



the



CITATION



Northern Territory Police Museum & Historical Society Inc

## *Tit-for-Tat*

In Darwin long ago lived a solicitor named Andrew Brough Newell, who had performed creditably during the bombing in 1942 and stayed on after the war, having his office in Mitchell Street.

Tom Harris' Star Theatre in Smith Street was directly opposite Brough's office and the noise from the movies used to reverberate through the intervening space and make it difficult for Brough to concentrate on his evening paperwork. This had gone on for years.

The Police Station in those days was in Bennett Street and in the large yard were hundreds of empty forty-four gallon drums, held as exhibits in the famous Drums Case.

One evening Brough had had enough of Tom's noisy picture show and resolved to take revenge.

Grabbing one of the drums he rolled it along Bennett Street and into Smith Street, then into the entrance to the Star Theatre. There were two short staircases leading to a

horizontal platform, which gave access to the upper level seats at the Theatre.

Brough pushed the drum up one staircase and across the platform then let it roll, very noisily, down the other set of stairs, repeating the process over and over.

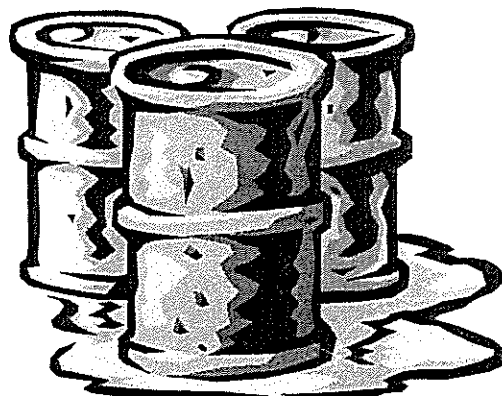
Understandably, Tom Harris appeared and asked Brough to cease his activities as they were ruining his business. Brough replied that Tom had been ruining his business for years and he was jolly well going to continue making a noise with the drum.

Police were called and tried to dissuade Brough from his noisy enterprise, but he refused to stop. Being reluctant to arrest old Brough the boys rang the Station Sergeant at his home. His arrival didn't faze Brough one bit, so he phoned the doughty Senior Inspector Bill McKinnon.

McKinnon arrived and wordlessly took Brough by the arm and steered

him across the street to the Vic Hotel.

Suitable libations were applied and Brough's ruffled feathers smoothed down.



The boys rolled the drum back to the Station and peace once again reigned!

Written by Ed Ferrier

## Featured Stories



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THE VIEWS EXPRESSED IN THIS NEWSLETTER ARE NOT NECESSARILY

THOSE OF THE NORTHERN TERRITORY POLICE MUSEUM & HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC



# HOMICIDE AT BORROLOOLA

By Gordon Birt – from an article in the *Territorian*, April, 1968

## PART I

It was a typical dry season day in June 1931. A crisp south-easter blew across Darwin Harbour raising white caps in the sea and stirring the leaves of the trees along the Esplanade and foreshore.

I had been a constable in the Northern Territory Police for about two years and on this particular I was rostered for duty. Seated in the charge room I heard a truck stop outside the station, on the Esplanade. A man alighted and the vehicle moved on. A young man of fair complexion and medium height, clad in ragged clothing, entered the station.

"Hello, John". I greeted him, "How far did you get?"

"Capsized off Shoal Bay. We clung to the bottom of the boat for a while, and then I swam ashore for help. I walked to the butcher's slaughter yard at Rapid Creek, and they brought me in on their truck."

"Where is your mate?"

"I left him clinging to the boat. He is not a strong swimmer, and needs help straight away."

The speaker's name I have forgotten but he was of Finnish nationality, and I will call him John Hakulinen. With another Finn Ruan Resbor, he had left Darwin about a week earlier, in a foot sailing boat, bound for Arnhem Land. Laden with flour and other rations their intention was to engage in prospecting for minerals.

The boat had formerly belonged to Constable Ron Pryor and he had purchased it from Xavier Herbert, dispenser at Darwin Hospital, who since has achieved fame as an author. I owned an 18-foot cutter, which I usually moored in a small bay near Fort Hill. This was sandstone "table top" regarded as a suitable spot for a fort, which was never built there. Occasionally I borrowed Pryor's boat to row out to mine, and I was not impressed with its sea-worthiness. I had often declared, that to keep it on an even keel, you needed to part your hair in the centre.

The time was about 8.30am and Superintendent Stretton had just arrived at his office. I told him about Resbor's precarious position.

"Send Constables Don and Pryor to me immediately," he ordered.

Later Constable Fred Don left for Shoal Bay in a hired truck with a Dinghy on board. Two Aboriginal trackers accompanied him. His destination was about 15 miles from Darwin, mostly over the bush tracks.

Constable Ron Pryor was dispatched in the 80-ton motor vessel "Maroubra," chartered for the occasion, and skippered by Captain Hayles, John Hakulinen at his own request, was also on board.

Both search parties returned late the following afternoon after searching unsuccessfully day and night. Neither Resbor or the capsized boat were sighted, and he was presumed to have drowned.

At the Police Barracks, just across from the station in Mitchell St, there was sadness that evening while we ate our tea. The missing man's mate was present, and we commiserated with him over the loss of his companion. He ate his meal silently and seemed grief-stricken.

Hearing footsteps I looked up and saw a tall, gaunt man with sharp features and a mop of fair hair, enter the messroom. Clad in ragged shorts and singlet he would hardly walk for weariness. It was the man we were mourning for dead.

"Ruan is it you, or am I seeing a ghost?" I exclaimed. He said, "Yes it is me, and I am more dead than alive."

Who would have thought that I was to see the same man die a violent death eight years later, and of the part that I was to play in the final tragedy of his life?

After his dramatic reappearance Resbor explained that he clung to the upturned boat for several hours after his mate left. Realising that he was being carried further out to sea he decided to attempt the swim to the nearest land. He salvaged two 50 lb bags of flour from the interior of the vessel. Using them as supports he struck

out for the shore. The water had caused the flour to set hard on the outside by the interiors were dry.

Alternately swimming and drifting for a considerable time his feet eventually touched bottom on a sandy beach and he waded ashore. It was night time and he staggered into a patch of jungle, collapsed under a tree, and fell asleep.

When he awoke, the sun had not long risen. He did not have the slightest idea where he was. Listening intently he heard roosters crowing and followed the sound until he came to a poultry farm. After knocking at the door of a wooden dwelling and receiving no answer, he realised that nobody was home. He made himself comfortable on a verandah.

In the later afternoon the farmer, Mr Arthur Finnis, returned to his utility truck from Darwin. He heard Resbor's story, gave him a meal, and then drove him the 12 miles into the town.

The two castaways, being destitute, were accommodated at the police barracks, free of charge. A collection was made amongst the police and they were given clothing and money.

No work could be found for them as they were already unemployed in Darwin. Australia was in the throes of a financial depression at the time.

After a week or two the men left Darwin for Brisbane in the Burns Philp steamer "Mangola"; their fares were paid by the Government on condition that they signed an agreement to repay when they were in a position to do so.

The years rolled by and the year 1939 found me stationed in Darwin, after spending a few years in the "bush" at Timber Creek, and later at the mining district of Tennant Creek. I held the position of headquarters clerk, and after about 18 months, I tired of office work and applied for a transfer to Borroloola. I knew that the officer-in-charge there, Constable Heathcock, was taking out 12 months long service leave. My application was granted.

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*Continued from Pg 3*

One sparkling "dry" season day in June 1939 I left Darwin by train en route for my new station. Inspector Lovegrove was also on board, and a police utility truck was securely lashed to a railway "flat-top" truck. The Inspector was on a routine inspection and I was to accompany him to Borrooloola.

We de-trained at Katherine and headed immediately for Newcastle Waters. Staying with hospitable Max Schober, mine host at the hotel. The inspector soon finished his business, at the police station and we headed next morning across the Barkly Tableland for Anthonys Lagoon. My old colleague, Sergeant Tony Lynch, put us up there for the night. The inspection was finished next day and after lunch we commenced our 180 miles journey northwards towards the coast and Borrooloola.

Jack Lovegrove was an interesting travelling companion. In his early fifties, he was tall and well-built. Before his promotion, a couple of years back, he had been Sergeant-in-charge at Alice Springs. During my term at Tennant Creek I patrolled frequently to "the Alice", mainly on gold escort duty, and got to know him well. While I was headquarters clerk at Darwin, Inspector Lovegrove had been in charge whilst the Superintendent was on leave and everything had run smoothly.

The bush track to Borrooloola was rough and twisty. As we got further away from the treeless Barkly Tableland, patches of timber appeared here and there. Travelling was slow, and after the sun set we were still about 60 miles from our destination.

In the gathering darkness a bright camp fire suddenly appeared. The Inspector stopped the car and we found a wandering band of Aborigines making camp near a lovely waterhole. The Inspector spoke to the leader, an elderly bearded male, who said the rest were his wives, and two of his sons with their wives and families. They had been working at O.T. Station but they "been catchem sack" and were on their way to look for work at McArthur River Station. They belonged to the Binbinga Tribe.

The Inspector said, "It is getting dark and the road is rough so I think we will make camp." We pulled up about 100 yards

further on. The old Aboriginal and one of his sons gathered some firewood for us, and were rewarded with tobacco. The old man gave the Inspector a commentary about some of the station managers in the district which made us laugh.

After finishing our evening meal the Inspector and I had a yard by the camp fire. "You know," said he, "I don't think the Administrator likes me much."

"Why is that?" I asked.

The Inspector continued, "I believe he thinks that I supplied the information that led to questions being asked in the Senate at Canberra about police duties in Darwin."

"What rot," I said. "I know that you had nothing to do with that."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I was responsible for those questions being asked."

"The Committee of the Police Association, of which I am a member, was concerned at the time by police running errands and acting as chauffeurs for Government House, so I was authorised to have the matter raised in Parliament. The father of one of the young constables in Darwin is a Liberal Senator representing Tasmania. The constable was eager to send the questions to be asked to his father, and I drafted them out. The Senator later advised that he did not want to embarrass his own party, which was in power, so he gave the questions to a friend in the Labor Opposition, Senator Keane."

"Thanks for the information," said the Inspector, "You can be sure it will go no further."

"I don't care if the Administrator does find out," I retorted. "As long as you are not blamed for something you didn't do. It is an anomaly the Administrator being also the Commissioner of Police. Under the Police Ordinance charges against police are laid by the Commissioner and decided by the Administrator."

"Yes," the Inspector continued, "He is prosecutor, Judge and jury."

We arrived at Borrooloola next day in plenty of time for lunch. Constable Ted Heathcock and his wife, Ruth, a former A.I.M. nursing sister, made us very welcome.

The police station, a timber structure, was

on a rise about half a mile from the McArthur River. On its southern side there was a verandah built of bush timber and roofed with paperbark taken from the melaleuca or paperbark tree. Lanky paw paw trees and shrubs surrounded the building, which was overgrown with the bougainvillea creeper with its beautiful purple flowers.

About a chain away on the northern side were the remains of the courthouse, wrecked by a cyclone the previous year. A man called Roger Jose had built himself a hut with galvanised iron salvaged from the wreck, and lived there with his wife, an Aboriginal from the Daly River. Nearby was a wide creek, aptly named "Rocky", which joined the river.

The books from the famous Carnegie Library, which had been kept in the courthouse, were stored in one of two cells at the rear of the station. Some were in fair condition, but many had been ravaged by white ants.

After lunch Constable Heathcock took the inspector and me for a short drive in his car to meet leading local citizens. We were introduced to Charlie Havey, a storekeeper and Justice of the Peace, and Johnnie O'Shea, who kept the hotel. Both were middle-aged bachelors. Actually Mrs Heathcock was the only white woman in the district. She and Ted were in their forties and had no children. Next door to the hotel was another store, but its owner was away on a trip. Havey's place of business was in the opposite direction, across Rocky Creek.

On the other side of the river there was a large Aboriginal encampment, whose occupants mainly belonged to the Yanular Tribe. Many of them owned dug-out canoes and maintained a ferry service with the town side.

When the Inspector completed his routine inspection, Heathcock and I were busy checking Government property so that the station could be handed over to me. I was also buying Ted's goats, which numbered about 100. Heathcock was a methodical Englishman, and everything had to be just so.

There were about 30 police horses and mules attached to the station which were used for patrol work. Two Aboriginal trackers were employed to look after them.

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One was an elderly Queensland native called "Publican Charlie" because he once worked at the pub. The other was a tall, lithe, younger man known as "Young Charlie".

Both were married. The elder tracker's wife was Elsie, a jovial plump soul who became my cook. They had a nineteen year old daughter, Kathleen, who looked after the goats. She was a good-looking, bright girl, who had a two year old son called John.

Young Charlie's wife was a pretty young girl called Bessie, and they had a three year old son named Frank, who was mates with young John. Incidentally, John, now 30 years old, is studying for his Bachelor of Arts degree at the Flinders University near Adelaide.

He is a qualified fitter, but desiring higher education, was granted a scholarship by the State Government from a grant. John is a non-drinker and non-smoker, and was for several years a leading soccer player in Adelaide. Injury caused his retirement from the game.

The trackers and their families occupied comfortable quarters at the rear of the police station. There was another middle-aged Aboriginal who was employed as a temporary tracker when necessary. For many years he was permanent, but now he only desired casual work.

His name was Donegan, and he and his young wife, Mabel, lived at the Aboriginal camp across the river.

One day at the conclusion of our work,

the Inspector, Ted and I were resting in the sitting room, which adjoined the station office.

"Where is Johnson?" Inspector Lovegrove asked Heathcock.

"He is away on a canoe trip to the Wearyan River visiting Horace Foster who has a saltworks there."

"Who is this Johnson?" I queried. "Is he the chap living on Vanderlin Island?"

"No," Ted replied. "That is Steve Johnston. He is a quiet, inoffensive chap. The man the Inspector refers to is Jack Johnson who owns the store next to the pub."

"Is he the chap who gave the police here no end of trouble a few years ago?" I asked.

"Yes, that is he. I was stationed at the Roper River at the time. Frank Sheridan and another constable were here. I understand that Johnson drifted in from Queensland with a prospecting party. The others moved on but he remained behind.

The Inspector chipped in, "How do you get on with him?"

"Alright," Heathcock replied. "But I watch him closely, and I do () him to get out of ().

Soon after there was a knock on the front door. Heathcock looked out the window and said, "Here is Jack Johnson now. I will ask him in and introduce you."

"How are you Jack?" Ted said affably as he ushered the visitor inside.

A tall, gaunt man entered. He was dressed in singlet and shorts, and wore sandals.

Piercing grey eyes looked from under a mop of fair hair. He was about 45 years of age.

My thoughts jumped back eight years and I was struck by the visitor's resemblance to another tall, fair chap we had once given up for dead in Darwin, but who later turned up alive.

Heathcock made the introductions and the Inspector and I shook hands with Johnson. Some general conversation followed when Ted asked the visitor about his trip.

Johnson described the route he followed in his canoe trip. The Wearyan River entered the Gulf

of Carpentaria about 20 miles or so east of the McArthur River mouth. The latter split into three channels before it entered the sea. They were the Carrington Channel (west), the Main Channel (centre) and the Crooked River (east). The latter, a meandering tidal creek, saved quite a few miles of open sea travelling on a trip to the Wearyan River. Foster's place, Manangoora, was about 8 miles up the Wearyan.

On the return trip Johnson stated a strong south-easter was encountered. This raised a nasty choppy sea in the few miles of the Gulf which they traversed, as it was fairly shallow. Consequently Johnson and his Aboriginal paddlers were drenched with spray.

"Just like Shoal Bay near Darwin," I remarked.

"Yes, that is where I nearly met my doom," Johnson replied.

"Then you are the chap I think you are," I stated.

"Yes."

"But when I knew you in Darwin, your name wasn't Johnson."

"No, for certain reasons I took the name of Resbor, which was my mother's maiden name."

"Are you a Finn?" I asked.

"My parents came from Finland, but I was born in Australia."

"What happened to your mate?"

"He went home to Finland."

After Johnson left, Constable Heathcock said, "So you knew each other before?"

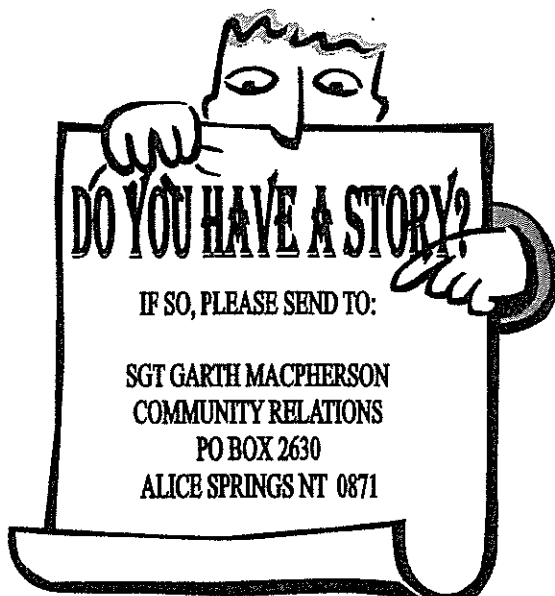
"Yes. We gave him up for dead once in Darwin. Has he ever mentioned it?"

"He said he was shipwrecked near Darwin. He praised the police there for the way they looked after him and his mate."

On the next day, Inspector Lovegrove left for Rankine River, resuming his inspection tour. A few days later the Heathcocks departed in their car for Queensland.

During the weeks that followed, Johnson was a frequent visitor at the police station. Nearly every night he and Johnnie O'Shea were my guests and listening to the wireless news. It looked like World War II would commence any

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*Continued from Pg 4*

time, and the overseas news was stirring.

I usually called at the hotel every evening, before tea for a few beers as an appetiser. Johnson politely declined to join me as he was a teetotaler. The pub was a rambling wooden building of uncertain age. The freehold was owned by Tim O'Shea, Johnnie's brother, who also operated hotels at Katherine and Birdum. Tim made periodical visits to Borroloola. Occasionally his youngest daughter, Sheila, a pretty, dark-eyed lass in her early twenties, accompanied him. Two of his other daughters were married to Territory police-men, Jack Mahony and Gordon Scott.

Hotel patrons usually enjoyed their drinks under the shade of a big mango tree in the yard. Chairs and table were provided, and it functioned as a "beer garden". Other drinkers I met there were George D'Arcy the middle-aged owner of Mallapunyah Springs Station, and an elderly war pensioner called Alexander Bethune.

The nick name of the latter was "Dangerous Dan," on account of his habit of reciting a poem called "Dangerous Dan McGrew" when in his cups. One of his ears was of the "cauliflower" type, and the aborigines dubbed him "short fellow earhole." His camp was near the river, about four miles upstream, and he owned a small dugout canoe.

My first patrol was to Mr Arthur River Station, 35 miles up the river by "horse pad," and 42 miles around by the "motor" road. Tracker Young Charlie was my guide, and we took four riding horses and two pack mules.

The manager of the station was George Butcher, and his brother Jack was head stockman. Both young and unmarried, they were former dairy farmers from Queensland. All the rest of the employees, stockmen and a few female domestics, were Aborigines, except the cook who was a white man.

Other Patrols I performed were to Robinson River Station, about 100 miles east and across the McArthur; and to Manangoora eight miles up the Wearyan River, and 60 miles from Borroloola by "horse pad." I conceived an immediate liking for Horace Foster, who conducted a salt works there.

Horace was middle-aged and had an Aboriginal "defacto" wife and two part Aboriginal children, a boy and a girl.

On my first visit Horace and I talked so much that we forgot out dinner. Every night, after tea, he gave his two children instruction in the three "R's". Foster liked good reading, and frequently quoted from Macaulay's Essays". Dressed only to the waist with a sort of lap-lap his body was brown as a berry. With his walrus moustache he gave me the impression of a newspaper editor who had gone "native". Horace told me that he was doing a correspondence course in journalism and that one of his brothers was an editor in Sydney.

A profusion of tall palm trees grew at Manangoora, colloquially known as the "munja" palm. Aborigines obtained a flaky kind of fruit from these trees which they treated and finally baked into bread. "Munja" is an abbreviation of "mungara," an almost universal Aboriginal word for food. Consequently Manangoora was a focal point for the gathering of Aborigines from all over the country, and many corroborees were held there. The local tribe, the Carawa, was the closely related to the Yanyular people at Borroloola. Foster employed numerous Aborigines chiefly females, in his gathering activities.

The mail arrived at Borroloola once a month, from Camooweal in Queensland. The mailman was Don Booth, a lanky Queenslander in his 40's. During the "dry" season he used a truck, but in the "wet" he depended on pack horses. Being the postmaster, I arranged my patrols so that I would not be absent when the mail arrived.

Approximately once every three months a boat, the 80-ton motor vessel "Leisha," negotiated the torturous McArthur River its 45 miles from the sea bringing general cargo from Brisbane and other ports. The "Leisha" met the steamer "Wandana" from Brisbane, at Karumba on the Norman River, and in the Queensland sector of the gulf. Here cargo for Groote Eylandt, Roper River, Burketown, Manangoora and Borroloola were transhipped. For back loading the "Leisha" picked up salt at Manangoora, and copper ore from the Redbank Mine at Massacre Inlet, on the Northern Territory-Queensland border. The vessel's elderly skipper was Captain Ruska. His son Fred was engineer, and

another son was a deckhand. Two Mornington Island Aborigines as deckhands completed the crew.

In addition to my other duties, I was also ex-officio harbour master at Borroloola. And what is more I actually had a pilot under my jurisdiction. He was a tall, elderly, white-bearded Aboriginal known as "Pilot Harry." In between boats Harry looked after the beacons in the river, repainting and repairing. There were numerous rocks sandbars and other navigational hazards in the river, all of which were beaconed.

One bad hazard, some flat rocks known as "Reids Rocks" were at water-level, or just under, and difficult to see. They were named after Captain Jack Reid of the auxiliary ketch "Good Intent" who found them by running on to them.

Pilot Harry was paid a small wage and he and his family kept in food and clothing. He used his own dug-out canoe for the work. Periodically he made verbal reports to me about painting the leading beacons at the five Mile; or perhaps replacing a beacon at Black Rock, or some other beacon.

Borroloola is supposed to be named after the Aboriginal word for the paperbark trees, "Booroolooloo" which grows in profusion there. It was first settled in the eighties of last century. Back in the days of when heavy transport were wagons and horse teams it was the chief port for the Barkly Tableland.

When I went there it was a ghost of its former self with only a half dozen or so scattered buildings. It was approximately 550 miles from Darwin.

With an average annual rainfall of about 30 inches Borroloola and its environs were well grassed and timbered. It lacked, however, the tropical rain forest which flourished in the higher rainfall districts in the Territory. Except when in flood the McArthur River was a placid stream with clear water right out to sea. This was in contrast to other Territory rivers I had known, such as the Victoria, where the surging tides stirred up the water so much that the sea was discoloured for miles out from the mouth.

*Stay Tuned for Part II of 'Homocide at Borroloola' in the next edition of Citations.*



## A Tribute to Kieran Hilary MacCarthy

by Andrew McNeill



Kieran was born at Abbeyside, Dungavan, on the 14th January 1936. He was the youngest boy in a family of 14 children seven boys and seven girls. Kieran migrated to Australia in 1956, and worked as a draftsman in Melbourne before joining the Northern Territory Police Force on the 30th October 1961.

Stationed in Darwin for six weeks training, Kieran was allocated a room in barracks, which he was to share with Saus Grant. Saus and Kieran got on famously despite constant complaints from Saus that he could not understand Kieran's rich Irish brogue. Kieran soon settled in and quickly became one of the most popular blokes in the barracks.

He was a very intelligent man, and a great storyteller who had a wonderful sense of humour. Because of his intelligence, his extensive vocabulary and quick wit he was often the winner of the many debates, which took place over a few beers every night at the barracks.

He did manage to pull off a great con trick when he joined the Police Force. It was assumed by all when Kieran arrived that he, like the other new recruits could drive and that he held a drivers licence. This was not the case. He was unable to drive and did not have a licence. He did not bother to tell anyone this and nobody in authority bothered to ask and so he was duly issued with a Northern Territory Driving Licence. When he finished his recruit training he was immediately posted to

Katherine, which was then one of the smaller police stations. There were only about half a dozen men stationed there so it was necessary for Kieran to learn to drive very quickly. However, after a few lessons from a helpful colleague and a couple of near misses he managed to survive without causing too much mayhem.

We did get a laugh over one of his motor vehicle escapades. It was several years after he had joined the force before he purchased his first car, a very nice automatic Holden and this was his pride and joy. Mac used to park his vehicle under the barracks facing the toilet block, the exterior walls of which were constructed of fibro sheeting. Mac was cleaning his pride and joy one day and, somehow whilst hosing under the bonnet with the engine running the vehicle engaged a gear and moved forward rather quickly. It smashed into the toilet block and gave Slim Rogers who was utilising the facilities an almighty shock. No one could figure out how it happened but it did!

The hierarchy of the Police Force soon recognised that Kieran, despite his lack of years in the job was a very competent Police Officer. The type who could be relied upon to handle the duties required at a bush police station. He had great common sense and the knack of being able to get on with people from all walks of life and this made him an ideal copper for bush work. As a result Kieran carried out relieving duties at Police Stations all over the Northern Territory. These included, Katherine, Darwin, Alice Springs, Roper River, Tennant

Creek, Maranboy, Pine Creek, Larrimah and his last bush posting after his marriage was at Wave Hill.

In 1963 two years after Kieran had joined the Police Force a young lady who had spent most of her life in the Territory also joined. Her name was Margaret Sawyer. Within three years Kieran had wooed and won the hand of Margaret and they were married at Darwin in January 1966. The wedding was wonderful. The reception was held at the house of friends and it was a typical Territory reception informal and friendly. Apart from the bull fighting, scratch pulling and arm wrestling that took place I also remember Kieran and his brother John giving a rendition of "Danny Boy" which they sung in Gaelic. This brought tears to our eyes mainly because they did such a terrible job.

Kieran was a man of great personal courage. Physical confrontations were common in those times and he was not afraid to have a go when such action was warranted. On one occasion he was attacked by a group of men on the beach at the rear of the old Darwin Hospital and being alone was forced to retreat battered but not beaten. He quickly rounded up assistance and led the counter charge back to the beach where the offenders were soon overcome and arrested.

During the time Kieran was stationed at Wave Hill, Sam Calder the Federal member at that time visited the community. For some reason he thought it a bit odd to see the Irish National Flag flying from the Police Station. Sam mentioned

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to the Acting Police Commissioner Sid Bowie, how unusual this was and although Sid, like the rest of us, had a great laugh, Kieran was told to remove the flag.

He was transferred to Alice Springs in 1968 and soon become a valued member at this Police Station and within the community. In time he became the father of three children, Rory Cormack and Shivaun and worked very hard at several ventures to provide for his family.

At the Alice Springs Police Station he was at times the Officer in charge of the Traffic Section, Prosecutor and Watch Commander. He attained the rank of Second Class Sergeant and was content to stay at that rank. He refused to sit for examinations for further promotion despite the encouragement and urging of many of us who believed he could have reached the highest level had he so desired. He was a great mentor for young policeman; he led by example and made sure they learnt the right way to do the job.

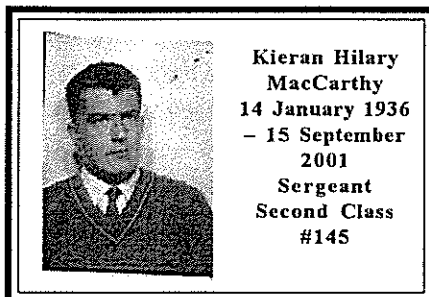
Unfortunately due to ongoing ill health Mac was forced to retire from the job medically unfit in June 1984. However, even then he would ring me on occasions and offer comment, good and bad, on how I was doing my job either in the Police Service or Local Government.

Kieran MacCarthy served the Northern Territory well both as a Police Officer and member of this community. He was a great husband, father and provider for his family, a good member of the community, a true Territorian and a man who everybody regarded as a "Good Bloke."

*We will all miss Kieran Hilary MacCarthy.*

# VALE

*By Garth Macpherson*



**Kieran Hilary  
MacCarthy**  
14 January 1936  
- 15 September  
2001  
Sergeant  
Second Class  
#145

## *Kieran Hilary*

MacCarthy was born in Ireland on 14.1.36. Following his arrival in Australia, Kieran was appointed to the Northern Territory Police Force on 30.10.61. His appointment was confirmed 12 months later.

He commenced his police career in Darwin General Duties. In all, he had 5 short stays in Darwin, some as short as 2 weeks. Other postings and relieving positions were to include Katherine, Pine Creek, Roper River, Larrimah, Batchelor, Maranboy, and Wave Hill before transferring to Alice Springs General Duties where he commenced work as Shift Sergeant on 25.11.68.

Kieran was promoted to Senior Constable while at Wave Hill on 17<sup>th</sup> July 1968.

As was often the case in those days, promotion to Sergeant 3<sup>rd</sup> Class followed reasonably quickly - in his case, a fortnight later. Promotion to Sergeant 2<sup>nd</sup> Class occurred on 25<sup>th</sup> June 1970.

Alice Springs was to be his final posting. He worked in General Duties, Prosecutions, Licensing and also served a period as Station Sergeant and watch Commander. He retired from the Police Force on 5<sup>th</sup> June 1984 after almost 23 years service. He commenced a gardening service before retiring due to ill health in 1999.

Kieran will be sadly missed and remembered as a friendly man to his family, mates and work colleagues. He worked, lived and played hard - like any good Irishman.

He is survived by his wife Margaret, children Cormack, Rory, Shivaun and their children.

**RIP**

# VALE

**Tony Henry Godwin**  
#199  
19.06.37 - 24.09.01

Tony Godwin was born in Portsmouth, England on 19<sup>th</sup> June 1937. He joined the Grenadier Guards at the age of 15 and remained with them for 8 years. In 1962 he migrated to Australia with his parents, brother and twin sisters.

Tony joined the Northern Territory Police Force on 7<sup>th</sup> May 1963. And served at the following stations - Darwin General Duties and CIB Darwin before being transferred to Alice Springs General Duties in 1966. Whilst in Alice Springs, he also served in CIB and Prosecutions where he was also promoted to Sergeant 3<sup>rd</sup> Class. He returned to Darwin in 1970 as a Prosecutor before relieving at various stations and sections that included Darwin, Casuarina, Nhulunbuy, Licensing Branch, and Katherine.

He was promoted to Sergeant 1<sup>st</sup> Class on 20<sup>th</sup> December 1973. Other promotions quickly followed and by 27<sup>th</sup> April 1981, he was promoted to Superintendent in Alice Springs and later posted to Darwin. In early 1986 he commenced duties as the Director, Inspectorate with the rank of Chief Superintendent before returning to Southern Command in 1986 as Regional Chief Superintendent. From time to time, he also carried out relief duties as Assistant Commissioner, Southern Command.

In 1991 he became Commander, Executive Audit in the Office of the Commissioner then Development and Support before retiring on 1<sup>st</sup> July 1992.

During his police service, he married Leslie and they had three children, Lionel, Maree, Luke and Lance.

Tony retired to Darwin for a few years before becoming ill and moved to the Sunshine Coast. He passed away in the early hours of 24<sup>th</sup> September 2001.

A colourful character, he will be remembered for his own brand of humour and dedication to the Police Force.

**RIP**



# WAVE HILL

In the June issue of "Citation", page 4 are pictures of Ration Day Timber Creek 1961, Wave Hill Station circa 1961 and Andy McNeill's letter in which he is not sure of the identity of the attached building with curved roof. It is the cell and was still there when I, my wife and daughters, Isobel and Josephine, called and spent several days there early June 1998 on our way home after attending the Timber Creek Centenary celebrations. We were stationed at Wave Hill from May 1944 to October 1948.

Andy's photo was taken from the Victoria River side of the station building and in it can be seen a windmill and overhead tank. The station was built in 1934 and apart from our 1000-gallon tanks, one on each corner of the house, there was no laid-on water supply. Naturally, we had to be very careful with the use of water after the wet season. When the supply ran out from the tank connecting the laundry and bathroom, the trackers with yokes and four gallon drums had to carry water up a steep bank from the river and fill up an open topped 44 gallon drum. If you wanted a shower, you had to work the hand pump. If a hot bath was needed, a 4 gallon drum was heated on the kitchen wood stove and then carried around to the bathroom. Primitive conditions!

In 1947, I must have applied to have a proper water supply installed. A load of bore casing was delivered and boring contractor Bill Bohning arrived with his plant. Bill did not want to select the site because if it was a "dud", he might be held responsible. It was left to me who

had never previously had such experience. I picked the position just outside the fenced area surrounding the house and as shown by the mill and tank in the photo, mainly for convenience. I had to send a weekly telegram of progress depth of drilling to Mr. D.D. Smith, Resident Engineer, Alice Springs. The drilling commenced towards the end of 1947. Some water came in about the level of the riverbed; enough to lubricate the drilling tool. Every telegram I sent ended up with "No water". Back came the reply "Keep on drilling". We left on leave in December 1947, the bore down about 400 feet and still no water. Mr. Smith's reply was still "Keep on drilling". Constable Alf Johnson came as my relief. On our way back from leave in May 1948, I called at Frewena and was told by the proprietor of that time that a good supply of water had resulted from the bore. Alf Johnson told me that Bill Bohning had to go and get more steel rope for his drilling gear, as the bore was deeper than usual. It was 701 feet 6 inches deep and flowed for a time with warm water. Unfortunately for us, it was of no benefit as it had not been equipped with mill and tank when we left on transfer to Darwin in October 1948. My successor, Constable "Gene" Tunney, reaped the benefit.

Such was life and times at Wave Hill Police

Station 53 to 57 years ago.

Some history on the Wave Hill Station building and others of the same design. The building contractors were George Kafcaloudes and Lou Harmanis of Darwin. It is built on the Wave Hill Pound reserve of 640 acres (one square mile), the Victoria River adjacent to the station, the eastern boundary. Others of the same design and built in the early and middle 1930's were Daly River, Timber Creek, Roper River and Brock's Creek. The Timber Creek station is reported to have cost £2,350, so the others probably somewhere around that figure too. Brock's Creek was used as a gaol for army offenders during the war and never opened again afterwards. I saw it surrounded by a high barbed wire fence. Adelaide River station built after the war replaced it.

Peter Riley

*Citation*

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