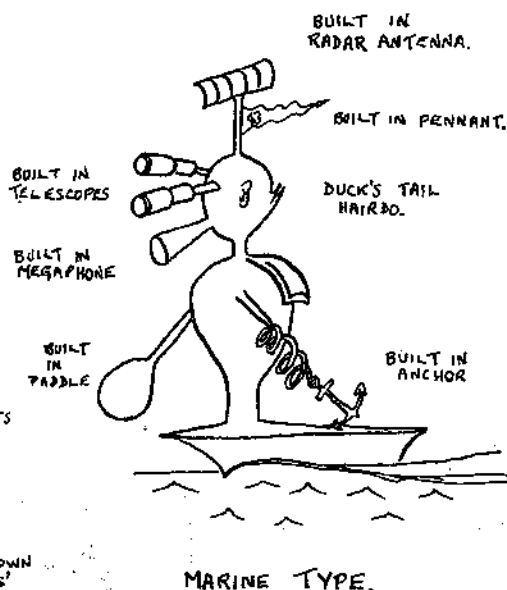
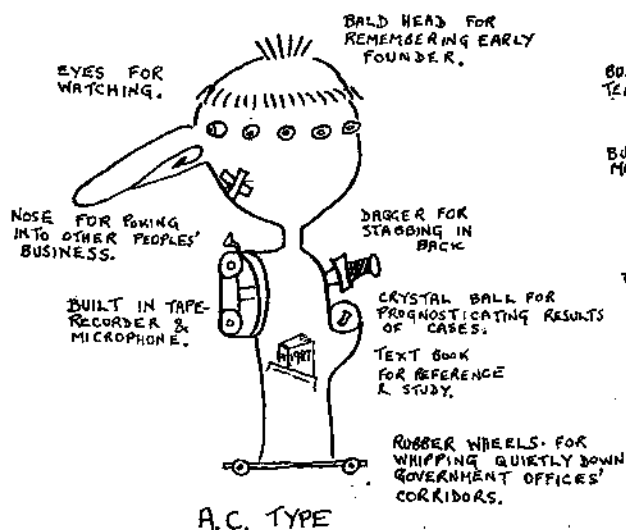
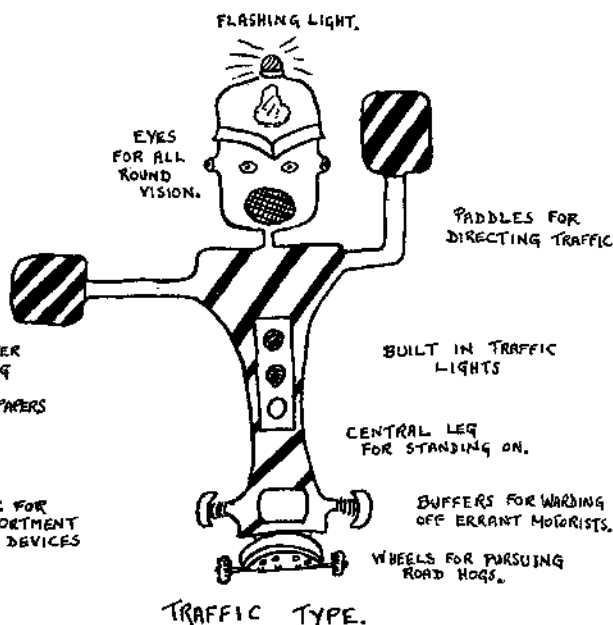
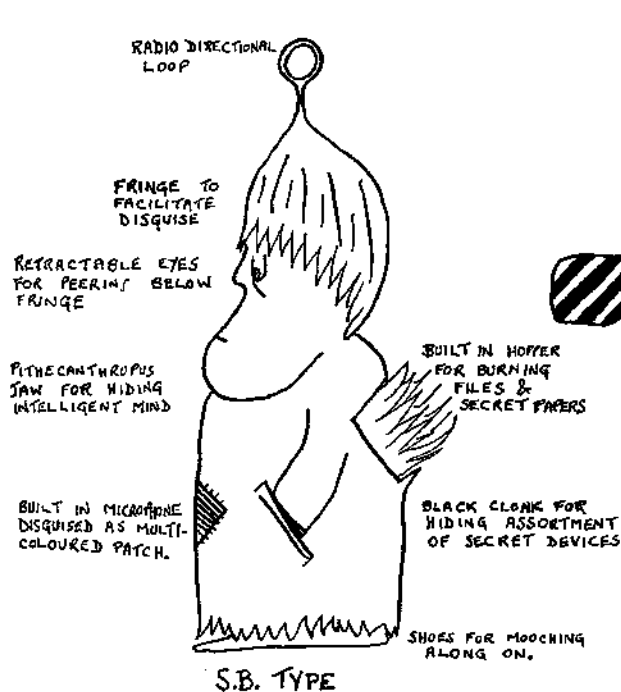


On the 7th November, 1959, a police team won the Government Departments' Swimming Relay Race at the Urban Services Swimming Gala, held at the Victoria Swimming Pool.

The photograph shows the members of the swimming team with the Commissioner of Police and Sub-Inspector Chan Fook Cheung.

SPECIALIZATION

The question of specialization is often discussed in Police circles. There are arguments for and against the specialist, but by applying the processes of evolution and natural selection to the specialist and by a little extrapolation (and imagination) we come up with the following interesting specimens of policemen who might turn up in a thousand years or so.



RETIREMENT



On the 18th November, 1959, Chief Inspector Frank Roberts retired from the Hong Kong Police Force.

Mr. Roberts joined the Force in June, 1930 and served in varied posts throughout his service. In recent years he has been attached to the Criminal Investigation Department.

In 1937 Mr. Roberts was awarded the Police Silver Medal for Gallantry, in 1948 he received the Colonial Police Long Service Medal and in 1957 he was awarded the Colonial Police Medal.

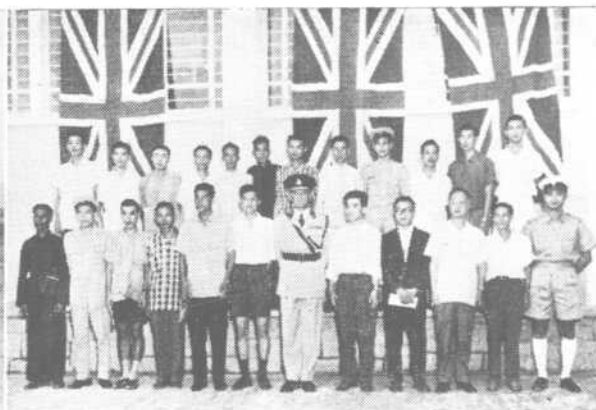
We take this opportunity to wish Mr. Roberts a long and happy retirement.

Presentation Ceremony

On the 22nd September, 1959, a presentation ceremony of monetary awards and letters of appreciation to members of the public, was held at Police Headquarters.

The Commissioner of Police presented the awards and letters to twenty three recipients, all of them local citizens, who had assisted the police in criminal cases.

The photographs below show the Commissioner presenting one of the awards, and with the group of recipients at the conclusion of the ceremony.





CHATTER

FROM THE

STATIONS.



POLICE TRAINING CONTINGENT

S.I. P. R. W. Shorter

Dear Mr. Editor,

In the last issue of this magazine, there appeared a photograph of the Police Training Contingent, which was described as a "Shangrila".

I shall now attempt to sketch a few of the highlights of life at Shangrila.

The first is the Obstacle Course, often called "Mosses Folly" and other less complimentary names. It consists of a series of jumps, climbs and rope tricks that would do credit to Barnum and Bailey's.

The first hero to tackle the jump must remain unknown, but one of the first was a police constable from No. 3 Platoon who, with more nerve than skill, leapt from about 18 feet straight into it, as if it were the arms of the Medical Officer at Tai Po Clinic.

Sub-Inspector Chan Ho Yin also made a gallant effort which earned him a week's sick leave.

Harry Brearley commented that he didn't mind the jump, but it was the time you had to think before you landed. It was, as he so quaintly put it, "Strictly for the birds".

One other obstacle consists of a high wooden wall. After much grunting and cursing the top is reached, then to your mounting horror you find that some one with Machiavellian cunning had dug a large pit on the other side.

The Route Marches also present another pleasant aspect of life at the Police Training Contingent. These are, I believe, very exhilarating. Your correspondent however, being a little rotund, was usually laid low on the Nursery Slopes, quite often in the company of Leung Cheung, another gentleman who is usually accustomed to negotiating heights in a lift.

There is also the mosquito menace usually combatted by Flit guns and repellants and much flowery language, except of course for Bill Lawrence whose palatial quarters remain mosquito-less, loftily remote above the common herd.

However "C. Company" has now disbanded and the sweeps through Luen Wo Hoi are forgotten, except for the "start" line which started at the Fanling Cafe!!

Yours

Police Training Contingent.



SPECIAL BRANCH

Sub-Inspector
R. Apedaile

Dear Mr. Editor,

An unusually long Autumn has been terminated by the festive season, and with it a decade died. On the wave of humanity which has swamped the Colony, the decade has been one of violent expansion for the branch. Out of a few poky offices in the old oriental Building, we have elbowed our way into a strategic position in the new Headquarters, spilling out of the fourth floor onto a substantial portion of two other floors. Now there are almost as many Assistant Directors as there were Inspectors in 1950. We are sufficiently large to run our own inter-sectional mini-soccer league and, if we expand any more, we will have to build our own Headquarters.

What will the new decade bring? The possibilities are frightening. I wish I had not seen that film, 'On The Beach'. However, one thing is certain: if the romantic China Mail reporter, who surely must be a descendant of Zane Gray, is accurate in his portrait of our future Director, Mr. J. Prendergast G.M., we will have to improve our speed on the draw (with a gun). But Mr. H. W. E. Heath has taken some of the glamour from our lives by putting the projected transfer into its proper perspective, and, as Mr. Prendergast will probably be with us before this is printed, I will take this opportunity to write a welcome from us prosaic policemen, to one such other.

A welcome is also due to the dozen ladies who have ventured from Britain, some for the first time, to keep the administration of the Branch functioning facilely. When we have sorted out enough furniture for them, I hope that they will make themselves comfortable. The result of the Salaries Com-

mission was timed to give them a warming welcome to the Colony.

Although it is not connected with Special Branch, I will end with an anecdote that a lorry-driver friend of mine relates. Driving a huge long-distance truck, he was behind schedule and, to make up time, he had his foot down hard on the accelerator. Suddenly he saw a black Wolseley, of the type used by the Police, draw up behind him out of the view of the mirror. He immediately slowed down to a respectable speed and dawdled along waiting for the police car to tire of the hunt. Thirty miles tortoisised by, and my friend was impatiently cognisant of the passing time. Losing his patience, he decided to drop in to a wayside cafe and thus get rid of the police car behind. To his chagrin, as he turned off he saw the black Wolseley chug past driven by a timid lady who seemed pleased that the huge menace in front had cleared out of the way.

Yours

Special Branch

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EASTERN DIVISION

Sub-Inspector
V. Renard

The Editor,

During the last quarter, command of this Division has passed from Mr. P. T. Moor to Mr. A. Clough. Mr. Moor has gone off to Special Branch and we wish him the best in his new appointment. At the same time we extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Clough and hope he will enjoy his stay with us.

Since our last letter there have been several changes in the Inspectorate. Messrs. Lee, Irvine and Cox have joined us from P.T.S. Inspector Chiu has also arrived from

Hong Kong Court. The A.S.D.I.'s chair is now filled, quite fully actually, by Tony Whitehead taking over from Sub-Inspector Spence who is now the S.D.I. Upper Levels.

On the debit side we lost Messrs. Darkin and Haigh who complete with space domes and white sleeves are now helping with the chaos.

Our saddest loss was Sub-Inspector Ben Thompson, the Magistrate's friend, who is now in Frontier. From the veldt to the veldt in this case as Ben, being an ex South African (or should it be Afrikaan?) type is well suited to the outpost work, than most of us. Perhaps by now Hop Yick Company have his exclusive contract for mealies and skokian and that the natives are going around singing 'The old Transvaal' every day.

At the time of writing we are in the midst of Christmas festivities and with the tree well lit, and I might add some of the fokis as well, we have had quite a colourful time. At this point may we send our belated greetings to all ranks wishing them a prosperous New Year complete with vast pay increases, increments for previous U.K. Service and hard laying allowance for P.T.C.

Talking about the pay increase we are still in possession of the actual strings of case but the proposals sound interesting. I always wanted to dine at the Marco Polo—as soon as I get the money to have my shoes soled and heeled, I think I'll go.....

Looking back through the last issue of the Magazine I did not see any notes from Hung Hom or Bay View. By their silence, are we to presume they are very busy?

That seems to be all from this Division at the moment. We are devoid of anything funny to report in the way of extracts from our Two Report Books; When they do occur; to quote an Americanism, they should be Lulu's!

Yours

Eastern



POLICE TRAINING SCHOOL

Sub-Inspector
J. H. Harris

Dear Mr. Editor,

For the second time in seven years I find myself forced into a corner with absolutely no chance of escape, and taking pen in hand I will try to discharge my obligation.

As with firearms, when discharging an obligation there are certain safety precautions to observe. They are:—

- (1) Remarks should never be pointed (unless at someone of insignificant rank, and then they somehow lose their zest).
- (2) No indiscriminate snapping (at those set above you).
- (3) Always prove (that you are quite the cleverest and hardest working person on the staff).
- (4) If you are loaded, do not let it show in what you write.

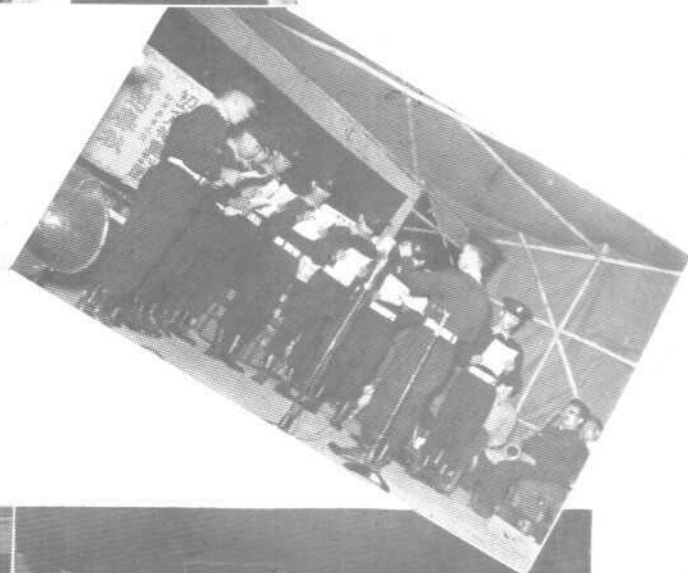
Bearing the above in mind, I will now proceed with the letter.

Do you know, after four months here I can hardly think of anything to write about!

Perhaps the biggest news is that there are definite plans for a new school. Little models and big plans are springing up mushroom fashion all over the place and we all became 'terribly house and gardens' for a while thinking of what we would like included in the new seat of learning.

I must say that it all looks very impressive, designed to accommodate eight hundred recruits, quarters (married and single) for staff of all ranks, drill sheds, foot-

Police Training School X'mas Party



ball pitches, Band accommodation, Dog Unit and Staff Club, and all to be ready in three years time.

October the First and Tenth passed by with two of the thrice annual pilgrimages to Western passing off without a hitch, and I would like to thank all those concerned in that Division for looking to our comforts whilst we were there.

Between then and the Police Review we filled our time in with Passing Out Parades and various Guards of Honour. On the lighter side, our swimmers, basket ball players and boxers have been adding lustre to the School's name by coming second in all three of the above mentioned sports, whilst our football team has reached the finals of the soccer competition.

Training has been proceeding at full pressure and twenty four P.S.Is. and numerous recruits, of the land and marine variety, have been loosed on the unsuspecting public.

Two other stalwarts, in the form of Chief Inspector W. Apps and Sub-Inspector Ken Clark have also passed out, the former now holding down the C.I.'s chair at Western and the latter to Immigration Office.

Chief Inspector J. Duffy has joined us as Chief Instructor and we spend most of our lunch time in trying to prevent him from using North British words of doubtful meaning on the Scrabble board. "Hing" in there. We still do not know who will replace Ken Clark, but we will see you sometime after Christmas, John.

Christmas and the Police Sports are both coming and preparations for both are going full steam ahead. I will not attempt to forecast the result of the Sports, but I have no doubt that Christmas will be adequately dealt with. A party has been arranged to entertain the rank and file and the staff have made their own plans.

The Police Review went off very well, the School being awarded second place. We were all happy to see the Commandant receive a well earned medal and herewith offer our congratulations.

As it is the Festive Season we will end with a competition.

Guess who failed his drill exam:—

- (a) "I thought that the examination was very fair"; or
- (b) "The standard is too high, nobody can pass!"

The sender of the first correct entry will receive:—

- (1) One free lesson on the M. 1 Carbine;
- (2) A burnt out triple chaser; and
- (3) A slightly dog eared ticket to last year's Police Review.

Each contestant is allowed two entries and the result will be published in Pt. II orders.

See you down here sometime.

Yours

P. T. S.

* * * * *



MARINE DIVISION

Inspector A. Anderson

Dear Mr. Editor,

On 7th November, the Urban Services held their Annual Swimming Gala at Victoria Pool. One of the most exciting events on the programme was the Inter-Departmental relay race won by the Hong Kong Police Force against some very powerful opposition. We in this division felt a great deal of pride as three of the four man team were Marine Constables. The handsome trophy presented now stands in Boundary Street Club until next year.

On 25th November, Marine won the Luscombe/Leslie Basketball Cup after a play off with P.T.S. at Boundary Street. Both teams played extremely well, but our more experienced combination just held the edge over their opponents.

Somebody remarked the other day that our new launch No. 24 is being treated like a piece of crystal. Anybody below the rank of cigar smoker is advised to obtain permission before entering the "Blue Room" as the first one to burn a hole in the carpet gets keel hauled across the harbour.

Ted Common out at Sai Kung spotted a snake making for his chickens. The alarm was raised and when finally caught it was found to measure seven feet one inch.

After one of the tug-of-war heats between P.T.S. and Marine, which Marine won, the mariners went to the bar to celebrate. During this time, one of the P.T.S. men was overheard to say that he didn't mind being "pulled across" but not by a team of "....." (an article usually kept under the bed in case of emergency.) Needless to say, the necessary receptacle was purchased and forwarded to P.T.S. as a memento of the occasion.

During the recent widescale searches carried out for a gentleman, well known to all police officers, one of our o/c launches discovered not the wanted man but a large rock which did the bottom of his vessel the world of good.

These cold and windy days are seasick times for cruising launch crews and it is quite noticeable that the supply of pork has been reduced considerably on their daily menu.

On 18th December, 1959 the Marine Police Division, held their Annual Children's Party on the lawn in front of Tsim Sha Tsui Police Station.

Despite a strong easterly wind, a crowd of nearly 2,000 turned up, including some 1,600 children and had a rollicking good time. Each child was given a bag of cakes, sweets and biscuits, fruit, icecream, soft

drinks and a toy.

The show opened with the police brass band playing well known marches and Christmas carols. The "pipes" then took over and played some traditional Scottish airs.

Professor Jules Caffari entertained us with a most fascinating display of magic and was presented with a police truncheon by Mr. M. C. Illingworth our divisional superintendent. The "Three Kings" namely Mr. Sun Ma Tsai, Miss Tang Pik Wan and Mr. Leung Sing Po who are famous in Hong Kong for their artistry, all sang well-known Cantonese songs and were very warmly received by the large audience.

Members of the Marine rank and file gave performances on the mouth organ and two simply hilarious comedy acts, which had everybody screaming with laughter.

The show concluded with Mrs. Illingworth drawing "Lucky tickets" from a drum, the holders of which received toys.

The afternoon was rounded off with drinks at an open air bar.

Well that just about completes the news for now but from all of us in Marine, we wish you all a very happy and prosperous New Year.

Yours

Marine

Marine Xmas Party





TSUEN WAN DIVISION

Sub-Inspector
F. Wakefield

Dear Mr. Editor,

Divisional letters have been taking on a new slant for their opening paragraphs lately. The correspondents enter the fray by complaining bitterly of having been pressed into the joy by a deaf and unsympathetic Chief Inspector, bemoaning the fact that they "did it last time and it's about time somebody else had a go", complaining of complete lack of material, and rounding off by resenting the fact that they've only got a couple of days to think of anything. They then crawl off into their boudoir and put together what is invariably an interesting and competent contribution. Well, there's going to be no nonsense like that from this Division this Quarter, as all the Inspectors have declined—(dare I say "refused"?)—to dash off a few lines. "How can I?" says one, "There's no humour in this Division, the Chief Inspector sees to that", "Too much to do," says another, (I ask you!!!), "Can't write," says the Divisional Detective Inspector (as if we didn't know). Helpful suggestions *were* made however, the only one of which can go into print was "Why doesn't the Chief Inspector write it himself?" Lacking moral courage, and not being anxious to return to General Patrol I was unable to pass on that suggestion, so at the risk of being thrown off the Sub-Divisional Inspector's "Old-Boy Net" for setting a nasty precedent, I now sit down to try and fill half a page.

Good, that's the introduction over,—now for the material. Greatest event of the last Quarter was undoubtedly the completion of the conversion of the Old Station into the new District Headquarters. This building now takes over as the Mecca for visitors, and being Air-Conditioned will doubtless remain more popular than this building,—unless Government decide to re-site the Night Soil Station. This is very likely,—where will



they put it all? Our new building has now been open for a year, and has survived a testing, first, era (and four Divisional Superintendents!). Standbys have been and gone, and with them several small items of equipment which doubtless left with Marine Company after their one day stand. (Subtle reference to the impromptu concert which they helped stage and which attracted more delighted spectators than the N.C.O.'s Weekly Drill Parade). Work has continued at a steady level, and the shortage of Inspectors has been maintained. Force Training, as in all Divisions, has been ruthlessly pursued, and whilst none of our R & F have yet qualified for the Bar it has been noted that Defaulter Cases have been defended with more skill than of yore. We attended the Police Review, but for some strange reason did not win the Governor's Cup for being the smartest Squad on parade. There were many reasons put forward for this, but among them was not the fact that we were not the smartest!! (We were seriously considering not entering next year, but the Public demand will doubtless be too great, to say nothing of Police Headquarter's invitation.)

We are unable to spin out our letter with "unusual photographs" as our Station Coolies unaccountably remain camera shy; humorous entries are completely lacking from our Report Book as they are not encouraged and we are devoid of social functions as we have not won any Cups, Competitions, Crosswords, Sports Events, or Galas, (however, we had a good Christmas, although as the Inspectors remind me, "Indoor Sports are not competitive").

From the foregoing, readers might think that Tsuen Wan is a dull and uninteresting place in which to work,—this could not be farther from the truth. Development continues apace, reclamation flourishes, citizens continue to slander, chop, or otherwise annoy their neighbours, husbands beat their wives regularly, and pretty girls flock to the beaches in the Summer,—this last point being emphasised from the Inspector's Diaries. As an additional attraction, the N.T. "Grand Prix" continues to meet every week-end, the Competitors passing through this district between about 16.00 hours and 18.00 hours on Saturday and Sunday evenings. (Those that get this far!!) All in all,

fatiguing without being fascinating.

Having covered the ground to the best of my ability, my next duty is to "plan" for our next letter. This obviously calls for a Divisional Publicity and Fact Finding Committee, and I leave you to enter into discussion with our honored Chief Inspector as to Staff and Office Accommodation.

Yours in relief,

Tsuen Wan.

* * * * *

BAY VIEW DIVISION

Sub-Inspector

D. C. Carrott



Dear Mr. Editor,

Being newly transferred to Bay View it did not surprise me in the least when reporting for duty to be handed a slip of paper nominating me as Divisional correspondent. I can still hear the throaty chuckles—I digress.

A merry Christmas was had by all in Bay View Division. To celebrate, a theatrical show was held (out of welfare funds) for the Rank and File at Shauiwan Station. We owe our thanks to the kindness of the Stars who spared no effort to spread Christmas cheer and to ease the burden of the Police over Yule-tide. We also thank Yanco's Circus for the loan of a trained monkey which produced hilarity from all, especially when it entered into the spirit of things and ably supported a radiant Chief Inspector on the tight rope.

We extend our greetings to all "May you have the best in life in the New Year."

It will be in order here to call the lie and state that the prosperity anticipated in

Bay View is the expected outcome of the HARD WORK the Divisional Superintendent will have done.

Riot Drill has been planned and everyone has been allocated sections and duties.

Lofty Curlewis is quite happy that he can still hide behind loftier Carpenter, the Sub-Divisional Inspector. The north Chinese refugees engaged in the sale of illicit heroin are delighted and hope the Chief Inspector will not alter tradition. For as Shanghai Fong says "We can see the knees of the Bompans before we can see the caps of the P.C.'s." However there is still one advantage which these two have—I can see them stepping over a P.C. who according to the latest reports is still valiantly struggling over an outsized boulder in Ngar Choi Hang.

Stop Press — Curlewis is being transferred as this goes to print. Shamshupo's gain is our loss.

Those other Bompans who have in the past patronized the night clubs in our District towards closing time can now appreciate the loss of a favourite, who running close to the law, overstepped, and is now no more. Liquor too, cannot be had under the counter after hours as we are clamping down firmly. So our advice to you is, "Go straight and enjoy yourself in another Division."

I have heard, which is not surprising, that 'Jock' McKenzie is slowly but surely organizing the clans McChan and McWong in Shauiwan to the extent that he now only flies the Union Jack on weekends. The Flag of Scotland being flown the rest of the week.

The Sub-Divisional Inspector has not been able to keep outside the news. After holding various picnic outings in the fond hope that the 'old Man' will think he's still after 'Cheung Fai' he suddenly dropped the idea and coupled with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in being the subject of a long discussion in the correspondence section of a local paper. The subject being 'Nag', 'Nagana' or just plain 'rat-snake'.

We close Mr. Editor, wishing you and all again

"A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR"

Yours,

Bay View.



CENTRAL DIVISION

Sub-Inspector

M. Lelliott

Dear Mr. Editor,

Lest your readers think that Central has been done away with, we hasten to re-enter the lists. Not that we have much time for this kind of thing, what with Police Reviews and Operation Santa Claus and what not, we can hardly get the nose away from the grindstone long enough. Still we feel that as the premier Division we ought to be represented in these notes.

We must record our notable event. Ivan Scott finally vacated Upper Levels. After nearly four years, we understand that an eviction order had to be applied for before he could be persuaded to take his long leave. We proposed to give you one of those chatty lists of Ins and Outs but since we haven't appeared since the Spring issue, we don't think we can cope with it. If for any reason you really would like to know who is in Central you can always go to the Pictures. We've appeared in so many movies of late that we are asking for screen credits.

On the Governor's return, as is natural he made a beeline for Central, only to find somewhat murkier things than usual going on at Queen's Pier, the lights having failed. In the absence of a Military Band he was treated to a lively pendering by our percussion section, Messrs. Dow and McCosh, who gave a virtuoso performance in splintering the door of the electric light switch kiosk.

Our sporting record is somewhat brighter this quarter. We advanced to the semi-finals of the Divisional Knockout Soccer competition, when P.T.S. managed to eliminate us in extra time. Pity, led by such stalwarts as Neil Roberts, Eric McCosh and Ko we had hoped to do better. The reason for our defeat, apart from the usual ones about the referee, was that D.S.I. Ko, who used to be such a fine upstanding fellow, was absent because of a delicate operation.

We offer our sympathy to Peter Jackson whose normal siesta on the Peak during our October fun and games was disturbed this year by hordes of determined fellows who claimed that it was still Chung Yeung, Double Tenth or not.

There was a new addition to our elegant C.I.D. the other day. We didn't know who for sometime, but then he shaved off his disguise and we found it was D.S.I. McNeil, who has given up his sinister activities in Special Branch for the more gentlemanly air of C.I.D./Central.

By the time you read this, the fruits of the Salaries Commission may have been priced loose from the Treasury. If you have heard a rumour that a syndicate of Central's well-heeled singlemen have tried to buy back the Dockyard you can have every confidence in it.

We must leave you now as it is time once more to don our red coats and white whiskers and go out and inspect the duties for Operation Santa Claus.

Yours
Central

* * * * *



WESTERN DIVISION

Sub-Inspector
J. T. Kennedy

Dear Mr. Editor,

With throbbing head and fortified with

Alka-Seltzer I shall attempt once again to inform you of what has been happening in this secluded spot of the Colony.

November saw the departure for U.K. on retirement of Chief Inspector M. A. Macdonald. I am sure that those people who knew "Mac" will agree that he was a first class policeman and a very fine person, and he will be greatly missed out here.

Chief Inspector W. P. Apps took over from Chief Inspector Macdonald and all of us in Western extend a hearty welcome to him and hope that his stay in this Division will be a pleasant one.

Among the Inspectorate there have been few changes. Arrivals includes Sub-Inspectors Y. C. Lam and F. A. Walsh. Sub-Inspector Lee K. H. left us for greater glory at Government House and Sub-Inspector Dibbs moved along one Division to Central.

The Divisional contingent put a lot of hard work into the rehearsals for this year's Police Review and once again the University Sports Ground suffered its annual pounding. I think all who took part are to be congratulated on their drill and fine turn-out.

Christmas went off with a bang this year and I am sure that a good time was had by all. The annual children's party was an enormous success, thanks to the planning and hard work put into it by the Committee. Approximately six hundred children (and four hundred adults) were entertained, and although there was one slight hitch, when Father Christmas did an unrehearsed somersault off his motor-cycle, things went very smoothly. We would like to express our thanks to all those entertainers who very kindly gave up their free time to come along and give a really first class show. A special thanks must go to Circus Yano who sent along three ponies and a clown. An elephant and a gorilla were promised but no transport could be found for the elephant and the gorilla turned wild and refused to co-operate.

Over the Christmas and New Year about 200 inspectorate and R. & F. descended like a swarm of locust on the homes of the Divisional Superintendent, the Chief Inspector, Sub-Divisional Inspector and the Divisional Detective Inspector and devoured everything

in sight. The Chief Inspector is still wondering how a complete turkey can disappear in 30 seconds leaving only bleached bones.

The quarter has been very quiet and there is little of interest in the M.R.B. Two big operations were in motion and were quite successful. They were the Anti Spitting and the "Keep Your City Clean" Campaigns. Thanks to the fine effort put into them by all concerned it is now possible for the Patrol Inspector to do a patrol without having to change his uniform. However, it is still recommended that he have a whiff of oxygen and a quick X-ray after a day's patrol.

The members of Western Division would like to take this opportunity to wish all members of the Police Force a happy New Year.

Yours

Western

* * * * *

KOWLOON CITY

Sub-Inspector

M. F. Quinn



Dear Mr. Editor,

A fallacy exists here at Kowloon City, that he with the least to do, shall produce an article for the Police Magazine. So it appears I have at long last been found out, and armed with my copy of "Rogets College Thesaurus". (For those illiterates who have never heard of it before, it is a book to assist the illiterate to become literate), I will endeavour to justify my existence, and put on paper all the good things that have occurred in the Division since the last article was submitted.

Sporting events

I will not sing our praises in respect of the Divisional achievements, it is well known

we are good. P.W.D. have now flatly refused to build another wing on to the station to be used as a trophy room. Our rival Division, put forward the excuse they were too busy attending fires to get any training periods in, and consequently resulted in them suffering many defeats at our hands. We accept this excuse, and suggest they compete in the forthcoming inter-Divisional drills being held by the Fire-Brigade.

Coming's and Going's

A number of transfers have taken place in the Division over the past few months. We were sorry to see them go. "Ohare" was sadly missed at the Air-port, but the Airline Hostesses have unanimously agreed that Happy Harry Craggs, was an excellent replacement. By ruse or wangle? Our star foot-baller Kung Wah Kit was transferred to our rivals. He is still eligible to play for this Division until the end of the season, but since his transfer he complains of persistently being tired and unable to put up a good performance. We suspect this is due to a spell of second night duty. We welcome from P.T.S. Probationary Sub-Inspectors Ely, Li Ka Kin and Lawther.

Marriages

Our Drill Instructor S.I. Temple, after getting himself married to a beautiful girl from the land of Haggis, was transferred to Yaumati after he returned from his honeymoon. He is sadly missed, especially his early morning serenades in the compound, but his memory lingers on, in the form of a Sergeant who drills the Rank and File in a Glaswegian accent. The person who gave the bride away at the wedding, has asked me to inform all concerned, that he strongly objects to the nick-name "Daddy O".

In general

The rumour going round that our S.D.I. has started to wear a girdle is untrue. The new waistline was achieved by hard work, plenty of exercise, strict dieting, a strict wife, and forsaking the vine. The sound of a 500 cc Motor Cycle racing around the compound, on top of which the Chief Inspector is perched, and performing acrobatic feats reminds me, that in addition to his

excellent performance at Macau, he intends to put on a show at the Police Sports. A certain entry made in the Occurrence Book is worthwhile quoting. "07.31 hrs. 11.11.59. 56 prisoners to refreshment." One wonders if the author of the a/m entry is due for retirement, and intends opening a Tea-house.

Before I bring this article to a close, I wish to both thank and apologise to the various characters I have given mention to, I appreciate it is very easy to sit here and write down ridicule on the less unfortunates who are burdened down with work. I suggest that as retaliation you submit the next article.

From all at K.C. A very happy and prosperous New Year.

Yours

Kowloon City

* * * * *



**KOWLOON
HEADQUARTERS**

Sub-Inspector

A. Aplin

Dear Mr. Editor,

I do not intend to moan as to how I come to be the unfortunate literary correspondent for Police Headquarters, Kowloon. Let us put it down to Christmas season benevolence on my part.

First of all there is a very important matter for me to record. On the 18th of November, Kowloon C.I.D. and indeed the rest of the force was deprived of a very great policeman and personality, for that was the date Chief Detective Inspector Frank Roberts or "Frankie" as he was affectionately known, left the force on leave prior to retirement. Frankie had become almost an institution in the force, in which he had

served with loyalty and zeal for 29 years. We wish him health, happiness and prosperity in his retirement.

There have been so many other transfers in Police Headquarters, Kowloon that it would be practically impossible to record all the comings and goings apart from being rather boring. However, we extend a welcome to all new-comers and to those who have left on transfer we wish them every success in their new appointments.

Going back somewhat, the 1st of October and double tenth passed off quite quietly, the only "disturbance" was caused by D.S./S.S.Po. and D.S./K.C. with their war of the pennants. This culminated into a general "anything your Division can do we can do better". So shortly afterwards we were entertained to a comic football match. This turned out to be a riot from the start to finish what with the entry of the players on rickshaws and accompanied by bands and funeral bands; I believe one band was for a goal scored and the other for mourning. Anyhow this affair finished by Kowloon City beating Shamshuipo despite the fact that Shamshuipo had more men and also the services of the referee although his attempts were not altogether successful and on one occasion he fell in a most ignoble manner much to the delight of all the rickshaw-pullers who were standing nearby.

Due to the fact that your scribe was Shanghaied into this positioned at very short notice there has been insufficient time for research into funny stories concerning Police. Headquarters, Kowloon are still intoxicated following the visit of some of the more notable Chinese film actresses to the kiddies party in December. Present on that grand occasion were Madames Lin Dai, Pak Kwong, Yau Man, Lam Fong, Wong Lui, Lau Sing, Cheung Chung Man, and Chong Suet Fong. Also present were Messrs. Cheung Kwan Min and Lui Chan. Apart from personal appearances we had a strong man act given by Sergeant 1758 and a dancing troupe. I believe that there is other correspondence on this effort, so I wish not to go into further details except to say that considerable amounts of beer were quaffed especially by the Kwai Lo's, I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Sub-Inspector J. F. Greene

on a grand effort at organising this party and all his willing helpers.

Before I sign off I must tell of two amusing incidents.

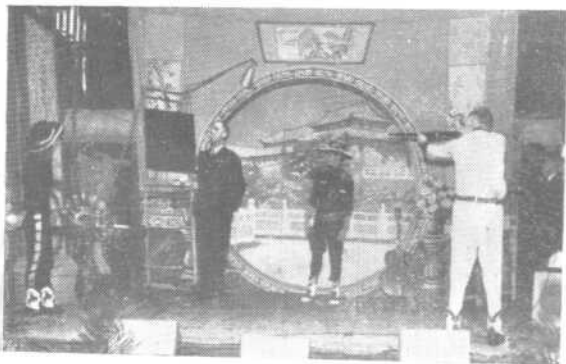
AMUSING STORY NO. 1

Statement of driver who had caused a multiple accident on Boundary Street involving two heavy commercial vehicles and two private cars.

"As I was proceeding along Boundary Street I went to overtake a lorry when I was suddenly viciously attacked by the other vehicles from all sides."

AMUSING STORY NO. 2

The scribe whilst engaged in removing illegally parked cars from Tsimshatsui area came upon an apparently empty, parked Ford Zephyr which was right outside the



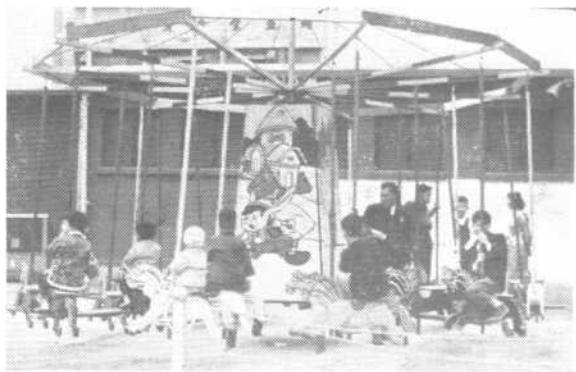
Display of shooting by Capt. Edwards (The Capt. used real .22 bullets during the performance).



Presentation of a banner to Mr. Sam Mah Chai the famous film actor.



View of the stage during one of the performances.



Children's Merry-go-round.

Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank Building, Nathan Road and furthermore by the side of a "NO PARKING" sign. Yours truly, wishing to show off his prowess at vehicle removing, struts up to the offending vehicle, keys in hand and reaches for the back door handle, and almost dies in the act for he is now confronted with a horrible snarling monster which has leapt up from the front seat and is apparently out for his first meal of human meat for some time. Needless to say the car stayed where it was for that time and your scribe with bowed head slid out of sight around the nearer corner. Now I check for hidden dogs, especially the obstruction type, prior to attempting to remove cars.

Well, that's your lot, if you have read so far your endurance is compatible with the greatest men.

Yours

Kowloon Headquarters

Entertainment Rally

BAY VIEW DIVISION

On 23.12.59 an entertainment rally was held at Shaukiwan Police Station under the auspices of the Entertainment Rally Sub-Committee, an offshoot of the Divisional Welfare Committee. It was attended by some 900 officers and members of their families. Leading members of Kaifong Associations from Causeway Bay, North Point, Shaukiwan, Chai Wan and Stanley were invited.

At 17.50 hours Chief Inspector J. Andrews, Chairman of the Entertainment Rally Sub-Committee, delivered the opening speech in which he stressed that the rally was held primarily for the purpose of entertaining the family members of the officers in the Division and expressed his hope that the audience would enjoy the rally to the fullest extent. He also pointed out that the organisers were not professional nor experienced and due allowance should be made when opinion was expressed on the arrangements and performances at the rally.

This was followed by the formal announcement of the opening of the rally and the stage performances commenced. The sequence of the stage performances was as follows:—

1. Monkey show—
by members of the Yano Japanese Circus.
2. Cantonese music—
by a Cantonese musical band led by Wan Chi Chung.
3. Northern Chinese Music—
by a Northern Chinese Musical band led by Luk Yiu.
4. Mandarin Songs—
by Miss Li Chi Ling.
5. Cantonese Songs—
by Mr. Sun Ma Sze Tsang.
6. Cantonese Songs—
by Mr. Leung Sing Po.
7. Mandarin Songs—
by Miss Kong Yan and Miss Ting Ting.
8. Cantonese sketch—
(Courtesy, patience to the public)
by Cantonese Play Groupe, Bay View Division, directed by Sgt. 1574 Tsang Wan.
9. Cantonese Songs—
by Miss Tang Pik Wan.
10. Cantonese Songs—
by Mr. Ho Fei Fan.
11. Cantonese Songs—
by Miss Leung So Kam.

12. Cantonese Songs—
by Miss Ng Kwan Lai.
13. Cantonese Songs—
by Mr. Shek Yin Chi.
14. Cantonese Songs—
by Mr. Ho Fei Fan and Miss Ng Kwan Lai (combined).

At the end of each performance, a banner was presented to the singers either by Mr. J. C. K. Tsang or Chief Inspector J. Andrews as a souvenir. Gratitude was expressed during the presentation. The closure of the rally was announced at 22.30 hours when the audience left the station compound in a very orderly manner.

The Rank and File of Bay View Division under direction of Sgt. 1574 performed a play illustrating the Courtesy and Patience which a busy charge room offers to the Public. The scene opened in busy charge room. A beat P.C. (P.C. 140) entered leading a child which he had found wandering in the streets apparently lost. A few minutes later a hysterical woman (W.P.C. 5035) entered. She was comforted and calmed by the Duty Officer (Sgt. 1180) who learnt that she had lost a child which was apparently the wandering child held in the Station. The hysterical mother recognised the child who refused to accept her. An embarrassing scene developed, which showed the patience of the Charge Room staff. This was finally cleared up when another P.C. (Cpl. 1263) brought to the Station an old man (P.C. 4504) who complained that his child, whose hand he held, refused to accept him as her father. He had lost her in the market and when he had found her she had somehow changed. The child in question was identical to the child originally brought to Station in features and clothing. Both children claimed their respective parents and all went their ways happily reunited. The twins were the twin daughters of P.C. 4504.

The consensus of general opinion indicates that the entertainment rally was very successful and enjoyable. The audience was deeply impressed by the well-organised programme which was highlighted by the Cantonese sketch performed by the Divisional Cantonese Play Troupe. It is felt that this is the result of the great efforts enthusiastically devoted by all the working personnel behind the scene.

William Pang, S.I.

Entertainment Rally Bay View Division



Mr. Sun Ma Sze Tsang on the Stage



The Audience



The Audience



Cantonese Sketch (Courtesy, Patience to the Public)



Cantonese Sketch (Courtesy, Patience to the Public)



↑ Mr. Sun Ma Sze Tsang on the Stage

➡ D.S./B.V. and Office Bearers of Kaifong Associations

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