

My Life and My Encounters - XVII  
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Oxford and London  
Oct 1946 - Dec 1947

By B.O.A.C. to England

An air passage to London was booked for me on the B.O.A.C. I had to get up very early in the morning to catch one of the B.O.A.C. private airport bus from a B.O.A.C office at Chatham Road to the far end of Kai Tak. There we went on board a motor boat which took us aboard a 4-engine aircraft moored at the R.A.F. sea plane base near Ngau Chi Wan. From the outside the aircraft looked exactly like a Sunderland, like the one which flew me to Ceylon for my interview several months earlier. However the decor inside the aircraft was entirely different. The two by two soft chairs were as spacious and comfortable as those in the first class cabin of a modern airliner of to-day. There was in addition a common room - a sort of dining/conference room with soft benches surrounding a table on three sides and two turnable stools on the 4th. We played a few games of cards and chess while others had their drinks on the table in that common room. It was a one class de luxe passenger plane, there was no demarcations for any class difference; first, business or economy class or the like. I could only conclude that it might have been an custom built aircraft especially designed for travels of high ranking V.I.P.

Via Bangkok, Rangoon Calcutta & Karachi.

Our first stop was Bangkok and our 2nd stop of Rangoon. As we landed a local official came on board to spray DDT all over the cabin, he was then followed by a member of the ground crew who came up to tell us the local time and advised us to adjust our watches accordingly. At Bangkok the plane landed on a river and we were quite impressed by the activities going on around us, particularly the countless number of small boats. We had our lunch in a restaurant by the river but near an airport. In Rangoon we were told we would spend the night there in a hotel. Rangoon had been occupied by the Japanese for quite some time. Apart from an impression of general inadequacy as could be expected in a post war city, its hotel accommodation and catering had not much to commend about. As there were rumours then that a revolution or political reform was in the making, we were not encouraged to go out that evening. Nevertheless, a few of us ventured out to the City Centre where we witnessed endless lines of worshippers piously paying their homage to Lord Buddha on the steps of a most impressive Pagoda. The scene



there were apparently as many Arabs as there were Egyptians in Cairo. The merchants in Cairo were mostly Arabs, so were the officers in the many Mosques and Museums in Cairo. It was the first time in my life to have entered a Mosque, and I was impressed by the clean tidy quiet and dignified condition it was kept. It was too hot, and I wasn't too sure as to when our plane would again be ready to take off, so I did not venture out to have a closer look at the Pyramids. However in a Bazaar I was shown a good variety of perfumes each with specially prepared for a specific purpose. After listening to the seller's sales talks about the differences, I was even more confused than before. In the end he recommended that for my wife I should buy a bottle of Channel No.5 which he assured me that I could not go wrong. I remember it was not cheap. It was the first time in my life that I have bought a bottle of perfume.

### From Cairo to London

In the morning on the 3rd day after we landed in Cairo, we were told that a replacement plane - a York - had been laid on to take us to London. It was a much smaller aircraft, and the decor in it was far inferior when compared with the flying boat which had brought us from Hongkong. It struck me more as a troop carrier than a plash passenger plane. We boarded the plane in the morning. It brought us as far as Tunis for refuel and then hopped across the Mediterranean for a halt in Marseille and then straight to London. Approaching London our plane had to go through a very thick layer of clouds which made the last part of our flight pretty bumpy, and to me rather frightening as the clouds were so thick that we could not see a thing for some ten to fifteen minutes. Eventually, the plane passed through the clouds and I was then able to take a look from the air, what England was like. I must say I was most disappointed. For instead of seeing the Big Ben clock tower of West Minister or the Doom of St. Pauls or other high rise buildings, I saw endless rows of cottages more like the bungalows in Kowloon Tong rather than the 5 or 7 storeyed tenements so typical of our Kowloon or Hongkong. Quietly I asked myself: "Am I coming to a rural and backward country rather than a busy and prosperous City. Instead of 3 days it had taken me 5 to get to London.

### The Colonial Office in London

Neither the Hongkong Government nor the B.O.A.C. made any reservation on my behalf for hotel accommodation in anticipation of my arrival. I was a complete stranger in London. It was lucky that one of my fellow passengers who was an army Captain noticed that I was a new to England, offered to take me to an Officers Centre somewhere in the heart of London. There I spent the night and had my breakfast with quite a number of senior officers the next morning. Thereafter he acted as my guide, brought me down to take a train on the Inner Circle, got off at Trafalgar

Square, escorted me past Nelson's Column, by the Cenotaph to which he advised me to salute and then brought me to an old shabby looking building which he told me was the Colonial Office. I happened to have just had a glance at the street name plate and noticed the alphabets read "White Hall". Until then I had always thought that White Hall was a big White Building housing the all important government offices, I had not realized that it was the name of a street. At the Colonial Office I did not see the Secretary for State for the Colonies. In his place I was directed to see a Miss Shield who spoke with authority and had all the answers. She pointed out that I was a bit late for the commencement of term at Oxford even though it was no fault of mine. She gave me certain papers, and advised me to hurry if I could to make my way to Oxford. I am sure she gave me the clearest direction possible as to which underground train I should take from which particular station, where to change for Paddington, where to buy my train ticket and which particular train to take for Oxford so as to avoid having to change at Reading halfway. But I was so new to London it all meant nothing to me. Instead, I took a taxi that afternoon to make my way to Paddington in time for the direct afternoon train for Oxford.

#### By Train to Oxford.

In London on the day before I had already learnt that there was no such institution as coolies in democratic England. The taxi driver helped to load and unload my leather bag, the same bag which I used to carry my clothing to Rabaul New Guinea in 1936 and subsequently all my way to the various parts of war time China. He charged me 1 shilling a time. The bag was put on a platform by the side of the taxi driver and was securely tied to a sort of a hook. From the taxi through the platform to my train, a porter did the same. I had to pay him a bob too. At the Colonial Office I was given a warrant for a First class train ticket from Paddington to Oxford. On the train only half a carriage was partitioned off to be the First Class compartment. The decor in the compartment looked old shabby and unimpressive. To my surprise an elderly gentleman who shared the compartment with me was very sociable to me. He took the trouble to explain that the only noticeable difference between First and the Third class was that the bench in the former seats two, in the latter, three. Only people on business or on duty with their passages paid on charge account would travel First class. Travelling Third class was the norm. As the train began to move it passed slowly by the back yards of some tenements. The elderly gentlemen made the remarks: "Do you notice the washings hanging in the back yards? It is Thursday to day, the women have their day off to do their washing and house cleaning. Most of the shops are closed on Thursdays in this country." As the train moved out of town the country side looked much better and more cheerful. What struck me most at the time was that the farms were on slopes of hills or inclines rather than on flat land as paddy fields

at home must be, because water must be retained for a time so that the rice crop would grow. Horses or tractors were used to plough the land instead of oxen or cows. Cows were kept for the milk they produced. All these were eye openers for me. The train took over an hour to stop at Reading. On the platform, there were shouts of a kind which I could not follow; but my friend was good enough to explain it was the railway's platform staff reminding passengers to change if their destinations happened to be somewhere else. Not long after we left Reading, the train passed by Dicot, where it turned northwards heading towards Oxford. On arrival at Oxford, again I took a taxi which brought me to the door steps of The Queen's College on the High.

### The Queen's College, Oxford.

My first impression of The Queen's College on the High was it looked just like an old walled village, not unlike the many walled villages we had in the New Territories, excepting that its dimensions were many times greater. The walls had the same weather beaten look suggesting that they could do with some touching up if not repairs. The steps leading to the front gate were just as worn out as those I had seen at Lo Wai or Ma Watt in Fanling. The condition of the arch over head at the main gate was a little bit but not very much better. The wooden door however was in a much more solid condition than the iron gates I had seen in Kam Tin or Fanling. It was quite obvious that the door was very much in use and could be effectively shut and locked. Looking in through the main gate, I could see very well kept lawns on both sides of a straight foot path leading to a sort of a tunnel like alley way which leads further into somewhere else. Right on top of the tunnel like alley way, was a clock which chimes every quarter of an hour. Beneath the clock tower was a solid line of building some thirty to forty feet tall running right across the entire width of the campus with stained glass windows visible even from the outside. Along the fringe on both sides of the foot path were placed at regular intervals potted flowers. Such a sight was hundred times better than the sights which might be expected in the walled villages in the New Territories. On my left hand side as I entered the main gate, was the "Porter's Lodge". Inside a glass enclosed compartment stood an elderly looking man, who told me: "I am the porter, they all call me Frank. Who are you?". I told him my name was Tsui and I was to come as a student". He then looked at his list and uttered: "I see so your name is T....sui - well how should I pronounce it?" I said "If you pronounce the "T" as if it is "Ch", you would not be far wrong". "Well Sir" he then responded "Your room is at Back Quad 4-1". I asked what does it mean by "Back Quad 4-1". He then pointed his finger through the tunnel like alley way and said: "You go in through the alley way, walk pass by the fountain, the staircase on your right is Back Quad 4; and the room on the ground floor on your right is 1. That is your room. Your

"scout" will be Tom, he will come in early to-morrow morning to take care of you." The Hall is in there, beneath the Clock Tower, but you go in by the entrance at the far end on the left. The other wing beneath the clock is the Chapel. The baths and wash rooms are in the basement beneath the Chapel. The (?) Tabulta's Room (Junior Common Room) is tucked in the corner behind the Chapel. "What do I do with my bag?" I asked. He replied "You take it in yourself". He looked round and noticed a trolley nearby, and he then said "Take the trolley with you but do not forget to bring it back here after you have finished with it." "What about my key" I asked. He retorted "We do not provide key to undergraduate" Thus I moved in to my B.Q.4.1 at The Queen's College on The High at Oxford, 3 days before commencement of Michaelmas Term on 15 Oct 1946. The BQ41 composed of a fairly spacious sitting room study with a separate small sleeping chamber attached. In the sitting room there was a fire place. In front of it were a two-piece sofa set, one single seater, one double and a low coffee table. Additionally there was a book shelf, a writing desk and two chairs. The two widow silts were padded to seat extra guests as necessary. There was a single bed, a wash basin, a wall mirror and a chamber pot in the sleeping chamber. The windows had two layers of heavy curtains. There was no heating for the sleeping chamber. I had to jump into the bed very quickly after I changed to sleep for the night.

### My Commoner's Gown

As I returned the trolley to the Porter he asked me if I had a gown. I asked "What gown?" He said "A Commoner's Gown". I asked why a "Commoner's Gown?" He asked: "Are you an M.A. or a B.A., of a Scholar? or an Exhibitioner?" I replied I am a B.A. from the University of Hongkong. "That wouldn't count, you have to have a B.A. degree from Oxford or the Other Place, the rest wouldn't count". "What happen if I do not have a gown?" I asked. He replied: "If you do not have a gown, you cannot have your dinner in the Hall. When you are to see a Don you must wear your gown; when you attend lectures you must wear your gown; when you attend your tutorials you must wear your gown; when you go to the Library your must wear your gown; and if the proctors catch you in the street not wearing a gown in the evening your would be in trouble - and you could be "sent down" for that. "When can I get one?" I asked. "From any tailor in town". However the porter then dug in to under side of his desk and pulled an old gown out, saying "Here you are, a old commoner gown left behind by some one else. You can have it for Ten bobs". I grabbed it. It was a short and sleeveless commoners gown. I had immediate use of it, because it was soon dinner time in the Hall. The Hall has a very high ceiling. The walls were panelled up to about ten feet from the marble floor. There were a few large size portraits hung on the upper parts of the walls. Four rows of long tables with long benches on both sides lined inwards towards the far end of the Hall. At

the far end was a platform, raised about of foot above the floor on two steps, on which was the High Table, a long table placed across the width of the hall, for the Dons. Members of the Junior College, including B.As. sat on long benches along the long tables down below. Every body wore their gowns, most of us down below wore the short commoners gown, but some wore slightly longer Exhibitioner's gowns, some the even longer still Scholar's gown and a few wore the longer and larger B.A. gowns. The Dons wore the more elaborate M.A gowns. When the time came, some one tapped on the table, and all in the Hall stood up for the saying of Grace, some else at the far end muttered a short prayer in Latin. Then we all sat down and talked loudly, as dinner was served by the "scouts", including my scout who to took care of me in my room and who had only some 15 minutes earlier, dropped in to say hello to me in BQ41 and introducing himself as Tom.

### Social Life at Oxford

To welcome me in my room at BQ41 was not the Provost nor the Moral Tutor nor the Senior Tutor, nor the Chairman of the Tabula's Room, but two sets of papers, lay on my desk. One set came from the Roman Catholic Chaplaincy telling me that Fr. Vale , a Monsignor of a certain description the detail of which have since forgotten, was the University's Chaplain for Catholic students, that the University Chapel was at the "Bishop's Place down the ..... street opposite to The House (i.e., Christ Church College), that Masses on Sundays would be at 10 am at which well known theologians and scholarly priests would be invited to give "conferences" , that other social activities had been programed as advertised etc etc. The other pile of papers were obviously from unknown Chinese Communist activists, full of propaganda as well as attack on the ruling Kuomintang Regime in China. Nothing apparently came from the Colonial Office, nor any from the Labour or the Conservative Party. Shortly after dinner a young Chinese boy dropped in to see me. He was Hsiung Te Nan, a son of the famous S.I. Hsiung, author of the well known Chinese Drama "Lady Precious Stream" and other Chinese drama written in English, one of whose plays I enjoyed in producing when as an undergraduate at the University of Hongkong. The Hsiung Family had apparently settled down in Oxford for some years, and they had been playing host to generation after generations of ethnic Chinese undergraduates and post graduate students at Oxford for years. Young Hsiung himself was an undergraduate at Magdaline College, at which both Rayson Huang (years later, the Vice Chancellor of HKU) and John Huang formerly of H.K.U. were at the time working for their respective D.Phil in a certain scientific subject. Young Hsiung was kind enough to take me to his house that evening where I had the pleasure of meeting both of his parents as well as his sister, Miss Hsiung Te Ne, also then an undergraduate at Lady Margaret Hall. Through Hsiung, I learnt also that Patrick Yu Shuk Shiu, a former classmate of mine from HKU had just been

enrolled at Merton College, and with him was Francis C.F. Hsu (Years after Francis Hsu was consecrated the Roman Catholic Bishop of Hongkong). There were then about a dozen more ethnic Chinese undergraduates reading various subjects at Oxford at the time, most of whom originated from China, and many returned there after their graduation. In my year at Oxford, the Hsiungs made a point in having the entire Chinese undergraduate community in their house, twice a term for a social gathering at which very good Chinese food were served. We all enjoyed the unforgettable Hsiungs' hospitality. It was a year after (Michaelmas Term in 1947) that O.V. Cheung came up to Oxford to read Law at the University College. There was also the Colonial Service Club at Broad Street specially organized for those of us who were attending the First Course and to which lecturers and tutors engaged in the Course were also welcome as honorary members. There was a Bar and a Restaurant in this club where fellow cadets could meet freely as an Officers Mess or Common Room. Our Supervisor of the Course, Lt. Col. Drummond, who has his office three floors below, spent a greater part of his time in the Club so as to get to know the cadets individually and well. Col. Drummond had lost one arm in combat during the (?) 1st World War. He was a quiet friendly and very approachable man, we all liked and respected him. In was in this Club where I made two life long friends. One was Ratu Edward Cakabau from Fiji who was a cousin to the Queen of Tonga. The other was Ratu Pennaia Ganilau the Paramount Chief of the Eastern Half of Fiji, who later rose to become the Governor General and subsequently the President of Fiji. They both were doing the same course with me.

### The Colonial Administrative First Course

From the copy of Lecture List reproduced in the Appendix at the end of this chapter, it will have been seen that the course, by Oxford standard, was an unusually highly programized and heavily loaded course. The course was of approximately 15 months duration, and consisted of a General Section at Oxford or Cambridge University from October to May followed by a Language and Regional Section of London University from June to December. The General Section of the course at Oxford or Cambridge fell into five main divisions:

- (i) Agricultural Studies
- (ii) Legal Studies
- (iii) Historical and Economic Studies
- (iv) Geographical Studies
- (v) Anthropological Studies .

In the Michaelmas Term (i.e., the first term) alone we had to attend no less than One Hundred and Five lectures (two to three lectures day, something quite unheard of at Oxford, where the system of teaching leaned heavily on tutorials). Many of the lectures were given by very high power dons, who were recognized world authority on the subjects they professed. Having gone through the mill I sometimes wondered whether or not some of them were too high



power for us. It certainly seemed not quite relevant for me to follow the dissertation by Marjorie Perham on Colonial Government, by J. Simmons on History of Empire from 15th Century to 1783 and by Sir Reginald Coupland on History of Empire from 1783 to 1833. One point which Ms M. Perham had impressed upon my mind was the importance of the trends of Public Opinion in England which had influenced the change or otherwise of British Colonial policies. In Simmons Lectures, one point which still stuck in my mind was the cheapness and abundance of slave labour as a factor of vital importance in economic development in the New Continents at the time. In Coupland's Lectures, I was impressed by his mentioning of the parts played by young and hardy women amongst the American pioneers who survived all hardship and obstacles when the Western Frontiers were being explored and opened up and settled. However, the down to earth lectures on criminal law of Mr. Landon in Trinity College were not only instructive but also interesting. It was the first time in my life that I got down to learn about what constitute a murder, and how one differentiate a murder from a manslaughter. It was fascinating to learn that a simple crime of stealing has many component elements such as the "taking", "carrying away", "appropriation", "ownership", "subject matter", "value", "claim of right", "owner's consent", "intent" and so forth. How subtle the difference could be as between a burglary and a housebreaking. It was an eye opener to hear of the seven years presumption of death in the case of bigamy, the importance of crying for help in the case of rape, and the concept and meaning of the term "The King can do no wrong" and so on and so forth. Text book such as Kenny's "Outline of Criminal Law" was easy to read, but text book such as Phipson's "Law of Evidence" was quite unreadable. Yet it is the Presumption of Innocence and the Rules of Evidence which form the most important components of the British System of Justice, which guarantee our fundamental freedom and human rights - the sort of freedom and rights which I have since learnt to really appreciate and treasure. As an Intelligence Officer my previous experience was we relied heavily on hearsay for our information but would exercise great care in adjudging the reliability or otherwise of a particular piece of information. However in Law of Evidence, we were emphatically taught that hearsay evidence however truthful would not admissible. We were taught also that the burden of proof almost always lies upon the accuser as regards the *actus reus*; that witness must give their testimony not spontaneously but responsively by brief answers to brief successive questions; that leading questions would not be allowed by the party who produced the witness; that a witness must speak to his memory and not to his reasoning or his opinion; that evidence must be relevant; etc etc. If anything I have really learnt in my first year at Oxford, I would without hesitation say it was Criminal Law and Law of Evidence both of which I could not have otherwise learnt so thoroughly and well had I not attended my First Course at

Oxford. Other subjects which also interested me on the way were agriculture and its relationship with nutrition, land utilization and its effects on socio economic well being of people. But the subject really fascinated me was social anthropology. For a time, I was taken by it that I had even thought of giving up my prospective career in Colonial Administrative Service to switch over to become a social anthropologist. I now wonder what might have been the consequences had I at that time made such a foolish decision.

### My Teachers at Oxford

My Moral Tutor at The Queen's College was a Dr. Carter, a very kindly man, on whom I was bound to call at least three times a term. Although the Senior Tutor of the College was assigned as my Academic Tutor in the College, but he had an attack of flu when I kept my appointment to call on him at the commencement of the Michaelmas Term. I was not obliged to see him after that; thus I am not in a position to say what sort of man he might be. The Provost of The Queen's College Sir Oliver Frank (afterwards Lord Frank) invited me to his Lodge on Christmas day in 1946 to Tea which preceded the traditional Bore's Dinner of the College at every Christmas. I attended a good number of tutorials conducted by Mr. Waldock in his room at Jesus College. His subject of Law of Evidence, but in his tutorials he touched upon many other aspects of the Law, for which I was grateful. Most friendly to me was Mr. Fortes the Lecturer on Social Anthropology. The lecturer on Geography Mr Steel did not quite know what to do with me coming from Hongkong, which did not fall within the region of South East Asia. When he was distributed regional maps to the various groups in one of his earliest sessions, he could not find from amongst his piles of maps, one of Hongkong or of China. Thus apologetically, he said to me "Mr. Tsui, I am sorry I do not have a map of Hongkong for you. Of course you know your part of the world very well, I need not tell you what the place is like. However, if really want one, I can let you have a map of Malaya. There was also the charming Mr. Morrison who lectured in Land and its utilization. He invited me to dinner one night for which he had taken the troubles to save his two weeks ration tickets just to buy 3 pieces of lamb chops, but was embarrassed to find that I don't and cannot eat mutton. The one who impressed me most in his lectures on Colonial Economics was Prof. Frankel. One point he made which I could never forget was that in Mining it is not the market price as such in isolation of what you can dig from the ground - be it diamond or ruby or sapphire or gold or silver however precious - it is the overall production and transportation costs of organizing the mining set up, the costs of digging, the costs of transporting it from your mine to where you could sell it, the time you take, and the interests if any you have to pay for the capital you needed to finance the whole operation and the costs in consequence of political disturbance if any of your operation when set against the price you can get from

the market for selling the right amount of what you had actually produced and delivered, which determines the profitability or otherwise of your undertaking. Isn't that the golden rule which applies to all forms of economic undertakings ?

### Beautiful Oxford

With its many domes and spires Oxford has its many and varied colleges each noted for its unique feature. The stained glass windows of all chapels and halls are all beautiful so are their gardens and quadrangles corridors and other features. The Library of The Queen's College for instant has its unique collection of old books some of which still have chains attached to them so as to prevent them from being taken away. The ceiling beneath the roof of the upper Library Room at the College's Back Quad has always been the pride of the College. It was treated as a fitting show piece when the reigning Monarch His Late Majesty King George VI accompanied by his Queen Consort Queen Elizabeth, now the Queen Mother, were entertained to Tea during their Royal Visit to Oxford late in 1946. Incidentally I learnt on that occasion, that only the Queen Consort is regarded as the Patron of The Queen's College Oxford. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, the reigning monarch, being a Queen in her own rights, is not regarded as Patron of The Queen's College Oxford. The correct name for my college was The Queen's College, not just Queen's College as may be the case of Queen's College in Cambridge. The Redcliff Camera, which is a part of the Broadrian Library, with its outstanding dome, is a unique building of its kind, and the St. Mary's Church with its spire right next to the Camera is just as unique. The Bishop of Oxford apparently lives in Christ Church, so the Chapel in The House should be the Cathedral instead. The Dominican Fathers had their own monastery at Oxford located very close to the Roman Catholic Parish Church run by the Jesuits. In between them the (?) Puny House, a high Anglican Church practicing Liturgy almost identical to those of the Catholic which they are not. By its side was the red brick Keble College, which some say it did not quite fit in to the setting of Oxford. There was the Broad Street as well as the High Street to make up the township, and the incumbent Mayor of Oxford City at the time was the Station Master of the Railway rather than a Don from one of the world renown Colleges. At 5 pm every day, the traffic on the High was very heavy because workers leaving their place of work from Lord Nufield's Morris Motor Works compete for the limited surface of the road with the Dons and Undergraduates of the University who also came out from their lectures or tutorials or Tea Socials. It was the social custom for undergraduates to formally invite fellow undergraduates to Tea in their Rooms in College or "digs" in the tenements treating with no more than a thin slice of toast, sharing with the guests their own precious rationed bits of sugar butter and Jam. The emphasis was talk talk and talk rather than eat or drink.

In the summer there was the Cherr on which one could hire a punt and spend an active or lazy after noon with one's good friends as one's mood dictate The footpaths in and around the Park provide a good hour's walk on any afternoon at any season. Bicycle was the main means of transport to get by, it was democratically used by Dons undergraduates as well as factory workers alike. Bus rides used to cost not more than six pence from one end of the city to the other. Undergraduates had to get special permission to own and drive a car in and around Oxford. When the Trinity (summer) Term came everything was so bright and cheerful. The weather was fine, the gardens were in blossom, the lawns were green and fresh. Everybody was apparently punting on the Cherr or playing crickets in the fields. Then there was the Inter College Boat Races in May week when every body went to the banks on both sides of the Isis, and when the proud parents of some of the students came to visit their sons and daughters at Oxford. The Colleges in turn had their Balls or Dances. Some of those who had to go to the "School" (i.e., taking their final degree examinations) came out very happy for having scored a First or a Good Second; others were disappointed because they had not done so well. Our Course I finished at the end of May, and we I too had to say good bye to Oxford.

#### The London School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS).

The set up at L.S.E. and S.O.A.S. could be said as totally different from those at Oxford or for that matter as Cambridge. As from June onwards we started our regional special studies in London forming the second part of our Course I. The Cadets had to take their respective intensive language courses at the London School of Oriental and African Studies, learning strange languages such as Hausa, Efik, Mende, Swahili, Yoruba, Suto, Bemba, Cantonese or Malay, depending on which part of the Colonial Empire they would be sent to serve. The intensive language course meant that each of them had to do One hour's gramophone work and two hours private studies every day. For the 4 of us, the two Fijian Ratu (Chieftains), one Malay and myself, we were spared such language training ordeal. In its place, we were asked to attend a course of English Phonetics which all the four of us were not too impressed. My personal language problems were that of basic English Grammar such as wrong use of number, punctuations, definite and indefinite articles capital letters and sequence of tenses. So basic that they were too polite to point them out to me or help me to correct them. Had they gave me a basic course in English Grammar and linguistic usages, I might have reaped immense benefits from it. My friends from Fiji and Malaya might have their own respective problems not quite like mine for which special remedies could have been worked out.

#### The London School of Economics and Political Science (LSE)

At L.S.E. the course had two main objectives, one

was, to orientate the minds and attitudes of the cadets who were to go to "govern" the people not in a province or a county in England, but may be somewhere in remote Africa or the South West Pacific. The other objective is to show the cadets how local governments in England are being run, so that if circumstances overseas permit, they could exercise their initiative and see if the local systems could be modified if not copied and applied. For the former, almost the entire staff in the social anthropological studies department of the L.S.E. were mobilized to become tutors for the cadets taking Course I. As my tutor, I was assigned Mr. Maurice Freedman, whose academic interests was the Chinese in Malaya, and who eventually rose to become a Professor in Social Anthropology in that field at L.S.E. He stimulated my interest in digging up from a limited collection of official records available in the Library at the Royal Empire Society in Northumberland Avenue and encouraged me to write short essays on the subject matters. I enjoyed working under the direction of Mr. Freedman, who continued to be my friend until he died some years after. For the Local Government in England, I was attached to Deputy Town Clerk of the Borough Council of North Finchly of Greater London for a few weeks to have a ringside seat watching them how they go about doing their day to day work. There were also conducted tours to visit the many institutions in London, including the L.C.C., the B.B.C., a prison, the Waterworks for Greater London, Employment Exchange, the Wellcome Museum of Medical Science etc. We were also introduced to the concept of a Welfare State as practised in England by a few lectures. On the whole it was quite substantial.

### Beautiful Britain

We had about six weeks summer holidays that year (1947). I took advantage of the break and joined the Holiday Camps organized by the Co-operative Holidays Society where they "walked all day and sang all night". With them I visited the Lake District and afterwards north Wales as well as Edinburgh. In the latter I was there for the famous Edinburgh Festival of Music and had attended a few really good concerts. Earlier at Easter, I visited the parents of my superior officer Mr. Keneath Keen in Chatham Kent. Mrs. Keen treated me as if I were one of her own son. She taught me a lot about how English people actual live in their homes. The elderly Mr. Keen who was a retired school master took me around on bus rides to visit many places of interest like Cantabury Cathedral and several others. He was an excellent guide who knew his England inside out and being a teacher he knew how to teach me the history and geography of South east England. On my own, I also called on Sir Mark Young in his home some where to the south of London; on Mr. J. Barrow who lived in Surrey, and on Mr. E.B. Teesdale who lived at Holland Park right in the centre of London; on Doc Ride and Hugh Williamson who both lived in a flat in South Kensington. I visited the Kew Gardens many times, the London Zoo, the Wax

Museum, the Westminster Abbey, the St. Paul's Cathedral, and other such like institutes. I saw quite a few operas at the Cambridge Theatre and a few Ballet at Covent Garden, a few concerts at Albert Hall. On Sundays in London, I found it most interesting to take a bus ride from end to end, thus getting to see the real London at the cheapest possible prices. I made it a point to take a different every Sunday. It used to cost me just about half a crown for a return trip from end to end on any one of the many bus routes. The Tea and a sandwich at the end cost not much more than another half a crown. Luckily I had not cause for being admitted to a hospital, but I had a tooth out at Oxford and a denture made in London.

### On my way Home to Hongkong

Shortly before Christmas I received my letter of appointment from the Colonial Office, and was told to go to Glasgow to embark on the SS Empire Brent scheduled to leave for Hongkong on 23 December 1947. I spent my Christmas on board the Empire Brent some in the Bay of Biscay off the coast of Spain or Portugal. On board the same ship sharing the same table every day, was C.P. Hsu, who was subsequently consecrated the Roman Catholic Bishop of Hongkong. Also on board the same ship was Joyce Symon and her husband Dr. Robert Symon as well as Mr. & Mrs. Dermot Barty. The journey took over a month passing by Gibraltar, through the Mediterranean and Suez Canal, the Red Sea, by Aden and did not stop until we reached Bombay. It was quite boring from the second week onwards. We later called on Colombo in Ceylon, Penang in Malaya and Singapore. We arrived back in Hongkong on 27 January 1948. My wife Rose and my daughter Margaret and my young son John and my brothers and sisters were all waiting for me at the Kowloon Jetty right next to the Star Ferry Pier at Tsim Sha Tsui.

Paul Tsui

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