The Citation

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NORTHERN TERRITORY POLICE
MUSEUM & HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Patron: Commissioner of Police

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Last Camel Patrol – Murder near Curtain Springs May 1953
Les Penhall (Welfare Officer), Tony (AB) Kelly (NT Police), Geoff Millgate (NT Police)

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Greetings to all members. We are moving into exciting times in the Police Museum & Historical Society. There are many opportunities arising for us to show case our proud Territory Police history and your committee is working in their own time to make the museum both more interesting and accessible.

Projects currently underway include:

- The Shirley Commemoration which will take place in Tennant Creek at the end of this year. More detail on this will be provided in June after our next meeting.
- An "Interpretation Plan" is currently being worked on and you have been invited to participate in this phase of the museum development.
- The Foelsche Memorial Service to be held on 31 January 2004 will be a bigger event than normal – next year being the 90th anniversary of the death of Paul Foelsche.
- Our volunteers continue to provide their valuable time to us in completing cataloguing and conservation work on our collection – if anyone has a couple of hours to spare - please think of your museum.

Don't forget – the museum will only be as good as the contribution that you as members can offer to us. Everyone's time is valuable and we have a unique collection of material that needs to be showcased – through the efforts of volunteers we can make this happen.

Doug Smith
President

CURATOR'S REPORT

Work within the Museum is continuing at a steady rate thanks to our dedicated volunteers.

Discussions are underway with the Northern Territory Police in relation to floor space being made available to us within the Peter McAulay Centre. This will eventually enable us to open the Police Museum to the general public. We have applied for a Grant from the Regional Museums Grants Support Program for funding to enable us to achieve this aim in the most effective and professional manner.

More information in relation to this matter will be forthcoming in the near future.

The Museums Australia Conference is being held in Perth in May this year and once again I will be attending. A number of Territory based Regional Museums will have representatives at this particular conference with Sue Harlow, the Regional Museums Support Officer being one of the speakers at the Conference. The program is very intense and I anticipate that I will benefit greatly from the various topics being covered.

I will provide you with a report upon my return.

Janell Cox
CURATOR

DEATH OF MOUNTED CONSTABLE JOHN CHARLES SHIRLEY - 7 NOVEMBER 1883

On the 7 November 2003 our Society will commemorate the 120th anniversary of the unfortunate death of mounted Constable John Charles Shirley who died of thirst, along with others in his patrol, somewhere in the vicinity of Attack Creek, while pursuing the murderers of John Martin, a bullock teamster.

In order to discover the background concerning the death of MC Shirley, the Society's Treasurer, Danny Bacon contacted the South Australian Police Historical Society Inc. Their search in archives did not elicit any official documents concerning the fateful events surrounding the death of MC Shirley and others with him. One document, a letter written in response to a Brian Stapleton in 1937 states that MC Shirley and others died while searching for a man by the name of Readford. Examination of other documents revealed that Martin was also known as Readford.

Sydney Downer in his book Patrol Indefinite has included the story of the fateful patrol and the circumstances leading up to the deaths of the men. Sydney Downer was born in Adelaide in 1909 and was educated at St Peter's College and Cambridge University. He was a well known columnist for the Adelaide

Advertiser and during a visit to the Brunette Downs Races, met Clive Graham who later became Commissioner of Police in the Northern Territory. Mr Downer became interested in the history of the Northern Territory Police and researched his stories for the book.

Mounted Constable Shirley was born in Ireland on 27 September 1856. He joined the South Australian Police Force on 10 March 1877 at the age of 21 years. He was stationed at Barrow Creek in July 1882.

Two different dates have been given for the death of MC Shirley. Mr Downer states the death occurred on 7 November 1883. A small article in the South Australian Police Gazette pertaining to some money donated by members of the Police for MC Shirley's mother states the death occurred on 10 November 1883.

Second Class Mounted Constable William Henry Willshire, who was stationed at Boggy Hole out from Hermannsburg, wrote the following verse in his diary:

"In Loving Memory of
Police Trooper Shirley
Who died of Thirst
In the Northern Territory
November 7, 1883
Aged 30 years"

The Society therefore has settled on the date of 7 November 1883 and relies upon the story pertaining to the incident, as outlined by Sydney Downer.

TWO CAME BACK.

Perishing from thirst was an ever-attendant threat to the Northern Territory Police when they went outback, particularly in the areas south of Newcastle Waters, which can roughly be defined as the fringe of 'The Wet'. South of that fringe, they were dependent on crab-holes in the desert, the rare waterhole or spring, their packs, and their luck.

Luck was something that deserted Mounted Constable Shirley on a patrol in search of the black murderers of a white man in the autumn of 1883. Shirley has the melancholy distinction of being the only representative of the law in the Northern Territory to perish from thirst -- evidence of the amazing powers of survival of these men in a sunburnt country.

The story of his fate begins at the height of a drought in the dry season of 1883, when two bullock-wagon teamsters - Joseph Martin, a thirty year old Irishman, and his partner John Rees - were making their way down the track near the telegraph line between Newcastle Waters and Powell Creek. On 29 August they left their wagons on a track near Lawson Springs, in the charge of a cook. Then they drove their bullocks to the springs, which were two miles off the track, with the intention of camping there and watering the teams. Five natives had followed the teamsters from Newcastle Waters to the springs, where two others joined them. The natives, showing no signs of hostility, peaceably made their camp about twenty five yards from Rees and Martin, who were camping twenty five yards apart. Both groups had their tucker, and then turned in.

About half past ten Rees was awakened by a violent commotion, and, jumping out of his sleeping bag, saw one of the strange natives swinging a large blazing stick. At the same time, he heard one of his own boys call out, "what for black fella kill white fella?"

Rees grabbed his pistol and immediately ran to Martin's camp, firing shots to intimidate the blacks. But he was too late. As a parting gesture before disappearing into the dark, the Aboriginal who was swinging the fire-stick, threw it onto the body of Martin, whom he had already killed. The other Aborigines also ran off, and so Rees escaped Martin's fate, not foreseeing what lay in store for him within a couple of months.

Rees returned to the wagons and sent one of his natives to the telegraph station at Powell Creek to report the affair. It was not until nearly two months later that a police party was organised to deal with Martin's murderers. The "Bush Telegraph" led Inspector Foelsche and his men to believe that the murderers would be found in the direction of the Barkly Tablelands south west of Anthony Lagoon, south east of Powell Creek, which was the party's mustering base. The Anthony Lagoon area was the eastern apex

of a triangle completed by lines to Powell Creek and Attack Creek.

There they gathered on 29 October 1883, with Shirley, who was in charge of the Barrow Creek Police Station, as leader. Rees had insisted on joining the party. From motives of comradeship, he wanted to be in at the kill. And he was to be - although this time it was to be his own.

The others were all experienced bushmen: the brothers Arthur and George Phillips AM, Giles, and James Hussey. There were also two Aboriginals. In addition to their own mounts, they took five pack horses. Of this party of eight, only two, Giles and one of the boys, survived.

There was nothing surprising about their silence after the party left Powell Creek. Outback radio or "walkie-talkie" sets did not exist in those days, and so no misgivings were felt at Police Headquarters in Darwin when no word was heard from them for a week or two.

Then, on the night of 17 November, over the telegraph from Attack Creek to Darwin, came Giles' horrifying message. His opening sentence heralded what was to come.

"I beg to report the sad fate of the police search party who, with the exception of myself and a black boy, perished for want of water at a distance ranging from thirty-five to fifty miles north-east of here. All our horses died."

Giles then described the doomed patrol in as much detail as a man who had just emerged from the valley of the shadow of death is capable of doing. And, considering the circumstances, his report was a masterpiece of succinctness.

After Shirley had received his final instructions at Powel Creek, he, Rees, Giles, and a tracker started with four saddle horses and two pack-horses, one of which carried water. Shirley's objective was to locate water to the south-east, camp on Attack Creek, and open a route further east, where he hoped to run down Martin's murderers. The pack-horse with the water was an old beast, and, according to Giles, quite unfit for the work of carrying his load over a rock-strewn plain in sun-temperatures as high as a hundred and fifty degrees.

The party went east for twenty-five miles, but found no trace of water and very little shade - just the bleak, apparently interminable plain where no green thing lived. They realized then that life of any sort was cheap in this forbidding area. The going was tough, the sun was blazing, and one of the pack-horses was feeble. No water, no feed - just a bleak sandy waste as far as the eye could see.

Then, to the north, they sighted a plain, its harshness broken by scrub in which they camped for the night. They had still not found water. Next morning, the men struggled across the uninviting plain towards some low ranges, which they crossed. There they found their efforts rewarded. Rees discovered water in a native well, and also in some crab-holes. They camped there and called the place Rees' well.

"We had done only six miles," Giles reported. But the old horse was finished. Although apparently refreshed by the water and the excellent feed at the well, he died during the night, and his burden of water was passed to the other pack-horses.

That was Wednesday, 31 October, and on that day, Giles rode back to Attack Creek to collect the remainder of the party. The complete party was reunited at Rees' Well and, two days later, moved two miles to the east, where more crab-holes were found.

Apart from the water carried in the packs, no more was seen by any member of the party until Giles and the tracker returned to Rees' Well more than a fortnight later.

On 4 November they all headed east by south, and made a good march of thirty five miles over a flat, hot, featureless plain. On the following day they came on a large patch of bluebush and coolibah, and were encouraged by the sight of water-birds to head north for three or four miles in their wake. They were bitterly disappointed - there was no water awaiting them.

Their quarries, the Aboriginal killers, were also missing, but by now they were a secondary

consideration to the party's quest for the urgently needed water.

The party camped at five o'clock, and it was then that Shirley, with the water problem hourly becoming more acute, announced his intention of calling off the search. At that point, they had only three gallons of water between the eight of them and the horses, with very little prospect of finding any more.

"And so we gave up," Giles reported despondently. "We planted all our swags, rations etc., thirty pounds of flour, a little tea, sugar and our remaining water."

Next morning, these men began the heart-breaking task of trying to retrace their steps - no easy matter in a land where tracks can disappear overnight in the face of the bitter wind. Besides, the psychological effect of failure was beginning to make itself felt. The party had left Powell Creek confident of catching Martin's murderers; they were returning with only one diminishing hope - that of survival. Morale was low.

On the night they started on the return journey to Rees' Well - and now they travelled only by night - Giles became convinced that Shirley was leading them too far to the south. They travelled all night through dense scrub, which they had not encountered on the outward journey, and in the early morning Giles told the constable that he refused to go further south, as he was sure that their outward tracks were well to the north.

The party was under great strain. This may have accounted for the heat of the argument which ensued, during the course of which Shirley asked Giles if he wished to assume leadership of the expedition.

Peace, however, was restored, largely because the other members of the little group agreed with Giles. Shirley accepted Giles' advice, and they headed north-west. After a scrub-bound journey of nine miles, they struck the edge of a plain "and, as it was intensely hot, we camped there till evening."

By the morning of 6 November, "the horses were all done up, and four died during the afternoon in the camp." Several members of the party adopted the possibly fatal expedient of trying to appease their thirst by drinking the blood of the animals. Worse still, the other horses were failing, and the men themselves had grown too weak to carry the packs. Before they set out that evening to try to cut their outward tracks on the plain, they left behind all packs except one, and all rations and rifles except the remnant of water - one gallon in a canteen.

"We travelled on at a very slow pace, dropping our remaining horses every mile.

About 2am Arthur Phillips, Rees, and Hussey decided they couldn't go any further and stopped for sleep, assuring us they would come on afterwards. Shirley handed over to them all the water that was left - one and a half quarts."

That was the beginning of the break-up of this tragic expedition. The others battled on. About 6.30am on 7 November they struck their outward tracks about fourteen miles from Rees' Well. At that stage, the three surviving horses collapsed, and were left to die. George Phillips, Shirley, and Giles continued on foot, growing weaker with every step. Shirley sent the two trackers, one of whom was not seen again, to bring back water from the crab-holes. That was their last chance. It was now a race against the time the boys would take to bring the water back. Even the resolute Giles was now beginning to fail.

"We had proceeded along the tracks for about a mile, and I was in the lead, when, it being very hot, I struck into a little patch of scrub, and camped for the day. I didn't tell the others what I was doing. I was beyond knowing what I was doing. I have no recollection of how the day passed, and the others did not come up to me. I came to my senses about dark and started on the tracks."

Giles, having gone about three miles, was resting when he heard a voice calling from a distance he guessed as about two hundred yards. He struggled to his feet and walked to where the voice had come from. There he found Shirley lying under a bush.

"This is the end of the journey," the constable whispered. "I can't go any further. I die here. I can't walk."

He told Giles that George Phillips was lying about three hundred yards away - dead, he thought.

"While we were talking," Giles recorded, "I heard a coo-ee and I answered it. Hussey crawled up, and said he had been camped close by all day, but had been unable to move. He looked very exhausted. He also told me that Rees and Arthur Phillips were somewhere behind, dead."

Giles and Hussey decided to push on, tried to persuade Shirley to go with them. The officer did his best. With great difficulty, he rose to his feet and then fell.

"It's no good, old fellows," he said. "On you go without me. Good luck. I've still got my pistol."

Hussey and Giles bent down, shook Shirley's hand, and left him. There was nothing more they could do.

They staggered on very slowly, looking for the Well, which Giles reckoned was about eleven miles away. They had travelled until sunrise, and could see the scrub about two miles ahead of them, when Hussey stopped and lowered himself to the ground. After exhortations from Giles to get up and not remain on the plain to die in the sun, Hussey struggled to his feet, but he had gone only another two hundred yards when he again went down. This time no persuasion from Giles could induce him to move. He did not speak; he simply shook his head, began burrowing in the sand, and waved Giles away. Giles' last picture of him was of a desperate man scrabbling in the search for water.

About eight in the morning, Giles reached the scrub. He was still six miles from the well. Although appallingly weak and suffering tortures from thirst, he managed to totter on about two miles when he, too, collapsed.

"I recollect no more until I was roused by one of the black boys we had sent on ahead pouring water over my head. He managed to lug me to within two miles of the camp, where he left me to get more water. I got into the camp about 5.00pm."

Giles refreshed himself with water and sleep, and then, after filling the water bags, he and the boys started off about one o'clock that night to look for Hussey. They had gone only four miles when both knocked up. They coo-eed for half an hour, but, receiving no reply, returned to camp.

All that Giles had to say of the journey from Rees's Well to Attack Creek was: "We started for Attack Creek at 2.00am on Saturday, and arrived at 9.00am on Tuesday." He neglected to mention what they did about food on the way.

In his report, he offered an interesting theory to account for his survival. He felt sure that he had stood up to the privations of the return journey better than the others because he had not drunk the blood of the horses, which, he knew, had a high percentage of salinity.

Inspector Foelsche was grief stricken on receiving news of Shirley's death. He felt strongly that some oversight on his part in organizing the expedition might have been responsible for the calamity. In addition, he had regarded Shirley as one of his most promising constables.

It may be that the Inspector had cause for soul searching. An aged water-carrying pack-horse could hardly be an asset to an expedition that must have been expected to last many more weeks than it did. Effective pack-horses, however, were not easy to come by in the Centre in those days.

The length of time that passed between Martin's murder and the setting-out of the police party suggests care and preparation in its planning, and on that score it would appear that Foelsche had nothing with which to reproach himself. The stores they took with them on their journey must have seemed adequate; it was only the necessity to abandon them that upset the balance.

It could be argued in the light of hindsight that Shirley should have retained the last quart and a half of water when three of the party decided

they could go no further, since the only apparent hope of survival lay in the members who were still mobile reaching Rees' Well. But it is not in the tradition of "the leader of a ruined band" to leave his colleagues helpless.

Probably a greater cause of disaster was Shirley's faulty navigation when, at the beginning of the journey back, he led the party too far to the south. That mistake cost a day's march - about the distance between Shirley himself and Rees' Well when he collapsed.

On being informed of Shirley's death, Foelsche made an immediate recommendation to the Police Commissioner in Adelaide that the officer's mother, who lived in the suburb of Norwood, should receive fifty pounds as a small recompense for the loss of her son. The money was duly paid to her, closing the last chapter in a disastrous story.

The task of searching for the body of Mounted Constable Shirley and others of the fateful party was given to Second Class Mounted Constable Willshire. He located and buried the bodies of Shirley and one of the Phillips brothers. The other men were not located.

Mounted Constables Shirley and Willshire were close friends, and the gruesome task greatly distressed Willshire. He wrote an extremely long verse dedicated to Shirley in his personal diary.

THE LAST CAMEL PATROL

The last camel patrol was carried out by Northern Territory Police west of Finke in the Northern Territory, indeed, Australia. Constable Anthony Kelly departed Finke on 4 May 1953 on this historic patrol, not realising this was actually the last camel patrol. He relates his story as follows.

The occasion of the last camel patrol was a murder near Curtin Springs Station, some 300 kilometres to the west of Finke. On Monday the 4th May 1953 I received a telephone call from Inspector Graham at Alice Springs. He told me that Constable Millgate from Alice Springs and Native Affairs Patrol Officer Les Penhall had gone to Curtin Springs by Land Rover, but they were unable to pursue the suspect into the desert. I was to meet them at Curtin Springs with sufficient camels and supplies to enable the suspect to be pursued into the western desert. There were no supplies of petrol and no settlement west of Curtin Springs.

I spent the next day with the Trackers rounding up the six Police camels, Finke, Ferdinand, Flossie, Fred, Jumper and Oodnadatta. I also had to borrow two additional riding camels and saddles from Mick Doolan. The riding saddle is two strips of iron held about 60 cm apart by three iron arches, one at each end and one in the centre. The side strips are padded with hessian and straw, the first arch goes in front of the hump, the second behind it. The rider sits on his blanket between the second and third arch. After my first patrol I had a dunlopillow tractor seat cushion to provide some comfort on long rides. Even then I walked most of the way, only riding in the midday heat.

The camels were loaded with stores with one water camel carrying two water tanks. I set off with Trackers Peter and Stanley for Curtin Springs. Peter was an older tracker who had served Ron Brown. Stanley was a younger tracker, about my own age, who showed a lot of initiative. He was not initiated, which marked him as an unusually independent thinker. This had him categorised as a cheeky black, and I was warned against employing him. I found him a good companion. Normally on patrol the trackers would find the way, as they knew the country intimately. However they have very little use for a straight line, or for time saving, and would have travelled a very indirect route. As I was in as much of a hurry as was possible when using a camel train, I determined that the most direct route would be across the Wild Horse Plains towards Erldunda for the first part of the journey, following a compass bearing across the plains as far as the country would allow.

The first days journey took us along the dry creek bed of the Finke River to Crown Point, where we left the river and headed for Lilla Creek, skirting some sand ridges on our left. We camped that night some 30 kilometres from Finke. The following day we passed through Lilla Creek Station and camped at

Angathita Well, avoiding some claypan country on our right. We had made some 36 kilometres, which was fairly good going. A loaded camel train walks about 3.5 kilometres per hour. Many old maps, including the hand-drawn one I was using, were made taking into account the camels pace at two and a quarter miles per hour.

When on patrol it wasn't just a matter of mounting your camel and riding off. Camels would be hobbled out at dusk when we made camp, and the following morning we had to track them down and retrieve them. Feed was scarce and they would wander off a fair distance.

We were headed in the direction of what was shown on the map as a ridge of hills, which present day maps show as Mount Kingston, still skirting the claypan country. Camels are particular about the type of country they will walk across. Their feet are soft pads so they dislike rocky country and they refuse to walk on slippery ground. With their long legs and heavy bodies, they can break a leg or dislocate a joint easily if one leg slips.

When we reached the vicinity of Mount Kingston, instead of the ridge of hills shown on my hand-drawn map there were just a few flat-topped hills. I climbed the highest one to take compass bearings to confirm our position. The side of the hill near the top was very steep. When I reached the tabletop I was surprised to see a young camel there.

I called to the trackers to bring some ropes and in short order we had the young camel cornered on the edge of the drop and roped him. We had to tie his legs and lower him over the edge. My aim was to break him in as a riding camel. Most camels are cantankerous but this often comes from ill treatment. Broken properly they can be both good natured and intelligent.

There was plenty of saltbush on the top of the hill, but no water. We tried to work out how the young camel had got up there. The trackers reckoned he had been born up there, his mother having somehow scrambled to the top when frightened by a storm. We searched the perimeter for bones but she had apparently got herself down without breaking anything, but the calf must have been too afraid to follow.

On my previous patrol I had been held up near Henbury Station by storms. When the rain had started I had headed for some sandhills near the Palmer River, where we waited for the country to dry out before proceeding. That was some eight months before, which was about the age of the young camel we had just found.

We tied the young camel behind one of the pack camels and headed for Erldunda, camping once more and then arriving at Erldunda on Sunday 10th. When we watered the camels at Erldunda the young camel showed no interest in the troughs, leading me to speculate that he may have had no acquaintance with water from the time he had been weaned. He must have survived solely on the moisture in the saltbush, as there was no water on this tabletop.

We cut him loose at Erldunda, as he was holding up our progress, intending to recover him on our return. We continued our journey fairly uneventfully, sighting Curtin Springs on the evening of Thursday 14th. We pressed on in the gathering dusk towards the dim kerosene lights of the Station, but this was not to the liking of one of the pack camels, which had become used to having her load removed at dusk. She threw her load and had to be repacked. This happened a second time and after repacking her, I rode behind her with my pistol drawn, being a bit irate by then. We rode into the Station without further incident to find Constable Millgate and Native Affairs Patrol Officer Les Penhall playing ludo by the light of a kerosene lamp with Alan Pavelitch and Ossie Andrews, who owned the Station.

I learnt that the suspect, Barry Mutarubi, had followed the victim, a young girl, who was out rabbiting. He wanted her, but his desire was not reciprocated. He speared her in the back and had intercourse with her as she lay dying. The suspect had then headed bush. The following day we interviewed Aboriginal witnesses and then drove in the Native Affairs Land Rover to Mulga Park, a cattle station about 70 kilometres south near the South Australian border, where the suspect, Barry Mutarubi had been seen. The trackers spent

the day at Curtin Springs repairing saddles and then set off with the camels for Mulga Park.

We left one tracker with the camels at Mulga Park and drove to Ernabella Mission in South Australia, seeking information as to the suspect's whereabouts, without success. When we got to Mulga Park there was nobody there. We took Aboriginal Norman, who knew the suspect well and was the main witness, with us to Ernabella. I had shot a bush turkey near Mulga Park. We put it in a camp oven we borrowed from the Station, dug a hole in the sand, lit a fire in it, and then buried the camp oven with the coals of the fire. The turkey was done to a turn when we got back. After we returned to Mulga Park we went by camel to Ayliff Well, just inside the South Australian border, where the suspect's tracks had last been seen. No new tracks were found there.

The old tracks indicated Barry Mutarubi could have been heading for the Kelly Hills, back in the Territory to the north-west, where he could have hidden out. We searched that area and then headed south west to the foot of the Musgrave Ranges, checking around water holes for tracks, again without success. We returned to Mulga Park on Friday 22nd May.

As there was a track suitable for a four wheel drive to Ayers Rock and Mount Olga we checked the vicinity of the water holes in that area, again without success. We later heard from Aboriginals that the suspect had crossed the border into Western Australia. We decided to abandon the search, as the suspect would be likely to return to his own country I headed back to Erldunda with the camels.

When I returned to Erldunda I found the young camel had died, possibly from shock. The station owner, Sid Staines was ill, so I sent the trackers and the witness Norman to Finke with the Camels while I drove Sid in his utility up the track to Alice Springs Hospital for treatment. I was glad of the opportunity, as I was anxious to visit Alice Springs. Madge (Kelly's wife) had been required to be in the AIM Hostel at Alice Springs before the end of the month, awaiting the birth of our second child.

My patrol return for the month showed I had travelled 1,800 kilometres, 500 of them by camel. I did not know it at the time, but this was to be the last Police camel patrol.

Stanley the Tracker followed me from the Finke to Alice Springs, and I was able to get him a job as Tracker at the Alice Springs Police Station. In 1956 whilst stationed at Alice Springs, I raided an Aboriginal camp at Yuendumu at dawn one day, with Tracker Stanley, in search of a suspect in another matter. Stanley recognised Barry Mutarubi's tracks in the camp so I was able to arrest both suspects. I had never seen Barry and would not have found him without Stanley. It was the practice always to raid a camp at dawn. When Aborigines fell asleep it was the deepest sleep possible. This may have been because they just lay on the ground near a fire, and in the cold of the desert if they had been at all conscious they would not get any sleep. They sometimes rolled in the fire and got burned without waking. Apart from a small fire they usually had nothing else but their dogs to keep them warm, hence the practice of referring to a cold night as a "two dog night."

At his trial Barry's lawyer pleaded provocation, on the grounds that the girl he had killed had called him 'karlu' (erect prick). The Judge held that whilst the words could not amount to provocation in our culture, they could in his. He was sentenced to six months for manslaughter.

Norman's evidence, from the tracks, was that Barry had followed the girl, who was hunting rabbits. He had speared her in the back and then had intercourse with her as she lay dying. Of course this was an inference from the tracks he had seen, he had not witnessed the actual events.

REMINDER

Membership Fees of $15.00 per year are due on 1 July 2003.

Alternatively - $150.00 will buy you Life Membership - and no further payments!