CITATION

THE NORTHERN TERRITORY POLICE MUSEUM AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY INCORPORATED

FEBRUARY 2024

CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE

DR GARY MANISON APM

This issue of Citation centres on the service provided by our Peacekeepers, the police who have served in a range of locations around the World under the auspices of the United Nations. The first Northern Territory officers served in Cyprus after the Turkish invasion that split the island into two sectors. Maintaining the peace was the UN Police Peacekeepers role and they did this and continue to do it successfully.

After Cyprus there has been several other locations where Australian Peacekeepers have served, including Timor-Leste and Solomon Islands.

Many of the peacekeeping operations have been in high-risk areas where civil war, terrorism and violence were part of the working environment, along with having to put up with challenging living conditions. The Australian men and women who served took the dangers and privations in their stride and demonstrated to the world, the exacting standards of policing skills and integrity that our police officers possess. Proudly, I can say that the Northern Territory Police officers who served lived up to these high standards and were a credit to the Force.

The articles that follow demonstrate the vast range of experiences that Northern Territory officers encountered and explain in their own words the highs and lows, the good and bad experiences and the positive things that were achieved with their service as a peacekeeper.

We thank all our peacekeepers for their service and note that in May there will be a reunion of police who served as peacekeepers, to be held in Darwin. There will be a parade and hopefully, people will come along to cheer on the marchers and recognise their service.

Dr Gary Manison APM

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DISCLAIMER

COMMISSIONER'S MESSAGE

COMMISSIONER MICHAEL MURPHY APM

Members of the Northern Territory Police Museum and Historical Society, it is with great pleasure that I am able to address you through the latest edition of Citation. To see the publication return recently brought a smile to my face.

Maintaining the links to our past and current members of the Northern Territory Police Force through publications such as this is invaluable to preserving and sharing our history so that future generations are able to reflect in the years to come. And at no time is the ability to reflect on our shared history more relevant than now as momentum builds to the United Nations and Overseas Policing Association reunion (UNOPA) set to be held in Darwin from May 27 to 31.

The UNOPA reunion will be more than just a gathering. It will be a testament to the shared experiences and bonds forged by those officers who have served on the international police front line. The reunion will bring together law enforcement professionals from around the country to celebrate their collective commitment to maintaining global peace and security.

This year, it will especially commemorate 60 years of Australian Police Peacekeeping, 1964 - 2024, and the 25th Anniversary of Australian police first going to East Timor in 1999.

The five-day reunion features a number of events that will provide the opportunity to exchange insights, learn from one another, solidify friendships and reinforce the importance of collaboration and camaraderie when faced with complex law enforcement challenges. Personally, I am looking forward to attending several events including, the Gala Dinner and the Commemorative Service. I express my heartfelt appreciation to the participants who are planning to come to Darwin and to the hosts, the NT branch of UNOPA. I wish you all the very best and I know the event will be a resounding success.

Sincerely,

Michael Murphy
Commissioner, Northern Territory Police

EDITOR'S MESSAGE

PAT KING

Greetings.

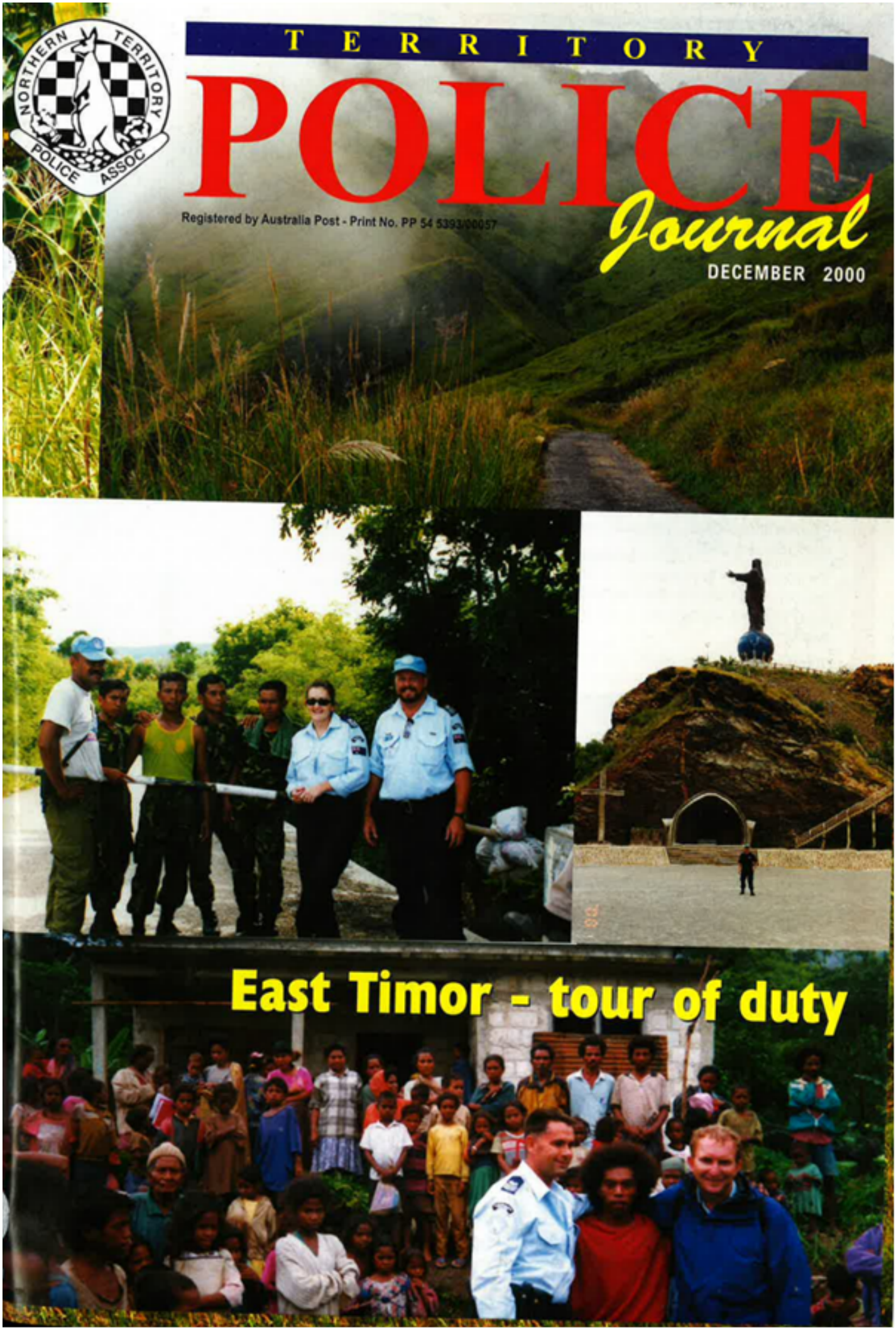
This edition is focused on some of the officers who have represented the Northern Territory, both NTPOL and AFP by serving overseas with the United Nations. There are many officers who took up this challenge and we have brought you stories from just a few. The stories, unless otherwise references are taken from old copies of Citation, The Drum and other NTPFES media and in some cases are direct contributions from former members.

The collection of NTPOL Oral Histories is steadily growing. Please contact me if you would like to know what is involved.

As you will note, we are trying different ways to keep the presentation of Citation up to date with the technology that is available and in a format that is accessible to all our members. I look forward to hearing from you as to what works and what doesn't.

I am sure that many officers, partners and children have stories that we can included in future editions of Citation. The ideal length is about 1000 words and photos are also appreciated. We invite stories about Cyclone Tracy and there is a call for articles further on in this newsletter.

Pat King
Editor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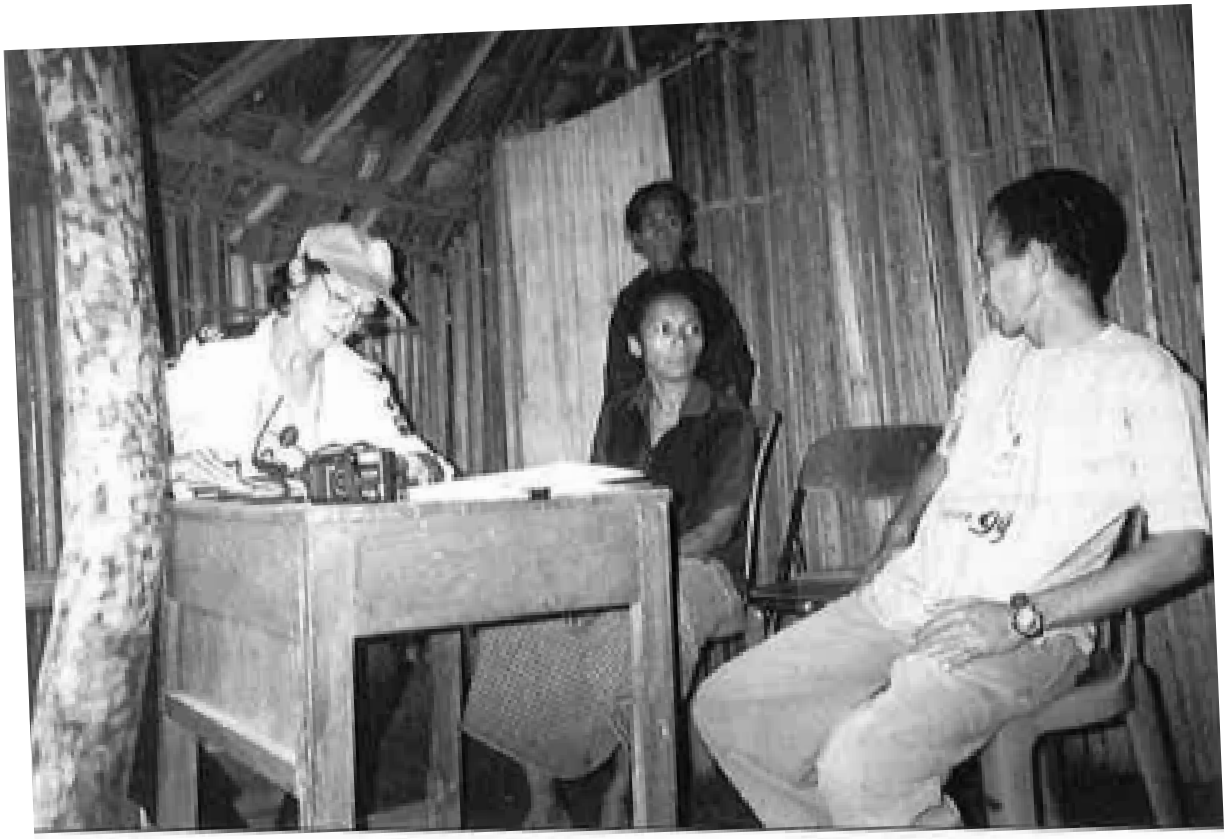
East Timor - tour of duty



In Guiso Sgt Lee Gage, with the aid of an interpreter, interviews the widow of a man killed in 1999

Sgt Lee Gage conducting a roadside interview in Vataboro

RESURGENCE OF THE BALIBO KILLINGS

BY SENIOR CONSTABLE KYM CHILTON

Early in October 2000 I was asked by Dr Peter Thatcher, Director of Forensic Services, if I would like to go to Balibo in East Timor and work with CIVPOL under the United Nations to examine and excavate the house and area where in 1975 five journalists were allegedly shot and killed by an Indonesian Suzi Team in East Timor.

What could I say? "When do I go?" It wasn't as easy as that. There had to be consideration to the possible dangers of being on the border to West Timor where militia were still causing havoc for the police and military forces.

Late in October Jim Osborne of the National Investigation Unit in Dili arranged a meeting with me when he came into Darwin. Jim, a Canadian Police officer, was one of the members in charge of the Investigation Unit and it was his job to investigate the older crimes that had occurred in East Timor prior to the elections in 1999. The resurgence of the Balibo file had been ignited by two West Australian police officers, but they had run out of time, so it was passed over to Jim. If it wasn't completed within his 12-month stint he would have to pass it onto the next members.

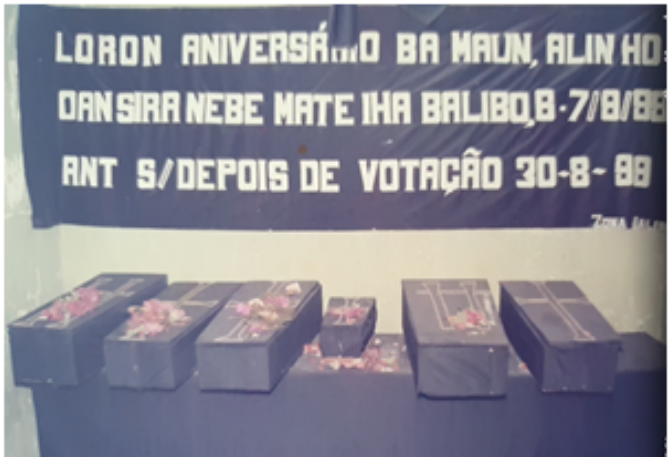
Jim required me to plan the areas where possible skeletal remains may have been and for me to excavate those areas with the possibility of finding teeth for DNA analysis. Witnesses interviewed so far were able to give an account as to where the five journalists had been killed. It was said that later the bodies had been burnt several times inside a house, however at the time of the meeting with Jim he was unable to find any witnesses who could say what had happened to the charred remains afterwards. The only known event is that the Indonesian military had allegedly taken a small box containing the remains back to Jakarta in 1975 where a ceremonial funeral was held, with three Australian government officials, Richard Woolcott, Alan Taylor and Malcolm Dan, being present. The reason for the further involvement in the journalist killings is that now that Indonesia doesn't have control over East Timor the National Investigation Unit is gathering the evidence that is virtually already known to us to confirm the events for the journalists' families and for the sake of justice.

I was pleased to hear from Jim that the Australian 1PAR military base was at Balibo and in fact was about 75 metres from the house.

He also told me he had already arranged with a Lieutenant Andrew Barker for me to stay on base and use their mess and facilities. What could I say!

When I arrived at Dili Airport (with nine large items of luggage including shovels, picks and rakes) Jim Osborne was waiting for me and conveyed me to the Dili Police Headquarters where the National Investigation Unit was situated. I was introduced to three CIVPOL members, Kim Hassiri, Muang Promkesa from the Thailand Police and Lily Wang from China, who were to drive me to Balibo and to assist me in the excavation for the next four days. Kim drove all the way to Balibo, approximately 80km southeast of Dili with the main road travelling south from Dili along the coastline. Due to the mountainous terrain and the poor condition of the narrow road, with sheer drop-offs where many a vehicle has disappeared, it took us three and a half hours.

Balibo is a small town in the hills with about 200 to 300 locals and obvious remnants of the old Portuguese military fort where the Australian 1PAR military headquarters is situated. There were about 400 personnel on base. At the fort I met up with Lieutenant Andrew Barker who made us welcome and showed me to my tent which had about twenty stretcher beds with mozzie domes. For the first two nights I had it to myself until Kim and Muang joined me. Early Tuesday morning after breakfast I gathered up my equipment and walked over to the famed house, which is unoccupied except for about six recent skeletal remains in miniature coffins in one closed room. Apparently, the skeletons are the result of militia killings when the Indonesians left in late 1999 (the house is used for spiritual purposes by the East Timorese).



Coffins containing local skeletal remains as the result of Militia killings.

I stood in the main room, which doesn't have a roof, which was where some witnesses have stated that the five journalists were killed. Other witnesses say they were shot on the road out the front of the house and their bodies dragged inside, their clothes removed and changed into military type clothing and their bodies placed sitting slumped at a table in the room. It was very quiet, and I could sense the fear that would have taken place some 25 years earlier in this room.

The house has walls of rough rendered brick with three main rooms and a small washroom, where one journalist who was hiding from the Indonesians was allegedly coaxed out and stabbed. The rear of the house was apparently built after the incident and, years later, pulled down.

Break from excavating the death house.
Left to right: Lily Wang (Chinese Police), Kym Chilton (N.T. Police), Kem Hasiri (Thailand Police).

Excavating the rear of the Death House.

View of the death house where the Balibo 5 were killed.

I set about photographing and videoing the complete house and local area and later draw up plans and measurements. Just after my helpers arrived from Maliana Jim arrived from Dili with an interpreter and a witness, who in 1975 was ordered to burn the bodies, and it was he who showed me the setup of the house as it was then. He certainly saved me a lot of time and effort and answered a question from my initial examination of the roof structure. I couldn't see any sign of a burnt wall where I thought the bodies had been burnt, however I was told they were taken into the room where the skeletal remains in miniature coffins are situated and burnt in there and that is where I could see slight burning to the upper roof area.

We started digging and sieving the earth starting from the front right side of the house where it was possible the remains could have been thrown outside the window. Over the next four days we dug from this area down to and including the back yard; we sieved the dry dirt initially and the remainder we wet sieved with water in plastic rubbish bins. The depth of digging varied because of hitting hard rock, and we made sure we went to complete hard ground with no signs of human evidence or abnormal soil layers. We completed all that we could do by Friday morning and had found about 40 pieces of bone, other artifacts of no significance and, unfortunately, no human teeth.

During the sieving a local old Timorese lady had taken a fancy to Muang and would consistently help him with the sieving. We were told that she was the sole person in the town when the Australian and other military personnel had arrived and that her whole family had been killed by militia. The locals call her Mad Mary for obvious reasons.

On the Wednesday I was visited by three members of the 1RAR who told me about a house called the kissing house, where it is alleged that members of the militia had killed numerous male and female East Timorese by first putting lipstick on their lips and smashing their faces into the internal walls of the building whilst sexually assaulting them. When I looked around the room where I was standing, I could see what looked like lipstick marks and blood spattered on the walls in several places.

Wall with lipstick and blood inside the death house (Kissing House).

I had a debriefing with Jim Osborne in Dili on Friday and after showing my dissatisfaction at not finding anything more he stated that he didn't expect me to find anything of a large nature.

On Saturday morning I met Brian Clarke who has been in Dili for some time exhuming bodies for the Human Rights Commission and others. Brian works under a civilian contract and I believe gained his experience with the New Zealand military. Brian has assisted and completed numerous jobs for the local pathologists and told me about a finding seven to eight skeletal remains in the city where a company was digging a hole for sewerage and had come across the remains.

Brian showed me the hole where he and the pathologist had already removed several skeletons. The area and location of the bodies underground with foundations of the buildings above suggests they may have been placed there at the time of Indonesian invasion of East Timor when the building was built. It wasn't until about six weeks later that I learnt from a member in National Investigations that they had in fact removed about 18 bodies.

Later back in Darwin I had the items of bones examined by Forensic Pathologist Dr Derek Pocock who couldn't positively identify them as human because of their size and damage. I have also been told further witnesses have come forward and claim they had removed all the remains of the fire from the Balibo house and disposed of them approximately 80 metres away. An initial examination was carried out by National Investigation members but was deserted because of the Wet.

DAVE GILMORE

In June 2002 Rob Jordon and I left Darwin with a group of Australian Police that formed the 8th Contingent in East Timor.

Upon arrival in Dili we did a week familiarisation prior to our posting.

I ended up at a town called Gleno in the Ermera District.

We had a small contingent of UN Police from China, USA, Canada, Lebanon and India. All with various degrees of policing experience.

Most of the day to day policing was conducted by the Australians.

Over the months ahead we dealt with everything from village disputes, truck crashes with multiple fatalities, domestic violence involving machetes and deaths to exhuming graves from previous murders committed by retreating militia.

The work at times was frustrating, particularly using the Indonesian based legal system where everyone went to prison.

Home was an old house in a local village rented at $20.00 US per month.

No power and bush rats as big as dogs. When my Australian partner went on leave, my only companion was Cyril the rat, who would pop down from the rafters at about 3.00 am and sit on the netting over my camp stretcher.

This was followed by Molly the cow who likes to push open my shutters in the wee hours followed by a loud moo!!

Her life was almost cut short first time as we slept with a Glock under our pillows.

Life was a concrete pit for a toilet, washing using bottled water only, and meals consisting of rice and anything out of a can washed down with a warm coke, beer or water.

Patrolling to outlying villages with ET police was interesting, villages still using Japanese WW11 weapons and old uniform helmets.

Arriving home prior to Xmas saw us all cashed up and strangely missing ET.

Top photo is my home in village highlighting my kitchen and bedroom, next was the Ermera police station that I was OIC of followed by a contingent pic and our medal ceremony.

Bottom was me as duty district officer on Nightshift.

THE BALI BOMBINGS 2002

BY DR JO LEE

THE BALI BOMBINGS RESPONSE.

Dr Jo Lee, Director, Forensic Science Branch, Northern Territory Police Fire and Emergency Services.

In memory of all those who lost their lives in Bali in 2002 and for all those still effected.

Like many Australians, my first awareness of the Bali bombings came late on Saturday, 10 October 2002 through the TV News as reports started to filter through of a series of explosions. But it would be a while before we appreciated the extent of the destruction and the fact that it had resulted in injuries to hundreds and the death of 202 people including 88 Australians.

At that time it was unfathomable to most that Australians would be the target of such a horrendous attack. This was an era where backpackers of many Nationalities would sew Aussie flags to their packs, to smooth their travels around the world. However this event made it clear that Australians were no longer seen as the universal 'nice guy'.

The AFP already had multiple forensic members in Indonesia so the offer of assistance was quickly accepted. A mixed contingent of Australian Federal, State and Territory police and other agency personnel was quickly deployed. This was one of the biggest events to hit this country and the pressure to achieve was immense and media interest intense.

We were deployed not only to assist with the Disaster Victim Identification (DVI) process but also to assist with the criminal investigation. Mine was a fairly modest role, commencing in the morgue, progressing to the DNA collection centres for victim's relatives and culminating with the Identification Boards (these were formal legal processes conducted in Indonesian with relevant experts providing advice regarding the results via an interpreter) before heading back home to assist with the DNA analysis. My time in the morgue was also interspersed with visits to the scene to assess the impact spatter at the seat of the initial explosion in Paddy's Bar that contributed to the determination that we were dealing with a suicide bombing.

The Bali response was, like many situations, a matter of making do with what you had. At times the solutions were far from sophisticated. Public venues were turned into DNA collection centres and make-shift laboratories were cobbled together in hotel rooms. We used whatever resources were available, based on what each contingent had brought.

The morgue, a facility with no running water or air-conditioning, was designed for a maximum of six so had to be expanded to deal with hundreds of remains, many fragmented by the blasts. The conditions were tough and nothing could have prepared us for the sight of hundreds of bodies lined up in the hospital quadrangle waiting to make their final journey back home. I especially felt for the Red Crescent volunteers who tended the bodies, ensuring that ice was continually delivered and spread around the deceased preserving as best they could.

The DVI response was a truly international effort with personnel from a range of countries across Europe and Asia assisting the local authorities. Roles were determined on the skill set of the person regardless of nationality and science became the common language. I was partnered with a British Home Office Pathologist, assigned to the 'body parts table' and tasked with going through fragments to determine which were suitable for identification. He had worked on a range of bombings and was able to explain what we were seeing, how certain characteristics indicated high explosive, or distance from the blast etc.

The devastation of the Bali Bombing

In doing so he made what was a fundamentally overwhelming situation, one that was emotionally manageable.

Despite the numbers and the degree of fragmentation the morgue phase was completed in around a week and the ante mortem phase kicked off in earnest. Collection centres were set up for both the Australian (and international relatives) but also the Local Balinese community. Interpreters were provided and we had to ensure they too understood the process so they could pass this information on and not rely on word for word translation.

I will never forget standing in a room with so many bereft families, feeling the immense sorrow combined with a glimmer of hope that, just perhaps, their son, their daughter, or their loved one, had made it through and was actually in a hospital somewhere yet to be discovered.

The number of missing had initially risen to well over 400 with families listing their loved ones missing prior to some being relocated safe and well, out of harm's way. Others were located in either the local hospital or back in Australia having been Medivac'd out. The identification process back in Australia was completed in around 6 weeks, a monumental achievement given the number of samples processed and again a testament to facilities working together and processing samples in their home states or sending personnel to AFP Laboratory in Canberra.

This event was momentous. It effected so many across the country and the world, and forever changed the way that we, as Australians, view ourselves.

LIFE OF A DETECTIVE

BY SENIOR CONSTABLE JOHN WHITE

Detective Senior Constable John White was based at Los Palos in the Lautem District, about 130km east of Dili by sea and 220km (a four-and-a-half-hour trip) by road. One of the 13 Districts of East Timor, it then had a population of about 60,000 in an area of approximately 2740sq km, almost one-seventh of the entire East Timor land area.

When the Indonesians departed, the region was left in ruins and most of its population displaced. When we left it was estimated that there were still about 4000 refugees from this District in West Timor awaiting return.

The people in the region are very traditional. Most are very superstitious, believing in ghosts, haunted houses, evil spirits and witches.

The main road (83km) was constructed of poor quality asphalt, with 44km in need of urgent repair. There is approximately 70km of gravel road of which about 32km needs maintenance. Approximately 105km of unmaintained surfaces are unusable during and immediately after the Wet Season.

There is only one hospital, Hospital Los Palos within the region. The remainder of the district is serviced by mobile clinics operating from the Los Palos Hospital.

Transportation is mainly by bicycle, motorcycle, walking and small horse-drawn cart. Small minibuses are starting to appear within the district to cater for village-to-village transportation and private vehicles are becoming more prevalent. A locally owned and operated minibus service operates daily between Los Palos and Dili.

Of major importance is the deep-water port of Com, one of only two deep-water ports outside Dili that allows access for large shipping.

Our accommodation was good and we ended up with probably the best. However, not when we arrived; there were just the four walls, no roof, no doors, no windows. We got on really well with the landlord, and we paid all the rent in advance, which gave him the money to do enough repairs to make the house liveable, although not really liveable by our standards.

I contributed to the local economy by paying the locals to build me one of their traditional beds, and ditched my swag and the mozzie dome they issued us with.

Trouble was the bed was about a foot too short. I had to modify my sleeping arrangements so that I didn't cut off the circulation in my feet. I pulled back the mattress at one end and filled up the gap with pillows. It was still a lot more comfortable than lying on the floor in a swag for six months.

We had four Australians and two Kiwis in our house. Everyone ordered their own food from back here or brought food back with them from leave trips. We pooled the food and employed a local lady, who had lost her husband in the confrontation; he was killed by the militia. We employed her to be our cook, but she volunteered to do our washing as well. We paid her 300 000 rupiah a month. It cost us a total of one million rupiah for the house, cooking and washing, about $A110 a month.

We weren't game to try the local markets at that stage, but we eventually got tired of eating tinned food, and Lizia de Jesus, our cook, went to the markets and picked out the best stuff for us, she knew our tastes. She bought vegetables and some little bits of meat, killed in the markets in their style. That would cost us about 5000 rupiah, about $A1, to feed the six of us for a meal. It had been costing us about $200 each a month for food, so we thought, for a dollar a day to feed us all, we'll try it. We tried little bits and pieces at a time, and by the time we got to the last two months, we thought, that's the way we're going, Lizia would go to the markets and buy all our food for us, and we'd give her a little extra on top to shop for herself.

I was in INTEL Branch and it was our job to find out what was happening around the district and try and build a rapport with the locals, which took a fair while because they didn't trust anyone. We also had to find out if there was any militia activity in the District.

Again, people were scared, because they weren't sure who was who, so they weren't game to come forward, but we eventually convinced them to come and let us know when there was anything suspicious happening.

Also, a Filipino (Greg Bognalbal) and I were in charge of the returnees, the refugees coming back. Our job was to organise their return, to make sure that they got safely to their villages and to keep checking on them afterwards.

A lot of them, not all, of the later ones, were ex-militia. Of 500 in the last group that came back, about 250 were ex-militia leaders. We had to be sure that they'd all be safe when they came back, and that their communities would accept them back, which they did.

It was totally different working over there, and it was frustrating having nothing to work with.

Our police station was an ex-Indonesian police headquarters for the district, just the basic four walls, with a few internal walls. We added some other walls to make it useable.

We soon ran out of paper, so anything with information more than three months old we used the back of the sheets of paper.

It was interesting working with the police from other countries, the backgrounds of many different cultures made it challenging. I made some good friends.

Greg and I organised a volleyball team with the police who were there. Not many really wanted to play at first, but we got it up and running and went around and asked them for donations for uniforms. We managed to get a full set of uniforms. We then organised with the local priest at Dom Bosco, an orphanage and agricultural college, to play the college students. We ended up playing games out there with all the locals, and all the kids, twice a week. I think the police were leading by one match when I left.

One day a week we would practice on an old volleyball court at our station. It was full of holes. We ended up with all the kids coming to the station every afternoon to play. We didn't speak their language, but sport spoke all languages, and they just wanted to play volleyball, which had been a popular sport there. We mixed the teams, with police, adult locals and boys and girls all playing together. Actually that broke a few barriers.

There were some major incidents and events while I was there.

I was there for the first anniversary of the massacre where the seven nuns were killed, and I was proud to be invited to lay the wreaths on behalf of the police.
Another major incident was when a mortar round went off one Saturday afternoon, killing three people and injuring two others. It was out in the rice paddies and there were no roads in, so it was about a 2km walk across the rice paddies. We dealt with the injured and the dead. Somehow we had to get them from the area. We made up stretchers, commandeering army-type jackets the local people standing around were wearing and using bamboo poles for putting flags on to scare birds away from the rice. We put the ones who were still breathing on those and carried them out to the local ambulances.

Another incident was on a Sunday morning just before we left. A local who had been partying all night on local wine drove his vehicle back in from one of the little sub-villages. Three little kids were playing, well off the side of the road. They saw him coming and tried to run away, but he drove after them, killing two. That was an experience, not a very happy one. But what happened after it was also an experience, because of the different culture, the way the people grieved over the deaths.

Our end of the island was totally different to some of the other districts. We were 26km from the coast, which was almost a two hour drive away, with some of the best beaches you'd see anywhere.

A boat carrying Vietnamese showed up at Com Port one Saturday while we were there making inquiries in relation to some refugees returning. The Kepala Desa (local village chief) stopped us and said, "Some people down the wharf".

We went down to the wharf and found eight Vietnamese on a fishing boat. One spoke a bit of English so I asked him what they were doing. He had a rehearsed speech about where they had come from and where they were going, quoting the bearing to Darwin. He was adamant that he was going to Darwin, and I was just as adamant he wasn't going to Darwin. We got a message to Dili advising them of the situation. I told them that they would have to stay on board their vessel until I received a reply from Dili. They were out of fuel and water.

Locals kept an eye on them for us. We went back the next day and asked them same questions and got exactly the same rehearsed answers. We asked them to show us how they would navigate to Darwin. They had this tiny compass and a basic world map, like the maps that used to be on school classroom walls. We confiscated both and took them back to the Station. At the time of my departure all were awaiting their destiny in the Dili Prison.

By chance we were able to stop one more boatload coming to Australia.

LIFE AS A CRIME SCENE EXAMINER

BY SENIOR CONSTABLE ANDY HOLT

Senior Constable Andy Holt tells his story

After we were selected, there were the medicals, vaccinations, blood tests, chest x-rays and all the other preparations.

I was based in Dili, attached to the United Nations, working in what they called Headquarters Investigations, which was like a major crimes squad. I was the CIVPOL (civilian police) crime scene examiner. About 25 people worked in that section.

I was involved in the investigation of what they called the "historic" murders. They referred to everything that happened last September as historic. Although I was based in Dili I spent a lot of time travelling around the island.

The work that the unit that I was with was doing has since been handed over to the United Nations Human Rights section and is now done by their serious crime unit.

Like most of the Australian police based in Dili I lived at the Tourisimo Hotel, sharing a room with another officer. It was on the seafront and wasn't too bad compared to where a lot of other people were living.

When we got there, we had a bit of a problem with mosquitoes in the room, but we put some flywire across the windows. The rooms were quite reasonable. We only had cold water for showering, but we had a normal toilet, that flushed, which was luxury.

If you went anywhere and discussed where you were staying with other people, the first thing you'd ask was "what sort of toilet have you got?" and if you had a flushing toilet, well you thought that was all right.

The Tourisimo had been damaged by militia, but the people who were running it were at the stage of renovating it and were doing a good job, the garden was nice. You could walk across from the front of the hotel to the beach, and there were sea views from out the front.

We took a lot of food with us, canned food, noodles, muesli bars, cereal, because we were told that food was very short.

Searching for bones in the water trough at Suai ... turned out to be dog bones.

But we found that in Dili we weren't so badly off because there were a couple of shops opening. There was a shop just a couple of doors down from the Tourisimo Hotel that sold virtually everything you could possibly need.

We cooked our meals at the hotel room, and occasionally we'd go out for a meal because there were a few little restaurants opening. We mainly went out to eat to get some vegetables. Locals were opening restaurants, and a few were being opened by Australians. There was a place around the corner, Bob's Burgers, he sold hamburgers, chips, that type of thing. There was also another hotel up the road where you could go and get a steak and vegetables. I didn't seem to eat a lot of fruit up there. I drank a lot of fruit juice, but I never

found fruit readily available. Probably would have if I'd gone looking for it. The markets had some, but I didn't go up there very much.

At the time I was the only CIVPOL crime scene examiner in East Timor. The Australian Army had a team of crime scene examiners there and I was working with them. They were phasing out the crime scene side of it and the civilian police were to take over the crime scene work. I was the first person to start working on that.

I was also responsible for securing premises, setting up an exhibits room, and the ordering equipment. My background is in crime scene work, so I was used to using video. The Army had video equipment we were using, but when we were setting up the CIVPOL operation I had to order video equipment in.

When I finished, three crime scene examiners came out from Britain to take over from me and the four Army guys.

We were travelling to various locations and exhuming bodies and bringing them back to Dili for post-mortem examination.

When I was in Dili I was also, separately from my work with the Army, attending any crime scenes that occurred. We had a murder scene, a couple of fairly heavy assaults, and a local who had fallen into the harbour and drowned.

We did our own cooking, using equipment supplied by the Australian Federal Police. I had a methylated spirit stove I used for cooking. We had electricity there as well, and a couple of the guys had a hotplate, but I liked the little methylated spirit stove, the Trangia, it was absolutely great.

We were busy and there wasn't much time for recreation. We worked seven days a week, and we had a leave period at the end of 30 days.

I was often away from Dili for several days at a time. The longest trip was 10 days, staying in a village called Tumin, in Ockusi, quite close to the border. A team of 15 of us flew down by helicopter. We had two trips to that area, recording crime scenes.

The people there were absolutely marvellous. No English was spoken, we had interpreters with us as part of the team. But they made their church available for us to sleep in.

Those days were spent out in the field, long days, a lot of walking. The highlight was the kids. Every afternoon the kids would come up to the church and we'd play football, and tug-a-war was a big thing. We brought footballs and we had a rope with us. Eight or nine of us heavy blokes, and on the end 300 kids, and we never won, they always won.

We also took the usual lollies and gifts.

The hard things about being out there was that we had no toilet, just the hole in the ground out the back, no shower or running water. We washed ourselves down at the local well with a bucket, behind a tree. It was 10 days of working with nothing cold to drink.

It really did make you appreciate home. Even when working in Dili, we had no equipment, I remember one day searching for paper clips when I was trying to put a file together.

It certainly made you appreciate your work environment, you home life and living in Australia.

We were pretty well off for camping gear, the AFP supplied us with equipment, and it was pretty good.

In Dili we were okay for food, and when we travelled, we lived on Army rations. But the people who were sent to other places, like Suai, like Steve and Lee, all the food they brought over with them was pretty important to them. We could buy food, but they couldn't.

Some places we went out to, the NZ Army had a little shop, and you could go and buy a cold drink, and a packet of chips.

There were a couple of things that were quite interesting. Down in Suai, there was a concrete water trough, with about 2ft of green waters.

The locals weren't using it because they believed there was a body in it. We went down and examined it, emptied the water out. There were bones, but they turned out to be dog bones. Some people suggested to us that it might have been a bit of a waste of time, but it wasn't really, because it gave the people back their concrete trough.

There was a similar case with a well, where there were bones, but they also turned out to be dog bones, not human remains, so they were able to use their well again.

There were some lighter moments. One afternoon we had a report of a murder at Viqueque. We flew down by helicopter. The local police couldn't get into the scene because the river flooded, they were there by the riverbank, waiting for us to take them in by helicopter.

When we arrived in the village the person who was supposed to be deceased was sitting in a chair having a cigarette.

There had been an incident, but by the time the person who reported it had walked out of there, and by the time the information got back to Dili, it had been exaggerated a little bit. We weren't sure whether there had been a fight, but something was seen, there might have been something to do with witchcraft, something left outside a hut that indicated someone had died. And there had been a funeral in the village the night before.

There was another incident that left a lasting impression.

At Tumin we brought the exhumed bodies back and put them in the church. There was a lot of negotiation, talking with the local people, which of course was all very, very sensitive.

The day we were leaving we had 15 bodies that we took 12km from Tumin to Passabe and were waiting for the helicopter to come from Dili to collect us. It couldn't come, it had developed a fault. We couldn't take the bodies back to the church, having already moved them out, so myself and a police officer from Nepal, we spent the night in a house down there. Myself, the Nepalese policeman and 15 bodies, all in the same room.

The helicopter came the next day.

I thought I was lucky, I had a good job, and got to travel and see most of East Timor, which I thought was very beautiful.

The people I got to work with were excellent, the multinational force, people from different countries, different backgrounds working together, getting on well. I made a lot of friends, and I still see some of them are still over there.

I enjoyed going, I would have liked to have stayed six months. I am pleased that I was asked to go.

LIFE ON PATROLS

BY SENIOR CONSTABLE CHRIS WILSON

Senior Constable Chris Wilson, based in Dili, worked on patrols in the immediate Dili district for the first six weeks of his tour of duty.

At first it was hard to comprehend the damage done to every single building in Dili. Everything had been burnt out and there was rubble on every street. It was very difficult to respond to jobs when there are no street signs, no numbering, and the other people in the vehicle on patrol mostly spoke very broken English. Then trying to understand what the interpreter was saying from the victim when you attend the actual job, and what language he was actually interpreting.

We responded to and followed up any complaints. Mainly disturbances and disputes over houses, as there were a lot of refugees returning and people were just moving into whatever house they could find. The patrol work was actually more like security work, guarding a lot of UN assets, until the places could be secured. We spent one shift of seven night shifts guarding a safe in the back of the Governor's Palace.

I lived at the Comoro Power Station, I was lucky that there were some spare rooms there and that the first night I was over there I met someone I knew from Transport and Works Tennant Creek.

We took enough food for the first month there, but where I lived, we had bulk food flown over from Australia. We cooked for ourselves, and are outside, listening to the sound of the powerhouse.

With bottled water supplied by the UN you would have thought that you wouldn't pick up any bugs, but there was a stage where for about nine days I wouldn't stay too far away from the office or the camp.

At that stage there were restaurants opening in Dili, but we felt the standard of food was a bit doubtful. Australians were over there opening restaurants, but they had a lot of local people working for them, and we found standards of hygiene a bit questionable.

Then I moved to National Investigations at CIVPOL headquarters, part of the group that reopened investigation into the deaths of the five journalists killed in 1975 at Balibo.

But mainly we worked on current crimes. We investigated all the shootings of militia by the peacekeeping force, a lot of politically motivated crimes, and any other major crimes that occurred around the island. A lot of these investigations meant working closely with the Military Police from all the contributing countries. We also were putting into place standard procedures for forensic and firearm examinations to take place in Australia.

It was sometimes difficult working in an office where, for most of the people we worked with, English was not their first language. Some of the crimes, the investigations we were dealing with, really needed attention to detail and the language barrier made this time consuming.

The Indonesian Penal Code was chosen as the basis of the laws and basically anything you want to do requires a warrant and then the Investigating Judge, a local with some legal experience, directs investigation.

We also were trying to assist with setting up the court system there.

I was fortunate working in National Investigations because as a job came up at any place on the island we would get a helicopter from the PKF or drive to the scene, whereas a lot of the people who went over there were just stuck in their district and couldn't leave there, because transport was very difficult.

We worked at the celebration of the anniversary of the "Popular Consultation" where there were 20 000 people present in front of the Governor's Palace.

It took 16 hours to get through the whole day of celebration, with speeches, dances and traditional music presentations from all the countries involved in UNTAET.

There were over 100 CIVPOL and more Military doing security but contrary to expectations, it went off successfully and ended late in the night with Yothu Yindi.

It was interesting working with police from other countries, with different cultures.

In my office there were police from Britain, Austria, Bosnia, Nigeria, Canada, Philippines, Portugal, Nepal, Spain, Jordan, Thailand, Gambia, China and Australia.

One Zambian officer I met had 20 000 police working under him, just on patrols.

And talking to an officer from the Philippines, we heard that they have to maintain a waistline under 34 inches, or they're out. That would be a bit difficult, but I guess they're mostly slimmer than us, so it's not as difficult as it would be here.

The social life where we were was great, we were always entertained by the Americans, they'd play the guitar, start singing, socialising either at their place or our place. At our place, we had barbecues every Wednesday night. Of course 'Frontline', the Military PX had all the suitable refreshments made available to us, and the British 'Embassy' was more than hospitable.

Lucky for us that it was only a 1hr 40min flight (if you could get on the UN flight) and we were home, but people from elsewhere were arranging flights interstate and sometimes for up to 40 hours travel just to get home for their days off and leave.

But at the end of 181 days, after all the farewell parties, as a lot of other people were ending their mission it was time to come home. Time to really appreciate the comforts of home.

SENIOR CONSTABLE ROB WHITTINGTON

Senior Constable Rob Whittington was posted to Ainaro District in the mountains, and even getting there proved to be an adventure.

Canberra in May, was this meant to be an introduction to the hardships of Timor! The last time I had been so cold was doing the early morning bus check-in at Tennant Creek.

After training in Darwin we were finally off to Dili or so we thought. Hours of delay saw us at last boarded, but then a flight officer handed a wrench to one of the other Australians and pointed to something to hit. Whatever they were trying to achieve didn't work and we were offloaded to await the arrival of another UN C130, hopefully not the one that belly landed earlier in the year.

I had been informed in Canberra that I was to be posted to Ainaro District in the mountains, so I figured a couple of days in the Timor Lodge in Dili, where we were provided with an air-conditioned demountable room and good facilities, was a treat to be savoured. The Wet Season had played havoc with the treacherous mountain roads, delaying the transfer of fellow contingent member Danny Shaw (Queensland Police) and me. After several days we hitched a ride on a UN helicopter, however after an hour's flight we landed back in Dili because Ainaro was fogged in. Another two days and we got to meet Western Australia Police member Kim Travers who endured the four-and-a-half hours of rain, mudslides and rampaging chickens to collect two by now impatient CIVPOL.

On arrival in Ainaro, the American Commander gave his "Welcome to The Rock, gentlemen" speech (minus the Sean Connery accent) that had become part of every new arrival's introduction. I was fortunate to take over a share of a room in Vila Maria, an old Portuguese house in the middle of a coffee plantation.

The place had been abandoned for years and was not touched during the troubles that had destroyed 95 per cent of the town. The fact it belonged to the church and was reputedly haunted may have had something to do with it. The premises had been renovated by the American and Portuguese CIVPOL and the Australians from the previous contingent.

My first tour of the district included a trek along the Soro/Sorokraic road which is a serious 4WD track in the Wet. The Land Rover Discovery automatics were up to the challenge, but not so some of the drivers. A colleague was having problems and when we came to a section with about 30 locals working on the road, I observed the incline required a serious approach. My colleague made several attempts before stating he would just "put it in N for normal". I took that as my cue to drive. To the cheers of the gathering crowd that had been enjoying the spectacle of seeing fellow road workers covered in spraying mud, we got out. Thank you NTES 4WD training.

Fedpol eased the burden of isolation by allowing us 10 minutes a week on the Sat phone they had supplied for emergencies. Other International Police were not so well supported. One colleague used the UN-issued phone and received a $3000 bill.

I became the District Recruiting Coordinator, so essentially I had to continue the efforts of the previous incumbent and recruit appropriate locals to become agents of the Timor Lorosa's Police Service (TLPS). After three months at the fledgling college in Dili we were to receive the same officers back to undergo field training. A patrol to Suai to escort Internally Displaced Persons (IDPs) back to Ainaro District proved futile when the river at Zumulai rose behind us and stranded us in Suai for a couple of days. The generosity of the Australian and American CIVPOL ensured we had a feed and somewhere dry to stay, despite their own limited resources. Eventually we returned to Ainaro without the IDPs since the road was closed to the Aid trucks.

I was fortunate to be at the graduation of Class 1 of the TLPS. These new Police Agents, with as diverse a work background as we see with NT Police, had a common thought, to be good police and help Timor Lorosa'e become a place it could never have been without the UN.

At the end of July the local Portuguese Platoon was rotating out so at the farewell gathering the Australian CIVPOL presented an NT Police plaque to the Platoon Commander. This gesture of friendship was returned with a battalion plaque for me.

The selection process continued along as trained the Agents. Competency checklists became required reading. The other CIVPOL officers given the task of mentoring the individuals responded well to the challenges. The Timorese locals who had held positions within the Indonesian Police and were now assisting the UN became eligible to go to the Police College. Their eagerness to become Agents was displayed in the PT test results that totally disgraced applicants half their age.

A religious festival at Cassa and Hatoudo accompanying Bishop Belo gave us the opportunity to sample local hospitality. These people have had to rebuild their lives and yet they find the resources to put on colourful ceremonies and banquets. At Hatoudo we were to have fresh meat after watching the buffalo slaughtered in the church paddock and then carried leg by leg up the hill to the kitchens. A glass of wine over dinner, pleasant conversation with the Bishop and senior nuns; some days made up for others.

A patrol to the soon to be established Hatobuilico Substation at the foot of Mount Ramelau was followed by escort duties to Dare with Xanana Gusmao. The people responded enthusiastically to his speeches and there were no incidents.

The Anniversary of the placing of the Mary Statue at the peak of Mt Ramelau provided the opportunity for us to climb the island's highest peak. We climbed at night to ensure we provided a police presence to the people who had gathered for mass the next morning.

It was cold and windswept at 2am on 7 October at the peak but what a reward, with the view of Dili, Suai and our own town of Ainaro. The lights of residences showed the limits of the country.

The interpreter and two English-speaking Timorese police who led us up the goat track had us believe the two-hour walk was an achievement. Then we spotted the kids four and five years old running up the mountain barefoot as we slid down in our GP's. Bruised egos all-round.

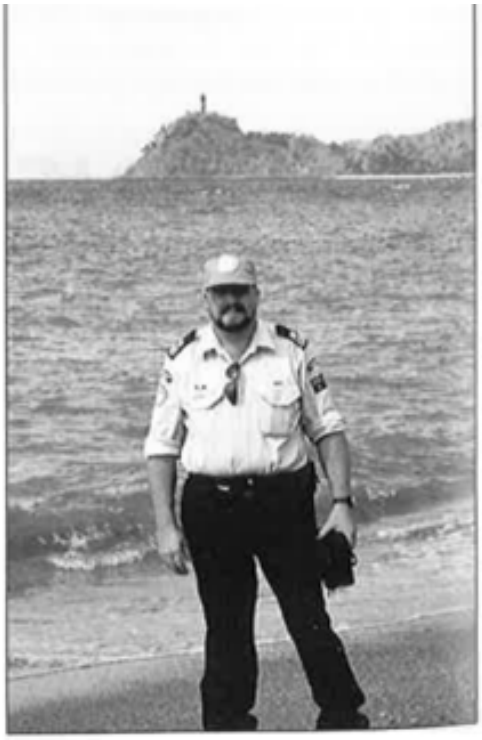
My time in Ainaro saw three squads graduate from the Police College, with a further three squads in training. As locals take the place of UN CIVPOL they

are coming to grips with having a control of their lives that they had not previously experienced. As we head into a period of change with the upcoming elections, we can hope the exposure to the UN has brought a sense of restraint and people will accept the vote of the majority without further turmoil. If you are prepared for the challenges and hardships, I recommend the Mission experience.

Stories and articles as per – Territory Police Journal – March 2001

ADVENTURES IN SUAI

BY SENIOR CONSTABLE STEVE PFITZNER



Steve on the beach near Dili – the Jesus Statue is visible in the distance

Territory POLICE JOURNAL December 2000

Senior Constable Steve Pfitzner was based in Suai during his tour of duty of East Timor and was placed into the Investigation Unit where a great deal of his time was spent continuing investigations into the massacres and murders during the period following the vote for independence. Other Australian police based in Suai with Senior Constable Pfitzner were Jeff Little (NSW Police), Matthew Reynolds (ACT Police) and Warren Stewart (AFP).

When our contingent arrived in Dili we were initially lodged at the Tourisimo Hotel. A portion of the hotel had been destroyed by fire, although by Dili standards at this time the hotel was still reasonably functional. Those who were staying in Dili had shared rooms and the remainder camped on a floor at the Tourisimo or in a room at the UN Compound. I chose to camp on one of the hotel's verandahs which, of course, got very wet on our last night there. The electricity at the hotel was a very off and on affair at that time, mostly more off than on.

Our trunks, containing all our foodstuffs and a fair bit of our essential gear, had been left in Darwin and their arrival in Dili was an unknown quantity. Our contingent Commander, Trevor Clark, told us we would be stuck in Dili until our trunks arrived, as there were no guarantees of any food being available in Suai. So to pass the time we went sightseeing and investigated things such as the markets, the Jesus Statue standing to the east of Dili and various restaurants or shops that were open.

I guess the first thing I noticed was the utter devastation of a lot of buildings and houses. Sightseeing in Dili involved a lot of walking, as vehicles were pretty much non-available, unless you worked out how to hijack the UN taxis.

After a few days of hanging around Dili, Matt Reynolds and I decided we'd had enough of waiting around so we ended up approaching the Aussie Army to see if we could scrounge some ration packs. The Army guys were most generous, and we ended up with about two weeks' worth of 24-hour ration packs. This episode soon became known and other members of the contingent duly raided the Army camp for their rations. Fortunately, the Army guys had a good sense of humour. We then approached Trevor Clark and told him we'd acquired enough food for a couple of weeks and requested we be sent to our postings. This occurred the following day.

We flew south across the breadth of East Timor in a UN chopper, which was a bit of excitement in itself, being able to see a fair bit of the country. The mountainous scenery was spectacular from the air. On arrival at Suai, which is a southern coastal town about six kilometres from the East Timor/West Timor border, we were met by a Canadian Police Officer by the name of Andy Poirier. Andy's greeting to us was "what did you guys do wrong to get sent to Suai" or words to that effect. This was to become a common form of greeting over the next couple of days.

I soon understood the comment upon seeing the town and how utterly devastated it was. The Indonesians and the militia had destroyed just about everything on their departure. Suai was later to be declared a hardship posting for UN personnel due to the conditions.

Our little house in Suai had a roof that was a bit leaky

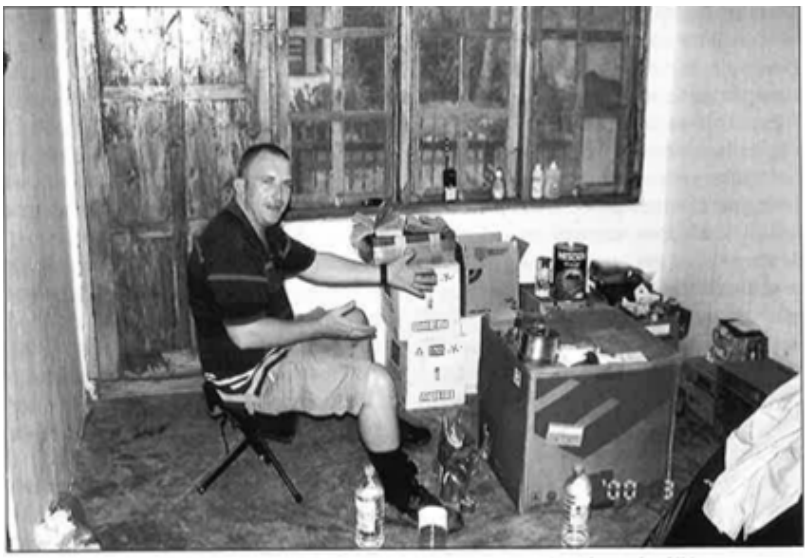
Our first priority was to organise somewhere to live for the next three months. We soon found a little house in the village of Tobacco, which was available to rent. Matt Reynolds and I moved in and settled straight in to work.

We used the ration packs for about eight days until our trunks turned up, which was a welcome relief – two-minute noodles and proper tinned food at last. Town power was non-existent during my stay in Suai, although the UN compound and other essential facilities like the hospital had generators for their needs.

It was very hot. We suspected that a lot of the UN staff were driving around in the UN vehicles just to escape the heat. The police had two Landrover Discovery vehicles for 21 officers when we arrived. This was just one of the endless resource problems. I lost about six kg in our first month in Suai.

We slept under mozzie domes, although you inevitably ended up getting bitten by mozzies sooner or later. You just hoped it wasn't one that was carrying dengue fever or malaria. I saw a number of UN staff and police go down with these diseases whilst in Timor. Fortunately I managed to avoid any disease-carrying mozzies.

At first we didn't have a proper toilet, just a pit toilet which was usable after a good scrub. We later scrounged a porcelain toilet from the NZ Army Peacekeepers who installed the toilet in exchange for a couple of t-shirts. Comfort at last, although the cistern still had to be filled by hand as we had no running water. Initially we had a few jerry cans for water, which had to be filled at a water point, and we washed in some plastic bowls we found at the local markets. A concrete water tank at the back of the house had about two feet of green slime in the bottom, which we cleaned out so the NZ Army could bring some washing water with their water truck once a week or so. Drinking water consisted of bottled water rationed to us about once a week.



When we first moved in we used an old computer box from the UN compound for a kitchen table

A highlight was receiving a parcel from home (although receiving them was sometimes a lottery). We managed to get a couple of tarps to put on the roof using local labour. This kept a lot of the rain out the house, although my gear became wet and mouldy towards the end of our tour, due to the large amount of rainfall. Evicting scorpions from the house also became a part of everyday life. Waking up to see one above your head on the mozzie dome was definitely not fun.

Gradually we got to know several of the locals in our village. They were wonderfully friendly people and were keen to interact with us. We employed a young bloke, Nakin, to clean the house for us. Nakin would borrow a straw sweeper and come over for about an hour and a half each day.

He'd sweep the house, mop the floor with a wet rag and wash our clothes in the plastic tubs we'd bought. We didn't think Nakin's broom and mop were very flash so on our first trip back to Darwin we bought a proper mop head and broom head for him to use. He thought this was great.

We commissioned the local carpenter to make a table and two chairs for us out of some timber he'd found. Things gradually became more comfortable for us as time went by. I believe Suai now has electricity, and the police now have their own renovated building to use as a police station.

Shortly after our arrival in Suai I was sent on an overnight trip to Malabe, a village in the mountains. At this stage we were still unarmed as our weapons were not to be issued until safes were installed in the police station. I was accompanied by an Australian Police Officer, Reiner. We were flown into Malabe by NZ Army Iroquois helicopters with some heavily armed troops.

The peacekeepers were on a mission to apprehend a group of armed militia that had crossed into the area from West Timor. This group had murdered a man the day before at Atsabe, a nearby village, and was still at large in the area. We were there to deal with the militia in the event of their apprehension. While sitting on a hillside near the headquarters we could see huts in the distance going up in smoke as the militia moved through the area. The group managed to avoid apprehension on this occasion and went back across the border. The group was later involved in a firefight with the NZ peacekeepers and two militia were killed.

Once we were issued weapons (9mm Glocks in our case) we remained armed at all times due to the security situation in our district (Cove Lima). We also had a 24-hour manning of the Police Station, working evening and night shifts.

Some of our duties involved repatriation of refugees from the camps in West Timor to their villages in our district. All returnees were processed at the border and a security check conducted. If any of the returnees were suspected militia, they were interrogated by the peacekeepers and if any involvement in crimes were revealed the suspects were then handed over to CIVPOL. On one occasion 12 militia suspects were identified and separated. There was no evidence at that time to hold them so the decision was made to allow UNHCR (United Nations Human Rights Commission) to continue with their repatriation to the village of Zumalai.

Matt Reynolds and I were tasked to accompany the open-backed truck to Zumalai whilst this process took place. We were also accompanied by armed peacekeepers for security. When we arrived in Zumalai a big crowd was waiting. The villagers had obviously heard of the impending arrival of these fellows. UNHCR addressed the crowd and explained the need for repatriation and acceptance. Everything appeared to be going well until a woman burst into screams and accused one of the 12 men of murdering her husband. Things turned pretty ugly very quickly as the crowd began to turn against the men and started hurling abuse, despite the protestations of UNHCR staff. Trucks full of men armed with machetes and sticks turned up, and when one of the UN interpreters overheard death threats being issued against the men we decided it was time to leave – quickly. We took the men back to Suai where investigations were conducted and three of the men arrested for murder. I later interviewed the woman who had made the accusations at Zumalai and learnt that she had been at the Suai Church during the massacre where an estimated 200-300 people were killed. She had seen her husband stabbed to death with swords, the suspect she had pointed out delivering the fatal blow. This man had been a Mahidi Militia leader and was heavily involved in the massacre.

Jeff Little, Matt Reynolds and I later had an extended excursion into the mountains where we carried out investigations of murders carried out at Nanu and at Laktos after the vote for independence. At Laktos we had the whole village turn out to greet us as we stepped from the chopper. They were extremely happy to see CIVPOL were going to investigate the massacre that had occurred there. Resource issues, security issues and road conditions had resulted in very little investigation of the massacre. As we walked to the hillside where the massacre occurred, we had the whole village in tow. At the hillside we conducted a video reconstruction using the villagers. Due to the numbers involved this was like staging a play. The investigating judge later viewed the videotape and was suitably impressed.

After travelling to Dili, we collected a prisoner and conveyed him by chopper to the village of Nanu where we conducted a further video reconstruction. The prisoner took us to a steep cliff where he and some others had murdered his brother-in-law and his sister. He described how his brother-in-law had been hacked to death with machetes, had his tongue cut out and was then thrown over the cliff. He and another militia member had then cut the tongue in half and eaten it.

His eight-year-old niece had also been slaughtered the same night. What startled me was that the villagers and his family appeared to forgive his sins and were embracing him as we walked back through his village. Needless to say, we were accompanied by a section of NZ peacekeepers for added security during this exercise.

The resilience of the East Timorese people despite the enormity of their suffering, aided by their unwavering beliefs in Christianity, were qualities we witnessed on a daily basis.

I've taken away many memories of my time in East Timor, including memories of the friendship extended by the people and other UN staff. I am grateful for having had the opportunity to experience a unique form of policing and would thoroughly recommend the experience to members who wish to share the same challenges and experiences.

Stories and articles as per – Territory Police Journal – March 2001

SOLOMON ISLAND POLICE EXCHANGE

BY SARAH COMBE (PRINTED IN THE DRUM)

After eight weeks examining juvenile crime prevention and diversion strategies used by Northern Territory Police, Sergeant Ian Vaevaso from the Royal Solomon Islands Police said he would take home many recommendations for change, modelled on what he has learnt.

I have seen youth in the Solomon Islands who have not been given a second chance. They are arrested and taken to court and there are no other options available to them. I think it would be good to give youth the opportunity to change and take responsibility for what they are doing. I think they will learn from that.

Sergeant Vaevaso spent time with North Territory Police as part of an eight week Australian Scholarship Program aimed at developing ideas for Juvenile Crime Prevention in the Solomon Islands.

He lives and works in West Choiseul and has been serving in the Royal Solomon Islands Police Force for ten years.

In 1996 he began recruitment at the Royal Solomon Islands Police Academy and started out his service in criminal prosecutions. Since then he has worked in the Professional Standards Unit whose primary role is to conduct internal investigations into criminal disciplinary matters against police officers.

The fellowship provided Ian with an exciting exchange opportunity to work outside this area and develop new ideas for youth crime prevention.

Ian noticed many similarities between youth in the Northern Territory and the Solomon Islands, and their reasons for committing property crime and was really excited about community programs that focus on youth development.

During his time in the Northern Territory he travelled to Groote Eylandt, Angurugu, Umbukumba, Alice Springs and Tennant Creek and spent time with the Juvenile Diversion Unit, Crime Prevention Section, Junior Police Rangers on a camp, School Based Constables, Blue Light Disco and more.

Ian was particularly impressed with sports programs provided to youth in Groote Eylandt which encourage them to pursue alternative activities and Blue Light Discos which he said were a lot of fun.

"It would be really good to bring new ideas like this back to the Solomon Islands."

He also thoroughly enjoyed going out to the communities and said that spending time talking with young people was a very enlightening experience.

On 20 July, Commissioner Paul White presented Ian with a Leadership Award Fellowship Training Staff Attachment.

Ian said that he would like to see these new links between the Solomon Islands Police and Northern Territory Police to be continued.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TIPS FOR NEW RECRUITS

FROM A BYGONE ERA, SOME OF THE QUALIFICATIONS NEEDED TO BE A CONSTABLE IN THE NT:

- Must be a man (no mention of women in the force in those days) of vision and ambition, an after dinner speaker, a night owl, able to work all day and half the night without incurring and overtime, and appears fresh the next morning.
- Must be able to drive camels, trucks, Caterpillar tractors, horses, sheep, goats and assorted antiquated vehicles.
- When in Town must be expert talker, dancer, bridge player, snooker player, diplomat, financier, capitalist, philanthropist, astrologist, pathologist, chemist, doctor and gynaecologist.

(Citation, May 2010)

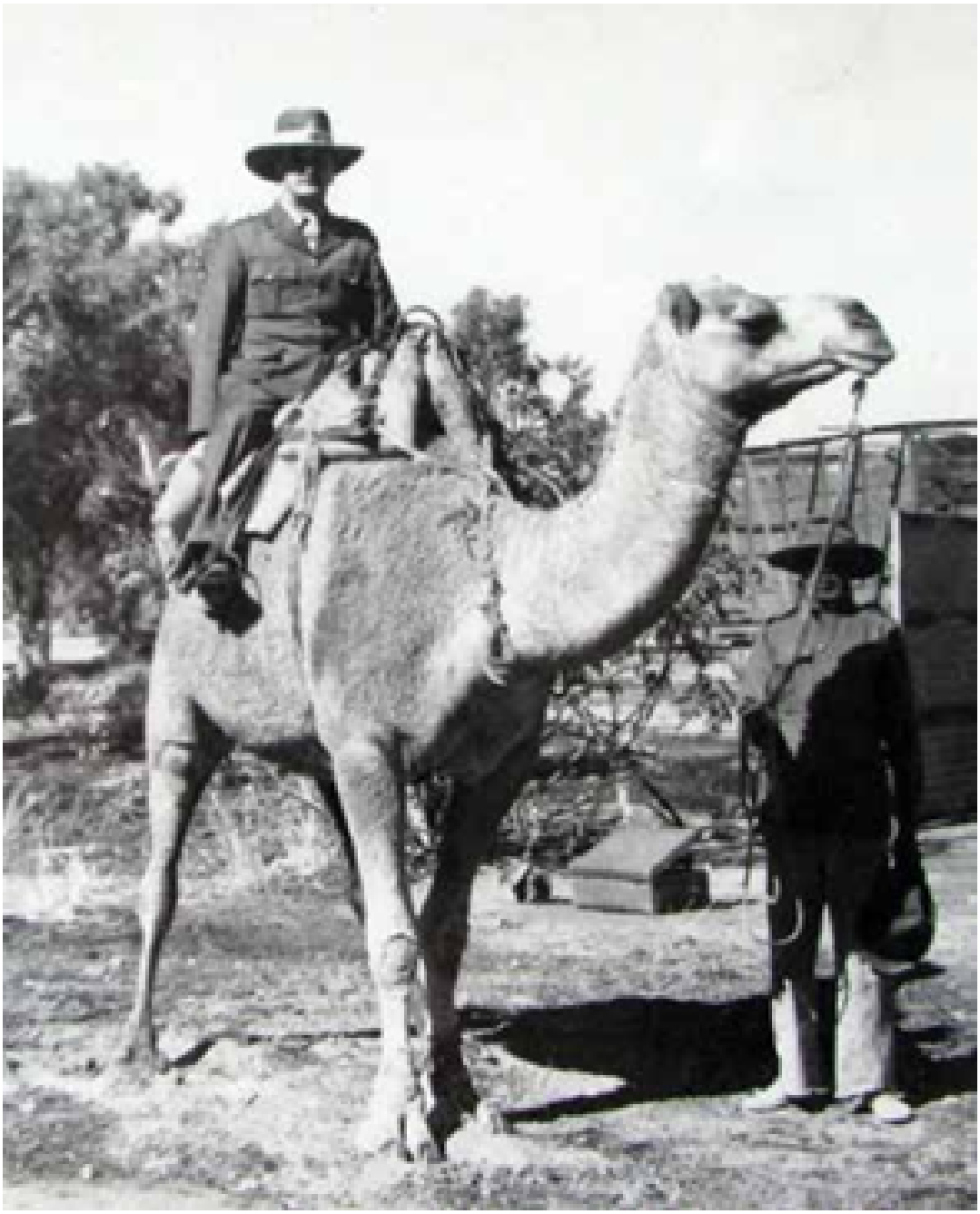

Photo: NT Police News Magazine, February 2020

THE AFTER LIFE

JOHN MALEY OAM

John Maley joined the NT Police on the 17th of September 1962, Reg. No. 194 and served in Darwin, Tennant Creek, Timber Creek and Katherine. John retired in 1996 and was then appointed to the NT Liquor Commission as Chairman and later to the Planning Authority for a further 3 years.

Memorable moments?

There have been many in a career that spanned 30 years but here are a few:

- Serving at Timber Creek in a relieving capacity.
- Visiting fellow at the National Police Research Unit assisting with development of drug protocols and a study tour to the USA.
- Attended an Executive Development Course at the Royal Canadian Mounted Police college in Ottawa, Canada.
- A secondment to the NSW drug squad.
- Awarded an OAM in 1995.

I was inspired to join by my spirit of adventure particularly in relation to exploring outback Australia and becoming part of a developing, exciting community. Later, as my career progressed, a passionate interest and participation in rugby league further fuelled my intentions. A chance to captain the NT rugby league team in 1966 against England and play against France in 1964 were factors in my intention to stay in the NT.

My mentors during my career were Roger Textor, Deputy Commissioner and Peter MacAuley, Commissioner.

Retirement enabled me to fulfill a life-long dream which was to be a farmer and live on the land. My dream came to fruition when I settled on a cattle property in Gresord, NSW where I ran beef cattle for 16 years.

In preparation for my retirement, I undertook a land care course at Tocal Agricultural College in NSW. This was an excellent grounding in all aspects related to land care and introduced me to a diverse group of people with similar interests.

As I am now completely retired, I keep up with world events, liaise with old coppers at morning coffee meetings and have joined a Men's Shed for additional personal interaction. I keep in touch with family and grandchildren as much as possible interspersed with the compulsory medical appointments!

Best regards,
John V Maley OAM

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DIED IN THE LINE OF DUTY

Detective Sergeant 2nd Class Ian Bradford, who was killed in the execution of his duty on 29 January 1984. Detective Sergeant Bradford joined the NT Police Force on 19 February 1973 and served in Darwin and Alyangula.

Ian and his partner, Jon Hayes were patrolling the Darwin Wharf area just prior to midnight on 28 January, when their police car drove off the Fort Hill wharf, which was under construction. Despite Jon's valiant efforts Ian drowned. He left behind his wife, Di, and three children – Philip, Graham and Paula.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR SERVICE.

DIED WHILE SERVING

Foot Constable Third Class Thomas Charlesworth is honoured at the National Police Memorial, having drowned on 22nd February 1884. Following is an article by Paul Toohey published in The Australian on 31 January 2024, which also refers another fallen colleague, Brevet Sergeant Glen Huitson.

BUSH QUEST TO HONOUR LONG-LOST TROOPER

His name was Thomas Charlesworth and in February 1884 he rode out from Southport, just south of what today is Darwin, to look for an overdue mail coach said to be carrying gold.

The English-born mounted constable, aged 32, had dodged spears in South Africa's Zulu wars of 1879, but was now about to be done in by a small but deceptively deep creek.

The lone Charlesworth came upon Peter's Creek, just north of Adelaide River, at nightfall. The rain was hard and Charlesworth, wearing oilskins and boots, and perhaps looking for a way across the fast-rushing creek, slipped on the muddy bank and fell in.

His body was later discovered in the creek by a police search party from Adelaide River. His remains were probably, by then, in no condition to be transported to a cemetery, and so he was buried near where he was found.

Commentary in the local paper was that "the poor fellow" should never have been sent out alone to battle raging rivers and streams. He was never given a headstone and over time the location of his grave was lost.

In late July 1999, Adelaide River's Sergeant Glen Huitson told a local council works manager, Bill Roberts, that some army mates had given him a GPS reading of a spot that looked like a grave, on the banks of Peter's Creek.

Huitson was interested in police history and thought it fitting that Charlesworth's resting place be found and that the long-lost constable be honoured with a memorial of some kind.

Tragically, only four days after this conversation with Roberts, Huitson was gunned down on the Stuart Highway by the so-called "real" Crocodile Dundee, Rodney Ansell.

Partly as a way of honouring Huitson, Roberts went to Huitson's widow to see if he'd noted the GPS position somewhere, but was unable to turn anything up.

More recently, Roberts was working in the Peter's Creek area when he decided to take a wander. He found a grave-shaped rise in the ground. He thinks it may be Charlesworth's resting place. Roberts was raised in these parts and has a sharp eye for nature and anomalies in the bush. He points to how the ground is different here: full of small rocks and slightly elevated above the flat and rockless surrounding terrain.

"Here's a man laying out here with nothing at all to remember him," says Roberts.

"It's not nice. If he is here, I doubt whether anyone would want to move him but it would be good to see some sort of memorial. Partly for him, partly for Glen Huitson."

Roberts is reluctant to stick a shovel in the ground, so he's talked to a bloke named Dave Turner, who has ground-penetrating radar equipment, which is normally used to detect underground cables.

Turner has located skeletons before and is prepared to have a probe before the wet season sets in. "You won't actually see a skeleton, just a disturbance and the ground will be different to what's surrounding it," says Turner.

Whether they find him or not, Mounted Constable Charlesworth must be feeling strong vibes from the world above him.

Back when he served at Southport, the Territory was a part of South Australia. SA police have also - quite separately to these events - been working on the overdue acknowledgment of Charlesworth. Today, after 124 years, his name will be honoured with a plaque at the National Police Memorial in Canberra, which recognises police who die in the line of duty.

If you are interested in reading further about Charlesworth there is a Trove article in the South Australian Register, South Australia's first newspaper, dated 29 March 1884 and written by the Port Darwin Correspondent.
https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/47080316?searchTerm=constable%20thomas%20charlesworth%20northern%20territory

AIR CRASH - MATARANKA - 1956

The following is a transcript of the report by Constable A.J. Gordon following the search and rescue (SAR) of the pilot following this crash. His report provides an insight into SAR operations in 1956 and the paucity of equipment available at the time.

Police Station
MARANBOY NT

Officer in Charge
Northern Division DARWIN NT

11th October 1956

REPORT OF: Constable A.J. Gordon

RELATIVE TO: Plane crash 28 miles S.W. from Mataranka and search for Pilot, Roy Moffatt.

I have to report that at about 6pm on Friday 5th October 1956 I received information from S/Sergeant Smythe of Katherine that an aeroplane, piloted by Roy Moffatt,had crashed about 28 miles south west from Mataranka and that Charles Miller, who was flying in another plane with Moffatt, reported that Moffatt appeared to be uninjured when he circled Moffatt's plane after the crash.

Arrangements were made with Mr. Eric Swaine, Works Supervisor of Works Department, Katherine, to take me out to the crash in his departmental Land Rover. An RAAF Lincoln flew into the area about dusk on Friday night but failed to locate the plane. It was then arranged that Mr. Swaine, Lance Carew of Mataranka, and myself would drive along an old fire ploughed road heading south west from Mataranka and there wait for the Lincoln to circle us and advise us where the wreck was situated.

At 5.30am on Saturday 6th inst. We left Mataranka and proceeded about 10 miles down this old road from Mataranka and, as arranged, we stopped and lit a fire to attract the attention of the Lincoln. We waited there for about three hours and although we had a fire going we failed to attract the attention of the Lincoln so we returned to Mataranka.

On arrival at Mataranka Post Office Mr. R. Rattley informed us that the Lincoln had located the wreck and that we were to proceed to the Railway bridge at the Warlock Ponds and the Lincoln would direct us from there. We proceeded to this bridge and set fire to an old motor tyre which sent up a good column of black smoke. This fire was well out in the open in the bed of the creek which is about 200 yards wide. The Lincoln came down and circled the road bridge several times but the pilot apparently did not think to come down and circle the railway bridge which is only three miles away.

This went on for about an hour and a half and then Dr Stanbury arrived from Mataranka with the information that the Lincoln could not find us. At this stage the Lincoln finally came down to the Railway bridge and spotted us and dropped emergency flares and code signals and also gave us the direction to proceed.

We commenced to move on at 11.30am. At intervals the Lincoln would fly over and drop us a message telling us the compass bearing to travel on. It appeared they had great trouble in locating us on each occasion and valuable hours were wasted. At sundown the plane left us for the night and returned to Daly Waters. Before they left they dropped a message stating the wreck was 175 degrees five miles away, and at daybreak next day we were on the move and covered the five miles and waited for the Lincoln to find us. When they did so they dropped a message saying the wreck was 10 degrees 3½ miles away. This proved their message of the previous evening was wrong. 175 degrees is almost due south and 10 degrees is only 10 degrees off north. So to travel south for five miles and almost north for 3½ miles proves we were not far from the wreck at our night camp. Speaking to C. Miller at Mataranka next day he informed me that they could not locate the wreck when they dropped the message to us on Saturday night, so apparently they only guessed where it was, so once more, valuable time was lost.

However, we eventually arrived at the wreck at about 10am on Saturday 6th inst. We pulled up and I instructed the two natives to approach the wreck first and circle around looking for tracks. The only track they could find was one foot mark heading in a south easterly direction.

This did not mean that Moffatt had left the plane

heading in the direction as it may have been a track he left when he ran out to wave to Miller when he circled after the crash. The two natives and Lance Carew then made a wide search around the wreck but failed to find any trace of a track. The ground was as hard as concrete and light rain had fallen the previous night. The Lincoln then dropped a message telling us that two way radio equipped Army Jeeps were moving into the area and asked us to light a fire to help in locating the plane, and they were leaving us to guide the jeeps in.

On this information I await the arrival of the Army Jeeps and conduct a systematic search from the wreck. I sent Dr Standbury and Lance Carew and a native back to Mataranka with instructions to keep a look out for tracks on the way in. They left the wreck at about midday.

I made a cursory inspection of the wreck. The plane was not extensively damaged. It appeared to have come down heading in a NNE direction and the port wing hit a tree which spun it around and this wing then apparently hit the ground and spun the plane further around and it finished up facing in a south west direction with the nose in the ground and the tail up in the air. The bottom port wing was smashed, under carriage broken off, air screw broken and engine broken from its mountings. The fuselage and tail appeared to be intact. Both cockpits appeared OK. I noticed oil adhering to the under part of the fuselage reaching from the engine nearly to the tail. This may indicate the oil leaked out in mid air. The compass was still in the plane. There was no sign that Moffatt had been injured in any way. The ignition switches had been switched off. The petrol tank was empty. There were two petrol cans, a sugar bag containing tools and an empty Gladstone bag lying on the ground near the plane, also a red four gallon petrol tin and in the rear cockpit I found an empty one gallon Shell oil tin. In the compartment at the rear of the rear cockpit I found a grey sports coat. No other personal belongings could be found. I could find no message written anywhere indicating which direction Moffatt had taken. I found only one map and that was one of South Australia. No map of the local area could be found.

At about 1pm the Lincoln flew over and dropped the following message: “Aircraft being withdrawn. Inspector Bowie directs Constable Gordon to use own discretion. Control on search now under NT Police. Regards and good luck”.

No mention was made in this message of the Army jeeps and, thinking they may have been recalled too. I decided to proceed in a zig zag course to the bitumen and try and locate Moffatt’s tracks.

We left the wreck at about 1pm and, after proceeding 10 miles east, we hit the old fire ploughed road we started out on earlier in the previous day. Thinking Moffatt may have followed this road we followed it back to Mataranka but failed to find any tracks. On arrival at Mataranka I was advised that the Army jeeps were still out bush heading for the wreck. Had I known this definitely I would have waited at the wreck for them. I telephoned Inspector Bowie and advised him of what had taken place and asked for portable radios to be supplied if possible. He informed me that a DCA utility was coming down with a portable radio, also Captain Slade would come down in the Drover medical plane to assist in the search.

Early next morning Mr J. Caston and D. Cole of DCA arrived with a portable radio. Captain Slade arrived with the Drover and landed at the Mataranka tourist resort. Mr Caston agreed to lend me the radio so I could contact Katherine air radio and also Captain Slade. I made arrangements for Stock Inspector McCracken to assist with his Land Rover, also Mr Ryan of Welfare Branch agreed to lend his Land Rover and Mr Swaine of Works Department again made himself available with his Land Rover. Sergeant Smythe patrolled to Gorrie Station and made arrangements with Mrs Fordham to supply a horse plant. As there was no water in the area I made arrangements with M Swaine for a truck to cart water in drums for he horse plant.

Sergeant Smythe made arrangements with Mrs Fordham for me to meet the horse plant at Williams Yard. At about 1pm I left Mataranka with my party to proceed to Williams Yard. In the party were Mr Peter McCracken, Val King, Ken Hewitt and Sailor Bennet from Darwin, Mr Swaine and myself and three natives.

We arrived at Williams Yard at about 4pm and as we had to wait for the horse plant to arrive. Two of the Land Rovers made a search until dark but found no trace of Moffatt. There was some confusion as to whether we were at the right yard or not. Williams Yard, which was shown to me on the map, was about 12 miles further up the creek, but an old native we had with us assured us that we were at Williams Yard. To clear the matter up, I radioed Katherine to send Captain Slade over in the Drover to locate Fordhams’ horse plant to make sure they were heading for our camp. This was done and in a very short time Captain Slade informed me over the radio that the horse plant was heading our way about 10 miles distant.

This proves the value of being equipped with radio. The truck arrived at 8.30pm with the water and the two Fordham boys, George and Norman, arrived at 9pm with the horse plant.

The next morning, the 9th inst., I radioed Katherine to send Captain Slade out in the Drover to make a close inspection of Western Creek and all the tributaries as I thought Moffatt may have reached this creek and followed it up looking for water. My party then moved off in formation, heading in a westerly direction towards the crashed plane. Mr Swaine and I were in he centre and we had a Land Rover and a horseman each side of us with a native following behind with the spare horses.

After we had travelled about nine miles, Mr McCracken galloped up and informed me that he and Val King had found bare foot tracks. I proceeded to the spot and found that the tracks were heading towards Mataranka following a track made by the Army jeeps. Peter MCracken and George Fordham followed the tracks on their horses and the rest of us followed along behind them.

At 10.30 I had to pull up and radio Katherine as I had arranged a sked for that time. When I had finished with Katherine Mr McCracken galloped back and reported he had found Moffatt about half a mile further on and that he was still alive. The rest of us moved up and found Moffatt lying under a tree. He was naked and in a very exhausted state. His mind appeared to be quite clear however, as he asked us to pour plenty of water over him before we gave him a drink.

While the rest of the party rendered first aid to him I radioed Katherine and reported that we had found him and asked for medical advice from the Katherine doctor. The doctor advised to wrap him up in wet blankets and only give him a sip of water at a time, increasing the quantity of water gradually. I also contacted Captain Slade who was flying in the area and he located us and I requested him to land at Mataranka Tourist Resort and we would bring Moffatt in there for him to convey to hospital.

After Moffatt had revived sufficiently, and after we had watered the horses, (we had three 44 gallon drums of water with us) we returned to Williams Yard and left the Fordhams there with their horses and we then proceeded to Mataranka Tourist Resort, arriving there about 1.30pm. Moffatt was placed in the aircraft and taken to Darwin hospital. The rest of us then returned to the Mataranka Post Office.

I did not question Moffatt as he was very weak and my main concern was getting him into hospital.

He did tell us that he thought he was only four miles from the bitumen when he crashed, that is the reason why he left the plane. I asked him what happened to his plane and he said the engine failed. Apart from that I don't know where he had been since he left his plane. He was only about 12 miles from his plane when we found him, so it would appear he had been walking around in circles. Fortunately he struck this Jeep track and followed that towards Mataranka. Had he not done so we may not have found him in time. I don't think he would have traveled any further. Apart from the water the rain gave him, he had no water to drink for four days. He also drank his own water when he was able to produce some.

Whilst at Mataranka, Inspector Bowie instructed me to submit a comprehensive report on this search and to point out any faults I found, and to offer any suggestions to improve the efficiency of any further search parties of this nature. I am very pleased I have been instructed to do this because I intended to do so in any case.

First of all, the Lincoln Bomber used by the RAAF appeared to be quite the wrong type of aircraft for this work. I don't wish to cast any slur on the RAAF personnel them selves, but they certainly had great difficulty in locating our party at all times and a lot of valuable time was wasted. One thing I will say against the RAAF and that is I think they should have picked Charles Miller up when they first went out to the crash to show them where it was. Had they done so they may have located the wreck on Friday night.

Miller wanted to go with them but they refused. Next morning they went out again and still failed to locate the wreck and finally they had to return to Katherine and collect Miller. Inspector Bowie informed me that the RAAF do not like carrying civilians in their planes. This maybe alright in normal times but in a crisis like this, such regulations should be wiped and, as it was, they had to take him in the end. Once more valuable time was wasted. The Lincoln appears to be too cumbersome. Captain Slade in the Drover aircraft had no trouble in spotting us at any time.

Secondly, I wish to stress most earnestly, the hopelessly inadequate equipment this poverty stricken Police Force of ours has to contend with. The search for Moffatt was the responsibility, and under the control of the Police. The Police conducted the search, and yet there was not one item of equipment in the whole show that was owned by the Police. Even the compass I used to guide us to the plane was my personal property, and without it our job would have been even more difficult.

There were three Land Rovers in the search owned by the Welfare Branch, Animal Industry and the Works Department, and Dr. Stanbury used his on our first visit to the crash. I had to borrow a portable radio from the Department of Civil Aviation. All branches of the NT Administration have portable radios in their vehicles in the field except the Police. I maintain that ALL police stations in the Territory should have portable radios in addition to the transceivers installed in the various outback stations. The Police should have their own radio network. The Works Department have their own network and why shouldn't the Police? The Police are the most important of all the Government Departments because without the protection of the Police nobody would be able to live in the country. The Police should be well ahead of all other Departments instead of miles behind them.

To Be Continued...
Watch out for Part 2 in next months Newsletter

A SHORT STORY

BY PETER LACEY

THE THANKFUL WALLABY

Whilst officer in charge of the Mounted Police at Berrimah, I often worked in other sections of the Police Force, such as, General Duties, Task Force, CIB, Drug Squad, along with Missing Persons, and stock duties as Gazetted Stock Inspections. This was in the mid 1990's.

One Friday afternoon after speaking to Detective Tom Davern, it was decided a horse search of an area south of Darwin near the Darwin River Dam could well uncover a crop of illegal marijuana. Passing by, a Detective from DIB, John Scott, stated that I may well ride on a safe which had been dumped in the area as well.

The next day, Saturday, I floated a mare 'Gypsy' down to the camping area just north of the dam entry road. Unloaded, mounted and crossed the Stuart Highway and crisscrossed the bush and tracks.

After a few hours I decided to stop and have a break and smoke. After half an hour the mare pricked her ears and stared eastward. I could hear something coming through the grass towards me, and out shot a wallaby with a dingo not far behind. The wallaby stopped the other side of the mare and me, shaking and out of breath.

No more than ten feet separated the wallaby and me. If ever and animal pleaded for help this wallaby certainly looked like she was pleading. The ding had stopped at about sixty feet and did not look too pleased.

There we all sat, the mare, me, the wallaby, and a sour faced dingo. The best part of thirty minutes went by, and the wallaby then slowly and quietly hopped west towards the highway. I watched the dingo, stood up and re-tightened the girth on the mare, rolled another smoke and mounted. The dingo turned around and started to walk east, stopped and looked back at the mare and me, shook his head. He then grabbed a mouthful of grass, shook it as if in a temper, looked back at us again then disappeared into the bush. I never saw the dingo again.

The wallaby no doubt once away a bit would have put the foot down and bounded away making good time. On horseback in the bush never fails to give you something to think about interesting to put in your memory bank.

Peter Leacy
R/No 668

NT POLICE HAT BADGE

I believe that 99.99% of members of the Northern Territory Police Force would not know that this hat badge existed and was used by members of the N.T. Police Mounted.

There is very little in way of photographs of the Mounted Police wearing this badge on their Stetsons / Akubras. There is a very well known photograph of Mounted Trooper Edward (Ted) Morey wearing what I believe was an early trial badge which was without the blue enamelling. This photograph was taken around the 1920's. There is also a couple of photographs of Police Trackers wearing the badge.

To date I am unable to find any written archival information etc from that period retaining to the badge.

Prior to this badge the Mounted troopers with their navy blue Garibaldi jackets etc wore individual heavy numbers on their kepis and crowns if they were a sergeant.

Due to early photographs these appear to have phased out by the 1920's and after this there appeared to be a period that there were no identifiable hat insignia worn until the N.T. Police badge which was also called as said by Barry Tiernan to be the "Two Bob" badge, as it gave the appearance of an old two shilling piece. It has also been incorrectly referred to by some as the penny badge.

The photograph on the right is of the only known remaining original N.T. Police badge, there are however several reproductions out there. The photo on the left is a replica. This original one was in the possession of the late Barry (Tubby) Tiernan who was a well known Northern Territory Police Officer who held the rank of 2nd Class Sergeant when he retired from the Special Branch, on the 8th June 1956. I obtained the photograph and all the measurements of the badge from Barry some years back.

It appears that there was only a few of these badges made and it wasn't until the early 1930's that N.T. Police Officers were issued with the oval shaped Commonwealth Police badge.

CONTRIBUTOR: KYM CHILTON

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Please let us know your thoughts on this newsletter or tell us what type of stories you would like to read. Send your contribution to citation.newsletter@proton.me

CALL FOR STORIES

CYCLONE TRACY 50TH ANNIVERSARY

CYCLONE TRACY SPECIAL NEWSLETTER

A SPECIAL EDITION OF CITATION WILL BE PRODUCED AT THE END OF THE YEAR AS WE COMMEMORATE 50 YEARS SINCE CYCLONE TRACY.

YOU ARE INVITED TO FORWARD SHORT STORIES FOR THIS EDITION. STORIES MUST BE RECEIVED NO LATER THAN 30 SEPTEMBER 2024.

Send your stories to citation.newsletter@proton.me

If you have some memories of your time with NT Police we would love to share them via this newsletter. Stories can be humorous or serious, but please don't send anything that might offend.

Please send your contribution to citation.newsletter@proton.me

Don't worry if the grammar or spelling isn't quite right as we proof read all documents before publication.

The stories of your time with the NT Police are very much enjoyed by our readers and also contribute to the history of the NT Police Force.

MERCHANDISE

If you are interested in the history of policing in the Northern Territory, the NT Police Museum and Historical Society has two publications and a coin you can purchase. These items make great gifts!

To purchase yours go onto the website store at:
https://www.ntpmhs.com.au/all-products

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