CITATION

The NORTHERN TERRITORY POLICE MAGAZINE / 50c

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The Northern Territory Police Magazine

Committee of Management

Inspector J. J. Mannion, G.M., Editor, and Sergeants F. Cronshaw and L. J. McFarland.

Southern Division Representatives:

Sergeant A. F. Metcalfe and Constable B. Wyatt

Business Address:

Police Headquarters, P.O. Box 63, Darwin, N.T. Australia. Phone: Darwin 2121

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Our Cover

One of the oldest buildings in Darwin, our temporary Police Headquarters appears quite photogenic in this "after hours" shot by Constable 1/C Harry Cox, of Fingerprint Section.

IN THIS ISSUE * * Vol IV — No. 1 * * Page

And The Editor Says . . .

MORE WORK AHEAD

The award of the I.S.O. to former Commissioner Graham offers a fitting excuse to look at the matter of progress within the Force during a given period.

When he joined as a Mounted Constable in 1932 the Force numbered less than forty men all told. There were three motor vehicles. By the time of his retirement in September, 1966, the numerical strength of the Force had increased by some 300%; motor vehicle strength to approximately 70 cars, vans, utilities, Landrovers and similar types and motor cycles. All Stations and Sections had been motorised; all Stations and most vehicles were equipped with an efficient radio communication system, and Telex was just being added at the main centres for good measure. Fingerprint and Photography Sections were developed, Women Police installed at both Darwin and Alice Springs, and a Forensic Science Section had begun operations.

There were eight more country Stations than in 1932 and the construction of new Police Station buildings in country areas had in recent years been undertaken on a generous scale. The new Wollogorang Police Station, now completed, was well in hand, and an emergency at famous old Borroloola had been promptly met by the acquisition of an especially designed Mobile Police Station (of surprising utility and comfort, all things considered). The current building programme and planned additions included Barracks for single men at Darwin, at a cost of some $360,000, a modern Headquarters and Police Station and a Women Police Barracks at Darwin, and modern Police Station and Single Men's Barrack at Alice Springs. Several new country Police Stations were already in the preliminary planning stages.

These past achievements indicate a determined and logical tackling by the Force of the increasing problems associated with the policing of a rapidly growing community. There is no doubt that the next few years will see still greater changes and that the excellent foundations already laid will provide a solid basis for this expected growth.

The huge geographical spread of the Territory and the isolated nature of its communities call for a greater percentage of Police to people than the more settled areas of the South. It now seems that this facet will become even more pronounced in future, partly because, with the increasing population, there is an increasing build-up of interstate criminals and other offenders, and particularly because, while existing towns and settlements are increasing in population and general importance, still more new settlements are coming into existence in other isolated areas where big mining and other developmental projects are well under way. There is also an accepted need to establish Police Stations in close proximity to the more populous Welfare Settlements and Mission Stations. So that, whatever progress we have already achieved, it is clear that there is still a vastly greater job ahead of us. This will demand increased staffing; more and more building projects. It will demand emphasis on ever-increasing efficiency in communications, transport, scientific anti-crime developments, and every other Police facility and utility, including the basic raw material — Policemen.

Progress is here to stay, but if we stay there will be no progress. So it looks like plenty of grindstone ahead for every nose.

NEW COMMISSIONER APPOINTED

Inspector William James McLaren of the Victoria Police Force arrived in Darwin on 21st March and was sworn in as Commissioner of the Northern Territory Police Force on 22nd March. The new Commissioner has a wealth of Police experience behind him in Victoria and overseas and by the time "Citation" comes round again he should be able to provide us with some worthwhile comments on our end of the Police world.

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STRAIGHT OFF THE BEAT

Resignations have removed some familiar faces in the past few months . . . Sergeant 1/C Phil McLaughlin, of Alice Springs, has pulled out after ten years' service to go into the insurance business . . . Constable Bruce Mangleson, of Darwin, left us to join the South Australian Railways, but is now aiming at getting into another Police Force. Perhaps he doesn't like the hard way the Railways treat employees . . . A recent applicant for appointment to our Force tells us that he was employed by the Railways for several years as a locomotive . . . We seldom expect our members to get so steamed up . . . Marie Christopherson has resigned to marry a Policeman, and Janice Bull has returned to her home in New South Wales . . . But there's no truth in the rumour that Women Police Recruits will in future only be given short-term excursion tickets . . . Transfers are big news at the moment and quite a number of moves are scheduled for the first half of the year. Moves already effected include Sergeant 2/C Dave Mofflin to Alice Springs. After 20 years in Darwin, his accumulated effects were of such colossal proportions that the carrier flatly refused to carry his piccolo and Dave reluctantly consigned it to the Municipal dump . . . Sergeant 3/C George Simpson swapped over from Alice Springs to Darwin . . . Inspector Greg. Ryall, of Alice Springs, is absent at the Senior Officers' Training Course at the Australian Police College, Manly, and is being relieved as Officer-in-Charge, Southern Division, by A/Inspector Allan Metcalfe . . . A new position of Superintendent has been created (filled by former Chief Inspector Syd. Bowie) following the importation of a Commissioner. It is a new title and a new salary, but the same old job, the Chief Inspector's position having been demolished in the process . . . One member ran into frightening frustrations in the recent rush to fill vacancies. He was selected for a position for which he had applied so often that he couldn't be moved over his stack of applications . . . Promotions in recent times include Sergeant 2/C Pat Grant to Sergeant 1/C, and Sergeants 3/C D. Honeysett and J. Coghlan to Sergeants 2/C, and Senior Constables A. McNeill, A. Woodroffe and A. A. (Saus) Grant to Sergeants 3/C . . . Pat and Tim Tisdell have regular discussions about the position of Station Sergeant at Darwin. One of them must be it!. . . Andy McNeill is off to Alice Springs as Prosecutor at the Toddville Precinct . . . Don Honeysett has taken over Dave Mofflin's job as Licensing Inspector at Headquarters . . . Saus Grant may still be dreaming of Nourlangie, Oenpelli and the like, but he has to do it in between numerous C.I.B. activities in Darwin . . . P/C Constable Bob Henfry, of C.I.B., Darwin, has scored the Jackpot this year with a trip to Canada as part of the Australian Police Contingent at Expo. 67.

I.S.O. TO CLIVE GRAHAM

What is thought to be the first award of the Imperial Service Order to a Territorian was announced in the New Year's Honours List. It went to our former Commissioner, CliveWilliam Graham, now living in retirement in Adelaide, S.A., after 34 years' service in the Northern Territory Police Force — a fitting acknowledgment marked by a flood of congratulatory messages from very far and very wide, and even somewhat high places.

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UNDERSTANDING HEART!

When the change from a Northern to a Southern Boss became a certainty, there was no little mutual commiseration amongst those affected.

"Cripes, the Boss won't be the Boss after all", said one awe-stricken candidate for at least a lower rung.

"I won't even be second-in-charge", moaned another potential climber — and on this sad note he snuck home to dinner and sought consolation from the ever-lovin' spouse.

"I won't even be second-in-charge", he repeated, soulfully, after giving the headlines.

"Oh, don't take it to heart love", was the soothing reply, "you'll *always* be second-in-charge at home!"

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ON THE SCALPEL'S EDGE

(THEATRE OF THE ABSURD)

We have been greatly relieved to note the recent decline in our editorial girth — but it was only a close shave with a fate far (far!) worse than death that enforced this belated shrinkage.

It so happened that the poor man had to go to the local hospital for a slight touch of surgery. Duly stripped and disguised in the peculiarly effeminate habiliment of the scalpel victim, he waited nervously at the door of the theatre for his cue.

A woman waiting there proved a soothing conversationalist and they were soon on a warm and friendly footing, particularly as he noted that, being in an equally disgusting state of rotundity, she could not very well snigger on the side at his expense. Of course, she had a much more lawful excuse to be in the round, being at least more than eight and three-quarter months pregnant.

Eventually a chastened and obviously cut-up patient was wheeled out from cutlery corner and sent off to the wards to brag and the Sister looked around to size up the next victim. She fixed a confident eye on our poor head penman and snapped:

"You Dr. So-and-So's patient?"

"Yes", was the meek admission, and at her beckoning motion he followed demurely after her retreating figure into the theatre. She pointed to a raised table and ordered him on to it. As he obeyed, she went away rubbing her hands and brought back an accomplice. This one looked a bit askance at the patient. She made a quick check on a card she was carrying and cried out in anguish:—

"Oh, no, no, no. Not *this* one, the *other* one!" — adding in a pathetic parenthetic half-question: "It simply *must* be!"

So they brusquely ordered him out and brought the weighty waiting woman in. As she passed, she gave him a peculiar sort of a smile, bearing a glint of triumph, and said:

"Hah. I knew you didn't have it in you."

A HEROINE OF BORROLOOLA

WITH the Borroloola Policeman away on patrol his wife took the message from the native runner. On a page torn from a small exercise book stark tragedy was recorded in half a dozen lines:

"Dear Heathcock,

Shot myself accidentally, think I am settled. Can you come out. Shot the bone in two above the knee, may bleed to death.

If you see me you had better come at once. It is a case for the plane immediately —

Foster."

The note had been written four days earlier, by Horace Mole Foster, at his camp on the Wearyan River, 60 miles of river and 15 miles of sea from Borroloola. It was late in February, 1941, and the middle of the Wet season with its storms, rains, floods and bogs.

Mrs. Heathcock radioed the Flying Doctor at Cloncurry, Queensland, and the plane arrived on the following day with the news that it was unable to land at the Wearyan because of the long grass and boggy ground on the unprepared airstrip.

Ruth Heathcock was a trained nursing sister who had first come to the Northern Territory many years before with the Australian Inland Mission. She had no doubts about where her duty lay now. She organised a party consisting of herself, Roger Jose — one of the famous "Borroloola Hermits" — his aboriginal wife and two male aboriginals to travel by dugout to give aid to the stricken Foster.

After three days and three nights of stormy and dangerous travel they reached him. He was beyond all hope of recovery, but she nursed him for 8 days and supported him in his bushman's faith that the Flying Doctor plane would arrive in time.

At 3.00 p.m. on 2nd March Foster died. One hour and twenty minutes later the Flying Doctor landed beside the camp.

Happening in 1941 this episode went unnoticed and almost forgotten against the greater tragedy of those days. Official records of Police and other Government branches in Darwin were crated up and packed off to distant parts considered safe from likely enemy action. It was 1946 before the report of the shooting, and inquest details, came out of its particular crate and, fortunately, got into the right hands.

The Superintendent of Police, Alfred Victor Stretton, had endorsed the report in his usual neat handwriting to draw attention to Ruth Heathcock's "epic of endurance".

The then Commissioner of Police, and Administrator of the Northern Territory, Charles Lydiard Aubrey Abbott, forwarded details to Canberra without delay, stating: "I do not know whether her conduct comes within the ambit of the civil George Medal. I hope it does and I recommend accordingly."

In due course, this outstanding effort in the cause of mercy was recognised by the award of the M.B.E. to Mrs. Heathcock.

By that time her husband, Constable Ted Heathcock had died and she had returned to South Australia. She still lives in Adelaide

Ruth and Ted Heathcock and their two house-girls at Kahlin Compound, Darwin, in the early thirties.

Needless Tragedy

The tragedy, as is so often the case, should never have happened. Horace Mole Foster was a bushman with a lifetime of experience with firearms. He was an intelligent, well-read man. (Like his friend, Bill Harney, he had swallowed most of that famous Carnegie Library established at Borroloola in the late 1890's by the efforts of Police Corporal Power.) He spent years on cattle stations, and years in trepanging around the Gulf of Carpentaria and adjacent waters. He could discuss, and spout slabs of, Horace and numerous other of the old classical writers and would do so without much prompting, in the camp, on the deck of his lugger, or riding along through the bush on horseback.

In the 1930's he leased a saltpan at Manangoora, on the Wearyan River and set up his permanent camp there in paperbark huts. With a native consort and numerous native friends and helpers he lived a surprisingly comfortable and contented life on the proceeds of the salt pan, the products of his garden and catches from a generous sea and river.

On a day in the Wet season of 1941 he handed a shotgun to one of the natives to get some ducks for the camp larder, but the gun already had a misfired cartridge jammed in the breech. Efforts to remove it were unsuccessful. Foster lost patience and angrily exclaimed: "I'll smash the thing — it's a danger to everybody." He smashed the butt savagely on to the ground. The shot discharged, shattering his leg

Matrimony at Mataranka! A wedding in that tiny settlement is still big news. This 1929 group shows Ted and Ruth Heathcock newly married, on the right, with Father Docherty, centre, and M/Constable Frank Sheriden and his wife.

above the knee. He collapsed in a welter of blood, with his knee grotesquely doubled at a right angle beneath his body.

Despite shock, pain and loss of blood, he remained conscious. He scribbled a note to a bushman friend, Norman McIntyre, further up the river, and another — already quoted — to Constable Heathcock at Borroloola, where the nearest pedal radio was located.

Neither McIntyre nor the aboriginals at the camp could do anything medically useful to assist Foster, but struggled to get the airstrip into reasonable condition. The shattered limb was still doubled under Foster's body when Mrs. Heathcock arrived, by which time it was septic to an extreme degree. In the two days preceding his death his jaws locked and artificial feeding had to be improvised. On 2nd March he died.

Heroic Women Pioneers

Many women in the early days of the North, in the ordinary course of their everyday lives, performed actions which were taken pretty well for granted under the prevailing circumstances, but on a present-day assessment would be classed as of super-human quality. In a sense it was a form of heroism just to live and rear their families in the primitive, almost entirely comfortless conditions. Few of their deeds have been recorded properly; most have not been recorded at all. It was almost a fluke, indeed, that Mrs. Heathcock's effort happened to come under notice again at a time when it could be given due recognition.

An old mate of Foster's bush and lugger days, Bill Harney, often told the story of that mercy trip down the river and across the open sea, and in his book "North of 23°" he gave it fitting dramatic treatment. Referring to Ruth Heathcock, he wrote:—

"Remember that name and think of the time and place, for this woman went out to help the wounded man on the Wearyan River. A white man, Roger Jose, travelled to assist her, and well he did his job, as he was an expert with the native people and canoes. So they sailed for the Wearyan River, a distance of over eighty miles down river and across the open sea in the monsoon season. Perhaps you are snug and sheltered as you read this tale; your fire is burning should it be cold. The white sheets are wrapped

well around you in your warm bed, so that you cannot feel the greatness of this deed as do people who have travelled and lived in these parts.

"The canoe, a hollowed-out log of wood, cut by a native craftsman, was about seventeen feet long by two feet wide with a freeboard of a few inches in a calm sea. You thrill at the boats as they race in harbours and bays, the crew leaning far out to balance their craft; but think of this hollow log of wood setting out to take help to an injured man with a woman nurse aboard. Have you ever been down coastal rivers in flood time, the waters rolling over and then twisting around and around in eddies till the blackman believes a serpent lives beneath that spot to suck down the foolish man who would ride these waters at that time? They even say that the muddy waters are the blood of the serpent who can destroy. On come trees, rolling over and over in the current so that the backwaters have to be travelled to escape these dangers. Now comes the swishing monsoon rain: swish, swish, cold and bitter it blows, till the people in that canoe shiver and would return did they not know their duty lies ahead. Backwards is the path of the craven, ahead is destiny.

"Darkness comes down, yet ever onwards they go, down into the tidal area, where the fetid mangroves appear to lean out over the water as though they were giants ranged there to stay the speeding canoe. Swiftly around the bend they go, past sleeping crocodiles, who rouse themselves with a start and leap frantically into the water with a splash, almost upsetting the canoe. Dugongs rise and give a loud snort as they expel air to take in more. Queer noises come from the mangroves' muddy flats: the clack, clack of shellfish and the swish and the sigh of wind in the crab holes. The sea lies ahead. They await the high tide so as to cross the shallow waters to reach the Wearyan River, ten miles away, for their craft is too frail to breast the heavy seas outside. On they travel: the adventures of that journey were many, but all are overcome and at last they reach the Wearyan River and Manangoora.

"Forgotten were the perils of the trip: the job was there. Quickly the nurse's eye could see that Horace was beyond all aid. Too long had he been there without medical assistance, so, easing his last hours on earth, she carried on those traditions of the Australian Inland Mission."

VALUES

Two Territory Policemen who gave their lives in the execution of their duty have had streets named after them. We took this as a well-deserved honour; so many citizens have had their good works thus remembered. Now a street in Darwin has been named after a convicted murderer, who not only defied the defenders of law and order for many months but added gaol-breaking to his criminal record as well. It is not clear whether he has been honoured for murder or for breaking gaol, or just because he made good literary "copy". In any case, tremendously gory and gruesome possibilities lie open for future nomenclatural exploitation now that the precedent has been set.

ACTION WORTH FOUR CENTS

An American magazine neatly sums up the financial loss of a traffic death with the story of Bill Jones, who gambled on a yellow light. He lost to a truck.

He was 35 at the time of his death, he earned $5,000 a year, so he could have earned $150,000 before retiring at 65.

The minute he hoped to save by beating the light was worth four cents.

— Road Safety Council "REPORT".

THE TERROR OF NUNGILBOORA

by Jack Mahony

WALLAJANDAMA, *the* crocodile, had long been No. 1 enemy of Cramulla's tribe. He had taken so many tribal dogs, thus depriving the natives of their greatest aid when hunting for food, that all of Cramulla's men dreamed of the day they would eat his flesh and so become "strong fellas". He lurked about the pools of the Wilton river near Nungilboora waterhole, sometimes hiding deep down in the water, or more often lying near the sandy banks, with his long body towards the deep centre of the pool and his nose just clear of the water. Ever watchful, he would lie this way hour upon hour, waiting.

Cramulla was an old man, wrinkled of face and bald of head; almost so old that one would think he was close to the end of his hunting. The incident in his life of which I write occurred in 1938, when I was stationed at Roper River, and word reached me that he had been severely mauled at Nungilboora waterhole on the Wilton about ten miles from its junction with the Roper. I was told that Cramulla and three of his cronies named, Jupiter, Maroolmoo and Lumberlilly, all probably as old as their friend, had gone to the waterhole hunting Jangcuppatar, the turtle.

All except Cramulla had been successful, and had retired to the bank with their catch. Cramulla was chasing his turtle underwater and when he was bending over to catch it, Wallajandama, who had been patiently waiting under a log, streaked out and over the top of the unsuspecting native, clawing his back and neck, and then closed his great jaws on Cramulla's head. The old man knew immediately what had got him and with great presence of mind gouged at the crocodile's eyes until he forced it to release him, then he swam beneath its belly towards the surface. Jupiter and the other two who were nearby on the bank, suspected that something was amiss when Cramulla stayed beneath the surface so long, and when they saw the turmoil of the water and the red stain rising to the surface, they knew that Wallajandama had taken their mate.

Courageously the three old men ran to their friend's assistance, madly beating the water with cupped hands to make a sound resembling the striking of a drum, and as Cramulla, by then unconscious, came gasping, torn and bleeding, to the surface they helped him to the bank where, after some crude treatment, he regained consciousness. After a spell he told them what had happened, saying "that one Wallajandama nearly been tuck out that time".

His wounds were packed with mud to staunch the bleeding and word was sent to me. Upon hearing of the affair, I sent some natives from the bush camp at Roper to bring the old man in on an improvised stretcher and four days later he reached the Station bearing all the scars of battle. His cheeks were torn from the crocodile's jaws; there were deep lacerations in his bald scalp; his gums were crushed and his face was swollen to a most unnatural size, whilst his back and neck were deeply torn from the beast's claws. He was suffering great pain, but bore it without a whimper and even managed a sort of smile when he saw me, as much as to say, "I'm too tough for that old crocodile and will get my revenge later".

I treated the old man's wounds as best I could with the Station first aid kit, while Jupiter, Maroolmoo, and Lumberlilly immediately set about making special spears from lancewood. These they tempered with fire in preparation for their return to the lair of Wallajandama to seek revenge for Cramulla, for it is their belief that until the flesh of the attacking reptile is eaten, the victim will not recover, but instead will swell up and die.

Bravely the three old men marched forth to avenge their mate, and after three days they returned to the Station, marching along with their chests out and their heads held high in the air, carrying the head and skin of a huge old-man crocodile, stuffed with paper-bark and lashed to poles. To the loud acclamations and howls of delight of the bush camp the three ancients marched in as proudly as any successful gladiators of ancient Rome.

That night a corroboree was held in honour of the occasion, and to mark the great feat of the three warriors in destroying the terror of Nungilboora. The story would be told and re-told in years to come and a descriptive dance portraying the saurian in his death struggle, which would accompany the story-telling, was evolved. Proudly the natives ate the flesh of the crocodile to make themselves "strong fellas", for he had been their worst enemy.

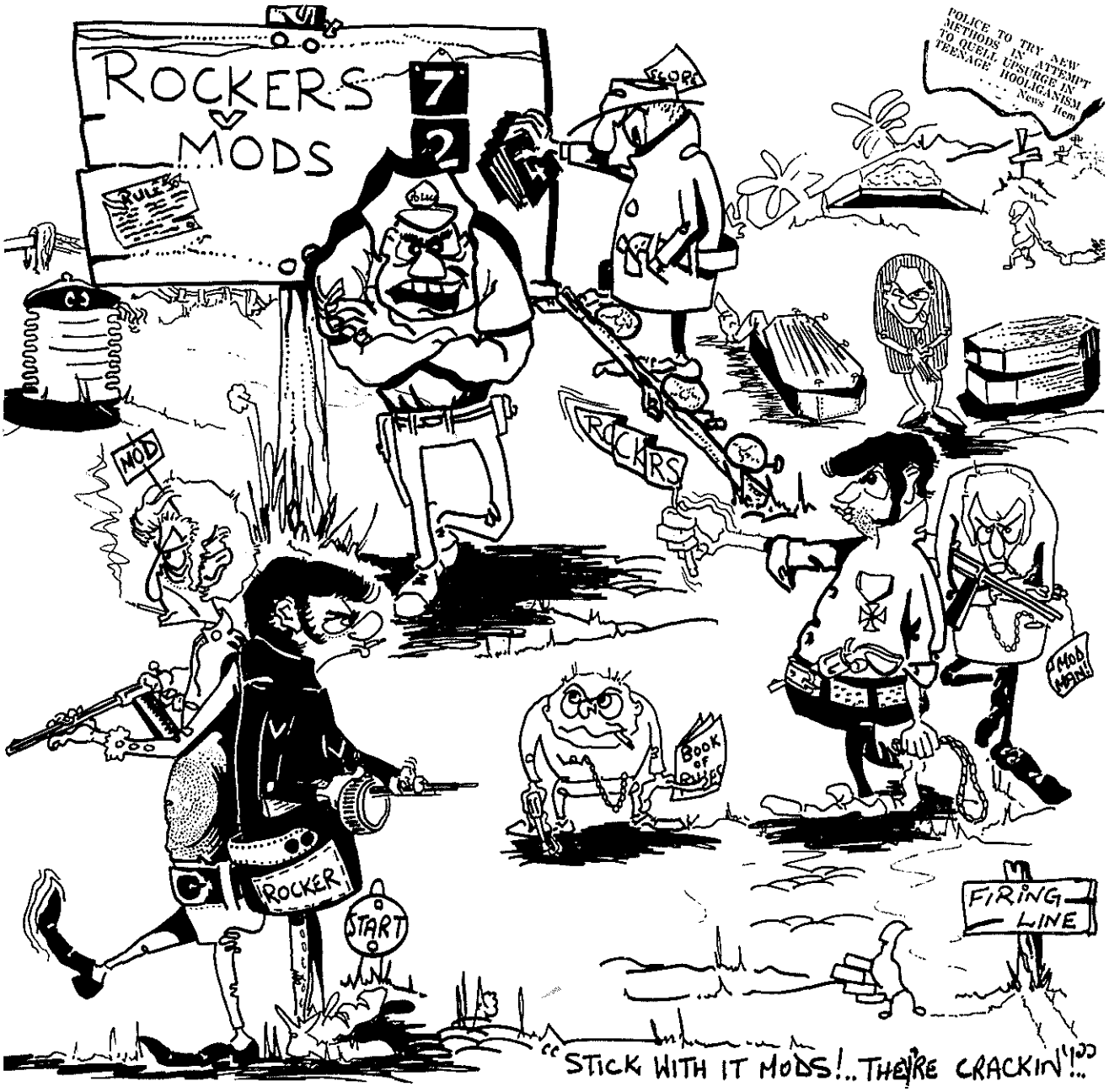
The dance told the story which came to me the next day from the natives. It showed how the three old men had armed themselves with fire-treated spears and courageously descended upon Nungilboora where they had waded into the deep water striking the surface with their cupped hands and churning up the water with arms and feet, until finally they succeeded in hunting the crocodile from his lair in the deep, dark pool into a shallower pool lower down the river. This smaller pool they watched for the slightest movement indicating that the enemy was coming out for a breather as they knew he must soon do.

As soon as he made a move towards a sandy bank Jupiter and Lumberlilly sprang into a leaning paperbark tree under which it was suspected that Wallajandama would rest for air. They had chosen well for the foliage was thick and the unsuspecting crocodile slowly crawled out into the shadows and rested his head on the sand beneath Jupiter and Lumberlilly. Two flashing barraculls (spears), specially made and hardened for the occasion, whizzed like lightning from the foliage above with deadly precision and force to strike Wallajandama in the heart, and in the spine just behind the head. The great beast lunged into the water where he savagely lashed and twisted, churning the water into pink foam, until gradually his struggles subsided into twitches of the tail and, ultimately, stillness. The chests of the three old men swelled with pride as they dragged the carcase ashore, for they had avenged Cramulla.

This was the story told in the corroboree and it would be enacted again on countless occasions through the years for the education of the young and the pleasure of the old.

The head and skin were given to me to preserve in token of the tribe's appreciation for my treating Cramulla, although I feel that their medicine was a far stronger factor in the old native's recovery than was mine.

At the time I first saw Cramulla when he was brought to the Station on a stretcher, I gave him no chance of



surviving because septicaemia had already set in from the filthy condition of the crocodile's mouth. The old man's teeth had started to fall out as a result of the septic condition of his gums and it looked to me to be merely a case of making him as comfortable as possible before he died, but he fully recovered to eat his share of kangaroo and tell his grandchildren how he fought Wallanjandama of Nungilboora before he died twelve months to the day after his ordeal. He and his friends, Jupiter, Maroolmoo and Lumberlilly have left behind a legend that will live for many generations among the natives of the Roper.

(Originally published in The "Australian Police Journal", Sydney, when the late Senior Constable Mahony was still a serving member of this Force.—Ed.)

DICK BROWN ON CYPRUS

THE forty-strong Australian Police Contingent, the third group to be sent to Cyprus, assembled in Canberra prior to departure to the troubled Island of Love. For a week lectures were given and uniforms issued to fit the men for their twelve month stay on the Island. After a few false starts, due to trouble with the chartered Britannia aircraft, and some thirty hours flying with refuelling stops at Darwin, Singapore, Colombo, Kuwait, Damascus the contingent arrived at Nicosia Airport, Cyprus, on the 24th May, 1966.

After a quick briefing on the immediate situation on the island the contingent was divided, with four men being stationed at Wolseley Barracks, UNCIVPOL Report Centre, Nicosia, thirteen men sent per helicopter to Ktima in the Paphos District, and twenty three travelled by road up into the Troodos Mountain village, Kakopetria, in the Lefka District.

The remnants of the previous contingent were waiting with packed suitcases on the steps of the hotel as we arrived, and after a quick beer and a bit of 'good oil' only a matter of ten minutes saw them on their way home, singing loudly and in high spirits. Two members from the second contingent remained behind a few days to show us around a little, then we were on our own.

The accommodation, being new, took a little time to get settled into. We were all quartered in hotels — the Acropole in Nicosia, the Makris Hotel Romantzo in Kakopetria and the New Olympus Hotel in Ktima. All three were of a first class standard, for the island, but were not up to the standards in Australia. Nicosia, the Capital of the Island, is situated inland and whilst it is quite pleasant in the winter, although cold, it is very hot and unbearable in the summer and many people leave the city for the seaside resorts and mountain areas. During the summer the shops close at noon and open in the evenings until nine o'clock. Kakopetria is approximately 2,000 feet up into the Troodos Mountains and is in the centre of the beautiful Solea Valley, rich and fertile, producing over 70 varieties of fruits and 90 varieties of grapes. Needless to say a continuous supply of fruits was available throughout the year. This village and many others in the valley are popular during the summer as the mountain temperatures are very pleasant (not so popular during the winter with icy cold winds and rain, and the Troodos snow only five miles away). We were lucky enough to have a white Christmas which is a change from the usual Australian beach Christmas.

The food takes a little getting used to, and is prepared in a variety of ways. Most of the meat supplied to us is imported from New Zealand and Denmark, but local meat includes camel, goat and sheep. The food is reasonable, but prepared with a lot of oil. Most of the members have suffered with stomach upsets of some sort as hygiene is not the best. Sheep and goats are slaughtered in the streets by roadside butchers and this tends to upset one a bit. Water supplies are very poor on the island, with the exception of Kakopetria, which has mountain spring water, crystal clear. In Famagusta during the summer water is purchased from water tanker and contains a lot of lime.

Cyprus weather is a little like Darwin's six months wet and six months dry but the wet winter is very cold on

Constable Dick Brown, of Darwin, snapped in his Australian Police Contingent uniform when on his way to Cyprus.

Cyprus. Cinemas, restaurants, coffee shops are outdoors. The seasons are the opposite to those in Australia.

Ktima, in the Paphos District on the seaside, is the city built when Paphos sunk into the sea. Popular swimming in this area includes skin diving to explore the sunken city, which is in some places still intact. Only a few miles from Ktima is Aphrodite's Rock, named when the Goddess of Love came from the sea and called men to their death from her rock.

Roadworks being carried out on the Island are improving travel ways. In the Lefka District, travel is in time, not distance, due to the narrow winding roads. Members qualify for a driving award after three months of accident-free driving. Our vehicles are Mark 8 Landrovers and after a year here we should really be qualified drivers.

Duties vary in different areas. In Nicosia there is one investigation Inspector, with a driver, a Liaison Inspector and a wireless operator. The radio network is controlled from Nicosia. The UNCIVPOL net contains Civilian Police from Sweden in Famagusta and Larnaca, Danes at Nicosia and Kyrenia, Australians in Nicosia, New Zealanders at Limassol and Australians in Lefka and Ktima. The army units have their own radio network, linked with the Civilian Police by liaison officers at the various camps. In Lefka we are with the 7th Irish Infantry group and in Ktima the Black Watch Regiment. The various army units include English, Swedish, Finnish, Danish, Irish, Scottish, Welsh and Canadian. Lefka duties consist of manning check points and observing the actions of the Cyprus Police and the Turkish travellers, providing safe conduct for evacuees, and escorting explosives and payrolls

for the Cyprus Mining Corporation. Our Liaison officers work with the Cyprus Police and army investigation teams re murders, shootings, thefts, etc. The Civilian Police in their white landrovers, and unarmed, are on friendly terms with both Greek and Turk Cypriots, and are able to travel in almost all areas to liaise, whilst army units and Greek and Turk Police are restricted with their travel. Duties in the Ktima District are not so strenuous as this is a more friendly area and not a strategic position. The duties consist of a joint patrol. Two parts of the day two UNCIVPOL members and two Cypol (Cypriot Police) patrol the Turkish areas at irregular intervals, and during the night on UNCIVPOL member and an army member with the Cypol, who at all times are armed with sub-machine guns. Duties are worked around the clock, six days a week. However this still leaves ample time for recreation and the Australian sport of elbow bending, which is all duty free. Cyprus has a television station and whilst all the news and advertisements are in Greek language the main programmes are in English, with Greek sub-titles. Peyton Place, Bonanza and The Fugitive are amongst our favourites.

During the term on the island leave is available and many of us have taken advantage of a leave concession to travel to places like Cairo, Luxor, Beirut, Jerusalem, with others going to Rome and England. These trips have provided a wealth of experience for us. Further to this travel experience we have all participated in interchange duties with other Civilian Police units — Swedes, Danes and Austrians. This indeed is International Police experience and a wonderful advantage to future Police careers. We are all counting the days before we leave the Island as, on previous occasions, members completing their term have had wonderful trips back to Australia.

The local life in a lot of instances is very backward, with the peasant villages struggling for existence. It is common for old women to be working with a pick and shovel on road works and the average wage is very small. The village homes are mud dwellings with earth floors and it is common for the domestic animals, cows, donkeys, chickens, dogs to share the dwelling with the inhabitants. The common transport is the sturdy but stubborn donkey. However there are some very beautiful homes in the richer areas. These reveal that the inhabitants have either been off the Island or have had visits from people from other parts of the world. Orange and potato growers gain great wealth from their bountiful crop which is exported to England, Russia, and many other parts of the world. The Cyprus wines and brandy's are of world renown and this can be substantiated by the members of this contingent, hic.

Whilst stages of boredom are experienced, never a day goes past without us seeing something of interest. The Island, dating back to Bible times and before, boasts temples and ruins of castles dating back to 2,000 B.C. Amongst them are Salamis, a great city of the Roman empire, which, sunk beneath the sea by an earthquake, later came up again to be a great tourist attraction of the present time; Kolossi Castle, used once by Richard the Lion Heart on his Crusades, still standing in the Limassol area; the stone on which St. Paul was alleged to have been flogged; and St. Hilarion Castle which was built in Byzantine times as defence from Asia Minor and used by Romans and Greeks for many centuries. This castle was also used as a model in the preparation of the fairy tale Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

At Skouriotissa a large open cut copper mine now supplies copper to the world market. Near the open cut stand two great mountains of slag, slightly different in colour. One heap over 2,000 years old was left by the Romans whose process of smelting copper will never be known. The other heap is that of Phoenecian copper smelters of 2,300 years or more ago. The slag is used now to consolidate the dirt roads around the mines, that become quagmires in the heavy rain.

The island is at present under cultivation to restore pine trees that were used over the past centuries to stoke smelter fires. The people work hard and long and are proud of their way of life. Many villagers dress as they did centuries ago and it is very seldom that a Cypriot will not stop to pass the time of day. It is common to stop and for a villager or Mucktar (the head of a village) to ask: "Will you sit please and have a coffee with us?" In most cases it is hard to resist and much time is spent just sitting and talking. In Greek — cigar, cigar. In Turkish — Yavas — yavas. English — slowly — slowly. Thats the way of life.

The tour is a wonderful experience — one that will stay with me for the rest of my life, and I am thankful that I was given the opportunity and the honour to represent the Northern Territory and Australia as a member of the Australian Police Force in Cyprus.

BOMB STEER ?

The ban-the-bomb item provoked a lively Barracks discussion in the middle of the radio news and most agreed that the Bomb ought to be abolished.

"It's changed *everything*," wailed one enthusiastic banner. "People's lives, people's outlook, the weather — everything", and paused for breath while the last news item was being read. It concerned the opening of the new abattoirs down the Highway, and ended with a vivid description of the modern efficient means used to urge unwilling beasts along the chute to the slaughter point.

". . . and when the bullocks try to jib, the attendant shifts them smartly along by jabbing an electric prodder on to their rudders".

"See what I mean?" roared the banner. "Everything's changed — even the blasted bullocks."

LIVE GUIDE TO DEAD CENTRE GEOLOGY

"In arid landscapes the association between scenery and geology can be very obvious and this is particularly true in Central Australia. Because of this association many visitors find themselves developing an interest in the geology of the region."

This is the opening fact in a booklet of facts — *A Layman's Guide to the Geology of Central Australia* — which should prove of infinite interest and value to visitors and residents alike. Most of them get the urge at some time or other to chip off, pick up and study bits of rock and other specimens, with or without a golden gleam in the eye.

The Alice Springs Tourist Promotion Committee has published this booklet, by D. R. Woolley, B.Sc., at 60 cents a copy, but there is vastly greater value than that in this simple and clearly presented guide.

There is a helpful glossary too, so if you're one of those amateur experts who really doesn't know the difference between laterite and vegemite, or their effect on the apatite, this book is for you.

BUGLES AND BUGLE CALLS

by Det.Sgt. J. B. TIERNAN

We have often heard the expression "Rusty Bugles". Are there such things? I don't think so because bugles are made from copper and brass and in fact do not rust.

From time immemorial, bugles and trumpets have been used by the armies of different civilizations — the Egyptians and Greeks, the Romans and the Jews. The Jews had trumpets made from silver and rams' horns which were used by the Priests in announcing the approach of festivals and giving signals of war. It is recorded in the Old Testament that when the Israelite army under Joshua was before the walls of Jericho they surrounded the city for six days. On the seventh day the priests blew on their trumpets, the people shouted and the walls of the city fell down.

The Roman Legions were always accompanied by trumpeters and when Proclamations were read by the Emperor or Governors of the Provinces, a fanfare was sounded. A survival of this custom can be seen today during State occasions such as the opening of Parliament and Coronations when the State trumpeters sound similar fanfares.

In ancient times when a guard was mounted on the battlements of a city or castle, a trumpeter was posted with the guard in order to give the alarm should the castle or city be attacked.

In more recent times the whole of a soldier's day was controlled by calls on the bugle and trumpet. Artillery and Cavalry units were issued with trumpets while infantry and other units used bugles. Bugles are used in the Royal Navy and the Royal Australian Navy while the Air Force prefers trumpets. Some school cadet units feature drum and bugle bands.

You may well ask what is the difference between a bugle and a trumpet? The regulation trumpet is pitched in B flat. It is about twice the length of a bugle and is made of brass. It has no valves and is controlled by the mouth.

State trumpets are of a great length, made of silver and normally have a magnificent embroidered banner. Bugles are made of copper with brass fittings. They have a range of only five notes and from these five notes all the bugle calls are composed. The bugle, too, has no valves and is controlled by the mouth.

Each year in certain regiments contests are held to decide the best bugler. The winner is usually presented with a silver bugle which he holds for twelve months. This custom is particularly popular among Ghurka regiments. Some buglers are honoured by being named "Queen's Buglers".

In Scottish Regiments the side drummers in the band are also buglers.

In addition to the bugle calls there is also an equivalent pipe tune for each occasion. The Highland Reveille is "John Cope" . . . Mackenzie's Highlanders, "Fall in for Parade". "Brose and Butter" is the Mess Call and the Lament-equivalent to the Last Post — is "Flowers of the Forest".

One of the retreats used is "I hae a wife o' my ain".

The Soldier's day starts with Reveille or a short call, Rouse, which is now more often used.

There are mess calls for officers, N.C.O.'s and men; calls for Orderly Room, Dismiss or No Parade. To help the men recognize each call, various rhymes have been developed; some of these are very old. An example is the one for "No Parade" . . . "there's no parade today; the Colonel and the Adjutant have gone away to stay".

Calls most familiar to the public today are the ones used at ceremonials.

Retreat, which is normally sounded at sunset is also sounded during the Ceremony of "Beating the Retreat". In the days of chivalry at sunset when Retreat was sounded, there was no more fighting for that day and the battle recommenced the following day on the sounding of Reveille. Other familiar calls are Reveille and the Last Post which are sounded on Anzac Day and days of remembrance. There are several different reveilles — The Crimean Reveille . . . cavalry reveille and a special one for the Carabiniers which was written in 1895 to the tune of a Viennese folk song because the officer commanding was not impressed with the regulation Reveille. The 12th Lancers also have a special Reveille.

The last calls of the day are First Post, Last Post and Lights Out.

These had their origin in the days when troops did not live in barracks but were billeted in inns and private houses. At 9.30 p.m. the Orderly Officer and Orderly Sergeant, with a drummer and bugler paraded the town with the drummer beating. This was the sounding of the first tattoo and the bugler sounded the first post.

The word "tattoo" is believed to come from the Dutch expression "Doe Den Taptoe" which, freely translated, means "turn off the taps".

The taps referred to, of course, were the beer taps in the taverns. Half an hour after the first tattoo a second one was sounded, this was the Last Post as we know it today. Then the soldiers had 15 minutes to get to their quarters before the bugler sounded "Lights Out" — the last call of the day.

After this no person ought to be out of his quarters or from his post unless the watchword be given to him. So concluded the soldier's day.

NICHOLSON PATROL — 1943

CATTLE movements are always of vital interest in the Northern Territory. In the Gulf country near the Queensland border, in days gone by, cattle movements were of especial interest to the Police, because so many of them were affected contrary to the will, and generally without any knowledge, of the owners of the cattle concerned.

During the last War a rash of "poddy dodging" led to a joint Northern Territory—Queensland Police Patrol being made through this troublesome area. Participants were Sergeant Clive William Graham and Constable Sydney James Bowie of the Northern Territory, Constable Don Chapman of Queensland, and two Territory Police Trackers, Dick and Duncan. It is recorded as "The Nicholson Patrol".

Graham, at Anthony Lagoon, and Bowie, at Rankine River, 190 miles away, were busily engaged early in January, 1943, getting their horses and gear ready for what could be a long and difficult journey. There was mustering, culling and shoeing of horses, checking and repairing of saddlery and camp gear, gathering of food supplies and the hundred and one attendant worries such preparations entailed.

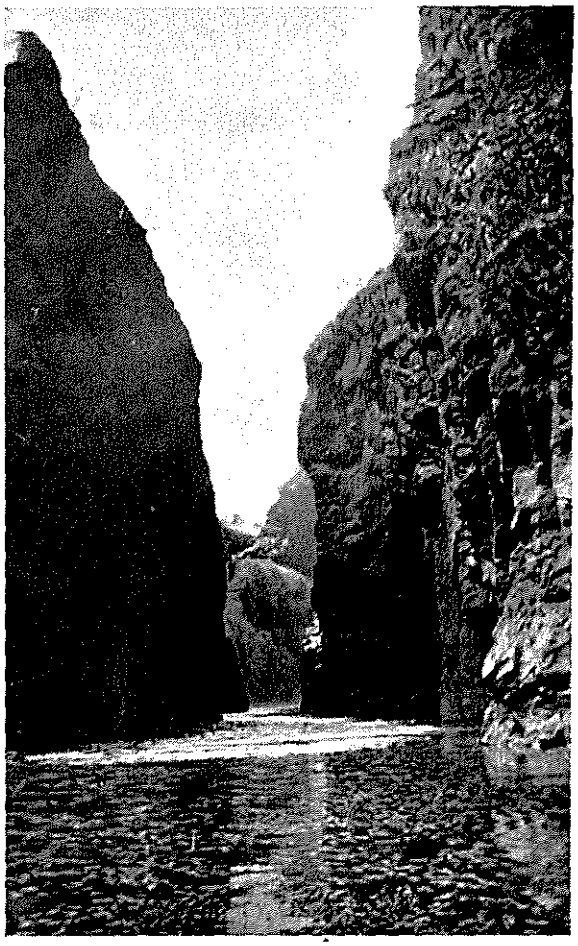
In between, the ordinary affairs of the Stations went on as usual — drovers were checked, cattle dipped, faulty windmills and stockyards attended to, licences issued, mails despatched, etc. etc. In the middle of it all a young Naval deserter suddenly appeared away out there on the Downs — probably a thousand miles at least from the nearest Navy ship — and gave himself up to Sergeant Graham at Anthony Lagoon! Graham promptly foisted him on to a passing drover en route Elliott and radioed particulars to Headquarters. He was even more surprised a few days later to see the youth turn up again at Anthony Lagoon. It was then time to set out for the Nicholson, so Graham put the sailor on horseback and took him along.

Sergeant Graham, Constable Bowie, with Tracker Dick and the sailor, left Anthony Lagoon on 12th January, 1943. They covered 25 miles the first day, 38 the second (to Brunette Downs), and reached Alexandria Downs on 16th January. There they were joined by Constable Chapman of the Queensland Police.

The party travelled by an Alexandria Station car down to Rankine to finalise preparations there and start the Rankine horses off, with Tracker Duncan, to Alexandria. Whilst awaiting the arrival of these horses, Graham took the opportunity to drive down to No. 19 Bore and hand his superfluous Naval support over to Captain Baer, of the U.S. Forces, for onward movement to the Australian authorities.

On the morning of 20th January the full Police party left Alexandria, and they camped that night at a waterhole 30 miles away. At Gallipoli Station on 23rd January they did some more culling and swapping of horses, and departed Gallipoli on 24th with a total plant of 36 horses. Having questioned a number of natives on their knowledge of goings on around the Nicholson, they took one of them, Nelson, along with them. After heavy going through rough hills, stony ridges and turpentine scrub, they came on a camp and found a running-iron in it, but no sign of the usual inhabitant. They then crossed over the border into Queensland to Ridgepole Camp.

Explorations from Ridgepole led to several deserted camps and finally to the junction of Lawn Hill Creek and College Creek, where they found a man named William



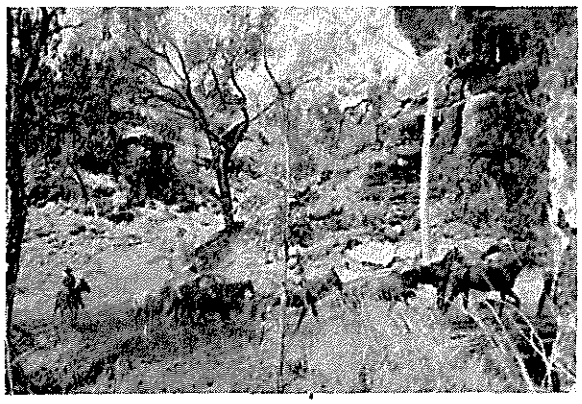
Border Hole, right on the N.T.-Qld. border, which is officially marked by a peg at the top of the right-hand cliff.

Charles (Smiler) Smith, in camp with a lubra and three aboriginal and two half-caste piccaninnies, and with a swag of cattle recently mustered and held on the creek by a check rail fence.

These were checked by Graham and Chapman and among them were two with blotched brands and 69 with the Alexandria Downs Station brand. Smith admitted the blotching, which had been done with bent fencing wire, and was equally free and easy about his successful efforts in mustering other people's cattle. He was quite amused, in fact. He knew he was inside Queensland, and that the Territory Police could not touch him. Graham agreed with him in this and Smith jokingly sympathised with him in his bad luck.

"Well", said Graham, "it's bad luck for you, too, you know. Let me introduce Constable Chapman, of the Queensland Police."

The party continued to Lawn Hill and after various radio messages had been exchanged regarding the handing over of Smith and continuation of the joint patrol, Constable Chapman left to consult with other Queensland Police, while Graham and Bowie returned to Ridgepole, partly to wait for Chapman and partly in the hope of way-laying William Cain, an associate of Smith's, thought to be due in that area. Chapman rejoined them there on 11th February and the party continued to Mussellbrook Creek. After another day's ride, to "Ten Mile Hole", Constable Chapman



The Patrol on the move.

left the patrol altogether, in order to join in a further Queensland Police check and muster of country recently used by Smiler Smith. The Northern Territory Police party then returned to their own stamping ground, making camp at Border Hole, a ruggedly beautiful spot right on the Northern Territory-Queensland border, the mark of which is right on a cliff top above the water. Heavy rain fell during their first two days back in the Territory and Border Creek was soon in flood.

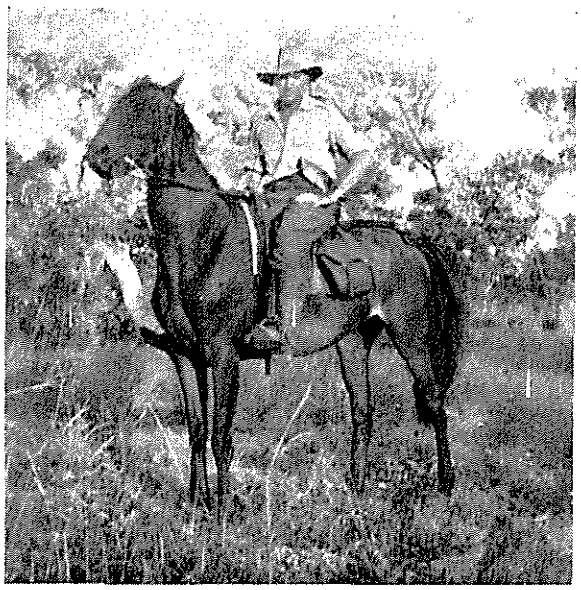
The patrol worked around the range and back to Musswellbrook Creek, thence via Paperbark Creek and Cleanskin Plain to the Nicholson River, on the north bank of which they found interesting tracks.

Rain had set in and the going was very boggy over the ti-tree flats. The horses were knocking up, but the discovery of the tracks left no chance of a spell at this stage. After days of exploring tracks around the Nicholson the Patrol located the paperbark huts of William Cain's camp, but these were deserted. 48 miles were covered on one of these fruitless days of trying to locate Cain — a long day in a Wet Season patrol; or any time, for that matter, in the Top End.

On 24th February they sat and waited at Cain's camp and at about 11 a.m. he rode right into their arms. After some pointed conversation Graham and Bowie accompanied him a short distance back along his tracks and found his lubra bringing along a small mob of cattle he had recently mustered south of the river — 46 all told. After certain admissions he was arrested for cattle stealing, as well as cohabiting with a female aboriginal — an offence, in those days, carrying a penalty of £100 or six months. There was no way of retaining all the cattle as Court exhibits, under the circumstances, so three were shot and the hides retained for evidence. (They were cured with salt bought by Graham from the prisoner for the purpose.)

Three attempts to cross the river on the following day were unsuccessful, owing to the height and force of the floodwaters, and the party returned to Cain's camp for the night. Next day they continued the patrol, and on visiting a hut en route found Thomas Connolly there in circumstances that warranted his arrest for cohabiting.

By this time the rains were almost continuous and the knocked-up state of the horses precluded any further patrolling — made more difficult now by the presence of the two prisoners, and Cain's female associate and her two piccaninnies. Sergeant Graham decided to make back direct to Alexandria and on the first stage they travelled



Constable Syd. Bowie, on the Nicholson Patrol in 1943.

25 miles through rain to camp near the Fish River Valley. On 1st March they again hit the Nicholson River, followed it for two days through continuous rain, then via Murphy's Creek and Binmarah Humpy and Yard across to Breakfast Creek, thence over the divide and on to Alexandria, with heavy going all the way and horses knocking up and hard to push along. On 6th March six dropped out in the last 20-mile stage in to Alexandria.

The patrol, which had covered more than 950 miles, virtually ended there, but not the consequences of it. Graham and Bowie took the prisoners by car to Rankine River, where the nearest J.P. was available. On 11th March both prisoners were remanded to appear in Alice Springs and were escorted there by car by Sergeant Graham. Both Cain and Connolly were convicted for cohabiting and Cain was later convicted before the Supreme Court at Alice Springs and sentenced to six months' imprisonment for cattle stealing.

Graham finally arrived home at his Station at Anthony Lagoon late on the night of 29th March, 1943, 1,400 car miles after leaving Rankine River with the prisoners, and eleven weeks after the Nicholson Patrol originally set out.

Police Communications in the Northern Territory

IN October, 1966, Telex came to the Northern Territory Police Force for the first time, and this upward step in the world of communications has more than proved its worth already. It is a far cry indeed from the old days of pack-horse mails, footwalking native message-carriers and the like, and the growth of our communication-system makes an interesting story.

It is not all cold facts and figures either. We recall the time when Mounted Constable Bob Hamilton, stuck out alone in the heat and gold-dust of old Arltunga, was pedalling and puffing away at his contemporary Traegar radio, trying to get a passionate piece of poesy or something through to his fiancee in Alice Springs. In the middle of it all a fat carpet snake, snoring off in the rafters, awoke, got the message, and promptly dropped on to Bob's shoulders and wriggled into a loving embrace. (End of transmission.)

The Northern Territory with its vast area and small population presents the Northern Territory Police Force with some very great problems in the way of communications. In these days of fast cars and faster aircraft the Force is obliged to act quickly in an emergency, if it is to cope effectively and efficiently with modern criminal activity.

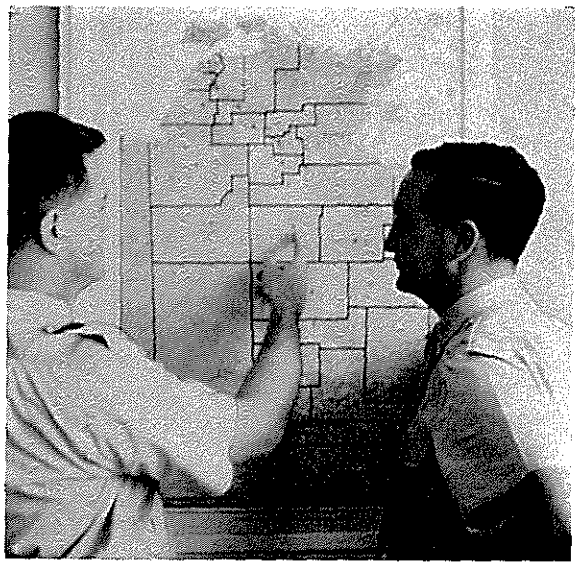
The N.T. Police Force is responsible for the maintenance of law and order and the protection of life and property in the 524,000 square miles of the Northern Territory — an area of more than one-sixth of Australia. Twenty-six Police Stations are scattered throughout the Territory and, although the force has a total strength of 161 male and 8 female members, 20 of these members can be expected to be on leave at any one time and a further 20 are normally non-operational and consist of prosecuting, clerical or specialist staff. The population of the Northern Territory is approximately 55,000, almost 20,000 of these being aboriginals. The Territory is roughly rectangular in shape and measures about 1,000 miles in a line running approximately North to South and about 600 miles from East to West. The two main centres of population, Darwin and Alice Springs, are located about 960 miles distant by road one from the other.

A member on patrol in an isolated part of the Territory may reach areas up to 400 miles from his base Station and, in some instances, a Police Station may be located up to 200 road miles from the nearest other Police Station. To add to our difficulties, roads in certain areas may be impassable for months at a time during the "Wet" season. At such times, and in areas where airstrips and aircraft are not available, horses are in some instances still the only means of transport, even in these modern times.

Having these problems in mind, it will be obvious to the most casual observer that communications must play a very valuable part in the control of the Force.

Telephone facilities in the Northern Territory are restricted almost entirely to a line running North-South from Darwin to Alice Springs and then on into South Australia, and a spur line which runs from a point some 600 miles south of Darwin, east into Queensland.

Prior to and immediately following the 1939-45 War there was no general means of telephone or radio communication with all Stations. In those days Police Stations adjacent to the North-South and East-West telephone lines were connected by telephone and those distant from a telephone line were equipped with a base radio transceiver operating on the frequencies of the Royal Flying Doctor Bases at Wyndham, Alice Springs or Cloncurry, or the Overseas Telecommunications Commission Station at Darwin, depending on the locality in which the Police Station was located.

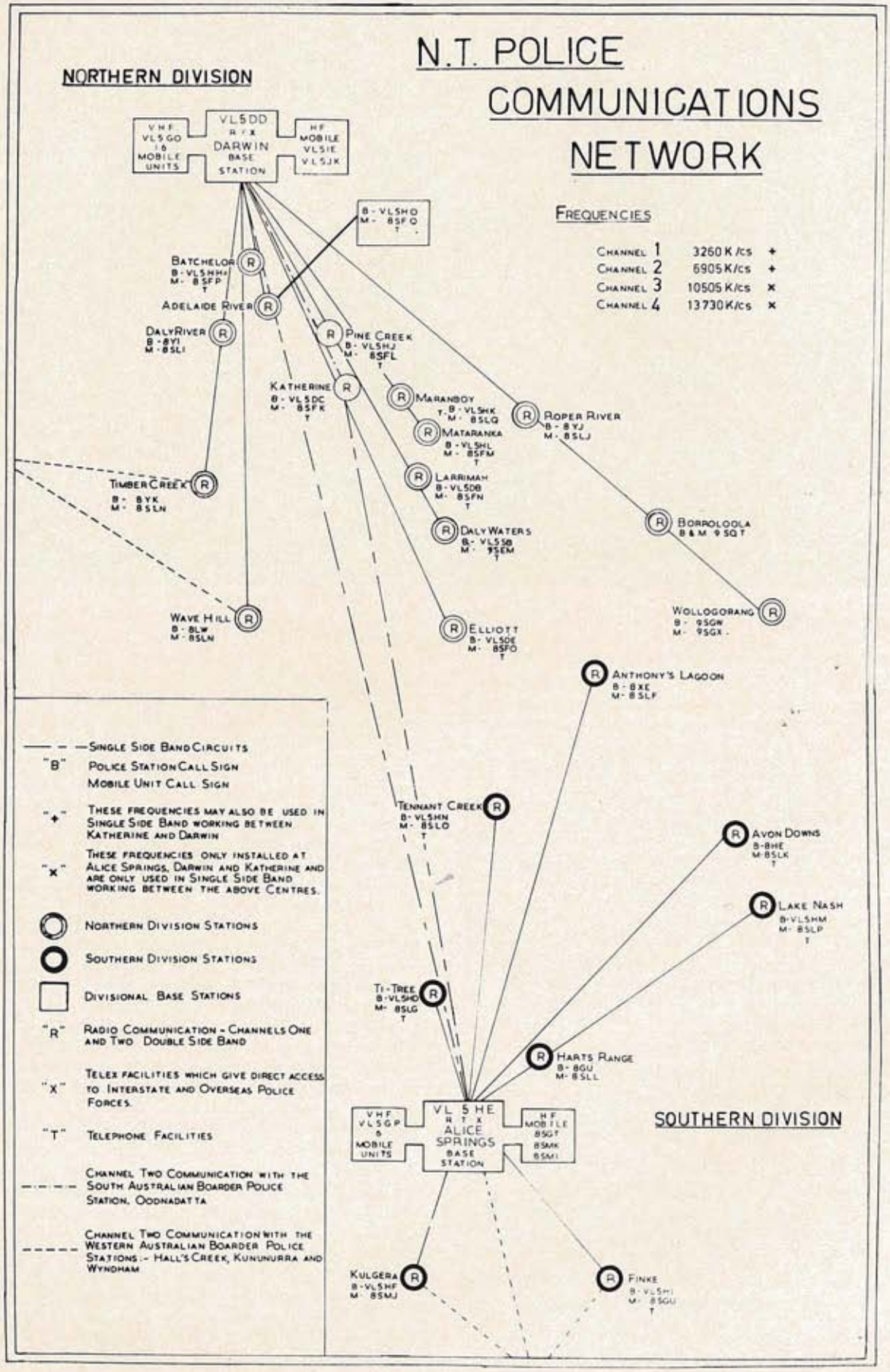


Sergeant Pat Grant and Constable Ken Reed, both of Darwin, check the scattered Stations covered by the radio network and associated communication media in the Northern Territory.

This complicated and inefficient system was a tremendous handicap to the Force. A member at Anthony Lagoon desiring to send a message to Police at Roper River, some 200 air miles distant, would transmit it by radio 400 miles to Cloncurry (in Queensland). It would then be sent 1,200 miles by P.M.G. land-line to O.T.C. at Darwin, who would then re-transmit the message a further 300 miles by radio to Roper River. On an occasion when the Police Officer at Timber Creek, some 250 miles from his Divisional Inspector at Darwin, desired to communicate with that Inspector, he would send a radio message about 200 miles to Wyndham (in Western Australia), from where it would be sent about 7,000 miles by P.M.G. landline via Perth and Adelaide to Darwin. Quite often such messages would take several days to reach their destination.

The earlier radio sets used by the Police were the pedal-radio type evolved by Flynn of the Inland and Harold Traeger for the Flying Doctor Services. These later became battery-operated and quite efficient according to the radio standards of the time — although even the best pre-war model now looks primitive in the extreme.

Unsuccessful efforts were made over a period of years to obtain approval for the installation of a Police Radio


N.T. POLICE COMMUNICATIONS NETWORK
NORTHERN DIVISION
VHF VL5GO 16 MOBILE UNITS
VL5DD R·T·X DARWIN BASE STATION
HF MOBILE VL5IE VL5JK
B - VL5HO M - 8SFO T
FREQUENCIES
CHANNEL 1 3260 K/cs +
CHANNEL 2 6905 K/cs +
CHANNEL 3 10505 K/cs ×
CHANNEL 4 13730 K/cs ×
BATCHELOR B - VL5HH M - 8SFP T
ADELAIDE RIVER
DALY RIVER B - 8YI M - 8SLI
PINE CREEK B - VL5HJ M - 8SFL T
KATHERINE B - VL5DC M - 8SFK T
MARANBOY T - B - VL5HK M - 8SLQ
MATARANKA B - VL5HL M - 8SFM T
ROPER RIVER B - 8YJ M - 8SLJ
LARRIMAH B - VL5DB M - 8SFN T
TIMBER CREEK B - 8YK M - 8SLN
DALY WATERS B - VL5DB M - 9SEM T
BORROLOOLA B & M 9SQT
WOLLOGORANG B - 9SGN M - 9SGX
WAVE HILL B - 8LW M - 8SLN
ELLIOTT B - VL5DE M - 8SFO T
ANTHONY'S LAGOON B - 8XE M - 8SLF
TENNANT CREEK B - VL5HN M - 8SLO T
AVON DOWNS B - 8HE M - 8SLK T
LAKE NASH B - VL5HM M - 8SLP T
TI-TREE B - VL5HG M - 8SLG T
HARTS RANGE B - 8GU M - 8SLL
SOUTHERN DIVISION
VHF VL5GP 6 MOBILE UNITS
VL 5 HE R T X ALICE SPRINGS BASE STATION
HF MOBILE 8SGT 8SMK 8SMI
KULGERA B - VL5HF M - 8SMJ
FINKE B - VL5HI M - 8SGU T
— — — SINGLE SIDE BAND CIRCUITS
"B" POLICE STATION CALL SIGN MOBILE UNIT CALL SIGN
"+" THESE FREQUENCIES MAY ALSO BE USED IN SINGLE SIDE BAND WORKING BETWEEN KATHERINE AND DARWIN
"×" THESE FREQUENCIES ONLY INSTALLED AT ALICE SPRINGS, DARWIN AND KATHERINE AND ARE ONLY USED IN SINGLE SIDE BAND WORKING BETWEEN THE ABOVE CENTRES.
NORTHERN DIVISION STATIONS
SOUTHERN DIVISION STATIONS
DIVISIONAL BASE STATIONS
"R" RADIO COMMUNICATION - CHANNELS ONE AND TWO DOUBLE SIDE BAND
"X" TELEX FACILITIES WHICH GIVE DIRECT ACCESS TO INTERSTATE AND OVERSEAS POLICE FORCES.
"T" TELEPHONE FACILITIES
CHANNEL TWO COMMUNICATION WITH THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BOARDER POLICE STATION, OODNADATTA
CHANNEL TWO COMMUNICATION WITH THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN BOARDER POLICE STATIONS:- HALL'S CREEK, KUNUNURRA AND WYNDHAM

Senior Constable Bill Goedegebuure and Constable David Watters clearing Telex and radio traffic respectively in the Communications Section at Darwin Police Station.

Network, but the matter came to a head in 1956 when an aircraft made a forced landing some 20 miles West of Mataranka, which is located about 300 miles South of Darwin.

The search for the pilot of this aircraft lasted for several days and personnel and equipment provided by Works, Health, Administration, Army and R.A.A.F. were thrown into the search. Police at that time had no radio-equipped vehicles and had to rely on equipment owned and operated by the Departments concerned. The majority of the sets operated on different frequencies and there was no general frequency which could be used to co-ordinate search activities. The result was complete confusion and frustration. The operation was, however, successful in that the pilot was located alive and because it brought to light the serious lack of and need for a general network of Police radio communications and means of radio contact with search aircraft.

Several conferences followed this operation and Police were authorised to call upon the assistance of experts in the radio field to assess our needs. Following this assessment, an approach was made to the Minister for Territories, who approved:—

(1) the purchase of two high powered S.S.B. transceivers to be located at Darwin and Alice Springs Police Stations for direct communication between the two Stations;

(2) the installation of a H.F. base radio set at every Police Station in the Northern Territory;

(3) the installation of a H.F. mobile transceiver in at least one vehicle at every Police Station;

(4) the installation of V.H.F. radio base stations at Darwin and Alice Springs Police Stations and the installation of V.H.F. mobile radio transceivers in all operational cars and motor cycles attached to those Stations;

(5) the conversion of all existing Police radio sets to include Police frequencies.

Having obtained the above approvals, negotiations were commenced with Commonwealth Authorities for the allocation of necessary frequencies and the issue of licences to operate the proposed new equipment. A certain amount of money was eventually allocated to enable the scheme to be implemented. For reasons of economy, several members of the Force were provided with a truck and necessary equipment and sent out to those stations where radio masts did not exist, to carry out the erection of these essential items.

By 1960 equipment was starting to come to hand and the new network was starting to become effective. It was not until 1961, however, that the network became fully operative, embracing all Stations, and with V.H.F. equipment operative between Station and Patrol Cars in Darwin and Alice Springs.

For years the Force had struggled along with antiquated and unsatisfactory means of communication. The completion of the new network was a tremendous morale builder to members of the Force who, for the first time, were at least on an equal footing with the criminal element. Additionally, there was the comforting thought that a married member absent from his Station overnight was able to make contact with his wife and family — who sometimes may be the only white inhabitants of the area — and satisfy himself that all was well at home.

The radio has been of inestimable value to the "bush" member who, when faced with an unusual situation or a complicated case, can promptly obtain the guidance and assistance of a more senior officer. He can also keep himself abreast of new developments in other areas which may have a bearing on his investigations.

Much still remains to be done to improve the network. Investigation is continuing into new and improved types of equipment which may be more suitable to our needs. Our needs are continually expanding and each year sees the addition of further equipment. Over the past 12 months a start has been made on the rehabilitation of aerial systems. Aerials, originally installed by willing but unqualified Policemen, are now being adjusted by experts in this field. This adjustment has resulted in improved reception and transmission conditions and an improved service generally. It is hoped that aerials at all Stations will have been adjusted before the end of 1967.

A new and more powerful S.S.B. transceiver has recently replaced the old transceiver at Darwin and the latter is now installed at Katherine. This should result in an improved service between Darwin and Alice Springs. Eventually, Tennant Creek will also have S.S.B. equipment.

One of our greatest needs at present is for our own radio technicians who should be available at all times, to maintain our equipment. At the present time our equipment is maintained by an outside arrangement with the Commonwealth Department of Civil Aviation. Naturally the needs of that Department must be placed ahead of our own and this results in repair delays which are sometimes of excessive duration. (At the same time we cannot speak too highly of the co-operation and excellent workmanship always provided by this Department.)

Whether or not the Force does eventually succeed in obtaining its own technicians, it is quite obvious that our Police radio network already is and must continue to be an extremely vital factor in our criminal investigation efforts in the Territory.

And now, as we said, Telex!

☆ ☆ ☆

FOOD LIFT

This Wet of all Wets has produced a huge variety of stories, particularly about food shortages, food lifts, etc. We still like the yarn Jimmy Gibbs used to tell of an old-time Roper flood.

An old bushman, pushing his plant to get in for stores before the Wet, was caught nicely by fast-rising waters and finished up, isolated, on a small outcrop in the midst of miles and miles of water spreading out from two river junctions. He was out of tucker after the first day, but this went on for many, many days. At last, in starving desperation, he decided to slaughter one of his horses, and with heavy heart he picked one out, shot it and cut its throat to bleed it.

But he and his horses had been very close mates on the road for years past and he was a great lover of all animals and birds anyway, as everyone well knew. He didn't have the heart to eat any of the meat, and the victim's stunned fellows shied away from him altogether after the killing.

And still the waters failed to subside. With hunger driving him to a state of hopelessness, he walked over every inch of his flood-limited island and finally spotted a small bird nest high up in a tree. He climbed up and found two eggs in it — a tom-tit's eggs. He ate them.

"Believe me", he later explained, with apologetic feeling, "I sorely needed them".

"CITATION" IN VIETNAM

There is no limit to the potential spread of "Citation".

Captain J. Bentley, a Salvation Army representative with the Australian Forces, has sent the adjoining photos from Phuoc Tang Province, South Vietnam. Corporal Harry Baird and L/Corporal Terry Cullen are shown boosting their morale, etc., by a course of approved good reading. The troops have other things to do, of course, as the second picture shows, and their performances in the field have drawn high praise indeed.

Corporal Baird hails from Ashfield, Sydney, and L/Corporal Cullen from Nullamarra, Perth, and it is interesting to note that they both have intentions of joining their respective State Police Forces after their discharge from the Army.

In the meantime, our very good wishes go out to our Forces in this particularly savage operational area.

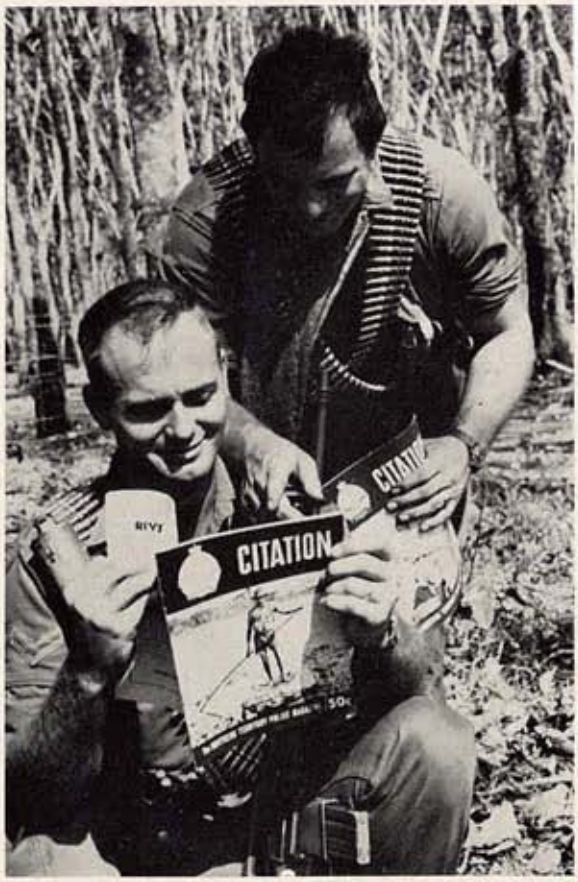
Soldiers in Vietnam.

BAN THE BEER ?

"No fool is silent in his cups", according to an old proverb, and Bomb-banner Bertrand Russell says: "Drunkenness is a temporary suicide; the happiness it brings is merely negative, a momentary cessation of unhappiness".

On the other hand, an adjoining frothblower echoes Harvard psychiatrist, Morris E. Chafety: "Alcohol is a boon to mankind; it promotes health, makes life less nasty, improves the company, and eases the load of moral obligation."

This ought to clarify the arguments of those for and against late or later nights!



Soldiers in Vietnam.

VERITY IN ELEGY

I don't know what sort of history is taught in our schools now but in my day bloody battles were the milestones by which we marked the onward march of time.

One of the best-remembered was the Capture of Quebec by General Wolfe, whose troops scaled the heights in the darkness of night to attack the French. Both Wolfe and his opposite number, Montcalm, were killed.

A sidelight of the severer shades of tragedy was that whilst waiting for the right moment to send his troops up the cliffs, Wolfe paced the deck of his ship reading Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard", a poem which so impressed him that he exclaimed:

"I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec."

In the fluctuations of later history, 1941 again found the British fighting the French — this time in Syria. The South Australian 2/27 Battalion, A.I.F., was given the task of dislodging the French — mainly the famous Foreign Legion — from the rugged coastal hills, There were several Territorians in the Unit, including a member of our Force and a surveyor's offsider from Tennant Creek, who were in the same platoon.

At one stage the Battalion spent the greater part of an entire night clambering in the rocky hills to get into position for an attack on Saida (Sidon). As they struggled up to the crest of a particularly rugged peak in the middle of the night one of the Territorians wasted enough valuable breath to crack: "This climbing the heights in the dark to attack the French reminds me of Wolfe at Quebec."

"Yairs", came the tired response. "It makes me feel like Wolfe, too — I'd rather be home writing Gray's 'Elegy'."

Get Yourself A Prismatic Compass

*by TED DAVIS **

I would like to discuss with you what I consider to be man's best friend in the bush. It is quite possible that my idea of a man's best friend in the bush may differ from the ideas of others — such as those stranded celibates (sic) of song and story on the Daly River-O—— although my fancy also is dark and nicely curved and a great comfort at night. I refer to the prismatic compass.

To my mind, limited though it may be in practical experience of a compass in the bush, especially in strange country, it is a priceless asset. True, a compass is not a water diviner, and it will not light your fire, or track down your horses. But, unlike humans, it has no moods, doesn't sulk, and has no personal motive in the information it gives. Hand in hand with a tracker, this little item could well be the means of making a patrol in strange country a less nerve wracking venture in the sense that knowledge of its application will enable you to know at any time of the day your exact position. And if you know that, you will reach your destination by the shortest practical route.

This cheap little gadget could well be the means of saving someone's life. About fifteen years ago a R.A.A.F. plane crashed into some pretty rough country south of Borroloola. The search plane located them and advised that at least one member of the crew was alive. The directions given to get them were rather hazy. Finally, by the experienced hand of Senior Constable Gordon Stott, we arrived at a spot north of Anthonys Lagoon. Next morning a Lincoln from Darwin located us, after having searched around Anthonys Lagoon. (The pilot later told me that S/Const. Mahony had shown a lot of savvy. There is a road junction at Anthonys, and Jack, sensing the dilemma of the pilot, had gone to his car, attracted the attention of the pilot by a lot of waving, and had then driven off in the direction we had taken. The pilot caught on).

On reaching our camp, the plane commenced to search for the crashed plane. After locating it they came back to us, then made a run direct to the crash. We took a bearing on its direction with our prismatic, and we were then on the way to the recovery of the crew. In this case, after requesting assistance from a small out-station, we were informed that the local blacks did not know the country in which the crashed plane lay, and apparently did not want to. (I later realised why, when I rode over it!) It was a most inhospitable stretch of limestone country. We were completely reliant on our prismatic. Not once on the trip in and out were we at a loss for our position. By keeping to our course, the planes found us without any trouble. We received "supply drops" en route — including (solely for the R.A.A.F. types accompanying us) the spirit of Bonnie Scotland dropped in loaves of bread by parachute.

In a couple of days, the prismatic compass, as far as I was concerned, had earned its place in the equipment of the outback policeman. By way of added interest, the R.A.A.F. pilots told me that a flashing mirror is a wonderful daytime indicator of position.

To use a compass one does not have to be a navigator in the sense that one needs to be a trigonometrical wizard. During the last war there were men, whose previous navigational experience had been confined to eating peanuts on the foreshores of Sydney Harbour, who took small ships over great expanses of ocean. They had practically no other qualifications than the practical application of the compass and the refusal to get flustered.

There are two dangers, or, really, nuisances, to consider — "variation" and "deviation". Variation is actually a deflection of the magnetised needle left or right of the true north, due to masses of magnetic attraction. In the Northern Territory this deflection is almost five degrees East, which means that the needle is 5 degrees to the right of true north. The rules to counteract this nuisance are amazingly simple. It is the same with deviation, the other nuisance. This is caused by local attraction — tobacco tins, guns, knives, etc. The remedy for this deflection is simple. For the purpose of use just move away from the offending items.

By way of an illustration, I have had the experience of a compass deflected by deviation almost 40 degrees. It was during the last war. I was given the task of landing some N.E.I. members of an Intelligence organisation on what was supposed to be an uninhabited island behind the Japanese lines. They were equipped with wireless. One bright boy placed his rifle, pistol, knife, etc., behind and a little to one side of the compass. The trip was, of necessity, at night. Although the offending metal ware was discovered prior to making a landfall, the men were landed on the wrong island — another in the same group. They never got to using their wireless.

With a prismatic compass, pencil, rule and a cheap plastic protractor you are independent of all. With the knowledge of how to use them you can give exact position of latitude and longitude — not "behind a hill that the tracker calls so-and-so". You can (Nature permitting) take yourself anywhere and back again. You can take yourself by boat around the coast of Australia should the necessity arise. or should the idea appeal to you (provided the overtime approval is forthcoming).

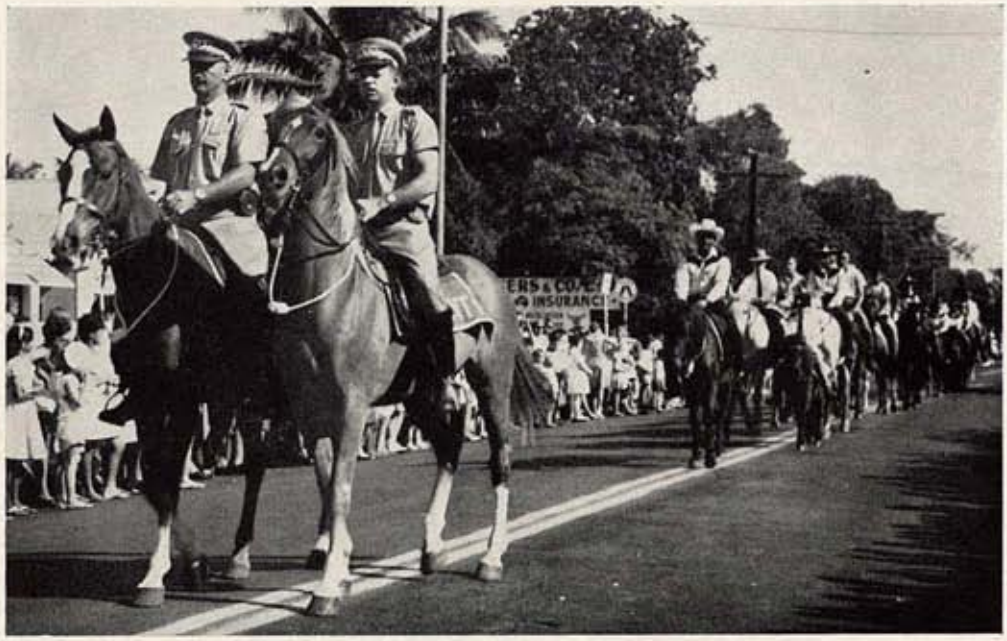
Just a few words about the compass itself. The magnetic compass has been used for centuries. The last 50 years, however, have seen the compass become an accurate scientific instrument. It depends for its action on the magnetic influence of the earth. If a magnetised needle is poised horizontally on a pivot and deflected to one side, it will swing to and fro and gradually return to rest and point in the same direction as originally, magnetic north. Cut out a circular card, graduate it in degrees — a circle contains 360 degrees. North = 000° or 360°, East 90°, South 180°, West 270°; place the North and South points directly in line with and exactly over the North and South ends of the needle, and so you have a compass.

The modern prismatic is, of course, far in advance of the old crude arrangement mentioned above. Normally it swings in alcohol, which protects it from jolts and rough handling. It also makes it much steadier. The casing is of copper or brass owing to their non-magnetic influence.

The study of using the compass in conjunction with maps or charts is very elementary, and so simple as to require no real effort. It is certainly worth the while of anyone anticipating bush service on one of the outer stations. It also is worth remembering that quite a lot of patrols go out from Darwin Station itself, especially around the coastal areas, where a compass could well earn its keep. Books on the use of the compass are cheap and plentiful. Space does not permit — simple though it may be — to try to explain its use in conjunction with maps in this article but further inquiry and study of these aspects is recommended to you.

**Twice a member of our Force, with a short term in the South Australian Police in between, Ted Davis is now a Sergeant 1/C in the Commonwealth Police Force and lives in a Sydney suburb. He was awarded the B.E.M. for his services in small ships during the last War.*

POLICE BOYS' CLUB NEWS



Constable Bill Jacobs (left) and John Haywood leading street procession during the 1966 City of Darwin Festival. Riders behind are from the Pony Club section of the Police Boys' Club.

The Club's building programme has now reached the stage where there is only 28% of work to be carried out to complete the original project. By the end of this financial year the final stage will be almost completed, so there has been a vast improvement since the write-up in the 1964 "Citation".

BOXING:

Training for this year's Boxing Tournament is now in full swing. There are 55 members, ranging in age from 8 to 21, in full training under first class instructors, who donate their time to this worthy cause.

Training nights are Monday and Wednesday from 7.00 p.m. to 9.30 p.m., but, owing to the number interested, training time often goes on up to 10.30 p.m., in order to put them through their bouts. It is good to see the boys turn up regularly for training and put a lot of effort into their workouts. I feel certain that the public attending on the night of the Tournament will certainly get their money's worth and see some first class amateur boxing.

PONY CLUB:

The Police Boys' Pony Club was commenced in November, 1965. I don't really know if the first six months were the most enjoyed or the most anxious. As most of the horses were unbroken, and the members were very much the same in relation to horsemanship, there were plenty of thrills and spills. Mr. Bob Randall, who owns the Timor pony herd and who is a member instructor of the Club, has been of great assistance in this activity.

In all, we have 20 horses which have turned out to be good saddle horses, and the members have improved a great deal in their riding. At the Darwin Annual Show in July, 1966, twenty-three members competed in the ring events on the two-day programme and eighteen members obtained Ribbons which included 1st, 2nd and 3rd placings. It was a great thrill to us, as instructors, to see so many Ribbons come into our camp at the Show, where there were 56 competitors. Considering that most of our riders had only been in the saddle for about seven months, I feel that this was a good achievement by the Club. In this activity the Club meets on the Saturday night under lights at the Winnellie Show Grounds, as this is the best time of the day for training. The humidity is rather high in the daylight hours and we found that one does not get the best out of either horse or rider.

This Dry season we have six more colts to break-in, which will enable us to take more members. Membership is around forty at the moment. The horses' condition has to be watched. If we put more riders on the available horses, the extra work would be too much and we would soon not have a Pony Club. I would like to thank Constable John Haywood for his assistance in our early stages when we were breaking-in. It's marvellous how many ways one can be thrown off a horse, as John demonstrated to me that day. Many thanks, John.

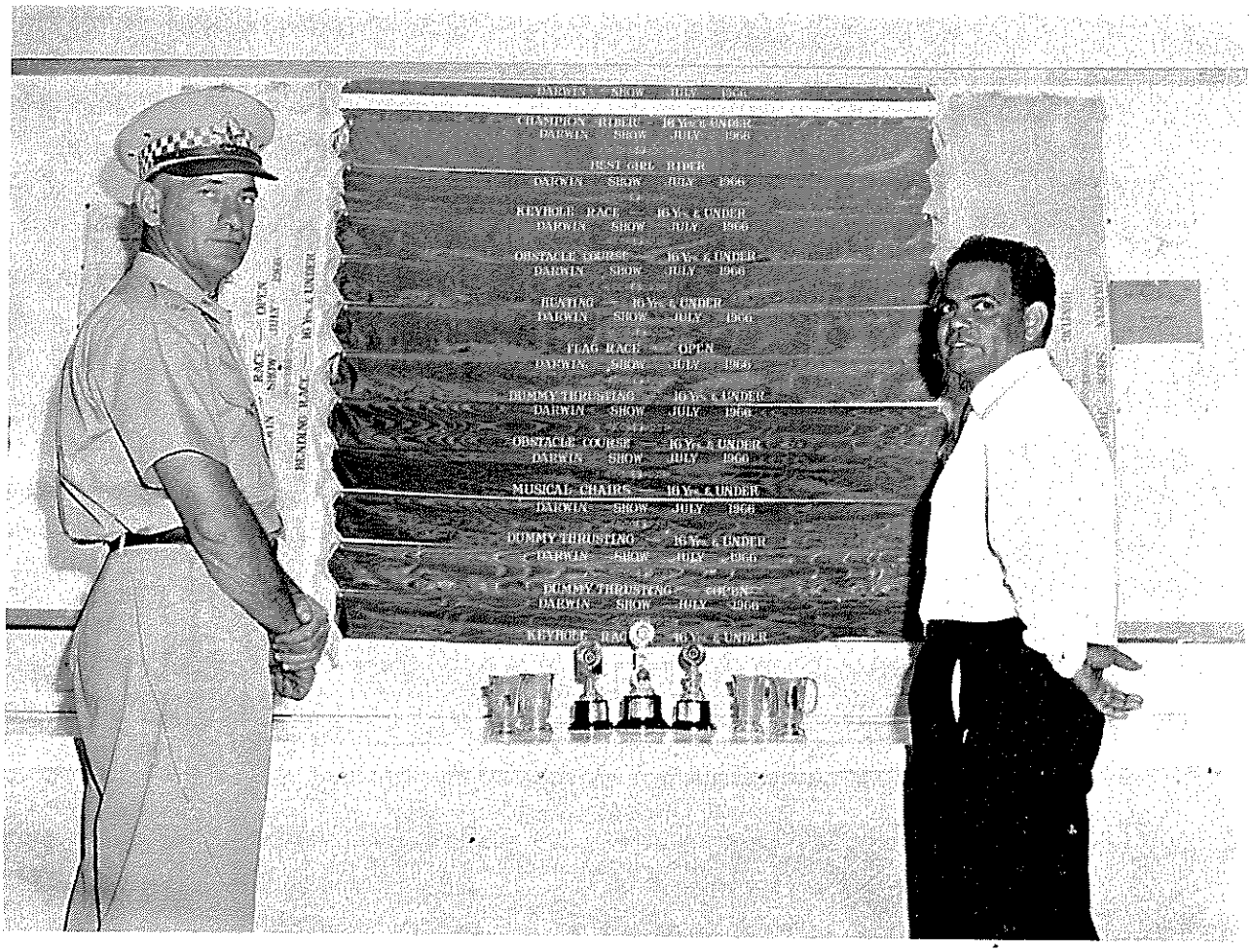
OTHER ACTIVITIES:

Weight lifting has become very popular. It's good to see the numbers working out at night and using the equipment that is available.

Judo class meets on Tuesday and Thursday nights. Unfortunately, we have not space enough at the moment to take more than twenty members, but when the Dry season commences the new lawn next to the club building will be available for these classes.

Slot car racing has got away to a flying start. Since the breakup after the Christmas period members have been working on the cars to get the best performances out of them for the coming trial season. There are some very hard races on the board this season and the competition will be very keen.

(continued on page 24.)



Constable Bill Jacobs and Bobby Randall with trophies and ribbons won at the 1966 Darwin Show by members of the Pony Club section of the Police Boys' Club.

The girls' night (Friday) gets a very good muster, ages range from 8 years to 21 years. At the moment the Trampolene and Vaulting Horse are in constant use, and the boxing ring is used for the mat work. In all, there are 80 girls attending. Tuesday and Thursday nights are gymnasium nights for boys.

When the premises are fully completed, the many people who have put in some, or quite a lot of time will feel that they have helped to build a club that would stand up to any other Club outside of Darwin, for the betterment of youth.

— W. J. Jacobs, Club Superintendent

(But, Bill, there's a bit of a P.S. to that nasty neigh at the end of the Pony Club notes, and it takes only a bottle or two of Rum to get John Haywood to mention the details.)

The Horse Breakers

A bunch of the Club's unbroken horses were sent in, amongst other more or less pensioned-off Police horses, by Constable "Blue" Harvey, from Wave Hill. The breaking job seemed a bit much for one man, so Bill Jacobs conned John Haywood to sacrifice his nice comfortable seat at Headquarters and swap it for a hot leather one at Winnellie.

The list that Blue sent in with the horses was briefly endorsed, alongside each brand and description, "quiet", "not so quiet", "a little bit fresh" and the like. Nobody had a clue what Bluey's ideas of quietude might be, so Bill and John just ran down the list, sharing the rides as they came, and all went fairly well.

Then along came a mare that Blue had described as "quiet, but a little bit fresh when first ridden". As she trotted around the yard, Bill urgently checked his list, to make sure whether it was the right description for the right horse. It was. But he's seen a lot of horses in his time, our Bill.

"I think I'll duck up and see the quack", he said. "My back's playing up something awful."

John looked sharply at him, then at the list, then at the horse, then *again* at Bill. But you can't take any chances with bad backs, or argue with senior men. So after another hopeful look at the list, a doubtful look at the horse and a woeful look at Bill, he went off and got his saddle. If only he had stayed at H.Q. and carried on working his fingers to the bone like the others.

He saddled up without trouble and, rising sedately in the stirrup, swung his leg gracefully over the peaceful-looking back and was soon beautifully seated. She was a little fresh when first ridden, alright. John spat out the bull-dust, haughtily ignored the Jacobean laughter from the top rail, and tenderly held all the loose pieces together while he remounted. He didn't worry about being sedate this time — he was more inclined towards sedation. It

suddenly struck him that he ought to put this nag aside and save her till Blue Harvey next came to town, to give him a nice quiet ride. But, by the time the inspiration hit him, so, again, did that hard Winnellie ground.

Inbred generosity bade him offer the next ride to Bill Jacobs, but it's not in Bill's nature to take away anyone's privileges. He sportingly waved the offer aside. John dragged all the bones back together again, realizing that there was no back way out, and swore the swear of all swears that he would ride this quiet horse from Wave Hill or else . . .

"That's the spirit, lad. Don't let her beat us", came an encouraging guffaw from the top rail.

Well, this time he did ride her. She put on her best performance, but John stayed there like a good-un. He'd even got to the stage of nutting out a victorious gem of repartee with which to flatten Jacobs, when the reins came — *apart*. Back to the bulldust again.

Blue Harvey? Aw, he don't come to town anymore. Funny thing, that . . .

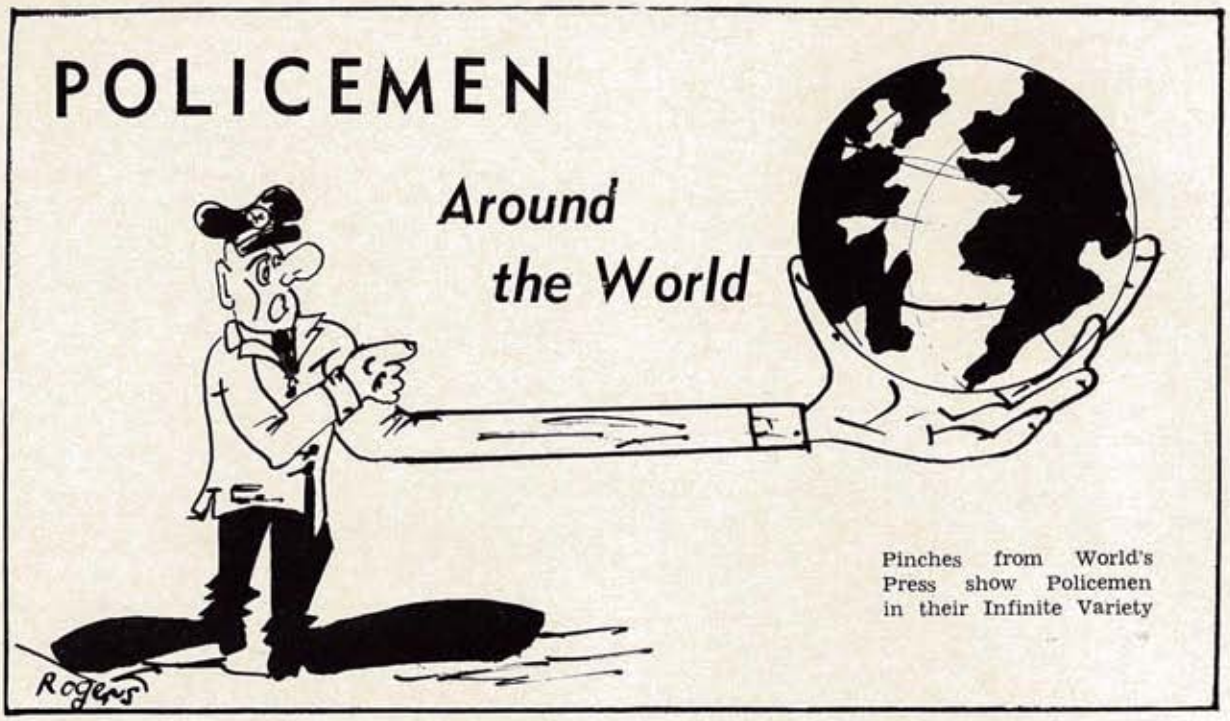
☆ ☆ ☆

COMPULSION

Constable Flattie was an unexciting, steady-going individual, with many years of marriage and unambitious beat-plodding behind him. When he suddenly applied, right out of the blue, for transfer to the Traffic Branch, he upset the equilibrium of the whole Division.

"Whaffor?" protested his Sergeant, appalled by the sudden change and the imminence of still another Decision.

"Well", said Flattie, in a despairing tone, "I thought it'd be right up my alley. I'm in the dog-house so much these days that I've got an uncontrollable urge to chase motor cars".



The Press had a picnic when they were able to headline the arrest of **N.S.W.** Policemen in connection with an international drug trafficking racket. They did mention in the small print further down that the men concerned were *ex*-New South Wales Policemen, and had been for some years past. . . . . At about the same time in **South Australia** a courageous civilian escort tackled armed bank robbers and came close to forestalling the whole operation. He was a Policeman, too; sorry, *ex*-Policeman.

A Constable was stolen from the British Prime Minister, Harold Wilson, in **London**, but luckily was recovered intact following the arrest of two men. The Constable was valued at $5,000. Quite a valuable painting, indeed.

Out in the **Quilpie (Qld.)** district, five Constables spent seven months guarding some 2,400 stolen sheep being held as Court exhibits. Apart from guarding, they had to bash scrub and take other emergency measures to keep feed up to the sheep, and most of the time did their own cooking and "housework". When the summer temperatures started getting up in the 120's they forsook their city uniforms for slouch hats and shorts, for some reason.

In **Melbourne, Victoria,** seven Police cars converged on the hideout of an escapee reported by an excited cab driver to be of large and savage proportions. He was cornered and captured and the whole 60-lbs. of Wimpy the Wombat was safely returned to the Zoo.

A Policewoman dutifully patrolling the streets of **Brisbane, (Queensland,)** unwittingly (and unwillingly) became the subject of scientific research by a University student who patted her on the behind "to see her reaction". But he was only a commerce student and anatomy was out of his depth, as the Magistrate remarked when fining him $25 for aggravated assault.

Something on the lines of our Stott family record, the **Leicestershire** and **Rutland (U.K.)** Constabulary reports an unusual family Police history. The Force now has three members of the Wright family amongst its ranks — Sergeant Edward Wright and his sons, Constable Patrick and Temporary Inspector John. The Sergeant's father was a member of the Leicester City Police for 28 years, and his grandfather was a Sergeant in the Lincolnshire Constabulary.

In **Brisbane, (Qld.),** a Policeman attending at a certain transaction, merely to keep the peace, was attacked by a man who threw a can of petrol over him and tried to ignite it with matches. The man was subdued after a struggle. The Policeman, Constable Greenhalgh, said: "It was the closest shave I've ever had." (Our official barber insists that "singe" is the correct term as used in the trade.)

At **Bulawayo,** Patrol Officer Larry Farren of the British South Africa Police won the amateur welterweight boxing championship of South Africa. (This is unusual, but is not a "first"; an earlier member, Izak Potgieter, won the heavyweight championship back in 1934.)

In **Adelaide (South Australia)** a Policeman was fined $175 for theft and in **Brisbane (Qld.)** two Policemen were reported as having been virtually accused of perjury from the Supreme Court Bench. . . . . In **Renmark (S.A.)** and **Melbourne (Vic.)** outstanding bravery was demonstrated by Policemen engaged in the extremely delicate task of safely apprehending deranged men armed with deadly firearms. . . . . In **Darwin** a young man's row with his girlfriend led to a shooting affray in which Police and others were fired on before he could be arrested, and a total of 13 charges, including six of attempted murder, arose out of his one-night rampage.

In **Canberra, A.C.T.,** the Minister of the Interior, Mr. Anthony, opening the new million-dollar A.C.T. Police Headquarters, is reported to have said that there is, these days, a dangerous trend for Police to be over-criticised. Some people are anti-authority, anti-law and delight in lampooning the Police. Others, during demonstrations, finish up demonstrating against the Police, who are doing nothing more than their jobs. It is the Police who become the whipping post for whatever principles these people espouse.

He did not say that sometimes the principles seem to get a bit mixed. In the Ryan anti-hanging demonstrations the principle involved seemed to depend on who might

be due for hanging. It was quite O.K. to advocate the hanging of one Bolte! The Police, of course, copped it from all sides — abuse, punches, stones, eggs and what have you.

In **England,** David Harman, leader of the swinging Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich group, screamed his way to an earning figure of £500 per week. Four years ago he followed a different beat in the streets of **Swindon, Wiltshire,** as a £14 per week Constable. Of course, he had a boot, bicycle and torch allowance, which he doesn't get now. . . . . Competitive body snatching has broken out in **America** according to a report from **New York** which states that F.B.I. men are busy digging up the bodies of Mafia victims and the Mafia is busy digging up and re-planting similar bodies in a race to keep ahead of the law. . . . . .

In **Katoomba, (N.S.W.),** the Blue Mountains echoed to the sounds of an early morning gun battle when a squad of New South Wales Police, led by Det. Sergeant J. McNeill, ambushed three armed gunmen set on bank robbery. Two were wounded and the third surrendered. One Policeman, Det. Sergeant Ross Nixon, received a bullet graze over the right eye.

☆ ☆ ☆

Traffic Constable Robert Crowell and Jiraphorn Daungdage, formerly of Thailand, sign the Register after their marriage at the United Church, Darwin.

POLICE COURT

Roy Moore, one of our latest recruits, announced his engagement to Gail Aldred, of P.M.G.'s Department, Darwin.

LIFER'S ROW

Constable John Greig and Marie Christopherson, formerly one of our Policewomen, were married on 16.3.67 at the Registry Office, Darwin.

Constable James Green and Carol Margaret Faint, formerly of Sydney, were married at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Yallourn, Victoria, on 17.12.66.

Traffic Constable Robert Crowell and Jiraphorn Daungdage, formerly of Thailand, were married on 11.11.66 at the United Church, Darwin.

Constable Bill Stephens and Lilian Mary Anderson, formerly a Sister at the Darwin Hospital, were married at the Registry Office, Darwin, on 27.1.67.

STORK BEAT

At Darwin on 27.9.66 to Gloria and Gary Burgdorf, a son, Craig Anthony.

At Darwin on 5.10.66 to John and Marie Lincoln, a son, Stephen John.

At Tennant Creek on 1.2.67 to Horace and Marion Prew, a daughter, Kathleen Fay.

At Darwin on 12.3.67 to Barry and Dorothy Symonds, a daughter, Samantha Julie.

At Darwin on 3.2.67 to Hugh and Annie Malone, a daughter, Elena Jane.

At Darwin on 15.1.67 to Allan and Kaye Blackwood, a son, Garry John.

At Darwin on 2.4.67 to Lawrence and Elizabeth Foster a son, Christopher Duncan.

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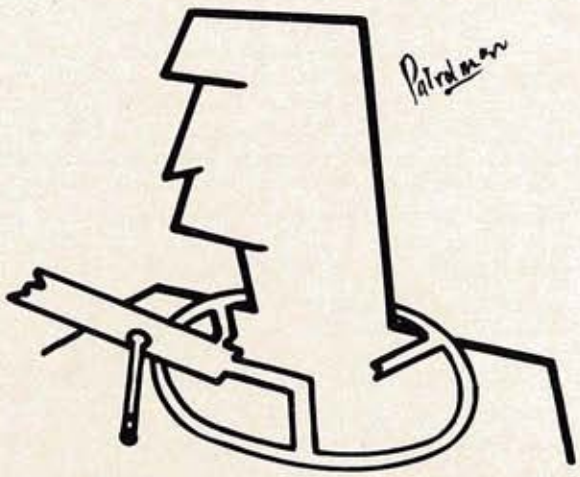


How far behind is a safe distance?

CRUSOE JUNIOR ON ELCHO ISLAND

AMONGST the many worries of the Administrator of the Northern Territory and his advisers in 1937 was the problem of how to keep pearling luggers out of the Arnhem Land Aboriginal Reserve waters and the crews from co-habiting with the native women.

It was eventually decided to establish watering bases at King River and Elcho Island where the luggers could obtain fresh water under supervision and the natives would, to a certain extent, be protected by the Control Officer. As well, there was the Coastal Patrol Service — at that time consisting of one vessel, the "Larrakia", under the command of Captain Haultain — to assist.

I had joined the N.T. Police Force on 31.12.1936 and apart from a sea patrol to Cape Don to arrest "Ginger" Palmer, hadn't been out of Darwin. In August, 1937, I was informed that I was to take charge of the watering base at Elcho Island. However, on 31st August, I went horse riding with Constable Fred Don, got jammed against a tree and finished up in the Darwin Hospital with an injured back and cracked ribs. I was declared fit again after a fortnight in bed and was discharged. Constable A. B. (Peter) Riley was nominated for the King River Base.

After collecting various stores, a dog, instruction on how to give injections for yaws and how to soothe my grumbling appendix, advice from Ginger Palmer on hut building, gardening and bread making, as well as a supply of seeds and plants from the Botanic Gardens, Peter and I left on the "Katinka" (Captain Alex Ladd) — whose wife will be remembered by old hands as a cook at the Police Mess — on 6th October. For this exercise we had also been seconded to the Department of Native Affairs, and Ted White, of the N.T. Administration, went with us to see us safely installed.

We anchored at Cape Hotham the first night out, Mud Bay the next and at Croker Island on 8th. There we met Ruben Cooper — well known to old timers — who was the son of Joel Cooper. (He was accidentally fatally poisoned during the war). We made Goulburn Island on the 9th and were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Sweeney, missionaries in charge, and fine people. The next day we dropped Peter at King River — a terrible place and went on to anchor in Junction Bay on 11th. We arrived at Millingimbi on the 12th, after passing numerous Japanese pearling luggers in Boucaut Bay.

At Millingimbi, Rev. T. Theodore Webb and Mr. Shepherdson, with their wives, welcomed us and on 13th we arrived at Elcho Island. At Millingimbi I had engaged a Tracker, Banya, and he and his wife and two children went with us. The stores and equipment were unloaded and the "Katinka" left that evening with Ted White for Darwin.

During the following days a site was selected for the Base and two tents were erected. The site was one which had been used previously, and was just back from the cliff edge above the landing place on the beach near Point Bristowe. It was a very good position commanding a full view of the south-west entrance of Caddell Strait and partly protected by trees from the prevailing south-east and north-west winds.

The smaller tent I used as a storeroom and the larger constituted my sleeping quarters and office. Later I erected a bark hut for the Tracker but, as he preferred to sleep on the beach, this was converted into a bulk store. I also erected a bark kitchen, complete with fireplace, and a bark goat-shed and yard — the latter for housing goats which I had obtained from Millingimbi.

Constables Stokes and Riley with a truckload of stores for their respective bases at Elcho Island and King River, October, 1937.

By the time the latter shed was built, the rains had set in. The plants and trees I brought from Darwin had been planted out shortly after my arrival. Some died from the attacks of white ants but the rest survived and became well established. I also planted a lot of watermelons and other seeds on my arrival and these later gave me a very welcome six months supply of fresh vegetables.

Between the cliff face and the sea below the camp were numerous springs from which flowed a delightful fresh water supply. The camp supply was kept, for convenience, in two 44-gallon drums at the tents. It was lovely to have a swim each night and then a bath in the fresh water in large depressions the springs had hollowed out on the beach.

During January a transceiver radio set and motor launch were brought to the Base and put in working order by the staff of the Larrakia. Both were of great use. I used to speak daily to Millingimbi and King River, and sometimes to Cloncurry, and one day I talked to Ivor Hall and Jimmy Gibbs at Nutwood Downs. I met both of these famous old Territorians later.

In the launch I explored the adjoining waters and circumnavigated Elcho Island. This enabled me to place immediately any position of which the Tracker spoke, and was very useful later on when the foreign luggers were surreptitiously taking water up the coast. Through it, too, I was enabled to visit native camps, swamps on the mainland and neighbouring small islands and thus obtain fresh meats, fish and turtle eggs, as well as contact the natives who did not visit the Base. It also enabled me to work in comfort between the shore and the various boats which called.

The climate was good. There were no swamps of any size near the camp and mosquitoes were very numerous only during the wet season. There were no sand flies at the Base but the ordinary bush flies were bad. Winds blew almost continuously.

Arnhem Land natives at the time Elcho Island and King River bases were operating.

The bark hut style of architecture on the bases is shown here, with Constable Peter Bruun, who succeeded Peter Riley at King River.

Wherever there was permanent water on the island the natives had camps. There were about ten camps and an average of 50 aborigines on the island. The mainlanders from south of the island and the natives from the English Company Islands were frequent visitors. One census I took showed there were 142 natives on the island at that time.

There was an abundance of food and it was easily obtainable. Ducks, geese and other birds, fish, wallabies, possums, native bees, turtles, dugong, turtle and birds' eggs, shell fish, yams, lily roots, cycad nuts and various wild fruits constituted the main sources of food and the natives showed the results of proper nutrition in strong healthy frames.

Many of the men spoke pidgin English and they were in no way hostile. I was informed that the one language was spoken from Cape Stewart on the north coast right round almost to the Roper River. I was informed also that these people did not hire their women out for prostitution whilst those west of Cape Stewart did. I was given to understand that the Japanese visiting the area of Cape Stewart obtained only fuel, food and water there and that during their presence the women were sent into the bush.

The natives — as with all bush natives then — and perhaps now — had little regard for sanitation. Excrement was deposited anywhere and left until flies, dogs, heat and rain dissipated it. The one tin, pipe or shell would be used by any number of different people. Washing was not often indulged in and flies were prevalent. The people slept on the ground, close together, very often with coverings which were stiff with dirt, grease and perspiration, and if a cut or burn was sustained, it was merely covered with a piece of dirty rag. The remarkable thing was that disease was not more rampant. Yaws, however, abounded in the children, there were frequent colds, a number of lepers, and one bad case of granuloma. Venereal disease seemed to be entirely absent. All the cases of yaws treated were cleared up with injections of salvarsan. Nothing could be done locally for the lepers and the victim of granuloma ran away when his treatment had barely commenced.

I commenced clearing two airstrips for possible emergency use, but it was decided to abandon the Base before these could be completed. At that time, it was estimated that there were 2,000 men in the luggers pearling off the coast, yet during my period at the Base, only two luggers called — one a Thursday Island boat and the other a Japanese. A large number of luggers, however, were taking water at the northern end of Elcho Island and in the Wessell Islands. The motherships of the Japanese pearling fleets all carried wireless. On the way back to Darwin we passed close to a fleet of 100 Japanese luggers in Boucaut Bay. These were clustered round a mother ship, of about 3,000 tons register, and three canoes were making towards them from Cape Stewart. We investigated these canoes but they contained no women and the occupants were evidently on a trading trip.

The Base was evacuated on the 24th September and I went to Millingimbi. Before departure, I paid off the natives I had been employing with the few surplus stores I had left. Whilst at Millingimbi, I took the opportunity to do a round sea trip to Yirrkala. Finally, I returned to Darwin on the "Larrpan", the Mission lugger, calling at King River to pick up Peter Bruun — who had relieved Peter Riley — and calling in at Port Essington on the way.

The watering base was not re-established but there is a Methodist Mission now on Elcho Island — although not located where my camp was. Did the Base do any good? I don't know — but the experience was interesting, pleasant and broadening and I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

I grew a beard — there was no point in shaving — but got rid of it on my return to Darwin in October, 1938. There I rejoined the Police Force.

— Jack Stokes

"Why do they call that fellow the Pill?"

"Because he's got no conception"

RECRUIT NOTES

The first of the 1967 Recruit Training Courses finished on 17th March and hereunder is an introduction to the new members:—

Neita Randall was born at Mount Gambier, S.A., and at an early age moved to Adelaide and attended St. Joseph's School, Thebarton. After various jobs she joined the W.R.A.N.S. in July, 1955, and served in Melbourne, Canberra and a year at Coonawarra. After four and a half years of undetected crime in the Navy, she sailed for England, in December, 1960. After hitch-hiking around England, Scotland, Ireland and the Continent, she returned to Australia in 1962. From 1963 until coming up to join the Police she was employed as a Welfare Officer on Koonibba and Point McLeay Aboriginal Reserves in South Australia. She is now hoping to enjoy her stay in the Territory as much as her previous year in Darwin. Well, we can't offer all of those Navy amenities and world-sightings, but Alice Springs is a good place at which to start enjoying the Territory. Besides, the gentle splash of waves as the Todd River tides rise and fall will be an ever present, nostalgic reminder of the deep blue sea. There's nothing quite like it even at Coonawarra.

Leslie Ronald Reed, born in Melbourne on 11.4.41, was educated at the Porepunkah State School, in the North-east of Victoria, but left at an early age to start work on a property. From there he travelled throughout Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland and South Australia, working at a variety of jobs. He has been an active member of the Tallangatta Apex Club since its formation in 1960. In sport he has played Australian Rules Football with Bullioh in the Tallangatta League, also played Cricket with Bullioh, and has an interest in fishing and shooting. For the past five years he has had experience in bee keeping. The gathering of honey in Darwin is confined to the hives of Swan and Carlton, but there's plenty of scope here for football and cricket — and Apex, too.

Roy Pool was born in Birmingham, England, on 25.8.43 and educated at Birmingham and Edgbaston (Greenmore College). He left school at 17, after experience as Prefect, Form House Captain, Member of the School Cadet Corps, and having obtained a Silver Medal in the Duke of Edinburgh Award and Outward Bound Scheme. He became a Bren Gun Instructor and attained the rank of Sergeant in the R.A.S.C. after leaving school. In 1962 he went to an Agricultural College and obtained the National and Warwickshire Certificates in Agriculture, and the City of Guilds Certificate in Agricultural Diesel Engineering. He followed employment as stockman, tractor driver and Second Herdsman on a dairy farm. He comes from a family of Policemen (his Grandfather, Chief Superintendent of Birmingham Police Force, was killed in the course of duty) and he feels the Police service in the Northern Territory offers an acceptably wide scope. What he has seen of Darwin so far he likes very much, but he is anxious to get out and about the back country. His general interests are shooting, fishing, horse riding, soccer, swimming, reading, wild life and mixing with other people.

William Ross Kerr, 22, latterly of Brisbane, was formerly employed in the Queensland Police Department as a Clerk. He is a member of the C.M.F. His sports are — football, cricket, swimming and skindiving, and he likes the way of life up here in the Territory. (He must have handled a lot of "briefs" in his time, too!). Bill was Dux of this Course.

A/Commissioner S. J. Bowie presenting Dux prize to top 1967 Recruit, William Ross Kerr, 17.3.67. That disguised prize book is Doug. Lockwood's history of the Darwin bombing, "Australia's Pearl Harbour".

James Vivian Andrews was born at Wauchope, on the mid. North Coast of New South Wales, on 11.10.37. He was educated at Wauchope High School and gained the Intermediate Certificate in 1952.

He is interested in most sports, golf is the only one in which he now participates, but he is very interested in flying and hopes to gain his licence in a couple of months. He would then like to try his hand at gliding. By coincidence he is off to Alice Springs where gliding is a very popular pastime indeed.

Photography is another one of his hobbies. Before joining the N.T. Police Force he was a member of a dance band in his home town, playing two instruments, the Spanish Guitar and the Hawaiian Steel Guitar.

He was employed by the one firm, Weldbond Plywoods Pty. Ltd., for 14 years, during which time he served as a lathe operator, guillotine operator and kiln supervisor. For the last two years he was a clerk on the administrative staff.

Patricia Ann Thomson, born at Leeton, New South Wales, moved to Sydney at the age of 7 years. She attended Manly Home Science School until attaining the Intermediate Certificate, then began work as an office assistant for the Department of Motor Transport. She stayed with this Department until appointed to the N.T. Police Force. She maintained a keen interest in Hockey and Women's cricket, squash and tennis, since leaving school, has competed in State Swimming Championships, and has represented Sydney Metropolitan District against Country several times in Hockey Championships. She has also played "A" Grade Competition squash in Sydney, and toured New Zealand in 1961 and England in 1963, as a member of the Australian Women's Cricket Team, playing in all Test Matches on both tours. Miss Thomson has visions of starting a women's cricket competition in the Darwin District, although realising the difficulties in respect to climate, finance and shortage of playing fields. In the meantime she

intends to play a little squash as a means of relaxation during the Dry Season, in between 'getting to know' the Territory.

Douglas Eric Woodcock, aged 24, was born at and lived in Sydney all of his life before coming to Darwin. After attending Kogarah Intermediate High School he was employed with the St. George County Council Electricity Authority, as an Electrical Fitter engaged on high tension sub-station work. He served apprenticeship with the same firm. In 16 years service as an active member of the Boy Scout Movement he attended various overseas Jamborees including New Zealand and Greece. Recreations include outdoor activities such as bushwalking, camping, canoeing, fishing, shooting, etc. With Katherine his first posting he can carry on with all of them.

Barry Symons was born in 1940 at Cobar, New South Wales and attended school there to Intermediate Certificate standard. He worked as jackaroo and rouse-a-bout for six months, then went to Sydney where he joined the N.S.W. Police Cadets, and spent three years and several months as a Cadet before graduating to Police Constable at his 19th birthday. He spent three years, six months as a Constable attached to Regent Street Station and Police Training Centre as P.T. and Drill Instructor for Cadets, and resigned from the N.S.W. Police Department on 1.7.63. He then worked as a salesman for a Sydney firm, in city and country areas, and for five months in Tasmania. In August 1964 he arrived in Darwin where he worked at various jobs, including Teleprinter Operator for Met. Bureau, Traffic Clerk for M.M.A. airline, wharf labourer and taxi driver, until taking up employment in the N.T. Police Force in September, 1966. As a preliminary feeler he joined the Police Rugby Football team and in the 1966 Season was captain and won the award for the best and fairest player as well.

Bryce William Fardell was born in Sydney on 7.8.45, and since then, because of his father's employment, has travelled quite a bit around New South Wales and Queensland. He has been in the country most of his life and for the last four years worked on a property at Come-By-Chance in New South Wales. His sports are swimming and most water sports, football and a dash of tennis.

The first thing that he noticed about Darwin was that it is a long way from anywhere; the second was that it was a very dry place, population-wise. He thinks the Territory is terrific and does not want to leave it. But we can't work out the reference to Darwin's "dry" population. We brag about being the wettest, not only beer-wise, but, this year, even water-wise.

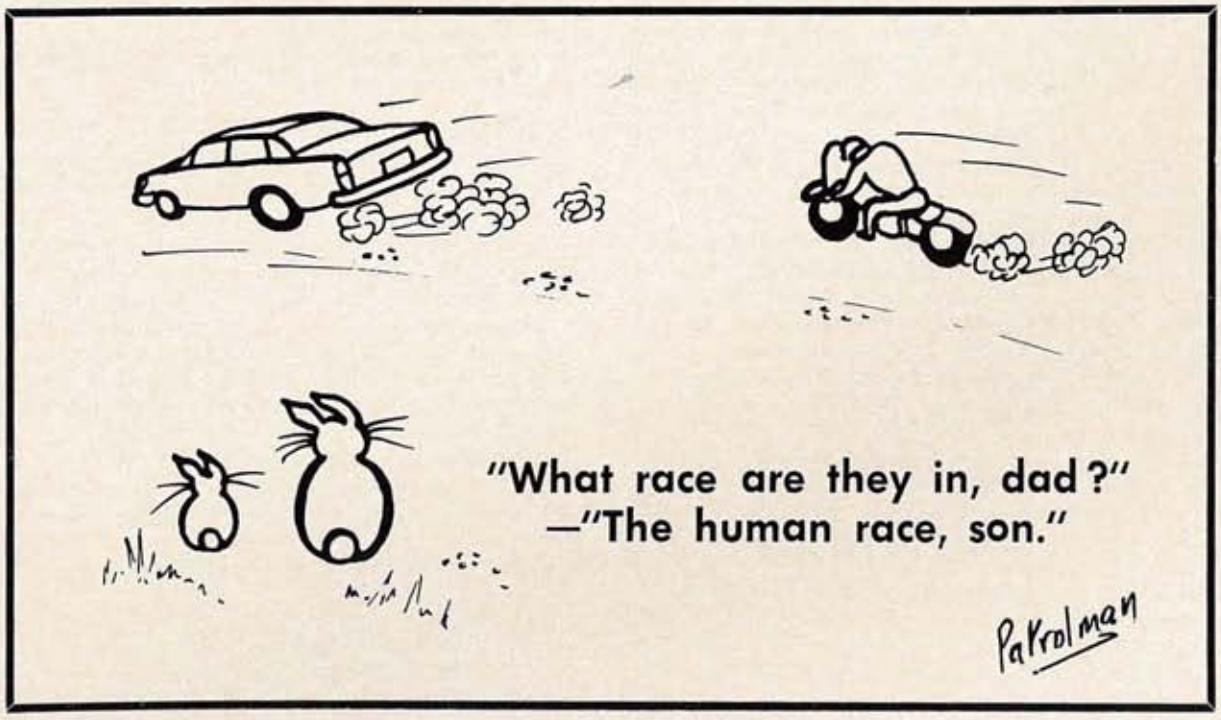
Sheila Haisman, born Rochester, Kent, England, arrived in Australia in February, 1965, of her own free will, via Fremantle, on the M.V. "Centaur".

Not wishing to be conventional and arriving by air or sea direct from England, or as a £10 Immigration Wonder, she chose to come the hard way, by land, in a 1956 Austin Omnicoach, which, although in a very dilapidated condition by the time it arrived in India, fortunately stayed together in one piece long enough to complete 12,000 miles between Dover and Madras. From there she caught a ship to Singapore, stayed there 3 weeks and then did the final stage of the journey to Australia by sea on the M.V. "Centaur".

She spent 16 months in Melbourne, 2 months in Sydney and 7 months in Perth, working for Ansett-ANA and the Commonwealth Employment Service, as a Teletypist and Receptionist/Typist respectively, before deciding to give up the comfort of 'All Mod. Cons.' and try her luck in the N.T. as a Woman Police Constable. Despite having grown webbed feet, and suffering severe shock everytime she sees a new weird and wonderful insect, she finds, so far, that she likes the Territory, and if she can get used to sharing the bathroom, kitchen and bedroom with friendly frogs and lizards, then she will consider herself 'Here to Stay'.

Bruce Honeywill, born 13.9.45, at Brisbane, Queensland, previously worked as a stockman in Western Queensland (Longreach, Hughenden and Roma) and in the Northern Territory on the Roper, at Roper Valley. His sports are swimming, polo and football.

Roy Leslie Moore, of Riverwood, Sydney, New South Wales, born 27.8.45, previously worked for John Fairfax



Ltd., Publishers of the "Sydney Morning Herald" and the "Sun" Newspapers. He played 4 seasons for St. George Junior Rugby League Football Club in Sydney, and represented St. George in the President's Cup Competition in 1964 and 1965. He played second row forward, goal kicker (A, B and C grades) and kicked 57 goals (114 points) in the season of 1965, thus receiving the highest scorer award. He has also tried a bit of judo at the Sydney Y.M.C.A. He attended Narwee Boys' High School and held the school high jump record for three years, at 5' 11". He finds Darwin a bit wet at times, but the class of women here makes up for this. (We're not sure that we're getting the right message, here!).

Patrick Thomas McQuaid was born on 10th January, 1944, at Brewarrina, New South Wales; previous occupation — accountancy. His main interest is reading, but he is keen also on the following sports — tennis, basketball and football. He is interested in the Apex Club and Drama Clubs, which thrive in Darwin, but we've gone and sent him off to Tennant Creek.

Paul Charles Kauter, of Toronto, Newcastle, New South Wales, was born on 8th March, 1944, at Speers Point, Newcastle, and previously worked at Munmorah Power Station. His sporting interests are Rugby League, tennis, sailing (previously with the 16 ft. Skiff Club, Toronto) and swimming.

He attended St. Joseph's School, Toronto, and Holy Cross College, Ryde, up to 3rd Form, and belonged to Swansea Belmont Surf Life Saving Club, Blacksmiths Beach.

Peter Thomas Salter was born on 17.4.43 at Bendigo, Victoria. He attended school at Castlemaine and Wangaratta Primary Schools and Wangaratta Junior Technical School, where he obtained his Junior Technical Certificate. He started work as an apprentice butcher and completed two and a half years apprenticeship, but, at this stage, was very interested in seeing some of Australia and decided that the best way to do this would be to join the Regular Army.

He joined up on 6th July, 1960, for a period of 6 years, and during the following 6 years served in every Australian State, except W.A. and the N.T. In 1963 whilst a member of the 3rd Bn. R.A.R. he was selected to go to Malaya with the Battalion. When the Confrontation between Indonesia and Malaysia started up, he was selected to go to Sarawak with 3 R.A.R. In all, he served a period of 5½ months on active service in Sarawak, most of which time was taken up with escorts and border patrols, mixed up with a couple of disturbances on the side.

His tour of duty ended in Malaya on 6th October, 1965. After he arrived back in Australia he had only 8 months service left and was employed in several duties in that time, one of them being a part-time instructor for the National Service Bn. which was also stationed at Puckapunyal.

He took his discharge on 6.7.66 and got a job with a security firm in Melbourne, where he was working up until his appointment to the Police Force.

Sports played — Australian Rules Football, cricket, tennis, swimming, rifle shooting, and he is a very keen snooker player; was playing with the Army Grade 1 Australian Rules side in Brisbane, but broke his leg and had to give it away for some time.

His first impressions of Darwin weren't very good, as he had been told it was an altogether different place to what it is; however, since he has had a good look around the place he finds it very interesting, especially the Rifle Club and the Gun Club.

FORMER N.T. POLICEMAN, JOCK REID, DIES IN CANBERRA

The death occurred in Canberra, since our last issue went to Press, of Robert (Jock) Reid, formerly a very widely and favourably known Northern Territory Policeman.

In the Territory, where he served from 1924 to 1942, Jock Reid was stationed mainly at Darwin, Daly River, Newcastle Waters and Tennant Creek.

He was severely injured in riots which occurred at the Government Offices, Darwin, in the early thirties.

In the Wet season of 1932-33 Jock performed a remarkable feat of perseverance and endurance whilst escorting a prisoner for trial. He was thrown heavily against a tree by a bucking horse and suffered two fractured ribs, twisted ligaments of the left knee, a sprained ankle and damage to the right kidney. In spite of this, he continued the patrol of 400 miles to the railhead at Birdum, thence by train to Darwin where he safely delivered his prisoner.

In 1937 he was awarded the King's Police Medal for outstanding service.

He saw extensive service in the First World War, in Salonika and France, with the 22nd, 32nd and 36th British Divisions, and was a Policeman in Scotland for a time before coming to Australia to live.

In 1943 he was appointed Chief of Police — a position later raised to the status of Commissioner — of the Australian Capital Territory Police Force in Canberra, where he eventually retired.

He was awarded the M.V.O., 4th Class, in 1954. He had been in indifferent health in recent years. He is survived by a son and two daughters, all Territory-born.

Leslie George Lindley Perry, born on 22.9.45, attended Marysville Primary and Alexandra High Schools in Victoria.

He left school at the age of 17, having obtained the School Leaving Certificate, and worked at home on his father's property at Buxton until May 1963. He decided to try City life, so joined the Public Service and worked as a Clerk in the City (Melbourne) until September, 1964.

He returned to Buxton and worked as a Station Hand on a property called "Burrowye", until September, 1965. He then went away with the shearing contractors for that season and travelled throughout Victoria, mainly in the Western District, getting home in time to help out with the hay carting. He worked for a while with a quarry owner in the rugged Lake Mountain area, making roads for the Forests Commission of Victoria, after which he drove late model agricultural equipment on a contract basis in the various country areas up to the time of joining the Northern Territory Police.

His hobbies include shooting, fishing and horse riding. He also enjoys growing vegetables, so his move to Alice on his first posting will give him a chance to compare the Todd and Murray irrigation systems.

BIG DADDY *(Reduced!)*

We feel sure, we think, we hope, that this is not one of our Police households, although there is a familiar look about that everloving little woman dashing about trampling multiple-children underfoot. Hubby comes out in the middle of it all and demands breakfast in a hurry, whereupon she says, politely, "You can wait till I'm ready. By the time I get the five kids washed and sitting up at the table I've *had* it".

"Well, lend us a quid — I've gotta go down to fix up the bookie for that last race yesterday".

"You'll get no quid out of me. By the time I've got enough food for you and the five kids there's none left for bookies or any other b's.".

"What about pickin' up a new sweater for me at Woollies? — this one's all holes".

"By the time I get sweaters and clothes for all the five kids there's no money left to get things for you or me. Now, if you'd get out and earn something instead of loafing down at the billiard room all day, you might be able to shout yourself a decent sweater. Here's your breakfast".

Pause.

"Finished that bit — haven't you got any more? I'm starving".

"Me and the 5 kids are starving too, with no wages coming in".

"Augh, I'm going down to the corner for a while to get some peace. Goodbye little mother of five".

"Goodbye little father of three".

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

28 Croydon Avenue,
Croydon, N.S.W.
14th February, 1967

Dear Sir,

I have just read a copy of the December issue of "Citation". It is a very interesting magazine, congratulations to the Committee of Management and printers. I was particularly happy to see that someone thinks kindly of that much-maligned person, the Justice of the Peace, the Editor's comments are very heart warming to one of them. I have been a Justice of the Peace for the past 7 years, and I have found many difficulties especially in dealing with new citizens who do not understand English very well. I have managed to train the people who live near me, though some of their friends pose some problems. Here, we sign papers nearly all the time. I have been told that I could be called up for Jury Service at any time, but so far I have not been called. A mother of six, I have not worried about it as yet. I found that legal documents regarding estates were the hardest to explain to the people who knew very little English; at times I had difficulty understanding them myself. I solved the problem in true womanly fashion — I rang the Solicitor, explained the position and the papers were completed and signed in no time. I have become a "filler-in" of papers, all shapes, sizes and sorts. I have found it better than crossing out and initialling, and the people in question receive their pensions, etc. much quicker this way. I think we could do a lot more to help the new "citizens", even the English people have troubles with some of our forms. A young couple who lived in a flatette near here came to me one day very upset and in a lot of trouble, their forms were a 'horrible mess.' We obtained some new forms and filled them in again. They later moved from this suburb to one many miles south of here. They still bring their forms to me to be signed. The last time they were here I asked if they knew of a Justice of the Peace closer to their home, they would save much time and petrol by asking him to sign their papers. They said there was a J.P. in their street but: "We'd rather come to you. We have no trouble with the papers you sign". Remembering the first "mess" we had I can't help wondering how many poor Justices of the Peace are being blamed for badly filled-in forms.

Two of the photographs in your magazine are familiar, I have a copy of each in my album — the crocs at Daly River, and the picture of Gordon Birt at Tennant Creek.

The Police Force has certainly grown in the past 25 years. I wonder what that great "individualist", the man from the Daly — Mounted Constable Tom Turner would think of it. I am sure the air would turn "blue". I still have a good laugh when I think of the time I "threw" Mr. Turner out of my office in Alice Springs — not by physical force, just by words. He breezed in on one of "those" days — everything had gone wrong and I was at the end of my tether, so when Mr. Turner started to remark about various people and things in his own inimitable style it was too much — I ordered him out! Such language was not to be used in my office. He stood there for a minute, eyes bulging, mouth open, absolutely speechless. When he had recovered his composure he said very sadly, "I'll tell your mother and father about you, I've known you since you were a little girl and this is how you treat a man from the Daly". (Mr. Gordon Sweeney was nearly having hysterics behind the corner desk). I was very upset afterwards as I would not have hurt either Mr. or Mrs. Turner for the world. He was a good sport — he stayed away for a day, then came back — I heard a whoosh, looked down at a felt hat, then noticed Tom standing against the Court House door — He said "Is it safe?" After that he always threw in his hat and then knocked politely on the door. He came in every day but NEVER SWORE ONCE!

DARWIN BOMBING MEMORIES

It will soon be 19th February again — does not seem like 25 years — a quarter of a century — since "the day".

Ex-servicemen are planning unit reun'ons etc., they have plans for a March and wreath laying if permission is granted. I have been trying to contact some of the "Girls" who were there, but they are hard to find. There are plenty of men who were there but the women are not coming forward, maybe they will ring later in the week. We are all a lot older — 25 years — and our shapes are rather different from what they were in those days. Some have passed away but there must be a few here. I have not heard of some of them for some years now, rearing a family is a full-time job, with tuck shops, concerts, Mother's Clubs, etc., one does not have much time for "getting together".

The Police Force of the Northern Territory will be remembering too, they certainly did a wonderful job then and afterwards. I have heard so many strange stories in the past week — fantastic tales. Although my memory is quite good, I cannot remember some of the "happenings" being talked about. Although nearly everyone has been criticised I have not heard one word of criticism of the Police. They all agree that the Boys had a very nasty job and they did it well. I shall always remember Constables Lionel McFarland and Ron Brown at Parap Police Station. We arrived out there with our small "bundles" to wait for the train to take us out of Darwin. There were lots of women of all ages, all shocked and not quite knowing what it was all about. We had a few moments of worry as to how we would manage if the women began to realise the situation. The two men brought out their tea and sugar and every cup, glass and mug they could gather, they handed them to us and we started to make tea for everyone (I still cannot remember whether we offered those men a cup — did we? Sergeant?). Things seemed much better after a good hot cup of tea. June McManus and I then started on the crowd of wounded and burned people who came along to the Station for help. We did not have much but we did what we could for them. Some bottles of whisky were brought down from the hotel, so I laced some of the tea liberally, the men with bad burns wondered why they felt so much better after a cup of tea. I don't think they even knew the whisky was there. Of course some of them probably had had a few previous tastes of something that was not water earlier in the day.

I remember "Bluey" Johns — he had a very badly burned hand. The palm was a huge blister, yellow. It looked very nasty. He followed me around begging me to cut it open with a small pair of scissors I had with me. I refused and asked him to go to the hospital. He was not at all happy about that. After a cup of my "special" tea, he was more amicable. I bandaged his hand and escorted him to an ambulance that had just pulled in. He went quietly, but as the ambulance pulled out I could hear a voice talking about those . . . . . Butchers.

We have been seeing pictures of the dreadful devastation left by the Tasmanian fires on our television screens for the past few days, it has brought back so many memories of Darwin's Day of Horror. I have not been back to Darwin since the 19th of February, 1942.

Sincerely,
Ena Fitzpatrick
(nee Ena Dalton)

35 Ramsay Avenue,
Seacombe Gardens, S.A.

Dear Sir,

I was interested in the various references to Robert Stott who retired as Commissioner of Police for Central Australia in 1928. He was run over and killed by a train at a level crossing near Adelaide, shortly afterwards.

He visited the Thebarton Police Barracks in the afternoon and met his death in the evening of the same day. I was serving as a mounted constable there at the time. I was introduced to Mr. Stott by Inspector Martin Shea (O'Shea without the "O") who conducted him on an inspection of the barracks.

The Sergeant of Police at Alice Springs in 1930 was John Creed Lovegrove, who was transferred there from the North Australia Police. Previously he was stationed at Katherine.

The Territories of North Australia and Central Australia were re-united as the Northern Territory in 1931. This was a consequence of the demise of the North Australia Commission, which had functioned from 1926.

Yours faithfully,
Gordon R. Birt
(formerly N.T. and S.A. Police)

35 Augusta Street,
Maylands, S.A.

Dear Sir,

Reading magazine "Citation" gives me great pleasure as it revives old memories of 50 years ago. I refer particularly to the group photograph on page nine, December 1966 issue. The eight members of the Mounted Police were all well known to me as I served with them.

Back Row: MjConstable Gordon. I last met him in Egypt when we were both serving in the 1st A.I.F. Ambrose White retired when he was Sergeant at Port Augusta and became the Licensee of an Hotel at Naracoorte. Vaughton, on resigning from the Force, became Licensee of an Hotel in Adelaide. Tick Kelly resigned whilst in charge of Oodnadatta and was appointed Vermin Fence Inspector. He died at Port Augusta.

Front Row: Sergeant Stott completed his service as Commissioner of Police at Alice Springs and was killed in an accident at Wayville Railway Crossing, Adelaide. J. H. Kelly — I last met in Palestine, when he was a member of the 3rd Light Horse and I was a member of the 9th Light Horse, in the First A.I.F. Inspector Waters, a very fair and competent Inspector under whom I had the pleasure to serve over 5 years. McBeth — I succeeded him as Officer in Charge of Tanami.

Mrs. Linda Egan, whom I last met at Pine Creek, was then Linda Kelly. It is very interesting to me to follow the reports of modern patrols. In my time all patrols were performed by horse and usually lasted a month or more and often covered hundreds of miles.

I think I am the sole remaining member of the South Australian Mounted Police that transferred to the Northern Territory before the transfer from South Australia to the Commonwealth.

With sincere good wishes to you and all members of the N.T. Police Service.

Yours faithfully,
W. F. Johns
Ex. Trooper,
N.T. Mounted Police

SHADOWS OF DOUBT

THE young Prosecutor-learner walked down the Courthouse steps with savage mien, almost reluctantly accepted opposing Counsel's offer of cigarette, and growled:

"That blasted Magistrate's hopeless. Even a blind man could see guilt sticking out a mile, yet he lets him off . . . "Not sufficient proof", he says. "We had eyewitnesses! What more does he want?"

The old legal eagle shrugged his feathers, pointed a contemplative beak into the air, and eyed his cigarette packet as though seeking further wisdom from the already-used notes scribbled there.

"You can never be too sure about guilt or innocence, lad".

"But it was open and shut", protested the recent loser.

"On the surface, yes", replied his late opponent. "But it reminds me somehow of a yarn I once heard . . . There was a group of men drinking in a bar. An old newspaper reporter was sitting off a bit to one side, reading a rival paper to improve his mind. Suddenly an extremely excited old man burst into the room and blurted out:

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Please have a drink with me. I've got wonderful news to celebrate".

"Well", said one of the group, "this must be good, if you can rush in and want to shout the bar like this. Strike Tatt's?"

"Better than that", said the old codger. "I've just become the father of a lovely bouncing baby boy — and I'm 70 years old to-day. Isn't that marvellous? Come on, drink up — what're you all having?"

Each named his drink, except the reporter, who, to the old man's dismay, just went on reading as though nothing had happened.

With a discreet cough, one of the group gingerly asked, "Er — pardon me, but how old is your wife?"

"Twenty", said the old chap. "Isn't it marvellous? I am 70 and she's 20 and I've just become a father for the first time".

"That *is* something to celebrate", agreed the group in joyous unison — but the blase reporter just went on sipping his drink and reading in his corner, completely disinterested.

"I say old chap", said the old man, obviously quite hurt. "Surely you don't mind having a drink with me on such an occasion as this? Please do. I'm 70 to-day and my wife's 20 and I've just become a father. I want to share my wonderful luck".

"Well, alright", answered the reporter. "But it's probably nothing to get excited about at all".

"Nothing to ——?"

"Well, you know — it could be or it couldn't be. You know how things are. It's like an incident I recall concerning an old Missionary in Africa — years ago now, of course. This old chap had spent 30 or 40 very conscientious years at various jungle mission stations, trying to push the Bible down the somewhat regurgitative gullets of the natives.

"He was taking a stroll through the jungle one day, Bible in hand, peacefully soliloquizing and quite unaware of any danger, when he was horrified to see a huge lion bound out on to the pathway a few yards in front of him. Intent on his objective, the lion made a ferocious leap at the old Missionary's throat.

"Aghast at this sudden meeting with Fate, and having no means of defence, nor the time nor agility to make any attempt at escape, the old man instinctively and quite unconsciously raised his arm and threw the Bible right into the lion's gaping jaws. The lion rolled sideways and fell to the ground, dead, at his feet.

"The good old man thanked the Lord for his escape, but was also human enough to find pleasure in his own achievement.

" 'A miracle!' he gasped. I've really performed a miracle' ".

"And as he stood there gloating happily over his marvellous handiwork, the young man who had fired the fatal shot stepped out of the jungle and claimed his prize".

LIKE BROTHER, LIKE BROTHER

— by Douglas Lockwood

WHEN my own son first breathed the heresy that he wished to be a journalist and a writer, I said directly, "Over my dead body". After all, human flesh and blood can stand just so much.

I, therefore, admit to being a little taken aback when he replied, "That suits me".

Well, he now is a practising journalist with The West Australian, Perth. And my body, though gout-anguished, is not yet dead.

I have been wondering lately about the influence of other fathers on the careers of their sons.

My father was a journalist, a humble country newspaper proprietor in the Victorian Wimmera. No less than four of his sons followed him into journalism, so I suppose it is unreasonable for me to gripe about my own son's decision.

I know of one family — Heaven help them — with seven sons and daughters scribbling for a living.

Dad's Footsteps is almost a tradition in The Law. One has only to think of the Starkes and the Galballys and the Menzies to understand what Family means at the Bar.

It is equally traditional in the Northern Territory. Miss Janice Newell, daughter of the late Mr. A. Brough Newell, graduated some years ago. James and Timothy Lyons, sons of Mr. John Lyons, M.L.C., are both studying law in Sydney. Barry Leader, son of Mr. H. Leader, S.M., has graduated and works with the Attorney-General's Department.

This has been an overlong introduction to the point of my story, which is that it does not seem to be equally traditional for son to follow father or brother to follow brother into the field of law enforcement.

To be sure, we have a new Commissioner of Police (Mr. W. J. McLaren) who was one of two brothers, both Inspectors, in the Victorian Force.

There was the fine example of Sergeant Robert Stott and his son, the late Gordon Stott, who gave the N.T. Force 87 years' service between them.

Sergeant Pat Salter, who has been here for 12 years, has been joined by his nephew, Constable Peter Salter — a graduate from the last recruit school and now with the Traffic Section, Darwin.

But it is not at all usual for more than one member of a family to undertake Police work. When one finds brothers who are both Sergeants in the N.T. Force, it is probably a unique situation.

The brothers, of course, are Sergeant K. Patrick Grant, 35, and Sergeant Arthur A. ("Saus.") Grant, 29.

Pat Grant is Station Sergeant at Darwin. "Saus" is with the Darwin C.I.B.

How did it happen? Pat came to the Force in 1956 after being recruited in New South Wales.

In 1959 he married Miss Lynette Paige at the Catholic Church, Alice Springs.

"Saus", who had been working in the Commonwealth Bank, Sydney, came to Alice Springs to be his brother's Best Man.

He liked The Territory and decided to stay — not only to stay but to join his brother in the Police Force.

He applied at once and within three months was accepted.

But it is only in recent months, since then, that the brothers have worked in the same town.

Pat has served at Alice Springs, Hatches Creek, Mataranka, Tennant Creek and Lake Nash. "Saus" has been in Darwin, Maranboy and Pine Creek.

Sergeants Pat and Alex (Saus) Grant — brothers in law and in fact, if that is humanly feasible! — discuss Police problems at Darwin.

Pat was promoted to Sergeant in 1960. He and his wife have four children.

"Saus" got his three stripes in January this year. On St. Patrick's Day, 1962, he married Miss Norma Bailey at Wellington, N.S.W. She was one of the first group of five Policewomen to work in the Northern Territory. They have two children.

It only needs to be added that both are intending to stay.

BORROLOOLA AGAIN

IN November, 1966, Constable John Francis went out with Constable Basil Smith to have a look at his new Station at Borroloola. They were surprised to find it some twelve miles off site.

The New Station consists of two 40′ x 10′ caravans and at this point so near to home the leading unit decided to come unstuck and crashed back on to the following one. The accident, which caused hundreds of dollars worth of damage, required a repair crew to fly from Adelaide, and delayed the opening of the Station, was due to negligence. But we made the driver pay dearly for his misdemeanour. The Darwin Police Court fined him thirty bob!

In a race against the oncoming Wet season the units were finally repaired and set up on concrete pads at Borroloola. On 10th December, John Francis and his wife Margaret sneaked in just ahead of the rains and the 'Loo was an operational Police Station again after a closure of some twenty years.

It is classified as a "Mobile" Station, but the bulk and weight of the units, the nature of their ground fixtures and their distance from civilisation render the term "Mobile" somewhat inaccurate. John found that they were hard to shift, even at the start — but he's settled down nicely in the selected possy and a good deal of honest sweat has followed the water under the bridge since he took up duty there.

A BARBED BLUBBER

— by L. G. Thompson

IMAGINE a clear glass jelly mould, square but slightly rounded at the corners, a slight dome at the top and four bunches of long string-like tentacles, and you have a sea wasp. Most jelly moulds are smooth outside, and moulded inside, giving the appearance of a lot of rounded shoulders. In the Jelly fish this effect is gained by the sex gonads and digestive organs all clearly visible through the mould.

This animal is lethal, and some thirty (30) fatalities have occurred along the North Australian coastline since records have been kept. Most of these cases have occurred under certain conditions. The one which establishes the most profound pattern is the fact that the Wet Season is announced by their presence. They then remain during the Wet and on into April/May.

Most people fall into the common error that these animals attack, but this is wrong. The impression of attack may be gained from the fact that what is clear safe water one minute is clear fatal water the next. The animal has a most efficient means of propulsion; has almost an invisible approach and in fact can inflict dangerous stings while the actual animal is up to 12 feet away. The swimming action is jet propulsion and is so smooth that the only movement seen is one of smooth gliding. Tentacles trail in two usual positions, one for travelling and one for feeding. When travelling the tentacles may be retracted to about a foot length or even right up to small stubs of only an inch or so. Feeding is a different matter. Since the animal *cannot attack anything* it lets its tentacles out up to 12 feet or so and manoeuvres its passage through schools of small fish or tiddly prawns; the tentacles stream behind and generally move about according to any current or directional changes made by the animal.

The stinging mechanism is a study on its own and consists of millions of very small sacs, each filled with a coiled, barbed spear and closed with a hinged flap that is released when a small trigger is tripped. These barbs can penetrate human skin and implant poison into the blood cells and the general opinion is that sufficient stinging barbs must deposit this poison into the blood cells before the situation becomes dangerous. This, of course, is quite logical; human skin varies in toughness from individual to individual and from different areas of the same person. The degree of stinging also fairly well dictates the reaction and can be from a mild burning itch to a convulsing death by asphyxiation.

For the person who accidentally comes in contact with a Sea Wasp, I can only offer this advice.

Sea Wasp (Chironex fleckeri) photographed by Keith Gillett.

On contact with the skin the stinging sacs release their barbs and by doing so have a natural tendency to cling. Should you be stung, don't panic and thrash around, this will only collect and distribute more tentacles over the body. The first reaction is an intense stinging burn (imagine a long deep scratch suddenly covered with iodine) the victim goes into a wild step dance and rushes for the beach and invariably collects more than is his share. If you can be still long enough to locate the animal or its tentacles you can be rational enough to move more calmly out of the way and then run fast to the beach. Cover the tentacles with a slurry of sand and water and remove the stings by pulling at right angles to the affected area and working back towards the other end of the stinger. Should you have sufficient will power to do this, then half of your trouble is over. Try not to rub the area until the tentacle itself is out of the way; try to do all of this at the water's edge where

(Continued at foot of next column.)

ROUGH RIDING

by W. F. Johns

I could wheel 'em in the gidgie
Where the country's rough and ridgy;
I could lose 'em in the worst of scrub.
With my head up I'm a daisy,
I could ride 'em rough and aisy,
With the technique of an artist on the job.

WE were at the Roper River Police Station, awaiting the arrival of the S.S. Nelson, Captain Freddie Mugg. The various stations had gathered and the talk was about horsemanship, and Monday Rains had the floor. "Of course, you blokes know that I came from the Alice. You could have guessed that by the way I can sit a horse. Now, talking of horses, that reminds me of one I rode at Wave Hill. Those were the days of horsemen, not like the so-called riders of to-day. Call 'em horsemen? Might be all right on a broken down pack horse, or perhaps safer in the back of a dray; but when it comes to sticking — ah! that belongs to the boys of the Old School, like Charlie Brooks, Billy Braitling and Joe Brown. They say that George Conway is very good — but don't you see, horses don't buck like they used to.

"I remember when I was at Wave Hill, they had secured a beautiful black brumby stallion. He was a lovely horse, but as mad as a March hare. A rough stockyard had been built and I was leaning on the rails, gazing at this beautiful animal, when the Manager came along and said to me: 'I understand you are a very good horseman'. I said: 'I am alright on a broken down hack'. He said: 'Will you try this horse out?' I said: 'I will not see you stuck'. To make a long story short, I said, 'I will have a slap at him', and got a saddle and bridle and was soon on the horse's back.

"Then the fun began. Did he buck? Well, I guess he did a bit! He made a tremendous leap as I put my leg across him, and he bounded out of the stockyard, right over a six foot fence, and straight out into the open country. Did he buck, did you say? Well he sprang into the air and, as a fair estimate, it was five minutes before he camé down. He looped the loop, performed the figure eight in mid-air, turned a complete somersault in mid-air and rolled on the ground; but, of course, this didn't bother me in the least. When he found he could not get me that way, he bolted into the scrub and tried to dash me against the trees. My shirt was torn from my back, but, as I said before, I could ride a trifle in those days.

"When he could not get rid of me in the scrub, he bolted into the Victoria River and rolled over. It was here he got rid of the saddle and bridle, but as he sprang out, I was on his back again, bareback, and then we had a fair set-to in the open country. The sun was about to set and still he bucked, and I was just beginning to wonder how I could manage for something to eat, as we had been at it for over three hours. Just then I saw the station cook arrive with my dinner and a shanghai. I had often been fed with a shanghai when riding rough horses, but the cook was a city man and I didn't like to take a chance and get hit in the eyes, so I waved him aside. At last the horse raced towards a big gum tree and tried to bash me against it. As we drew near, the boss called out to the men: 'Get a rope and lasso him off the horse'. I was awfully annoyed at his interference, as I was enjoying the ride. The boss called: 'Now, boys, get him, or Australia will lose a great horseman'. Over came the rope and it fell around my waist. In the meantime, they had taken several turns around the gum tree. Did I come off? Oh, no! I never exaggerate, but I can tell you it took me all my time to stick to him. We yanked out that gum tree and then the horse collapsed.

"I was stunned as we fell and as I lay there, it took ten men with a rope to get me clear, I had such a grip of the horse".

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sand is available to coat and show up the tentacle and water is available to wash away the sand and slime. If alcohol is available in any form, pour over the area and watch the tentacle shrivel back to a small stump. The action of pulling away or shrinking also has the effect of removing barbs that could otherwise be forced to penetrate the skin. It's going to be awfully hard to keep calm, and it's going to be awfully hard to keep rational, but why give the animal a chance to try you out for size? By the way, if you are a victim or you are required to help a victim, make sure a doctor is brought into the picture as soon as possible. Watch out for breathing difficulties and if necessary, be prepared to apply artificial respiration. The grace period for fatal stings is 3 to 5 minutes.

When chironex fleckeri — sea wasps to you — are about, it is time to avoid the enticing waters of Mindil, Casuarina and other Top End coastal areas. Instead, have a cool off under the hose, or use some fuel to nick down to one of the fresh water swimming holes.

(This useful cautionary item was originally published in the N.T.A. Staff Journal, Darwin).

"You must have been a pretty good horseman in those days," said George Stevens.

"I was fair," said Monday, "But there were a lot better men than me around the Alice".

☆ ☆ ☆

LAW MAKING IS NOT POLICE BUSINESS

THE following interesting paragraph is included in the Report of the Royal Commission on Liquor in South Australia:—

". . . a number of the practices which are at present illegal, and which are at present the subject of Police tolerance, are in themselves practices which do not appear to attract public approbrium and which I do not think should be prohibited. However, if I am right in saying that they are not practices which should be prohibited that is a question for the Legislature and not for the Executive or the Police to determine. As I understand them, their functions are respectively to administer and enforce the law, not to make it. In each of the instances where Police tolerance has arisen, there are the following ingredients, namely, that there is a law which the Legislature has passed, and not repealed, prohibiting some activity; there are citizens engaging openly in that prohibited activity; the Police are aware both of the law and of its breach, and take no action; and this is a situation of which the Executive is or may well be aware. In the result, citizens are encouraged in those respects habitually, wilfully and flagrantly to violate the laws and the Police to fail to discharge their duty to the community, and (whether these practices are directed or condoned by Ministerial direction or not) there is introduced to the Police outlook the insidious and dangerous element of considering whether enforcement of a particular law would be popular or unpopular with the citizens concerned and whether the enforcement of an unpopular law might lead to some of that unpopularity rubbing off on to members of the Police Force themselves. For my part I would have thought that a member of the Police Force would stand higher with the community if he carried out his duty, certainly with tact and courtesy and with room for proper discretion according to individual circumstances, but with firmness and impartiality, and this the Executive should both require and encourage."

* * * * *

We think this is something well worth remembering by would-be Solomons on the beat. In South Australia the approved law-making body — Parliament — has got to work already on broadening their licensing laws, following the Commission's report, but we think that perhaps it is time for the croweaters to go for prohibition, instead. Just look at "The Advertiser's" report of the debate on the Bill:—

"Closing the second reading debate, the Attorney-General (Mr. Dunstan) said the Government had introduced the Bill as early as possible and Opposition criticism on this pont ws nt justfed.

"We wnted t see tht the cmprehensve prpsls f the Ryl Cmmssner were crred nt effect s sn s pssble," he said."

(There's no doubt about that old West End, eh!)

NUTHIN!

It didn't happen in Darwin, although it just about could have in those old blood-house-days in Cavenagh Street — and probably could happen anywhere in this modern age of unrestrained mob idiocy.

The Police went to a particularly lively boozer following a riot call. When they got there, tables, chairs, mirrors, glasses, bottles, barmen, customers and what have you were mingled in various stages of stupor, fracture and general disintegration, and in more different positions than ever were mentioned in the Arabian Nights tales.

Even tongues had gone by the board or down the gullet and only one soul, too dazed to be finnicky, had sufficient sense of communication to converse with the visiting lawmen.

"What's been going on here?" sharply demanded the Officer in Charge of the raiding party.

"Nuthin' ", came the nonchalant reply.

"Nothing?" came a disbelieving retort. "Well, what's all this paint all over the floor and furniture for?"

"Nuthin'. That ain't paint, it's blood."

"What are all those marbles doing scattered on the floor?"

"Nuthin'. Them ain't marbles — them's eyeballs."

"What's that dopey-looking blonde nodding at up there?"

"Nuthin'. She ain't nodding — her neck's broke."

"What's that big hood laughing at over there?"

"Nuthin'. He ain't laughin' — his throat's cut."

"What started all this, anyway?"

"Nuthin'."

POLICE HANDICAP

— by VIC. HALL

Two troopers, four trackers and sixty horses strong, the Arnhem Land Patrol splashed through the ford at Leichhardt's Bar and entered the Reserve.

In the lead with Constable Heathcock, Junior Constable Hales was conscious of a thrill. He took a quick look back over his cantle at the broad river and the white police homestead guarding the southern boundary of "native" territory.

His first Arnhem Land patrol. Thirty-two thousand square miles of wilderness ahead! And at the very tip of it, by Caledon Bay, near the mouth of the Koolatong, Chief Wongo of the Ballamooma had massacred a lugger-crew of Japanese fishermen.

Investigate and report were the orders. No arrests, and no shooting. No shooting in any circumstances, the inspector had said. The Minister wanted a report. That was all.

"Tickled all up the back, eh, Johnnie?"

John Hales started back to reality; met the laughing quiz of his leader's regard, and grinned sheepishly:

"Suppose so," he admitted. He would have liked to say more; to express his delight at being with this man, whom the natives called "Cheetamurra" — the blue-eyed one; this famed senior with the grey temples, cold nerve and devotion to the Service which was close to being a religion.

Heathcock laughed outright: "Fifteen years ago I came in on my first go. With Sheridan. Felt like you do. Blast!"

One of the fifteen pack animals was bucking viciously, tearing its load to pieces. Half an hour later, caught, subdued and re-packed, the mule behaved decently for a similar space of time, then did it again. Fat and Sonsy, two other animals, copied his example. Hales had brought thirty head of green remounts with him from the Government Remount Station at Mataranka.

The manager of that establishment appeared to have given them a lot of his outlaws.

"Pleased as you were?" Heathcock grinned at his junior as they laboured with copper rivets and spare leather. "That last cyclone has ruined a good pair of pack-bags. That so-and-so Remount bloke must have seen you coming! Now!"

They released the re-packed mule, who plunged away to a vicious jangle of hopple-chains. Trackers galloped to catch him, but Heathcock shouted to them to let him rip, a few miles in the hopples might quieten him.

Soaked with sweat and hoping for the best, they climbed on their horses. Hectic with action as the remounts wrecked pack after pack, there was little further chance for talk until safe in first night camp on the banks of "Chara-tji-bibi", the Place of Fish Dreaming.

From down by the creek the hopples of sixty police horses jingled faint music. punctuated by the deep clang of a single Condamine horse-bell carried by police horse Judge, one of the few senior and sedate animals in the plant.

Roofed with great stars, the night murmured around the stage-lit entities of trees in the range of their fire as the two men sat on the warm earth.

Heathcock said to his junior: "I don't want to put the wind up you, John, but it so happens that we're up against it."

Hales considered this statement with the respect he instinctively knew it deserved — coming from a man of his senior's repute — and waited. Heathcock took a coal from the fire for his cigarette, whiffing a gossamer veil of fragrance between them.

"The Ballamooma", he went on, "are tough. They've had a lot of wins, and have never been 'shot up' in the traditional way, as you know."

Hales didn't know, but did not say so. Compared with the man opposite him, he was, he knew, a child in the ways of the bush. And so, even as a young tracker lacking the status of grey in his hair, sits quiet, he waited. Trooper Heathcock blew a smoke-ring, watched it up into the fire-touched filigree of foliage.

"They'll fight, on the drop of a hat. They reckon they can dodge the white man's bullets."

"Why do they think that?" Hales asked.

"Because in the cases of other crews Wongo's men have liquidated — all Japs, by the way — the victims have grabbed firearms at the death-knock, as you might say, and popped off some shots. Missed, of course. So now the genial Ballamooma reckon they can dodge bullets like they dodge each other's spears. That makes them really dangerous. If you have to start shooting, with the Ballamooma, you've got to really show them. A few wild shots won't do."

Hales nodded. His senior went on. A log spurted sudden steam in the fire. The night seemed to crouch blacker on the outskirts of their repelling fire. Heathcock pointed out that the patrol must pass up north to the Rose River, further north to the phelp and the Walker, and so to the Ballamooma country behind Caledon Bay on the Gulf of Carpentaria.

The tribes of these rivers were not dangerous from a police point of view. They suffered continual raids at the hands of the dreaded Ballamooma — the Killer or "bush-ranger" blacks. The River tribes might even be allies. All hated and feared the Ballamooma.

"And these are the men we've got to parley," Hales said. "Investigate. Ask them why they killed the Japs. And on no account are we to use our firearms!"

Heathcock laughed. "Bit grim, isn't it? If we contact them, and they're truculent, they'll swamp us in one rush. Big Pat is our only hope."

Police Tracker Big Pat sat at the trackers' fire some twenty paces from the white officers', as etiquette demanded. Trackers Left-hand, Dick and Menikman sat silent, as befits men whose hair carries no grey.

You, Djulema, and you, Nowela, and you, Jumba-jinnie", he said in the Djouan dialect, "all of you must 'mind' these policemen. They are children in the bush, and the Ballamooma can kill them. This is as you know."

Trackers Dick, Left-hand and Menikman "wuffed" their assent to this. It was so they said respectfully. They, each and all of them, had minded their policemen always. The Maluka policeman Heacot and the young policeman Hayli were good men and great fighters. All men were afraid of their guns. Yet the Ballamooma might kill them like children for the cannibal feast of Ha-tjib. All four black faces were grave, as befitted the discussion.

"It is thus we must do," Big Pat went on. "You must mind your policemen. So they may be safe. And I must mind you, that you may be safe. I am N'garat the Cockatoo!"

Three black heads nodded assent. The giant Pat went on. It must be thus. He was a Ballamooma, kin to the Bushrangers, with the Right. He could strip to a tribe, and beat them.

Once again Menikman, Dick and Left-hand accepted the big man's dictum. It was true.

Very well, then. He N'garat, would go on foot to the Ballamooma, and talk. Fight if necessary. Their policemen should think it was their own plan. Speaking with the Tongue to them, he would have his way. Menikman, Dick and Left-hand made no objection, as was fitting. As the voices of their trackers carried faintly to their ears, Hales and Heathcock pulled their logs together and put on the evening coffee.

"We'll have a yarn with Big Pat when we clear the River country," Heathcock observed as the night cooled. "He's a Ballamooma. Said something about going in on foot and talking to them. Might be an idea."

Sonorous voices of frogs down by the water took charge of the night as they rigged their nets and turned in. The trackers' voices murmured against its background as the white men slept.

As the tropical sun vaulted the horizon next morning the camp of the Arnhem Land Operational Patrol was astir.

Trackers, bridles over arms, had gone out with the morning star seeking the sixty police horses scattered over

miles of sparse feed. Hales set out breakfast for all hands, consisting of damper, cold corned beef and enormous billies of tea. In the dawn light Big Pat and his assistants rounded up the scattered horses, bridled one each and mounted bare-back, drove the "plant" thundering into camp, slipped off and rehoppled them.

Hayles roared in traditional style: "Come and get it!" and smote the damper-dish as a gong. Grinning trackers bore their portions to their own camp.

Riding- and pack-saddles were cinched on; fifteen pack-loads of flour, tea, sugar, hams and salt beef, jams, dried fruits and tinned goods hoisted on and strapped. Rifles, axes, billies and camp-ovens in green-hide cases went on last. Fires dowsed and camp tidied, all hands rose to their saddles.

"Off, John," Heathcock said to his junior as sixty animals plunged into action, and cantered into the lead with Big Pat. An hour later, strung out over a quarter of a mile of country, Hales in the rear with the trackers to whip on stragglers, the Patrol headed north into the blue.

Thirty-two thousand miles of wilderness, peopled only by Myall tribes! The thought occurred to Hales: and his first Arnhem Land Patrol! As the morning wore, the incandescent sun smote them, scorching their feet in the irons, rivulets of sweat coursing beneath heavy shirts. This was a sample of the routine of days, weeks and months to come before this isolated unit should come back into the ken of civilisation.

At high noon they rested, packs were thrown off, fires sprang into being. Men ate, crouched in meagre shade under the beating oppression of the heat. That night Big Pat, ace tracker and Ballamooma-born renegade, spoke to his three juniors at their fire.

"It is done". Speaking in the Djouan tongue for the benefit of his companions, N'garat the Cockatoo beamed round the circle. "I go on foot when we reach my country."

They inclined respectful heads. For was he not an Ambassador? With the Right of entry to all tribal lands, and master of seven native languages. Had he not "stripped to a tribe" and fought - using his opponents' spears. All men were afraid of him.

A week later they camped on the Phelp River, contacting the Alingina, peaceful men who went in fear of the Ballamooma. Heathcock parleyed with the elders, made official presents of Government tobacco in the proper manner, and went on. Packs grew lighter and horses leaner as the weeks passed. Trackers rode on the flanks of the plant to shoot kangaroo and emu for food, for who knew when they might see home again?

A month passed. Light fast outfits, detached from the parent Patrol, rode hundreds of miles in search of news of the Ballamooma. On the Rose River they met the N'galkwan, neighbours of the Ballamooma and smarting from a recent savage raid in which they had lost men killed and women abducted. Heathcock sat all day with their council of old men.

Here was news. Picked men of the Ballamooma were still in the vicinity. Would the Government fighters avenge this outrage? They, the N'galkwan, would assist. Under the protection of the police guns they would not be afraid. Heathcock said to Hayles:

"It's our pigeon, John. They're terrorised. It isn't a question of 'domestic' killing, justified at tribal law. It's a war. Something has got to be done."

"In no circumstances will you use your firearms!" Hales quoted with a grin. "I'm game if you are."

"They reckon the killers are camped on the Spring of the Great Hunter, about a day from here. We'll raid them at dawn. Usual stuff. Picked party of the N'galkwan, hogging for revenge, will assist. Might teach them a lesson."

"Sounds a bit mad," Hales suggested. "But I'm on."

Thirty minutes before piccaninny daylight, thirty picked warriors of the N'galkwan, with the two white police and their trackers, stole on the camp of the killers. Hales' heart beat as the dim-seen naked N'galkwan men snaked through the undergrowth, hissing sibilantly to each other, guiding their steel-headed "killing-spears" with infinite care through the twigs. It was a weird scene, and one he was never to forget.

What would happen? A bit mad, he had called it. It seemed more than a bit mad now! Thirty naked fighters, two police and four trackers. The N'galkwan had said there were not many of the Ballamooma. Arrogant from generations of superiority, they didn't bother to go in strength.

The orders were to take them alive. Usual police technique. Jump them at dawn when every native is dead to the world, heads under their paper-bark "blankets".

But the N'galkwan. What would they do? Would they obey orders?

Both white men were wearing their "spear-stoppers-blankets hung loosely over breast and kidneys. It was the usual precaution against spears. A hiss from Big Pat halted the creeping line.

Last minute instructions. The big native whispered urgently. No killing. Choke them down a bit if necessary or knock them out. But no killing.

It was understood. The line waited for enough light to allow the operation to proceed. Hales' heart accelerated a trifle more. He had done this sort of thing many times - in "controlled" country.

But this! These N'galkwan were as wild as hell. Could they be controlled? Vague entities grew around them as the light burgeoned. Now! A whispered order from Heathcock - a mere thread of sound. The line was moving.

No sound from the Spring. All dead asleep. No dogs, nor women or kids to be wakeful. Men only! Lips drier than usual, he slipped out his pistol. Could that thudding noise be his own heart? And then it came.

Swift anti-climax, the line exploded into speech!

"Relax, John! They're gone! Nobody at home!" Heathcock's voice sang out over the spate of guttural N'galkwan.

Hales knew that he was not sorry, said so, and reached hungrily for a cigarette. Unmistakable relief rang in the voice of Heathcock as he did likewise:

"Cripes!" Hales blew a thankful cloud as the N'galkwan jabbered earnestly, and added: "Never a dull moment, with you, feller!"

They farewelled the regretful N'galkwan and pushed on for the Walker River, boundary of the Ballamooma. A month out, total mileage, including reconnaissance rides, six hundred. Packs light and not much tucker left. Not much game, mostly killed out by the Myalls. Heathcock nodded as Hales reviewed these facts.

"We'll manage," he said. "Ration down, though. It's a long way home!"

At the Walker, strict "hostile country" routine was enforced. Trackers went heavily armed when they mustered the horses. Double sentries were set. In view of the Ballamooma technique of charging past a camp in the middle of the night, each man discharging his spear at a target mosquito net and keeping going, men off duty slept under their black-dyed nets a good way from their fires.

This was a semi-permanent camp — a base from which to work. In due course Big Pat stood ready to go on his mission of contact. Hales and Heathcock looked at him as he stood stripped. Six feet four inches of bronze, built like a Zulu and muscled like a gladiator, he carried no weapons save knife and tomahawk in his girdle of human hair.

Not unconscious of men's admiring glances, Police Tracker N'garat the Cockatoo adjusted his brief apron, flashed an ivory grin at Dick, Menikman and Left-hand.

"What do you think of him, John?" Heathcock laughed to his junior. "Wouldn't think he's got a little lubra named Cara who henpecks the devil out of him, would you?"

Hales shook his head.

"Well, she does! Believe it or not. He's scared of her, fair dinkum! He's a cousin of old Chief Wongo of the Ballamooma. That's one of the things that gives him his pull. He'll go right in and lay down the law to his royal cousin. And what a patrol like this one would do without him, you tell me."

Hales shook his head: "Why do they do it? Why should he do it?" It was Heathcock's turn to shake his head:

"Search me! Lust for power, perhaps. But he's been with every patrol that's come in here — I almost said led every patrol. Now here's where I speak my piece." He got up and approached the giant man, saluted him in the native fashion and spoke in the Djouan. Feeling curiously immature and inexperienced, Constable Hales watched.

"You will go," Heathcock opened, "to Wongo. Tell him that the white Old Man of the Government is angry for the Japanese. He will come here to my eye, or send his Old Men. Is it heard?"

With equal ceremony Big Pat replied that it was heard. He would go. And the chief would come. Or his Old Men.

"Arit-ja, Maluka," he farewelled, and walked from the camp. They watched him cross the creek, stride up the ironstone bank on the opposite side and enter the stringy bark forest, travelling north.

Big Pat carried no food. There was plenty of "small meat" — the sustenance of the fugitive or the lone man who walks fast. This was the boundary of his homeland, whence, owing to an unfortunate tribal affair connected with a woman, he had left to make sojourn with the white man.

He was N'garat the Cockatoo. All men gave him passage — if they were wise. The ranges swam purple in the heat-haze away into the infinity of distance as he topped the divide, proceeding as a man travels with his spear hand to the rising sun. Two, three, perhaps four or more fingers of marches lay before him. He was in no hurry.

He must veer east to avoid the Gap of Te-ar-jup in the Range of the Snake Dreaming, for this gorge was taboo to him. He could pass by the ravine of Wau-caral. And for this he shaped his course. At noon he saw the claw-marks of Tjika the 'possum in the rough bark of his home tree, climbed it and took the sleeping delicacy from his cavity, knocked his head gently against the bark and hung him in his girdle.

At sundown, he felt in the mud of a small water-hole for the fat Tji-bibi, the fresh-water mussel, tossed a dozen on to the bank, lit a very small and smokeless fire and roasted mussels and 'possum. Eyes and ears alert, he had seen no man nor track. His meal finished, he tossed the empty mussel shells back into the pool, buried the ashes of his fire, and fanned his tracks with a bough. The forest trees by the little nameless pool were strident with the voices of black cockatoos — his Totem mates; he jumped on to the ironstone bar behind the pool and followed it.

A man does not leave tracks to his sleeping place in the bush. His Totem mates seemed to scream at him personally as he passed their camping trees. He smiled. It was a good omen.

A quarter mile from the pool he found a little recess like a tiny amphitheatre in the boulders. As the sun fell he made his fire with matches from his hair — where he also kept his tobacco. It was a very small and very smokeless fire. As darkness fell he heard the bush sounds and identified them. The thud of a wallaby going in to water; the fall of a tree-nut, the call of Moo-ool the owl. But no hostile sound.

It was on the seventh day that he came to the Ballamooma stronghold by the great jungle near the Place of Crocodiles. Men had taken the news of his coming, none attempting to stay him.

Wongo, wild old chief of the tribe, had received the news impassively, guessing his mission. It was as the giant tracker halted at the out-camp of Tjir-an-dil that he met Leo-korang, kinsman of the man wronged in the early days. Pausing on the outskirts of the out-camp and calling for permission to enter — as do all men of good manners, Big Pat saw his man and knew the imminence of trouble.

It was true that he was kinsman to Wongo and Ambassador with the Right. But this was a private matter between men. Leo-korang, a noted fighter among men who lived by their ability, ran out to meet him. Big Pat waited politely, answering nothing to the grievous abuse. Standing like a lance in rest, and the personification of insolence, N'garat the Cockatoo affected to ignore his enemy.

Men, watching, drew their breaths with a hiss as Leo-korang's spear flashed like a finger of light, waist-high at the poised intruder — gasped as a lightning side-step saved him, growled appreciation as N'garat ran as the dragon-fly skims the surface of a pool, and gathered the spent spear of his enemy. They tell to this day of what happened next.

Notching his second spear to woomera, Leo-korangs tood at bay in the last seconds of his life. Stripped now of the last vestige of white man's influence, Big Pat came in a diagonal rush, feinted twice with bewildering speed, and drove his enemy's weapon at twenty paces. The whistle of its passage sounded over dead silence as it smacked Leo-korang's chest, its ten-feet shaft swinging in circles. Leo-korang died — still gripping his unthrown spear.

Walking through the out-camp in a silence that could be felt, Constable Heathcock's messenger came to his cousin Wongo.

No man knows what passed between them. No kinsman of Leo-korang came against Tracker Big Pat as he left Wongo and passed again through the out-camp.

At the camp on the Walker all went smoothly, but with vigilance, Heathcock and Hales yarned, overhauled the leather gear and saddles, tightened loose horseshoes and replaced those worn out from stocks carried.

Tucker was low in the packs, so they hunted — organised hunts, no man being allowed out alone. Myalls of uncertain temper came north as far as the Walker, but no further, for north of that was Ballamooma territory, into which no man went. Game was scarce as it usually is in native territory, owing to the constant drain of tribal food needs.

Often they discussed their absent ambassador to Wongo. That extraordinary man, Ballamooma born, now loyal servant of the Commonwealth Government! That extraordinary man who had led every police expedition into Arnhem Land, minded his policemen, and brought them back with the bacon. Strange man, they agreed. But it was only a question of degree. Menikman and Dick and Left-hand were equally loyal though of lesser capacity.

Breaking their own rules, Hales went out alone one day after pigeon, which abounded in the woods and paper-bark thickets — and nearly met disaster. Rounding a clump of paper-bark he laid down his .22 calibre rifle to adjust the string of birds around his belt, straightened up, and found himself looking at a completely naked Myall.

"He was a big man, with an enormous beard and an enormous spear. Strangely enough, it was the beard and the spear that registered together, as it were, as the black apparition appeared.

Things hung on a split second. The native was standing on one leg when Hales saw him — like a stork — a favourite posture with Myalls — with his right foot resting on the protuberance above his left knee. As he saw Hales, he whipped his spear back into the throwing position. Hales froze. He knew it was an even break. Between spear and gun. He smiled.

It seemed a bit silly. But it was the only thing he could think of. And it worked. A split moment later the Myall smiled, too, and lowered his spear. Hales' smile now was quite genuine. It was not a smile of relief for his own safety, but for having been spared the necessity of killing or wounding this child of nature who was now beaming expansively, and — sure sign of a Myall with absolutely no English — repeating with astonishing fidelity every word addressed to him by the white man.

"Good day," said Hales.

"Good day," said the Myall.

"Fine day," said Hales.

"Fine day," said the Myall.

"I come from there," said Hales, indicating the south.

"I come from there," said the Myall, indicating exactly the same direction.

It was too much. They both roared, thus consolidating the friendship. Hales produced tobacco and offered it. The Myall, whose name it appeared was Lou-al of the Rose River, took it delightedly. And so these two sat in that wild place swopping ideas in a ludicrous series productive of much merriment.

As he farewelled his acquaintance, Hales was conscious of a thrill of pleasure that he had kept his nerve. Fastest shot in the Territory, he could have beaten the native from the open holster at his hip. And it would have blotted his copy-book, for to date he had not shot a human being.

Back in camp, he reported to Heathcock, who complimented him highly.

"It would have been a disaster, John. You could have shot him, of course — you old Wyatt Earp! Thank the Lord you didn't."

To which Hales replied soberly that he would be the last man to shoot anybody. When you can do it you don't want to. Many times his known ability to shoot had saved him the necessity.

Fourteen days from the date of his departure, Big Pat walked into camp, lean as a greyhound dog and beaming like a politician at election time. Face sunken but magnificent physique unimpaired, the giant tracker had obviously been a long way. Saying nothing of the fight with Leo-korang, he reported. Wongo himself would not come, but would send Peri-kidgee and Myilly-pil his headmen, with an escort of young men in case of a meeting with dangerous men.

Swallowing this classic piece of unconscious humour, Heathcock complimented his man ceremoniously. Pat beamed. He loved to be praised as a child loves it. The Old Men would come upon the third day from now. And on the third day they came out of the scrub and advanced on the little camp with its saddles pitched in the form of a square.

Heathcock said "Gosh!" And no wonder. The two headmen had eighty warriors, under a forest of "killing spears" with them. And they were coming fairly fast.

"Stand to!" the Patrol leader said. "Stop them, Pat."

Big Pat was already out of the camp, racing, his voice an imperative spate in the Ballamooma. The "escort" came on.

"Ail! Ail! Stop!" Big Pat fell unconsciously into English as he yelled, ran forward, yelled again.

"Down! behind the saddles. Cover them. But don't shoot, anybody!"

The Ballamooma came on a deep blood-chilling chant preceding them. Behind the parapet of gear two white men and three blacks cuddled their rifles and sighted. Heathcock hissed at them not to shoot. Big Pat had stopped now, and was haranguing the advancing lighters in a voice that snarled metallic as a bell. The Ballamooma came up.

"Throw yourself down, Pat! Throw yourself down!" Heathcock shouted at the top of his power. "Independent firing, John, as soon as he drops."

The Ballamooma stopped.

"Gosh!" Heathcock said for the second time. Sweating hand releasing his rifle-grip, Hales let out his pent breath:

"Never a dull moment!"

"Listen," Heathcock said. "I'm going out. With Pat. We'll sit down and yarn about the Jap business. If the balloon

goes up we'll roll over flat. Shoot over the top of us. But for Pete's sake be steady." He got up and walked out to N'garat the Cockatoo. Hales saw them go up to the phalanx of spears and sit down!

"Fair enough!" he said between his teeth. They waited. The Ballamooma sat down, the two Old Men out in front, with Heathcock and Pat, the main body of the "escort" thirty paces to the rear. An hour passed. The sun on the unprotected backs of the four men within the "fort" was sucking the life from them. There was a sudden movement amongst the talkers. Heathcock and Pat were coming back. Blue spots dancing before his eyes, Hales rose.

"We've got the oil," Heathcock said. "Cigarette?"

Hales gave him one, and lit up himself. The diaphanous smoke whiffed between them like incense at Benediction.

On the following day, N'garat the Cockatoo, reverted again to plain Big Pat, waited on his boss. Speaking in the pidgin which he favoured at times, he reported:—

"Ballamooma mob no more gone, Maluka, him sit down, close up." He added a quick gesture in the native fingertalk, meaning that the Old Men and their "escort" were really adjacent.

"Oh!" Heathcock said. "Why?" To which Pat replied that the mob was "properly cheeky-feller, might be wanta kill'im you an' me." Heathcock returning no answer to this immediately, the tracker added that the horses were "in" with the exception of four, which Menikman was bringing, and paused again suggestively. Almost as a punctuation to his last sentence, a rifle-shot sounded from near at hand.

"Which has torn it!" Heathcock exclaimed, and jumped to his feet. The roll of galloping hoofs heralded the arrival of Menikman, driving four horses. Slipping off, that man shot a sentence at Big Pat.

"Ballamooma 'bin try spear 'im. Him bin kill that feller," Big Pat explained.

Knowing that a native always says "kill" when he means "hit", Heathcock demanded the truth.

"Him 'bin kill 'im all right, but not dead-feller" was the answer.

"Thank the Lord!" Heathcock said. "But it's war. If we wait. Which we're not going to. 'Old Iron' will skin me if we have to shoot it out." He followed this with a rapid order to Pat.

"Drive them John," he said to Hales. Fifteen minutes if you can — if we've got it!"

Trackers sprang to obey, putting on a commendable burst of speed. Saddles and gear seemed to blossom like magic on the horses' backs. Hales watched the scrub as black hands flew. The peculiar long-drawn yells of men gathering for action sounded from close at hand. Whips cracked, and sixty horses plunged into action. As he found his off stirrup Hales caught his leader's eye. They sat alongside each other as the packs went by at a canter.

"I'm going to show them how the 'Mounted' can run!" Heathcock laughed at his assistant. I'm more frightened of Old Iron than the Ballamooma. Look!" He pointed.

On both flanks of the Patrol a wing of the Ballamooma were racing to cut them off. Men who could run down the kangaroo on foot, were showing their paces. At a dead gallop the Arnhem Land Patrol shot through a hundred yard gap and headed south. All day and far into the night they rode fast, knowing that they were pacing men almost as good as a horse. Forty-five miles south they camped briefly, ate, changed horses and went on at a regulation gait another forty-five.

Reduced to normal speed, they put forty-five more miles behind them. Haggard and six horses short, the two white men compared notes as they rested on the Phelp River.

"Sooner stand, thanks," Hales returned. "Mightiest run in the history of the 'Mounted.' What will the boys say?"

"Can't help it!" Heathcock laughed. "Cripes! You look crook!" Hales grunted. Heathcock went on:

"You know the orders. When the Old Man gives an an order it's an order. We had the oil. The Japs were in the wrong. This Reserve is inviolate to the natives, every blasted mile of its thirty-two thousand. If we'd fought we would have had to keep shooting. We just had to scram or raise the biggest scandal in history."

"Which means," Hales suggested, "that every bloke in the 'Mounted' will take the first opportunity to congratulate us on our marathon. The Great Police Handicap. A hundred and thirty-five miles in three days, away from the enemy."

"Enemy!"

This was a new Heathcock. Different. Almost a stranger.

"Enemy!" he repeated. "Now listen, John. A policeman has no enemy. Once you start to become personal, you're sunk. If you want to stay in this Service, don't ever forget it!"

Suddenly his disarming smile broke — thawing the blue fire of his eyes to warmth — a warmth to which John Hales succumbed, as had many a junior before him to this man with the grey at his temples, who added quietly:

"You're young, Johnnie, and the going's tough. The 'Mounted' doesn't always get its man! Kick up the fire, and shove on the billy."

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