

AN ACCOUNT OF SPENDING TWENTY

FIVE YEARS SERVICE IN

A POLICE FORCE.

I was de-mobbed from H.M. Forces in Early December, 1919, after serving with the Royal Garrison Artillery for $3\frac{1}{2}$ years and spent $3\frac{1}{4}$ of those years in Mesopotamia and there was quite a lot of unemployment with queues at the Labour Exchanges. After a few days at home with my Mother who saw me for the first time since I joined the Army, I decided to join the Police Force and I went to the Police Station in Frederick Street of my native town of Rotherham to try my luck, although at that time I lived about 90 yards outside the Borough Boundary at Canklow. In those days there was no Enquiry Office so I walked into the Charge Office and asked the Sergeant there on duty if there were any vacancies and was passed on to Inspector Butler who at that time was the Chief Clerk, whilst his Father, Mr. G.H. Butler was Chief Constable of a neighbouring Force at Barnsley.

At the time I was still wearing my Army Uniform with the rank of Sergeant and after answering a few questions, I was asked to undergo an Educational Test of Arithmetic and Dictation on completion of which the Inspector read through them and then asked me if I would like to join his Father's Force at near by Barnsley, but I told him I had to help my Widowed Mother and preferred to stay at home rather than having to live away in lodgings. However he promised me quick promotions if I would join the Barnsley Force but when I again insisted that I did not wish to do so he took me into the Chief Constable's Office for interview with the Chief Constable, Mr. E. Weatherhogg who was accompanied by the Chairman of the then Watch Committee Alderman George Clarke.

After the interview the Inspector was asked to send me for examination to the Police Surgeon, Dr. W. Barr, whose office was across the road: I was ~~accompanied~~ accompanied by a Constable who took the Police Surgeon's Book with my name entered therein for the Doctor to enter his remarks after the Examination and to say whether or not I was fit to join the Force. We returned to the Police Station where Inspector Butler made arrangements for me to be issued with Uniform the following morning. I was there issued with Two Overcoats, Four Tunics, four pairs of Trousers, Two Capes and the usual accoutrements of a Whistle, Truncheon and Handcuffs, two Belts and an Oil Lamp and Two Helmets.

I was then told to report for duty ^{at} 9.30pm on the night of the 19th of December ready for Night Duty. They had no Police Vehicles for Transport Duty and my younger Brother Tom, helped me to carry the Clothing to College Square where we boarded a tramcar for Canklow which stopped at our door. Som on Friday, the 19th December, 1919, I left home dressed as a Police Constable with Supper Sandwiches and Mashings of Tea, Sugar and Milk for the early morning Tea Break. Canteens were then unheard of and we dined in the Cellar Kitchen sat on a Wooden Form and eating off a long uncovered Wooden Table. The only thing the Police Authority provided for you was Boiling Water to make your Tea or Cocoa. You were allowed TWENTY MINUTES for your Meal Break whichever Tour of Duty you were on and if you wasn't back in the Parade Room when the Twenty Minutes ended the Sergeant used to call for you to come up without delay.

You then went and put yourself right on your Beat and Carried on until it was time for you to return to Headquarters prior to dismissal. When I first reached the Police Station I was told that I should accompany P.C. 43 Grantham on the top Moorgate Beat which commenced at Reneville Road and expended to about 60 yards beyond Oakwood Road which was the Boundary. Shewing Recruits round Beats did not meet with the approval of Long Serving Constables as they had to shew you all the nooks and crannies as well as everything else which you should be aware of on the Beat. Prior to leaving the Police Station you had to fall in and produce your Truncheon and Handcuffs and turn around the shutter on your oil lamp so that the Inspector knew that part was in order: he also read out to you items from other Forces of any Special Robberies and particulars from the Occurrence Book wherein some attention required giving to prevent further complaints. A Sergeant then fell in at the end of the Single Line and you marched out into the street as far as College Square where the Sergeant called to you "Fall Out". On the way you fell out automatically if your Beat was near ^{where} you were passing.

You then took charge of your Beat having first made a note of any Unoccupied Property so that you could pay them special attention. Some Beats were varied from Half Hour to Two Hours, although Outside Beats were normally Four Hours. You were visited at varying intervals by either a Sergeant or Inspector

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to whom you passed on any information which had reached you for further attention and they booked you at a time and place which all three entered in their books. All books were left at Headquarters at varying times to be checked and seen that they were being properly kept. In those days you had to make notes and submit reports shewing missing stop tap lids, potholes on both roads and footpaths, over hanging trees on the footpaths, loose or missing Street Name Plates and Fire Hydrant Plates, Persons using Hosepipes for Gardens, Lost and Found Property, copies of which were made and forwarded to the Borough Engineer's Dept for attention. In addition to Offence Reports, street accidents had to be reported in full and if either driver was thought to be found Guilty of any offence you had to obtain statements to go along with your offence report. If you arrested anyone and the Charge was accepted and the prisoner was not Bailed Out, you had to attend the Justices' Clerks Office to lay an information against the Accused and attend Court the following morning until the Case had been disposed of. You were allowed Two Hours off duty for attending Court irrespective whether you were there one hour or up to six or eight hours.

Insecurity Reports had also to be submitted in respect of any premises found insecure and the entrances had to be marked and the Owner notified so that he could come to the premises and satisfy you that everything was in order and secure the premises. Crime Reports had also to be submitted shewing the offence a full description of whatever was stolen with any identification marks thereon and the value of the property so taken together with a description of any person seen near the premises earlier. In dealing with such things you had to be very careful not to handle anything which might be useful for Finger Printing and tracing the offender. When a serious outbreak of Crime occurred, when you retired from duty you had to change into civilian clothes and take up a position where the next break in would ^{most likely} take place: this generally took up another four hours of your time but you neither got time off nor payment for this duty. It was 'Doing your bit' to try and bring the offenders to book.

On Christmas Eve I was being shewn Doncaster Road Beat with P.C. 68 Booth and about 12.30am a Police Whistle was being blown in the not too distant and we dashed down Doncaster Road but at the bottom was a four section road and we did not know from which one the whistle had come from: we asked several people who were on their way home from parties but no one could tell us which way the whistle had come from. However another blast was blown and we found it to come from Wellgate just beyond Old Hill and when we reached there we saw a heap of people on the floor, amongst whom was the Constable 18 Miles. We sorted them out and found it was a case of Drunk and Disorderly and Assault on Police so we took them all to the Charge Office.

At that time Alderman Brooke who was a Director of A.A. Davy & Sons Ltd. Provision Merchants, sent a large ^{Pork Pie} ~~Christmas Cake~~ to be cut up in sufficient pieces for men on Night Duty and this was placed on one end of the Charge Office Counter. As the prisoners had been booked in and their property recorded, two of them had a Bowel Motion and what with the smell of the Beer and Excreta it almost turned stomachs over: the stench was horrific. When the prisoners had been placed in the cells the Inspector told us we might as well have our Supper now and if anyone didn't need reminding about the Pork Pie he told us there was a piece for each man. How very nice but none was taken in case it had been infected by the stench still available. Throughout my 25 years service I never heard another police whistle sounded.

In spite of all these happenings however different things happened at times and we thoroughly enjoyed having a good laugh over them. One of our Inspectors named Jack Harrison was of the Rough Type but if ever ^{he} you found you in a Rough House he would see you didn't get hurt: he had a huge pair of hands and a fist as good as any Boxer ever had and he knew ^{how} to use it. Although he was an Uncut Diamond he was a Policeman everyone looked up to even if he had been in conflict with them. When he was walking he struck the footpath first with his heels and in the middle of the night you could hear him from thirty yards away. One night I was on duty in Hollowgate near to the Twitchells and I heard him coming down Wellgate so waited for him. When he got to the bottom of ^{Hollowgate} ~~Wellgate~~ he hit

his stick on the footpath and I flashed a light to him and he shouted "Everything all right Higgett" and I replied "All right Sir" so he shouted "I'll book thee twenty minutes Twitchells" and off he went down Wellgate into the centre of the Town. On another occasion when he was on Night Duty he was reading from the Occurrence Book and said, "Donkey Lost", then went on to give the person's name and Address and then discovered it was a Doorkey which was lost and he ~~said~~ said "I thought it was daft funny losing a Donkey, so we all had a good smile. On another occasion on Armistice Day he was on duty and detailing Officers to differing posts and then finally said "Drew who carried no 73, thee go to Cenopath and I'll see thee there" and I never heard him once say Cenotaph, it was always Cenopath to him.

One day I was on Point Duty at the bottom of Ship Hill when I was visited by Inspector Northrop who asked me if I had seen a Notice on the Board in the Parade Room to the effect that there was a vacancy for a Clerk in the Charge Office and advantage would be given to anyone who could do Shorthand Typing. I said I hadn't and ^{he} asked if I was going to apply. I told him I hadn't done any Shorthand or Typewriting since I was at Alma Road Night School when I won First Prize in Commercial B Subjects which included Shorthand, but he advised me to apply. After giving it some thought I submitted an application and found that P.C.55 Smith was also an applicant and we were called to the Office for a test in which I was successful, so I became a Part Time member of the Clerical Staff. My Chief Constable was very friendly with Mr. ^{Adams} ~~Webb~~ Chief Constable of nearby Doncaster and we did use it as a change over from one Force to another if a really good Constable came unstuck through his liking for beer and we transferred 25 McNamara to Doncaster and took in exchange 72 Flynn who later was appointed Warrant and Coroner's Officer with the rank of Sergeant. We later learned that McNamara had been dismissed from Doncaster, apparently for being Thirsty. Another move came to light when Richard Thompson whose Father was I believe a Superintendent in the Lancaster Borough Force and his elder Brother a higher post in some other Lancashire Force applied for a post in the Doncaster Force and as Mr Adams had no vacancy he passed him on to Mr. Weatherhogg at Rotherham.

Going back to Inspector Harrison at the time ~~was~~ College Square was used for Gatherings of all kinds, during the 1926 Strike stones were being thrown at the Police and one struck the Chief Constable and the Inspector said "You're not standing that" and Truncheons were drawn and in less time than it takes to put it on paper the Square was empty. In other cases where persons used it for 'Public Meetings' I know Det. Sgt Emsley arrested at least one man and he was charged with Sedition and sent for Trial. One week I was working 10 to 2 and 6 to 10pm in the Office and as I walked to the office from home I saw P.C. 20 Watson standing at the bottom of Warden Street in civilian clothes: he lived at the bottom of the next street Castle Avenue and when I reached him asked him why he wasn't in bed as he was on Night Duty but he told me the Co-op Stores behind him had been broken ^{into} during the night. When I asked him how they had got in he pointed to a broken window and said "There". A widow who lived next door to the Stores and slept in a room near the broken window must have heard the plate glass broken and would know who it was but he said she had told him she hadn't heard anything, so I said "I don't believe her". However during the afternoon P.C. 52 Trollope was covering the Beat and when this Widow saw him she signalled him across and told him the three youths who had done the job and she had seen it all. This goes to show how some people will spill the beans to one Constable and not to another. So Trollope boarded a tramcar and divulged the information to Sgt Emsley and they went and arrested all three and brought them in and charged them. Going back to Inspector Harrison, he was in his office when P.C. 31 Littlefair told him that whilst he had been having supper the shop at the corner of Greasborough Road and Bertha Street had been broken ^{into} and he had been tipped off that the Laycock Brothers who lived near to the shop had done the job. The Inspector took Littlefair with him first to the shop and then round to the Laycock's home where he knocked on the door and walked in. The Laycocks were no 'Walk Overs' and had convictions for Wounding, Bodily Grievous/Harm, Assault on Police in addition to other Crimes. When they got into the House the Laycocks' wanted to know what the Bloody Hell he wanted at that time of night so Mr. Harrison told them it was in connection with the shop

and they could either come quietly or have a bloody rough house to start with but they agreed they had done the job and came into Headquarters quietly, were charged and placed in the cells to appear in Court later the same morning. Greasborough Road and District was a well known trouble spot for the Police and as in some other tough spots the police were coupled up from 8 to 10pm each Friday to Sunday. I well remember Jimmy Owen from Primrose Hill, whose Son later became a Member of the Watch Committee and I believe later was Chairman, brought into the Charge Office one Saturday Night by P.C. 71 Clark with blood streaming from both their faces and Owen's shirt torn and hanging over him. On another occasion P.C. 19 Kerin brought another of the Greasborough Road Lads with Blood flowing from both of them: this was the usual Saturday Night Fracas where Truncheons had to be used. We were all sorry when Inspector Harrison came to retire and went to keep a Public House in the Doncaster Area. (Thorne).

Reverting now to the Chief Constable of Doncaster's talk to our own Chief about Richard Thompson's application to join the Force when he came it was obvious that he suffered from an injury to his left elbow in as much that arm swung easily and he generally carried it behind his back and after the Police Surgeon's Examination he was "Passed Fit for Clerical Duties Only? So he joined us in the early 1920s, wore police uniform and very fortunately for him he never ran into any trouble: how he would have fared if he had no one can say because he couldn't lift a bucket of coal with his left arm. However a good Father is worth a lot. I was engaged to a Nurse at Alma Road Hospital but before I could marry her I had to submit a report giving her Occupation, Age, Full name and Address and these particulars were sent to the Chief Constable of the District where the Lady lived and asked to have Discreet Enquiries ~~to be~~ made to see if ^{she} was a suitable person to become the wife of a Policeman. This was the general practice in all cases and when the result of enquiries were sent your report was either marked Approved or Otherwise. Now we had P.C. Thompson in the Office I did four hours Mounted Duty and the second four hours in the office, the times varying. Although the Force was represented both in the

Sheffield Police League for Football and Cricket, we were not allowed Time Off to play and you had to change Shifts with another Constable if you wanted to play in a match: neither were ^{you} allowed to have a snack before your tour of duty expired so you ate your sandwiches on board the Coach taking you to the Ground. One Saturday morning in the late 1920s I was on Charge Office Duty from 10 to 2 and 6 to 10pm and when I entered the Office I saw P.C. Thompson wearing a Tunic with Three Stripes on the Arm and I went up to him and asked him if he knew he was wearing the Sergeant's Tunic but I was soon to learn that at a meeting of the Watch Committee the night previous he had been appointed Acting Sergeant. This was a blow which was a bit hard to take but the Chief Constable sent for me and half apologised ^{for} what had occurred but promised I should not long be overlooked. He kept his word and I was similarly appointed.

The next move came when Thompson was transferred to the C.I.D. and his first case was in connection with a charge of Larceny and the offender had left her name and address so Thompson went with a Female as Escort to bring the prisoner back to Rotherham, she having been arrested in another Police Area following Thompson's information and for clearing up that crime Thompson was congratulated and entered on his Personal Record. So we could see the way things were going. Det. Sgt Francis Shore was appointed Detective Inspector and Thompson was promoted to Det. Sgt. There was plenty of gossip over these moves and Detective Officer 42 Allan Holmes who was a most efficient Officer was not prepared to take this kind of medicine and soon kicked over the traces and eventually resigned from the Force and went to keep a public house. I married on the 19th July, 1923 and shortly afterwards went to live in rooms behind a Confectioner's Shop at the junction of Wharncliffe and Frederick Streets: however our stay there was a very short one as we found the place alive with Bugs and we stood what furniture we had in time of Paraffin and within a few days we had moved to the Fire Station in part of a large house which was only partly inhabited by P.C. 22 Bawsey and his Wife.

Shortly afterwards P.79 Hulley resigned and I took his place as an auxiliary Fireman and moved into a four roomed house across the road. In spite of being a Fireman there was no Bath or Bathroom in the house and after attending a fire you had to bring the old fashioned bath inside, heat the water in pans and kettles and bath on the hearth in front of the fire and when in later years I resigned from the Fire Brigade there were still no Baths in the houses.

One morning we received a call to Walker's Blacking Mill at Carhouse and after getting the fire under control you couldn't see yourself but only the others and we were all as Black as Black could be. On the way back to the Fire Station we were driven all round the centre of the Town to let people see what a dirty lot of firemen we were. I leave you to guess what it was like standing and sitting in a bath in front of the fire trying to get rid of the blacking. I was always taught by my Father that whatever post I undertook I did the job and never left anywhere but what I could be taken back had the need arisen. He also told us of a Policeman arresting a horse drawn cabby for being drunk in charge of a horse and cab and the cabbie told the Constable to get inside and he would drive him to the Station, which he did and on arrival at the Station he was charged with being drunk in charge of a horse and cab. However when he appeared before the Justices he admitted that the Constable who arrested him sat inside the cab and he drove him to the Station without either accident or complaint and the charge was dismissed. This information came in very useful to me when I was on point duty at the top of High Street on a Monday which was a Market Day when a man with a lovely high stepping horse and trap signalled that he was going straight on and I gave him the All Clear Signal but as he passed I was certain the man was drunk. Shortly afterwards he passed me once more and I was confident he was drunk and still another time he passed me, gave a correct signal and went. But the next time he approached me he signalled to turn right which he did and stopped outside the Crown Hotel but made his first mistake. He got out of the trap and could hardly stand on his feet and there was my opportunity which I seized and took him into custody for being Drunk in Charge of a Horse and Trap.

He got back into his trap and sat in the driving seat but when I asked him to move over and give me the reins he refused and I had to lead him. P.C. 38 Behnamy was on point duty at the bottom of Ship Hill and came to see if I wanted any help: just then the driver, a Mr. Appleyard from Ravenfield then said 'Don't bloodywell show me up like this, here's the reins' and he handed them over to me. But didn't that horse know he had got a different driver and it was more than a great relief when ~~he~~ steered him into the Police Yard and tied him up. I took the prisoner into the Police Office and charged him with Being drunk in charge of a Horse and Trap in Moorgate Street but for reason I was never to find out he wasn't booked in and they sent for the Superintendent, Mr. Owen Green, who lived in Broom Grove and after his arrival the prisoner was booked. In the Waiting Period however he said to me "Fifty One if ever I see you on Ravenfield Common, I'll shoot you stone bloody dead, so I told him I shouldn't be going there. I later ascertained that he was a relative of Mr. Bradford, a Solicitor and Coroner. Mr Appleyard was bailed out by a relative and did not appear in Court the following morning and his Solicitor expressed his apologies for his absence and the case was dealt with in his absence with a fine of Forty Shillings, the maximum at that time. Coming now to other points, we had two members from London transfer to us, one named Fryers from the Metropolitan and the other named Barkby from the City of London who was said to be a relative of a Councillor on our Watch Committee. Sergeant 7 Jobson had been carrying out the duties of Night Clerk Sergeant for a long time but was eventually moved to Street Patrol and Sgt 10 Harry Holmes took over his position. One afternoon Sgt Jobson had P.C. Fryers in his charge and when he met him he said to him, "I haven't seen you before, what is your name Fryer or Fryers" to which Fryers replied "In the plural Sergeant" but he got a different reply from the Sergeant who simply said "Arsehole" and booked him in as he went into tea. Then we had P.C. 19 Kerin who lodged in Cambridge Steet when one night he walked into the Parade Room in Carpet Slippers for night duty: his ^{unfit} condition and he was told to go back to his lodgings and ^{was} put on a misconduct form. Then one night I was working Clifton Beat and 25 McNamara whom I have already mentioned was covering

Doncaster Road Beat and on the odd hours we should have met across the road from each other. When McNamara paraded it was obvious that he was drunk as he couldn't stand still and as Inspector Nelson was in charge I was more than surprised that he wasn't sent home straightaway. However he marched out with but Mac couldn't walk straight and he didn't appear at the top of Cranworth Road at 11pm so I thought he had been packed off home. However at one o'clock he gave me a light and I was surprised when I crossed the road to see it was him and the first thing he said, "Have you had the Inspector or Sergeant" and funnily enough I hadn't so I asked him what had happened and he said he was examining 'Rookwood' where Dr Lodge lived and he went into the outside Toilet and fell asleep and he had only just wakened up, Just proves how lucky some people can be. Then there was the case of P.C. 78 Williams and 19 Kerin who went into the Vine Inn when off duty for a drink and there was an argument over something whilst they were in and it ended up in a fight which resulted in a man going to the Police Office and complained of being assaulted by the two Officers. As a result they were both placed on Misconduct Forms and in defence they told the Chief Constable that the man who complained had called Mr. Weatherhogg some very filthy names to which they objected. This was denied by the man and both Constables were fined I believe a week's pay. I was an Inspector on Night Duty and during the night visited a number of Constables which was quite normal but on visiting the Greasbro' Road Beat I failed to see P.C. 68 Morgan: after searching for him for at least twenty minutes he turned up and I asked him where he had been whilst I had been looking for him but he said 'Working his Beat'. I told him how long I had been looking for him and he wasn't to be found and I told him I didn't believe his story: he suddenly turned upon me and accused me of not being where I said I was or he would have seen me but he became more insolent and I told him I should report him for Neglect of Duty (as he had nothing to report for his absence) and Insolence. He had served in the Navy and thought he was one who could do as he liked and go where he wanted. When he appeared before the Chief Constable he again

became Insolent and was fined a week's pay and warned as to his future conduct.

Shortly afterwards I applied for the post of Chief Constable of Newark and was Short Listed for Interview during which one member of the Selection Committee questioned me about Disciplinary Action and quoted the case against P.C. Morgan and I told him in reply that had I not reported him as I did I should have been looked upon as an Officer not fit to hold that position. Who had told this tale to him I never got to know but I was not chosen for the post.

Newark was looked upon by many Officers in the Service as a Jumping Off Post for obtaining a similar post with a larger Force after three years or so when Mr. Barnes who was successful in being appointed moved to Blackpool in a similar position and the then vacant post at Newark was again re-advertised and my second application resulted in my being again selected for interview. I believe I ruined my own chances at the interview when I gave a promise that if I was appointed I would stay at least three years with them but I learned that some Members on the Selection Board did not approve of this. However I applied for other posts higher than my own and eventually I was Short Listed for the post of Chief Constable (I believe it was Accrington) but an Inspector from Worcester who was wearing Grey Army Socks which I remembered very well was appointed. Many years afterwards He passed me in company with his Wife when I was on duty in the centre of Rotherham but apart from exchanging views he walked on. He was Mr. Walters.

Whilst I was still a raw recruit working Beats I was on Night Duty in Clifton Lane near the top of Clifton Crescent North when I was visited by Sgt 6 Senior and after a few words together he booked me and we both went on our different ways. I suppose it was only natural that Young Constables should receive some special attention until the Officers had confidence in them carrying out their duties and my Beat then took me down Clifton Mount and Terrace into Wellgate, when I had to turn left and go up the next street which was Aldred Street back into Clifton Lane. Imagine my surprise when being about two thirds of the way up I found Sgt Senior waiting for me once again: he may have thought with having just been booked I shouldn't trouble to go up Aldred Street.

but he was wrong and booked me a second time. On another occasion I was working property near the bottom of Clifton Lane and thought I saw the outline of a body standing under the wall opposite so I commenced to cross the road to investigate when Sgt 4 J. Holmes stepped out of the darkness: he had been spying on me to see if I was working my Beat properly in visiting the property and after ~~me~~ he went on his way, satisfied that I could be trusted.

When I was a Schoolboy I attended Talbot Lane School and unlike the huge spaces they now have at schools with football and cricket pitches as well as Hockey and Tennis Courts, we only had a very small playground of Asphalt not much larger than an ordinary household room but each Lunch Time we always had a game of football in the street adjoining where there were ~~no~~ houses or property, without any query. One day however an Officer in Plain Clothes appeared on the scene, captured as many as he could playing football and they kindly gave him several names of others who were playing but disappeared but he waited until shortly before the Afternoon Session at School commenced and then picked up the survivors, of which I was one. Later my parents received a letter from the Chief Constable regarding the matter and one of my parents had to accompany me to the Police Station on a specified day and time to be severely reprimanded for breaking the Law. When I joined the Force I found the Officer to be Sgt 10 Holmes and although I never referred to the issue I smiled and often wondered if he ever thought I was one of his culprits.

One Officer who enjoyed playing Tricks was Francis Shore who later was promoted to Det. Sgt and as it was the custom that only the longest serving Officer should work the Shopping Beats in the Centre of the Town, normally they would only use their lamps the first time round as they knew very well where the handles and locks were situate and it was not desirable to be shewing your lamps too frequently in case some undesirables were watching you for their chance to break in. So Shore at differing times after the first round would stand right at the back end of the entrance and when the Constable reached to try the handle he would put out his hand and shake hands with the Officer and quickly

retreat whilst the Constable was getting his breath back. Another time he would go into the grounds of Cranworth House at the top of Cranworth Road where the Constable made his odd hour's point standing under a six foot wall which was level with the grounds of the house. In this case he would wait until the Policeman was standing by the wall and then lean over and lift his helmet off his head to do another quick retreat to safety. Then when new Recruits were coming through the Churchyard to the Station for their supper some of the Old Timers would wait for them and have a broken piece of glass in their hands and a short time after they would throw this glass up against a wall and the Recruit imagined it was a Break In and dashed about shining his light to see where it was. The Old Timer would then come to light to see why the Constable's Light was shining around and after a short time he would tell the Recruit he would try and find it and he had better go and get his supper.

I dealt with most classes of Crime and Petty Offences but one morning about 6.20am I was surprised to see the door open and Doctor Eric Coldrey walk in and after Greeting Him asked if something was wrong and he said he wanted an Officer to go with him to a house in Ramsden Road which he had just left as there was a woman there whose head had almost been severed from her body whilst in bed and I put on my cap and went with him, telling the Operator to signal for some Officer to come to the Station as I had been called out. When I got to the house it was as the Doctor said: the woman was dead in bed with her head almost severed with a carving knife which I took possession of and then went downstairs to interview her daughter who had cut her Mother's Throat as she lay asleep in bed. I sent for the Ambulance and had the body taken away, then arrested the daughter and as she was in need of Medical Care took her with a Police Escort to Alma Road Hospital, leaving the Constable looking after her. When C.I.D. Officials came I told them what had happened and the actions I had taken and I then learned that the Daughter was due to appear at Court that morning to answer a summons for Embezzling Money from her Employers and as she was afraid of letting her Mother know she had cut her throat. She was sentenced to a term of Imprisonment at Leeds Assizes but was released after only serving a short sentence.

In 1932 Mr. Weatherhogg retired on pension after serving 45 years in the Force and went to live at Blackpool: his position unfortunately ^{was taken over} by Mr. R. Hall from Sheffield where he had served under different Chief's, including Col. Hall Dalwood and Captain Sillitoe. On his first morning he arrived in the Charge Office just before five minutes to nine and wanted to know where the keys of his Office were. I told him Inspector Myers, the then Chief Clerk, had them and he asked where he was and I told him he would here within a few minutes and he said "Tell him I am waiting for them" and walked out of the office. After a few weeks he told me that at the next meeting of the Watch Committee he would be recommending me for the rank of Inspector after Mr. Weatherhogg's reference and he did so. I carried on as Patrol Inspector until Inspector Myers resigned when I took up his position as Chief Clerk.

One of the first things Mr. Hall did was to take possession of both the Morning and Evening Papers which he took home with him although they were paid for by the Police Authority. Then he noticed the Patrol Inspectors carried Black Ebony Sticks but as they were not carried by Sheffield Inspectors that must be discontinued. Next he found that Inspectors and Sergeants were paid two shillings a month to cover the cost of providing batteries for their flash lamps or torches used on Night Duties: this was stopped immediately and Lamps were provided instead. He then found that Inspector Proudlove who was the Weights and Measures Inspector was being paid Seven shillings and Sixpence for acting as Crier at Quarter Sessions until his retirement when I was to act in his place and receive the same gratuity: this was no longer payable no matter how long the Sessions lasted. He then found that Constables and at times Sergeants, were paid two shillings and two shillings and sixpence an hour for attending Football Matches at Millmoor who paid for the services of the Police; this was stopped at once and Constables had to leave their Beats vacant whilst attending matches. Similarly Constables engaged privately for Dances and other Functions were dealt with in a similar way unless there was no one else to cover.

It was a good job that our wages were governed by Law, otherwise we

might never have been paid. When War was declared in 1939 I lived in Gilberthorpe Street and immediately I had a telephone affixed near to the bed so that I could receive any warnings without delay. I can well remember being aroused the first night and each time this occurred I had to dress and get down to the Office as quickly as possible as I held a key for a Top Secret Document. A similar message went to the Chief Constable and a car sent to his house and if he passed me on the way on the odd occasion I got a lift for the rest of the journey. From then on I was working Sixteen or Eighteen hours a day and then later on we formed a Team to be on Control Duty from 10pm until 8am when we went round to the Town Hall for Breakfast and back to the Office for the day's work. This eventually took hold of me and in August of 1942 the Chief said to me, "Come along Mr. Higgitt and we'll^{go} for something to eat" and to my utter consternation I couldn't speak a word and I was like that for three months.

The Police Surgeon sent me to see a Specialist at Sheffield and my Family Doctor sent me to another Specialist at Sheffield but neither could find anything organically wrong. I also saw Specialists at Harrogate, Leeds, London, Hull and Beverley but with the same results and I had to ask my Chief to allow me to retire as Chief Clerk and transfer me to Patrol Duties in the hope that might help my voice to return, which in part it duly did but only slightly and it has never resumed its normality and is still on the rough side.

Eventually I returned to Patrol Duty but before doing so, Mr Hall asked me if I would like to become a Mason but as I had no desire to do I told him my views and then his choice fell upon Inspector Thompson who jumped at the opportunity and was nominated and accepted. When Chief Inspector Pattison retired, Inspector Thompson took over his rank and the Home Office agreed to re-authorise the position of Superintendent which fell on Mr Thompson and later he was also appointed Deputy Chief Constable. So after being certified only fit for Clerical Duties, he found himself next to the Chief Constable.

When I gave notice of my intention to retire, the Chief Constable sent for me and said he would have to ask the Chairman of the Watch Committee if he would agree and in any case I should have to serve until the end of December as Pensions were only payable from the end of the month. I said to him "With respect to you Sir, I joined this Force on the 19th of December, 1919, and shall have completed twenty five years approved service on the 18th of December, 1919, when I shall retire from duty. I have not yet spent a Christmas with my Wife and Family for Twenty Five Years but I intend to do so this year" He made no comment and I retired as I told him, and D.V. on the 19th day of December this year, 1982, I shall be commencing my Thirty Ninth Year on Pension.

I have overlooked one Disciplinary Matter which concerned P.C. 43 Grantham who first shewed me on a Beat but on one particular Beat on which he was working he arranged for a pint of beer to be left on a ledge when he was on Night Duty, but unfortunately for him he was given away ^{and} ended with being fined a Week's Pay.

This narrative would not be complete if I did not once more mention Constable 52 Trollope who ^{it} was said locked a man up for being Drunk and Disorderly in the street and after being placed in a cell continued to kick the cell door until in the end a Sergeant took Trollope with him into the cell to take off the prisoner's boots when it was alleged that he struck the man's toes with his own boots to quieten him down. Before going into Court the following morning, the Sergeant said the prisoner was going to complain to the Court that he had been hit over the toes with his own boots, but this was denied and the Constable said if he hadn't any more sense than to kick the cell door without any shoes on his toes would be sore.

In 1920 it was decided that all Police Officers must pass examinations before being eligible for promotion to either Sergeant or Inspector, and at Rotherham the Watch Committee agreed that a ^h Schoolteacher by the name of Mr. Shackcloth, should be engaged on two evenings each week to give the

necessary lessons for this purpose, and those who were unable one night could be present on the alternate night. I was in the Charge Office when the Officers trooped into the Courthouse one evening for their lessons and shortly afterwards P.C. Trollope went into the Courthouse to join others. After half an hour he was passing through the Charge Office and I asked him if the Class was over and he said "It's no use asking me where the Niagara Falls or the Rock of Gibraltar are, I know where the Charge Office is and that's good enough for me".

And Albert stroked his moustache as he always did when speaking to anyone happily on his way home. He was a most efficient Officer and he seemed able to pick up information where other Officers had failed.

J. S. Biggill
21. 6. 82