

The Boys in Blue: A HKP Chief Inspector. & A P.I.



Early Days 1909 - 1927



“Enough’s enough!” Jack growled at Ned. “I have been drawing bloody spuds for days and heavin’ sacks into piles until they break my bloody back!” “I don’t want to see a spud again ever”. “I bet your Mum is preparing tripe and onions with boiled spuds for your dinner when you get ‘ome!” Ned solemnly pronounced. Jack grabbed a nearby heavy spud and with a deft twist of his wrist and hurled it at Ned some distance away calling out “Range”. “Trajectory”. “Target” “Infantry”. “Aim”. “Shoot!” The potato hit Ned between his legs. “That shell has taken out your bollacks and your last chance of marriage!” as Jack laughed. “Piss off wiv yuh” Ned called and hurled a spud back. Jack said, “Let’s trot down to ‘The Chequers’ for a cider. I still have sixpence in my pocket”.



Ashford is a market-town in the Southern or Ashford parliamentary division of Kent, England, 56 m. S.E. of London by the South-Eastern & Chatham railway. The Population of the urban district (1901) was 12,808. The town is pleasantly situated on a gentle eminence near the confluence of the upper branches of the River Stour.

The two lads pulled up a bench outside the pub scuffing the ground with their boots while sipping their cider heartily after a long day in the fields. “My Dad said my uncle was at Mons”. Ned said. “What a friggin’ mess that was” as Ned continued. “Did your uncle get shot?” asked Jack. “Silly old sod was machine gunned and gassed”. “Did he catch a bullet in the goolies with all that shit flyin’ around? Jack queried. “No, he died of ‘flu” Ned replied pensively.

“We won the war but lost the battle of unemployment” as they both moaned. “Half of the lads joined the 1925 General Strike”. “It looks as if we will never get a regular job.” Ned groaned angrily. “I want to travel and somebody else can serve me potatoes instead of pulling up the little buggers myself” retorted Jack. “Let’s join the bloody army then!” Jack shouted. “Are you fuckin’ barmy”? Ned chortled. “You get paid and all found and smart kit”. Jack interrupted “I don’t mind as long as they send me somewhere where there is a bit of sun”. Jack sighed. “No, I am not kidding.” Jack grunted again emphatically.



Mum grunted from the kitchen “Come on Jack don’t just stand there dreamin’ an’ peel them spuds”. “Friggin’ spuds”. Jack hissed under his breath so his mum could not hear.

On 21 April 1927 Jack and Ned joined the 4th Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment T.A.

17 October 1927 Canterbury Army Recruiting Centre.

“How old are you son”? “Eighteen sir”. Jack quickly replied. “You don’t sir me”. “Call me sergeant”. “Yes serge”. “ Not serge son, Sergeant with a capital S you cheeky bugger.” “ What do you do?”



“ Gardener, Sergeant”. “Why do you wanna join the artillery son?” Growled the sergeant. “I like big guns.” Jack said. “Not the friggin’ ‘slog marchers’ he continued. “They end up getting killed by gas or machine guns.” Jack quickly followed up saying “I want to be a ten mile sniper!” “Over there then son to the medic table” the sergeant roared. “Cough son”. “H’mm, strong lad”. “Five feet nine inches.” “Blue eyes,” as the doctor made notes. “You from Kent”? The doctor asked. “Ashford sir”. “Over there and sign up across the room”. “Hayward, John Edward Army No. 6340217 you are in”.

“Bloody ‘ell, we are in the bloody Royal Regiment of Artillery” Ned triumphantly cried. “Mud, rats, lice, big guns and being shot at dawn if you disobey.” The two lads laughed.



Men join the army for all manner of reasons, including a natural desire to quit a humdrum or arduous job, unemployment, take a chance of seeing another country, or to escape family or financial troubles. It is believed that Jack lied about his age and this was not uncommon. (Hayward’s Certificate of Service shows he was born on 21/8/1909 while his two GB Passports say 27/6/1911)

The Royal Artillery

On 1 July 1899, the Royal Artillery was divided into two groups: the Royal Horse Artillery and Royal Field Artillery comprised one group, while the coastal defence, mountain, siege and heavy batteries were split off into another group named the Royal Garrison Artillery. The three sections effectively functioned as separate corps. This arrangement lasted until 1924, when the three amalgamated once more. The Royal Horse Artillery, which has always had separate traditions, uniforms and insignia, still retained a



separate identity within the regiment.

Artillery being a large regiment did not use the 'pairs' system (two Battalions - one home one overseas), regiments were rotated through overseas postings usually lasting about 5-6 years. Regiments overseas were maintained at full establishment while those in UK were on 'reduced establishment', basically only 4 guns in a 6 gun battery. Of course this meant that on the outbreak of war some regiments had been overseas for several years and some remained overseas for most of the war. Generally soldiers remained in the same regiment, at least until they became senior NCOs. In peacetime officers were posted about every three years.

Enlistment was a contract between the individual and the sovereign and could only be changed by mutual consent. In the colonies, including India, the military force was entirely volunteer, although in some cases it was predominantly recruited from elsewhere. Hong Kong and Singapore were notable examples whose 'local' forces were recruited from India, mostly Punjabis. In some colonies and India there were TA type units that recruited from the local expatriate community.

In 1924 a 'Manual of Artillery Survey Part 1' was produced, complementing the standard army 'Manual of Map Reading and Field Sketching'. Accurate surveys are essential for predicted fire. In the 1930's most soldiers served an average of about 7 years with the Colours. 'Reckonable service' meant service over the age of 18. Those serving more than 12 years were generally senior NCOs and Warrant Officers. A battery in this 1941 field regiment was about 200 all ranks and a medium battery was 253.



From October 1927 to September 1928 Jack and Ned were at 'home' doing their share of kitchen fatigues, peeling spuds between learning the artillery ropes and spit and polish. Jack took his 3rd Class Certificate of Education at Woolwich on 15.12.1927.

Their Big Day

The big day the lads had been dreaming of - an overseas posting. Jack and Ned were heading to the sunshine and leaving the dreary, wintery England behind.

The lads embarked on a ship from England on 29 .9.1928

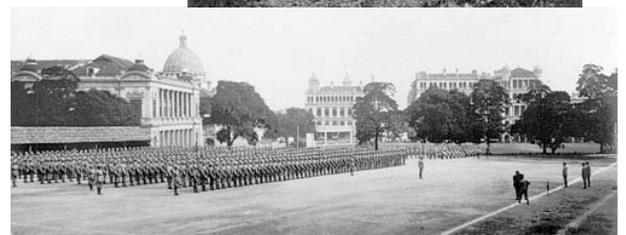
They were en route to Hong Kong! Their Artillery Regiment had been posted to the Crown Colony of Hong Kong and main entrepot port of South Asia. After sailing through Suez and Indian Ocean to the Far East. Jack and Ned steamed into Hong Kong harbour on 1 November 1928.



“What a sight!,” said Ned looking down from the deck. “Look at all those little wooden boats” chortled Jack. “Like water beetles”. Black clad women and children wearing fringed black straw hats sculled skillfully among the frail sampans crowding the ship’s side. “I hope the natives are friendly” Ned said smiling. “If there is trouble they outnumber us ten to one”. It’s like ants over there, Jack thought. I hope our quarters will be in town and not out in the sticks under canvas. It will be ‘ot as ‘ell in tents Ned mumbled to his companion. *(photo harbour c.1929)*



Jack and Ned quickly settled into army artillery barrack routine. Fatigues, guard duty, parades and Hong Kong army work and play. *(photos: Sham Shui Po Camp 1930 and Sun Wai Camp 1929 below)*





Jack was not idle. He passed his 2nd Class Certificate of Education on 14.11.1929. On 13 May 1930 he took his swimming 'Q' 400 yards & 100 yards fully dressed examination. He was described as a very good swimmer. He then became a Qualified Coast Defence Gun Layer.

'I am the very model of a modern major general.

I've information vegetable, animal and mineral.

I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical.

From Marathon to Waterloo, its categorical.'

The Pirates of Penzance Act I

Doodling around town Ned and Jack stopped and looked at a shop that was selling Government opium carefully wrapped with the government seal. "I fancy a bit of that black opium stuff if I can smoke it in my pipe", Ned chortled. "If the barrack corporal gets a sniff of that stuff while you are smoking that muck you will spend a long spell in jankers," Jack responded.

1931 - 1932 Hong Kong Winds of Change

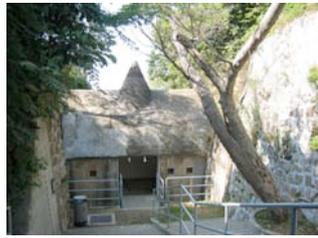
British Hong Kong colonial rulers, the ideal conduct expected of the population was defined as a de-politicized compliance with the demands of social order and docile subjects of Empire. But things were changing.

"Things are brewing in China and the Chinese factions are falling out in a bitter power struggle," Jack mumbled jabbing at a 1931 paper with his finger. "See the Japos have invaded Northern China" said Ned while Jack poked the paper again.

"It says our navy chaps in Weihaiwei are pulling out from China," Ned quietly muttered. "I s'pose that is why we are here and brought some artillery to defend this place" replied Jack. "After all it is bit of old Britannia, old boy".

"Well, we are ready for trouble, mate!" "Our secret weapon will blow out any ships out of the water if they try to run this channel" as Jack quietly said with thumbs up.





(photos of Lei Yue Mun Coastal Defence guns & Brennan torpedoes & squad)

On the home front, in 1932 Wales beat England at rugby. “Don’t worry” Ned said excitedly! “England have beaten Australia at cricket 4-1”. “You had better not crow over the Aussies in the troop!” Ned again pointing at the paper. “Look! Larwood’s bodyline bowling and leg trap fielding nearly started World War II in Adelaide”. “Forget the cricket”. “You had better be careful about the leg trap down in Wanchai or you may end up with a dose of crabs”, Jack warned.

Ned and John Edward Hayward, Lance Bombadier No. 6340217 were coming to the end of six years service in Hong Kong. They discussed the possibility of returning to Blighty and back to civilian life. But the good and happy lifestyle in Hong Kong was alluring. They both thought of looking for a job in Hong Kong.

Jack’s Army Discharge & Police Appointment

Jack decided he would apply for a discharge from the Army. After five years and 181 days Jack’s discharge was granted. His final assessment of Conduct and Character on Leaving the Colours was exemplary! An intelligent NCO who has initiative and the power of command. Reliable, honest and a willing worker. *(Certificate of Service below)*.

(This page should be entirely free from erasures.)
Final Assessments of Conduct and Character on Leaving the Colours.

Military Conduct *Exemplary*

Testimonial
His signature is a sign of his character. He is a good soldier and a willing worker. He is a good soldier and a willing worker. He is a good soldier and a willing worker.

The above assessments have been read to the soldier.

Signature of Soldier on Transfer to Reserve or on Discharge
J. Hayward

Place
Camp

Date
1938

O.C.

Country	From	To	Length of Service	
			Years	Days
IRELAND	17-10-32	27-11-33	1	57
INDIA	1-11-33	1-11-34	1	35
INDIA	1-11-34	16-2-35	3	168

Service with the colours showing transfers if any, to other Corps.

Corps

REGIMENT

REGIMENT

REGIMENT

Certificate of Transfer to the Army Reserve.

Certificate of Discharge.

Date of transfer
1938

Rank
Company Sergeant Major

Cause of transfer
Paragraph 369(a) King's Regulations, 1928.

Corps from which transferred
Royal Artillery

Service with Colours on date of transfer :-
5 years *181* days.

Description of soldier on transfer :-
Year of birth *8/1/1909* Height *5 ft 9 in.*
Complexion *Dark* Eyes *Blue* Hair *Dark Brown*
Marks or Scars *Scar on forehead above bridge of nose. Scar on left hand. Scar on right hand. Scar on left arm.*

Date
1938

Officer in Charge
[Signature]

Place
[Signature]

Date
1938

Officer in Charge
[Signature]

Place
[Signature]

Date
1938

Officer in Charge
[Signature]

1933 Hong Kong

“Cor blimey”! Ned roared. “You, a bloody copper”? Jack explained to Ned patiently that Jack had landed a job with the Hong Kong Police. “If you arrest me drunk in Wanchers, just find a bint to haul me to the nearest doss house and let me sleep it off.” ‘No cells for me’. Ned solemnly spoke.

“I am reporting to the ‘puzzle palace’ (PHQ) on Monday” Jack responded.

“Hayward. I can inform you additional posts were approved by the Finance Committee last December. I do not propose to fully discuss the details of your appointment now. But I can tell you one European Sub-Inspector post, and two Lance Sergeants and twenty-eight Constables for the Cantonese Contingent. One Sub-Inspector and one Chinese detective are required for Women and Girls' work in Kowloon, arising largely from the new policy of dealing with brothels. Nine Constables are required to work three new beats in the Wong Nei Chong district, and five Constables and one Lance Sergeant to work two new beats in the Tai Hang district. There has been considerable building expansion in both these areas. Three Constables and one Lance Sergeant are required to replace four men who were withdrawn from regular duty for the anti-Communist section in 1931. One Constable is required for the Traffic Department in Kowloon. Five more detectives are required for the Yaumati and Shamshuipo districts which continue to spread. One detective is required for Kowloon City, and two for the Eastern district of Hong Kong. One is required for Castle Peak which is a not unimportant centre with its ferry, brick works and large number of bathing sheds. All these increases are a direct result of the development and expansion that has been going on throughout the Colony. Provision is made for an Assistant Superintendent for the Anti-Piracy Guards. It is hoped to open the Remand Home for Juveniles at the end of this or the beginning of next year, as soon as the necessary alterations have been made to the building which it is proposed to use for the purpose. The senior police officer explained.

On 16 March 1934 Jack was appointed a Sergeant in the Hong Kong Police.

Life was getting better! (*Jack in HK photos of the 1937 PRC Bowling Club, cricket and hockey teams*)



1937 Typhoon Hong Kong

On 2 September 1937 Jack's mettle was thoroughly tested. The tide rose and the praya was under water to Des Voeux Road. The Post office basement and water front shops along Connaught Road were flooded too. In Kowloon sea water reached the lower end of Nathan Road. The wind strength increased so that the Cruiser 'Suffolk' crashed against the destroyer 'Duchess'. The fury of the storm was so great that the Observatory

instruments capable of recording 125 mph were broken. Lamp posts were bent by the wind while ocean going liners were slammed ashore including the destroyer.

The fisher folk boats at Tai Po and Aberdeen were pounded to pieces and inevitably with a heavy loss of life. In the chaos a few plucky Police and Customs officers tied together with rope and entered the surging surf among splintered wood managed to save a few souls. *(drawing right)*



At least 20 ships were reported sunk—four of them large ones—including Britain's 'Hunan', carrying 1,200 Chinese refugees from Shanghai. Forty fishing junks foundered at sea and only five survivors were found. Hundreds of small craft were smashed and thousands of lives lost with damage estimated at HKD\$1 million. The typhoon was the severest in the history of the colony, which dates from the year 1841. It left the stricken population in mourning.

John Edward Hayward received a Commendation by the Secretary of State for the Colonies for saving lives during the typhoon and was entitled to wear a police red lanyard. He was later posted to Anti-Piracy Guard the forerunner of the Water Front Search Unit.

(photo ships on shore)



Hong Kong 1938 - 1941

For Jack his life and play went on as usual at the Police Recreation Club (PRC).

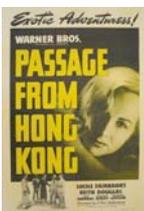


Various British Defence studies had already concluded that Hong Kong would be impossible to defend in the event of a Japanese attack but in the mid - 1930s work had begun on new defences including the 'Gin Drinkers' Line. By 1940, the British had determined to reduce the Hong Kong Garrison to a symbolic scale only. However, Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Far East Command argued that limited reinforcements could allow the garrison to delay a Japanese attack, gaining time elsewhere. Winston Churchill and his army chiefs designated Hong Kong an outpost, and initially decided against sending more troops to the colony. In September 1941, however, they reversed their decision and argued that additional reinforcements would provide a military deterrent against the Japanese, and reassure Chinese leader Chiang Kai Shek that Britain was genuinely interested in defending the colony.



Things Were Hotting Up

In 1938 the Japanese army attacked Canton (Guangzhou). In October 1938 30,000 Japanese soldiers landed at Bias Bay about 20 miles from Hong Kong. Thousands of refugees fled from Canton and poured into Hong Kong. Lo Wu was bombed and in February 1939 and the first police casualty occurred in the bombing (Constable Surta Singh).



Hong Kong pre - hostilities the garrison amounted to 14,000 men plus the HKDVC and Police for internal security. Preparations for hostilities and an attack on Hong Kong was immediate. The HK government announced on 1 July 1940 the compulsory evacuation of European and children and by 3 August 3,474 had left for Australia.

By 1 September 1941 the defenders were ready or not. Worried about the legality of the original evacuation Order Governor Northcote terminated it on 6 November 1940 and 200 evacuation orders were rescinded as long as if they volunteered to auxiliary service duty.

Fickle Lady Fate

Jack disembarked in Hong Kong and his British passport No. 2702 was duly date chopped 14 November 1941. (*Passport chop right*). Jack's timing in Hong Kong was not exactly impeccable!



In Autumn 1941, the British government accepted an offer by the Canadian Government to send two infantry battalions and a brigade headquarters (1,975 personnel) to reinforce the Hong Kong garrison. C Force, as it was known, arrived on 16 November 1941 (*photo Grenadiers*) A Secret telegram dated 27 November 1941 priority “an aggressive move by Japan is expected within few days” (*see left*)



About three weeks later on 6 December 1941 The Royal Scots Band played at the racecourse while the Middlesex Regiment played football against South China Athletic. Elite social life continued at the ‘The Peninsula’. (*Jack with helmet and police briefing with army staff*)

Things were brewing according to police intelligence. The local strong triad groups were already thinking of siding with the Japanese in the event of trouble. So a number of about 100 triad members were arrested by the police.



The Pacific War Erupts

Where the Pacific War started. Pearl Harbour and Hong Kong.



On **Sunday 7 December** the garrison stood - to at their battle stations. In the next few days the war hardened Japanese army fiercely pushed the Hong Kong garrison troops and police back to Kowloon. British defences were rapidly breached at the Shing Mun Redoubt early on 10 December 1941. The

evacuation from Kowloon started on 11 December 1941 under aerial bombardment and artillery barrage. HKP families were evacuated and marine launches scuttled. Mr.F.C. Gimson, the new Colonial Secretary arrived in Hong Kong. Bad timing old chap!



The situation turned to chaos, as there were riots in Kowloon. People and gangs were breaking into rice shops and stores and large scale looting ensued. Fifth columnist were active sniping at police and firefighters and sabotaging vehicles. The shelling of the island continued and PHQ was hit causing damage and

casualties.



12 December 1941 a plan was discovered that the triads intended to wipe out all the foreigners. Superintendent of Police CID Chief Shaftain and Chang Ji Lin, a high

ranking member of the Shanghai northern triad leaders, met and struck a deal providing around HKD\$20,000 and an undisclosed amount after the war, to save the lives of the 'faan gwai lo' who would otherwise be massacred.

On 18 December the Japanese landed at North Point & Shau Kei Wan and the real bloody battle began in earnest on the island. The mid levels and Peak residences, shops were stripped by looter gangs like locusts devouring corn. The Hong Kong Volunteers and regular British and Canadian troops were engaged with the enemy. Governor Young & C.P. Inspected at Kings Road which had been obliterated. (*Braemar Hill Pill box left*)



Hong Kong Surrender

19 December 1941 Roll of Honour. 22 Police were killed, mostly Indian officers.

After the final gallant stand at Stanley came to an end with raising of the white flag on 25 December 1941 and the government capitulated.

By 15:15 Governor Sir Mark Young, after consultation with General Maltby responsible for defending Victoria, ordered the surrender.

By the afternoon of 25 December 1941, it was clear that further resistance would be futile and British colonial officials headed by the Governor of Hong Kong, Sir Mark Aitchison Young, surrendered in person at the Japanese headquarters on the third floor of the Peninsula hotel. This was the first occasion on which a British Crown Colony has surrendered to an invading force. The garrison had held out for 18 days



In Stanley, cut off from normal communications, the fighting continued until early next morning. By 02:30 all firing had ceased. Of the 14,000 defenders, 1,500 lay dead. Almost twice that number would die in the three years and eight months of captivity and deprivation that were to follow.

On 28 December 1942 the triumphant Japanese Army paraded in victory through the streets. (*photo parade*)



The Japanese soldiers and criminals continued looting. Madame Kwan Liu - chun (my mother-in-law) told me that two Japanese soldiers ransacked their flat and carried away two beautifully carved wedding gift blackwood chairs, a set of three. The long matching bench was too heavy for the soldiers to carry away. (*The bench miraculously survived the war and it is now in the writer's residence -right*)



At the Gloucester Hotel temporary PHQ the order went out for the police to hand in their arms at Central Police Station.

On 4 January 1942 the Japanese authorities issued a Proclamation in the newspapers ordering all European civilians, except third nationals, and police meet at Murray Road parade ground just bringing only what they could easily carry.

Internment Commences. The civilians and police officers including Sergeant Hayward were divided into two groups and pushed up the narrow staircases and crammed into tiny rooms of the waterfront shabby brothel hotels like the 'Stag', 'Luk Kwok' and 'Tai Koon'. The Japanese defaced or removed brass name plates to erase evidence of British rule. Queen's Road Central became Nakameiji - dori and broad speeches were broadcast about the Japanese 'Co-Prosperity Sphere' as the military tightened their grip. (*Waterfront hotels photo*)



On 21 & 22 January 1942 The civilians of different backgrounds and regardless of social status crammed into the waterfront hotels were taken to Stanley by road while others were marched to two old ferries and steamed to Stanley in good weather. The dazed and confused some 3,000 persons arrived to find unsegregated shelter at the designated Stanley Internment camp. (*photo of Stanley pier*).

Jack Behind the Wire

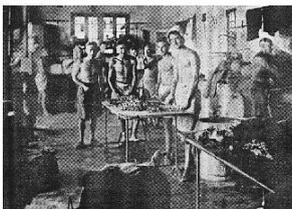
The Americans and Dutch housing was set aside and better organized. For the rest it was just a free for all and the 250 police were almost last to arrive finding dead bodies and grim reminders of the battle at Stanley. There was a winter chill. All had no choice but to jam themselves into the available small rooms at the pleasure of their conqueror's whim. The largest contingent was the British 1,370 males, 858 females over 16 and 286 children internees under 16. There was a shortage of everything. A hundred years of British rule went down the overflowing stinky and blocked toilets. (*Stanley Camp*)



Life Becomes Tough!

By February 1942 the Internees formed a British Community Council (BCC). Mr. F.C. Gimson Colonial Secretary was accepted by the Japanese as the principal representative of the internees until the Governor Mark Young was interned. Mr. Pennefather-Evans C.P. was a member. The Americans and Dutch were repatriated by June and Canadians in 1943.

The police were among the first to volunteer for the 'humping' and dirty work. At one time there were about 150 working in the garden lots. I am sure Jack was cursing and back pulling spuds again! It was a particularly challenge for the females who stayed behind, as most previously lived the good 'colonial' life. Despite the constraints the ladies really buckled down to the adversity despite unable to indulge in their familiar feminine rituals. Many were professionals and worked mainly in helping with the administration, caring for the sick and bringing up the children. A ladies group made 90 pairs of shorts in 12 days for the police as well as conceiving 51 babies in the camp.



Throughout the captivity the main problem was staving off the constant hunger pangs. Even the cockroaches were hungry. The bed bugs fared much better. The lack of nutrition and vitamins and near starvation diet provided by the Japanese the internees inevitably led to suffering dysentery, beri beri, skin infections and sapping morale and bodily inertia

forcing residents to scavenge, barter and turn to the camp black market syndicates including the Japanese. (*Food Queue*)



The weak and strong alike were subject to continual face slapping by the Japanese like 'Panama Pete' Japanese-American Niimori Genichiro interpreter who gave the infamous orders to batten down the hatches on the POWs of the holds of the fated 'Lisbon Maru'.(Genichiro was sentenced to death for extreme brutalities but his sentence was commuted to 15 years imprisonment at the war tribunals). The camp recruited Indian, Chinese and Formosan guards were equally mean. The former prison Indian Quarters were Jack and many police officers were incarcerated. (*photo left*)



A Typical Internee Day.

The day commenced at 0700 - Queue for 2 ozs congee and hot water. 0800 - Roll call. 1100 - Queue for morning meal and half pint of hot water. 1200 - 1300 - silent hour. 1745 - Roll Call. (*Garage Kitchen below*)



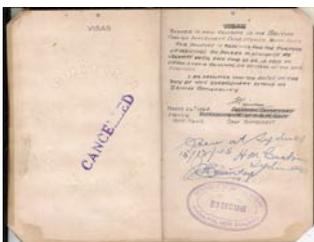
Most of internee's time was the constant pursuit of food preparations and camp fatigues. Despite all the efforts to lay on camp entertainment and improving education courses to allay the boredom and lack of communications of the long years of deprivation it was an unsatisfying and a miserable existence. (*Stanley stage*)



One aspect of police life which did not completely change was the observance of the disciplinary code which continued at Stanley and maintenance of order linked to a system of tribunals and punishments. Three police sergeants were dismissed from the Force in 1942 - 43. On 19 May 1942 Supt. Thompson &



Gwen Priestwood escaped.

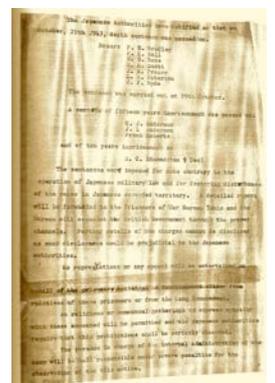


Jack Hayward's passport No. 2702 was Issued in Hong Kong on 25 March 1938 expiring on 24 March 1943. On **24 March 1943** In Stanley Camp Jack's passport was endorsed by Mr. Gimson for Camp Commandant and was 'renewed for the purpose of assisting the holder to establish his identity until such time as he is able to obtain a valid renewal or reissue of the said passport'. (*passport endorsement left*)

Bloody October

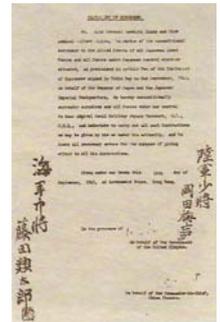
Horror stories were punctuated by torture and the sad execution of seven brave men at the beach. On 19 October 1943 after a military trial the seven inmates were accused of operating a radio set. (*Death Sentence & Imprisonment (Notice right)*). The condemned were grizzly beheaded on 29 October 1943 effecting the flagging morale even more.

Food was scarce and meat hardly existed. Due to the lack of fresh meat, cats became almost extinct before the end of the war. With 200 children in camp matriculation examinations were held.



The Japanese Surrender

Germany surrendered in May 1945 and on 16 August 1945 the Emperor's broadcast Japan accepted the Potsdam Proclamation and unconditional surrender. (*Surrender notice and Japanese formal surrender and Admiral Harcourt at Stanley*) The internees were at last able to throw off their bitter shackles when the British fleet entered Hong Kong on 30 August. That evening Admiral Cecil Harcourt attended a moving flag-raising ceremony at the camp.



Mopping Up

The arrest of camp war criminals Lt. General Tanaka Governor and the Japanese depart from Hong Kong.



The Stolen Years

121 internees died in camp. It says much to the tremendous dedicated efforts made by the medical personnel to keep the number of deaths down despite the lack of equipment, medicine and nutrition. A week or so later the survivors left the camp to rebuild what is left of their fractured lives and their emaciated bodies. (*photo*). Of the 321 police officers released from Stanley only 98 were available for immediate duty. Many of the remainder were repatriated or hospitalized or on leave to recuperate. One police officer who survived the battle and internment but unable to walk away was Sergeant Herbert Jackson. He was tragically taken by a shark in Tweed bay. Our man Jack survived.



According to a custom chop on Jack's and duly Stanley endorsed passport No. 2702 indicates he was in Sydney Australia on 15 August 1945. Then in Auckland New Zealand

on 23/12/1945 and again in Whangarei NZ on 7/1/1946. In New Zealand Jack's passport No. 2702 was renewed dated 13 March 1946. The passport was again chopped for entry on 13 May 1946 in New South Wales and valid to 25 March 1948.

On 16 November 1949 Jack received a second new passport No. 4097 expiring 15 November 1954. This was once more renewed and endorsed expiring in 15 November 1959. *(passport photo)*



1950 - The WW II Aftermath



The first objective for the police after 1945 was to maintain law and order and prevention of unrest and re-establish its numbers and equipment a state of operational efficiency. Jack survived the years of internment and in 1948 he was promoted to Sub Inspector.

The fall of the Nationalist Government in 1949 caused a tremendous influx of refugees into Hong Kong which placed a tremendous strain on the social services and the police establishing order.

The post war ban on opium opened new vistas to the triads and ex Nationalist to exploit the possible openings through force or corruption became a way of life. Many experienced officers were lost and control was difficult. It was necessary to remain the force a para-military arm of the colonial government to protect British trade and uphold democracy. *(See right destruction of seized opium pipes)*



In 1952 -1953 there were riots in Kowloon. The next major event that followed was the great conflagration fire that commenced at at 9.30 am at Pak Tin Village at Shep Kip Mei on Christmas Day 1953. The fire destroyed a huge squatter area. It would have involved the whole police force. It kick started the new public housing programme *(photos below)*.



In 1954 Jack became the Master of Cathay Lodge No. 4373 E.C. Zetland Hall Kennedy Road Hong Kong adding to the number of the ranks of Police Officers who had joined Freemasonry.

By 1955 the Police Force strength was 5,275 and Jack was promoted to Chief Inspector on 1.4.1955. *(Jack Hayward parade police photos)*

Our Man C.I. Jack on Parade



In 1956 there was another wave of refugees and riots in Kowloon between the Nationalist and communists. Far away small wars prompted Britain to compulsory recruit youngsters at 18 years undertake two years National Service in the armed services. There were 10,000 British servicemen stationed in Hong Kong at this time. The colony was swollen by the US fleet when in harbour. It was the time of Bill Haley and the Comets and Rock & Roll. Assuaging the many servicemen thirsty throats at the China Fleet Club and heaving Wanchai watering holes 'Tiger' and 'San Mig' amber fluid was one of the most essential requisites and in great quantities most of which was ejected shortly after ingestion from the system into the nearby ammonia reeking alley walls.

In Wanchai shapely Chinese silky maidens staked out the doors of Suzie Wong bars wearing compelling cheongsams exposing a leg from ankle to thigh through their extended slits like a lure to an angler fish.

Jack's HK 1950's Life in Pictures



Jack's HK 1960's Life In Pictures

Hong Kong becomes a major manufacturing center with a booming economy. The population reaches 3.1 million. Problems with crime, corruption, and income disparity worsen. Hong Kong becomes a recreation place for U.S. sailors and a major listening post in Asia. China erects a barbed-wire border barricade. Hong Kong focused on expanding its industrialization.



Enter The Sprog



After weeks of square bashing, law studies and police procedures at the Police Training School at Wong Chuk Hang P.I. 4 class completed their examinations. All were keeping their fingers crossed that all would pass out from the training school as a squad.

Our lanky Instructor, Jack Johnston, breezed in. We all crashed to attention. We were just waiting for our results. Jack's normal jocular faced looked rather gloomy and long faced. One's first thoughts were that our squad had done poorly in the examinations somewhere along the line. Then he did an about turn on his face and burst into a big grin. "I don't know how you made it but I am happy to say you have all passed!" "Well done!" There were cries of whoopee and a feeling of relief. The next thing to look forward to were our final individual results and postings. We were not only only happy for ourselves but also for Jack our instructor and mentor, as he had been a good instructor. Four of the squad were already playing for the Force XV when Jack was playing fullback.

Some of our Chinese colleagues already had some previous experience so for the expatriate group would be a total new experience. The next important thing on our minds now was our postings.



Jack deliberately and slowly announced each of our names first and then the posting. When it came to my name he chuckled - "Eastern Division". Wanchai I thought. I had drawn a good straw. Thoughts of the world of Suzie Wong red light district. Servicemen punch ups, drug peddlers, smutty films and dirty postcards and lounging slinky silk dressed bar girls and slimy pimps.

I was looking forward to the action. Thanks to earlier squad efforts they had already initiated us into the bar life in Wanchai and other watering holes and girly barbers.

I felt confident joining the action. Two year's army National Service training had at least, if nothing else, equipped me with excellent skills in handling of small arms and Guard's drill. I did not care for the pea shooter .38 issued police pistol. I would have preferred my former auto 9 mm Browning side arm. If I had got stuck in a real tight corner with a couple of crazy heroin addicts or triads armed with heavy choppers that could sever an arm easily with a single blow I would have preferred to have the Browning. The alternative was not to muck about and run and seek for back up while still alive.



The Sprog Reports For Duty

Trying to banish all fantasies and heroics and saving beautiful Chinese maidens from Chu Man Fu's! I strode a little nervously into the rear entrance of Wanchai 1925 constructed police station or more locally known as No.2 police station.



There were a number of armed uniformed constables entering and exiting the rear door. In the compound I quickly caught the eye of a formidable figure of an expatriate uniformed officer. Hmm, a three pipper. An almighty Chief Inspector, the backbone of the force, equal to my West Africa Frontier Force (WAFF) Company Sergeant Major. The next thing I noticed was the red lanyard on his arm. Not many of those around I thought. The chap must have done something special to be able to wear one of those! *(photo rear of Wanchai police station)*



Obviously here is a man to reckon with and respect. Or else!

I approached the figure with my black baton tucked tightly under my left arm as he turned. Left, right, left right I came to a crashing halt as I had been trained on the expansive Caterham Guard's parade ground. My momentum slid brought me to about a couple of feet away from the figure and saluted in good form.

I announced my name and rank that I was reporting for duty, Sir. The stocky figure was a little shorter than me. The creases on his ironed uniform could have cut paper. The mahogany chiseled face then spoke as the blue piercing eyes flashed like gems. "Well you had better meet the boss then". "Welcome to Wanchai" as I was ushered to the entrance through the report room and to the Divisional Superintendent's office. I took in the Duty Officer sitting on his high desk like a judge, as a Chinese couple were arguing and shouting loudly in their normal non - dulcet Cantonese tones. Others were gesticulating and screaming sitting on a bench until the corporal brought down a heavy paper weight on the desk hard and in one short sentence "Mai Tso" (shut up) and the bedlam stopped.



I was ushered into the Super's quiet office and saluted but without my earlier crushing halt. There was not really enough room to play the Guardsman. I explained my mission. The young and intelligent face beamed up at me and I felt more at ease. After being seated. Divisional Superintendent Ken Farmer welcomed me kindly to the division and explained about some of the problems one might expect in the following months.



The first thing was to learn the geographical area and beats. Out on a beat with an English speaking sergeant showing me the ropes he stopped by an old poor Chinese female squatting on a stool by a wall. Like a viper strike he grabbed some pieces of paper from the poorly dressed thin hand. "Chi fa" he said. I knew it was an illegal lottery purchased by workmen and traders. "You have to arrest her." My first thought was that I should bring out a couple of shekels from my pocket and put them into the shriveled hand and kick her ass and let her disappear around the

corner. The sergeant looked at me attentively! We ended up taking the old shrew to the station and have her charged.

A few days later the sergeant and I attended the Causeway Bay Magistracy to bring evidence in the old shrew's case. While we were waiting a well dressed natty suited Chinese person entered the court. There was a sort of a buzz around the court while all the uniformed police staff immediately became alert. The person approached the sergeant and I. The well groomed short stocky frame with slicked hair and dark round face spoke to the sergeant while I admired the well cut suit, as I was thinking of requesting the figure's tailor's name. The red tabbed English speaking sergeant said that this is Mr. Lui Lok the CID 'Major'. His reputation had already proceeded me so I pricked up my ears. The sergeant explained that he will give expert evidence and explain the 'chi fa' papers seized from the old lady she was selling and the lottery she was in possession was illegal.

Fortunately the old lady pleaded guilty and the Major went off to his shiny car parked just outside and drove away onto more urgent matters.

Report Room Duty

The big day soon arrived when I was on night duty sitting on my 'judge' seat in the report room. There was the usual hubbub and fractious customers lounging around attempting to make a report or complaint or whom had just arrested.

Midnight Swim

Suddenly, a Chinese women rushed into the report room gesticulating madly calling out repeatedly, "Gau meng", "Gau meng". "Gau meng"! (Save life). I could not understand what the hell was going on. The other police officers must have realized what the demented creature was saying but did not seem to be too concerned so I quickly called for the interpreter. He eventually appeared and asked him what is going on. I came to the conclusion that there was someone in trouble outside. The station faced the harbour only separated by the waterfront road.



I scrambled out of the report room to the waterfront with the woman in tow and followed the poor thing along the edge of the waterfront turning east. It was pretty black outside and not very much light. I could here the slap, slap of the water against the sea wall. Then I spotted a pair of sandals by the water edge. Looking down into the inky unfriendly looking water I could discern a human form bobbing slowly up and down gently. There was no thrashing around but without thinking anymore I kicked off my shoes and jumped out towards the body. Time might be of the essence. I swam a few yards out towards the body and grabbed it and turned the body over face upwards. Grabbing an arm I gradually pulled the body towards an iron ladder by the wall. There were no other boats around so with great effort I draped the sagging body over my shoulders in a sort of a fireman's lift and slowly clawed myself up the iron ladder bit by bit to the top of the wall. A constable finally helped to pull the body off my back onto the seawall. Turning over the body it was a Chinese female wearing 'shamfoo' dress. After pumping away for sometime to try and empty the water from her lungs the body remained inert and no pulse. She was not wearing shoes as I gazed back to the neatly placed sandals by the water's edge. I could only come to the

conclusion that the poor thing must have jumped into sea and committed suicide. Once the body was taken away I felt cold so I sloshed back to the report room and made an entry in the report book to the effect that I had fished one Chinese female from the water just after midnight. I felt a little bitter that I failed to bring the woman ashore alive.

The next day looking at my wrist watch and to ready myself to go on duty it seemed to me that my watch was inert as the poor women I fished out of the water the night before. I took it to a watch shop around the corner in Hennessy Road nearby when the watch maker solemnly declared my watch was 'U.S.' it not being waterproof. He soon cheered up when I agreed to purchase a new watch which I did. There was no good fretting as there was nothing in (P.G.O.'s) Police General Orders about claiming compensation for jumping into the harbour even if on duty, as far as I could discover.

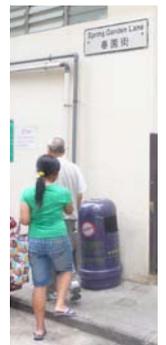
The Magic Lantern

In one of C.I. Jack's morning briefings he said he had received a report about pornographic operations along Queen's Road East. I gave it little further thought. Without a search warrant and I could not see how we could expect to dig out a blue movie operation inside the Wanchai warrens in uniform.



One afternoon I went to check on a constable's beat at Queen's Road East near the old post office. I met up with the constable and made an entry in his notebook. Accompanied by the constable we turned into Spring Garden Lane infamous for its shady dealings at night.

Sauntering slowly down the lane something caught the corner of my eye. I stopped to look twice. Am I seeing things? There was an object as if suspended in mid air above. Then I was able to discern a thin line stretched across the road from a higher level from a window to another window on the other side of the lane. In about the centre of the lane suspended to the string was a movie projector moving along as if magic. I yelled to the constable to get up to the stairs of the building where the projector seemed to be destined. I raced up the other rickety, dirty wooden staircase of the building from where the projector was departing.



About half way up the stairs a scrum formed at the top. Suddenly like the bull run at Paloma bodies came hurtling down the stairs with frantic arms flaying as the scrum tried to squeeze down the narrow wooden stairs between me and the walls. As suddenly as they appeared the bodies equally quickly disappeared like ghosts. Moving upwards checking doors I sprang into one open door into the room. The window was open. Inside the room were a number of overturned stools and spittoons, spilled tea cups, and cigarette butts on the floor. Otherwise the cruddy, untidy room was unoccupied. It was obvious that the room was used for showing pornographic films. Untying the string I raced down again the staircase at a rate of knots across to the other building. There I was met by the grinning constable brandishing the movie projector. Regrettably, the reel of film was not attached. It must have been taken off by one of the men who rushed out of the building as I ascended.

When not on duty I frequently used to take off - duty constables to Wanchai Gap Police station small soccer pitch (now car park) for a game of football. Superintendent Farmer and C.I. Jack gave me great encouragement to mix in with the constables and play football.

The Double Tenth

The Double Tenth (10 October KMT Festival) came around. The whole Division and vehicles was to be on parade in full riot gear at the ready at 0800 hrs at the station compound. That meant getting up at sparrow fart.

Whether I had been diligently studying with my sleeping Cantonese dictionary late into the night or sipping too many San Migs I suddenly realized it was 0740hrs. Shoot! Twenty minutes to change and drive from Shau Kei Wan to Wanchai and get on parade. It was not worth one's hide to be late for Sergeant Jack!

Sergeant: 'When the foreman bares his steel.

Tarantara! tarantara!

We uncomfortable feel'.

The Pirates of Penzance Act II

I gunned my little 'frog eyed Sprite' up King's Road and into Wanchai and came to a screeching halt inside the station canteen compound nearly prancing a police battle wagon in my haste. I could see a few police bodies moving inside the opposite compound and clearly the parade had already broken up to standby. I hurried into the station yard with brain working overtime thinking of the best excuse I might be able to come up with to beard C.I. Jack the terrible.

But the sun must have been shining on me that day. The only one left in the compound was the dapper little Irish S.D.I. Paddy O'Meara. Before I could blurt out my excuses Paddy simply said in his quiet soft brogue "Nice of you to cum!". Perhaps he was suffering one of his occasional heavy hangovers from one of his late night Wanchai 'patrols' to bother about a small thing like me being late.

Thinking back and my wild ride no doubt the Hendon driving instructor's would have not approved of my style of driving. However, if Albert Poon had been a passenger I am sure that he would have been proud of my driving skills in failing to kill anyone and myself along King's Road.

Transfer

The Sprog was on duty in the Report Room and Jack entered looking around the room examining the books and ushered me outside by the CID room. From the CID room there was the usual strong smell of burning incense wafting through the door while Kuan Tai Gung glared down onto a couple prostrate black chinese garbed figures. The detectives were gathered around the figures like vultures about to devour a carcass. Presumably, the detectives were attempting to abstract a confession in their usual delicate persuasive manner.

The boss wants to see you 'jik hak'. Our man Jack hurriedly spoke. Puzzled, the Sprog sat down timidly. Superintendent Farmer kindly said "I have a posting order for you from PHQ". Posting? Illogical thoughts gathered speed. The first thing that entered my head what has the Sprog done wrong? A posting to Marine or to a boondocks NT subdivision? Tai O? Well it would be a change I suppose. Plenty of good fresh seafood. "You are to be posted to CID - Narcotics Bureau". You will hand over here and report to Superintendent Alf Baggott. Sprog was still a bit stunned but outside Jack shook my hand with his glinting eagle blued eyes and wished me all the best. *(Supt. Ken Farmer and C.I. Jack Hayward right)*



Retirement of C.I. Jack

Chief Inspector John Edward Hayward CPM finally announced his retirement in 1963 from the Force after 33 years unstinting service, courage and determination. Despite no more night duty patrols along Queen's Road East and whiffing night soil 'honey carts,' I thought. No more squadie punch ups and alluring cheeky, slinky bar girls. I still felt somewhat sad that I would leave behind a happy division and some great professionals.

(photo C.I. Hayward President of the Force Band) 1963 C.I. Hayward Eastern Division retirement and Jack s Cathay Lodge demit of good standing)



Sergeant : 'When constabulary duty's to be done -

A policeman's lot is not a happy one!'

Gilbert & Sullivan

The Pirates of Penzance Act III

