Journal of the Police History Society

Number 13 1998

Publication No. ISSN 0269—8617

Journal of the Police History Society

Number 13 1998

The *Journal of the Police History Society* is published annually by the Police History Society. Contributions are welcome from both members and non-members. Send material double spaced and typed please on A4 paper with details of any discs you can supply to save retyping. The *Journal* is produced on Word for Windows 2.0 by the editor, Dr Jenny Ward, 15 Corona Road, Cambridge, CB4 3EB.

Contents:

Editorial

We have an excellent crop of tales this year, starting with Roy Ingleton's account of the sensational theft of the Mona Lisa from the Louvre in 1911.

There are three stories of coppers neglecting their duties: Bernard Brown has been delving into *Punch* and more official sources to show us how justly the Victorian bobby stood accused of dallying with domestics; Jeffrey Bloomfield sends us from New York the story of PC Cooke, posted on night shift to the sinister wasteland of Wormwood Scrubbs – the Met's equivalent of sending someone to Siberia – for keeping company with a prostitute. Her body was found by a shepherd, beaten to death. Cooke hanged in 1893. Not one for the Roll of Honour! And Nick Connell's tale demonstrates the inadvisability of deserting one's beat because nothing ever happens. PC Langstone was absent from his beat when a deranged axe murderer was at large. PC Sherwood tried to cover for him and both men were dismissed in a shake up that transformed the Hertfordshire force in 1899.

By coincidence we have another Victorian axe murderer this year, from Jack Oliver, in Penzance, who now lives in the murder house.

There are two murders of policemen, from Michael Gatherar and Richard Church. PC Scott, in Northumbria, died from wounds received in a fight with two poachers in 1880, and PC Tye was felled and drowned in a stream by the aptly named John Ducker, a hay trusser, in rural Suffolk in 1863.

The varied role of the police is shown by Geoffrey Floy, who tells of the sergeant sent under cover to listen to an indecent lecture in Birmingham in 1900, and by John Mason, who takes on a leisurely boat trip with the Norwich and Norfolk river police. Bob Pooler puts the magnifying glass on the eccentric Sergeant Drury, in rural Worcestershire in the 1870s.

Medals for Richard Ford's Supt Gould, in charge of Portsmouth police's fire brigade – he received the DSM in the First World War and was awarded the King's Silver Jubilee Medal in 1935 – and the KPM to John Welch's John Wallinger in 1914. Wallinger became a spymaster in the Second World War and was the model for Colonel 'R' in Maugham's *Ashenden* and perhaps even for Ian Fleming's 'M'.

Tim Wright brings the story of the NRP up to the end of the Second World War, and war is close to Barry Gardner's subject: bullet-proof uniforms – as developed by Conan Doyle and Herbert Frood, of Ferodo. Shamefully, a historical dead end. We close with cops on the box from Rob Mawby, who traces the history of police on TV, entertainingly, from Dixon to Taggart and The Bill.

Jenny Ward

If you would like to join the Police History Society please contact: Richard Wilcox Membership Secretary 2 South Drive, Timperley Altrincham Cheshire WA15 6QJ	Please note that the Society's Newsletter is produced by Alan Hayhurst and short items for inclusion should be sent to him: Alan Hayhurst Secretary, Police History Society 37 Greenhill Road Timperley, Altrincham WA15 7BG

The Mona Lisa is missing

Roy Ingleton

'Incredible!', 'Unbelievable!', 'Shocking!', 'Bizarre!' – these were but some of the banner headlines which appeared in the press on Wednesday, 23 August 1911. It seemed that editors were unable to find sufficiently vivid adjectives to describe the day's news: The Mona Lisa had been stolen from the Louvre!

Readers wavered between incredulity and astonishment but the truth was clear: the enigmatic and bewitching smile of the Mona Lisa, which usually beamed out from between a Corrège and a Titian, had completely disappeared. The masterpiece of Leonardo da Vinci, the brightest star of the Italian Renaissance, purchased by François I for four thousand ecus in order to decorate his palace at Fontainebleau, had been stolen.

It was on a Monday morning, a day when the museum was closed to the public, that it was first noticed that the painting was missing, but none of the guards were worried then. It was quite common, on Mondays, for works to be removed from their picture rail in order to be examined by a curator, a photographer or a restorer.

On Tuesday, at noon, after a number of enquiries, it gradually became obvious that the painting was missing. General alarm! At 1 o'clock, the prefect of police, Louis Lépine, and the head of the CID, Monsieur Hamard, arrived at the head of some sixty men. The museum closed its doors and everyone leaving was searched. The policemen were deployed in the corridors, the galleries, and even on the roof. And it was in this way that a constable discovered, hidden under a staircase, the sculptured wood frame of the painting and the glass which had protected it. The father of forensic science, Alphonse Bertillon, was also called into action and found two fingerprints on the abandoned glass. Some days later, the investigating judge, Drioux, demanded that all the staff, some 257 individuals, had their prints taken. Not even the director of the museum, Monsieur Homolle, escaped, even though he was at the baths in Trouville at the time of the theft. This exercise proved nothing. The thief and his precious booty were still at large.

Who had managed to make off with this unsaleable picture? A lunatic, a practical joker, a blackmailer, a bewitched collector, someone for a bet? In any event, it was someone who knew his way about the place, as the painting, painted on wood, could not be rolled up, and its size (28 ins. x 21 ins.) made it difficult to conceal.

Although the investigation continued, life has to go on, and the re-opening of the museum was scheduled for 29 August. Visitors flocked to gape at the empty space reserved for *La Gioconda* in order to admire ... four now useless metal clips. As a sign of commiseration, some placed bouquets of flowers there under the watchful eye of the guards.

On 1 September the daily paper, *Excelsior*, bore the headline: 'Lightning has struck the Louvre'. By this it meant that the director of the museum, the archaeologist Homolle, had been replaced by the administrator Pujalet, a 43-year-old senior civil servant from the Ministry of the Interior. Former general secretary of the CID, he had been in charge of the prefect of police's private office from 1897 to 1899, during the tenure of Charles Blanc.

'I have never been particularly involved with museums,' he stated, 'but inspectors of the administrative departments are responsible for the administrative and financial management of all sorts of public establishments. By entrusting me with the management of the Louvre, it is obvious that they wanted to entrust this to a man with an aptitude for pure administration.'

Enticed by the newspaper, *L'Illustration*, which was offering a reward, the general public were gripped by the 'abduction'. Suspects were seen everywhere, in Cherbourg, Bordeaux, Le Havre, and even at Saint-Nazaire on a liner leaving for South America. Singers importuned passers-by with a song, 'Have you seen it – the Mona Lisa?' in which her 'flight' was lamented. It was a gift for the makers of postcards, and illustrators lampooned Monsieur Dujardin-Beaumetz, the under-secretary of state for fine art. In the middle of Lent in 1912, matters went even further. On a cart drawn by four strong draught horses was displayed a huge copy of the Mona Lisa, sitting on an aeroplane!

No matter how much one laughed, art enthusiasts were pining for the unfaithful lady: 'It's now two years since she left us.' Happily, their wait would soon be rewarded. A Florentine antique dealer, Alfredo Geri, received a letter postmarked Paris, 29 November 1913, signed by a certain Leonardo Vincenzo. It was in response to the advertisement which the dealer had just placed in an Italian magazine, in which he offered a good price for 'objets d'art of any kind'. His correspondent quite openly offered him the Mona Lisa. At first he thought it was a joke, but then had second thoughts. What if it were genuine? A meeting was arranged for 9 December.

'I saw arrive a young man, slim with a black moustache, modestly dressed,' said the antique dealer, as reported in *L'Illustration*. 'He invited me to accompany him to the Hotel de Tripoli to see the picture. He wanted 500,000 francs for it.'

The next day, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Alfredo Geri, accompanied by Signor Poggi, the director of the Uffizi, went to the third floor of the hotel. Vincenzo 'drew out from beneath the bed a white wood box. In a false bottom there was a canvas wrapped in red velvet. To our astonished and delighted eyes, the Mona Lisa appeared intact and marvellously preserved.'

Cautiously, Poggi took it to the reserve collection of his museum for its authenticity to be checked. The scratches and cracks were there, the cracks in the panel identical, the labels and stamps of the royal museums still there, as was its number, 816. No doubt about it, this was indeed the celebrated fugitive. The police were informed and, at 7 o'clock, the thief was arrested.

Vincenzo Perrugia (his real name) was a painter (and decorator!) and a teacher of the mandolin. He knew the Louvre well, having been employed there as a mirror cutter at the time the more famous works were placed under glass. The CID had, in fact, interrogated him shortly after the event but he had given nothing away. As he had not worked at the museum for seven months, he was not required to provide his fingerprints. A serious error, because Perrugia's prints were on record, he having already served two short prison sentences.

Once he had taken the painting down, Perrugia removed it from its frame, which he hid under the nearest staircase. Retracing his steps, he went off with the work, which he had put under his overalls, and walked into the street. Just like that!

'I worked alone,' he declared to the investigators, 'with the sole intention of restoring the portrait of the beautiful Florentine to my native country.' For over two years Perrugia had taken great care of it and kept it, for himself alone, in his room, hidden in a case which he had made for the purpose.

For a whole week, all Florence rushed to admire her before she was solemnly restored to the French ambassador on 21 December 1913, in the premises of the Ministry of Public Education in Rome. In order to show France's gratitude, the Mona Lisa was to be exhibited once more at the Borghesa Gallery, then at the Brera Palace in Milan.

On 31 December, at 12.40 p.m., she arrived, under close escort at the Gare de Lyon, to be conveyed to the School of Fine Art where the official authentication ceremony was to take place. She rested there several days before returning, like a princess, to the palace at the Louvre.

As for the brazen Signor Perrugia, he benefited from the indulgence of the judges at the criminal court who condemned him to one year and fifteen days' imprisonment. The Sarajevo assassination and the First World War were just around the corner, and only *La Gioconda* kept a smile on her lips.

The zeal of Sergeant Drury

Bob Pooler

In March 1878 the picturesque village of Blockley, now in Gloucestershire, was part of the county of Worcestershire. It was also part of the Pershore Division under the command of Superintendent William Stanton. The area totalled about 8000 acres; there were between four and five hundred houses, and a population of something over 2000 people. The policing arrangements comprised a sergeant and a constable stationed at Blockley, and a constable stationed at nearby Draycott.

The Blockley district is a largely rural area, well off the beaten track, but at this time there had been a number of mills operating in the village. These sources of employment began to close and some farmers were feeling the pinch because of cheap grain imports from the United States. There had also been a smallpox outbreak which had left many people at a very low ebb.

Some local people turned to poaching to supplement their meagre resources and this brought them into conflict with the local gamekeepers and policemen. The activities of these officials brought feelings in the village to such a pitch that the results have now become firmly entrenched in the local folklore. The fact that both the gamekeepers and the police officers of the area were probably carrying out their duties got lost in the mists of time and was not allowed to get in the way of a good story of downtrodden village folk.

The resident police officer was Sergeant 68 Charles Drury. Drury arrived at Blockley as a constable, with his wife, Mary, on 15 November 1875, and they lived in a semi-detached police cottage in Lower Street. He was promoted to sergeant, while at Blockley, 12 months later.

An influential local businessman, Richard Boswell Belcher, recorded in his autobiography the events that led to a serious disturbance in the village.

'Two innocent young men fled from the village and never returned because they had picked up a rabbit which they found in a snare. Another was arrested for picking up three partridge eggs which had been placed on the bare ground by the keeper. Yet another who was charged with poaching was put to the expense of £8 for a lawyer and a cartload of witnesses to establish his innocence. Oliver Booker was stopped on his way home by a bough blown off a tree, which had obstructed the traffic for many days. He took the bough into his trap and openly put it into his garden. Our zealous Policeman obtained a warrant and Booker was locked up in a police cell for two days and nights and then committed to Worcester Sessions, where he was acquitted.'

On a Saturday evening, during his routine duty, Sergeant Drury paid a visit to the Crown public house in Blockley. It was an unfortunate day to pay a call because he had been to Shipston Court that morning in a case involving a number of local men. No doubt this had been the topic of conversation in the pub and feelings were running high.

The story goes that one of those in the bar threw a beer mug at Drury as he appeared through the door. The sergeant quickly withdrew, but it seemed to be a signal for a mob to form and he was chased through the High Street, then the churchyard and into Lower Street, where he got into the police station and locked the door. In what must have been a terrifying experience the crowd began to bombard the station with anything they could lay their hands on and eventually they broke into the house.

Drury was dragged outside, beaten about the head and then stoned, kicked and trampled on. Some locals eventually came to his rescue and he was taken to a nearby house to treat his wounds.

There were a number of villagers who took part in the riot and they were soon rounded up. There had also been a group of strangers present who had been brought to the area to fell trees at nearby Springhill, but they were not detained.

Richard Belcher took up the cause of the Blockley men in the light of strong local feelings that the real offenders had got away. He expressed his views in a letter to the *Evesham Journal* of 22 June 1878, and did not mince his words concerning the actions of the police.

He claimed that the local villagers were up in arms about the way policemen were treating them after the riot. He accused the constables of using unnecessary force to prevent the loitering of

persons in the street. He called for enquiries into the operation of Shipston Magistrates' Court and why magistrates allowed a disproportionate number of public houses to operate in a village the size of Blockley where there was little, if any, through traffic.

The Midsummer Quarter Sessions took the view that his letter was libellous and sought the advice of counsel on the subject. No proceedings were taken but there was a lengthy, pointless, exchange of letters between the Quarter Sessions chairman and Belcher.

The rights or wrongs of Sergeant Drury's activities at Blockley did not prevent his promotion to superintendent ten years later.

Belcher's story implies that the police in Blockley were held in very low esteem by the locals. The events of 1878 are still spoken of today and it seems reasonable to assume that policemen in the area had an uphill battle to restore public confidence.

* This article is part of a talk that Bob Pooler gave to the 1996 PHS conference at Worcester.

The murder of PC Thomas Henry Scott

Michael Gatherar

Thomas Henry Scott was born at Eglingham, near Alnwick, Northumberland, in 1842. He was appointed PC 21 in the Northumberland County Constabulary on 7 November 1867, aged 25. He had previously worked as a shepherd and had also served in the Newcastle upon Tyne Borough Police Force.

On 15 November 1880, PC Scott was on duty in the Paston area near Wooler, and, having information that poachers were at a place called Heathpool, went there with Thomas Allen, a gamekeeper. They stopped two poachers, William Blyth and John Tait, both of Kirk Yetholm, and both known to the police. In fact, Tait had been released from prison only two weeks previously after serving a 12-month sentence for having severely assaulted the same gamekeeper, Allen.

The poachers allowed themselves to be searched. They had dogs, ferrets and 12 rabbits. PC Scott told them that they had been trespassing in search of game, and moved to take the rabbits. Both men then became abusive and said they would not give them up—they would die first. The constable then closed with Tait, who at once shouted to his friend to fell him. Blyth picked up a large stone and from about three yards distance, flung it at the officer's head. Scott staggered, released Tait, and put his hands to his head. Tait picked up a very large stone and struck him on the head with it. Scott fell into a burn at the roadside.

'When I came to my senses,' he wrote to his family from hospital, 'the two demons were kicking me and beating me with the besom shanks. I scrambled up again onto my feet by the side of a stone dyke, and tried to fell some of them with my staff, but I was unable to stand without hold of the wall, so I tried to get away holding by the wall, the two cowards following me, throwing stones at my head. I fell insensible, and when I came to my senses, poachers, rabbits, ferrets, and broom shanks had all fled.'

The gamekeeper, tragically late in the action, had threatened the men with his gun, and they had run off.

Scott did not recover. The *Berwick Advertiser* reported: 'Scott's medical attendants never entertained hope of his recovery and on 28th November, seized with lockjaw, death emanated in the afternoon. Deceased had been over 27 years a policeman, and leaves a widow and a family of five.'

Both culprits had been quickly apprehended, Tait at Melrose, where he had gone to be out of the way, and the other at a house in Yetholm.

Sergeant Winter of Wooler gave evidence at the inquest as to their arrest.

'I was with the prisoners in the lock-up. Tait said, "what do you think I'll get for this?" I replied, "I can't tell you, it will depend on the condition of the constable." Tait said, "Well if Allen had taken hold of Blyth and the policeman had hold of me, we would not be here." I said, "How do you mean?" Tait said, "Blyth would not have thrown a stone, and would have given up the rabbits." I think Blyth, who was standing close by, said, "That is right, I did throw a stone." '

The coroner, G.E. Watson, was critical of Allen, the gamekeeper, saying that it was strange

that he had been present and allowed the men to abuse Scott in such a manner. He might have given Tait a few shots in the legs which he would have been perfectly justified in doing under the circumstances and yet, with a double-barrelled shotgun to hand, he allowed the poor man to be killed in his presence. Of course, he was not criminally responsible for the man's death, whatever he [the coroner] might morally think. Allen replied that the affair was short and he had not time to interfere.

Drs H. McGregor and George Smith deposed to the nature of the deceased's wounds, showing that they were probably caused by a jagged stone.

The jury, after only five minutes, returned a unanimous verdict of wilful murder. The coroner said he did not see how they could have come to any other decision.

Their trial took place at the Winter Assizes at the Moothall, Newcastle upon Tyne, on Thursday 13 January 1881, under Sir Henry Manisty. The jury found them each guilty of manslaughter.

John Tait, a labourer, aged 36, had two previous convictions at Jedburgh. On 10 November 1873 he had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for assault on police, and on 2 November 1879 he had been sentenced to 12 months for assaulting a gamekeeper (Allen). William Blyth, also a labourer, aged 27, had two previous convictions at Jedburgh: on 16 August 1867 he had been sentenced to eight days' imprisonment for assault on police, and on 10 November 1873, for a similar offence, he had received a six-month prison sentence.

This time Tait was sentenced to penal servitude for the rest of his natural life and Blyth was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

Scott's family were not forgotten. The *Berwick Journal* of 13 January 1881 reported that:
'Subscription lists having been opened for the behoof of the widow and family of Police Constable Thomas Henry Scott, who met a violent death in the execution of his duty near Paston in November. We learn that over £200 has already been subscribed.'

Sources

Northumberland County Constabulary centenary booklet.
Northumberland County Record Office.
Berwick Advertiser.

*Michael Gatherar is a serving officer of Northumbria Police

A fortunate police fire chief

Richard Ford

On 11 June 1908, after 11 years service in the Royal Navy, Charles William Gould, 27 years old and over six feet tall, joined the Portsmouth police force. Seemingly, he became proficient in his new role as in July 1912 he was commended by the Watch Committee for 'rendering efficient first aid in a case of a cut throat'.

But his police career was destined to be interrupted. On 2 August 1914, two days before the outbreak of the First World War, he was recalled to the Royal Navy as a reservist. Rated as Chief Petty Officer and drafted to the armoured cruiser HMS *Good Hope*, he was soon serving with Admiral Sir Christopher Craddock's squadron in the South Atlantic. There, on 1 November 1914, occurred the disastrous battle of Coronel, when a superior German force sent *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* to the bottom of the sea, taking all on board with them.

But for CPO Gould and four crewmen there had been a fortunate escape. They had previously been landed on Coronel to try and sight the enemy forces from the shore and *Good Hope* left hurriedly for the fatal battle without them. Picked up later by HMS *Glasgow*, they were present at the revenge battle of the Falkland Islands when a crushing defeat was inflicted on enemy naval units.

Gould later served at Gallipoli and in 1918 he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for service in the Mediterranean station. Later in the same year he was commissioned.

Returning to the Portsmouth police in 1919 Gould was appointed inspector in charge of the police controlled fire brigade, where he quickly earned all-round approval. 'One of the most Herculean members of the fire service,' said one fire magazine, and 'a proud reputation of being a first-class fire officer,' said another. As a senior

fire officer of distinction he was elected president of the Professional Fire Brigades Association in 1928.

In the same year, with commendable foresight, he referred to the likelihood of another war and the dangers of air attack. Asking for more men for his brigade he said he was well satisfied with the apparatus owned but as regards the old fire station he stated that he had 'never seen anything so historic'.

Promoted to superintendent of the Fire Brigade in 1933, and becoming a member of the executive committee of the Royal Life Saving Society in 1934, he was presented with the King's Silver Jubilee Medal in 1935. He retired in 1937 and died the following year; he is buried at Havant, Hampshire.

*Richard Ford, a former inspector in the Surrey Constabulary and who served as a wartime fireman in the Bristol blitz of 1940–41, is the author of the booklet, *Beneath Two Helmets*, a history of police fire brigades. Copies are in the libraries of the Police Staff College, Bramshill, and the Fire Service College, Moreton-in-Marsh.

The murder at Wormwood Scrubbs

Jeffrey Bloomfield

George Samuel Cooke was tall and handsome, and had a very good record as a constable. But he became the only English constable executed for murder in the 19th century. His story has not been discussed much. George Dilnot wrote one paragraph about Cooke in *The Story of Scotland Yard*. There is a good account in volume 2 of *Famous Crimes: Past and present*, edited by Harold Furniss at the turn of the century, only a decade after the tragedy, when the event was still fresh with most readers. Aside from these, I used contemporary newspapers.

His background is indistinct. He was 27 in 1893, so he was born in 1865 or 1866. Originally he was a fisherman. Why he decided to become a policeman is unknown, but he joined the force in 1888. He was six feet tall, had fine chest measurements, and weighed about 170 pounds (just over 12 stone). The only picture I have seen shows a handsome face with a fine moustache. He was thought a good-natured man, although his temper could be hasty.

By 1891, Cooke was assigned to 'E' Division of the Metropolitan police, with a beat along the Strand. He met an ex-barmaid who was now a prostitute. The obscurity surrounding his background is darker regarding his victim. We do not know her real name. At his trial she was referred to as Maud Smith, alias Crowcher (or Croucher), alias Cooke. She was supposedly from Holloway. At the magistrates' hearing a Mrs Ellen Godman, the wife of a painter from Tottenham, said the deceased was her daughter by a previous marriage. She said Maud was 22, but the police said deceased was 30. Inspector Morgan, at the same hearing, said that his inquiries showed that Mrs Godman was mistaken.

Maud Smith was good looking. She was 5 feet 2 inches, raven haired with hazel eyes. Cooke noticed her activities, but both noticed each other's attractions. Instead of the normal professional confrontations, a different type of relationship developed. Cooke got the idea that Maud was worth reforming. He never bothered to ask her if she wanted to be reformed. Had he done that, they might have lived to old age.

Maud liked setting up a household with Cooke, but had her own set of values. According to Furniss, she hated being alone when Cooke was on duty. More likely Maud liked the independence she got from her own earnings. Of course, Cooke opposed her resuming her career as a prostitute. It was immoral and could easily damage Cooke's own reputation. There were heated arguments over her behavior. In fact, later testimony at the police court suggested that Cooke slapped Maud on at least one occasion. Yet, their relationship lasted two years, suggesting the great depth of their original feelings for each other. The final break occurred when Cooke returned home early and found Maud in bed with a customer.

By March 1893 he had enough and had told Maud their relationship would have to end. But Maud did not feel the same way. They had arguments, culminating in a threat to hurt his career

if he tried to leave her. He dismissed her threat. In late April she appeared at Bow Street police station, and reported that Cooke had robbed her of the money she made as a whore, and had been living off her earnings while they were together. He was allowed to question her. Some type of investigation was made by his superiors, establishing that Cooke never lived off her illicit earnings, nor stole from her. But, instead of telling her to stop annoying him, he was transferred to 'X' Division and lost a month's leave.

I think the police feared the bad publicity. They were still recovering from a series of public relations disasters in the late 1880s, such as the Trafalgar Square riots, the false arrest of Miss Cass, and the Ripper murders. Now, under Sir Edward Bradford, the police were determined to regain public respect. Here was one of their own men living with a prostitute. Such relationships do not regain public respect. Although Maud was shown to be a liar, she could go to the newspapers. She would not have been a problem if Cooke had acted sensibly, so he deserved punishment.

In May 1893 Cooke was sent to his new beat, which included a night shift on Wormwood Scrubbs, near the new prison. After the vitality of the Strand, this was like Siberia. He was fully aware that he had done nothing (aside from lacking common sense) to deserve this treatment. He did hope that Maud would never seek him out again. Then he made a second error, the details somewhat obscured by the newspapers and even Furniss's account. Cooke dated a young servant girl (whose name was never revealed), and proposed to her. He failed to think how Maud would react.

Nobody knows who told Maud. It is possible that Cooke told her, as he tried to maintain a civil relationship. Cooke admitted visiting Maud at the end of May, when she was living with a Dragoon guardsman named Edward Adams. Cooke may have thought this relationship would replace his old one, but he did not know that Adams had actually separated from her.

Maud told Cooke that she was leaving London. Under the circumstances he may have told Maud about his engagement. She managed to mask her true feelings. Subsequently Maud visited Cooke at his rooms, and behaved friendly.

Just why the final explosion occurred remains unknown. On 6 June Maud turned up at Notting Hill police station, and inquired of Constable Rosewarne the whereabouts of PC 365X, G. S. Cooke. Told he was on night duty, she sent a message to him by a small girl, to meet her at the Prince of Wales's Feathers public house. Cooke went but she was not there. Subsequently Maud was seen by Constable Harris near the North Pole public house. He directed her towards the prison, where she found 365X.

Usually it is extremely difficult to piece together the last minutes before a murder. That is not true here. The Scrubbs was very active that night, with policemen, prison chemists, shepherds and flocks, and sleeping vagabonds populating its boundaries. All that was needed to complete the picture of an overcrowded crime site would have been night maneuvers by Adams's fellow guardsmen.

To begin with, Constable Harris saw Maud walking with another constable. Normally, Cooke's tour of duty was shared with PC Kemp, but the latter was held up at the police station writing a report. Therefore, Harris must have seen Maud with Cooke. Then the suitably named Mr Grimshaw, the Wormwood Scrubbs prison chemist, saw the same pair arguing near his cottage. He recognised Cooke (by sight, not by name) as having been on the beat before. To add to the air of unreality permeating this murder, Cooke stopped arguing with Maud long enough to wish Grimshaw a good night. The constable had not forgotten his manners. Grimshaw noted that as soon as he turned his back to them the argument began again. The pair began crossing the Scrubbs.

Then there was a 15-minute gap where the only witness to the actual killing was Cooke. A written and signed confession would later be presented by the government as the center of its case against the constable. Cooke explained that he had started walking across the Scrubbs, in the hope that Maud would go away. She had been yelling and cursing, saying that she would stay there all night with him. When he said that Kemp would soon be there, Maud just said that was all right, for she had something to tell him. Maud followed Cooke across the Scrubbs' pasture lands. It was very dark. At one point Cooke had slapped her, hoping that would shut her up. It didn't.

At this point, his truncheon gets involved in the story. Cooke, as he walked across the Scrubbs, surreptitiously passed his truncheon to the inside of his sleeve. He was never asked to explain this. In the testimony of William Kimberley (the shepherd who discovered Maud's body), we are told that many undesirables went to the Scrubbs on summer nights to sleep. Kimberley was ill at ease with

these people, but he took a large dog with him when tending his flock. So Cooke might have readied his truncheon in case he needed it when confronting ruffians or tramps. Unfortunately, it is possible that Cooke was deliberately preparing to have the weapon ready to use on Maud.

Despite the large number of people flitting back and forth on that pasture land, Cooke and Maud were isolated for a few fatal minutes. Cooke asked Maud if she was going to leave. The authorities said Maud's reply was, 'No, I am going to stop and annoy you till Sunday.' But the *Manchester Guardian* quoted it slightly differently (on 15 June 1893) as, 'No, I am going to stop and annoy you till Sunday, and then you can —— yourself.' It is just possible that this is the correct version. In any case, the constable slammed his truncheon against Maud's head, which was turned away from him. He repeated this two or three more times. He also stepped on her neck, possibly kicking her a few times. There is no escaping that it was brutal and violent killing.

Kimberley, the shepherd, had a miserable night in the rain. He noticed several unpleasant types in the area, and kept his distance. Then, at about a quarter to six, he noticed Maud's body. At first he thought it was one of the unpleasant types sleeping, but his dog started acting up. Investigating, he found a woman's corpse. Ironically, one of the 'unpleasant types' happened upon the scene and went for the police. This unnamed person brought back Constable Parrish, who just replaced Cooke.

Cooke did not 'hear' of the murder until the next night (7 June) when he went back on his beat. There were already some suspicions, as the deceased (despite the blows to her head and jaw) resembled the young woman who had asked several police officers for Cooke the day before. Parrish, when he spoke to Cooke the following morning, was quite amazed that Cooke and Kemp failed to see the form of the body on the Scrubbs. Cooke claimed that from the prison wall the flock of sheep blocked the view.

On 8 June 1893, having taken several statements from Grimshaw, Kimberley, and others about what they observed, Inspector Morgan called Cooke into his office to read them, and explain a few points. Cooke attempted to do so, but not convincingly. He was already caught on a lie: Cooke said he had been with Kemp all night, but the latter showed they were apart for an hour: and it was the critical hour. The police had found that the ground under Maud's body was dry. This meant that the murder occurred before the rain fell before midnight. That was the time Grimshaw had seen her with Cooke.

While Cooke tried to explain the inconsistencies, Morgan noticed that Cooke did not have his truncheon. Cooke said he had mislaid it, possibly at his home. So Morgan sent some of his men to Cooke's residence, telling them to be thorough in their search. They did not find the weapon in the house, but the landlady, Mrs Robinson, said she saw Cooke bury something in the yard. They dug up the yard and found a truncheon and a whistle. The latter seemed to have a reddish residue on it. They also found blood-stained trousers and boots. Cooke tried to explain that he cut himself with a knife while cutting his tobacco. Unimpressed, Morgan ordered his arrest.

On 9 June 1893, Cooke was taken to the West London police court before Henry Curtis Bennett. The father of the famous barrister probably found the events of the next two days one of the most one-sided hearings that he ever presided over. The evidence from both eyewitnesses and the forensics (presented by Dr Jackson, the divisional surgeon) were just too damning. There was no particular question of alternative suspects. The behavior about the truncheon in the backyard was also suspicious. And then came the unexpected business of the confession.

Cooke, from his arrest, had denied his guilt, and instructed his solicitor, John Haynes, to base his defense on this. But during the first day of the hearing, as the parade of witnesses began, Cooke became more realistic about the evidence. He does not appear to have taken Haynes into his confidence. Cooke returned to his cell pondering what he had heard. He said to Sub-Inspector Hatcher, 'I suppose it is no use trying to get out of it.' Hatcher was noncommittal. Then Cooke revealed something, which in the light of this sudden decision to confess raises the murder to a small mystery: 'You have not got the right tool it was done with. It was not done with the truncheon found, but with an ordinary truncheon.' It turned out Cooke made the same statement to a friend, PC Macdonald.

Cooke now gave his account of what happened. His willingness to confess went too far. Instead of contrition, Cooke ended his confession telling how jolly he and Kemp were all night, adding: 'I thought nothing of killing her. I have been happier since she has been dead than I was before. She was always annoying me and I was in misery.' While

this is understandable (knowing Maud's darker side) it created the image of Cooke being unrepentant and even laughing and enjoying himself after battering her to death. Haynes would try to deny the confession's truth, especially as it got leaked to the Central News Agency before being presented at the second day of the hearing. But it was properly witnessed and too well detailed to be dismissed.

Despite Cooke's blunder, the jury had difficulties. They came back prematurely and split. The majority found a verdict of wilful murder against Cooke, but a minority said he received great provocation. They retired again, and returned finding Cooke guilty of wilful murder, but with great provocation. It was a sign of things to come.

In all the preparations for the upcoming criminal trial, one small point was never really probed: nobody ever discussed that buried truncheon and whistle. Why did Cooke bury these items when they were not involved in the crime? My suspicion is that on the morning of 7 June Cooke returned home knowing he would be linked to Maud's murder. The police would make a search for the murder weapon. What if they found a suspicious looking truncheon? They might jump to the conclusion that it was the actual murder weapon. Then, if the defense proved it was not the murder weapon, Cooke might get acquitted. This seems the only rational explanation of the action. Once he saw the real amount of evidence against him Cooke realised that this planted truncheon would not work.

The trial occurred on 7 and 8 July 1893, before Sir Henry Hawkins. Prosecution was in the able hands of Sir Charles Mathews and Horace Avory. Defense was handled by Mr Moyses and Dr J.E. Cooley. There is no real point in going over the evidence, as it has been disclosed. The final nail in the defendant's coffin was the confession. So, basically, all the defense could try to do was to convince the jury that (a) it was unpremeditated; and (b) the behavior of Maud was so objectionable that Cooke's behavior was provoked.

Sir Henry Hawkins is one of those figures one either admires for his excellent handling of courtroom procedure, or suspects for his handling of homicide trials. Though some defendants who faced him (Neill Cream, for instance) did not deserve any special breaks, others deserved more even-handedness in Hawkins's summations. Here, in his final remarks to the jury, he reminded them there was no doubt that Cooke had struck those frightful blows. He did not press on the issue of premeditation (the newspapers do not say he did), but he did talk of provocation. The law said that words do not amount to provocation. You need a physical blow, and the evidence showed Maud never physically threatened Cooke. Hawkins did not think Maud's prior behavior, leading to Cooke's disgrace and transfer, was worth discussing. The jury thought otherwise. After ten minutes they returned with a verdict of guilty of murder, but recommended mercy on the grounds of the provocation he received. Judging from his final sentencing, the judge did not like the recommendation. Hawkins's final condemnation of Cooke, in the versions printed by the newspapers, comes across as self-righteous vitriol. The following is the version from *The Times* (10 July 1893):

'George Samuel Cooke, the jury have found you guilty of the crime of wilful murder. I entirely concur in their verdict. They have accompanied that verdict by a recommendation to mercy, and I shall take care that that is forwarded to the Home Secretary, who alone has power to deal with it, and who will deal with it as he thinks right. How he will deal with it I do not pretend to say: but I will forward it to him and it will have his best consideration. For my own part, I cannot help thinking that yours is a case in which peculiar atrocity is manifested. I can conceive nothing more horribly cruel than striking, merely because she was annoying you, as you said, on the head with that truncheon, a woman who had turned her face away from you, and taking the opportunity of striking her when you knew she could not defend herself. That cruelty was aggravated, to my mind, by what followed – your standing on the neck of the woman, battering her head repeatedly with that same weapon – two fractures of the skull, a smashed eye, and a broken jaw. The poor woman from the time of your first blow never uttered one syllable. You have committed a crime against the law of this country which can be expiated only by your death. You have committed a grave sin against Almighty God. It is my painful duty to sentence you to die. I would have you seek sincerely for that pardon for your great sin against God's law – a sin which only He alone can pardon. I punish you only for the crime you have committed against the laws of this country, which enact that a man who commits the crime of murder shall receive the sentence of death. I pray you

earnestly to seek for that pardon from God which I have already said He alone can give.'

Maud's physical injuries impressed Hawkins more than anything else. But he tended to see Maud as a child razzing an adult. He gave absolutely no notice of her conduct toward Cooke, except for a brief dismissal of it. Nothing about Cooke's disillusion, after two years attempting to reform her. Nothing about her trying to wreck his career and disgrace him. As these events did not happen the day of the crime, perhaps Hawkins could have ignored them. All this would be trivial, except that Hawkins was the man forwarding the jury's recommendation, along with his own opinions.

In July 1893, the Home Secretary was Herbert Asquith, then a well-known barrister. Asquith seemed a good choice. Observers said he acted with caution and restraint. But he tended to concentrate on labor law reform. Also, Asquith depended on his legal practice when out of office. He could not risk offending important judges, and so heeded their views on petitions. We can guess what Hawkins told him. Asquith wrote to Cooke's solicitor that he failed to find 'sufficient ground to justify ... advising her Majesty to interfere with the due course of the law.' On 25 July 1893, Cooke was executed at Newgate prison. We are told that he conducted himself with composure.

Harold Furniss's account mentions one other matter that I have not seen in any newspaper account. He says that there was a crowd outside of Newgate, waiting for the flag to go up. When the signal was seen, many women (mostly prostitutes) began dancing for joy. This (if true) sounds very like the reaction by those same ladies to the conviction of Oscar Wilde two years later. I bring this in for a final closure to the story, for Wilde would spend part of his prison stay witnessing the last days of one Charles Thomas Wooldridge, a trooper in the Royal Horse Guards who murdered his unfaithful wife, and was condemned to death by Mr Justice Hawkins. Wilde wrote, in *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, Wooldridge's epitaph: 'The man had killed the thing he loved, and so he had to die.' With some adjustment it could have been Cooke's epitaph too.

The Norfolk and Norwich river police

John Mason

Since the first use of the Norfolk rivers for commercial purposes, probably as early as Roman times, the large area and difficulty of supervision gave ample opportunities for theft and dishonesty.

In 1762, Norwich Corporation drew up rules to prevent the abuses committed in the measurement of coal being transported by river. In 1778, merchants and owners of keels and wherries trading between Norwich and Great Yarmouth formed an association for the better discovery, apprehending, prosecution and bringing to justice of all persons who had stolen, purloined, etc., from members of the association. A 10-guinea reward was offered for information. Other navigational authorities formed similar associations.

During the 1820s, the Norwich Association employed William Buttle, master of the wherry *Betsy*, as a sort of 'watch' or river policeman. His successes and many other tales of the pillage that continued on the rivers are related in the excellent book, *Wherries and Waterways* by Robert Malster.

Norfolk Constabulary was formed in 1839. In the early days, the Norfolk Police apparently had no proper river patrol, and individual officers who had beats adjoining rivers and staithes would pit their wits against the wherrymen, and kept hidden observation on river banks and unloading points, etc.

The late Nat Bircham, wherryman, waterman, and latterly skipper of the *Albion*, had many tales handed down from the past. He told me of one instance where a constable boarded a wherry under passage and told the skipper he was going to check the cargo for signs of pilfering. 'All right,' said the skipper, 'but you will have to help me lift the hatchcovers.' With the constable sailing, the work started. On a suitable reach and, one hopes, near the bank, the skipper pushed the section of the cargo hatch away from, him, causing the policeman lifting the other end to overbalance backwards into the river. The skipper sailed on, apologising profusely for being unable to stop with a following

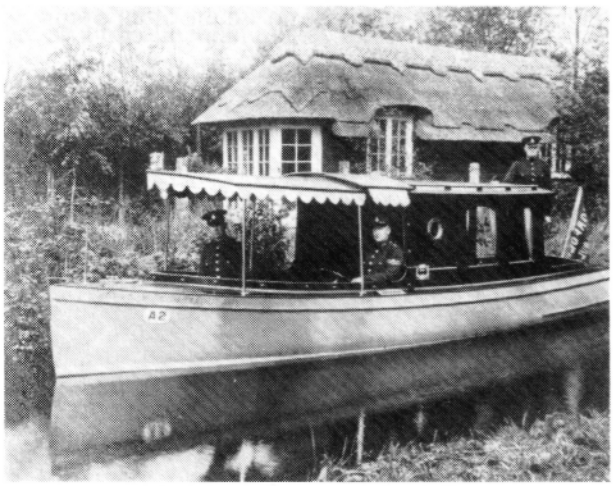
wind as the officer scrambled ashore. No doubt scores were settled at a later date!

I have not found any record of Norfolk Constabulary having a river patrol in the 1800s.

Mr Powles, of Wroxham, has been closely associated with the building and maintenance of Norfolk Constabulary launches. He relates how, prior to 1934, it was considered the responsibility of the hirer to assist in the recovery of bodies when any of their customers were drowned. In 1934, Norfolk Constabulary hired a cabin launch from Major Trafford of Wroxham, at what was described as a peppercorn rent, which was maintained by Jack Powles' boatyard.

Chief Constable, Captain Van-Neck, had expressed his concern at the increase in vandalism and trespass by users of holiday boats. He was also concerned with increases of rowdyism and the number of 'scantily clad' female holiday makers.

It would seem that the rapidly expanding broads holiday industry and the successful use of Major Trafford's boat had convinced the Chief Constable and the police committee of the need for such a craft.



In 1936, Powles constructed the first purpose-built launch, *A2*, for the Constabulary. Among the officers who crewed the boat during the summer season were Acting Sergeant Mobbs, PC Johnson and PC Kenny. Press reports referred to the crewmen as 'river Roberts'. The boat was laid up during the winter months and it was practice to make the constable who was helmsman up to acting sergeant (with two stripes) for the summer season only.

During the Second World War, the boat was laid up for the duration at Powles' yard. It is interesting to note that at least during the early part of the war, armed motor launches, commandeered from the hire fleet, patrolled the broads and rivers manned by servicemen. It seems to me that there is scope here for some collection of oral history before the remaining participants pass on.

In 1946 patrolling was resumed in the pre-war launches, and then, in 1956, J. Powles built a new launch, but still used the number *A2*. Originally the *A2* was almost anonymous, with just 'Norfolk Constabulary' in small letters on the bow. This was changed when the dark blue hull was painted white, with POLICE in large blue letters. There was a dark blue flag with 'Norfolk Constabulary' and a small blue pennant embroidered with 'Police' flown from the cabin top.

Among the officers who crewed it were PCs Bob Haynes, Peter Charlton and Peter Fox. The boat had a large Thorneycroft diesel engine, and could travel at 14 mph. It had a direct cooling system which on one occasion clogged with mud from a shallow dyke near How Hill. Based at the island behind Horning Sailing Club, it mainly patrolled the northern rivers down to Great Yarmouth, though it is recorded that Breydon Water could be rough and some crew members suffered sea-sickness! Saturday morning was always spent cleaning the boat, with the afternoon at Wroxham for the change-over of the hire boats.

The boat was used for many years, being of assistance to all river users and was very popular with the public, arousing considerable interest among holidaymakers. However, cost effectiveness reared its ugly head and the Norfolk Constabulary ceased to patrol the waters in October 1984.

The Norwich City Police was formed in 1836. In 1840, four constables were appointed as river police at 17s 6d per week, the boat and equipment being supplied by riverside traders. What the efficiency of the patrol was is open to conjecture if the following record is anything to go by:

PC Samuel Moore Watts:

1836 1 January	Joined Norwich City Police
1836 26 August	Suspended and reprimanded

1837 1 September	Suspended
1838 23 March	Suspended
1838 29 June	Suspended and discharged
1840 12 February	Reappointed to River Police
1841 4 February	Reprimanded and cautioned
1841 2 August	Admonished
1841 24 September	Suspended
1842 4 February	Suspended
1843 28 July	Suspended
1843 4 August	Discharged

On 2 October 1878, an account was given of a four-oar race between the 2nd Hussars stationed at Nelson barracks and the city police. One assumes that the river police would have been among the contenders for the police crew. The course was from the 'Field Boathouse' to Trowse railway bridge, a distance of 1¼ miles, and the city police won the race.

On 7 July 1885, PC Micklethwaite of the river police gave evidence at Norwich magistrates' court against a man charged with 'larceny servant' which, in modern terms, means stealing from one's employer. In 1835, PC Harry Roberts retired; during part of his service he had served in the river police.

All the early boats were rowing boats and in the first years of this century the area from New Mills upstream to Hellesdon Mill was also patrolled, as well as downstream on a daily basis. One of the officers engaged was PC Money.

By charter, the authority of the Norwich City Council extended between both banks of the River Yare as far as Hardley Cross, where the Yare meets the River Chet. I would be surprised if the rowing boats reached Hardley Cross often, but they were hard men in those days, so who knows?

In the 1930s, the Norwich City Police had a launch built by Percivals of Horning which is believed to have been sold in 1938. This launch had provision for mounting a fire pump on board if needed as, until 1941, when the National Fire Service was formed, the city police, in common with most town forces, were also the fire brigade.

In 1946, the river police re-started with the purchase of an open launch, *Y455*, which later had a small cabin fitted. When this boat was equipped with radio, a small mast was erected on the cabin top and hinged to allow it to be lowered when passing under the railway bridges at Thorpe Green.

Among the officers who manned the City boat during their careers in the post-war years were Inspector Prythurch, Sergeants Donny Martin and Ernie Stuttaford, and PCs Jack Green and Peter King – and many others.

In December 1965, a new boat was ordered at a cost of £3000 as it was considered uneconomic to pay £600 to repair *Y455*. The new boat, *N999*, was an aluminium-hulled 'Pearly Monarch' class, 70-hp petrol-engined boat, built by Windboats of Wroxham.

At its launching ceremony, Mrs Jessie Griffiths, vice-chairman of the watch committee, tried five times to smash a bottle of champagne across the bows, without success. Finally, the resourceful chairman, Councillor Alf Nichols, smashed the bottle with a hammer! *N999* continued policing the city rivers – no doubt often going as far as Hardley Cross.

When the Norwich City Police amalgamated with Norfolk Constabulary in 1968 the river patrols combined but *N999* continued to patrol the River Yare while *A2* remained based on the Bure. When river patrols ceased in October 1984 both boats were sold to private owners.

In the late 1950s, Sergeants Martin and Stuttaford, who were both amateur scuba divers, were authorised to form a Norwich City Police underwater search and recovery unit. From those early days, the unit has survived amalgamations and economy cuts and it is now a professional team equipped with Zodiac inflatables, a well equipped van and diving equipment. It performs a service to

Norfolk and surrounding forces in searching for stolen property, abandoned weapons, etc., and in recovering bodies from the river.

So, although we no longer see the welcome sight of a police launch on patrol in the rivers and broads, I like to think that the tradition of assistance they had is carried on by the diving squad.

Sources

Robert Malster, *Wherries and Waterways* (ISBN 900 963-30-1).
Newspaper reports.
Norfolk Constabulary Historical Collection.
Conversations with 'old timers' and accounts by former crewmen.

Acknowledgements

This article appeared first in *The Harnser*, the journal of the Broads Society.

Editorial note

John's article is based on information being prepared for the Museum of the Broads.

The legacy of 'Rotten' John Smith

Nick Connell

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Smith Daniell had an eventful military career. He was twice mentioned in dispatches and had two horses shot from under him during battle. Before returning to England in 1881 he was the deputy inspector general of the Indian police, which stood him in good stead when he beat 66 other candidates for the position of chief constable of Hertfordshire, succeeding Lieutenant-Colonel Robertson, who had served in that post for the previous 31 years.

Daniell visited the headquarters of Essex and Buckingham constabularies to study their methods. He combined what he perceived to be the best of their methods with his own ruthless efficiency, which led him to conclude that 'unless a great change comes over the manner in which police duties are performed, the service of many officers and men who have grown into a careless and slovenly manner will be dispensed with.' Daniell further alienated his men through his sarcastic manner, strict anti-alcohol rules and pedantic orders, such as insisting that they button their greatcoats on alternate sides each day to reduce wear and tear. In his home town of Hatfield Daniell's name 'was familiar to every cyclist who has ever ridden through Hatfield as cautioning them of the perils that attend too rapid riding.' Over the years, however, Daniell's popularity with his men increased, thanks to his cutting of night shift hours and increasing pay, as did his reputation as an innovator through his extensive use of all forms of transport, his use of plain clothes officers and his foresight on the problem of the commuting criminal (particularly those between London and Watford).

In 1887 Home Secretary Henry Matthews ordered Daniell to organise London's force of 13,000 special constables to help to deal with the disturbances at Trafalgar Square. Daniell was informed of his appointment on a Wednesday, and by Sunday he had sworn in 8000 of them. An impressed Home Secretary offered Daniell the post of Metropolitan commissioner, which he declined in favour of staying in Hertfordshire. It was here, in March 1899, that he faced his greatest crisis.

Mercy Nicholls, 27, had been married to Ware bricklayer Samuel Nicholls for six years. The last few years had been turbulent ones and in February 1899 Mary left home to stay with her mother at nearby Cole Green. On 7 March she left her mother's to return to Samuel but got only as far as neighbouring Hertford, where she met 18-year-old John Smith, who had been staying at various Hertford lodging houses while awaiting his call up to the militia, which was due the next week.

At midnight on 8/9 March the pair were seen together talking in a friendly manner. Nicholls appeared slightly drunk, unlike Smith, who seemed to be sober. Between 2 and 3 in the morning residents of Railway Street heard a disturbance in the street below, but ignored it as this was by means an uncommon occurrence. At 3.30 John Smith knocked on Mrs Davies's door and asked for an axe 'to cut off a woman's head'. Davies saw a near naked woman lying on the ground and groaning but she returned to bed. At 4 o'clock cries of 'Help' woke up more inhabitants of the street,

who saw a man dragging a woman's body up the road, lifting it, dropping it, and kicking it. Nobody intervened.

The police arrived on the scene at 6 a.m. to take the unconscious Mary Nicholls to the Hertford infirmary where she died of exposure and loss of blood from 59 wounds (none of which were fatal), at 9.30 that morning. Smith was charged with her murder.

At the inquest Samuel Nicholls identified the corpse saying that, 'she seemed to have been led away by someone.' Mercy's mother claimed that Samuel often beat his wife. Several witnesses described the events on the night of the murder and when one was asked, 'You never saw a policeman at all then?' the witness replied, 'No, we never do see a policeman, not in Hertford.'

It emerged that Smith was of a weak intellect, but was a sociable type and a good cricketer who had supposedly fallen into bad company. He was unfit to appear before the magistrate as he was in a state of complete collapse at St Albans' gaol where he was on remand. The Mayor of Hertford requested that the chairman of the standing joint committee undertake a full enquiry into complaints of neglect made against the police.

Lieutenant-Colonel Daniell attended a resumed inquest on behalf of the police. The coroner began by telling the jury that both himself and several of the witnesses from the original inquest had received threatening letters. He complained that the letters he received were unstamped so he had to pay 2d postage on each one.

Witness Henry Wright was called to testify. He and his son Ebeneezer had seen Smith assault Nicholls at around 3.30 a.m. Ebeneezer recognised 'Rotten' John Smith and he stayed to watch the attack while his father hurried to Hertford police station. He arrived there about ten minutes later only to be told by PC Sherwood that he (Sherwood) could not leave the station until PC Langstone, who was expected imminently, arrived. Wright returned to Railway Street, picked up Ebeneezer and carried on to work at Ware. A juror asked Wright:
'How long have you passed through Railway Street so early in the morning?'
'About six months.'
'Have you ever met a policeman during that time?'
'No, never,'
Coroner: 'He doesn't require their services perhaps.'
Daniell: 'Did you meet a policeman at Ware?'
Wright: 'Yes, I generally do.'

The next witness was Job Evans. Evans had spoken to lamplighter Charles Papper, who had said at the earlier inquest, 'I heard a woman cry out "help" several times. I saw her lying in the gateway ... I saw that she was stabbed about the face very much. She was nearly naked ... After I had put out my lamps I returned to the woman and remained with her until the police came.' Evans went to the police station but was told on his arrival at 5.15 a.m. by PC Sherwood that he could not go until Langstone arrived, adding, 'he ought to be here by now.'

Further testimony delivered damning evidence on PC Sherwood and Langstone's behaviour. Labourer Frederick Ashman claimed to have reported the incident at about 5.30 a.m. This time Sherwood said, 'All right, PC Langstone should have been on that beat. He will be here in a very few minutes, and I will send him as soon as he comes.' Ashman left the police station and went to work. A juror commented, 'I am quite sure he said the constable should be on the beat, not that he was on the beat.'

Charles Bailey stated that he went to the police station at 5.30 a.m. and told PC Sherwood what was happening at Railway Street. This time Sherwood 'seemed very much surprised, and jumped up at once and blew his whistle and also spoke into the speaking tube.'

PC Sherwood had been a policeman for over nine years. On the night of the murder he had gone on duty at 9 p.m. and 'had instructions to remain at the police station ... I understood that in the case of a burglary, fire or murder I was to call up the Superintendent or the resident constable.' He explained that PC Langstone had called in just before midnight and again at 3.30 a.m. by which time Sherwood had been told about the attack.
Coroner: 'Did you say at the time that it did not seem a serious report?'
Sherwood: 'Yes, I did.'
Coroner: 'Have you any reason to suspect that Langstone was not on his beat at all?'
Sherwood: 'No, I had not.'
Coroner: 'There was no arrangement between you and Langstone?'
Sherwood. 'No, none at all.'
Sherwood further denied that some of the witnesses had called at the police station.

PC Langstone, who had been stationed at Hertford for four years, claimed that 'I received no information at all that there was a murder in the town.'

Coroner: 'There is a very great doubt whether you were on your beat all that night.'
Langstone: 'I'm sure I was.'
Coroner: 'You swear you were on your beat and went the way you have stated.'
Langstone: 'Yes, I do.'
Curiously, the night of the murder was the only night that Langstone did not sign the attendance book before going home because 'Everything was so quiet that I did not trouble to come down.'
Coroner: 'I am sorry to say that I do not believe you, Langstone.'

More doubt was added to Langstone's claims when Daniell told the jury that Langstone's beat could be covered at least three times during his shift and that estimate allowed for checking doors, dark alleys, unlit streets and private houses.

The inquest returned a verdict of wilful murder against Smith and the jury added. 'We consider the conduct of PCs Langstone and Sherwood as deserving of the severest censure and their evidence not to be relied on. We exonerate the rest of the police from any blame.' The press expressed dismay that no action was to be taken against the members of the public who stood by and watched as the dim-inutive and slightly built John Smith carried out his prolonged attack. They also criticised Daniell's attempts to defend his force's behaviour at the inquest where he was 'naturally desirous of protect-ing the police as far as possible but that was no reason why he should represent that some of the evidence of the witnesses was unworthy of belief, and we very much doubt his right to say anything of the kind.'

John Smith never stood trial for the murder of Mercy Nicholls. He was taken by train from St Albans' gaol to Hertford town hall by two police-men for the summer sessions, where it was observed that 'his appearance by no means suggested that he was of a truculent disposition, or that he was at all likely to commit such a terrible crime as that with which he stands charged ... He looks a mere boy.'

Dr Boycott from the Hertfordshire county lunatic asylum 'came to the conclusion that he (Smith) was congenitally of weak mind ... he had delusions at the time ... he is not capable of under-standing the nature of the proceedings against him.'

Research into Smith's family history revealed a series of marriages between cousins (Smith and Nicholls were distant cousins), and Smith had two relatives who were inmates of asylums. The jury found Smith incapable of pleading and the judge ordered him to be detained at Her Majesty's pleasure.

The results of the special committee's findings were:
PC Langstone and PC Sherwood seriously neglected their duties (by now both had been sacked);
they believed that PC Langstone had neglected his duties before;
PC Sherwood should have informed the Super-intendent when first informed about the events at 3.30 a.m.
The committee recommended that:
the importance of informing superior officers of serious events must be impressed upon all ranks;
the level of supervision of officers on night duty should be increased and random checks should be implemented;
signing of the attendance book must be strictly enforced;
the beat covering Railway Street should be smaller to allow more time to be spent in this troublesome area;
lodging houses should be inspected every night;
the number of police officers in Hertford should be increased.

Daniell implemented the recommendations almost overnight and by the time he retired he was remembered as the man 'who practically remodelled the code of the country police ... In the Hertfordshire constabulary we have one of the most efficient police forces in the whole kingdom.'

Sources

Hertfordshire Mercury, 11–25 March; 6 May; 1 July 1899; 21 December 1918.
Tattler, 19 November 1901.
Neil Osbourn, *The Story of the Hertfordshire Police.*

An unusual prosecution

Geoffrey Floy

In his annual report for 1900, Birmingham's chief constable, Charles Haughton Rafter, drew attention to an unusual case affecting morality, namely, the first prosecution in the city for delivering an indecent lecture in public.[1] The trial received wide publicity in the city's newspapers and is of historical interest because of the issues raised and the attitude of the judge and jury to the defendant's conduct. It also highlighted the reaction of the police to something which they thought was unacceptable to the general public and which was likely to have a detrimental effect on the younger generation.

The accused, 'Professor' Richard Blockley Dodds Wells, aged 60, was a lecturer and phrenologist from Scarborough where he ran a clinic providing hydropathic treatment for which he 'qualified' in America. His lecture was advertised locally and was described as being on 'human relationships'. Its 'intimate nature' was such that only married men would be allowed to attend. The event, with an admission fee of one shilling, was held in February 1900 at the Birmingham Exchange Rooms and it attracted a large exclusively male audience. In spite of the restriction to married men, the gathering contained many youths. The meeting concluded with the sale of 'educational pamphlets' at one shilling each and youths were seen purchasing them. A police sergeant in plain clothes was present and made detailed notes. He later testified that while the proceedings were orderly, 'there was much laughter and jeering' during the 'professor's' delivery.

Wells was summoned for 'unlawfully and indecently publishing and uttering certain obscene and filthy words.' The justices decided that the case was too serious for their jurisdiction and committed him to Birmingham Assizes where he appeared before Mr Justice Starling on 15 March 1900. At the start of the hearing the judge sought the co-operation of the press by urging that no details of the indecency allegations should be published. He stated that he was anxious that 'the morals of the community should not be corrupted'.[2]

During the prosecution's opening of the case the foreman of the jury asked the judge if it was necessary for its members to hear more of the 'distasteful contents' of the lecture and pamphlet. The judge said it was essential that they heard the whole of the prosecution and defence cases before retiring to consider their verdict. The defendant gave evidence that he had given similar lectures around the country and in America for 20 years without a complaint. He denied that the substance of his talk was 'indecent ' or 'corrupting'. It was meant to be 'instructive and educational' and was given 'in the interests of health and morality'.

The judge, in summing up to the all male jury, suggested that each of them should ask themselves the question, 'Would I have sent my 16-year-old son with a shilling to hear the lecture?' It was not surprising that a guilty verdict was quickly returned, and when passing sentence the judge said that the defendant had been convicted of 'a very grave offence causing harm and ruin to the youth of this city'. He continued that in no way could the defendant's discourse be compared to lectures from qualified men of 'high character and social standing'. Wells was sent to prison for 12 months but in view of his age without hard labour.[3]

While the exact nature of the indecency is unknown, the subject matter was in all probability 'married sex and birth control.' Whatever Wells said or wrote it seemed clear from the judge's remarks that the offence was aggravated by allowing youths to be present, even though they were clearly amused and not shocked, and by the fact that he was not medically qualified.

Although the case was unusual in Birmingham, there had been others elsewhere some years earlier. Michael Mason examined the Victorian attitude to contraceptive practices in the 1880s and 1890s when there was an active campaign by both doctors and lay authorities against the publication of advice and instruction to married couples and those engaged in pre-marital sex. In 1886, a Yorkshire general practitioner was stripped of his licentiates and struck off the medical register for writing a book titled *The Wife's Handbook* and the publisher was prosecuted and imprisoned.[4] What the Birmingham instance illustrated was that in 1900 there was still a strong feeling among a number of people, including the judiciary and the police, that

sexual matters should not be publicised. In particular it emphasised that the young should be protected from such exposures, as was amply demonstrated by the exemplary sentence given to Wells.

References and notes

1. Chief Constable's Report to the City of Birmingham Watch Committee of the Police Establishment and the State of Crime for 1900.
2. It is not known whether or not this highly prejudicial remark was made in the presence of the jury. The trial was before the Criminal Appeal Act 1907 (7 Edw. 7, c. 23) which, if it had been in force, might have allowed the defendant to appeal on the ground that a statement of that nature if heard by the jury could have influenced its deliberations.
3. The jury were male freeholders or leaseholders with a rateable value of £10 or more (Jurors Act 1870, 33 & 34 Vic. c. 77). Women were not eligible to serve until the passing of the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act 1919 (9 Geo. 5, c. 71). The composition of the jury was not mentioned in the press reports. The most comprehensive account of the trial appeared in the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, 17 March 1900.
4. M. Mason, *The Making of Victorian Sexual Attitudes*, Oxford 1994, p. 60.

* Geoffrey Floy is a retired officer of the former Birmingham City Police Force.

The Northern Rhodesia Police and the Second World War

Tim Wright

In 1914 the enemy had been on the borders of Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia). The Northern Rhodesia Police played a minor part in the conquest of German South-West Africa (present day Namibia) and the full part of a front-line infantry unit throughout the East African campaign.[1] The role of the Northern Rhodesia Police in the Second World War was merely that of an under-resourced civil police force hundreds of miles from active conflict. The outbreak of war in 1914 had set back the development of the infant criminal investigation department and the Town and District Police. Similarly, the outbreak of war in 1939 disrupted the steady progress towards modern police methods with up-to-date equipment following the inspection by Sir Herbert Dowbiggin in 1937 and the institution of the Colonial Police Service.[2]

Although the enemy borders were far away on 3 September 1939 there were a considerable number of Germans among the European population of Tanganyika. Their reaction to the outbreak of hostilities could not be foreseen and a company of the Northern Rhodesia Regiment was immediately despatched to reinforce the King's African Rifles in that Territory.

There were intelligence reports of a Nazi force assembling in Angola to threaten the Katanga Province of the Belgian Congo (Zaire) and the Northern Rhodesia Copperbelt, where the mines were vital to the armaments industry of the British Empire. The remainder of the Northern Rhodesia Regiment, 350 strong including 80 new recruits, together with 50 Europeans of the newly formed Northern Rhodesia Volunteer Force, were deployed on the Congo border west of Chingola to counter this threat which never materialised. Assistant Inspector B.G. O'Leary[3] and a party of police were also involved in this operation, setting up a post at Kansanshi. By the end of September the threat was deemed no longer to exist and the regiment returned to Lusaka to prepare for its move to British Somaliland.

Meanwhile, the police had been engaged in the arrest and internment of 116 enemy aliens. This task was speedily completed with the aid of special constables recruited from members of the European population whose loyalty was not in question. The internees were sent to a camp at Gwelo in Southern Rhodesia (Zimbabwe).

Johannes Rhuys, who shortly before the war had taken employment with Moore's, the long established chemists in Livingstone, was believed to be involved in a plan to blow up the Victoria Falls Bridge, the only road and rail link between the two Rhodesias. While in interment Rhuys made no secret of his commitment to the Nazi cause. He killed himself before the war's end. In 1940 long convoys of South African trucks were to pass over the Falls Bridge and up the Great North Road with

troops, equipment and supplies for the defence of Kenya and the liberation of Abysinnia (Ethiopia).

Special constables also assisted in guarding vulnerable points including airfields and the mines. Assistant Inspector F.H. Letchworth of the regular force died of blackwater fever while guarding the Luangwa Bridge on the Great East Road which linked Lusaka with Fort Jameson (Chipata) and Nyasaland (Malawi). Frank Letchworth, who had joined the NRP in 1938, would not leave his post before his scheduled relief arrived.

The burden on the police was eased in 1942 when the Northern Rhodesia (African) Defence Force was raised and took over the duty of providing many vulnerable point guards. The police took over the guard on Government House from the regiment. A sergeant and 12 constables were provided each day until 1 July 1946. In 1944 the police took over from the army the guarding of Lusaka Airport, a commitment which continued until 1 April 1946.

At the outbreak of war air-raid precautions were instituted throughout Northern Rhodesia. In Fort Jameson the signal for an anticipated raid was to be the ringing of bells. Naturally the District Commissioner had to order that bells should not be rung for any other purpose. By 12 September he felt able to announce that, owing to the manner in which the war had developed, the restriction on the ringing of bells could be lifted. Needless to say no enemy bombs fell in Fort Jameson or anywhere else in the Territory.

A pigeon was caught on a mine building in Kitwe with a piece of paper tied to its foot. The paper bore pencil marks which could possibly have been a plan or map. In great secrecy the paper was sent post-haste to London to be examined by MI5. Some while later it was learned that the missive appeared to emanate from a member of a religious sect, the members of which were in the habit of communicating with God by pigeon post!

Recruiting of police officers from the UK was not immediately halted in 1939. PC L.A. Hicks left the Metropolitan Police and arrived in Livingstone on 16 November on appointment as an assistant inspector grade II. He was later to become deputy inspector-general of Colonial Police.[4] In 1940 the total strength of the Northern Rhodesia Police was 7 gazetted officers, 87 members of the inspectorate, and 578 African police. The Commissioner, Mr H.G. Hart, was paid £1,100 a year. His deputy, Mr Verrall, was on a salary scale rising from £720 to £920. The other gazetted officers were Superintendents Pickup, Fold, Croxford and Brodie, and Assistant Superintendents Totman and Wilkinson.[5]

H.G. Hart, Commissioner of Police, 1936–47

Until after the war there was to be no further recruitment of European police although transfers between colonies continued. Nearly all the European members of the Northern Rhodesia Police volunteered for military service. All were conscripted under the Emergency Powers Regulations and required to remain at their police duties in the Territory, although on 1 June 1940 six were released for duty with the armed forces. On 12 July instructions were issued that applications for release must cease and only four more white police officers were allowed to leave Northern Rhodesia for active service with HM Forces during the war. This caused much discontent. One assistant inspector deserted from the Force in order to enlist. He was apprehended and underwent a sentence of imprisonment for his offence. The majority of those released served on police duty in occupied and liberated territory although Assistant Inspector G.M. Beal, who had completed a short service commission in the Royal Air Force before joining the Colonial Police, returned to the RAF. After a spell in Southern Rhodesia with the Empire Air Training Scheme, Beal served with Bomber Command.[6]

There were 3,636 offences recorded against the penal code for 1940, with 7,695 against other ordinances. Despite competition from the army, 80 African police were recruited. Of these, 14 had had

no formal education, and 14 had reached only Standard I. Eighteen recruits had attained Standard IV but only seven Standard VI. In the whole Territory only 3,000 African children were in their fifth year of schooling and only 35 were receiving secondary education. Munali Secondary School for Africans had opened near Lusaka in 1939.

An African school teacher was employed at the police training depot. Under the training syllabus introduced in 1937 recruits spent 30.9 per cent of their time at drill and musketry, 27.8 per cent on law and police duties, 11.2 per cent education, 8.5 per cent baton drill and crowd control, 6.8 per cent first aid, 8.5 per cent physical training, 4.2 per cent methods of arrest and self defence, and 2.1 per cent in weekly recapitulation and oral tests.

In April 1940 there was discontent among African miners. An African woman had been struck by a clerk issuing food at Nkana and a white mine employee joined in the dispute. This incident is said to have sparked off the disturbances. Three companies and the headquarters of the newly raised 2nd Battalion of the Northern Rhodesia Regiment were deployed for the protection of Nkana Mine and the Mindolo Shaft and to guard compound offices. On 3 April nearly 6,000 strikers swarmed round the compound offices at Nkana. Troops cordoned the area and lined up across the road. The crowd started throwing stones at the soldiers and police. For a time this was stopped by the strikers' leaders but they lost control and the mob made a frenzied rush at the troops who, without hesitation, brought the butts of their rifles down smartly on the bare toes of their assailants, causing them to halt and fall back.

Tearsmoke was used to disperse the crowd, without much effect. Stoning recommenced and there were casualties among the troops and police. A warning was given that if the stoning did not stop, the troops would open fire. Part of the crowd rushed at Senior Assistant Superintendent H.M.L. Wilkinson and Captain R. Francis-Jones, officer commanding 'D' Company 2 NRR. These two officers were forced to draw their revolvers and fire. This action temporarily checked the mob, but the strikers returned to attack with more stones and sticks. The troops opened fire. Seventeen rioters were killed and 63 wounded. Twenty soldiers and a number of police had been injured by stones or sticks. There were no more disturbances.

An inquest found that the 17 dead had been 'killed by unknown soldiers of the Northern Rhodesia Regiment acting in the defence of life and property'. Wilkinson was awarded the Colonial Police Medal for gallantry for his part in this action.

Since the division of the Force in 1932 to form the Northern Rhodesia Regiment, the Northern Rhodesia Police had had no band. In September 1940 Assistant Superintendent Tommy Davidson,[7] in command of the depot at Livingstone, was having a good root around the Stores when he came across the shell of an old side drum left behind on the departure of the military. Mr Davidson hit on the idea of forming a band from the ten boy buglers at the depot. So started the band of the Northern Rhodesia Police. At the next Commissioner's inspection, Mr Hart was received on parade with a salute by the embryo band, with a Barotse tribal drum substituting for a bass drum.

From this beginning the band was to grow after the war, under successive former British army bandmasters, into an 88-piece full military band with dance band section.

In 1941 a new Northern Rhodesia Police ordinance was promulgated. Section 6 required that 'the Police Force shall be employed in and throughout the Territory for preserving the peace, for the prevention and detection of crime and for the apprehension of offenders against the peace.' It further stated that 'The provisions of this ordinance shall be in addition to and not in substitution for or in derogation of any of the powers, authority, privileges and advantages, nor of the duties and responsibilities of a constable at Common Law.'

The Commissioner of Police, subject to the orders and directions of the Governor, was to have 'the command, superintendence, direction and control of the Force'. The ordinance listed 51 punishable offences against police discipline, the last being 'any act, conduct or disorder or neglect to the prejudice of good order and discipline not herein before specified.'

During 1941 102 Africans were recruited of whom seven had no educational qualifications, and eight had completed only Standard I. Fifty-nine had reached Standard IV, but only another five had progressed further. Expenditure on the Force was £64,577. 13,908 offences were reported in 1941.

For the following year expenditure increased to £74,056. The number of recruits more than doubled to 263. Education was improving. While ten of these new constables had had no formal schooling and four had completed only Standard I, 34 had reached Standard II, 79 Standard III, 83 Standard IV, 42 Standard V and 11 Standard VI. Crime had

continued to rise with a total of 16,139 reported to the police.

On 9 July 1942 at Victoria Falls a man fell into the Gorge. Inspector Sidney Wright led a party which manhandled the injured person 400 feet up on an improvised stretcher. In 1946 Wright's action was recognised by the award of the Life Saving Medal of the Order of St John.[8]

In 1942 a strike by the European Mine Workers Union under Frank Maybank, a socialist, threatened production. The Southern Rhodesia Armoured Car Regiment was called out to assist the police in maintaining law and order. Maybank and others were arrested.

In 1940 Superintendent A. Pickup had been transferred to Aden as deputy commissioner of police. In September 1942 he returned as a lieutenant-colonel and assistant director of intelligence and security responsible for Northern Rhodesia. Two other European police officers were seconded to assist him.

During 1942 and 1943 some 4,000 Polish refugees reached Northern Rhodesia. A camp was established for them at the disused Bwana Mkubwa Mine site. Fifteen African police were posted for duty at this camp.

Lieutenant-Colonel A.N. Bagshaw, a member of the Military Branch of the NRP until 1932, had been judged too old for front-line command abroad. Having raised and trained in succession the 2nd and 4th battalions of the Northern Rhodesia Regiment, in 1943 he was seconded to the Northern Rhodesia government as director of war evacuees and camps.[9] In 1944 members of the Northern Rhodesia Police had to be found for duty at a second Polish refugee camp at Katambora, near Livingstone, and to guard Italian prisoners of war at a camp at Kafue.

In 1943 the number of African police recruits had again increased, to 295. In 1944 the number dropped to 245. Seven of these held Standard VII certificates of education and one Standard VIII, although the vast majority continued to be Standard III or IV. The aim since the late 1930s had been to establish Standard IV as the minimum entry qualification, ensuring a fair standard of spoken and written English. Not until after the war could sufficient suitable recruits be found meeting this qualification.

Assistant inspectors grade II attested before 1 January 1944, who passed the Northern Rhodesia Civil Service examination in an African language at lower level, were eligible for promotion to assistant inspector grade I after four years, and to inspector after completing seven years in the Force. Conditions of service were now changed to require future white recruits to complete seven years as assistant inspectors grade II, and 11 years' service for promotion to inspector.

Expenditure on the Northern Rhodesia Police had risen steadily since 1941 to reach £88,918 for 1944. Offences against the Penal Code had risen to 5,754 in 1943, while other offences reached a wartime peak of 10,571 in 1942. Breakings and theft markedly increased during the war, while murders averaged forty per year. Other crimes of violence had shown a tendency to decrease. The increase in breakings into African housing was ascribed to the rising cost of living and shortages in the supply of blankets, cooking pots, food and clothing caused by the war. Nevertheless 1945 showed a slight drop in all reported offences with 5,378 against the Penal Code and 10,408 against other laws. Expenditure on the Force reduced by £2,000 in 1945.

During the war native courts were given increased powers to deal with criminal cases and urban native courts were established. Towards the end of the war so many categories of Africans in the Territory wore a khaki uniform with black fez, that it was decided that African police should wear the Force badge in front of their head-dress. Seven battalions and one independent garrison company of the Northern Rhodesia Regiment had been raised and most had served outside the Territory, including those who saw action in Somaliland, Ethiopia, Madagascar and Burma. The soldiers returned home wearing boots. Accordingly, after the war African police were issued for the first time with black ankle boots, worn with long blue puttees. 'Knickers' were henceforth to be called 'shorts'!

Notes

1. See *PHS Journal* 7:63 and 8:12.
2. Sir H.L. Dowbiggin, see *PHS Journal* 12:27, n. 9.
3. Bernard George O'Leary CPM (1962), *b.* India 12.2.13, ed. King's College London, Tpr BSAP 1936, Const. NRP 2.5.38, A/Insp. II 1938, A/Insp. I 1942, Insp. 1946, A/Supt 1950, S/Supt 1959, ACP Zambia rtd 5.67, *d.* Salisbury SR (Harare) 1973.
4. Lawson Augustine Hicks CPM (1951) QPM (1959), *b.* Farnborough 29.10.13, ed. Bromley GS, PC Met. Putney , A/Supt NRP 1949, Supt 1951, S/Supt 1954, ACP 29.4.57, SACP

Western Div. (Copperbelt) 1959, CofP 1964, IG Zambia Police 1966.

5. H.G. Hart, see *PHS Journal* 9:14 n. 8 and 11:36 n. 1.

Maj. R.J. Wyndham Verrall MVO CPM, see 12:26 n. 1.

Lt Col A. Pickup, see 12:27 n. 1, rtd 16.5.46.

Supt Edward Stanley Fold, 12:27 n. 1, Force Paymaster, rtd 31.3.46.

Supt Douglas Harry Croxford, Const. 1.2.29, A/Supt HQ Staff Offr 1936, i/c Ndola 15.8.37, to Palestine 1936?

Supt Norman Brodie CPM (1945), *b.* Worcs 1895, Tpr Worcs Yeomanry TF 1911, SSM 1918 twice mentioned in despatches, Tpr BSAP 1919, Const. NRP 1925, D/Sgt 1926, D/A/Insp. 1928, A/Supt 1935, Supt i/c CID & Chief Immigration Offr 1939, rtd 20.7.51, Dist. Supt NRPR L'stone 1955, *d.* L'stone 29.7.60.

Lt Col W. Totman MBE, see *PHS Journal* 11:36 n. 5, Military service from 1941 to 8.8.46 when he resumed duty in CID until going on leave 29.4.47 pending retirement.

Supt H.M.L. Wilkinson CPM(G), A/Supt 23.12.37, rtd 1947.

6. Gordon Morris Beal, SSC RAF 1931, Palestine Police 1933, Const. NRP 1935, A/Supt Tanganyika Police 1950, NRP 1952, rtd 1964, *d.* SA 14.6.90

7. T.M. Davidson, see *PHS Journal* 12:27 n. 3, Supt 30.10.46.

8. Sidney A. Wright, No. 52 Const. NRP 1932, A/Supt to Nyasald Police 1950, father of Allan Wright NRP 1960.

9. Lt-Col A.N. Bagshaw MBE, see *PHS Journal* 11.36, NRP 27.2.21–31.3.32.

Principal sources

NRP Annual Reports 1938–1947.

Nkhwazi, the magazine of the Northern Rhodesia Police, vol. 12, No. 1, April 1964.

W.V. Brelsford, *The Story of the Northern Rhodesia Regiment*, Government Printer, Lusaka, republished Galago Press 1990.

The Penzance axe murder

Jack Oliver

Monday, 7th day of July 1845, a historic day in the small Cornish town of Penzance. The great foundation stone for the new pier was to be laid and the Cornish motto of 'One and all' believed this was the start of new prosperity in the town. There was a grand parade, with brass bands, banners and a circus.

At midday, the 'crash!' of cannon echoed over the roof tops, sending hordes of screaming seagulls into the clear blue sky. In Rosevean Road, one lady heard the guns but paused as she passed No. 14, she had also heard the most awful groans. She later recalled that 'they were not cries, just dreadful groans that became weaker.' Frightened, she hurried about her business.

The cottage, one of a small terrace, had been rented by Ruth Seaman and Benjamin Ellison. Ruth was 55 years of age and was an attractive widow. She lived with Ben as 'just good friends'. However, they were often seen 'walking out' so no one really believed this tale.

Ben was a Yorkshireman, 61 years old, tall, and was exactly what he appeared, a member of the upper classes. He said that he had at one time held the rank of lieutenant in the Halifax Militia. Neither was short of a shilling, as Ben had just received £1,500 interest on shares, and they had recently loaned their landlord, James Richards, who lived down the road, the princely sum of £50 (to be repaid at 6 per cent interest of course!). Ben had lately let it be known that Ruth was soon going away to marry a 'titled' London gentleman, and that she had stated her intention to see that he would be well provided for.

At 8.30 on the morning of the 7th, Ruth was in her garden. This was the last time she was seen alive except for Ben – and her killer. Ben said that he had left the house mid-morning to watch the parade and that Ruth was alive and well at this time.

His movements that day are easily followed, as he was seen around town almost hour by hour, but curiously, only after 1 o'clock. Most ominously, he was seen, carrying a large bundle, by Elizabeth Bramble at 10.30 that evening. She said she watched him walking down the road, and he

appeared to avoid all the lighted windows as though not wishing to be seen.

At 11.15, Ben arrived at the Temperance Hotel which was owned by his friend Captain Edward Thomas. Ben booked a room for the night as he said that it was too late to return home.

At 6.15 the next morning, Ben arose and the boot-boy recalled that his boots were wet, as though they had just been washed.

Shops opened very early in 1845, as Ben next visited the hairdressers. Billy Matthews, the barber, commented that the front of Ben's hair was 'very jagged as though cut by an amateur hand'.

At 8 o'clock Ben visited his landlord back in Rosevean Road and after a brief conversation he left and was seen to enter his own front door at 8.30. At 9 o'clock Ben knocked on the back door of his neighbour Mary Hill. When Mary opened the door, Ben asked if she would go with him as he had something of importance to tell her. As they crossed their communal back yard Ben said that he had been out all night, had just arrived home and found that Ruth had been murdered. Mary entered the back kitchen and Ben pointed to a broken window stating that some person had gained entry that way.

When the entered the front parlour she saw Ruth lying dead upon the floor. She was on her back, feet towards the small granite fireplace and arms at her sides. Her hands were slightly raised, fingers clenched and she was in the same clothes as when last seen in her garden, only now a piece of black gauze covered her face.

As to the room itself, a fight had taken place, a veritable 'fight for life'. The walls to a height of four feet were liberally smeared with blood. On the lower part, blood had spurted down and puddled on the lime and ash floor. In three or four places strands of Ruth's black hair still clung to the bloodied walls, and gripped in her right hand was a tuft of brown hair, a mute testament as to how hard she had fought for her life.

Beside her body lay an axe, just over two feet long and described as 'very sharp and large enough to fell a bullock'. On the blade were smears of blood, and upon the handle could clearly be seen the bloody imprint of a murderer's hand.

Ben told Mary to raise the alarm, while he fetched assistance. He returned, however, to the hotel, and asked Thomas, the owner, to go with him to the magistrate's as some person had murdered Mrs Seaman. Together they visited the magistrate and Ben made a statement that someone had broken into his house during the night and had murdered Ruth.

Meanwhile, back in Rosevean Road, Constables John Olds and John Martin had arrived. They examined Ruth and found bruising to her hands and face, and in her hand the small lock of hair. Her head was almost beaten in and on the back of her neck they found two gaping wounds, one of which had almost decapitated her. Constable Martin was despatched to the mayor's office, while Constable Olds searched the house. He found that the broken window, alleged entry point for any burglar, measured only 6 inches by 6 inches.

In the murder room, lying beside Ruth's body was a coat button, and he found blood all over the floor at the foot of the narrow staircase, but none upon the treads.

Upstairs, the back bedroom held evidence of their relationship – a double bed – and upon it lay a camisole, a woman's stays and over the bed rail hung a man's night-cap.

In the front bedroom was a locked portable writing desk and an unlocked workbox in which were several silver spoons, a gold chain with seals, and other jewellery.

Constable Olds then hurried off in search of the police surgeon.

Ben and Thomas had meanwhile gone to see the mayor, where Ben made a further statement, this time adding that a silver watch and some of his clothes had been stolen. In the midst of this, Constable Martin arrived with the news of the murder. Ben replied: 'I am Ellison, with whom she lived. I did not do it.'

Constable Martin noticed that Ben had scratches on his face and a bite mark upon his hand. He informed him that he would be required at the inquest which was to be held immediately at Penzance Town Hall, and he took Ben into custody.

The inquest sat before a packed courtroom and after listening to the evidence, the jury deliberated for the shortest time before delivering their collective verdict: 'Wilfull Murder by Benjamin Ellison, against the peace of our Lady the Queen.'

Ben spent that night in a cell and early next morning he started the long journey to Bodmin gaol to await the next assize. Over the next week so many people visited the cottage to view the body, that it was taken to St Mary's Church for safe keeping. At 8 o'clock on Tuesday 15 July, her funeral took place. The coroner and a vast crowd of

people, kind-hearted friends, neighbours and curious onlookers all attended.

Benjamin Ellison

Wednesday, 30 July in Bodmin, as early as 4 o'clock, a large mob gathered outside the assize building and at 9 o'clock a struggle started between the rabble surrounding the doors and the court officers. Various entreaties were used and, as the fair sex are no less curious, some of the offers made were of a more 'physical' nature, although how such promises would be redeemed can only be supposed. As the judge was about to enter the court, there was a commotion beneath the public gallery. So many people had forced their way on to it, that one end had started to collapse, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the Javelin men cleared it. The noise had hardly subsided, when Lord Chief Justice Earle entered and with an imperious glare, took his seat. Benjamin was brought in and he bowed most respectfully. He pleaded not guilty and sat down looking around with cool indifference. The trial had commenced.

The day after his arrest a Penzance rag and bone man found a bundle of clothes on the beach. A frock coat, a pair of knee breeches, a waistcoat, a short and a pair of flannel drawers. The coat was torn with a button missing. The button found beside Ruth's body matched. There was blood on the shirt and the waistcoat. The flannel drawers had a distinctive darn on them and a witness said that he remembered seeing the darn when Ben had once tied up his drawer-strings in his presence.

Ben's neighbour said that he had often looked over their back wall and seen Ben wearing the waistcoat. The silver watch Ben reported stolen was found in the possession of James Richards, the landlord, who claimed that Ben had given it to him some days previously, although he could not recall exactly why.

Mr Thomson, the surgeon, stated that the injuries to Ruth's head and neck had caused her death, and had occurred twelve hours prior to his examination on that Tuesday morning. The barber identified the hair found in Ruth's hand as similar to Ben's.

Altogether the hearing took 11 hours. It is said that the law moves slowly and yet this trial, which consisted of mainly circumstantial evidence, was over in just one day. The jury consulted for a mere ten minutes and then delivered their unanimous verdict: 'Guilty of wilful murder.'

Judge Earle asked Ben if he had anything to say and Ben replied: 'Yes, indeed my Lord. I have something to say. I can positively demonstrate that the most material part of the evidence is palpably false. Not one word relative to the clothes is correct. I should conceive that there is not one person in this court who can believe that I should be seen wearing such rags as have been shown here today. The surgeon stated that the body had been dead twelve hours, yet the evidence shows that I was absent 24 hours before that time. Another remarkable statement is that of my neighbour. He said he has seen me in my courtlage [sic] wearing the waistcoat, but he could never see me as the wall between is higher than a man's head. True evidence states that we lived together in perfect harmony and affection. If your lordship can do anything for me, I shall be greatly obliged. I ask for nothing more than for the rights of justice.'

Judge Earle donned the black cap and said: 'Benjamin Ellison, you stand convicted by the evidence. Evidence that leaves no doubt in my mind that you are guilty of this horrid crime, the reward of which is – Death. It is my bounden duty to inform you that upon earth there is no hope for you, your days are numbered. Benjamin Ellison, you will be taken hence from whence you came, and thence to the place of execution, and at the usual time you will be hung by the neck till you be dead. That your body when dead be taken down and buried within the precincts of the Gaol where you were confined and may God Almighty have mercy on your soul.'

As the warders led Ben away, he suddenly broke away from them. This was, however, no last dash for freedom. He had been provided with a package of sandwiches to eat during his trial and he had left one behind, and had only returned for it.

A petition was sent to the Home Secretary requesting mercy, signed by a large number of his friends. Some said that Ben's alibi was proved, for Elizabeth Bramble, who claimed to have seen Ben with the bundle of clothes, now admitted that she had dreamed it and not seen Ben at all.

The axe, valued at 12d, was on public display at the police station, where the population of Penzance queued up to see it.

Monday, 11 August 1845, the day set for the execution, dawned fine and clear. People travelled to Bodmin from all over the county. Outside the gaol, as far as the eye could see, was an unbroken sea of faces. An estimate put the number at 30,000. It was a seething mass of humanity, where all kinds of thieves, sharpers, pickpockets, prostitutes and toe-rags, all plied their dubious professions and skills. The majority of the spectators were women, packed together outside the south gate of the gaol where the dreadful apparatus of death, the gallows, was being prepared, tried and tested.

Earlier that morning Ben's solicitor told him that a pardon had been refused. Ben took this news with remarkable coolness. He thanked him and asked if he would stay with him to the end.

The governor had asked for any final request and Ben asked for a screen to be placed around him at the execution, so that he would not provide 'sport' for the crowd. This had to be refused and so he just thanked the governor and the officers for their attentions.

Precisely at 12 o'clock, the gallows bell commenced to toll and the chattering throng grew still. At 12.15, the executioner entered the condemned cell and Ben said: 'My man, you must do your duty.' His arms were pinioned and he left the cell, passing between two lines of prisoners, the chaplain leading the way. Ben needed no support and walked into the pressroom with a firmness that astonished everybody there. He paused briefly, then stepped out upon the drop without even a glance at the immense crowd before him. There was an awful stillness as the executioner adjusted the rope. The white cap was pulled down over his face and for a brief instant his lips were seen to move in prayer. The executioner stepped back and the drop fell with a clatter that was almost drowned by a shrill scream and several females fainted. Benjamin twitched for eight or nine minutes, and then was still.

After hanging for the required one hour and one minute, his body was lowered into the coffin and buried in the gaol coalyard. Meanwhile, the executioner was in the crowd, selling short lengths of the rope at one shilling a piece for the purpose of warding off the King's evil (scrofula) and fits.

The majority of the people remained in Bodmin that day, instead of returning to their homes. Taverns were filled to overflowing and the streets were impassable. Stalls and sideshows were set up and everywhere had the appearance of a public holiday.

It was erroneously reported that Benjamin had confessed his crime to the governor of the gaol, and another said that he confessed only to ease the consciences of the jury, rather than a true admission of guilt.

One newspaper printed: 'We have it from authority that the prisoner Ellison made a private confession immediately before his Execution which seriously implicates another person for the crime, but at present, making these particulars known would frustrate the ends of justice.'

Unfortunately nothing else was ever recorded about this 'other person' and now, I suppose, nothing ever will ...

I think the last word should be left to one unnamed observer who was present that day, and wrote:

'The law took its course today, and another victim has been added to the long list of the judicially murdered and another blot has been cast upon our boasted civilisation.'

* Jack Oliver, a retired MOD police officer, lives in the house in Rosevean Road where the murder was committed.

Policeman, soldier, spymaster

John C. Welch

John Arnold Wallinger was born on 25 October 1869 at Poona, India, where his father, William, was deputy conservator of forests. He was baptised into the Church of England at the age of three weeks, after which nothing is known of him until 27 November 1896 when, at the age of 27, he joined the Indian Police.

His initial appointment was as an inspector in Ahmedabad, north of Bombay on the route of the railway line to Delhi. After five years he was promoted to assistant superintendent, and in July 1902 was seconded to the Metropolitan Police for three months.

John Arnold Wallinger

Officially he was attached to 'C' and 'E' Divisions as an instructor. However, the coronation of King Edward VII, which was originally planned for June, took place in August of that year. He may well have taken over watching Indian nationalists during the coronation from someone unable to stay after the initial date was postponed. From November 1903 he was described as being 'on deputation to Scotland Yard'.

On his return to India, possibly still on the west coast, in the Bombay area, he was involved in special duties connected with an outbreak of bubonic plague during 1904–5, before he could settle back into normal police work. One of the best places to acquire information of criminal and political activities was the gambling den. Wallinger would visit these dressed as an Indian, and, with his mastery of indigenous languages, was able to pass himself off as a local man. His subordinates once raided a den, and such was Wallinger's disguise that he was arrested by his own men. While on mounted duty at a demonstration he saw a colleague in trouble and went to assist. He received a sword cut to his head from one of the demonstrators, which put him in hospital for three months.

Wallinger was promoted to superintendent, and by early 1909 was described as being on 'special duty working in the Criminal Investigation Department'. The following year he was transferred to London and appointed to be in charge of all political intelligence matters in America and Europe relating to India. He received the KPM on 1 January 1914.

With the outbreak of the First World War he was gazetted a major attached to the Imperial General Staff. His duties initially were concerned with preventing anti-British propaganda from reaching Indian troops serving in France. Their letters home were read by Wallinger's staff to ensure that no subversive sentiments reached the sub-continent. This work resulted in his being thanked personally by the Marquess of Crewe, when he was Secretary of State for India, and by his successor, Sir Austen Chamberlain. The end of the war saw his ultimate recognition for these duties when he was appointed a Companion of the Indian Empire in 1918.

John Wallinger had a younger brother, Ernest, who was a professional soldier and who, by 1915, held the rank of major. Ernest was somewhat different to his older brother, for he was a graduate of Clare College, Cambridge, and had married a lady of considerable social standing. An original member of the British Expeditionary Force, he had lost a foot at the Battle of the Aisne in September 1914. Unfit for active service, he established an office in early 1915 to collect intelligence from Belgium.

John Wallinger had an interest in Switzerland as a number of Indian nationalists had taken refuge there at the start of the war. Hence, when the need arose to control an intelligence gathering operation from Switzerland, Ernest Wallinger had little trouble in ensuring that the job went to his brother.

The existing British organisation in Switzerland was used by John Wallinger to send spies into Germany, collect information and then pass it back to him in France. The Swiss were, however, vigilant in protecting their neutrality, and after six months it was extremely difficult for his men to work in the country. He needed to find someone new, whom the Swiss authorities would not suspect of being in British intelligence.

Like his brother, John Wallinger had found himself drawn to a lady of a higher social level than his own. Unlike his brother, though, he had not married her and she had become his mistress. This lady was a friend of Syrie Welcome, estranged wife of the American drug manufacturer, Henry Welcome, daughter of the philanthropist, Dr Barnardo, and mistress of the writer, Somerset Maugham. The couples dined together several times, and Maugham used these occasions to express the wish to do something useful to help the war effort. There was no doubting Maugham's patriotism or his bravery. Despite his age – he was now 40 – he managed to get a posting as an interpreter with an ambulance unit in Ypres. Although Maugham had qualified as a doctor, he had never practised as such, but he did speak French and German. His work took him close to the front line, and at times he had come under enemy fire. He had, though, because of the tangled state of his personal affairs, which included Syrie becoming pregnant, given up this work.

Maugham subsequently went to Geneva for John Wallinger where, using his cover as a writer, he was able to control agents operating in Germany. He did, in fact, write a play while there called *The Unattainable*, the title of which was subsequently changed to *Caroline*. Some of the agents were of dubious quality, and he became discouraged with his work. This, coupled with Henry Welcome citing him as co-respondent in divorce proceedings against Syrie, caused him to resign in February 1916.

Nevertheless, Maugham continued to look after the Swiss operation until May, when Wallinger replaced him with a playwright, Edward Knoblock. Switzerland continued to be a difficult area from which to work, and John Wallinger tried to develop an operation in Denmark to gather intelligence from Germany. This was not a success, and by August 1916 he was working solely on his Indian intelligence activities. He was awarded the DSO after the war for controlling a network of agents who had worked deep in Germany.

After the Armistice he continued his political intelligence work for the Government of India from a base in London, then, in 1919, was seconded to Egypt where he carried out work on the surveillance of Indian nationalists. When he returned to London from this posting he was promoted to be Deputy Inspector General of the Indian Police, and when he retired in 1925, he was made a Knight of the British Empire.

In 1926, Sir John was offered the post of Deputy Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, but he turned down this position and spent the rest of his life at Brighton, not far from his brother's home at Cuckfield. He busied himself with the welfare of ex-servicemen, and was elected vice-president of the Sussex council of the British Legion.

He died of a coronary thrombosis at his home in Surrenden Road, Brighton, on 7 January 1931, at the age of 61. His funeral at Patcham parish church took place five days later. Family mourners were led by his brother, now a lieutenant-colonel with the DSO, and his two sisters. Numerous army officers were present, the most senior being General Sir Edward Bulfin, president of the Old Contemptibles Association. Medals were everywhere to be seen – even the officiating minister, the Revd Thomas James, wore the Military Cross.

The most obvious mourner from Wallinger's intelligence days was Edward Knoblock, who had succeeded him in Switzerland. Was there perhaps someone even more important present from those days? Although Sir John himself had requested no flowers, there was one floral tribute. Was this from the lady who had been so instrumental in bringing Somerset Maugham and John Wallinger together?

Sir John Wallinger would have been a minor figure in British Intelligence, but for the fact that Somerset Maugham immortalised him as 'Colonel R'. What he did was to write, as a series of short stories, a thinly veiled account of his activities working for Wallinger. These collectively he called *Ashenden*, the name he gave himself in the stories. The veil, however, was too thin for at least one person: Winston Churchill saw the manuscript and told Maugham that parts violated the Official

Secrets Act. Maugham took this opinion very seriously, and subsequently destroyed 14 of the Ashenden stories.

Published by Heinemann in April 1928, *Ashenden* was described by *The Times Literary Supplement* as 'moderately entertaining', but the paper said 'the element of excitement is tenuous'. Maugham himself in the preface admitted that 'fact is a poor story teller'. The reading public, however, loved it, with the result that *Ashenden* was reprinted twice in 1928, twice in 1929 and four more times before the outbreak of the Second World War. As part of a volume of Maugham's short stories, it was last published in 1955.

He was not always complimentary about 'Colonel R', his superior. 'Here was a man that you could neither like nor trust at first sight'. When he had given Maugham his instructions for the Swiss assignment 'R' ended by saying: 'If you do your job well you'll get no thanks and if you get into trouble you'll get no help.' Maugham did concede that 'R' 'had immense energy and a gift for organisation, no scruples, but resource, courage and determination'.

Little is said of Wallinger's mistress, who had played such an important part in bringing the two men together, Maugham does say, however, of Wallinger 'that he was excessively flattered to be the lover of a handsome woman'.

The public success of *Ashenden* drew it to the attention of Alfred Hitchcock. He took two of the stories in the book and made them into *The Secret Agent*, which was released in 1936. The part of Ashenden himself was played by John Gielgud, while a female interest was introduced in the person of Madeleine Carroll. Peter Lorre played the part of an assassin who did Ashenden's dirty work, while Charles Carson took the part of 'R'.

When Hitchcock shot the film, he faced a number of difficulties. Lorre was a morphine addict given to adding in his own material during a take. John Gielgud admitted that he found making the film 'terribly exhausting', as he had to be off the set by 6 p.m. in order to appear in *Romeo and Juliet* in the evening.

Late in 1991 BBC television broadcast *Ashenden*, their own version of Maugham's book. The series had Alex Jennings as Ashenden and Ian Bannen as 'R'. This moved much further from the book than the Hitchcock film, with 'R' playing a considerably larger part than in the stories. The character of 'R' was changed into that of a career soldier, who, from his medal ribbons, had fought in many campaigns, including the Boer War.

There is the intriguing possibility that this colonial police officer lives on in the James Bond stories, in that a little of him is to be found in 'M'. Somerset Maugham is known to have read the manuscript of the first Bond story, for he and Ian Fleming were not only friends, but had homes near each other in France. There is the use of an initial to mask the identity of the intelligence chief, and the character of the man himself. Maugham said of Wallinger: 'What a shrewd, unscrupulous old thing was R! He took no risks; he trusted nobody; he made use of his instruments, but high and low, had no opinion of them.'

The King's Police Medal

Notes

Quotations from *Ashenden* are made by permission of A.P. Watt Ltd., literary agents, on behalf of the literary executors of the estate of W. Somerset Maugham.

Sir John Wallinger's grave may be found without too much difficulty in Patcham churchyard. It is marked by an irregularly shaped tombstone, devoid of any religious symbols or sentiments.

Further reading

Christopher Andrew, *Secret Service*, London 1985.

Ted Morgan, *Somerset Maugham*, London 1980.

Donald Spoto, *The Life of Alfred Hitchcock*, London 1983.

John Gielgud, *An Actor and His Time*, London 1979.

*John Welch is a member of the PHS and the Orders and Medals Research Society. He lives in Croydon, where he is a lay visitor to police stations.

The amorous policeman

Bernard Brown

Apart from the numerous dismissals for drunkenness the Commissioners also took a dim view of their men's apparent preoccupation with the opposite sex, prompting the following warning:

(20 April 1830)

> Complaints having been repeatedly sent to the Commissioners from all parts of the town that the police constables are constantly seen talking with females in the streets the Commissioners direct the attention to the Serjeants to this subject as such misconduct in the men cannot take place without the knowledge of the serjeants and it is notified to them that every neglect in reporting the constables in such cases will be severely visited on the serjeant himself.

The warning of course went unheeded as the constables continued with their advances towards the female populace of London and after only two months a sterner warning was issued to the men:

(15 June 1830)

> The Commissioners having received information from various sources that the constables are in the habit while on duty of entering into conversation with servant girls and other females it is necessary to call to the notice of constables that such conduct is directly contrary to the orders of the 20th April last and if any one should be reported hereafter for misconducting himself in this way he will be dismissed from the force.

An account of some of the lengths to which constables would go in order to get to know a young lady that took their fancy was witnessed by the young Alfred Rosling Bennett who, reminiscing in the 1850s, remembered: 'One afternoon, returning from school my brother and I stopped close to a door in a garden wall in our street but a good way from our house and on the opposite side of the road to discuss some matter that was interesting us, marbles or buttons perhaps, when a policeman whom we knew very well by sight and who probably had also seen us about, sauntered up, and, noticing us standing under the bell-handle, said, "Can't you reach the bell, my little chaps?" and, without waiting for an answer, gave the knob a vigorous pull. Startled, we looked up then at each other and – was it telepathy? – without a word simultaneously took to our heels and ran homeward for all we were worth. Looking back from a safe distance we perceived a white apron in the doorway and the constable evidently holding a conversation with its owner. We avoided that officer long afterwards, dodging out of his way when we saw him coming, albeit our consciences were as the untrodden snow. When at last we met him without the possibility of evasion he gave no evidence of recognition. Now, on which side was the real laugh? Suppose his pull at the bell was a Machiavellian dodge to open communication with that particular servant girl. If so, that officer was wasted as a mere patrol, his place was with the detectives.'

While these antics may seem harmless, or even humorous, the truth was that crimes were being committed on those unprotected beats due to the absence of the police. Public opinion was highlighted by the caricatures of George Cruikshank, who nicknamed them 'The Invisible Police'. For a break-in to occur on a constable's beat was the ultimate sin, as PC Peter Cormack of the 17th Company ('V') found, when he was dismissed on 13 March 1832 'for being drunk on duty and allowing a burglary to be committed on his beat on the 11th instant.'

A peeler's advance knew no bounds, even on the Sabbath. On this day a constable would be posted outside the parish church during services to prevent any noise or obstruction from the lower classes interfering with divine worship. Although unable to converse with the young ladies of the congregation who attended with their families, a determined constable was not deterred from giving a knowing nod or wink to the girl of his choice, often causing acute embarrassment to the particular young lady and her family, so much so that following many complaints a police order was issued on the matter in November 1833 which read:

> Whenever constables are placed upon duty at the entrance of churches during divine service the constables so stationed are to be particular in not staring people in the face in an offensive manner as has lately been complained of but

are to keep themselves as much aloof as is consistent with the duty they have to perform.

This practice was finally done away with in December 1841 when casual attention was paid by the man on the beat.

The old adage that you can never find a policeman, which most people think stems from modern times, originated in fact from the 1840s when *Punch* published a series of 'unanswerable queries', one of which asked: 'Did you ever find a policeman when you wanted one?', a reference to their always being in some female servant's company. Although satirising the 'New Police', *Punch* was in fact reflecting the dissatisfaction of the public, who were concerned by the rising crime rate. In another article *Punch* proposed replacing the whole force by a number of statues clothed in the official costume, which would be placed in the streets at regular distances, the same as lamp posts, and by means of some internal mechanism would be made to ejaculate at stated intervals the words 'Move on' in the same manner that Swiss clocks repeat the word 'Cuckoo'. The only opposition to this useful measure was expected to come from the various cooks and housemaids!

Another of *Punch*'s solutions to the 'Invisible Police' was that they should put up some signal or landmark as to their whereabouts, suggesting that the constable should exhibit a badge of some kind on the area railings or other conspicuous place. *Punch* then turned to poetry for its criticism of the force in the form of the following rhyme:

Oh where, oh where is the new policeman gone?
He's gone to eat cold meat with the cookmaid all alone,
And I wish in my heart I was there to break his bone!

Further examples showed that plight of the lovelorn policeman, torn between his duty and his passion:

That very night my love had grown
By that on which it had been feeding
But while I lingered time had flown
And of my duty all unheeding
I twice had heard them cry – Police!
And twice the sound appeared to cease.

Twice I had left my seat to go
And what the row was straight discover
But passion murmured boldly 'No'
Sink the policeman in the lover
Thus for an hour at least I stayed
Beside that captivating maid.

By loved possessed devoid of fear
I dallied with the devilled bone
While she with egg had flipped the beer
I was about to quench my thirst
But sad and horrible disaster
A cupboard door wide open burst
'Good Gracious,' she exclaimed, 'My master!'
That moment I blew out the light
Drew down my hat across that fatal night
Became the thing you see me now.

I was reported of course
Though they retained me in the force
They placed me on a distant beat
In some far off sequestered street,
Where I am daily growing old
And looking back on former joys
With feelings crushed, but not yet cold
I vent my passion on the boys.

The situation did not improve, and there followed the usual dismissals from the force, 'V' Division, as usual, did not get by unscathed as testified by the following police order:

(24 August 1830)

P.C. Thomas Envill, 17th Company dismissed for frequently conversing with a servant girl for an improper motive when on duty, he being a married man.

However, human nature being what it is, even the threat of dismissal did not deter the amorous constable from his pursuit and instead the Commissioners turned their wrath on the supervising officers with a further police order dated 6 October 1830:

From the complaints which continue to be made of the police constables holding conversation with females while on duty, notwithstanding the repeated injunctions to the contrary in orders and in the instruction book, it is plain there must be neglect somewhere. In future the Commissioners must look to the inspectors and serjeants on duty for the conduct of the men in this respect, and, where it is complained of, they will be brought before the Commissioners equally with the constable to prove that they had done everything possible to prevent it or to report such constables as were guilty of it.

Needless to say, discipline tightened up considerably as the 'serjeants' and inspectors now

had their heads on the block as well as their subordinates', and nothing more is heard on the matter for seven years although, no doubt, such clandestine meetings still went on. Inevitably some PCs were found out and instantly dismissed, such as PC William Powell, another 'V' Division constable who left the force in disgrace in October 1835 'for entering the bedroom of a female and taking improper liberties with her at 2½ a.m. when on duty'.

Although the incidents so far mentioned have been confined to 'V' Division, I make one exception, for by far the cheekiest constable in the whole force must have been PC Joseph Garrett of the 7th Company, or 'G' (Finsbury) Division, who was dismissed on 4 October 1833: 'for being in the habit of going to a nobleman's house and cohabiting with his housekeeper and passing himself off as her husband, he having a wife living in the country.'

Many constables had several such relationships with the various servant girls on their beat which often led to jealousy and domestic strife. Take the case of the unfortunate PC 38 'V' Charles Davis, who had some difficulty in explaining to his inspector some recently acquired injuries when coming off duty in April 1836 and was dismissed 'for being absent from duty all night and returning in the morning with a black eye'.

On 15 August 1837 a new order was issued which, this time, was directed at the superintendents in charge of the various divisions:

> The Superintendents will call the particular attention of the constables to the order of 15th June 1830 respecting their loitering and gossiping with servant girls and other females. Any constable found disobeying this order in future will be brought before the Commissioners.

If such a Victorian attitude to morality were in force today it is likely that half the force would be dismissed!

On 7 November 1840 the Commissioners sent out yet another memo on the subject to the superintendents of the outer division, of which 'V' was part, ordering them to make a report in writing of the number of men reported talking to servant girls during the previous three months and of the number of complaints received during the same period – not that fraternisation had been eliminated in the inner divisions, it was just that the outer divisions had only become part of the Metropolitan Police District in January that year. One such report concerned PC George Weedon, of 'V' Division, who was dismissed for being drunk in an indecent position with a female at 7.30 a.m. This particular officer obviously wasted no time as the day duty started only at 6 a.m. Where and how he was found was not divulged, but is best left to the imagination! A more scathing attack on the amorous policeman again came from *Punch* following publication of the Commissioners' report which commented:

> Some interesting returns have been prepared by the Commissioners as to the amount of property restored, fires put out, children found and other services rendered by the civic force, but other facts are omitted which we consider as equally full of interest. We should like to know whether the value of property stolen includes the value of kisses stolen by the police themselves from female servants and whether with the nurse and the man on duty.
>
> Among fires extinguished we presume we must not look for the flames raised in the breasts of cooks, and the number of houses found insecure will not of course comprehend those where the area gates have been designedly left open for love to find a way in the garb of a policeman.
>
> In the estimate of the strength of the force allowance is doubtless made for its weakness though on the whole its good conduct, like its clothes, may be considered uniform. The Manchester Police are, it appears on the same authority, famous for their 'Moral Influence'. That is precisely their strong point in London where the 'moral influence' they exercise over cooks and servants of all works is really marvellous.

As can be seen, *Punch* never gave up its condemnation of the amorous policeman and a complete book could be written on this subject alone, so we will at last take our leave of the 'Invisible Police' but not without one more snipe from Mr Punch. *The Times*, which was, in fact, quite pro-police, ran a completely innocent article giving their fashion conscious opinion of the police uniform of the day, which read:

> Would it not be advisable to give them a short frock-coat in lieu of the absurd swallow-tail, which has neither appearance nor comfort, and by that means afford men who are exposed to all weathers at all hours some protection to their loins, stomachs and hips, as well as adding grace and manliness to their

appearance, neither of which the present coat does?

Punch, in reply, gave its own opinion:

> It is no doubt very desirable that the police should be clad in garments that afford sufficient protection to their loins, stomachs and hips, but there is a serious objection to dressing them in any manner calculated to add grace and manliness to their appearance! Most householders will be of the opinion that the personal appearance of the police is quite disgracefully manly enough as it is and that it would be very much the reverse an advantage to families to make any addition whatever to those attractions which policemen attired in their present uniforms present to cooks and housemaids at our area railings.

* The article is from a chapter from Bernard Brown's as yet unpublished book *Died by Visitation of God!* – titled from the inquest verdict on PC 'V' Charles Nicholls who was found dead in suspicious circumstances in 1842.

Murder of a Suffolk policeman

Robert Church

Shortly before 8 a.m. on the morning of Tuesday, 14 April 1863, a short, stocky figure stepped out on to the lodge roof of the County Hall at Ipswich. For a few seconds he gazed at the large crowd assembled in Orchard Street below, before surrendering himself to the ministrations of James Calcroft, the public executioner.

The execution of John Ducker, a 63-year-old hay trusser living in the market town of Halesworth in Suffolk, for the murder of Ebenezer Tye, a 24-year-old Halesworth policeman, was the last public execution in Suffolk.

The events surrounding the policeman's murder occurred during the early hours of Tuesday 25 November 1862, six months before Ducker's exe-cution. To the police at Halesworth John Ducker was a well known local miscreant suspected of having committed numerous offences in and around the town, usually during the hours of darkness.

On the evening of Monday, 24 November 1862, PC Tye was instructed to keep watch on Ducker's house in the hope of seeing him return from some illegal nocturnal expedition. Meanwhile, Tye's colleague, PC William Lucas, was to continue patrolling the small town.

The night passed uneventfully for the young policeman. Sergeant Daniel Taylor and Lucas both met up with Tye, Lucas on one occasion suggesting to him that he don a pair of galoshes to deaden the sound of his footsteps. Additionally, at about twenty minutes to six in the morning John Winter, a labourer on his way to work, passed the time of day with the policeman.

Soon afterwards Tye heard the sound of approaching footsteps and through the early morning mist appeared John Ducker, a truss of hay slung across his shoulders. Tye followed Ducker into Clarke's Yard and there challenged him. There ensued a brief conversation before Ducker tossed the hay that he was carrying at Tye and ran off, the policeman in pursuit. At the bottom of Clarke's Yard they splashed across a stream and on to the opposite bank where Tye caught up with his quarry and grappled with him.

There followed a furious struggle; although there was almost a forty-year age difference between them, the fight was by no means one-sided. The young, fit policeman was pitted against an ox-like older man, experienced in rough and tumbles following many years spent on the country wrestling circuit. Back and forth, splashing into and out of the stream, punching, grabbing and kicking, both men forgot the source of their conflict as each fought to overcome the other.

Two heavy punches from Tye, and a blow from his staff, opened up a wicked gash on the older man's scalp, causing him to reel backwards. Gasping for breath, he summoned up his remaining strength to deliver a crushing blow with his fist to Tye's forehead; with two audible groans the policeman collapsed to the ground. Half lifting, half dragging the dead weight, Ducker heaved Tye into the stream, throwing his top hat in after him. The policeman's upturned face was still visible beneath the water as the final measure of air bubbled from his mouth. That was how they found him; lying on

his back in the shallow, polluted water, the effluent from a dozen nearby privies drifting past.

Tye had not been missed until noon on Tuesday when he was due back on duty. A search was immediately commenced, but it was not until 10 p.m. the same day that Tye's friend and colleague, William Lucas, discovered him.

In the meantime Lucas and Sergeant Taylor had visited John Ducker. They found him sitting in his armchair nursing two black eyes and with his hair matted with blood. His explanation for the injuries was unconvincing, and the discovery of a pair of damp, foul smelling, mud and weed impregnated trousers beneath his chair cushion, strengthened the policemen's suspicion that he knew something about PC Tye's disappearance. Ducker was therefore taken to the police station while the search for Tye continued.

Following the recovery of the policeman's body, it was removed to Halesworth Corn Exchange to await a post-mortem examination. This was soon carried out by Dr Frederick Haward, a local surgeon. Immediately afterwards he examined and treated Ducker's injuries prior to his being questioned by Sergeant Taylor. Shortly before midnight the same day Ducker faced Taylor across a table at Halesworth police station and listened as the sergeant formally charged him with the murder of PC Ebenezer Tye.

Excitement had mounted in the normally quiet market town with the discovery of Tye's body. The young constable had been stationed at Halesworth for only seven months, but had already been accepted by the community as an affable, conscientious and fearless man with several arrests already to his credit.

There were further developments on the Wednesday. During the morning another search of John Ducker's house brought to light a pair of still wet boots and stocking legs, together with a mud bespattered coat. In the evening the inquest into PC Tye's death opened at the Angel Hotel. After the coroner's opening words, the jury went to view the deceased, a procedure that fortunately no longer prevails. Sergeant Taylor then told of PC Tye's disappearance, the search for, and recovery of his body, and his visits to Ducker's house. The only other witness that evening was Hannah Tooke, a neighbour of Ducker's who testified that she had heard him talking to Tye in Clarke's Yard at about 6 a.m. on the morning the policeman died.

The next day a succession of witnesses including PC Lucas and a number of Ducker's neighbours testified. Dr Haward described in detail his post-mortem examination of PC Tye. So graphic was his testimony that at one stage several ladies in court had to take recourse to smelling salts. Haward concluded that the death of PC Tye had resulted from 'asphyxia, caused by immersion in the water. The contusion on the forehead was sufficient to have caused insensibility.' Haward's conclusions regarding John Ducker's injuries were testimony to the ferocity of the encounter that had taken place between the two men: both eyelids swollen and discoloured, numerous scratches on his nose, and a deep, one-and-a-half inch long wound to his scalp, were all consistent, in the doctor's opinion with, 'some recent severe struggle'.

One after the other Ducker's neighbours, unsophisticated, mainly illiterate countryfolk, gave hostile testimony. They told of hearing an argument between two men, of noting that Ducker had changed his clothes between Tuesday morning and afternoon, had seen him cleaning blood from a waistcoat on the Tuesday morning, and on the same day had noticed bruising on his face that had been absent the day before. One witness told of hearing groans as he was about to get out of bed early on Tuesday.

It came as no surprise, therefore, when, after the coroner had summed up, the inquest jury should return a verdict of 'wilful murder against John Ducker'.

Later, as Ducker contemplated a bleak future in a cell in Halesworth police station, he asked to see Dr Haward. With the doctor present together with a solicitor, Ducker tried to place the blame for PC Tye's murder on one of his neighbours, the town chimney sweep: 'It was old Ben Warne. He asked me if I had seen the policeman and then said, "I'll be damned if I have not done for him."'

Little credence was given to the allegation and the next morning, Friday, 28 November 1862, it was John Ducker who stood again in the dock at the Angel Hotel; this time for two days before four local magistrates, committal proceedings were conducted.

The evidence was largely a repeat of that given at the inquest, occasionally enlivened by the indignant outbursts from the prisoner: 'Pray, ain't you ashamed of yourself?' he asked Hannah Tooke after she had told the court of having looked out of her window and seen him on the morning of the fight. 'Where wor you to see me?' he continued, 'You said you never opened the window. How

could you see me in the dark? I should be ashamed to say so.' At the end of the day's hearing Ducker was remanded in custody, to reappear a week later.

In the interim the funeral of PC Tye took place. It was a solemn affair attended by the policeman's service colleagues, and watched silently by the townsfolk. Tye's father had to be assisted from the cemetery after he had collapsed as his son's coffin was being lowered into the ground.

At the resumed committal hearing further evidence was given as to what Ducker was wearing around the time of the killing. This provoked further exchanges between the prisoner and witnesses. Asked at one stage if he had any questions of the witness, Ducker replied resignedly, 'No, it ain't no use; she will say anything.' Things might have been different if had been legally represented, but so far all efforts to obtain the services of a barrister prepared to take on his defence had failed.

Evidence was given by police of Ducker's earlier allegations against Ben Warne. Warne himself entered the witness box to deny the accusation, alleging in turn that it was Ducker who had admitted to him his having had a 'scurry' with the policeman. At this Ducker became incensed: 'No, no,' he shouted, 'You did, John. I stand here between God and man, and I swear to lie to none of ye.' His protestations were in vain. Soon after 4 p.m. he left Halesworth, handcuffed, to catch the train to Ipswich where he was to languish in the town gaol, committed to await his trial.

Ducker's self-control would have been sorely tried had news filtered through to him on the eve of his trial that his trial judge, Lord Chief Justice Earle, had that day sentenced two women to six months' imprisonment with hard labour for stealing two cambric handkerchiefs from a shop.

Next morning Ducker stood in the dock at the Suffolk Lent Assizes at Bury St Edmunds. It was noticeable that his appearance had improved: he was dressed in his Sunday best, and traces of the bruises and other injuries had all but disappeared. The Crown case was in the hands of Mr Bulwar, while Ducker had finally succeeded in obtaining the services of local advocate, Mr Phear, to represent him. Overseeing the proceedings was the Lord Chief Justice.

After pleading not guilty to the murder of Police Constable Ebenezer Tye, Ducker prepared to listen to Mr Bulwar outline the prosecution case, and then to the prosecution witnesses. There were to be 17 of these, many of whom were known to the prisoner.

Much of the evidence, all of which was circumstantial, was a repetition of that given at the two earlier hearings. Now, however, the witnesses could be subjected to cross-examination.

The police evidence went largely unchallenged. Not so that of Hannah Tooke and Harriet Warne, both of whom incurred Ducker's scarcely concealed wrath as they gave conflicting accounts about a cap that it was suggested he had been wearing on the morning of PC Tye's murder. Hannah was asked first by Mr Phear in cross-examination: 'Did you tell Harriet Warne to swear to the cap to make your story come true?' 'No,' Hannah replied. Minutes later counsel asked Harriet Warne, 'Did not Hannah Tooke say to you, "You must swear to the cap because it will make my story come right"?' 'Yes,' replied Harriet.

Other witnesses repeated their earlier evidence. 'I heard a man shriek as if in distress,' said Elizabeth Sawyer, while Charles Todd testified that he had 'distinctly heard two groans' in the early morning of Tuesday 25 September 1862. Their evidence suggested that at the very least something unpleasant had been taking place nearby. Ducker's allegations that it was Ben Warne, the sweep, who had killed Tye resurfaced at his trial. After Superintendent Gobbett had told of the allegation made in Halesworth police station, Ben Warne went into the witness box to deny emphatically any involvement in the murder. That little credence was given to the allegation by Mr Phear was demonstrated by his not even deigning to cross-examine Warne.

Other prosecution witnesses gave damning evidence of remarks the prisoner was supposed to have made *before* the murder, stating his intention to go on a nocturnal thieving expedition, and outlining the consequences for any policeman he should encounter. Finally, Dr Haward described to the court the injuries sustained by both protagonists; the conclusion he had come to regarding the policeman's death, and, significantly from the defence point of view, his opinion that the injury to Ducker's head had resulted from 'a very violent blow' from a policeman's staff.

As the law in 1863 forbade Ducker from testifying on his own behalf, he had to rely on the advocatory eloquence of his barrister. Mr Phear did his best. Predictably, he condemned the Crown case, 'circumstance upon circumstance', as he referred to it. He went on to disparage individually

and collectively the prosecution witnesses, including now the police, whom he accused of being over zealous in their efforts to have their colleague's killer brought to justice. He ended his peroration to the jury by asking them that knowing 'the prisoner at the bar was an unarmed man, that he was an old man, that was a lame man, was he the person to attack the armed man, the young man, the strong man, the policeman?'

It was an effective speech but it did little to induce a favourable summing up. After Lord Chief Justice Earle had explained the law relating to the murder of law officers, expressed his faith in the prosecution evidence, and had largely discounted Mr Phear's arguments and submissions, it was no surprise when the jury, after retiring for only three-quarters of an hour, returned to announce that they found John Ducker guilty of murdering PC Tye.

After sentence of death had been passed, the ashen-faced prisoner was taken from the court to a horse-drawn prison van for conveyance to Ipswich prison. A crowd in the street surged round the vehicle as it departed, hoping to catch a final glimpse of the condemned man.

Nineteen days were to elapse before John Ducker's execution. During that time sympathisers, although agreeing with the verdict, considered that mercy should be extended to the prisoner and organised a petition for a reprieve. This, together with written representation by his lawyers referring to the unpremeditated nature of the crime, the shortcomings of some of the prosecution witnesses and doubt as to whether Ducker had been engaged on a felonious enterprise at all, was submitted to the secretary of state for the Home Office.

It was to no avail; four days before John Ducker was due to hang, a letter was received from the Home Office by Mr Salmon, Ducker's solicitor, stating that Sir George Grey had refused clemency. Ducker's last hope had gone.

On the eve of his execution Ducker called for the prison chaplain, to whom he admitted killing PC Tye. During the same interview he absolved Ben Warne of any involvement in the crime. The next morning, his conscience purged, he kept his appointment with John Calthorpe.

The murder of Police Constable Ebenezer Tye was the second and last occasion on which a Suffolk police officer was murdered. The only other instance was that of PC James McFudden, who was shot at Gisleham, near Lowestoft, in 1844.

Note

While researching the case of PC Tye, I was contacted by a former police inspector who had served at Halesworth. He presented me with the original prosecution brief with counsel's manuscript notes appended, together with some of the witnesses' depositions from the Ducker trial. These documents had lain undiscovered for over a century until they were found in the attic of Halesworth police station.

Frederick Hale, Warrant No. 2853, joined the Gloucestershire Constabulary on 8 June 1882 at 21. He was a groom living at Thornbury prior to joining the force, and died by drowning on 1 June 1904.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE SERGEANT MISSING.—P.S. Hale, of the Gloucester District, has been missing since the 31st ult. He was on duty as usual during the evening, and about midnight spoke to a Constable on his beat in the Bristol Road when he appeared to be in his customary state of health, and nothing peculiar in his manner was noticed. His next 'meet' should have been at one o'clock in the morning, but this he failed to keep. It was one of P.S. Hale's duty at night to visit buildings on the bank of the Gloucester and Buckley Canal to see that all was safe, and it is feared that in the dark he stumbled into the water. Dragging operations were commenced on the 1st inst. and were continued until dusk without result. The missing Officer, who was in charge of the Bristol Road Police Station, came to Gloucester from Churchdown three or four years ago, when he was promoted to Sergeant's rank. He has a wife and children.—*Bristol Mercury.*

SAD DEATH OF P.S. HALE.— As we go to press we learn that the body of P.S. Hale has been found in the canal near Hempsted Bridge. Deceased was wearing his uniform, but his helmet was missing. At the inquest the jury returned a verdict that there was no evidence to show how deceased got in the water and suggested that for safety not less than two Officers should in future patrol the canal banks at night.—*Police Review*, 10 June 1904.

Contributed by Reginald Hale

Conan Doyle and the mystery of the bullet-proof uniform

Barry Gardner

Every morning thousands of bobbies around the country strap on their lightweight Kevlar body armour and hit the streets. For in today's battle against the shotgun-wielding drugs dealers and bank robbers bullet-proof vests are an essential and accepted part of police life.

But could you imagine Sherlock Holmes harnessing the life-saving equipment under his cape as he rushed from his Baker Street flat to confront fiendish enemy, Professor Moriarty? Or the eternally suffering Inspector Lestrade buckling on the padded kit in his cramped Scotland Yard office?

Somehow it doesn't quite fit the period of gas-lamps and carriages dragged by soot-covered horses over cobbled streets.

Yet while Holmes was chasing dastardly villains through the dark and dank pages of old London his creator, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, was embarking on another campaign which pursued with the same zeal. For at the turn of the century the brilliant author, campaigning journalist and eminent doctor spent years trying to convince the authorities to take on board his latest creation – bullet-proof clothing.

And if his elementary idea had been accepted then it might have saved some of the 134 police officers killed on duty in this country since 1900, not to mention the thousands who have been injured by knives and guns.

But sadly the authorities took the view that Conan Doyle was an interfering busybody who should leave matters to those who knew best.

Conan Doyle had worked as a doctor in South Africa during the Boer War and had been horrified by the brutal injuries suffered on both sides as Britain spent three years trying to crush the guerrilla-wise Dutch descended farmers. At the end of the war he returned to Britain still brooding about the level of casualties and set his inventive mind to thinking of a way to prevent a repeat of such carnage.

He knew one way to save lives was by issuing troops with bullet-proof jackets and leggings. But he didn't have the capability to produce such an innovative outfit. So he turned to a man called Herbert Frood, who ran a company in the tiny Derbyshire village of Chapel-en-le-Frith which made brake linings for cars.

Frood had a reputation as an enterprising entrepreneur who loved to become involved in high-profile projects and he quickly snapped up Conan Doyle's offer to produce samples of material that would repel bullets and shrapnel.

Frood, whose company, Ferodo, is still world famous, set his engineers to work and, being a stickler for detail, he took a great delight in testing the results himself by blasting his shotgun at the material in one of his factory sheds.

In the summer of 1916 Conan Doyle was at home in Surrey when a package arrived containing the long-awaited prototypes. Overjoyed, he caught the first train to London and eagerly marched into the chandeliered rooms of the War Office. Slapping the package down he told the startled civil servants he had the answer to the horrendous casualties mounting up daily as our soldiers were being slaughtered on the Western Front. Triumphantly he produced the samples, both made of compressed asbestos with a woven textile surface.

The first was just one-eighth of an inch thick. The second was five-sixteenths, more than double the thickness and had been boiled in tar to give it extra strength. He implored them to run tests but was eventually sent packing by the haughty officials who took the view that anyone wanting to wear such material was obviously a coward. It was far more dignified to go to your slaughter without the aid of life-saving kit and valiantly lay down your life for king and country.

Outraged, Conan Doyle returned home, but, adopting the persistence so characteristic of Holmes, he began to bombard General Douglas Haig, commander of British forces on the Western Front, where the majority of the 900,000 troops died. Haig was equally dismissive.

Frood was just as frustrated as his partner at the way their invention was being ignored and implored Conan Doyle to keep trying to get the equipment accepted. The shrewd Derbyshire businessman was obviously keen to secure any monetary gain from their enterprise. But, like Conan Doyle, he was appalled at the senseless waste of life in the First World War, where regiments were sacrificed just to gain a few yards.

In particular he despised Winston Churchill who, as First Lord of the Admiralty, had master-minded the disastrous Dardanelles campaign when over 28,000 British, Australian and New Zealand troops were wiped out trying to breach the Turkish mainland. Another 96,000 were wounded.

And so the two men pressed on, returning again and again to the War Office and Haig. But to no avail. Finally admitting defeat Conan Doyle returned the samples – the toughest had cost £5 12 6 for ten yards and the thinner piece £1 10s for the same length – to the Ferodo plant where they lay gathering dust in a corner, until recently.

Because Frood was such a charismatic character, building his business from nothing to a major enterprise which at its height employed everyone for miles around, Derbyshire council decided it would be worth while sifting through the company records to see exactly what pioneering work he had undertaken.

While checking stacks of yellowing books, county archivist, Dr Margaret O'Sullivan, discovered the gem about Conan Doyle and his bullet-proof clothing.

'It was a wonderful idea for its time,' she said. 'He had witnessed horrific scenes during the Boer War and he wanted to come up with something that would save soldiers' lives. He wasn't friendly with Frood but had heard of him and enlisted his help. They made a great team – the brilliant entrepreneur and the sharp-minded, campaigning journalist.

'They tried valiantly to get the War Office to accept the idea but Haig and his cronies would not hear of it. It's tragic really because if the government listened it could have save thousands if not millions of lives. It probably seemed a strange thing to come up with then but these two were way ahead of their time.

'These days we fully appreciate what damage a sniper can do in Bosnia or Belfast or a criminal with a gun shooting at police. But then there was really little conception of the problem. The generals just took the view that you won wars by throwing as many troops into battle as possible. It was purely weight of numbers. There was no thought given to conserving life.

'Conan Doyle took a different view but he wasn't liked for it. He had a reputation for not being a great fan of the authorities and maybe that worked against him on this occasion although we shall probably never really know because there was nothing among the documents we have found which gives a reason.

'It may have been the cost. The thicker material that was boiled in tar was quite expensive and it was also very heavy, which could possibly indicate that some people at the War Office thought the idea impracticable. Wearing a complete kit of this stuff would almost certainly have slowed you down but then again there wasn't really anywhere to run on the Western Front, bullets were coming from all over.'

There are no design sketches remaining. 'All the references indicate that Frood adapted asbestos, used for his brake linings, to make the bullet-proof material. We have one chunk of it left but it just looks very grey, nothing like body armour.'

Frood, the great publicist and marketing man, who originated the idea of displaying his company's names on bridges across the country, tried to sell Doyle's idea abroad, but again with no success.

Only more than 50 years later did the bullet-proof vest start to come into its own with security guards and police donning them in risky situations. Every force in England and Wales has now introduced them and casualty figures among officers has declined since the beginning of the 1990s.

Latest figures show that in 1995–6 just over 15,000 policemen and women were assaulted on duty compared to 19,150 in 1991 and 18,000 the following year. Sadly, despite this downward trend, 12 officers have been murdered since 1989.

It is too late now to know if Conan Doyle's asbestos-based body armour would have had a significant impact on wartime casualties – nearly 400,000 British servicemen and women died in the Second World War. Though some experts not unnaturally believe the numbers of wounded would have been greatly reduced.

Conan Doyle may have suspected that his ground-breaking scheme would be rejected, but it's doubtful if even this far-seeing mastermind would have envisaged how his invention would have been refined over the years.

Kevlar body armour is said to be capable of withstanding a blast from a .357 Magnum or a faster-than-sound round from a Kalashnikov. Now it is being crafted in the guise of designer clothes – even a bra – for the wealthy in the USA.

What would Sir Arthur have made of it all?

*Barry's article is reprinted with permission from *Police* magazine, published by the Police Federation.

The changing image of policing in television drama, 1956–96

Rob Mawby

'The police are there to protect the public and that's what we do ... I've been proud to have been part of that.' Sergeant George Dixon, *Dixon of Dock Green,* 1956-74.

'Try and protect the public and all they do is call you "fascist"... it's all bloody wrong my son.' Inspector Jack Regan, *The Sweeney*, 1975.

This paper reviews the portrayal of policing in television dramas from 1956 to 1996. The purpose of the review is to examine the contrasting images that have been presented and to trace changes in the police image. While this is interesting in itself, the review also questions what these televised dramatic images tell us about contemporary policing debates and indeed whether such images of policing reflect or refract the spirit of the times.

Of course, television does not provide images of policing just through dramas, and it is acknowledged that news reportage, documentaries, crimescarers and info-tainment programmes can also have an influence on the police image. For example, one programme in Roger Graef's 1982 fly-on-the-wall documentary series, *Police*, showed an alleged rape victim receiving less than sympathetic treatment from Thames Valley detectives, and the resulting outcry generated changes in police procedures. The different types of programme and their respective impacts have been discussed elsewhere[1] and this paper focuses on dramatic representations, which arguably are the richest source of policing images.

The starting year of 1956 was chosen for two reasons. Firstly, television became part of the mass media (in the sense of being available to a mass audience) in the mid-1950s. Between 1957 and 1960, the numbers of viewers with television sets that were capable of receiving both BBC and ITV tripled to almost 75 per cent of the population. Secondly, in this year a police drama called *Dixon of Dock Green* began. This influential construction of policing ran from 1956 to 1974 and presented a symbolic representation of the British police officer that remains a reference point today for TV critics, social commentators and politicians (though not for many police officers). The central character, Sergeant George Dixon, and the admiring portrayal of the police derived from the 1950 Ealing film, *The Blue Lamp*. This image of policing is often held up as the ideal police/community relationship, and it is no coincidence that it was made at a time of post-war consensus and relative economic prosperity. As Laing observes, the programme 'reinforced the core idea of a predominantly stable "traditional" East End working class community being served by policemen who were part of it.'[2] The 'policemen/ heroes were friendly types'[3] and moral dimensions underpinned each episode. Perhaps not surprisingly, after running for eighteen years, *Dixon* did not retain its relevance and by the 1970s it had become both 'tiresome and irrelevant'[4] and 'seemed to speak from another age.'[5]

Z Cars overlapped *Dixon,* running from 1962 to 1978. Like *Dixon*, it was extremely successful in terms of audience viewing figures, though unlike *Dixon* it portrayed the policing of a sprawling new town with a distinct lack of community. In this community the role of the police was problematic due to the underlying potential for conflict between the police and the public.[6] This presented a grittier environment than Dock Green and comparisons were soon made between the two representations of the police, including a viewers' debate in March 1962 instigated by the *Radio Times.* Laing follows the debate, and what is perhaps surprising from a 1997 perspective is the level of support for *Dixon*'s authenticity (its story lines were factually based, drawn from newspaper coverage and police files). Laing concludes that 'both programmes showed accurately different aspects of police work'.[7]

The portrayal of police officers in *Z Cars* has been particularly praised and this is significant in that (i) the original creators considered 'the cops were incidental - they were a means of finding out about people's lives',[8] (ii) the officers were presented as 'normal' people with weaknesses and foibles, (iii) senior police officers felt so threatened by the representations of their officers that Lancashire Police threatened to withdraw their co-operation. Lancashire's Chief Constable was

dismayed that the first episode showed an officer in dispute with his wife, and another officer smoking on duty.[9] The genre was moving on.

Z Cars escaped much of the criticism aimed at *Dixon* concerning loss of relevance. It originated at a time when northern kitchen sink dramas were breaking through in the theatre (Osborne's *Look Back in Anger)*, in films (*The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner)* and in novels (Braine's *Room at the Top)*, and it sat more comfortably in this environment than *Dixon*, which had its roots in the earlier, gentler Ealing Studios' age. *Z Cars* also kept in step with changing times by promoting its characters and spinning them off into other series such as *Softly Softly* and *Task Force*, which also reflected a trend from local to regional crime series and also towards the activities of elite squads which has remained a constant staple diet of the crime series.[10]

The regional/national elite detective series featured throughout the 1970s included the extremely popular *Sweeney* (first series 1974, sold to 51 countries and invariably figuring in the top ten of viewing figures) and others such as *Target* and *Special Branch. The Sweeney* stands out from all others and has been the subject of many papers.[11] Clarke places this series in the 'Crime-chase-arrest' classic police series genre, and traces Inspector Jack Regan's ancestry from Clint Eastwood's avenging 'man with no name' through Eastwood's portrayal of the cop from Arizona out of sorts in New York in the 1968 film *Coogan's Bluff,* to the right wing *Dirty Harry* (1971). He sees Regan directly in this tradition, 'a British Eastwood without the hats'.[12] In this construction of policing, the moral tale is uppermost. Violence may justify ends, but the heroes know their moral boundaries. Rules are bent but within strict parameters and only to secure justice.

In *The Sweeney,* the police service is portrayed as comprising streetwise cops (Inspector Regan and Sgt Carter) and rule bound bureaucrats (Regan's superiors, including Haskins). This dichotomy is reflected in some of the policing literature including Manning (1979) and Skolnick (1966). Skolnick, in particular, explores the tension between order and legality.[13] Such series raise the question of whether police officers endorse their media representations – a theme pursued by Hurd, and touched on by Laing.[14] In these series the hero is at odds not only with the criminal elements of society but with the rule bound bureaucracy that is perceived as holding back the efficient fighting of crime and apprehension of criminals. The central characters are themselves alienated in an unforgiving world which since the days of Dock Green has become more cynical and less consensual. The construction of policing has changed; the decent optimism of Dixon is replaced by the world weary cynicism of Regan. These central characters are symbolic of the spirit of their respective times, the early 1960s and less settled mid-1970s respectively. *The Sweeney* was made more powerful through its use of stories that resembled actual major crimes, and by voicing sentiments that were present in the politicised law and order debate of the 1970s. In one episode, 'Abduction', Regan makes a speech echoing comments previously made by Metropolitan Police Commissioner, Sir Robert Mark.[15] This provided realism and relevance, not to mention entertainment.

The period from the mid-1970s onwards shows a hardening of police representations. Cashmore uses the term 'critical realism' for fictional works which criticise aspects of society[16] and *The Sweeney* and G.F. Newman's short but extremely effective series *Law and Order* reflect such a term, as for the first time in British policing programmes the criminal justice system was portrayed as fallible and open to corruption. These series were reflecting the anxieties of a less certain world, one experiencing economic recession and civil unrest, illustrated by labour struggles, ineffective minority governments and a politicised law and order debate. The police were being drawn into the struggle, for example, during the 1977 Grunwick industrial dispute which saw daily public order problems, and their apolitical tradition was questioned as senior officers commented on political matters.[17]

At this point it is appropriate to consider the construction of policing images in relation to the 1970s law and order debate. Hurd, quoting Richard Dyer, asks whether media images help to produce the sum of social knowledge within which we map and make sense of society. If so, this perspective means that police series must 'handle the contradictions and tensions which are the currency of policing, either by defining them out in such a way that their absence does not question the "authenticity" of the representation, or by incorporating and redefining them ... in such a way that the contradictions are papered over'.[18] Sparks advises caution in terms of drawing assumptions from representations in terms of their reflecting social

and political developments.[19] Donald reflects that common sense suggests that popular art reflects society, but argues that this is simplistic and that *The Sweeney* did not reflect the moral climate but was an integral part of it, working the time's 'ideological tensions, anxieties and fantasies into fictional forms.'[20] Clarke concurs that the series was not simple reflection, and believes that *The Sweeney* needs to be seen in the context of the changing role of the police and the concerns of society – concerns that crime was no longer a passing phase, but symptomatic of a deeper crisis of law and order. In this context he believes that the police series has a role in shaping the consensus – 'it is one of the sites on which ideological struggle can take place and in which the cultural formation can be shaped'.[21]

The 1980s was again a period of relative prosperity, for some, and popular policing images were projected in drama series including *The Bill*, which can be seen as an updated version of *Dixon* and *Z Cars*, and many detective based drama series including the popular *Inspector Morse*, and others such as *Bergerac, Resnick, Taggart* and *Wexford.* During the 1990s this trend has continued, for example, *Spender, A Touch of Frost* and *Wycliffe.* This trend is seen as relevant by Hurd, who notes that the meanings of programmes and an understanding of their social worlds is achieved through the mechanisms of centred and decentred biographies. Centred biographies (e.g. *The Sweeney*) revolve around a few characters who may be isolated heroes in a hostile world where individual actions can be effective. Decentred biographies (e.g. *Z Cars*) focus on the power of the group, on their inter-relationships, on the police station and its inhabitants as an extended family.[22] The use of these types produces different representations of policing and during the 1980s and 1990s centred biographies have been dominant in series which have largely focused on detectives. However, a number of decentred biographies have been popular including *The Bill, Out of the Blue* and *Thieftakers.*

Sparks, among others, has commented that the revival of the classic detective series is a welcome revival of the 'literary centrality of the crime story'. However the downside is that they represent a *divertissement* e.g. Morse's Oxford 'has no Blackbird Leys estate' and 'Morse's 1980s [do not] show any sign of having included a Miners' Strike, a Broadwater Farm, nor any of the consequent queries about the roles and powers of the police'.[23] The police drama series has perhaps, in the main, focused on entertainment in the 1980/90s rather than issues, but there are exceptions including for example *Prime Suspect* and *Between the Lines*. The first two series of *Between the Lines* featured the activities of the Met's anti corruption squad, the CIB. Earlier treatments of police corruption had been episodic, surface level and primarily 'bad apple' based. *Between the Lines* reinforced the 'good cop' image to some extent in that it showed that corruption was not tolerated, instead of ignoring the issue as earlier series did.[24] *Between the Lines* acknowledged the existence of corrupt officers and limited the damage by showing what was being done about them. In this respect it was firmly in the establishment camp. Nevertheless, it hinted at institutional corruption, for example one episode revealed the head of CIB to be corrupt.

To some extent the detective series has been enlivened by introducing exceptional characters such as *Cracker's* psychological profiler, another flawed hero, this time a psychologist who is an alcoholic gambler, played endearingly by Robbie Coltrane. There has also been a golden age revival in the form of *Heartbeat,* in which Sergeant Dixon almost meets James Herriot. *Hamish MacBeth* threatened to be similar but in a more whimsical *Whisky Galore* mode. However the series proved to be entertainingly idiosyncratic. Hamish vandalised the car of a rival in love (a deeply unsympathetic character) smoked cannabis with the local doctor (another traditional pillar of society) and connived with the local laird, who was falsifying an insurance claim. In one episode the western genre is drawn on as Hamish pursues into the wild mountains two criminals who killed his dog. Thus the sheriff pursues the outlaws into the wilderness. Hamish trails the 'outlaws' intending to kill them out of naked revenge, while the search party (posse) follows behind. The morality tale is evoked as inevitably Hamish spares their lives in return for a full confession concerning the death of a child – they disclose the location of the body, thus releasing the child's parents from part of their agonies. In another episode Hamish sends a deranged (and crucially, terminally ill) outward bound leader to his death, by cutting a climbing rope which supports the whole party, knowing that this is the only way to secure the safety of the rest of the party. So Hamish is a maverick, a vigilante, a community policeman – he is also deeply moral, and a rule breaker who would not have been tolerated at Dock Green.

Reiner, in discussing policing images on television, concentrates on fictional images, and the crime genre in particular. He makes a distinction within the genre between *criminal* tales (the central character is a criminal) and *law enforcement* stories (the central character is a crime fighter). He then details twelve ideal types of law enforcement story: *the classic sleuth, the private eye, the police procedural, the vigilante, civil rights, undercover cop, police deviance, deviant police, let 'em have it, fort apache, police community* and *community police.* These types provide a framework in which the changing policing image can be placed. Reiner himself charts the changing image of the police, seeing it as moving from *procedural* (e.g. *Dragnet*) in the 1950s to *civil rights* and *community* (e.g. *Dixon)* in the 1960s to *vigilante* (e.g. *The Sweeney*) in the 1970s, back to *community* (e.g. *The Bill*) in the 1980s in the wake of England's urban riots.[25]

In a more recent publication, Reiner has argued that the (1990s) debate over whether the police should be a force or a service can be traced through television representations of policing over the last thirty years. He plots the development dialectically from service (*Dixon*) to force (*The Sweeney*) to the synthetic *Bill* which conveys that force is part of the service and vice versa.[26]

Like Reiner, Cashmore focuses on the numbers of different types of crime drama and different constructions of policing, 'as varied a genre as one can imagine.' Focusing on fictional detectives, he notes there have been several disabled detectives (*Ironside, Longstreet*), provincial series (*Morse, Spender, Taggart*), idiosyncratic main characters (*Colombo, McCloud, Cannon,* and in Britain *A Touch of Frost* can be added to this list). Nevertheless Cashmore believes that ethnic minorities, women and the disabled have been under-represented as central characters in such dramas. He argues that series featuring these groups have been distinguished by unusual casting rather than strength of plot.[27] It could be argued that the under-representation only reflects the real situation; women, ethnic minorities and the disabled *are* under-represented in the police service. However, it is important that series featuring women in recent years have shown the difficulties they encounter in climbing the greasy pole. Both *Prime Suspect* and *Juliet Bravo* illustrate the particular difficulties that women face in the management ranks of the police service. The former series shows the difficulties in the particularly masculine world of CID, and the latter in a traditionally male job, that of a uniformed commander – a significant step from earlier series which marginalised women or exploited them, as in the 1970s *Charlie's Angels* and *Policewoman.* It is also interesting to note that *Heartbeat,* nostalgic and traditional in most respects, acknowledges gender to some extent in that (prior to her untimely death) the central character's wife, Kate, was a professional in her own right, a doctor. This contrasts with the 'Constable' books on which the series is based, written by Peter Walker/Nicholas Rhea in which Kate is Mary, a 'policeman's wife'. Nevertheless, some things do not change; in one episode of the TV series, during a discussion over moving house, PC Rowan refuses to contemplate leaving the police house. Dr Rowan says with resignation 'so it's not even up for discussion then?' acknowledging her 'place'. It is not up for discussion until her husband's promotion merits a move to a bigger house.

Similarly to Reiner's types, which can be traced through the decades as vehicles for the image of policing, the varieties identified by Cashmore can also be followed through. This exercise shows that series featuring eccentrics, invalids, women (detectives and uniformed officers), provincial and met-ropolitan officers, home grown and ethnic officers are apparent throughout most of the time period, but they appear reflecting the spirit and feelings of the times. For example, *Prime Suspect* in the 1990s acknowledges prevalent sexism in policing and in the wider realm of society in general, while the 1970s *Charlie's Angels* and the 1980s *Cats Eyes* merely exploited and reinforced sexist attitudes. One question that arises is why the 1970s threw up so many eccentrics? It was the weird decade for American cop series: *McCloud,* who appeared to have stepped out of a western, the bumbling but effective *Colombo,* the lolly sucking *Kojak*; they almost came off a conveyor belt. While it may be tempting to dismiss these as eccentrics providing entertainment, to some extent this maverick type has links to Donald's *rogue cop* and Reiner's *vigilante*[28] and has its British counterparts in *The Sweeney's* 1970s Jack Regan, and more recently Inspectors Morse and Frost. The majority of the American series (with the obvious exception of Clint Eastwood's *Dirty Harry*) feature surface level eccentrics, their distancing device is often cosmetic and comic: McCloud's western persona, Colombo's scruffiness, Kojak's lolly. This is in

contrast to British characters who are more likely to have character or psychological flaws, e.g. Morse, Regan, Sergeant Drinkall (*Out of the Blue)*. There is also something of the tragic hero in many of these characters:[29] they have fundamental flaws that render them dysfunctional in a world they do not appear at ease with, and yet they have an instinct, an insight that makes them successful at their work, often to the chagrin of senior officers or peers. Morse is one such. He is a failed scholar, unsuccessful with women, disdainful of his superiors who, in return, only tolerate him, and he largely wins through in the end. The redeeming attribute of these mavericks usually invokes the morality tale, our heroes are deeply moral, incorruptible, whatever their faults.

Despite overt differences in dramatic representations of the police image over four decades, what is perhaps more striking is the similarities between series. This is an aspect which Sparks develops. While Reiner and Cashmore consider types within the genre, Sparks cuts across types and finds 'certain partial but important organising concepts'.[30] These include similarities of narrative structure: the character and life of the hero is developed, the criminal is one dimensional; the peer group banter; the dramatic conclusion 5-7 minutes before the end. There are also similarities of role relationships: the hero as a part of a fe/male pair (developed further in 'buddy' movies); the hero as the superior officer, an authority figure; and the hero as the only police officer able to actually solve the crime, the supporting characters serve to feed him/her pieces of the jigsaw. Sparks goes on to develop the argument that the dramatic images of crime and law enforcement 'operate to relay and reaffirm dominant perspectives' and that they 'prefer authoritarian solutions to the problems and enigmas which they posit'.[31] Laing also traces through series the presentation of the police as a paternalist institution.[32]

On a plot level, there are several unifying themes that are reiterated. Police officers' inability to sustain personal relationships, most often evidenced through broken marriages, is one such. This can be traced from Inspector Watt in *Z Cars*, through Regan in *The Sweeney*, to the central characters in *A Touch of Frost*, *Bergerac*, *Resnick*, a representative sample in *The Bill* and almost every other character in the bizarre *Out of the Blue*. The failed relationships are important as devices to show the commitment and devotion of officers to their jobs. They are professionals who put their vocation before personal relationships, before all else. Frankie Drinkall in *Out of the Blue* tells his frustrated colleague 'the job chooses you'. This turns out to be an apt epitaph as he is left bleeding to death at the end of the episode. Regan makes several speeches about the missionary nature of the job. The sociability of police officers is also reinforced in series after series, witness the number of pub/club scenes as the police relax after a day of keeping the streets clean. In the *Blue Lamp* (admittedly a film, rather than a TV series) it is around Dixon's dinner table, in later portrayals such as *The Bill* it is inevitably the pub and if it is CID based (*Sweeney, Out of the Blue*) it is likely to be a club as well. This shows the cohesion of the group, their solidarity and it shows them as human, winding down.

Other writers have recognised that policing dramas are similar in that certain core values are central to each. John Tulloch regards drama series as an agent, completing 'half formed pictures' that the viewer has of sections of society.[33] Clarke and Hurd both develop this theme in relation to policing representations on television constructing for many people their image of policing, as in their normal day to day lives they have few real encounters with the police.[34] Indeed the British Crime Surveys have consistently suggested that two-thirds of the public learn about the police through the media.[35] Tulloch reviews a selection of writings and concludes that the values of 'police honesty, fairness and firm protectiveness ... binds together in one genre series like *The Sweeney, Z Cars* and *Dixon of Dock Green*'. This could be updated to include *The Bill* and *The Chief*. To Tulloch, these core values help the viewer to complete the half-formed picture.

In conclusion, this paper has reviewed the policing representations available through the medium of television over the last forty years. The review suggests that policing images have changed and developed, reflecting policing debates and also reflecting wider social and political debates. Although policing images have changed with the times and there has been great variety, it is notable that there are core values that are ever present and reinforced, including the morality and authority of policing as an institution. The media constructions have been in the main supportive of the police service to an extent that renders the service's suspicion of programme makers unfounded. There have been few critical representations, and perhaps the most critical, *Law and Order*, was aimed at the

whole criminal justice system rather than the police in particular. While the paper has only focused on dramatic representations, these do confirm that such images have been positive rather than subversive. Clearly there are many more areas to explore beyond the scope of this review, including a more detailed analysis the production relationships involved in the construction of the representations and an examination of media constructions in relation to the police service's increasing interest in media strategies. Research in these areas would help to complete the 'half-formed picture'.

Notes

1. R. Mawby, 'Making sense of media representations of British policing: implications for the police image', paper presented to the *International Perspectives on Crime, Justice and Public Order Conference,* Dublin, June 1996.
2. S. Laing, 'Banging in some reality: the original Z Cars' in J. Corner, ed., *Popular Television in Britain*, London 1991.
3. A. Clarke, ' "You're nicked!" TV Police series & the fictional representation of Law and Order' in D. Strinati & S. Wragg, eds, *Come on Down? Popular media culture in post war Britain*, London 1992.
4. E. Cashmore ....*and there was television,* London 1994, 156.
5. R. Sparks, 'Inspector Morse: "The Last Enemy" ' in G.W. Brandt, ed., *British Television Drama in the 1980s*, Cambridge 1993: 88.
6. Laing, 'Banging', 129. 7. *Ibid*, 130.
8. J. McGrath, interview in 1975, in Laing, *Ibid.*
9. Laing, *Ibid.*, 125.
10. See Clarke, 'Nicked', 236; also R. Sparks, *Television and the drama of crime,* Milton Keynes 1992, 26, and Sparks 'Morse', 88.
11. See Clarke, 'Nicked'; also J. Donald, 'Anxious moments: The Sweeney in 1975', in M. Alvarado & J. Stewart, eds, *Made For TV*, London 1985, and G. Hurd (1981) 'The TV presentation of the Police' in *Popular Television and Film*, Milton Keynes 1981.
12. Clarke, 'Nicked', 233.
13. P. Manning, *Police Work,* MIT Press 1977. J. Skolnick, *Justice Without Trial*, New York 1966.
14. Hurd, 'TV', 54, and Laing, 'Banging', 137.
15. Donald, 'Anxious', 122.
16. Cashmore, *'... and there was TV'*, 160.
17. R. Reiner, *The Politics of the Police*, London 1992, 179-80.
18. Hurd, 'TV', .56. 19. Sparks, *Television*, 26.
20. Donald, 'Anxious', 123.
21. Clarke, 'Nicked' 252.
22. Hurd, 'TV', 60–4. 23. Sparks, 'Morse', 100.
24. See Clarke, 'Nicked', 239-40.
25. Reiner, *Politics*, chapter 5.
26. Reiner, 'The Dialectics of Dixon: The Changing Image of the TV Cop' in M. Stephens & S. Becker, eds., *Police Force Police Service*, London 1994.
27. Cashmore, *...and there was TV,* 167.
28. Donald, 'Anxious', 123; Reiner *Politics*, 192-3.
29. Regan's character flaws and contradictions ultimately render his position untenable as he bitterly resigns in the final episode.
30. Sparks 1990, 129; see also Hurd, 'TV', 58, and Sparks 1992, *Television*, 142-3.
31. Sparks 1990, 138.
32. Laing, 'Banging', 133.
33. J. Tulloch, *Television Drama: agency, audience and myth*, London 1990, 69.
34. Clarke, 'Nicked', and Hurd, 'TV'.
35. See W. Skogan, *The Police and the Public in England and Wales: A British Crime Survey Report*, Home Office Research Study 117, London 1990, and W. Skogan, *Contacts between Police and Public: findings from the 1992 British Crime Survey*, HORS 134, London 1994.