

12 midday Constable Kemp said, "You did not get the baton for me." I said, "I will get it for you when I come off duty." He said, "You can stick it up your ass." Burrell was in the passage at the time. On several occasions I spoke to Durbridge for using obscene language in the mess-room within the hearing of my wife. The rest made use of bad language, but Durbridge is the worst. We have been unable to use the sitting-room for a long time. On the 16th October Durbridge kicked the wall of this room and knocked a vase off the mantelpiece; this was at 8 a.m. Prisoner Walker, who was on bail and a lodger, was singing a song entitled "Just as the sun went down." I was on night duty at the time.

J. S. WILLIAMS, Constable 754.

The Inspector of Police.

Police-station, Nelson, 15th July, 1901.

REPORT of Constable J. S. WILLIAMS *re* grievance:—

I respectfully report that when I accepted to be transferred from Wellington to Nelson I understood from Sub-Inspector Mitchell that I was to proceed to Nelson to take up the duties of Constable Bird, who was appointed Gaoler. Constable Bird was doing plain-clothes duty at the time, but since my arrival in Nelson I have never been offered plain-clothes duty.

Constable Burrell, No. 912, who was transferred from Dunedin to take up the duties of Constable Cullimore is doing the plain clothes-duty, and, as Constable Burrell is over three years my junior, I feel that I have been unfairly treated.

J. S. WILLIAMS, Constable No. 754.

Sergeant Mackay, in charge of Police-station, Nelson.

Since I gave the sergeant a copy of this report I have done five or 'six weeks' plain-clothes duty.

Police Gaol, Nelson, 16th February, 1902.

WITH reference to the present state of affairs in the Police Force stationed in the City of Nelson, I beg respectfully to state that I consider there is too much partiality and favouritism as between Sergeant Mackay and the single constables stationed in Nelson. For instance, if there is any important inquiries to be made, or any cases on hand, they are placed in the hands of the younger members of the Force here, and none of the other constables are supposed to know anything about them; generally Constable Kemp or Constable Burrell, or sometimes both, are set to do the work, and other constables who have had more experience are ignored.

I consider also the sergeant is too familiar with the single men, and makes himself too cheap to them, calling one Tom, another Fred, and the other Arthur when he speaks to them. Frequently he is in their bedroom with them, or in the kitchen, laughing, joking, or sky-larking with them, and in the daytime, when the men should be out on their beats, he lets them remain in the station, prepare and stay in to all their meals, sit and read the newspapers, smoke and loaf about, and instead of them being out on their beats they not infrequently put in more than half their time at the station. When they are supposed to be out on their beats they seldom or ever walk the beat, but put in the time gossiping, or away at some other part of the town. On a recent Saturday night I was on duty with Constable Burrell. There was a crowd of people about, as there usually is on a Saturday night. I was in Bridge Street and Constable Burrell in Trafalgar Street. Instead of walking along the footpath and keeping the traffic clear, Constable Burrell kept standing in the middle of the street, first at one crossing and then the other, at the intersections of Bridge and Hardy Streets. Sergeant Mackay walked around the block twice to my knowledge, and must have seen Constable Burrell standing in the middle of the street gossiping each time, but said nothing to him. Had it been myself I have no doubt he would have cautioned me.

I have on more than one occasion, but not recently, felt it my duty to inform the sergeant of how the men were neglecting their duty by leaving their beats, and of the complaints I had frequently heard of the street-corners and footpaths not being kept clear by the police; but, as the sergeant took no notice, I thought it of no use to tell him, more especially as I would only be making enemies of the men if they heard I was telling the sergeant of these things. This state of affairs has only obtained during the last twelve months or so, prior to which time the sergeant used to frequently visit the beats both by night and by day, and saw that things were kept fairly straight.

Another thing I have to complain of is that the statutes are all kept in the sergeant's office, so that the constables have not the access to them. When I complained to the sergeant about this some time ago he told me I would have to buy copies for my own use, as he did not like every one fingering his statutes about. The result is that I have not seen any of the statutes of the last three years.

The facts as above stated are all strictly true, and I am prepared to swear to any of them, if necessary. I could tell of many other things that have happened here during three years, but I refrain from doing so at the present, as I feel I have said enough already.

JOHN BIRD, Constable No. 357.

Inspector Macdonell, in charge Nelson and Westland District.

CONSTABLE DURBRIDGE.

Charge No. 1.—Improper conduct as a police-constable, in going with a number of other men to the Bush Tavern, Nelson, after closing-hours (about 11.40 p.m.) one Saturday about the end of last football season, and demanding and obtaining drink from the licensee for himself and companions.

Finding.—Notwithstanding the conflict of evidence as to the time, I am of opinion that it was past 11 o'clock when the party reached the Bush Tavern, and that, finding the place closed, the constable, although not on duty, acted improperly in going with the others to obtain drink after