International Police Association

ipa

New Zealand Section

Editor: Jillian Reid
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Photo by Bruce Hutton

KATRINA DESTROYS

The death toll of Hurricane Katrina on October 7 was at 1337. It is still climbing. It has devastated lives, with over one million people displaced from their homes, plunged New Orleans under water and raised questions of racism and liability.

The turbulent hurricane has been the most expensive natural disaster ever to strike the USA, with damage costs more than $200 billion and petrol prices soaring in its wake.

The terrible tempest first struck Florida on August 25 2005. Four days later on August 29 it was three times as strong when it hit the Central Golf Coast near New Orleans. The water of Lake Pontchartain, which seeped into the city, soon became toxic containing disease, dead bodies, waste and chemicals.

New Orleans mayor Ray Nagin had ordered a mass evacuation before the hurricane struck. Those who couldn't make it out or did not want to leave and holed up - many in the Superdome, the Convention Centre or their own homes.

Four days after the storm hit more problems surfaced. Stories appeared in the papers of babies being raped, people shot, mass violence and looting. New Orleans it seemed had become a lawless war zone. The police had disappeared and the army still in Iraq. Tempers flared as people started to wonder how this had happened, when there had been substantial warning, and as most of the people still in the flooded city were poor and black - the US government was accused of racism.

Mayor Nagin was blamed for not arranging transportation out of the city for those who were unable to afford it.

However, the biggest finger of blame was pointed at the slow response of the Bush administration.

Those who were holed up in the Convention Centre did not receive help until five days after the storm had hit, living in appalling conditions without fresh water, food, electricity and toilet facilities.

President Bush himself apologised and said this never should have happened. An investigation is currently being carried out into the events. However, many people are not satisfied with that as, unlike the 9/11 enquiry, the majority of the committee are republicans.

by Sarah McDougall

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OBITUARY
LAWRIE PHILPOTT

BORN 29/08/1925: DIED 05/09/2005

Lawrie Philpott was a colossal figure in the "police family" in New Zealand and all over the world, and with an "amazing" 56-year marriage behind him, his wife Rita must take some of the credit.



Not that she'd want to, mind you. Entering their cosy, "working-man's" home in Lower Hutt, I was struck by the sheer presence of Lawrie coming at me from the walls and shelves – photos, trophies, mementos, and pictures of Lawrie cross-stitched by Rita's own hands. These tributes to her husband were comfortable there - they had obviously not just been thrown up after Lawrie's peaceful death last September, a week after his 80th birthday. "Quite a looker, wasn't he?" Rita pointed out a photo of a dashing young Lawrie in navy uniform. I enviously agreed.

I asked Rita who Lawrie's best friend had been. "I am," she replied, once again forgetting he was gone. She had been doing that a lot lately, she said. "It's the small things that hit you – he used to make my breakfast."

Lawrie and Rita had been true best mates, in a phenomenally active and community-filled life together. "He didn't make close friends - maybe it's because he was the youngest of nine. We were too busy to have friends anyway."

As their second son Gregory put it at Lawrie's funeral: "He was a pillar of the community…yet a very private man."

Lawrie had obviously shared Rita's deep sense of history and memory. As if 33 years in the police were not enough, on his retirement in 1985 Lawrie threw himself into working for the Wellington Retired Police Club, serving as both president and secretary/treasurer. He was made one of only four life members in the history of the club, as well as a life member of the IPA, which he had joined in 1980. He was secretary general of the New Zealand IPA for six years.

Lawrie was a legendary recruiter for both these organisations. "He'd always have a pamphlet ready," Rita said. Lawrie worked hard to keep the police's history and present day community alive. Among other things, he set up plaques and memorials, contributed to radio programmes about the police and, fittingly, it was his job to read out the names of deceased police officers at the annual police college Remembrance Day.

NZ IPA president Senior Constable Bruce Hutton, who followed in Lawrie's footsteps as a forensic photographer, said Lawrie was a "mentor" to him. "He's why I'm where I am today," he said.

Bruce said Lawrie had a great compassion for people. "He was a good Wellington cop - he could speak to everyone." This was particularly evident when they travelled overseas together on IPA work: "He was very well respected all over the world and he was great with people." Lawrie and Rita also travelled the world extensively together with the IPA. "We were looked after. Police are the same the world over - they can relate to each other," Rita said.

If they had wanted to, both Lawrie and Rita could have boasted a formidable list of community organisations they had belonged to. But they probably wouldn't have bothered, preferring instead to just get on with the job. As Rita said, "If Lawrie saw anything needed doing he'd just do it."

At 78, Rita is the secretary of the Federation of Women's Institutes of Lower Hutt. Both she and Lawrie were on every school committee of every school ever attended by their children, Kevin, Gregory, Christine and Helen. Lawrie also belonged to (partial list!): the Ship and Marine Society, Toastmasters (Hutt Valley toastmaster of the year "sometime in the '70s. He could speak on his feet".), RSA (committee member), Girl Guides, and Scouts (committee member of both). He also coached girls' cricket at Lower Hutt Sacred Heart College, was the president of the Wainuiomata cricket club, and the secretary of the rugby club. Senior Constable Philpott also served his time as Father Christmas at many police children's functions.

His deep, balanced and extremely capable nature allowed him to take on so much and yet remain loved by so many people. "He never lost his temper. He was a deep thinker, quiet and very kind. He was a brilliant mind with a phenomenal memory," Rita said.

Retired police college education officer Valerie Redshaw had a lot to do with Lawrie over the years. Apart from Lawrie working "relentlessly" for the police, she said he was "very caring" and often visited the sick in hospital. His family was overwhelmed by the number of visitors who returned the compliment to Lawrie when he was in hospital. "He was a gentleman - an old school person," Valerie said.

Rita also noticed his old-world habits: "He always carried a comb, a hanky, a piece of paper and some money. When we were first married he carried money in his socks."

But Lawrie, who according to son Gregory, was a lover of the Goons and a wearer of embarrassing "safari suits and silly hats", was an effective and authoritative police officer, who in his work was surrounded by death more than others. As a police photographer he had to "pick up bits of people from the Woburn railway over there". He also worked with the coroners on disasters such as Erebus and Tangiwai. But Lawrie was one of those "special" people who could switch off and cope with this work. "He never brought his work home, which saved us," Rita said.

Lawrie may have gained some of his seeming calmness around death from witnessing the horror of Japanese death camps first hand. As a 19-year-old radar operator with the British Navy in the Second World War, his ship, the HMS Bermuda, was involved with the liberation of allied prisoners - "barely alive skeletons" - from the infamous Kinkaseki camp in present day Taiwan. In a recent Dominion Post feature about his experiences there, he described this as "a vision of hell".

Lawrie was an inexhaustible reader and writer with "perfect English", and a contributor to various police and maritime magazines. He recorded his naval exploits in his as yet unpublished "The Murmurings of a Merry Meandering Matelot".

A Wellingtonian born on 29 August 1925, Lawrie was brought up with his eight brothers and sisters in the inner city suburbs of Newtown and Aro Valley. After secondary schooling in Geelong, Australia he joined the Royal Navy in 1943. He was on active service until the end of the war in 1945, after which he did an apprenticeship as a fitter and turner for the Ministry of Works.

Lawrie met Rita at a dance after the war. "We loved dancing… even if we had to be home at 10 o'clock," Rita said with a twinkle in her eye. After an 18-month engagement they were married in 1949. Lawrie was ready for a career change in 1953. "It was either the police or the navy, and I wouldn't let him join the navy," said Rita, who feared she would miss him too much. That year Lawrie joined the police as a driver, on a temporary basis. The rest is history: he stayed with them for the rest of his working life, and with his IPA and RPC memberships, till the day he died.

Lawrie spent his entire police career working in the Hutt Valley, and he and his family lived in Wainuiomata.for 50 years. He was a much loved community constable there for some years. As well as Rita, Lawrie leaves behind his four children, eight grandchildren and one great granddaughter.

by Dan Poynton



Keeping an eye on things.
Photo *by Bruce Hutton*

LONDON UNDER SEIGE

The world stopped on July 7 2005. The news was on every channel and the events of September 11 were not far from anybody's mind.

Fifty-six people were killed and over 700 injured – most on their way to work, in a series of suicide bombings, which hit London transportation.

The first three bombs exploded at 8.50am within a minute of each other on underground trains, the fourth at 9.57 on a bus in Tavistock Square.

Many people were trapped underground in darkness for hours, surrounded by horrific scenes of dead bodies and debris.

Al-Qaeda claimed responsibility for the event and the bombings are thought to have been planed by United Kingdom Islamist paramilitary groups.

Police quickly identified four men, whom they believe to have been the bombers, through surveillance footage taken at Luton Railway station in Bedfordshire.

Two weeks later, on July 21, a second series of bombs struck three London trains and a bus. However, the bombs did not explode correctly and nobody was injured.

Four men were arrested by July 29 in conjunction with these attacks. However, the investigation to find these suspects did not go without incident.

On July 22 Police tracked Jean Charles de Menezes, a 27-year-old Brazillian electricain, to Stockwell Tube Station in London. They believed him to be acting suspiciously and possibly carringing explosives. Menezes boarded a train where he was shot eight times – seven in the head at close range. Police said he was connected to the attempted bombings, however the following day they announced Menezes was innocent and apologised - saying the event was "a tragedy, and one that the Metropolitan Police Service regrets."

by Sarah McDougall

International Photography Exhibition



Watching You
by Michael Bondesen – Denmark

VISITING GERMAN GIRL IN CRASH

Katrin Tomuschat, a Detective Inspector of investigations from Germany was traveling from Twizel to Lake Tekapo in April this year, when she was involved in a traffic crash near Mt Cook.

A driver traveling too fast in the opposite direction crossed the centre line narrowly missing her rental vehicle.

Katrin said she had to brake suddenly, skidded, swerved and ended up in a ditch.

She crawled out of her car and alerted a passer-by who called an ambulance and police.

Katrin referred to the television commercial where a young Polynesian boy tries to understand why his mother died in a car-crash.

Katrin said the crash was just like that, however she was lucky and lived.

"I am not a softie, but that situation, was just too horrible," she said.

Katrin spent two days in Timaru hospital.

Luckily she did not break anything, but suffered back pain due to spinal compression which she still has today.

Katrin knew she was not alone, when she called her home IPA to be put in touch with a New Zealand member, Sigrun Koop from IPA in Christchurch.

Katrin was also contacted by Victim Support in Timaru.

After her release from hospital, she continued on her journey with a supply of pain-killers and a new rental car.

This time, she was off to Christchurch to meet up with Sigrun and her husband Mark.

Katrin was invited to go on patrol with Mark, and had a "very interesting and exciting time".

She was delighted that her hosts knew some of her colleagues back in Hamburg.

"That was amazing, the world is a village," she said.

"New Zealand is a great country with so many friendly people, and now I have friends in Christchurch," said Katrin

She hopes that Sigrun and Mark travel to Germany soon, so she can return the favour.

Sigrun was very pleased with all the help she received from all New Zealanders on her trip and wanted to pass on how grateful she was to be cared for by IPA.

"Thank you very much for all your help," she said.

by Jillian Reid

International Photography Exhibition



Falling asleep on guard

by Shlomo Choen

Israel

International Photography Exhibition

Royal Engagement

by Steen Hansen

Denmark



ATTENTION ALL BIKIES

www.blueknights.org

This is a non-profit fraternal organisation consisting of active and retired law enforcement men and women who enjoy riding bikes. They take part in charity runs and donate money to various charities throughout the world.

The organisation is about promoting social benefits to its members and to the general public and also provide mutual assistance where needed.

Blueknights regularly promote and hope to advance the safety message in motorcycling.

If you are interested in getting a chapter started up here in New Zealand, then contact Geoff Lester at Christchurch Airport

Geoffrey.Lester@police.govt.nz

by Jillian Reid

LOST LIONS THANK KIWI COP

A big thank you goes to Bruce Revell of Region 1 (Auckland) who during the Lions Tour of New Zealand this year saw fit to give some Lions Supporters an impromptu 'Tiki Tour'.

Lisa Lancaster from Ireland was immensely pleased, when after stopping and asking directions from Mr Revell she received not only help on how to get to the game, but she and her travel buddies got a police escort too.

"We appreciate the kind, hospitable people of Auckland for making us feel like we were at home. We had a great time in New Zealand and will definitely be back in the future," she said.

Well done Bruce, keep up the good work.

by Jillian Reid

DOMESTIC VIOLENCE IN NEW ZEALAND

Family violence, abuse and neglect affect many people through out the world. While much effort has been put into preventing violence within families in New Zealand, there is a need to do more with a greater sense of urgency all over the world.

Every fifth woman keeps falling down the stairs was the title of last year's action against domestic Violence in Slovenia, which started on November 25th – being International Day against Violence against women. New Zealand has stepped up to the mark with the introduction of the Family Violence Intervention Programme.

New Zealand's first Family Safety Teams are up and running in the Hutt Valley in an effort to prevent and reduce domestic violence within families.

The collaborative initiative between Police, Ministry of Justice, Child Youth and Family and the community sector is a response to an identified lack of co-ordination to family violence situations in New Zealand.

Training started in Wellington in July for the three-year pilot scheme with teams from Auckland, Hamilton, the Wairarapa and Lower Hutt completing the induction.

Acting Senior Sergeant Glenn Taplin of the Wairarapa and Lower Hutt Team has been instrumental in implementing the teams in the Wellington region:

"I believe that the Family Safety Team for the Wairarapa and Hutt Valley will make a huge and significant difference to reducing domestic violence within that area and I believe that it will filter across the whole of the district," he said.

The target is to increase the reporting of domestic violence and decrease repeat victimisation rates said Mr Taplin.

The government reports written following the deaths of James Whakaruru and the Aplin sisters of the Wairarapa recognised lack of collaboration and information sharing between government departments and an immediate need for co-ordination between external agencies.

The week-long induction training for members of teams was held to equip them to work skillfully in the family violence area using a multi-disciplinary approach.

The participants studied monitoring systems, relevant legislation, information sharing and assumptions about family violence in our society.

The police have formed a partnership with Hutt Valley refuge and Kokiri Marae Maori Women's Refuge to recruit and employ the victim and child advocates for Hutt Valley.

The teams are expected to strengthen criminal justice response to family violence and also encourage better use of existing services such as protection orders, counseling, education, and income support services, by matching the needs of a family to the services available locally.

The Hutt Valley team will be based at the Lower Hutt Child Youth and Family office.

A Christchurch team is heading towards an August 2005 start date, while the fourth pilot Family Safety Team will be established in South Auckland by July 2006.

by Jillian Reid

MARINE SEARCH AND RESCUE COURSE

Alistair Dawson of Queensland police is an operational district inspector involved in marine search and rescue.

In August he ran three one-week courses at the Royal New Zealand Police College for police and civilian rescue services, such as the coastguard.

Although employed by police, the course was run by Mr Dawson in a private capacity.

Mr Dawson has had ten years as a volunteer helicopter crewman in the Queensland police and has previously served has as an officer in the Metropolitan police in the United Kingdom.

"The people attending this course have been enthusiastic and capable and this has reflected in the high quality of output we have been getting. It is a credit to the New Zealand police service," he said.

Otaki police officer Sergeant Noel Bigwood has enjoyed the course and it has helped in his role as Search and Rescue co-ordinator for the Horowhenua.

"It has turned the black arts of map reading and rescue co-ordination into a science for me – it has been an excellent course.

by Jillian Reid

International Photography Exhibition



Gotcha

by Michael Bondesen

Denmark

LONDON IN DETAIL

Although most wish it was not the case, the atmosphere in London has inevitably "dramatically" changed since the terrorist bombings.

New Zealand Constable Andrew McAllister, who is currently living in London on an OE with his wife, is one of many New Zealanders who have seen this change.

He said although he does not take public transport to work, the times he has travelled on the tube since the bombings he has noticed a feeling of general uneasiness.

People used to keep to themselves, but this had all changed.

"Eye contact is very seldom sought after let alone a conversation with the person next to you.

"But now everyone is actively looking up and down the carriages checking out who has just got on the tube at the last stop."

McAllister said when he first went to travel after the bombings he did not want to be affected by the bombings, but he was.

"As I entered my local station here in North London I was planning where may be the safest place to stand while waiting for the train. Should I get on the first or last carriage? How would I react if someone fitting the well publicised profile of the bombers sat next to me?"

McAllistersaidtheMetropolitan Police Officers who patrol The Underground have a huge job on their hands.

"They say they are doing 15 hour shifts and finding the job very difficult.

"It makes me realise that when the job gets tough back home I have to remember what our fellow officers in this part of the world deal with day in day out."

by Jared Dennis

KIWI FOOTY STAR VISITS UK



Andrew McAllister (*bottom right*). Pictured with his UK team.

It has taken a move to the other side of the world for Constable Andrew McAllister to find how being involved with IPA can be a fun and beneficial experience.

McAllister lives in London and is involved with the New Scotland Yard (NSY) branch of the IPA, which gives him the opportunity to participate in cultural and sporting events in various European locations

McAllister and his wife Karen moved from to England in July 2004.

He said he chose London as it had great transport links to the rest of Europe, high paid employment and that it is a city with an endless number of attractions.

McAllister said he had little interaction with IPA in New Zealand but that he was fortunate to have met Linda Bailey, a member of the NSY IPA, when she was visiting New Zealand.

Through this meeting Bailey said she would look after McAllister and his wife when they made the move to London for their OE.

"The New Scotland Yard (Region 6) Branch is very active organising a wide variety of activities from regular meetings through to travel, sports events and dinners," McAllister said.

The first event they attended was the annual meeting, which was held at Scotland Yard in September 2004.

"I was invited to attend the meeting and was subsequently given a tour of the building."

An item on the agenda for this meeting was finalising a five-a-side soccer team to compete in a tournament in Vezprem, Hungary (two hours drive from the capital Budapest).

After a player dropped out at the last minute McAllister put his hand up to play seeing that he had played competitive soccer in New Zealand at a high level, being a member of the 1991 NZ Olympic team.

Within 48 hours he flew from London to Hungary.

"The four days spent in Vezprem and Budapest was superb.

"Not only did we win the 16 team tournament but we were treated like royalty by the Hungarian IPA.

"On the first day we were invited to a light meal and champagne at the town hall by the Mayor of Vezprem and I felt very proud and humbled when I was individually welcomed as a guest player from the New Zealand Police and IPA."

In May this year he attended another five-a-side tournament at a sports resort on the coast in Ancona, Italy.

This event was attended by 36 teams from across Europe from Sweden to Portugal. It was won by a team from Moscow.

"We finished a creditable 16th in a very strong competition.

"The highlight of the tournament was captaining the team in our victory over the team from Germany.

"Knowing the history between the two countries, the game and atmosphere was electric."

Other cultural events McAllister and his wife have been able to attend through the IPA association include the 700-year-old Ceremony of the Keys and various dinners, including Christmas dinner at NSY.

In November they have been invited to an 86 team international tournament in Belgium.

In December they are hoping to attend the annual NSY IPA trip to the Christmas markets on the German, Dutch and Belgian borders.

Highlights of their trip include a white Christmas spent in Northern Denmark and a visit to Highbury stadium to see Arsenal beat Aston Villa.

A noticeable difference in policing in London compared to NZ is the number of officers on foot patrol, and not just on busy streets.

"Several times last winter, while running home from work in the evenings, I would come across police officers on foot patrol in the quiet back roads of north London.

"Where as back in New Zealand very seldom do we seem to go on foot patrol.

"Obviously this is a staffing issue back home but it is refreshing and reassuring to have that presence on the street rather than cruising by in a patrol vehicle."

McAllister said his overseas experiences have showed him IPA is a "fantastic organisation".

"I look forward to becoming involved with the New Zealand Branch of the IPA when my wife and I conclude this great experience next year."

by Jared Dennis

HAMISH McARDLE - T.O.D JAKARTA



"It's great to be part of a team New Zealand effort," says Acting Superintendent Hamish McCardle. His eyes light up when he talks about the New Zealand reaction to the December 2004 tsunami. "The New Zealand response was the most complete and best organised, because no one else had such a balanced team."

Acting Superintendent McCardle witnessed firsthand the New Zealand response to the tsunami in Thailand, and says it was a model of inter-agency cooperation. The New Zealand police specialist emergency response and victim disaster teams could get on with their job knowing they were backed up by a police psychologist, air force transport plane, medical, logistics and communications teams, and a diplomatic team to smooth relations with the Thai government.

Acting Superintendent McCardle says the Bali bombings exposed gaping holes in New Zealand's ability to deal with terrorism, as well as spongy New Zealand police links with South East Asian police forces. "We have learned so much from Bali and have come so far since then."

Within six months of the Bali bombing the first steps to correct these weaknesses were put into place. A position was created in Jakarta for a senior New Zealand police officer to assist the development of counter terrorism links with the Indonesian police, and more generally with sister agencies throughout South East Asia. Acting Superintendent McCardle was the first officer selected for the role and has just completed his tour as our man on the spot in Indonesia.

One of his first tasks was forging relations with the Indonesian police. "Despite differences they are cops just like us." They all knew what they wanted to achieve, even if they did not always speak the same language, he says.

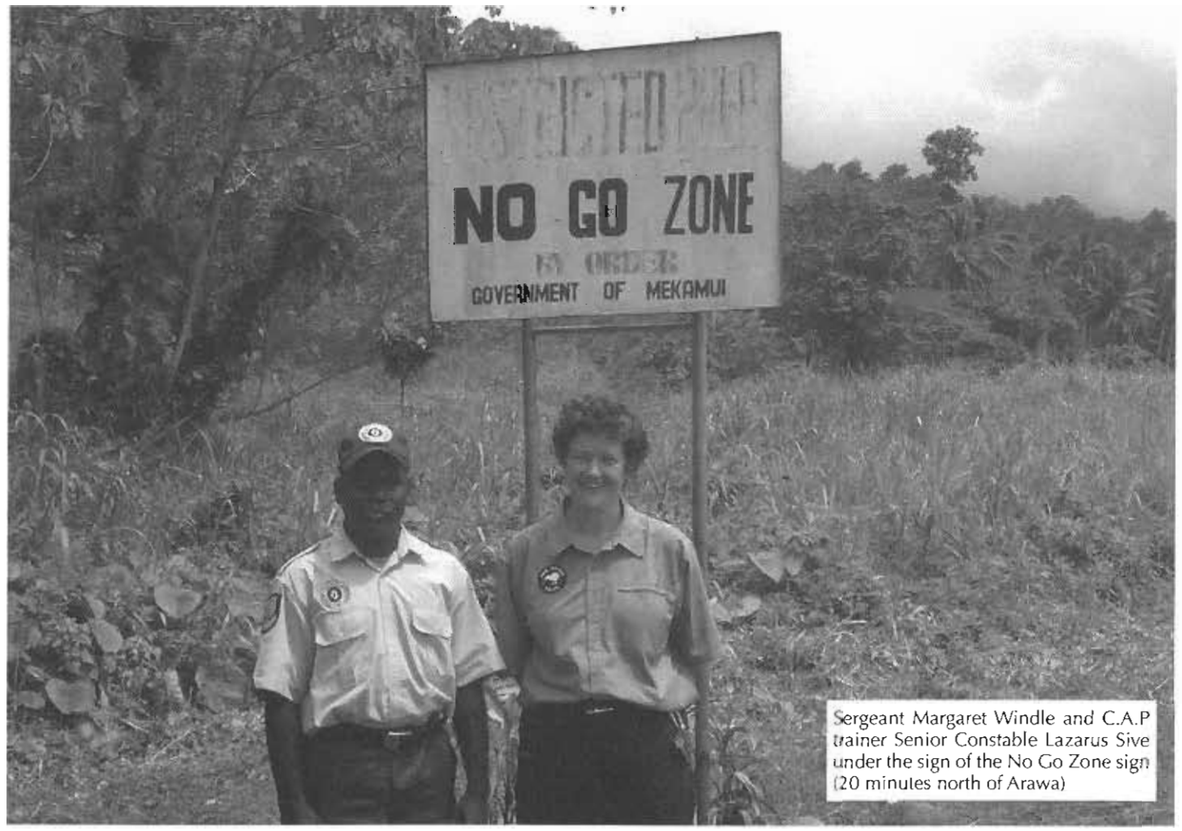
Acting Superintendent McCardle started from scratch, equipped with little more than a table, chair and computer at his office in the New Zealand embassy in Jakarta.

The cooperation he got from the myriad of other New Zealand agencies, such as Foreign Affairs, Defence, Customs, Immigration and New Zealand Aid, was "simply outstanding."

Despite the excitement and challenges of the posting, Acting Superintendent McCardle is happy to be back in Wellington. With 12-15 million people getting on with life in Jakarta city, which covers a land area smaller than Auckland, pollution and chaos are part of life in this congested city. Settling into his new job as staff officer to Deputy Commissioner Lyn Provost, Acting Superintendent McCardle says he now appreciates Wellington's bright blue sky and clean air like never before.

by David Dickens

MAGGIE WINDLE - T.O.D BOUGANVILLE



Sergeant Margaret Windle and C.A.P trainer Senior Constable Lazarus Sive under the sign of the No Go Zone sign (20 minutes north of Arawa)

Sergeant Margaret Windle, or Maggie as most people call her, is a popular figure in Bougainville villages.

Although her main duty as part of the six-person New Zealand police team, based in Arawa, is advising and training the village, or Community Auxiliary police, a highlight for her is raising awareness about the police role in schools.

"One of the things the kids love is when we take our portable generator (no power) and show them Whalerider – a great treat!" she says.

As Ms Windle is also a registered nurse – having nursed for 16 years, including 7 years in intensive care – she is able to offer health education to villagers, especially women who are dealing with HIV, Bougainville's most worrying health problem.

"HIV is a biggie – it will be the ruin of the country if not stopped in its tracks," she says.

But her main focus in Bougainville is helping the local police run their villages and local courts, which deal with most things, apart from the more serious crimes of rape and murder, which are heard in the District Court.

Ms Windle says the village court system is "alive and well" in Bougainville, so she is on the road a lot, meeting with chiefs and monitoring the performance of the police force.

On July 4, the New Zealand police contingent finished training 10 recruits who were to return as village police to the No Go Zone – their graduation was attended by the new president Mr Kabai.

Ms Windle joined the police 12 years ago, after giving up nursing and travelling extensively. She was a Detective Constable, then a Detective, in the Criminal Investigation Branch in Wellington and New Plymouth before her promotion to Sergeant in July 2004.

With her combined skills and love of travel, it seemed natural for her to apply to go to Bougainville. After arriving in late January this year, she was the only woman in the New Zealand police team until April, when she was joined by Constable Tania Turner of Dunedin.

Ms Windle is not at all fazed by driving for four hours and crossing 17 rivers to get to team meetings in Buka, as "it is all very scenic, with beaches and coconut palms", she says.

Bougainville may have been marked this year by exciting Anzac Day celebrations, elections and the swearing in of its autonomous government, but the villagers will remember this multi-skilled New Zealand sergeant for her untiring work behind the scenes.

by Helene Garland

SHE'S THE BOSS

LYN PROVOST ON DUTY

For Deputy Police Commissioner Lyn Provost, the diverse workload is the second best thing about her job. "I've always liked the big picture. The breadth of the portfolio is something I really enjoy," she says. And it's a good thing she enjoys variety. As well as being responsible for human resources, finance, training and development, information technology and more, Mrs Provost also oversees the Wellington, Northland, Eastern and Central police districts. To her, being part of the management of such a large organisation is about strategy – keeping track of all the separate strands without losing sight of the main goals.

"It's about finding the vision for an organisation, and making sure you align everybody to that vision." Mrs Provost brought her strategic skills to the role of DPC in 2001. Some of the achievements she's proud to have been involved with are reductions in crime and crashes, improvements in financial management, and an updated computer system.

But what she loves most about her job is the people. Mrs Provost has been out on night patrol, accompanied youth staff working in schools, watched the Armed Offenders Squad in action, seen detectives working on big operations, visited the 111 call centre and met recruits at the Police College. "I try to get around the whole range of policing activities that go on. It's great to talk to the people in the community and the officers I'm out with." Mrs Provost is the first woman to be appointed DPC. She says she has always believed in people being judged on their merits, but understands the significance of her role for those around her. "I think that having women role models in senior positions is very important for other women coming through the system." Mrs Provost is also the first non-sworn person to be given the job, but her civilian status hasn't posed a problem for her. "The majority of people have accepted me for who I am and what I've achieved. In a lot of ways it's been an advantage – it's given a fresh set of eyes to the organisation." Mrs Provost says the challenge now is to make sure that every time a member of the public has contact with the police, it's a positive experience. "Public confidence in police has tracked downwards in recent years. We're looking at how we can improve our service. It's easy to focus on negative aspects, but the vast majority of what's done is stunningly good." And it seems this faith in the system is what keeps Mrs Provost interested and enthusiastic about her job. "We've had our good times and our less-than-good times, but I always know that no matter the time of day or night, New Zealand police are out there helping people. It's hugely satisfying."

by Esther McLaren

JOHN McGRAIL

Policeman, Soldier and Tourist



As we all know, finding a balance between home and work can be difficult sometimes, but Senior Constable John McGrail has done it, despite frequent prolonged trips overseas.

Mr McGrail has been posted overseas four times in the last five years in his role as a policeman and as a territorial soldier with the New Zealand army.

Mr McGrail has been posted to Bougainville and East Timor with the army, and the Solomon Islands and Thailand with the police force.

"I really enjoy working with other country's military and police forces to bring countries back on track- it's a team effort," he says.

It's a team effort on the home front too- Mr McGrail has four young children. His wife Debbie is "tremendous to be able to bring up the kids on her own and run the household."

"It's very important for me to know that things are okay at home while I'm away," he said.

As much as he loves his work, he admits it can be hard on the kids sometimes, but being away makes him appreciate his home life that much more.

Mr McGrail's trip to Thailand as part of the emergency response team following the Boxing Day Tsunami, was "mind-blowing", but also provided him with one of his greatest highs working overseas.

"My best experience working overseas was assisting next of kin to be reunited with their deceased loved ones.

"It was a timely reminder that it doesn't matter how rich or poor you are, when your time is up, it's up," he said.

In the Solomon Islands, Mr McGrail found and arrested a man who was charged with murdering four people, three years earlier- despite not having CIB experience.

"Although it was great to see justice finally being served, in the Solomon's I spent a lot of time in the jungle, with a satellite phone that could only be used in emergencies.

"It was pretty lonely, but I knew things would be okay at home, and my family would be there when I got back," he said.

Mr McGrail says he is always scanning the horizons looking for more opportunities to serve overseas, but in the mean time he is happy doing regular things, like mowing the lawn, and kicking a ball around with his kids.

by Elizabeth Clifford-Marsh

DAN POYNTON
GOES ON THE BEAT

There I was, sitting in a cop car at 10:30 on a Saturday night at Wellington Central Police Station – and willingly. It was a weird feeling - like a cross between a little boy's Christmases all coming at once, and a sort of alien ominousness - like being on the wrong side of the border without a passport. I'd had my share of run-ins with the police before, and the common mythology round the people I knew was that, although the police had their uses, in the end they were the other side - a mysterious subculture.

But Constables Mike Howland and Deagon Grime put an end to that idea. As we were leaving the station, driving on to Harris Street, Mike said casually, "Just make yourself at home in the back there, and try to keep out of the way. But we'll let you know if we need your help, OK mate?"

I'm not too bad an actor, so I replied, "OK," as confidently as I could, trying to keep my voice deep and masculine sounding, while thinking, "You've got to be joking! I'm no street fighter." But I was touched the police could have such faith in my abilities, and whether Mike knew it or not, he'd made me feel part of the team. That night at least, I was at one with the boys in blue.

IPA Magazine editor Jillian Reid had organised this unique opportunity of going out in a Group 4 I-car last May. As humans, we tend to pigeon-hole people. But that night, I was reminded there are actually no pigeon-holes - we are all just people, no matter what we do. And Mike and Deagon confirmed that for me.

Deagon had been a 'chippie' before joining the force only five weeks before. His boss, summed it up nicely. "My boss said: 'you are a builder working as a policeman, not a policeman,'" Deagon told me. It was quite a Zen statement, perhaps more befitting a New Age psychotherapist than a policeman, but I think I got the picture.

It seems police, like journalists, come from all walks of life. Mike, who had been a policeman for six years, was a 'sparkie' – an electrician - in his former life.

And like Starsky and Hutch, Jon and Ponch from CHiPs, and all those other great law enforcement duos, Mike and Deagon were like chalk and cheese. Deagon was outgoing, blokey, shorter, thick-set and fair – like a blonde Incredible Hulk. Mike was taller, slender, swarthy and a man of few words – a Clint Eastwood type. It would be pretty difficult to put these two men in the same pigeon-hole.

So, with me feeling surprisingly at home (although wondering nervously what kind of 'help' the New Zealand Police might require of me), this unlikely trio set off to keep the peace on the streets of Wellington for the night.

By the time we hit upper Taranaki Street it wasn't Comms I was hearing coming out the speakers, but...Pink Floyd! Once again, and it wouldn't be the last time that night, my rigid picture of what it means to be in the police was shattered.

My prudish side coming out, I was a little outraged to discover that we taxpayers were paying these men not to keep us safe, but rather to listen to rock bands - and out of date ones at that! "I didn't think you would be allowed to...," I offered pathetically.

"Why not? We usually put Metallica on when there's some action," Deagon laughed.

That night turned out to be a quiet one. Being a bit of a cowboy myself, this was a little disappointing, although the novelty of being a cop for the night never diminished. As Deagon said, "A quiet night is nice once in a while. You never finish a shift on time anyway, and a busy one generates so much paper work." From what I saw, no-one could deny that police work hard, and a lot of that work is taken up by paperwork these days.

But I didn't see a lot of action with the police that night. We reprimanded and charged a rather harmless and friendly group of boy and girl-racers down at New World, fruitlessly chased some phantom mail-box hijackers in Karori, and arrested a man suspected of smashing a car window and threatening a nearby citizen in Newtown.

I had to be impressed by the seriousness Deagon and Mike showed for these tasks, especially the suspected suburban mail-box abusers. I would have thought there were more useful jobs a policeman could be doing on a Saturday night, but they explained to me that the police take any reported attack on property very seriously indeed.

The other thing that really struck me about Deagon and Mike was their patience. It gradually dawned on me through the night that a large part of what the police do is simply help out and try to create a calm and safe environment in the community. This is not to be underestimated, and judging by the characters they had to deal with that night, it is no mean feat.

I thought the suspected car window smasher was probably innocent, but his mouth sure wasn't. He was heavily intoxicated and was being a real prat, refusing to communicate in any civilised way. Deagon and Mike just calmly worked with him over what seemed an indulgently long length of time. I'd always thought it was against the law to swear at your mother, let alone a policeman. I winced as vulgarity after vulgarity cascaded eloquently from his mouth. I kept on wanting to warn him, "Mate, you better watch out. You can get arrested for saying that stuff in public." But Mike and Deagon didn't bat an eyelid – and it wasn't for swearing that this man was arrested in the end. He wasn't the only one on our shift to let loose like that at them either, and I began to understand a mysterious phenomenon I'd started noticing back at the station: most policemen use language that would make a sailor blush. Now I knew where they got it from: the customers they have to deal with 24 hours a day.

I also realised that maybe the fact I didn't know any policemen myself had helped to create my image of them being in some sort of exclusive subculture. I wondered if people were simply afraid to have police as their friends. Deagon answered that one: "The friendships you lose when you become a policeman are pretty fragile ones."

Deagon and Mike, thanks for smashing some of my police myths and making me feel like one of the boys that night.

by Dan Poynton



Constables Deagon Grime (left) and Mike Howland (right).

BRAVERY ON DISPLAY

Doug Smith has had ties with the police force for over 35 years.

He joined as a cadet in 1969 and was in the 13th cadet wing.

After graduating in 1970 he was stationed at Rotorua where he stayed for six years.

Taupo was Mr Smith's next stop and he stayed there until he retired in 1978.

Being retired from the police for over 25 years has not stopped Mr Smith from remaining in the loop.

He is currently the President of the Friends of the Police Museum.

Three years ago, after being a member of the committee for 15 years, Mr Smith was asked to put his name forward for the presidency.

"It's an elected position and I got in."

He said he really enjoys his role as president.

"It's a challenge, I do like it."

Mr Smith even has a special feature of his own on display at the Police Museum.

"I was awarded the Queen's Commendation for bravery while I was in Taupo. I got it for disarming a young fellow who was going to shoot someone."

Mr Smith said it was nice to be recognised, but in the museum it is just one of the many examples of heroism and bravery on display.

He said one of the Friends of the Police Museum's major roles is fundraising.

"We are a support organisation to the museum at Porirua."

"We raise funds to support the history of law enforcement."

Mr Smith said they fundraise for all sorts of things for the museum.

We fundraise for preservation and exhibits."

"We are currently looking at stuff that is in the museum, there is an old watch that needs repairs."

With Mr Smith and a group of volunteers at the helm, the Friends of the Police Museum are currently trying to take the organisation further.

It is currently a volunteer based society but there is hope that a person will be able to be hired part time to do some work that the volunteers can not always find time for.

Having just been re elected to his presidency in August Mr Smith has at least one more year in this role, after that he doesn't know but he said so far it has certainly been a great experience.

by Monica Leen



Doug Smith and wife Colleen in Ireland 2005

TE REO FROM THE GREEN ISLE



(left to right) Kiani Eckworth, Yvonne Tahere and Maria Erb.

Yvonne Tahere is not your average Te Reo teacher.

She grew up in a home where the dialect was a broad Irish brogue, not Maori.

She has strawberry blonde hair and fair skin and although born and bred in Wellington, her origins are from Belfast Northern Ireland.

Her husband's whanau hail from the Ngapuhi iwi in the Bay of Islands, and while she still has family in Ireland and visits nearly every three years, her home is New Zealand.

"This is where my mokopuna are," she says.

Mrs Tahere or Whaea Tahere as she is known in the classroom is head of department of the 60 strong Te Korowai Whakamana of Otaki Primary School.

And although she is also the assistant principal of the school and speaks, what sounds like fluent Maori, she is still learning the language, she says.

She became involved in Te Reo about 23 years ago because she needed to do something after she and her husband moved to Otaki.

Formerly a security officer, she decided a change of career would be more appropriate with a young but still growing family.

Mrs Tahere put her children into the local kohanga reo and decided to join as a parent helper to learn the language because she loved it so much.

"What is the point of putting your children into kohanga reo and not learning to speak the language yourself," she says.

While helping out at the kohanga reo, she was encouraged to do a two-year early child hood education course.

"I just love working with the kids".

Mrs Tahere went onto Massey University to complete a three-year diploma in teaching.

"I commuted everyday from Otaki to Palmerston North, while the kids were still in pre-school. It is a good thing I had a nanny – a live in grandmother".

Te Korowai Whakamana has been recognised for its achievements in classroom management and has recently won accolades from the Ministry of Education for its Te Reo programme.

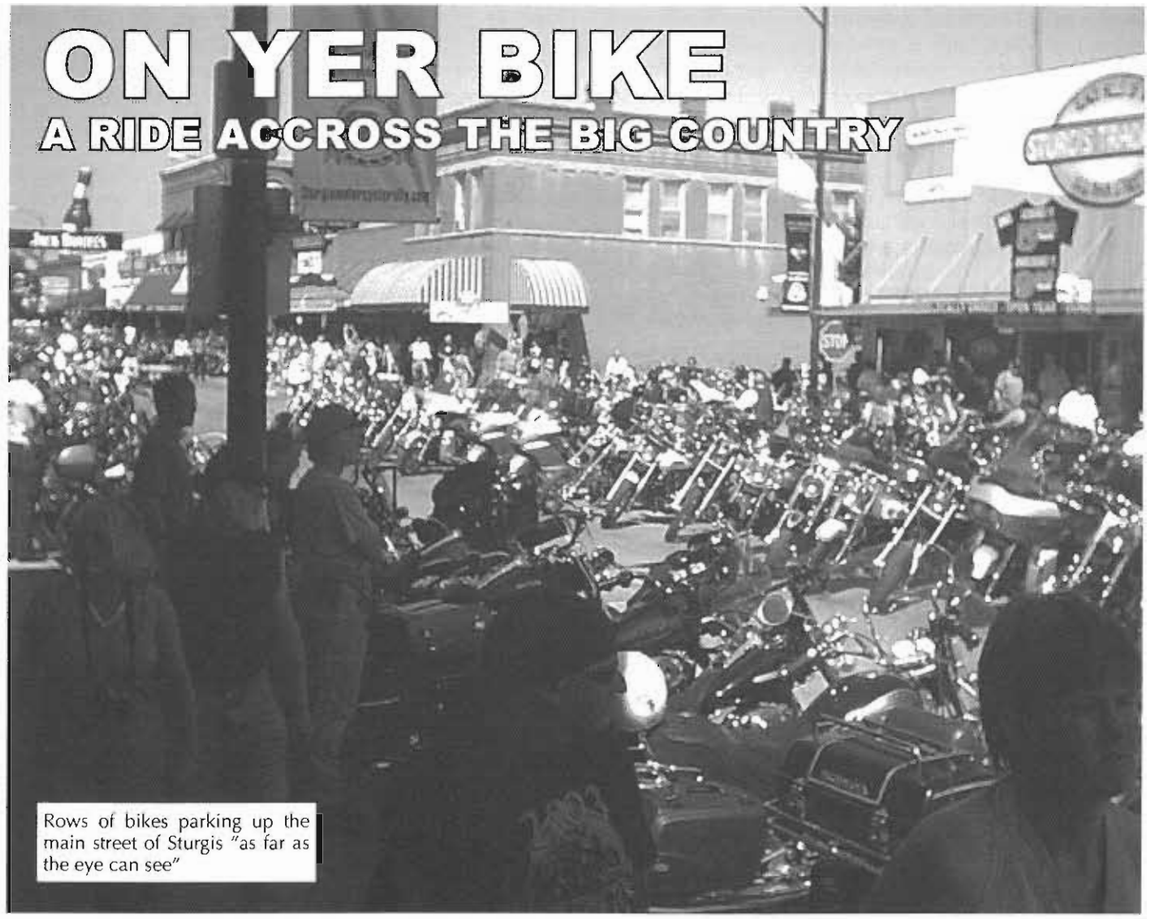
The unit also takes the children on field trips to find their ancestral roots or to attend kapa haka competitions that the school is renowned for.

The total immersion unit, which operates from 9am till 3pm each day, has a full curriculum of maths, science and social studies.

by Jillian Reid

ON YER BIKE

A RIDE ACCROSS THE BIG COUNTRY



Rows of bikes parking up the main street of Sturgis "as far as the eye can see"

When Inspector Craig Tweedie joined a 26-strong group of Wellington Harley Davidson owners in 2003 for a 7-week tour of the United States, he created some goodwill between the police forces of both countries.

The occasion for his 10,000 km odyssey was Harley Davidson's 100th anniversary, an event that drew over 100,000 Harley owners to the States for celebrations in Milwaukee.

Ironically, Mr Tweedie's group never made it to Milwaukee. They found Harley Davidson's own people had bumped them out of the hotel bookings they'd made a year before. With all accommodation within 100 miles booked out, they decided not to go.

That was only a small blemish in a fantastic tour, however, because they did visit the legendary annual bike rally at Sturgis, in South Dakota. Mr Tweedie said the sheer volume of enthusiasts there with a common purpose was a highlight of his journey.

Sturgis's normal population of 100,000 swelled to over 250,000 during the rally, he said.

"The main street had bikes lining the road in four rows as far as the eye could see."

As well as attracting bikers, the rally attracted a lot of police.

"They bring in police from all over the country to bolster police numbers there. Police can take annual leave and go work in another jurisdiction. I found some of them were quite enthusiastic bikers themselves."

Mr Tweedie saw few arrests, however.

"It was a real festive atmosphere – guys were there to have a good time and there were very few problems."

As he travelled around, Mr Tweedie made friends with police he met on the way. Usually he traded New Zealand police uniform patches in a presentation pack containing information about the New Zealand force. In return he got an impressive haul of American patches, some of them very different from ours. The police logo in Santa Cruz, for instance, featured a beach umbrella and a figure throwing a ball.

At one point, two people in Mr Tweedie's group were pulled over for speeding. Mr Tweedie said when the road cops realised these bikers were visitors, they were willing to pose for a photo opportunity.

"They had them 'cuffed and stuffed' over the bonnet of their car for a joke – they entered into a bit of hilarity.

"They were great to deal with but they had a job to do. If you are not a citizen they arrest you and take you back to the station and hold you until you pay up even for a minor speeding thing."

Mr Tweedie's friends were escorted to the station rather than having to leave their bikes by the side of the road, a courtesy they appreciated when travelling on such valuable machines.

Overall Mr Tweedie found the US police friendly, he said. "They were interested in chewing the fat about life and work here."

Mr Tweedie found similarities between the forces in the States and back home. "The police in the major cities like Los Angeles or San Francisco were probably a little more direct in enforcing, as opposed to the rural officers – they tended to be a little bit more relaxed in their approach. It's reflective of the situation here: Police in the city see things in black and white. At country stations, they know the people more."

Mr Tweedie's group started their trip in Los Angeles and travelled through Arizona, the Grand Canyon, the Rockies, South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, the Nevada desert, San Francisco, then down the California coast back to Los Angeles.

One thing that was both a danger and a highlight of the trip was the presence of wild animals, especially in places like Yellowstone National Park. "They had herds of buffalo roaming along the side of the road." A rider in another group bound for the Sturgis rally was killed when a deer jumped out in front of him.

Heat was another danger. Temperatures reached 52 degrees Celsius as they rode through Death Valley.

"It was like someone was in front of us with a blowtorch turned on us. We had to keep hydrating."

One of Mr Tweedie's friends fainted off his bike in the heat. Luckily he had slowed to a crawl first.

At other times, they rode through cold and snow at extremely high elevations crossing the Rockies.

Mr Tweedie's bike, a black and silver Anniversary Edition Dyna Wide Glide, handled the climatic extremes with the help of a very high-grade synthetic oil. He also put in a 95 cc conversion kit to replace the standard twin cam 88 engine.

Some of the law enforcers he met in the States have stayed in touch and one of them is thinking of moving to New Zealand, so Mr Tweedie's goodwill mission seems to have been a success.

by Erica Challis



Inspector Craig Tweedie at the Grand Canyon, wearing badges from previous bike rallies.

International Photography Exhibition



Blue line

by Stuart Wilton

New Zealand

LIFE OUTSIDE THE POLICE

"You won't stay long at the top without the right connections"

This is a current corporate message on a poster for the telecommunications company, Asia Netcom, that I am the Human Resources Manager for in Sydney. The message is synonymous of my career progression out of the New Zealand Police.

My initial transition from the police to human resources was about having a good connection with a former Detective Sergeant in Lower Hutt, Graham Gill. After leaving the police, he secured himself the position of human resources Director for an internet company Spike and he was re-locating back to Sydney and needed a human resources manager to work along-side him in Sydney.

He offered the job to me, so I took two years leave with out pay from the Lower Hutt CIB and I started work in Sydney in October 2001. I think the staff found it very entertaining that two ex-police officers from New Zealand were in charge of setting up policies and procedures. Sadly the company got caught up in the 'dot com' crash and I had to terminate everyone's employment and effectively turn off the lights in July 2002.

Just when I thought I had to return to policing the Hutt Valley, along came another connection. I was referred to a new job by a fellow kiwi. I finished at *Spike* on the Monday and started at Cuna Mutual Insurance on the Tuesday. This role was extremely challenging as I had no mentor and it was a set up role of human resources practices and payroll.

I feel the biggest advantage I had in this second role was my police training. It had installed in me the "attention to detail" mantra and that attempt at perfection made me better at my job. I stayed there for about 18 months and learnt so many new skills.

By mid-2004 I started to look for a new opportunity and commenced applying for HR Manager roles. I answered an advertisement on the internet, where a telecommunications company was requiring an HR manager. I applied one afternoon to people who knew me from Spike and knew Graham Gill and within a week, I had the job. In this current role I look after Australia, New Zealand, United Kingdom and India and the head office is in Hong Kong. I am lucky as the role requires a lot of travel.

I resigned from the New Zealand Police in January 2004. Due to the wonders of modern technology I am still able to stay in contact with a number of my ex-police friends and I constantly read the newspapers to keep in touch with what is going on in various locations. I am fortunate to be close to Detective Inspector Bruce Scott, and Karen Blakemore, the team at the New Zealand Police liaison in Sydney. Along with Detective Julie Bowman, they all still keep me strongly connected to the New Zealand police.

I will always value highly, the training, work related experiences, life skills, wonderful friends and above all "the connections" that I gained during my time in the police. I constantly get asked how I made the transition from the Police to human resources and it is quite simple, it is all about people and how you manage to connect with them.

Susan King in Sydney Reports

URSULA SMITH,

NEW ZEALAND'S FIRST WOMAN DETECTIVE

There has always been considerable debate about who could lay claim to the world's first policewoman. A search of overseas literature suggests that the first woman to be called a police officer was Marie Owens of Chicago, though she did not have arrest powers. The widow of a patrolman, she was appointed in 1893 to assist male detectives in cases involving women and children. Some claim that Margherita Ditmars who was appointed Polizei Fuersorginnen (police social worker) to the police department in Stuttgart, Germany in 1903 was the first European policewoman.

If arrest powers make a police officer, then Lola Baldwin, a 'safety worker', may be called the first woman police officer. She was hired in Portland, Oregon in 1905. That city later became the first to establish a Women's Division in its Police Department. In London, in 1907, a Miss Macdougal (in an unofficial capacity) was employed to take statements from girls involved in sexual assaults. It is generally recognised, however, that the first woman to have both the title of police officer and arrest powers was Alice Stebbings Wells who was appointed to the Los Angeles Police in 1910.

Ursula Smith of Bluff, New Zealand predates all of these women. Ursula was employed as a detective by the New Zealand Police late in 1892. The circumstances surrounding her employment are somewhat unusual.

In 1891 Richard Bell was murdered at Lora Gorge in Southland. Bell had been shot in the face at close range and before his death had named John McRae (a neighbour with whom he was frequently in dispute over wandering stock and the illegal distillation of spirits) as responsible. His wife and daughter had reported these facts to the local constable at Winton who had conducted the preliminary investigation. Members of the McRae family were deeply involved in the production of the illegal but much sought after Hokonui whisky and a threat of exposure could have been a possible motive for the killing.

From the beginning of the investigation a number of mistakes were made. Hans Rasmussen, the local constable chose to inform his superiors in Dunedin rather than his immediate and nearer supervisor in Invercargill and this was ultimately to lead to delays and dissent between the detectives and the uniformed police involved in the case. McRae was arrested but denied involvement. Little was found to link him to the crime. The widow, Catherine Bell kept changing her story. As the investigation became protracted witnesses were able to compare and adjust stories thus affecting the integrity of their statements.

It was a difficult community in which to conduct an investigation. The people were scattered but close in terms of relationships. Mostly they were poor farmers of Scottish highland origin. They were suspicious of outsiders and because many were involved in distilling the illicit Hokonui whisky they were reluctant to help police. An investigation that should have been aided by the localisation of the possible suspects went nowhere. The case was a media sensation and the lack of results embarrassing for the police.

In 1892, Ursula Smith wrote to police in Invercargill offering her services to help solve the well-publicised murder. She was a young woman of 20 and described as 'a thoroughly respectable amateur actress'. She suggested that she could go to Lora Gorge disguised as a 15 year-old from town sent to the country for heath reasons. Her objective would be to try and make love to one of the young McRae's and gain his confidence. Defence Minister Seddon, Commissioner Hume and Inspector Hickson were horrified at the suggestion and did not take up her offer.

Sometime later, after the community had quickly seen through the disguise of an under cover detective posing as a swagman, the possibility of employing her as a detective was revisited. The opinions of Invercargill's Magistrate and the Crown Solicitor were sought. Neither saw any impropriety in her engagement and thought that she was far less likely to attract suspicion. The Defence Minister finally gave his approval and Miss Smith was engaged as a detective. In a formal letter Ursula Smith set out the conditions and salary expected. She was engaged at one pound per week with a further pound to cover her board and the same amount for travel expenses. In her letter she mentioned that she would be put to some extra expense at the start by having to buy 'a suitable outfit for so rough a place.' She added that 'if successful I will leave it to the Government to give me something extra or not as they think proper'.

Ursula travelled to Lora Gorge where it had been arranged that she live with a Mr Taylor pretending to be Bessy Nichol his niece from Victoria, visiting for her health. John McRae had by this time been released and preliminary charges dropped. No evidence had been unearthed linking him to the crime. Ursula immediately commenced her task of getting to know the families in the community. She struck up a friendship with Mrs Bell and the McRae's. The eighteen page report of her activities written in April 1893 outlined how she set about gaining the confidence of those closely involved in the murder inquiry. Her principal task was to develop a relationship with Donald McRae, son of John. Donald ultimately fell in love with Ursula and they met frequently either at the McRae home or went walking in the countryside.

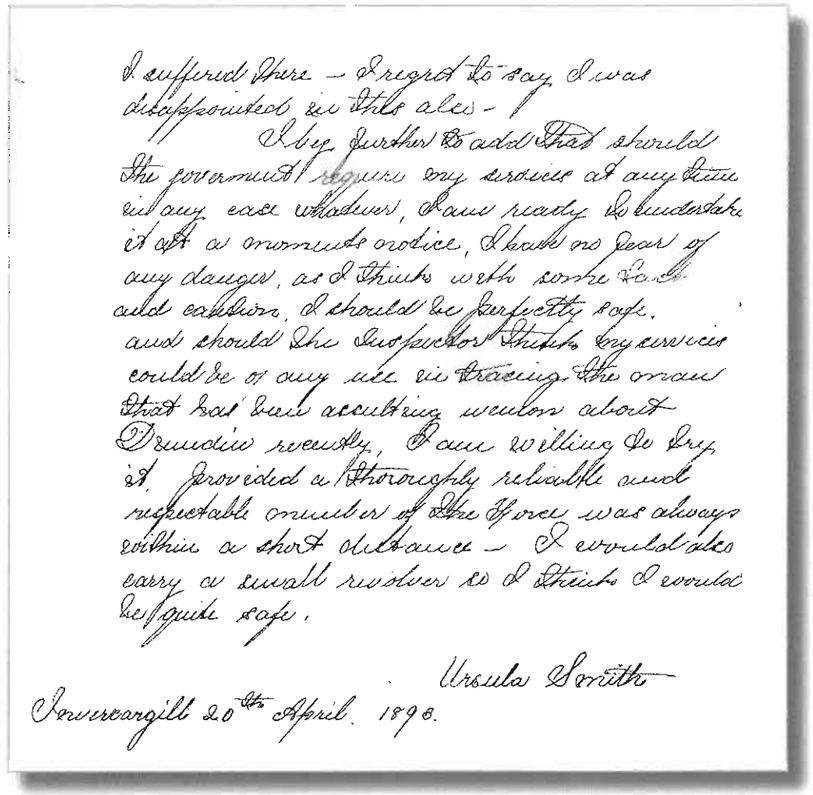
On one occasion Ursula arranged to meet Donald in a secluded spot where a concealed Sergeant Ewan Macdonnell overheard him name James Trender as the guilty party. Local gossip had transferred the responsibility for the murder to Trender, a convicted cattle thief, who was reputed to have been a lover of both Mrs Bell and her daughter. Ursula continued to raise the issue of the murder with Donald until he said 'Do you think I did it'? When she replied 'yes' he told her that she must not think that as he was innocent. He said he had a lot to tell her about it some day. Although she pressured Donald for more information he divulged nothing further.

At this stage the young female detective had to leave Lora Gorge as her room was required for other guests. Material in police records indicate that the head of the District, Inspector Pardy, felt that her investigation would have ultimately been successful had it been possible to extend her stay in the area without arousing suspicion. Interest in the case continued for years and the police image suffered from the lack of detection. There was a strong belief in the community that they let Trender get away with murder.

After her stay in Lora Gorge Ursula Smith returned to 'domestic duties' and her home in Campbelltown, Bluff. She was certainly a young woman who possessed considerable courage and was described in police reports as smart, confident and able to look after herself. It would not have been easy to operate in such a closed and suspicious community. Her ability as an actress served her well. As a member of the Campbelltown Musical and Amateur Dramatic Club her name features frequently in the local press of 1891as reporters laud her performances. One said "Probably no amateur has appeared in Invercargill who has exhibited such histrionic talent as the young lady who assumed the title role. She kept her hearers in a continual simmer of laughter with her clever brogue and witty sayings and when the curtain fell was loudly cheered".

Shortly after returning to her home, Ursula Smith again offered her services as a detective to the police. This time the aim was to assist in tracing a man who was assaulting women in Dunedin. She said that she had no fear of danger, as with care and caution she believed she would be perfectly safe. She was willing to try to find the man provided a 'thoroughly reliable and respectable member of the force was always within a short distance – I would also carry a small revolver so I think I would be quite safe'. The police did not engage her as it was generally felt that detective work was too dangerous for a woman.

No photograph of Ursula Smith has been found. It was disappointing to find an envelope in police archives labeled photograph of Miss Smith then find a slip of paper inside that read 'photograph returned to Miss Smith at her request'. Her later life is yet to be researched. Ursula Smith has, however, through her own words and those of others left an impression of a confident and talented young woman who was ahead of her time. She certainly qualifies as New Zealand's first female detective and may well have been the first in the world to be employed by a police service in this capacity.



I suffered there – I regret to say, I was disappointed in this also –

I beg further to add that should the government require my services at any time in any case whatever, I am ready to undertake it at a moments notice, I have no fear of any danger, as I think with some [illegible] added caution, I should be perfectly safe, and should the Inspector think my services could be of any use in tracing the man that has been assaulting women about Dunedin recently, I am willing to try it, provided a thoroughly reliable and respectable member of the force was always within a short distance – I would also carry a revolver as I think I would be safe guide safe.

Ursula Smith

Invercargill 20th April 1892.

Note: New Zealand's first policewomen were appointed in 1941. It was 1958 before two policewomen were given the designation 'Detective'.

by Valerie Redshaw

25TH ANNIVERSARY OF CLUB MED PORIRUA

Next April 1st will mark a quarter of a century of the Royal New Zealand Police College at Porirua.

Plans for a weekend celebration are underway to mark the occasion, initiated by Police College head, Superintendent Alistair Beckett.

"You've got to celebrate the milestones," he says.

It is hoped the weekend's events will include such events as a sporting challenge between recruits and staff, a staff cocktail party, a formal dinner, and an open day featuring a variety of displays.

Superintendent Beckett says to the surrounding Porirua community, the Police College is "a bit of a hidden gem."

"An enormous amount takes place here," he says.

He hopes the proposed open day will provide a chance for the community to learn more about the college.

Watch future issues of IPA magazine for more information.

by Leonie Adeane

International Police Association

ipa

New Zealand Section

PHOTO GALLERY IRELAND

I.E.C. CONFERENCE 2005



Steve Pierce *Superintendent Australia* with Gal Sharon *Israel*.



I.E.C. Conference Ireland



Stan Keith, Bruce Hutton and Ron Pilbrough *New Zealand*.



Australia, New Zealand and Ireland representatives



Stan and Merle Keith *New Zealand*.



Ron Pilbrough *NZ* and David Moore *UK* enjoy a beer

International Police Association

ipa

New Zealand Section

International Photography Exhibition 2004-2005

Hosted by the New Zealand Section on behalf of the International Cultural Commission of the International Police Association

Judges:
Cliff Threadgold
Jon Neilson
Craig Simcox

223 entries received
48 selected for exhibition.

Other entries feature throughout this issue



Supreme Winner

Border Guard Charge - by Dr Evan Israel Israel



1st Place

Pushing Jeep from mud - by Gideon Mor Israel



2nd Place

Cooking 30° below - by Seppo Tomputi Finland



3rd Place

Taking a break - by Steen Hansen Denmark



Photo Journalism Award

Joining in - by Fiona Foxall New Zealand



Stan Keith *IPA New Zealand* accepts the Photo Journalism Award for Fiona Foxall

GAVIN BENTON - FROM DOGS TO DAIRY



Gavin Benton on his North Taranaki farm.

Gavin Benton's cows might not provide the same adrenalin rush as catching crooks, but better health and regular hours have reconciled him to the loss.

The former dog-handler quit the force in 1993, after a 17-year career and ten years' nightshift work and danger in the dog section caused him to burn out.

Taking over his parents' 32 hectare North Taranaki farm, Mr Benton went on to share-milk over 300 cows, before focusing on stone-manufacturing.

Although the former sergeant enjoys checking in with his remaining 95 cows and "growing" his new business, he says nothing comes near to his years in dog-handling.

"It took you away from all of the run-of-the-mill police work and [you were] using your own individual skills with your dog to do something that other members couldn't do," he says.

"It was very rewarding when you got success."

Mr Benton joined the dog section in 1981, four years after joining the police.

His background in farming and experience with animals meant he was keen to apply when a dog handling job came up.

"I'd always worked outside, because I'd worked with animals helping my father milk and doing farm work, and when it came to working with a dog I thought 'yeah, that's for me'".

With only three dog-handlers covering all of Taranaki, however, it was tough work.

"We were always at the sharp end of any incident – if there was a nasty incident going, of course the dog patrol was the first to be dispatched," he says.

One such incident almost cost Mr Benton his life.

A 1989 stand-off near New Plymouth saw Mr Benton threatened with a rifle, a baseball bat and a samurai sword, after Mr Benton and his dog tracked two men to a Bell Block flat.

The men had barricaded themselves in after firing shots into an elderly couple's home.

When Mr Benton set his dog onto one of the men, the man's brother came out a side door, pointed a rifle at him and threatened to shoot him if he didn't let the brother go.

"I can still hear this guy saying "He's going to blow you away," and I looked round and saw this gun pointed at us - I can still remember diving behind the car thinking 'Hell, I'm going to get hit with a gun in a minute- I'm going to be shot'.

"I got behind the car and I thought 'gosh, I'm still alive! He didn't shoot" – so yeah, it was a bit dramatic for a while."

Later, when the first man came out again brandishing a samurai sword, it was the dog-handler he was looking for.

"He was really out to get me."

That incident shook things up for the dog sections, says Mr Benton, leading to the creation of more two-dog attack teams.

Taranaki born and bred, Mr Benton spent his entire police career in the province.

Originally a carpenter, he joined the police after being told he should sign up by members who were working for him part-time. He wasn't keen however.

"I said no, no, no - police work's not for me- [but] in the end I liked the amount of shift work and the time off they had to do things, so I joined."

During the seventies a building boom meant Mr Benton was able to combine a lot of building work with policing duties.

"I was in the best of both worlds then – I was still a policeman getting good payments and I was still able to keep handy with my carpentry work.

"I've continued all the way – I just keep building."

When he left the police, Mr Benton intended to use building as a means to supplement his income from the small family farm, but a share-milking opportunity with a neighbouring farm led him to focus on dairy farming for the next six years.

These days the farm is playing second-fiddle to Mr Benton's stone manufacturing business, Village Stone, a business which makes concrete "natural-look" stones for landscaping purposes.

"Dairy farming is now just a hobby," he says.

Although Mr Benton misses the excitement of the old days and is always keen to catch up with former colleagues, he is happy with his lot.

"I wouldn't want to be in the police now, but as I say to a lot of people – I don't regret joining.

"And I don't regret leaving, because I had had enough. I had really good times in the police – really good times."

by Nichola Lobban

CRIMINAL MASTERMIND IN THE MAKING



For Bronwin Boswell, crime-fighting knows no borders. The one-time Victoria Police constable, Masterton Safer Community Council Crime Prevention Coordinator, and current Wellington communications centre dispatcher, is aiming to work against crime on an international level, utilising her soon-to-be-completed Masters in Criminal Intelligence.

Bronwin set about her study in 2002. She was interested in an analyst position at the then-newly set up terrorism unit, but missed out due to a lack of qualifications.

"So, I decided I should go and get some," she says. By the end of next year she will have an impressive list of qualifications – a Bachelor of Arts in Criminology, a Bachelor of Arts with Honours in International Relations, and a Masters in Criminal Intelligence. She is currently completing the last papers for her Honours degree, and her Masters thesis will be finished around June, she says.

Her study has involved studies in criminological theory, international politics, intelligence methodology, terrorism and trans-national organised crime.

Bronwin has done research on building profiles of offenders, groups, and crimes. She also has lot of interest in the international sharing of information on these matters between police and like-organisations, particularly in the Asia Pacific region. "There's such a diverse range of states and expectations in our immediate region and there's quite a way to go in developing systems. Systems that will allow the sharing of information safely between states and ensure that states work together in bringing transnational organized crime groups to justice."

The extensive area of transnational organised crime has been particularly interesting to Bronwin. "It's crime that moves across borders and the groups who do it are very well organised, and the economy that goes with it is probably almost as big as the legitimate economy," she says. "Drug smuggling is the biggest crime with a turnover reputed to be as big as the global oil industry. Or in figures, US$500 billion each year. Arms smuggling follows. But other types of commodities... antiquities, exotic animals and plants, and diamonds reap huge profits for their smugglers," she says. One of the most intriguing and alarming transnational crime industries, Bronwin says, is the smuggling and trafficking of people and body parts. "In Russia there's a hospital that's taken over 2000 eyes for transplant. Patients have been declared brain-dead before they are and their organs removed for sale. The bigger crime human trafficking sees a possible two million women and children moved around the world for the sex trade. These are blatant human rights violations, and abhorrent crimes. I passionately want to be involved in doing something about that."

For Bronwin, studying is just one part of a three-way juggling act, as she continues to fit in full-time work as a dispatcher, and as a mum to two teenagers. "My children get really sick of me studying," she laughs.

Looking ahead, she would like her qualifications to take her into strategic analyst's role at the Office of the Commissioner, much like the one that inspired her to start studying in 2002. Also, Bronwin says now that her children are nearly grown up, she definitely does have some international aspirations for her career. She is interested in working for police – anywhere. "I really want to be able to travel and work," she says. "The ultimate long term goal would be working for Interpol in Paris."

by Leonie Adeane

International Photography Exhibition



Public order training

by Eoin Conway

Ireland

International Photography Exhibition

Expert at work

by Boris NjKolaev

Russia



SHARPSHOOTER AIMS HIGH

Senior Constable Derek 'Diesel' Sarney of Wellington Central Police is a bit of an expert in Firearms.

Last year after gruelling competitions and trials, the senior arms instructor was selected for the New Zealand Army Combat Shooting Team to attend the 2004 United Kingdom's Central Skill at Arms Meeting in Bisley, London.



Senior Constable Derek Sarney at Bisley, UK.

The competition is made up of two sections, one conducted by the Army Rifle Association and one by the National Rifle Association (NRA). Sarney proudly brought home an NRA medal in one of the matches.

Sarney has served with the police for 20 years and with the New Zealand Army for 17 years. Currently Derek is an Infantry Staff Sergeant with a territorial unit, 7 Wellington Hawkes Bay Battalion. He says he decided to try out for the team because it provided a chance to represent New Zealand overseas in something he was passionate about.

"Most of my life has been revolved around fire arms and tactical work - this was the highest mountain left to climb."

The Bisley range is acknowledged by anyone interested in shooting as "the Mecca of international shooting," Sarney says.

"It was an honour to shoot there on ranges used for over a hundred years."

The tournament was held over three weeks during mid-2004 with people from all over the world competing, including teams from United Kingdom, Brunei, Ireland and Canada.

Although it was only the second time New Zealand entered the competition, Sarney says the team performed really well, especially considering the professional nature of the other teams.

"Shooters within the British team have competed in the Olympics," Sarney says.

While in Britain he and the 10 man New Zealand team stayed at Brunswick military camp, a 40 minute train ride from central London. The camp has various shooting ranges, including electronic ranges, which were used in the competition.

The competition consisted of 21 matches, with a focus on all elements of combat shooting. There were both individual and team matches, which incorporated runs and assault courses.

This year Sarney was again selected to compete in the New Zealand Army Combat Shooting Team. The team will travel to the Australian Army Skill at Arms meeting, to be held at Singleton range complex in Sydney in November.

The modest Sarney says one of his main motivations this time round is to give his 3-year-old daughter Bella "something to be proud of."

by Kate Wright

PITCAIRN, A UNIQUE OPERATION

Senior Constable Karen Vaughan never expected her job would take her to remote islands in the Pacific or put her in front of international media organisations. But in fact her role as a specialist child evidential interviewer puts her in front of tricky situations on a daily basis. So it was not unusual when, in March 2000 Mrs Vaughn was asked to fly to Auckland and interview a 14-year-old girl in relation to abuse allegations. However, this young girl's interview was just the beginning of a full investigation into abuse on the small British colony, Pitcairn Island. The ensuing investigations have tied Mrs Vaughn to the island since 2000.

Pitcairn Island was made famous in the movie 'Mutiny on the Bounty'. In the true life story a rebellion was lead by Fletcher Christian who established a colony on Pitcairn with other mutineers and Polynesians. Mrs Vaughn says there are only about 50 people living on the island who mostly originate from four families - the Young's, the Brown's, the Christian's and the Warren's. "It is a very rugged and isolated island," she says.

Pitcairn is a British protectorate, administered from Auckland and supervised by British High Commissioner Richard Fell. When Pitcairn Island's Public Prosecutor Simon Moore contacted the Wellington Child Abuse Team (CAT) looking for a specialist child abuse interviewer, Mrs Vaughn was nominated. By mid-2000 she was the officer in charge of victims and witnesses for Operation Unique. In August she was appointed Pitcairn Island Constable. "I became the liaison person between the Kent Police and the many other agencies involved."

Her role took her all over the Pacific and the UK to interview complainants and offenders, and to liaise with Kent police. But getting to Pitcairn proved the most difficult. Due to its remote location her first trip to Pitcairn was by container ship, an eight day voyage from Auckland. "The container ship was a massive 200 metres in length and was very comfortable," she says. But there was no down-time onboard as the eight-day return voyage was spent drafting around 120 indictments and the complete summary of facts.

When the shipping company withdrew its line in 2002, travel got a whole lot more complicated. Mrs Vaughn now flies from Auckland to Papeëtë, Tahiti where she stays three nights, then a flight to French Polynesia before a further three day voyage by charter ship to Pitcairn. "I have been at sea on the chartered ship in 9 metre waves, but I didn't see them due to being confined to my bunk with extreme sea sickness." Mrs Vaughn has now visited Pitcairn six times. The job has taken her away from her family and three school aged children for approximately 160 days so far.

Despite the grim nature of the investigations, she says the majority of the islanders are very hospitable and eager to move on with their lives. "The majority of the Pitcairn population acknowledges there was a culture of abuse on the island and are keen to make changes," she says. The trials attracted significant international media attention. The island's remote location meant she spent a lot of time liaising with various media outlets appearing on *Holmes* in NZ, and Channel 9's *A Current Affair* in Australia.

The investigations became increasingly time-consuming; however, as Mrs Vaughn continued to maintain her full time job as an investigator and child interviewer at the Wellington CAT. Then in 2003 she was seconded to the British Government to oversee the trials from New Zealand. "I know more about British law than I do about New Zealand law at the moment," she laughs.

A total of 16 men have been charged with sexual offences under British Law in Pitcairn. In September and October 2004 seven men appeared on sexual abuse charges at the island's court. Four were found guilty, two received community service sentences and the other was acquitted. However, a legal argument now rages as to whether the island and its people are actually subject to British law. While this persists the guilty men remain free. The London Privy Council will hear the appeal in early 2006. On October 31 Mrs Vaughn will return to Auckland for another Pitcairn trial, and another four will follow in early 2006. They will be held at the specially established Pitcairn Supreme Court in Papakura.

by Alice Tegg

CRIMINOLOGIST TO COP

The theories of criminology mixed with the skills of policing have given detective constable Christiaan Barnard an edge in his career. As a university criminology tutor, his skills from the police give him a practical, inside knowledge, while theories learnt in criminology studies help him when dealing with offenders in his day to day job as a detective constable.

At the youthful age of 14, Christiaan had already decided that he wanted to be a police constable, after hearing a police youth education officer speak at his school. "I kept that as a goal," he says. But first he wanted to fulfill another goal - the desire to go to university.

Immediately after high school, Christiaan enrolled at Victoria University of Wellington, where he studied criminology through to honours level.

He now tutors second-year Victoria University criminology students on a paper in police culture and police accountability, and has also delivered criminology lectures.

"I guess I'm not that worldly," he says of his transition from the institution of school, straight into university and then into the police force. But the practical realities of being a police constable have added to his abilities as a tutor. Christiaan says there is "often a criticism of the academic community (that they) don't have first-hand experience" of things they are lecturing on. But unlike some academics, "I've spent some time at the coalface," he says. The side of things he has seen in the police force can help give his students a realistic angle on what they are studying. "I think they do benefit," he says. "I can see through the bollocks...about certain issues," he says, which means he can pull them up if they are not being very fair or balanced. "I try to make them more critical in their thinking." He doesn't tell his students that he is a cop, but "they tend to figure it out", he says. He says the response of the students when they discover his other job is often mainly: "geez man, how can you do it, where do you find the time?" he says.

Christiaan is now studying again himself, this time to become a detective. He has about one more year to go until he becomes qualified.

by Leonie Adeane

International Photography Exhibition



Who's next

by Stuart Wilton

New Zealand

International Photography Exhibition

Stop, armed police

by Stuart Wilton

New Zealand



ON THE BEAT WITH GROUP TWO

My knowledge of policing based on Aussie cop soap *Blue Heelers*, I feel both excited and nervous when the chance comes to join the boys in blue on a Friday night at Wellington Central Police Station.

My patrol hosts, Sam, a new recruit, and Blair, a more seasoned officer, are hastily eating dinner, conscious they could be called out to anything at any time.

Friday nights often mean domestic incidents, they say, and the bad weather has them anticipating road accidents. They plan to follow up an arrest made the previous night but, as theirs is the only incident car, they will need to respond to any call-out as a priority.

I go to sit in the vehicle's back left-hand seat, but Sam says it is "the bad boy's seat". I "wouldn't want to know some of the things that have been on it".

As soon we leave the station we get a call about a possible burglary in Karori, a man having been spotted in a house.

The siren goes on, the speed intensifies. We run two red lights and take two wrong turns. Abruptly we are in a quiet back street of affluent Karori where we meet up with the complainant, who is standing outside.

He tells us that while driving home he had received a call from a man saying, "I'm in your house."

He had dialled 111, but the operator told him it was hard to believe, and to go home and call back with more information.

"The lights are on in my house and people are in there," he later told the operator, then waited outside until we arrived.

Donning my glow jacket marked POLICE I feel official yet fraudulent, eager yet apprehensive.

Entering the house we see a woman and four males ranging from late teens to late forties. The television is on, pizza is cooking, there are bottles of soft drink on the kitchen bench and the place smells of fresh cigarette smoke.

A middle aged man tells us he bought the house six weeks ago and had taken possession this day. He says he had called the police earlier and told them he was going to break in, before smashing an upstairs window.

Both he and the complainant say they are the legal owners of the property. Neither have any paperwork to prove their claim. Neither are prepared to leave.

The complainant is distraught and crying. He says he has lived in the property for 26 years. His problems had started eight years earlier when his marriage broke up.

He says he is well-educated but long term unemployed. He has been battling the sale of the house for a number of years, representing himself legally. As testimony to this, he points out the piles of papers that punctuate the rooms. Having recently been made bankrupt, he tells us, he had discovered just that morning that bankruptcy meant he could no longer represent himself in court.

Describing himself as "haemorrhaging inside", he keeps questioning how this could happen in New Zealand.

Disturbed by the broken window and by mail opened in his absence, he tries calling people to verify his ownership of the property. However, it is now 7.30pm and he only has office numbers.

The differing accounts of the story are confusing. Who do you believe when neither party can prove anything? Do the police feel sick inside to see so much heartache? How do the police remain impartial?

In our course we are warned about the tendency to believe the person whose story you hear first, yet I find myself doing just that.

My patrol hosts call the station sergeant for consultation, dubbing the situation "a nightmare". Someone phones the new occupant's lawyer, who confirms the transfer of the property rights earlier that day.

There is still no paperwork.

At one stage the complainant refers to me as "a lady police officer" and, as an outsider, I feel embarrassed. I do not want to reveal I am merely a journalism student.

Later, as I stand stiffly, mimicking Sam's body language, I am dismayed to be asked: "Are you a police officer too" by one of the new owner's friends.

I look at Sam, who remains silent, then I say in my most firm ex-school teacher voice: "I'm with the police tonight."

"So you're not a police officer?" he checks.

"I'm observing," I say, cover blown.

Then the sergeant arrives, gestures towards me, and asks Blair, "Who's the girl in the glow jacket?" My stint as a "lady police officer" is over.

Meanwhile neighbours descend on the doorstep and one comes inside. She refuses to leave when asked by police and tells them to arrest her.

Middle class melodramatics, from my perspective. Although it is not obvious which man is in the right, it is obvious tying up police time with needless arrests is not going to help anyone.

The sergeant sifts through paperwork, trying to determine who should actually be staying in the property tonight. He decides the situation might take a nasty turn and I will be safer in the car, where I spend the next two hours.

Sam comes out intermittently to update me and send away the TVNZ reporter who had received a phone call about an eviction. Neighbours come and go, as does one party's lawyer.

Close to midnight, the occupants leave the property, signalling some sort of temporary resolution.

Blair talks of police dislike of dealing with civil matters. He says this is not a police matter, but acknowledges there is no other agency that can intervene in such a situation.

I am left impressed with my patrol hosts' impartiality and level-headedness in dealing with a complicated incident.

With feelings of bewilderment, gratitude and respect, I take my glow jacket off to the men and women in blue. But I am in no doubt that journalism is the right career for me.

by Jennifer Colwill

International Photography Exhibition

Preparing for action

by Meir Vaanuno

Israel



Val Redshaw... TOO BUSY TO RETIRE

Val Redshaw thinks she might have another crack at retiring when she's 80 but in the meantime, this indefatigable policewoman, teacher, trainer, Justice of the Peace, writer and grandmother of seven doesn't turn down a challenge.

She talks passionately about her recently-finished book on the history of women in the New Zealand police force. Representing 14 years of interviewing and writing, fitted in around full-time work, it was to have been her retirement project.

"It's a fascinating story and the interviews were an emotional experience, as the women had to be persuaded to talk about some of the bad things that had happened to them and the resistance they had met in the police force," she says.

Her story starts with the policemen's wives in the goldfields, who were employed to search female prisoners and do domestic chores. It moves on to the highly-respected 'matrons' of the 1890s who had quasi-police jobs such as caring for prisoners and investigating complaints of cruelty against children. It was not until 1941 that the first 10 policewomen were accepted for training in New Zealand.

Ms Redshaw says even then, people did not see a role for women in the police force, apart from care-giving, and women tended to be sidelined into typing and clerical duties - a situation which persisted until very recently.

"Into the 1980s, women were not recruited into the police force if they were married or had children and it is only in the last five to seven years that there has been a huge improvement in attitudes towards policewomen. That's why I couldn't stop the story in 2001 – by taking it up to the present, it ends on a happy note."

She says the book, which will be published next year, is a tribute to the persistence of the pioneer policewomen and includes chapters on police wives and non-sworn female staff, as their contribution "can't be left out".

British-born Ms Redshaw joined the police in London after a short-lived teaching career.

"I loved it and couldn't bear to have a day off in case I missed anything. I was able to get through the ranks by doing exams and, after five years, had the opportunity to come to New Zealand to do an undercover job," she says.

With time on her hands, she did New Zealand police training - the only woman at the police college at the time – and worked in Auckland before going back to Britain.

However, when she returned to live in rural New Zealand with her Kiwi husband, she was unable to return to the force because of her marital status. Her life took another turn and, in between having her six children, she returned to teaching - enjoying it this time.

With permanent teaching jobs in Tauranga hard to find, she accepted a lectureship in education at Massey University in Palmerston North. Here she was brought back into contact with the police when a visiting American police officer, brought in to develop a diploma in police studies, suggested she do the diploma.

By 1990, she was training police recruits herself and moved to police national headquarters, where she managed the police training and development curriculum. With little opportunity for upward mobility in the police force, she applied for a secondment to New Zealand Customs Service, where she had overall responsibility for strategic development.

"I absolutely loved it and could actually make things happen – it also gave me a good knowledge of the regulatory control area."

Barely two weeks after retiring from Customs, she went to East Timor to develop a strategic plan for the Timorese Border Service, in cooperation with New Zealand Foreign Affairs and the United Nations.

Although conditions were rough, Ms Redshaw says she didn't think much about the dangers of the job until she was awarded the East Timor Medal and the Operational Services Medal on her return to New Zealand.

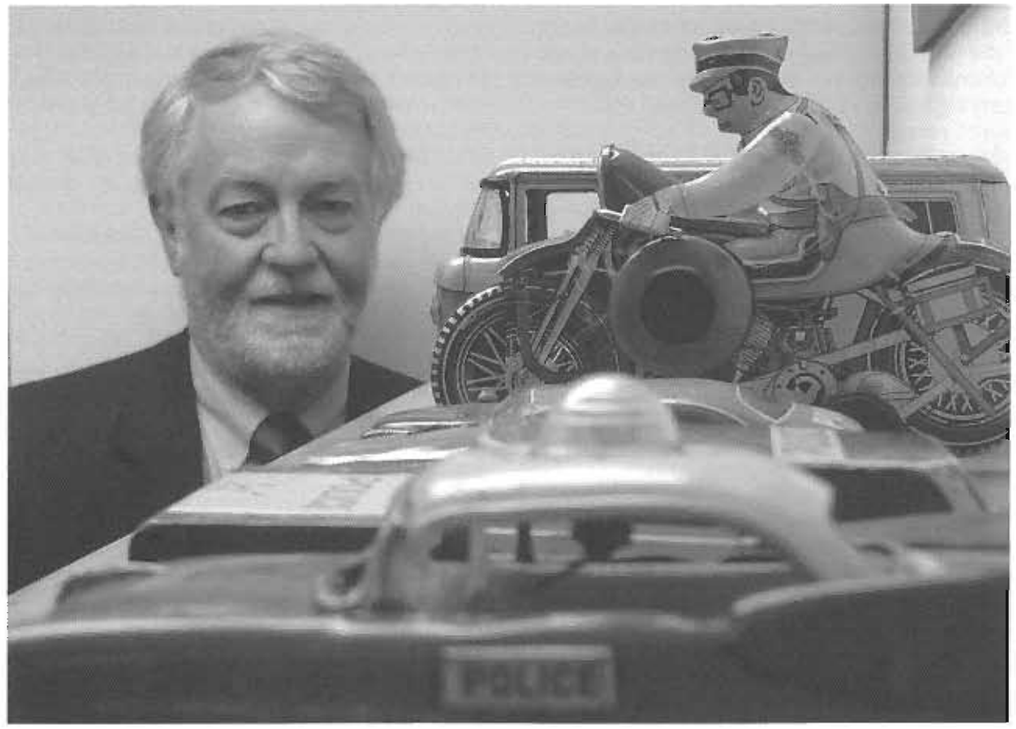
In her current job as national education officer for New Zealand's Justices of the Peace, she is responsible for delivering training programmes, producing educational material and keeping abreast of legislative changes. Having been a JP herself for over 30 years, she still witnesses documents, provides JP services for the district court and participates in the electoral process.

Ms Redshaw is on the board of the Open Polytechnic and the committee of the police museum, is a member of the IPA, which she joined in Britain in 1961, and helps fundraise for Wellington's Downtown Community Ministry.

So, what does she do in her spare time? She says her grandchildren keep her busy and that writing, collecting rare books, painting, embroidery ("although I've got a heap of unfinished symphonies and daren't start anything new") and gardening ("I love my garden, but I weed with Roundup") fill in the gaps.

by Helene Garland

TREVOR'S TREMENDOUS TIN TOY COLLECTION



Trevor Morley and some of of his tin toys and memorabilia.

Former member Trevor Morley left the police in 1977, but has maintained an ongoing interest in police memorabilia, which he began collecting in 1961.

He has hundreds of police-themed tinplate toys, including police trucks, cars and vans, dating from 1928.

He also has over one thousand police related postcards.

"I started to collect police shoulder patches, helmet and cap badges, and amassed quite a collection," he says.

He got items from out-of-the-way locations including Papua New Guinea and Leichenenstein.

When he left the police his interest waned and he began collecting old bottles and enamel advertising signs.

The signs have been hired to film companies from time to time. Some were used in "Bad Blood", the story of a West Coast farmer who shot and killed seven men, including four police officers in 1941.

Mr Morley's interest in tin toys happened by chance when a fellow collector visited him in the early 1980s and showed an interest in an "Amber Tips Tea" sign.

"It was marked with the NZ manufacturer's name, so it was a bit unusual and, I thought, worth a bit of money. He asked me if I was interested in disposing of it."

Mr Morley says he thought the collector was going to offer him cash. Instead he was offered a tinplate, clockwork, wind-up Police van made by "Wells o' London", a UK tinplate toy maker of the early 1900s.

"He offered to do a straight swap, toy-for-sign. I thought I was getting the best deal ... he clearly thought the opposite."

Mr Morley still has the toy and has dated it to the mid 1930s.

He says while he does not really have a favourite item, this is one of his nicest pieces.

He then started focusing on collecting old tinplate toys and today the collection is displayed in his home and office.

The items vary in size, with the smallest car being just 55mm, and the longest, an American pressed-steel patrol van, measuring over 50cm.

Tinplate is no longer used as a manufacturing medium which means every "new" item is actually second-hand.

Mr Morley periodically adds to his collection, using internet and local auctions to source items, but says prices can be prohibitive.

Friends and colleagues also provide tips on where to find interesting "stuff".

by Jennifer Colwill

ALAN SAMSON REMINISCES

Former Dominion Post journalist and police cadet recalls the 25 year reunion of the Phonse Quin Cadet Wing

The goose tasted awful. It probably had something to do with the fact that it had been taken unwillingly from somewhere in Whiteman's Valley, plucked awkwardly in the bath and overcooked on an open room fire.

The 25-year reunion of the Phonse Quin cadet wing was awash with such stories, though most should not be repeated. It is the stories, however, that give a clue as to why a 19-month course in relatively harsh conditions is remembered with abundant affection.

When Levin Inspector Tony Letica refers to the Trentham camp's "fairly hostile" and "primitive" conditions, he's not far from the mark... especially when compared with today's Ritz-like extravaganza at Porirua.

The Main Road camp was a collection of cold pre-fab units sandwiched between New Zealand army quarters and accommodation for Post Office trainees and apprentices. Cubicle walls were paper-thin and the accommodation could be deathly cold in winter.

It had a gymnasium, a grey parade ground, stark pre-fab classes and a horrible cafeteria that was shared with the apprenticed. And little else.

The quality of the cafeteria food was so bad it once sparked a revolt, with cadets naively organising a boycott. The instructors responded with a fierceness that shocked everyone, even threatening prosecution. Policemen did not take industrial action.

The cadets lived in cubicle which had to be kept tidy to armed forces standards. A canvas linen bag had to be rolled just so and the bed's sheet turn-down precisely measured. Nothing else was to show.

Cadets were expected to shower at 6.30am, then, after breakfast, tidy and dust for an 8am inspection. If a finger flick discovered dust anywhere, look out.

Trouser creases had to be razor sharp and shoes, advisedly, spit-polished.

Before classes started at 9am there would be a period of marching. And the classes – concentrated instruction in law, practise and education subjects -- continued till 5pm.

After dinner, there were frequently evening classes. The work continued on Saturday mornings, but Sundays were free.

The main punishment for failings or misdemeanours was an early morning run uphill to a nearby water tower, which caused havoc with morning parade preparations. Rare late or overnight leaves could also be cancelled.

So why the affection? Nineteen months was a long time to be cloistered together – many didn't last the distance, but those who did earned a camaraderie of startling endurance.

It is easy to over-emphasise the hard part. The cadets also learned about unarmed combat, search and rescue, firearms and other related skills. They immersed themselves in sport, made their own entertainment and confronted shared problems with humour and ingenuity. The old trick of pillow under the bed covers to cover the fact that you were at a party in town occasionally worked.

The cadets studied together, worked together and played together; and forged a camaraderie that may yet see a 50th anniversary.

Alf Smith, who left relatively soon after graduation to join a commercial cleaning operation says: "I learned how to handle people, the confidence to go up to any managing director and speak as an equal. No regrets. It makes a better person of you." After two nights of good-natured banter, that made the 25-years drop away as if they had never been, who would argue?

by Alan Samson

MEN'S IPA KILT FOR SALE

The I.P.A New Zealand tartan was designed and created by the Lothian and Borders branch of the IPA. The colours were selected as close as possible to the IPA badge and is registered with the Scottish Tartan World Register no STW2824.

The kilt has never been worn and it is un-hemmed. It would fit a waist approximately 36-40 inches which is of course, adjustable.

It was made in Edinburgh by Geoffrey Kilt Makers of heavy wool and it cost over $900.

It is for reluctant sale for $750. If you are interested please phone Bob Oliver on (03) 360 3530.

International Police Association
ipa
New Zealand Section

40th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

In March/April 2006 the New Zealand Section will be celebrating their 40th

Anniversary.

Rather than have one major function for the whole of New Zealand it was decided that each region would be organising activities for their own members. In conjunction the International Cultural Commission will be holding their meeting in New Zealand and will tour through New Zealand, visiting each of the regions and take part in the respective celebrations.

Regions are now finalising their celebrations and for further information contact the local secretaries for what is going to be on in your region.

SAY WHAT?

Compiled by Bruce MacKay

258 (memo to sergeant) regarding a traffic accident

"After a public complaint of a vehicle verses pedestrian"

Possibly the pedestrian was a poet

258 regarding harassment:

"...a lot of the content of this statement is heresy"

Is God aware of this?

Information (Official court document to be read at hearing)

"Behaved in a disoderly manner"

Oh, so he was too clean to be on the street then?

258 regarding sudden death

"Police retained the clothing at the request of the pathologist; Jane Smith has been exhibited and placed in the property office"

But we let her go after a short while because she had to perform an autopsy

Report to CYFS (NZ youth services) regarding wayward child

"...she was living in ruff conditions."

What did the dogs think about her living in their kennel?

Wanted to locate reference regarding a 2M boy (2M is missing person)

"It is thought he may steel a car..."

Does that mean he will take a wooden one and turn it into metal?

Charge wording on a driving caption/summary (court information to be read at hearing)

"Drover a vehicle in a dangerous manner"

That's what happens when you put sheep behind the wheel.

Charge wording on a shoplifting caption/summary

"He was in the wine isle..."

What? Are they dedicating entire islands to that stuff now?

Job sheet (Record of notes by a member of police regarding actions taken and information received)

"I received Simonsen from the arresting office.

Imagine Simonsen's surprise when an entire room pulled up to his house!

Reparation wording on a caption/summary of facts

"Repartition is sought...."

Well why did you pull the partition down in the first place?

Wording on a driving Caption/summary of facts

"The right front guard and bumper struck a concrete lamp post and rubbish bin on Manners Street. The left front guard hit another tree"

The rest of the car was off in another street hitting other innocent objects

258

"Please see attached letter re the trail for Mitchell"

Mr Mitchell has his own personal footpath?

File cover sheet text

"Vehicle found in unsued garage"

Once it has been through the courts that garage will think twice about harbouring stolen cars

258

"The driver had been distracted at the time due to an argument he was having with his female passenger and partially demisted windscreen"

Those windscreens - always up for a good verbal confrontation.

Job sheet

"...she requested that that complaint now be auctioned"

People are paying high prices for complaints these days

Statement

"I walked over to one of my contractors van to speak with him"

And do you know...that rude van just wouldn't say a word!

Wording on a driving caption/summary of facts

"The engine was left running and both driver and passenger were left open"

How irresponsible. Anyone could have walked inside and stolen a vital organ.

258

"...was seen leaving the bar in muffy clothes"

Lucky bugger!

258

"...at this pint of time we do not have enough evidence"

If we had only been given a litre of time. We'd have had him cold.

258

"This 258 relates to a compliant taken over the counter"

Compliants are easy. You want to try getting a non-compliant over the counter

Wording on a caption/summary

"the empty canister was disregarded in front of the yard."

We stood in front of the yard and ignored that canister!

International Police Association
ipa
New Zealand Section

MEDIA TEAM



Constable Jillian Reid, with ten years police service is the new magazine editor for IPA New Zealand. With one issue already under her belt, she will continue to collect stories for publishing throughout the entire year.

Jillian earned a BA in Education and Media Studies last year and has just completed a post graduate journalism diploma course. With this knowledge and the help of the Massey University student peers, has managed to get together some fun and interesting stories for this issue and the next.

Jillian will continue to work with the Massey Wellington staff and students during their diploma year to help with the magazine content.



Constable Pete Theobald , currently at Wellington Central Police Station attached to Group Four. As an analyst programmer before joining the police, Pete is the right choice for the job as IPA New Zealand's new Web Master.

Pete was prevously a paramedic with the Wellington Free Ambulance, and still gives up his time as a fire-fighter for with the Tawa Volunteer Fire Brigade.

So with his vast knowledge of emergency services and his computer prowess, he will be able to make the website an interesting and informative tool. Currently under development the new website will be up and running next year.

Can any New Zealand members help these fellow IPA members ?

HOBBIES COLLECTORS

Wanting to trade shoulder patches and badges and parts of uniform with a Belgian police officer?
Contact Julien: police.soignies@skynet.be

What about a swap with an Italian Officer?
Contact Diego: ipapatchcollector.italy@gmail.com

Also looking for badges and patches and other tidbits is Richard from the Netherlands:
Contact Richard: edith.g@home.nl

PEN FRIENDS REQUIRED

Thorben Jeddeloh is a 17-year-old student who is interested in playing PC games is keen on politics, mathematics and physics. Thorben's dad is in the IPA in Germany.

Write to:
Thorben Jeddeloh
Hinterm Rhaden 1a
26188 Edewecht
Germany
494405/5530

Current IPA member and police officer in Paris, Olivier would like a pen pal too. He deals in serious crimes investigating homicides and rapes. He would like to share experiences with someone in New Zealand.

Write to:
Lt Olivier Moalic
French National Police
olivier.moalic@interieur.gouv.fr

Markus Pronegg, a 33 year-old from Austria would like to make contact with police officers who want to share experiences. Currently a member of the Austrian Highway Police, his aims are to improve his English and learn some everyday things about other countries. His mother tongue is German.

Write to:
markus.pronegg@aon.at

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BOOK REVIEW

MORE THAN LAW AND ORDER: POLICING A CHANGING SOCIETY, 1945-92,

By Susan Butterworth, 2005. Dunedin: University of Otago Press. NZ$49.95

What a half-century for the police it's been!

The waterfront dispute, Tangiwai, the Bassett Road machine-gun murders, the Wahine disaster, Mr Asia, Erebus, the Trades Hall bombing, Bastion Point, the Vietnam War protests, the Crewe murders, the Springbok tour, the Rainbow Warrior sinking, Aramoana ...

Covering years we, and/or our parents, know well, the content of *More than Law and Order*, the fifth book in the epic History of Policing in New Zealand series, makes it inevitable this book will attract more attention than the earlier volumes.

After all, the many iconic events within the 1945-1992 timeframe not only serve as backdrop to the formation of the police we know today, but have also helped shape our perceptions of what it is to be a New Zealander.

This book contains much to delight, including a wonderful reproduction of a 1948 verse by the late, great Allen Curnow mocking a requirement that a policeman wanting to marry must first get permission. It includes: *"... a Memo came down from Above, forbidding the Union of Her and Me; But our Love it was stronger than Regulation Seventeen, Paragraph (c)."*

More importantly, the book canvasses virtually all the important policing developments of the period, from the acceptance of women to the introduction of Armed Offenders' squads, from the setting up of a Police Complaints Authority to the emergence of today's sophisticated forensic technologies.

Having said that, regretfully, *More than Law and Order* may not be as satisfying as its predecessor volumes. This is because, while the earlier books provided an encyclopaedic coverage of the personalities, events and famous crimes of their times, this one has taken a thematic approach.

Butterworth justifies this by arguing that the pace of events and changes in this period were simply too great, adding that personalities and events are now amply covered in district histories.

More than Law and Order does cover some big events well, notably the Arthur Allan Thomas case and the Springbok tour – events that she judges to have had an impact upon the police as a whole. But, when other big occasions are ignored, this approach – as well as introducing inconsistency into the series - only serves to whet the appetite.

The very good recap of Arthur Allan Thomas, aided by access to files not available to other writers, brings the conclusion: "It is by no means certain that the Crewe investigation, a very difficult one, was inept or negligent by the standards of the time ... forensic science, too, has since progressed enormously."

Equally interestingly, Butterworth observes: "The Crewe case undoubtedly revealed that the police had a poor grasp of public relations. It has never consistently promoted itself to the public as an open, law-abiding organisation, a servant of the law rather than an enforcer of the wishes of the government.

"A very high price continues to be paid for this neglect."

On these and other matters, Butterworth has done a good job. But how much better her story if she had also pursued, to mention but a few, the subterfuge or not of William Sutch, or the quagmire surrounding the investigation into convicted paedophile Peter Ellis.

Given the impressive scope of this book, however – it covers a wealth of material, big and small, including the bugging scandal of the 1950s, six o'clock closing, the dropping from the police title of "force", the PERF early retirement scheme, and the introduction of mandatory fitness – it would be unfair to be too critical.

The book is nearly 300 pages long. If it had attempted to cover everything, it might have reached 3000!

Reviewed by Massey University Journalism Lecturer (and former Police Cadet!), Alan Samson.

NOTE FROM EDITOR

If you wish to become a contributor or submit articles or photos for the magazine, please forward to me via my police email Jillian.Reid@police.govt.nz prior to the deadline.

Photos please in tif or jpeg format and articles as word document sent as an attachment - not embedded in an email.

If you just have small advertising or short articles (less than 200 words) they can be mailed to me at PO Box 9083 Marion Square Wellington

Deadline for next years May issue is: 21 April 2006

BE ADVENTUROUS WITH WINE

Wine is so much a part of our lives now that it is very much taken for granted and most people buy their wine from the Supermarket with the grocery shopping. Not only is wine itself a living thing, but the wine industry all over the world is also evolving and changing to meet customers' tastes and needs.

We are all familiar with New Zealand Cabernet Sauvignon\ Merlot blends and Aussie Shiraz, but have you tried a Pinot Noir lately? If you haven't buy yourself a bottle to try. There are quite a few now available in the under $20 price range and they are soundly made and very pleasant drinking. Try Mudhouse 2004 Marlborough vineyard selection ($15) or Mt Riley at a few dollars more. Pinot Noir tends to be more fruity with softer tannins than the Cab/Sav-Merlot blends. Of course, spend a little more and you could enjoy the elegance of Martinborough or Central Otago Pinots. Akarua is beautiful drinking and not overly expensive.

The Italian reds offer a quite a different taste sensation and I would recommend you to try a Chianti Reserva to start with. These are soft mouth-filling red wines not overly astringent and are a perfect match for pasta dishes or to wash down a pizza. Chianti is a blended wine with Sangiovese the predominant variety. Other interesting Italian reds to try are Negromaro, a dark-skinned grape from the Southern Italy region which has a gutsy assertive flavour. The very name means "Black, bitter" and it finishes with a characteristic bitterness that is quite appropriate with rich Italian meat and cheese dishes. Primitivo is another robust wine from Southern Italy, and DNA testing has shown it to be identical with the Zinfandel of California. These wines tend to have a strong blackberry flavour and the sort of wine that matches well with hearty beef dishes.

The best of Italian red wine is usually made from Nebbiolo, a grape native to the Piedmont region. It is this wine which is the basis of the great Barolo and Barbaresco wines and these are not for the faint-hearted. They need years of bottle age to reach their maximum aromatic complexity and fullness of flavour and also to enable the substantial tannins and high acidity to mellow into drinkability. But for the patient the wait is well rewarded, for these are wines that I would crawl over broken glass to drink.

ACE TASTES SOME NICE REDS...

Don't pass up the opportunity to try Spanish reds, especially those from the Rioja region. These wines are usually a blend of several varieties, with Temperanillo usually predominant, and with Garnacha (Grenache), Carignan and Graciano added to contribute to the aroma and structure of the wine. Spanish wines sold here nearly always have several years of bottle age and are ready to drink at the time of purchase. Another Spanish wine that is worth seeking out for a real taste treat is Priorat, an inky black alcoholic monster from the mountainous region of Catalonia. This wine is required to have a minimum of 13.5% alcohol to be sold under the Priorat label and they are often up to 15% alcohol. Intense flavour from low-cropping vines that are hand harvested results in a wine that just keeps on and on after you have swallowed a mouthful. Scala Dei Priorat is available in New Zealand and at under $20 a bottle it is a red wine experience that I would strongly recommend.

Another red wine that is freely available now in New Zealand Supermarkets is Argentinian Malbec. This is great value for money and a change from the usual Bordeaux blends. Argentina is free from the Phylloxera virus and these grapes seem to reach an intensity of flavour that is not achievable in Bordeaux where the grape originated. Try Etchart, Trapiche or Lurton, the latter made by the travelling French winemaker Jacques Lurton who with his brother Francois runs a big co-operative winery in Argentina.

Some years ago, the ex-All Black Andy Haden introduced the tannat grape to New Zealand, but I have heard no word of any development of this variety in any New Zealand Vineyard. Recently, however, I had the opportunity to taste a Chateau Montus from the Madiran appelation of South West France. This is a wine made up mostly of Tannat with added Cabernet Sauvignon and Cabernet Franc, and was a unique experience. It was a big round mouth filling wine backed by soft fine grained tannins, and a lingering finish that went on and on and could still be tasted two minutes afterwards. At $40 this wine is not cheap, but it is certainly a wine that would be difficult to forget.

by Ace O'Hara

NOTE FROM WEBMASTER

If you have any ideas about what should be included on the new web site, then please share them. You can contact me either via my police email:

Peter.Theobald@police.govt.nz
or
Pete Theobald
PO Box 51266
Tawa, Wellington

or
G.D.B
c/Wellington Central Police Station

Deadline for brainstorming and idea sharing is: 31 January 2006

International Police Association

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as of 27th October 2005

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