CITATION

The NORTHERN TERRITORY POLICE MAGAZINE / 50c

CITATION

The Northern Territory Police Magazine

Committee of Management

Inspector J. J. Mannion, G.M., Editor, and Sergeant 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

There's a place for women in the Northern Territory, as photographers Peter Berrill and Burnie Riley show, with the help of P.W. Constable Angelina Butta.

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ALL CARS TO COONAWARRA

— by Peter Murphy (Court Reporter, "N.T. News")

THE drama of Michael Hayes' night of notoriety began almost two hours before an urgent voice over the Police radio called all cars to Coonawarra.

It was the sort of message that a Policeman's wife dreams about in nightmares. It warned of an armed man blazing away at anything that moved near the Coonawarra Naval radio station. It was the sort of message that makes a man's spine crawl — especially if it crackles over the radio at the end of a hard, eight-hour shift.

Within twenty minutes of the summons, four patrol cars had reached the radio station. Two cars and six Police came under fire before Michael Hayes was captured unharmed ten minutes later. No-one was injured in the half-hour shooting affray, but stories of a dozen close calls came out during Hayes' six day trial in Darwin Supreme Court.

It was a costly night for Michael Hayes; Justice Blackburn sentenced him to a total of six years' gaol when a jury convicted him on five charges connected with the Coonawarra incident.

Michael Hayes, a 22 year old English Serviceman posted to Darwin R.A.A.F. Base, was bound for trouble when he left the Parap Hotel late on the night of Friday, February 24, this year. Before Police moved in to arrest him two hours later, Hayes had threatened two people with murder during a telephone call, shot up a R.A.A.F. billet, commandeered a R.A.F. truck at gunpoint and sprayed Coonawarra Naval Base with rifle fire.

Michael Hayes is a slim, dark-haired youth, who looks younger than his twenty-two years. He joined the Royal Air Force at 17, and was posted to Darwin towards the end of last year. He fell in love and became engaged to a W.R.A.A.N., Valma Schrader. In January this year, Val Schrader broke off the engagement and began keeping company with an American Sailor, Bob Harding. This cute little love story eventually involved Darwin Police in a shooting match at Coonawarra radio station.

Michael Hayes told a Darwin Supreme Court jury that he began an eight-hour drinking session at two o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, February 24.

After a "pub crawl" around city hotels, he attended a farewell party at the Parap Hotel. It was a joint farewell for R.A.F. personnel leaving for S.E. Asia and for Michael Hayes, who was due to return to England in ten days. But his actions over the next few hours delayed Hayes' trip to England, and will leave him in an Australian gaol for the next six years.

He told the Court that he remembered being very drunk at the Parap, then taking a cab to Coonawarra. He said he wanted to talk to Val Schrader. He rang her from a phone in the men's billet, in sight of the radio station where she was on duty. He remembered the word "rifle" coming into the conversation. After the telephone call his memory went.

He didn't remember arriving back at the R.A.A.F. Base, but recalled getting a .22 rifle and ammunition, then "asking" R.A.F. driver, Dave Wait, for the keys to a Vulcan bomb loader. Then he was bogged in a ditch at Coonawarra radio station. He vaguely remembered firing shots across the front of the receiving station, and firing in an arc in the air. There were voices around him, coming and going in waves. Then there was another voice, and a shot came out of the darkness. Hayes said he fired back, and then there was "a flash and a crash — it seemed right under my feet".

"I fell from the truck and seemed to wake up. There I was with a rifle, and there were people running. I threw the rifle away. I didn't want anything to do with it."

Michael Hayes' big night was over. He couldn't recall all of it, and most of the action was a blurry gap in his memory. Eight Police witnesses helped fill the gaps while Hayes stood in the dock of Darwin Supreme Court, charged with the attempted murder of four Police and two Naval ratings. Valma Schrader gave evidence that during the telephone conversation with Hayes he threatened to "do over" her and Bob Harding.

At 12.20 a.m. on Saturday, February 25, two unarmed Traffic Police, Constables Laurie Foster and Norm Wright, were patrolling the Stuart Highway. They raced to Coonawarra immediately the alarm came through, and undoubtedly greeted with mixed feelings the news that they were the first civilian Police to reach the scene of the shooting. Their patrol car was halfway up the gravel drive leading to the radio station when a rifle cracked twice in the darkness on their left.

"My God! He's serious," remarked one of the Police as rifle bullets ploughed into the front of their vehicle. They sheltered on the cover side of the patrol car and radioed for armed reinforcements.

C.I.B. Detective Senior Constable Darryl Alexander and Plainclothes Constable John Maley were returning to the Darwin Police Station when the Coonawarra call came through. They had started work at three o'clock that afternoon. Before they got home at midday next day, Maley had narrowly missed being shot, and Alexander had been involved in a short range rifle duel with the Coonawarra gunman.

Alexander picked up a .303/250 rifle, his own sporting rifle, the first firearm he could find in a hurry, and they headed for the gunfight at Coonawarra. At the guardhouse they found that Constables Foster and Wright were already pinned down by rifle fire inside the grounds, and another carload of uniformed Police waiting at the gates.

Norm Wright stayed on the car radio and gave the Detectives the situation as he saw it. The light of a full moon was filtering down through a light cloud cover. In the half light, Wright could see a man standing on the back of a truck 40 yards from the Police car, left of the Naval Station driveway. The man was holding a rifle at the ready.

There was no cover between the Detectives and the sniper, save for partly-grown cypress pine trees planted every thirty feet up the driveway. The Police decided to draw fire by sending in the C.I.B. car with Plainclothes Constable Maley at the wheel, accompanied by Constables Kieran MacCarthy and Hugh Malone. Alexander approached on foot with the .303/250, while Constables Alex Remeikis amd Alan Price moved in on the far left.

Alexander was halfway up the line of trees when he spotted Hayes standing on the back of the commandeered R.A.F. bomb loader. He called, "Police here, throw down the rifle" — just as Maley stood on the brakes of the C.I.B. car. The brake lights lit up Alexander. A rifle cracked, and a bullet whistled over Alexander's head. The Detective immediately fired high over the gunman's head, and re-

After the Coonawarra shooting — Detective Darryl Alexander and John Maley, and Constable Norm Wright, examine Hayes' Bruno .22 repeating rifle.

treated back into the trees. Plainclothes Constable Maley, armed with a short-range .32 pistol, left the car and started up the right flank towards Hayes. He thought he was relatively safe as he jogged up towards Hayes' position. Alexander moved back into the open and again called on Hayes to surrender. He saw the shadowy figure on the truck swing the rifle on John Maley and fire. Maley heard Hayes' rifle answer Alexander's call, and out of the darkness a bullet whipped past his right shoulder.

Alexander snapped off his second shot in Hayes' direction. There was a "crash and a flash" as the heavy slug smashed into a steel plate on the bomb loader, and Hayes tumbled into the mud. — Later it was found that this bullet had plowed into the steel-work of the truck and Hayes had escaped from being shot only by 2 inches.

When the Police rifle crashed the second time, Constable Norm Wright yelled, "He's down — he's been hit."

An instant later he changed his tune. "Negative, negative — he's still got the rifle."

"Throw it down. Throw down the rifle," called Wright, who could see Hayes standing with the rifle held above his head. Hayes threw the rifle down and Wright sprinted towards him. Maley saw Norm Wright break from cover and he also ran to where Hayes had fallen. The other Police and Detectives joined in the rush. Moments later, Michael Hayes, the jilted suitor who held a Navy station at gun-point for half an hour, was led out from the bomb loader in handcuffs.

"I didn't mean it — I didn't mean it," he told Police.

"Did I hit anyone — Please God tell me if I hurt anyone."

The Coonawarra gunfight was over.

Police who took part in the action praise the bravery, during those torrid 30 minutes at Coonawarra, of a young Sailor called Jim Duncan. When the shooting started, Duncan took cover behind a parked car, and tried to talk Hayes into throwing down the rifle. As he talked, a bullet crashed through the car window inches from his head. Moments later, he left cover and walked to the receiving station, under Hayes' direction, to summon Val Schrader. As Duncan walked across the parade ground, Hayes sighted the rifle on him.

Val Schrader refused to talk to Hayes, and when Police arrived, Duncan again left cover to douse lights from a generator shed. Bullets from Hayes' rifle whipped through the room as Duncan "hit the switch". Duncan estimates that Hayes fired about 15 shots all told during his Coonawarra escapade.

Michael Hayes was found guilty of shooting with intent to do grievous bodily harm to Plainclothes Constable Maley, using a firearm to avoid arrest by Detective Senior Constable Alexander, assaulting Duncan and two counts of malicious damage.

Mr. Justice Blackburn sentenced him to six years' imprisonment. After completing the sentence, he will be returned to England.

SIX YEARS FOR SIX WORDS

"You would not have the guts", exclaimed the distraught girl to the man on the telephone.

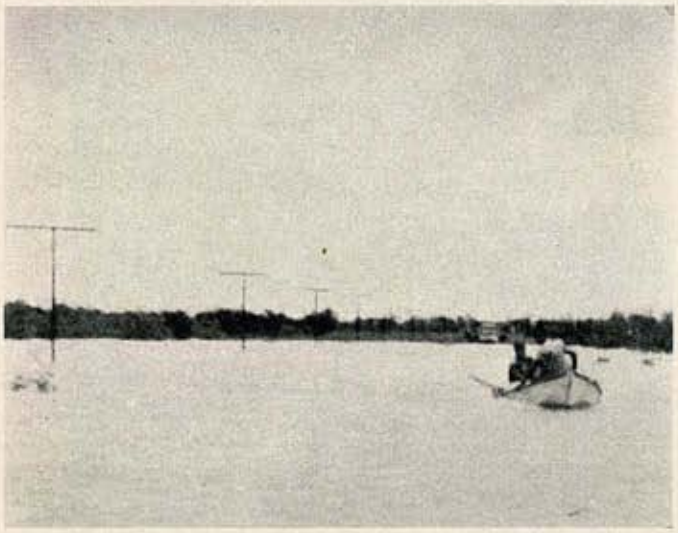
At Michael Hayes' trial much was made of these six words, and the girl, Valma Schrader, agreed in cross-examination that it was the wrong thing to say.

If they really were the trigger that set Hayes off on his dangerous shooting spree at the R.A.A.F. and Coonawarra bases, they were wrong indeed, and Hayes has* six years behind bars to ponder them and regret his reaction to them.

But just how word-choosey is a young girl expected to be with an armed rejected suitor watching her in the middle of the night, threatening to "do her over", and her boy-friend as well?

**(Since reduced on appeal to the High Court—Ed.)*

ELLIOTT AWASH



Cars, trucks and even road trains give way to small boats on the Stuart Highway near Elliott during 1967 floods.

ELLIOTT Police Station is situated between Alice Springs and Darwin, on the Stuart Highway, and is the southernmost Police Station administered by the Northern Division Inspector. The district covers an area of about 12,000 square miles. This includes Beetaloo Station 2,745 square miles, Newcastle Waters Station 4,005 square miles, Muckaty Station 577 square miles, Helen Springs Station, 2,082 square miles and Ucharonidge Station 958 square miles.

Elliott township came into being during the last War when an Army camp was established to cater for soldiers en route to Darwin, and road builders forming the Stuart Highway. I am told that the name "Elliott" was given after the Army Officer in charge of this camp base.

The township of Newcastle Waters is 18 miles to the north and is two miles off the Stuart Highway. Until 1950 the Police Station was situated at Newcastle Waters. Senior Constable Gordon Stott was the last Policeman at Newcastle Waters and the first in Elliott. I have been recently reading some of his old correspondence. The area which Gordon patrolled in those days seemed to be anywhere at all and everywhere. He went as far east as Anthony's Lagoon, south to Tennant Creek, north to Daly Waters and even to Wave Hill, and appeared to have had far more duties than we have now, such as Protector of Aboriginals, Stock Inspector and, in general, Mr. Everything.

Elliott is on the verge of the Barkly Tablelands, which extend eastward over hundreds of miles of black soil plains to Queensland. These plains are virtually treeless and drovers taking cattle over them would carry wood as they went, for their fires. I suppose now they use portable gas stoves! Flinders and Mitchell grasses flourish on these fertile plains, considered by some to be the finest cattle lands in Australia. At Newcastle Waters is the junction of the famous Murranji Stock Route and the Barkly Stock Route. Only a few years ago up to 100,000 head of cattle annually were walked from the Top End of the Northern Territory and the West Australian border to the markets in Queensland and New South Wales. Many adventure stories and thrilling yarns have been written of these famous drovers, that now almost extinct race of men and women who rode over these tracks in the earlier days for months at a time with the cattle — tales of hardship and tragedy, of births, deaths and marriages taking place in this once wild and inhospitable land. In 1966 only 3,000 head of cattle walked to Queensland. The mammoth semi-trailers and prime movers have certainly altered the ways of life in the cattle industry.

In October, 1966, 162 points of rain fell, in November, 83 points, in December, 308 points. The rain was scanty and scattered and the future looked bleak to the cattleman. But 1967 will always be remembered in Elliott as the year of the floods.

I remember talking to "Old Mac" John McDonald, Storekeeper, of Newcastle Waters, well known old Territory "battler" (I think he means, by this self-inflicted title, that he now has enough money to build a battleship!). Old Mac is the storyteller supreme and perhaps our greatest tourist attraction.

The sun was shining down from a cloudless deep blue sky and the waterbag was boiling in the shade.

"What of the rain, Mac?" said I.

"There's going to be floods", said he, spitting particles of hot dry sand from his parched and cracked lips.

These old timers are ever optimistic, ,but I couldn't possibly imagine a flood. I noticed, though, that old Mac had bought a semi-trailer load of beer and several tons of flour which he commenced to store in a high, dry place.

"The drought is down on field and flock
the river bed is dry;
And we must shift the starving stock
before the cattle die."

Patterson's poem at this stage certainly fitted the bill! Little did I know that three months later I would be rowing a boat to Mac's front door at the Store; and I also rowed this boat and tied it up to the front fence of the Manager's residence at the Newcastle Waters Station Homestead.

The cattle on the plains were indeed in poor condition. The once green pastures had by December perished to withered brown and the Flinders and Mitchell grass had blown away. The plains were now dry and dead. January brought little relief; only 129 points of rain fell. Old Mac's dream of the flood seemed very far away. But in February it came with a vengeance. It rained solidly for 23 days. A total of 24 inches and 53 points fell at the Elliott Police Station from every conceivable direction. The result: floods of such severity as had never been known in the area before.

There were three main areas of flood water which affected tourists and Northern Territorians returning after holidaying in the south. On the Stuart Highway 25 miles north of Elliott the water over the Newcastle Waters causeway rose to a height of 7 ft. and extended 1½ miles across. Half a mile further north, also on the Stuart Highway, Ross's Creek rose to a height of 6 ft. and was more than ½ a mile wide. (Geoff. Kittle's Rolls Royce truck looked pretty in the middle, water lapping over the steering wheel for some days. Geoff. Kittle didn't think so, though.)

Waiters' Convention, both sides of the Cullen River.

The other wet expanse was at Newcastle Waters itself. There the telephone wires, 15 ft. high, went under flood waters which were a mile and a half in width. There were now 130 people cut off completely from the Stuart Highway.

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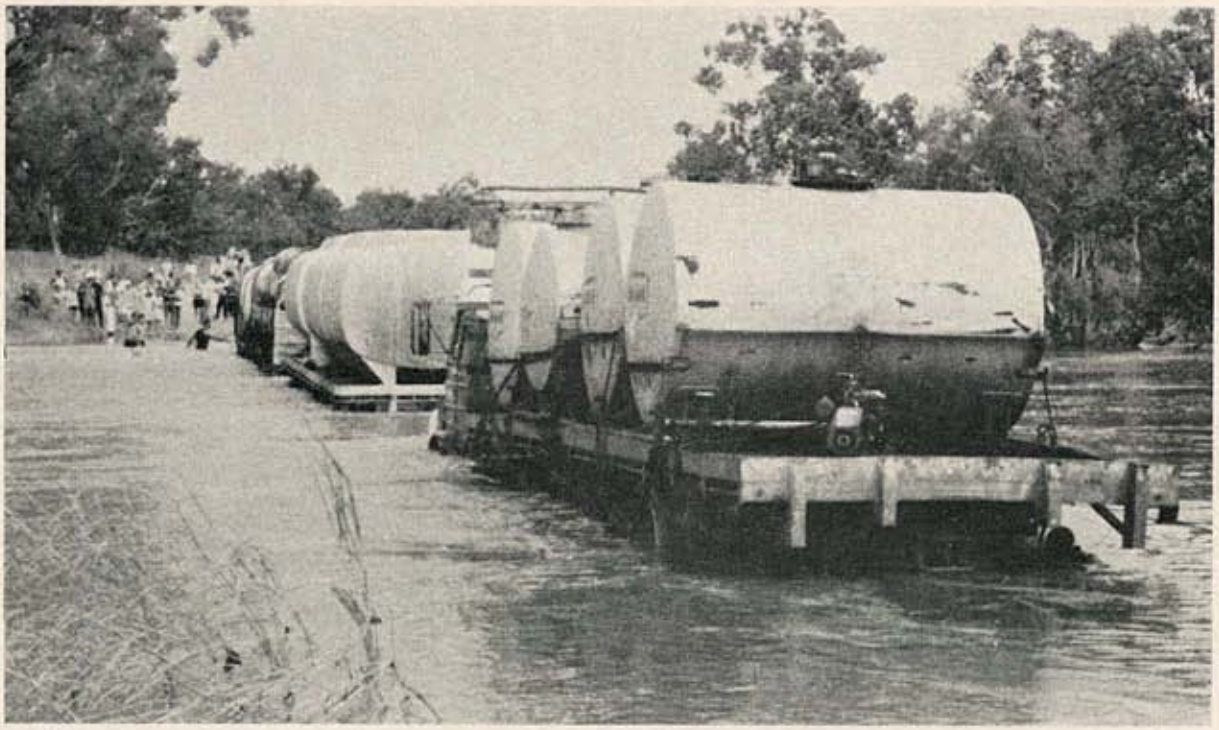
At the end of March there was still 6 ft. of water over the bitumen road bridge into the township. The people of Newcastle Waters had been marooned, as it were, for 7 weeks and could look forward to 3 more weeks of semi-isolation.

There were, on an average, about 35 cars loaded with people held up in Elliott for a period of 2 to 3 weeks. Elliott is certainly not Bondi Beach to tourists. The flies and mosquitoes came by the million to plague those trapped. In desperation, one enterprising group tied 12 x 44 gallon drums together, held with boughs and sticks and old wire, loaded a car onto this contraption, and pushed it over the large expanse of water, which was at this stage 5 ft. deep and a good mile wide. About 20 men pushed against the strong current and a return trip took about 2 hours. Len Cossons was magnanimously offered the first chance (perhaps because he is a Policeman), but he declined strongly; a bit unsportingly, I thought! This venture was quite successful (the shorter blokes got a free ride, anyway, most of the way). One tourist arrived at the Newcastle Waters Creek fully equipped with a dinghy and outboard motor. He showed plenty of public spirit and for several days ferried people and their possessions backwards and forwards across the water. A group of youths arrived (from Bondi, I presume) fully equipped with surfboards and the works and tried out the local surf. Tents went up, camp fires were lit and, generally speaking, one might have been at a camp convention. I borrowed a ROW boat from Constable Basil Smith, of Daly Waters, and thus patrolled the Stuart Highway in a boat. "Oh the joys of rowing up the road!"

By the end of February there were 30 or 40 vehicles in Elliott and 7 large trucks and semi-trailers were camped around the town area. There was a Red Line bus (carrying about 25 passengers), 2 trucks and 7 cars stranded on a half-mile island of exposed bitumen between Ross's Creek and Newcastle Waters Causeway, unable to go north or south. These people were supplied from Elliott with food



First across the Cullen River, after days of waiting vainly for the bridge surface to appear.

which was rowed to them by boat. I might say that I was very impressed by the stoic example set by the older people who, although greatly put out by their experience, never complained of the hardship. Many young men were far less cheerful about the situation. The bus passengers, after a few days, were ferried by boat across the Newcastle Waters creek and taken to Tennant Creek, where they boarded an aeroplane. John Beebe, a truck driver of Elliott, states that he has definitely established the world record for going without sleep; seven days and nights he kept his weary eyes on a truck load of beer on this island. I think his hard heart might have softened in the end, though, as he established what he called "The Bitumen Inn".

The food situation was by this time becoming serious. Only three days' supply of food was held in Elliott by Sherwin's Store. The population was now swollen to 200 persons, including Aboriginals. The R.A.A.F. could have saved us, though. Planes flew overhead daily on a huge food supply airlift to Tennant Creek — and no doubt they took some rare pictures, of Elliott, the carnival town.

Raymond Jansen, the Manager of Newcastle Waters Station, came to the rescue and relieved the food problem by supplying a bullock, which was butchered and sold by Ray to the stranded people. I might add that this beast was *immediately* devoured. The people might have been sick of tinned dog, of course, but still I think this is a compliment to Newcastle Waters beef!

The townspeople of Elliott accepted strangers into their homes and assisted those in need in every way, with the emphasis on women and children.

Finally, towards the end of the first week in March, the waters over the Newcastle Waters Causeway and Ross's Creek receded to a depth of 3½ ft. The Department of Works provided a trailer which was towed by a grader, and vehicles were taken over on the trailer. Altogether about 60 vehicles were taken over the Causeway in this way. Some of these people had been stranded for up to 14 days, including Mrs. Win Currow, from Police Headquarters, and her husband. Mrs. Currow will try hard to get a transfer to Elliott when this is made a two-man Station, as she said, and I quote verbatim, "I love Elliott so much that I spent 10 days of my leave here". (These are NOT the words she used when she got safely back to Headquarters.—Ed.)

For those readers who know the area intimately, Lake Woods overflowed its usual banks by 20 miles. The area to the east of Elliott was an inland sea 60 miles across and lakes appeared within fifty yards of the township homes (no-one knew they were there before!).

Old Mac's intuition, or whatever he would call it, saved the day at Newcastle Waters. I shall give his opinions due respect in future; although, as these floods are rare, perhaps I shall not be here long enough to experience them again. I hope not!

Ray Jansen informed me that Newcastle Waters Station has rainfall figures going back to 1912 — which should be far enough back for those who argue about the "Biggest" Wets. In 1920, 30.25 inches; in 1941, 30.85 inches; in 1960, 29.40 inches of rain fell at Newcastle Waters. These figures are for the full year from 1st January to the last day in December. In 1967, to date, 31.71 inches have fallen, with, surely, some more to measure to 31st December, 1967.

"The days are gone of heat and drought
And brought the welcome rain.
The river runs with sullen roar
All flecked with yellow foam;
And we must take the road once more." etc.

— **Horrie Prew**

HOT STUFF

The film version of James Joyce's controversial book "Ulysses" must be the hottest thing to come out of celluloidia. It was banned from screening in Brighton, England, by the Fire Brigade Committee.

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Death of Inspector L. C. Hook, M.V.O.

Inspector Louis Clandon Hook, aged 50, was killed in a head-on car collision on the Stuart Highway on Friday, 16th June, 1967. It was the fifth anniversary of his promotion to the rank of Inspector in a Force which he served well for 26 years.

In a Press release the Commissioner of Police, Mr. W. J. McLaren, described the death of Inspector Hook as a tragic loss to the Northern Territory Police Force.

He was an efficient officer whose sound judgment could be relied upon, and the loss of his wide experience and local knowledge would leave a severe gap in the already low numbers of officer ranks in the N.T. Force.

His record of service should be an inspiration to younger members and one they should strive to achieve.

He died on duty whilst serving in the Police Force and Territory he loved, where he was respected and loved by so many.

The sympathy of all members of the Police Force and staff is extended to his widow and members of his family.

The Commissioner said Louis Clandon Hook had come to the N.T. as a member of the Royal Australian Artillery Regiment and in April, 1941, he had joined the Police Force.

He had resigned in 1947 but several months later in the same year he was readily accepted back into the Force.

He was promoted through the ranks until on June 16, 1962, he was promoted to Inspector.

His qualities of leadership were well recognised, and in 1963 he was appointed Marshal for the N.T. for the Royal Visit.

The vast amount of work and organisation he was called on to perform was recognised by Her Majesty who made him a personal award of a Member of the Royal Victorian Order, (Fifth Class).

After he had attended an executive course for Police Officers at the Australian Police College in N.S.W. in 1964 — a course he completed with distinction — the principal of the College had written of him: "I formed a very high regard for Lou who impressed me as a very fine type of Senior Officer. He was a credit to your Force."

Inspector Hook's services had again been recognised in 1965 when he had been awarded the Police Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, and in recent years he had been Inspector in charge of the Northern Division of the Territory.

The late Inspector Lou Hook, M.V.O.

Lou Hook was a lively extrovert with a fine flow of expressive language guaranteed to spark up even the dullest conversation. We also had the pleasure of using some of his writings in "Citation", under the name "Hooshta" — there is a piece in this issue, in fact — or that all-embracing "Anon".

He was buried in Darwin with full Police honours and one of the longest funeral processions ever seen in this City.

He leaves a widow, a son (Alan, a school teacher in S.A.) and a 19-year-old daughter, Elaine.

Funeral procession of the late Inspector Hook passing Police Headquarters, Darwin.
("N.T. News" photo)

Shooting and Shooters

PICK up any magazine catering to the tastes of the Hunting, Shooting and Fishing fraternity. I'll bet pounds to peanuts you will find a photograph of a "hunter" holding a defunct wedgetail eagle up by the wing, or posed with one foot on the carcass of a very dead goat or pig.

Usually the caption goes something like this. "Eddie Cafoops with his fine trophy taken at Woop Woop plains", (or something).

Eddie has, of course, the proud look of a gentleman who has really accomplished something earth shattering. He has — he took the life of an animal or bird which never had the ghost of a chance of surviving once Eddie decided he'd try his skill!

Turning now to the accompanying article describing how Eddie performed this wondrous feat of murder, with malice aforethought.

Firstly, Eddie invariably refers to his firearm by name, e.g. Old Sally or Old Betsy or some such western frontier soubriquet.

One must get used to this terminology because from here onwards the reader is going to be confronted with some very strange and peculiar twists of the language.

For instance, Eddie never looks through his telescope at the surrounding country. He "glasses" it. This has a far more outdoor flavour and ring to it than simply looking through a telescope.

Never does he look for pests like crows, rabbits or foxes. He glasses the countryside for "varmints", whatever that may mean.

To carry on: having glassed the valley below (this gives the impression of the grandeur of the mountains) and sighted a varmint (or Flannigan's stud bull) Eddie now becomes the predatory hunting animal. He glances around for cover, carefully of course, an inch at a time (remember the danger he is in, some 300 yards from a crow or other varmint!) Ah, a tree stump, just the right height, upon which to rest his bed roll. (Eddie always has a bed roll handy, if he is not sleeping in it; this is for use as a rifle rest on said stump).

Now to gauge the distance, windage, atmospheric conditions, light and what have you. It is always a distinct advantage when in this situation to hold a degree in advanced mathematics or nuclear physics.

Well, to get back to the varmint, who chomps on a sheep carcass, completely unaware of the black murder in Eddie's heart and his anguish to arrive at the right conclusions to make the murder perfect.

Having set himself up behind the stump with hat drawn well down over the eyes, Eddie's "brain" begins to churn. Distance — I know the old cannon (or Old Sally) shoots 1" high at 100 yards — when I'm using Doolackie's Special Thunderbolt Nickel-plated Armour-piercing, gutbursting, hollow-pointed, factory-load specials with 85 gr. bullet and umpteen grain charge of Hong Kong cracker gunpowder (by using this stuff one can enjoy the display and offset any regrets at murdering a helpless bird or animal). Unfortunately, I'm not using these loads (a technical term for ammunition) today, etc. etc. ad nauseum. Eddie, however, will find a way.

Now comes the part which sorts the men from the boys — judging the distance to the varmint. There are many ways to do this. The most efficient way of doing it, of course, is to bring along a theodolite and chainman, but I have yet to see the varmint shooter who is unable to assess distances to the yard.

Eddie now casts his eagle eye over the intervening terrain to his target. Calculates and arrives at a figure, give or take fifty yards, but he knows Old Sally can "reach out" — a technical term meaning capable of shooting the required distance.

Now comes the moment of truth. He angles into position behind the stump, rests Old Sally on the bed roll and "touches her off". This means he squeezes the trigger and Old Sally does the rest.

The varmint, in this case a crow, explodes in a shower of feathers. Eddie's bird targets are never "shot", nor are his rabbits or foxes. The latter are scattered all over the landscape. (This renders them rather difficult for making stews or fur coats.)

These terms are of course indicative of the devastating fire power of Old Sally and her load, with Eddie, the nut at the butt.

One other thing — on these murderous little forays Eddie always has a companion. This gentleman's duty is, of course, to give authenticity to the distance, the load, Old Sally and any other doubtful issues which may arise concerning the day's "sport".

It would now be well to append a glossary of the jargon used by the real varmint shooter.

We have dealt with varmints, loads, reaching out, glassing and the like, but it does not end there.

Such things as the scope, mounts, head spacing, snobbling, the fore end, bedding, zeroing, styling, checkering, necking, pickets, crosswires and the like are all as familiar to the varmint shooter as a steering wheel is to a car driver. Not forgetting the cartridge cases. These are referred to as the "brass".

Now for Old Sally or Old Betsy. She usually starts out in life as the back axle of a "T" model Ford, or some such. All true varminters know of an expert who is able to do miraculous things in the building of "wild cats" (this is a rifle of unusual calibre) and the job is given to him to do. It is always an advantage if you have a billet of swamp mulga or portion of an old railway carriage to be built into a stock. This entails another specialist, who "custom builds" the article to fit the shooter. He is the gentleman who puts the finishing touches on Old Sally after the wildcatter has chambered, rifled and fitted the action, usually from some exotic continental arm guaranteed not to bust, split, crack, or blow the shooter's head off at pressures around 50,000 lbs. to the square inch, according to the loading, give or take a pound or two.

Now the next step is to find a load for Old Sally. This entails brass, bullet shape, weight of bullet and type of propellant plus other mysterious rites performed by the expert in these matters.

Finally the great day comes, and the proud owner, having parted with unknown quantities of hard-earned currency to the various experts, and laid out considerable gilt for a telescope, takes himself off to a secluded spot, complete with all the paraphenalia necessary to prove to himself that it was all worth it.

Having satisfied himself of this the varminteer is set to graduate to big game shooting in Australia.

For this venture, he selects the Northern Territory, where he has heard there are untold numbers of crocodiles,

To All Our Members and Friends

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a

HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

buffalo, wild camels, pigs, brumbies, donkeys (these latter *are* prevalent) emus, stud cattle, brood mares, and unsuspecting pastoralists.

Not forgetting the fashionable practice of carrying a pot of white paint and a brush (silly eh?). These are for endorsing the name, date and appropriate marks of remembrance on the Flynn Memorial, Ayers Rock, the Devil's Marbles and other places of interest, hitherto unsullied.

The shooting between Port Augusta, South Australia, and the Territory is excellent. Pastoralist Sid Stanes is able to swear to this, as he lost a stud stallion and 3 brood mares to some itinerant hunter a few years ago.

Not to mention an odd water tank or two, and troughing, riddled by some Old Sally. (This of course proved her penetrating power with a certain load.)

Proceeding north from Alice Springs the shooting improves out of sight. The first target which appears is the sign denoting the tropic of Capricorn, just outside the hills. This is the spot to test the spread of shot for shot guns in case a plains turkey (fully protected) ambles across the road.

Next we come to the road signs equipped with catseyes and rather large lettering. It is the done thing to shoot the daylights out of these, rendering them unreadable. A shot gun blast is the ideal cure for these unsightly items on dangerous bends and cattle grids.

Then if there is a lull in the proceedings the overland telegraph line with its multiple wires and insulators provides a real test for the shooter. He is able, with one shot, to effectively put the A.B.C. temporarily out of business and completely confound the linesmen trying to find the breakdown in the system, to say nothing of fouling up communications for hundreds of miles.

By now we should be near Helen Springs just north of Tennant Creek. It is in this area that the Chambers Brothers provide such excellent shooting. Some two months ago the bag was a stud cow in calf and a heifer — both loaded down with shot and shell and portion of a carcass removed. Unfortunately these pastoralists have little sense of humour and reported the matter.

So it goes on; horses and cattle shot on the roadside, often left to die in agony, by some trigger-happy numbskull who has no respect for property (other people's); bird shooting out of season, regardless of species; encroachment on private property; damage to road signs, telegraph insulators, tanks and troughing; poaching on sanctuaries and reserves, including Aboriginal reserves, and looting of wild fowl eggs from nesting places in sanctuaries.

The depredations of so-called sportsmen and shooters in the Northern Territory, not all attributable to visitors, has never been assessed but it would run into thousands of dollars, not to mention the extinction of some species of wild life through indiscriminate slaughter.

This is the dark side of the picture. There is, however, the class of shooter who leans over backward to conform to the law, shows consideration for property rights and refrains from shooting game which cannot be used.

Sad to say this class of sportsman in the true sense of the word is all too rare. It would do no harm to say here and now, that the Northern Territory is not one vast game shooting area in which shooting may be carried out without regard to life and limb.

Valuable cattle and horses roam the properties of the Northern Territory and these properties are reckoned in square miles, not acres. Perhaps its very vastness has been the cause of the trouble.

To the visitor from the southern states it probably comes as a shock to find somebody owns those thousands of miles and that there are laws to protect the owners or lessees.

Sanctuaries are declared in certain areas. Wild animals and birds are categorised as fully protected, pests, vermin, partly protected, etc. There are laws to cover these matters and they are policed as far as possible.

We like to think we are civilised and I appeal to those shooters and tourists visiting the Territory to give the Northern Territory and its inhabitants, both human and otherwise, the same consideration as you would expect any visitor to give you in your own home State.

— **Hooshta**

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INSPECTOR METCALFE

A noteworthy promotion since our last issue is that of Allan Frederick Metcalfe, of Alice Springs, to the rank of Inspector. Joining the Force in Darwin in 1952, at the age of 21, Allan has served for the greater part of his career in Tennant Creek and Alice Springs, and has risen through the ranks by good honest effort and keen study. He has several times demonstrated notable courage and physical endurance in rescue work in the Centre. He came to us from Bright, Victoria. He met his wife-to-be in his early days at Tennant, when she was a sister at the local hospital, and they now have five young Territorians on the hoof.

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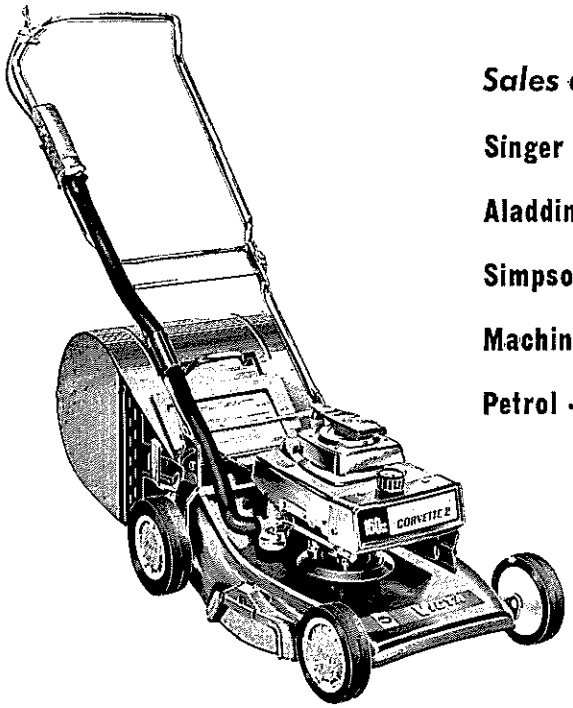

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SIX MODELS FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

Constable Bruce Honeywill and his bride, the former Kay Dawina Heaton, leaving the United Church, Darwin, after their marriage. Bestman Ross Honeywill and bridesmaid Clare Heaton are seen at the rear.

(Nightcliff Photographers, photo)

Gordon Raabe Among Resignations

Sergeant 1/C Gordon Edgar Raabe, until recently Officer-in-Charge at Tennant Creek Police Station, has resigned from the Force after 17 years' service and returned to his home State, Queensland, to live and work. Sergeant Raabe was a competent C.I.B. man in his early years in Darwin, and later, after promotion, was Sergeant in Charge of Katherine, Alice Springs and Tennant Creek.

Other departures in recent times include Policewoman Constable Angelina Butta, who resigned and returned to New South Wales, and Constable Robert ("Tassie") Young (superannuated). It is not really true that Tassie pulled out in a huff after reading that Scottish newspaper item: "Two submarines rescued the population of Tasmania, a tiny island south of Australia, completely engulfed in flames." Far from being noted for fire risks, Tassie claims, the island — really much, much bigger than the Caledonians will admit — is famous for its beautiful cold waterfalls (or "cascades", as he calls them, with a rare touch of poetry). Tas. his wife (former Policewoman Constable Elaine Edwards) and child have gone off to New South Wales to live.

POLICE COURT

Geoff Shervill announced his engagement to Shirley Clark of Katherine.

Robin Chalker, of Darwin, has announced his engagement to Maree Spence, of Melbourne.

LIFERS' ROW

Constable Vincent O'Keefe and Margaret Dorothy Lambert were married on 22nd April, 1967, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Darwin.

Constable Glen Saxby and Denise Mary Irwin were married on 1st April, 1967, at the Methodist Church, Brighton, S.A.

Constable Bruce Honeywill and Sandra Heaton, of Roper Valley, were married at United Church, Darwin, on 15th July, 1967.

Constable Doug. Vallance and Nan Wyatt were married on 15th April, 1967, at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Mt. Gambier, S.A.

STORK BEAT

On 29th June, 1967, at Katherine, to John and Margaret Francis, of Borroloola, a daughter — Catherine Honorah.

On 24th March, 1967, at Darwin, to Doug and Denise Trenham, a son — John Brian.

On 23rd April, 1967, at Darwin, to Keiran and Margaret MacCarthy, now of Wave Hill, a son — Rory Claraan.

On 8th June, 1967, at Darwin, to "Saus" and Norma Grant, a son — Matthew Sean.

On 14th February, 1967, at Darwin, to Pat and Lynette Grant, a son — John Andrew.

On 28th July, 1967, at Alice Springs, to Tim and Pamela Egan, a daughter — Sally.

On 1st August, 1967, at Darwin, to Darryl and June Alexander, — a daughter, Susan.

On 30th July, 1967, at Darwin, to John and Marlene Ilett, a son — Ian.

On 15th July, 1967, at Alice Springs, to Monty and Kathleen O'Mahoney, a son — Paul Gerrard.

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RECRUIT NOTES

An early date with the printer has cut out the usual orbiting of new Recruits in this space, but we"l catch up with the new 1967 batch in our next issue.

In the meantime, we are intrigued by a tale about the last intake, flat to the boards after weeks of grilling by the instructors, and about to take their first steps on the beat in the big new world of The Law. Giving a final brisk rundown, the Chief Instructor concluded:

"Well, gentlemen, we've spent the last eight weeks developing in you those qualities of Initiative, Individuality and Independent reasoning so vital in your work as Police Officers. Now get out on the beat and see that you all do everything exactly as we've told you."

This year's drive, incidentally, is the first in which married appointees were sought. Housing will undoubtedly be a vital point in the outcome of any plan to recruit married personnel and this experiment will be watched with very keen interest. Our hope is, of course, that married officers will be more stable and settled in their outlook and, consequently, will be prepared, after the hard thinking that must precede their acceptance of an appointment, to settle down for a long term of service in the Territory.

The "Charred Tooth" Murder

by Gordon Bladen

(This is not a Territory story, but the author is a former Northern Territory Policeman, so we took the chance on pinching a bit of South Australian Police thunder on that account. The story originally appeared in the "Australian Police Journal," Sydney, shortly after Gordon Bladen had left our Force to join the South Australian Police—Ed.)

THE conviction in 1918 of 60-years-old John Grindell for the murder of his son-in-law, George Windsor Snell, was followed by a series of articles by William Horace Yelland in "The Mail" newspaper, Adelaide, in which Yelland used his professional skill as a journalist to point out seeming weaknesses in the Crown evidence. The convicted man, however, was required to serve ten years of a life sentence before his release in 1928, a short time only before his death.

The crime occurred in the vicinity of Beltana, a township situated about 375 miles north of Adelaide, on the eastern edge of the desolate Sturt's Stony Desert. The central figures were John Grindell, the owner of Worturpa, a cattle grazing property, his son-in-law, George Windsor Snell, who, at the time of his death was 34 years of age, and George Grindell, the 18-year-old son of the convicted man. On the 13th August, 1918, these three cattlemen left Angipina Station, near Beltana, and rode to John Grindell's property twenty miles away, where they mustered cattle. After four days of almost continuous riding, the three men drove a herd of cattle to Balcannoona Station, a few miles from Worturpa, and then returned to the homestead of the last-named property. The following morning George Grindell rode a horse back to Balcannoona Station, leaving his father and Snell alone. After collecting the mail he returned to Worturpa and found his father and brother-in-law in very high spirits with nothing to indicate an approaching tragedy.

Early on the Monday morning, the 19th August, Snell and the younger Grindell caught the former's horse, preparatory to Snell's return home to Angipina Station. George Grindell then left the homestead to search for his father's pack camel which had strayed from the Station, and returned to the homestead after two hours of fruitless search to find his father alone. To his inquiries about his brother-in-law he received the non-committal reply, "He's gone". Snell was not again seen alive and his movements after catching his horse are shrouded in mystery.

George Grindell then packed his camping gear, saddled his horse and rode to the cattle camp on Balcannoona Station where he collected the cattle and pushed on to Italowrie, where he arrived late on the Tuesday afternoon. After he had placed the cattle in a small paddock he was joined by his father and together they camped the night. The next morning they rode to Leigh Creek, whence their cattle were trucked to Adelaide on the 28th August, 1918, just ten days after the disappearance of George Snell.

Meanwhile, William Snell, the brother of the missing man, who was at Angipina Station, became anxious when his brother failed to turn up and he rode to Copley where he met John Grindell in a hotel. Knowing his brother and Grindell were together on Worturpa Station, he asked what had detained his brother. John Grindell said, "He left us at Worturpa so I do not know where he is". William Snell thereupon interviewed Mounted Constable Waterhouse at Beltana and informed that officer of his brother's disappearance and also acquainted him with the few scanty details he had of his brother's movements shortly before the disappearance. William Snell then returned to Angipina Station where he was joined shortly afterwards by Constable Waterhouse and a Police tracker named Albert. Together this trio rode to Worturpa where they were met by two cattlemen named Morris and Wilson and four Mount Searle natives, who were there waiting to commence a search.

On the morning of the 31st August the search for George Snell commenced and after an hour of preliminary scouting in ever-widening circles, the missing man's black horse was found grazing in a patch of wattle trees about half a mile from the homestead. Soon afterwards three sets of horse tracks and a camel's tracks, coming from Angipina Station towards Worturpa, were found, these no doubt being the tracks of the Grindells and Snell as they rode to Worturpa to muster the cattle. A little later the natives found two sets of horse tracks leading towards Balcannoona Station from Worturpa and these, after a close examination, they declared to have been made about twelve days before and with about twenty-four hours separating the passage of the two horses. These were no doubt the tracks of the horse ridden by the younger Grindell, and of that on which he was later followed by his father.

Returning to Worturpa, the party again commenced a search for some sign that would indicate the whereabouts of George Snell, but on failing to find anything worthwhile, and being further discouraged by steadily falling rain, the party temporarily gave up the search and returned to the homestead. On the 2nd September, Constable Waterhouse and William Snell, accompanied by four Police trackers, left the homestead and rode about a mile northwards over some rocky, low-lying hills. Finding a wild donkey's pad, the party continued along this pad and soon discovered a faint camel track in some soft rain-soaked earth. Spreading out, with Albert in the lead, they followed

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these faint tracks for two miles through mulga scrub and wattle to a dry creek with a bed of water-worn rocks where the tracks were lost.

From this point the four trackers commenced searching in circles and soon discovered the tracks of a camel about half a mile down the dry creek. Here the tracks took a sharp turn to the right and proceeded up over a long rocky ridge where they were lost again. The trackers, Austin and Sydney, then left the main party and rode north into some sandy undulating country where, after a short search, they found the camel tracks again. Returning to Constable Waterhouse they told of their find and then led the party to the new search area. From this point the party followed the tracks west over some low sandy hills for about a mile and a half, where they reached another dry, rocky creek, heavily covered with ti-tree scrub. Following the creek's course a short distance they found that the rocky bed gave way to fine, clean sand where the camel's tracks were quite plain and on continuing down the natural course of the creek they discovered the remains of a large fire.

Constable Waterhouse carefully examined the remains of this fire, which were of such a nature that they indicated a fierce blaze. The Constable noticed that the remains of the fire bore a peculiar appearance in that they showed that the fire had been long and narrow and not of the usual circular shape commonly found in ordinary camp fires. This aspect suggested the possible burning of a body and the officer thereupon carefully raked and searched the ashes to find some charred pieces of bone and teeth. Meanwhile, the other searchers had discovered where a camel had been tied to a "bullock bush" and it was evident from the amount of wild carrot that had been eaten by the camel that it had stood near this bush for two or three hours whilst tied up.

The party then searched the immediate vicinity, found nothing else of value, and then remounted and followed the camel's tracks towards Italowrie Gorge and on this journey tracker Treloar found Snell's horse bridle where it had apparently fallen from the camel's back. Continuing their search in the form of large semi-circles they approached within a mile of Worturpa homestead where they found the missing man's saddle on a pile of dry wattle sticks with the flaps turned in and the surcingle still done up. It seemed that preparations had been made to burn the saddle. Collecting the saddle, the party returned to Worturpa and found that John Grindell had arrived home from Copley. Grindell saw the party approaching and, apparently realizing that he was under suspicion, he mounted a horse and tried to ride away, but was overtaken by Constable Waterhouse who brought him back to the homestead. Waterhouse questioned Grindell about his relations with Snell, and Grindell wildly accused the missing men and his brother William, of cattle stealing. Further questioning elicited the information that the missing man had once beaten Grindell with a horse whip for accusing him of stealing Grindell's cattle.

Waterhouse then searched the homestead and took possession of two .44 calibre Winchester rifles, which had recently been cleaned and oiled, and then turned to Grindell and asked, "What did you do to George?" Grindell said, "I'll say no more". He was then arrested, taken to Beltana Police Station and formally charged with murder. Subsequently, Detective Wylie Nation of Adelaide and Constable Waterhouse returned to the scene of the fire and sifted the remaining ashes to discover a further quantity of charred bone and a small pocket knife, which was subsequently identified as the property of George Snell. After

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collecting their exhibits they returned to Beltana, where they were informed that Mounted Constable Kerin had found Grindell's camel at Farina, about thirty miles from Worturpa.

Constable Kerin had closely examined the camel and found on its rump a large patch of matted hair, strongly tinged with a brown, rusty-looking stain. He cut off a quantity of this matted hair and placed it in an envelope and it, together with the other exhibits, was then parcelled up and forwarded to Adelaide for examination by Professor Watson and Dr. Edward Angus Johnson, who later certified the bones and teeth as human, but because of decomposition the material which was apparently blood in the camel hair would not respond to clinical tests and could not be identified as such.

At John Grindell's trial on the 2nd December, 1918, at Port Augusta, evidence was given that bad feeling had existed for a number of years between the Snells and the accused over cattle stealing and that about six months before George Snell's death, Grindell was alleged to have said to a dingo trapper, "I'll get those b——— Snells yet, they are not satisfied with stealing my cattle; now they have shot my mule". The accused was alleged to have said a little later, "George Snell is even wearing a pair of boots he stole off me". The dingo trapper gave in evidence that his reply to this was, "Well, you probably stole them off somebody else".

During the investigation it seemed highly probable that, after killing Snell, the accused man had transported the dead body on the pack camel to the site of the fire, but in view of the failure of clinical tests to prove that the substance on the camel's rump was blood, this presumption was not persevered with and the only reference made to the camel at the trial touched the direction taken by this animal after its tracks were discovered, and the length of time it had been tied up near the fire. Evidence was also called to show that the accused was the last person to see Snell alive and that approximately thirty hours elapsed after Grindell's son left Worturpa before he was rejoined by his father. Experts on the habits of camels swore that the tracks of the camel followed by the Police trackers were not those of a straying animal, but of one which was either being led or ridden.

The accused man, in his defence, made an unsworn statement to the Jury, in which he said, "The two Georges caught the little black horse down the creek; my son then went to look for my camel and that is the last time I saw George Snell dead or alive. I do not know whether these gentlemen think I murdered the husband of my daughter and left behind six little grandchildren. If they do they can hang me as high as they like — they are hanging an innocent man". He was found guilty of murder and sentenced to death and, after one petition for a reprieve was refused, a second resulted in the death sentence being reduced to one of imprisonment for life.

Owing to the only proof of death, apart from the circumstances that Snell had suddenly and without notice disappeared, being a few charred fragments of bone and teeth, this case was referred to in the Press at the time as the "charred tooth" murder. It is of interest even to-day because it is believed to have been the first murder trial in Australia in which a jury convicted on such slender evidence of the death of an allegedly murdered man, and with the only evidence of the identification of the remains, a burnt pocket knife. It will hold further interest for those readers who are not acquainted with the native skill of the Australian aborigines in finding and reading the almost invisible traces left by man and beast, even though a period of nearly two weeks may separate the passing of the man or animal and the search by the aboriginal tracker. In many cases before this, and in possibly thousands since, native trackers employed by the Police Forces throughout Australia have proved invaluable in the investigation of crime in sparsely-populated areas of this continent.

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WOLLOGORANG AWAY AT LAST

After years of planning and insistence the Police Station at Wollogorang in the Gulf country some five miles from the Queensland border, has at last been completed and occupied.

Constable John Ascoli flew out by charter plane from Darwin with his wife, Jillian, and two young children on Sunday, 23rd April, and took up duty as the first Officer-in-Charge of this isolated post. This manoeuvre was necessary because of the current inaccessibility by local roads.

A Toyota land-rover-type vehicle has since been despatched to enable patrol work to be carried out.

Nearest neighbours are only half a mile or so away at the Wollogorang cattle Station, but the peculiarly difficult roads of the district make access to other stations something of a problem. Nearest Police neighbours are at Borroloola (approximately 130 miles north-west) and Anthony Lagoon (160 miles south-east).

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

24 Dudley Crescent,
Marino, S.A.

Dear Sir,

Thanks, gentlemen, for the copy of "Citation". I enjoyed reading this magazine very much. It brings back old times of our beloved N.T.

I always tell folk I exist down here in South Australia — but I lived in the Northern Territory. To which the residents invariably remark: "All you old Territory-ites say the same! WHY?"

My only answer is: Only those who have dwelt there and encountered the outpost people, the great spaces of tranquility and the wonderful climate that promotes individuality and freedom to live without being the result of over-organised crowded areas, can know this privilege. And only those of us who lived there, not just scoot through on the main roads.

Regarding the article "A Heroine of Borroloola", it was "They", not just "Her", and without "they" I could not have gone to Horace's aid.

Vic Hall has placed a number of our experiences in book form — recently accepted by Spearman of England. He was very excited that it eventually was accepted. Poor old Victor is an inspiration to anyone who suffers so seemingly dreadful incapacity. He visits us often. He has never lost the Territory neighbourliness, and he has a very genuine little wife who complements him splendidly, being in his own age group and well travelled.

Gordon and Geane Birt visit regularly as they live quite close.

Sincere wishes for the continued success of your Citation magazine

Sincerely,
Ruth Heathcock

KATHERINE TO KATHERINE — *VIA EMUNGALAN*

by E. H. MOREY

Emungalan!... "place by the Big River". Once it was the end of the North Australian Railway, running southward from Darwin; but today there is hardly a speck on the ground or a faint line on the map to recall its brief but lively existence between the two Katherines.

KATHERINE started off at The Crossing — the Old Crossing, or Nott's, or Nixon's, according to your particular period of history. This was the Katherine of "We of the Never Never", and that is where the first Police Station was established — tucked away in amongst those huge granite and limestone boulders above the Crossing.

The first phase of the North Australian Railway was the 146 miles from Darwin to Pine Creek, completed in 1889 mainly by Chinese coolie labour. The second phase was some 53½ miles from Pine Creek to the Katherine River — to Emungalan. The third was to meet a contemporaneous northbound movement from Oodnadatta, S.A., thus spanning the country completely from north to south. But never the trains shall meet, it seems. There is still a gap of more than 620 miles between the northern and southern railheads.

The Crossing at Katherine River was a couple of miles off the surveyed rail route, so a new townsite was laid out north of the river, at Emungalan. In the nineteen-twenties the settlement consisted of the station-master's residence, a Chinese store, another owned by Jack Bernhard, a few houses and shanties and the camp-town of the bridge builders.

From the South came men and materials to build a railway bridge across the Katherine River. The steel quarter-mile bridge, eighty feet above the clear water, has stood the test of time and flood and remains a substantial monument to the hardy toilers and efficient engineers who produced it. When it was nearing completion the rough and ready bridge workers were added to or replaced by even tougher characters who assembled at Emungalan to work on the southward railway construction.

After the weekly train arrived on one occasion a number of rough, lawless types disembarked and roamed the township. Several of them invaded Jack Bernhard's store and demanded grog. Bernhard and Jim Stewart bustled them outside and bolted the flimsy door.

First came threatening language, then bullets ripped through the door. Jim Stewart returned the fire. From outside came a howl of pain as Denny O'S, one of the ringleaders, received a bullet in the leg. The shooting continued from both sides. Out on the street there was a burst of anger and profanity. "Peg-leg" Anderson was sprawled in the dust with his wooden leg splintered by a bullet.

At the start of the shooting the few ladies of the settlement, with their children, had taken refuge in the Station-master's residence. Father Forrest had arrived on the train that evening, as well as all the sinners now performing in the street. He and Colin Cox armed themselves and stayed to protect the women and children. Shots continued

Mounted Constable Ted Morey at about the time of the history he has recalled here.

to be fired intermittently until darkness came, when the shooting ceased.

Colin Cox left to get his swag. Halfway to his camp a ghostly figure bailed him up in the darkness.

"Put up your hands or I will shoot! Who are you?" roared the ghost.

"Colin Cox. Who are you?"

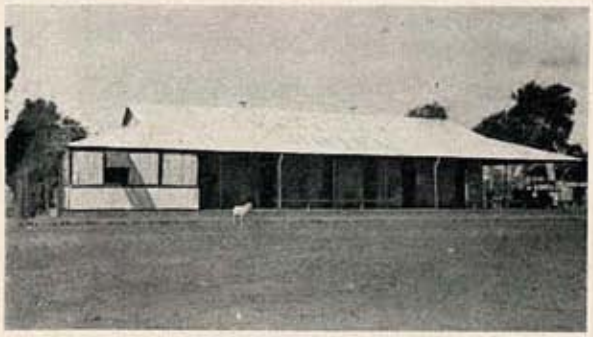
It was Sir Alexander Coburn-Campbell, then manager of Vestey's Manbulloo Station, dressed in immaculate white.

They went off together to get Colin's swag. When returning to the station master's residence they heard a disturbance in some bushes beside the track. Colin flashed his torch on a figure crouched behind a clump of bushes. Sir Alex raised his revolver to fire. Colin knocked his arm up.

"It's only Foxy . . . he's not in the shooting."

Foxy was a dead-beat hanger-on. Gunplay wasn't in Foxy's line, but his useless life almost terminated by the gun at that moment.

Back at the station-master's house, keeping alert and tedious watch far into the night, Sir Alex and Colin stared with bright-eyed anticipation as Father Forrest slowly drew a long, shiny bottle from his valise. The Priest held the bottle up to the light of the kerosene lamp and examined



Only a goat would stand out in, the hot Katherine sun outside Tim O'Shea's Pub.

it. So did his two eager watchers. The Priest shook his head sorrowfully.

"Communion wine", he said, with stern finality.

The Police, then stationed two miles up river at the Crossing at old Katherine, came down on horseback and, with residents of Emungalan, set about dispersing the lawless mob. By morning all was quiet.

Denny O'S, inspite of his leg wound, pedalled a bicycle over the fifty or so miles of rough, stony track running beside the Overland Telegraph line to Pine Creek. Here he was arrested and brought before Edward Copley Playford, Special Magistrate and Chief Mining Warden. "Old Cop", the complete humanitarian, considered that Denny had punished himself enough by pushing the bicycle over that uninhabited, bone-shaking track from Emungalan to Pine Creek. He let him off with a fatherly lecture. It didn't do Denny much good. A truculent, drunken nuisance he finished up with one of the longest lists of convictions in the annals of the Territory Police.

A TERRITORY KNIGHT and OTHERS

Sir Alex Coburn-Campbell was married to a sister of Harold (Ki Ki) Giles, formerly of the Northern Territory Police and later long-time manager of famous Elsey Station, and Leslie Giles, formerly Government Secretary in the Northern Territory Administration. These were sons of that intrepid overlander, Alfred Giles, who was a member of the John Ross expedition, the first after John McDouall Stuart. Alfred Giles on two occasions drove cattle, horses and sheep across the continent. The Warlock, south of Mataranka, is named after his favourite horse. For Dr. W. Browne he managed Springvale Station, on the banks of the Katherine. The old homestead is still standing, and is the home of well-known Territorian author, Tom Ronan, his talented wife and family.

Landmark in pre-Second War Katherine, Bill Carter's decorated bakery.

Alfred Giles named the little known caves at Katherine after the Earl of Kintore, Governor of South Australia, who visited the Territory in 1891 . . . by boat to Darwin and buggy down through the Centre.

Springvale was the second station established in the Territory. Glencoe, out from Brock's Creek, was the first, and the famous Elsey, on the Roper River, the third. After leaving Springvale, Alfred Giles formed Bon Rook Station, south of Pine Creek, and also ran the horse mail from Pine Creek, when it was the head of the line, to Katherine, at the Old Crossing. He was first to notify cattle tick on Brahman cattle, at Glencoe in 1880.

FURTIVE FOXY

Foxy's line of business was to follow some drunk whom he knew to be carrying money. When the drunk passed out Foxy, an artist in his despicable trade, would neatly cut out his pockets with a razor. But he met more than his match when he encountered a rough, uncouth character, weighing some seventeen stone, who had assumed the name of a well-known old-time boxer — Gus Ruhlin. When the self-styled Gus Ruhlin lay in a drunken sleep, Foxy cut out his pockets and robbed him of thirty six pounds — real money to a working man in those days.

When Big Gus awoke and found his pockets and money missing he recognized the technique. He went in search of Foxy and found him at the pub enjoying the liquid

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Policemen's Purgatory! — this angle-iron sweatbox was part of the "new" Police Station buildings referred to by Ted Morey. It was used as Police office and court room for nearly 40 years until the present brick replacement eventuated.

assets made possible with Gus' money. The big man grabbed Foxy by the throat with one hand and searched him with the other. True to name and nature Foxy had hidden most of the £36 and Gus fumed when he recovered only a few shillings. His clenched fist smashed into Foxy's face and the miserable thief was unconscious before his flying body hit the ground. Big Gus scowled down at him.

"Yer got thirty-six quid orf me, Foxy, m'lad, an' it's goin' to be a quid a punch. There's thirty-five more like that owin' to yer!"

But Gus never collected. Foxy vanished further down the track to try his luck in the camps around Mataranka and beyond.

"OLD COP"

Affectionately known everywhere as "Old Cop", six-feet-four Edward Copley Playford was an outstanding man in every way. Respected and popular, he was a relic of the days when South Australia administered the Territory, and an uncle of Sir Thomas Playford, long-time Premier of South Australia. In the early days of the Territory, Old Cop travelled on horses into the unknown lands. He confidently proclaimed that such areas as Tanami, Tennant Creek and the Gulf country would prove as rich in minerals as Brock's Creek, Pine Creek, Union Reefs and the like. Tennant has long since proved itself and the Gulf country is just now coming into its own.

In the turbulent days of claim jumping and violent disputes on the fields, Edward Copley Playford understood the miners, the gougers, the battlers; and they, in turn, asked for nothing more than a decision of Old Cop. This fine dignified man is commemorated only in the Hundred of Playford and by a street name in Fannie Bay — seemingly a trivial reward for the historical work done by him. But no doubt he would be well satisfied to be

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perpetuated in any way in the country which he accurately foresaw to be so rich in minerals.

NEW KATHERINE AND OLD IDENTITIES

With the Katherine bridge completed down came train loads of material to push the line southwards, and hundreds of men to build it. The "new" Katherine was established beside the railway line south of the river. It was a hurly-burly mushroom township with bulldust a foot deep in the Dry and a corresponding depth of mud in the Wet — a striking contrast to the bitumen roads, airport, and up-to-date hospital, stores and homes of the present day progressive town.

Old miner, prospector and visionary from Erin, Tim O'Shea built a prefabricated tubular steel and galvanized iron hotel and moved over from Emungalan with his wife and six daughters. Two ex-packhorse mail contractors, Jimmy McAdam and Bert Gill, built and ran the Sportsman's Arms hotel, with a store next door (now the Katherine Stores). Tim O'Shea's Railway Hotel (now the Katherine Hotel) is still in the family, but the old Sportsman's Arms, rebuilt and renamed — it is now the Commercial — has changed hands many times. Jack Bernhard moved over from Emungalan and in partnership with Charlie Rundle opened a store. Cyril and "Sonny" Cox, sons of Colin, are now in this old store, with brother Les in Katherine Stores.

A peculiarity of hotel architecture in Katherine in those days was the provision of a gap of several inches between the concrete floor of the bar-room and the bottom of the walls. This was claimed to be a scientific counter to white ants as well as an automatic aid to the sluicing of the drunk-stained floor. It also made easier the dispersal of pink elephants and obstreperous dingbats — and the more efficient serving of late walk-in customers.

A bulldusty old story is told of a well-known local policeman walking around the back of one of the hotels late one night and coming unexpectedly upon a customer waiting with mouth and sugarbag open while bottles of beer were being rolled out under the wall. On sighting the law the customer vanished rapidly into the tropic night. The policeman moved quietly up to the bag as bottles continued to emerge through the gap to the steady chant from inside — "ten . . . eleven . . . twelve. Well, there's your dozen, lad. Now scoot before the wallopers get you."

"Thanks, old man", said the grateful policeman.

Dead silence within, except for one mighty, pregnant sigh! . . .

A BUSH GENTLEMAN

Colin Cox, one of the most gentle and genuine men ever in the Top End, raised his family at Pine Creek. He came from Sydney in the 1890's with his father, a boat builder. From Darwin they went to the goldfields at Yam Creek and then to Pine Creek. Colin was a master builder, but could turn his hand skilfully to any trade, and the completed job was a masterpiece. He built the original Manbulloo homestead and a new Police Station at Pine Creek — in the main building no nails; timber dove-tailed and interlocked. This building has been replaced only within the past couple of years.

The hotel at the Old Crossing became delicensed. It had been run once by Tom Pearce, "Mine Host" of "We of the Never Never". Mrs. Kate Nott took it over later, and ran it for many years as a store, with a storekeeper's

licence. Joe Gaynor, a tremendously powerful man, carried on as blacksmith, substituting a shady tamarind for the traditional chestnut tree. Increasing business caused the post office to move from the Old Crossing to a 12' x 10' hut near the new railway station. George Lim — now of Darwin, and a near-millionaire — opened a store and eating house. "Stuttering" Bill Ellis erected a bough shed on the bank of the river and plied his trade as a saddler. "Little Teddy" opened a baker shop. Jack Brumby, south of the town, a butcher shop (fresh beef on killing day; after that, dry salt beef). Bill Carter opened up as a baker near O'Shea's pub in a tiny shop bedecked with unique advertising signwriting.

A handsome young doctor, W. Bruce Kirkland, was the Katherine medical officer, and the only one for 200 miles north, or 800 miles south. There was no hospital. The surgery and operating theatre were a couple of rough old railway huts. This breezy, humorous and most capable of medicos attained the rank of Colonel in the Second War and later was Chief Medical Officer of the Territory.

A new Police Station was being built, but an old second-hand angle-iron office-courthouse and two lock-ups were erected first. They were a definite priority. It was a rough, lawless, boisterous township and the lock-ups were filled night after night.

Mounted Constable — later Sergeant — Bob Wood was officer-in-charge at the Old Crossing. He used to drive in to town in the morning in an old buggy drawn by two horses, and return at night. The junior constable had a bunk in the Court House, ablutions at Tim O'Shea's, and meals at Mrs. Conway's eating house. Bob Wood was the first to occupy the new two-storey Police residence — replaced in recent years, as also was the wicked old office-courthouse-cells complex. Bob planted a number of trees in the surrounds, including a magnificent and widely admired tamarind, and a line of poincianas which made a dazzling splash of colour when in flower. Sergeant (later Inspector) Jack Lovegrove, one of the finest men ever to wear the uniform of the Northern Territory Police, moved into the old station at the Crossing.

Johnny Newmarch took over the management of Manbulloo after Sir Alex Coburn-Campbell. Henry Fairfax Finniss, a descendant of Boyle Travis Finniss, first Government Resident of the Territory, became headmaster of the newly opened school. Both station manager and school master were Justices of the Peace, and both got heartily fed up with presiding in the squalid, furnace-like angle-iron Courthouse and being abused by the red-eyed, the unshaven, the scruffy and the odiferous.

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POLICE TRAGEDY

Buried in Katherine in those wild early years was a fine young policeman, Mounted Constable Arthur Clapp. He was stationed at Maranboy and horse-patrolled the construction camps from King River to Mataranka . . . before Tas Fitzer came down and erected two tents as a base from which to keep law and order along the Mataranka section.

At pistol point Arthur Clapp bailed up a couple of bum-boat runners peddling their rot-gut on the line formation. Replacing his pistol it was accidentally discharged. Clapp was shot through the leg, a main artery severed. He received little help — medical attention was far off — and he bled to death.

The railway struggled past Katherine, Maranboy, Mataranka, but never did seem to know how to find its way to Alice Springs. The fore-shadow of the great Depression closed down the construction almost overnight. Many workers were caught penniless and had to have their passages paid back south, east or west.

The railway had by then reached swamp-bound Birdum. A railhead was established and Tim O'Shea built a hotel there. But it was pretty nearly inaccessible in the Wet, and during the last War the railhead was moved back a few miles to Larrimah, on the Stuart Highway. So the southern end of the line is now even nearer to Darwin than it was when construction ceased nearly forty years ago!

★ ★ ★

BOYS' CLUB

They're starting to call Bill Jacobs "Midas' Mate" from the way he attracts dollars to the Darwin Police and Citizens' Youth Club. Apart from a highly profitable return in rentals from the Apex Club's Homes Exhibition, he recently received a cheque for $378 from the Darwin North Rotary Club, and the winner of the last Boys' Club lottery, Michael Georghiou, returned 333 dollars and 33 cents of his $1,000 win to the Club funds. (There's a cent shy there somewhere, Bill — better follow that up.)

It's nice to see it coming in, but there's plenty to go out to cope with building and other costs. At the time of writing, Bill Jacobs has gone off on a well-earned holiday. His place as Superintendent of the Boys' Club is being filled in his absence by Constable John Haywood, of Headquarters.

★ ★ ★

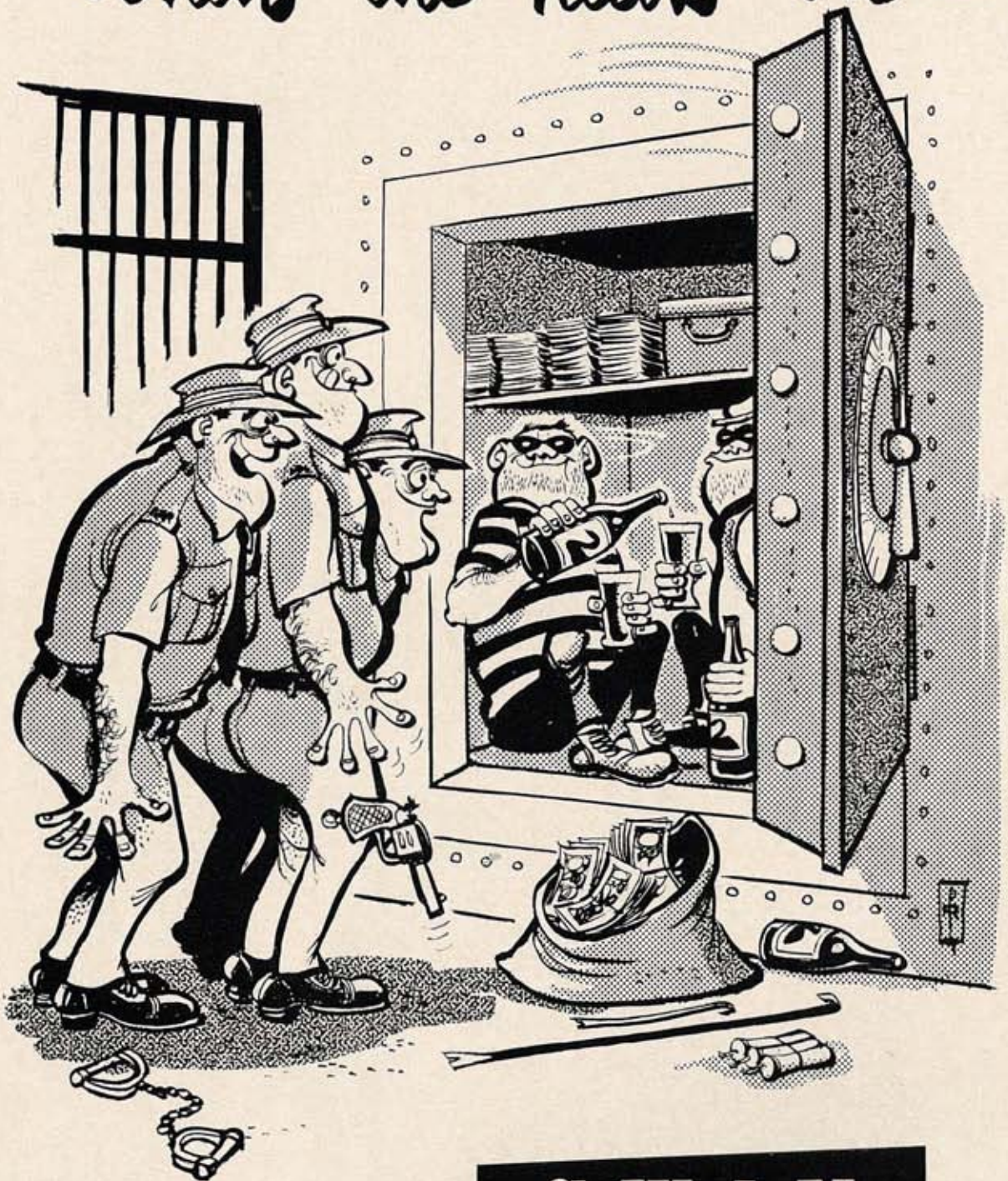
Times ARE A-changin', You Know!

A critical reader politely doubts our suggestion ("Bomb Steer", last issue) that the Bomb might be drastically changing even the local bullocks.

But we dunno!

If it's not the Bomb, it must be *something*. Recent newspapers have recorded — (1) a marriage ceremony performed for two men in Holland; (2) the astonishment of an English widow when a post-mortem examination revealed that her loving hubby of 40 years or so was a woman; (3) an apparently serious dissertation on the acquisition of "de facto wife" recognition for a man living with another; (4) the birth to a 9-year-old girl in Chile of a child whose "sex was Peru (AAP)" (sic). And, Good Lords and Commons, look what else is going by the board in old Westminster these days.

When the heats on —



enjoy a **SWAN**

UP EVERYBODY UP!

Promotions have been the subject of lively discussion and increasing (or decreasing, according to circumstances!) hope during recent months.

Sergeants 2/C Pat Grant, Frank Cronshaw and Len Cossons have gone up to the rank of Sergeant 1/C; Sergeants 3/C Monty O'Mahoney and Graham McMahon to Sergeant 2/C; Senior Constables Harry Belton, Vern Chandler and Bill Goedegebuure to Sergeant 3/C; Constables Tony Godwin, Mike Smith, Neil Plumb and Bob Jackson to Senior Constable; and Constables Peter Young and Tom Zydenbos to Constable 1st Class.

As a result of the 1967 examinations, the following have qualified for further promotion in due course — Sergeant 3/C Bill Goedegebuure to the rank of Sergeant 1/C; Sergeant Arthur Grant and Senior Constables John Ilett and Tim Egan to Sergeant 2/C; and Senior Constables Tony Godwin, Mike Smith, Neil Plumb and Bob Jackson to Sergeant 3/C.

"Well — now I've herd everything!" exclaimed Noah, slamming the Ark doors shut on his last pair.

EXAMINATIONAL EXASPERATION

Some say this is a Police occupational disease.

We are reminded of one timid candidate who headed his paper:

"Lord God of Hosts be with me yet —
Lest I forget! Lest I forget."

At the bitter end he wrote on the tear-stained sheet:

"Lord God of Hosts was with me not —
For I forgot! For I forgot!"

One of more confident demeanour strode briskly into the examination room burbling Biblically:

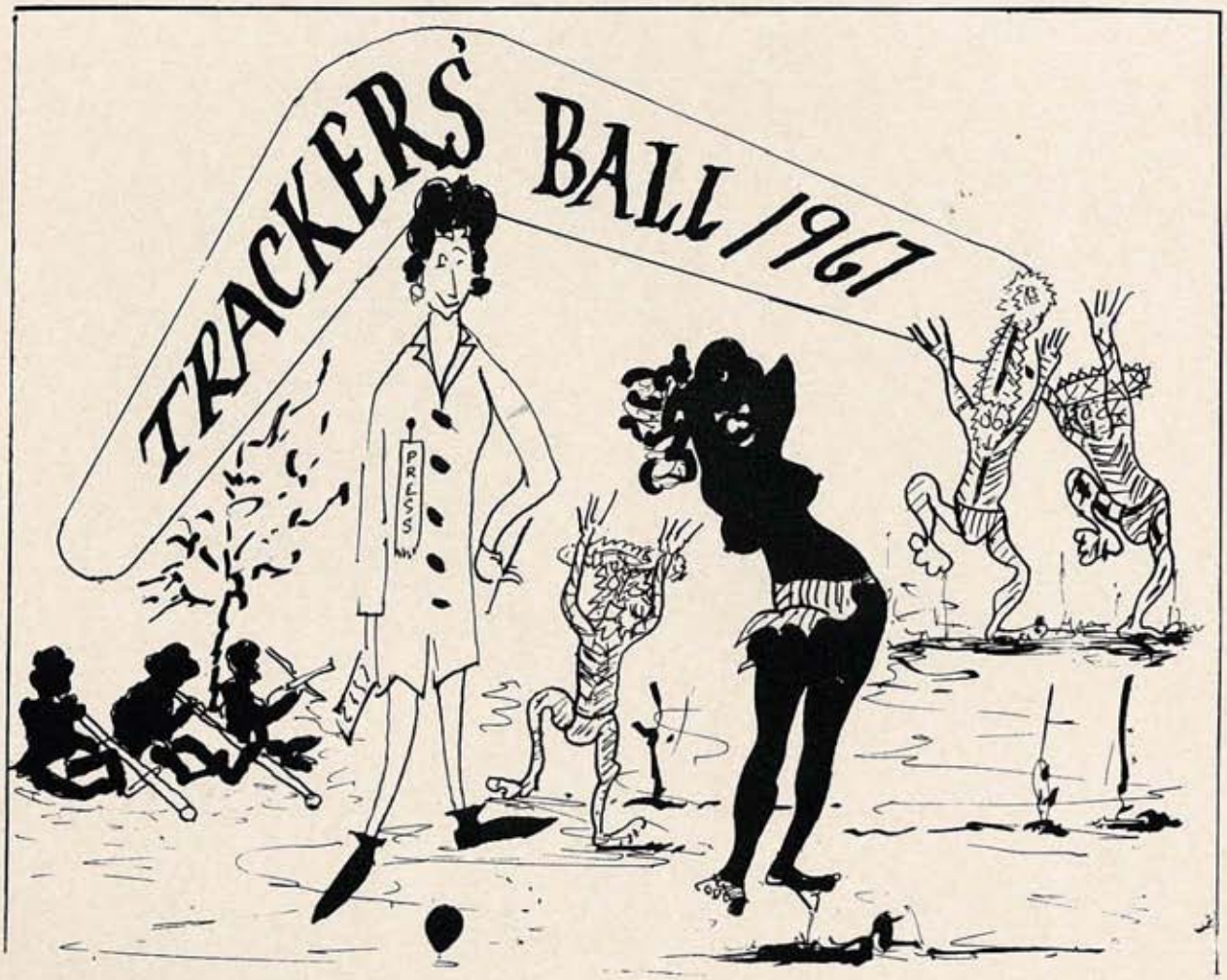
"We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted but not forsaken; cast down but not destroyed."

Less than half way through the session he was reduced to gibbering in sheer Shakespeare:

"I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence into some other chamber."

"For a moment I thought you took a young gentleman into your room," said the Barracks Mistress, with a severely questioning look.

"So did I," sadly retorted the new lady recruit.



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On appearances Groote Eylandt could well (though we're only guessing) be a fairly early site for a Police Station, so this preview may be of interest to many.

Aborigines in Industry — GROOTE EYLANDT

by Peter McKenzie

IN prospecting and subsequently beginning the development of manganese deposits at Groote Eylandt, part of the big Arnhem Land reserve in the Northern Territory, the Broken Hill Proprietary Co. Ltd. has made a considerable and possibly unique effort in the employment and rapid assimilation into the work force of Aborigines native to the island. From a single full-time Aboriginal employee in July of 1963, the employment of indigenous natives has increased to 42 out of a total work force of 163 in May 1966. This rapid development as a major proportion of the work force of Aboriginal people whose previous association with European civilization had been confined generally to missionary development has not been without difficulty. While there is no doubt that many problems remain to be solved and more must be anticipated in the future, results to date have been remarkably promising. The company wants to increase the number of locally recruited employees to the maximum possible, and is making every effort to engender the harmonious integration of both these employees and their families into the community associated with the mine operation.

The situation at Groote Eylandt is probably unusual in that the Aborigines are of a high mental and physical calibre and have not suffered a deleterious history of contact with white races. The initial success in this instance is indicative of the potential of at least some of the native races and will undoubtedly provide an understanding and an impetus for employment where similar conditions exist or will arise.

To a considerable degree credit for the present state of progress must be given to the Superintendent and officers of the Church Missionary Society working at the Angurugu Mission, and of the Welfare Branch of the Northern Territory Administration, who have been patiently effective in guiding and assisting the gradual development of the project. They remain acutely aware of the problems involved, but also of the potential effect which success will have on Aboriginal welfare.

For many years, perhaps several hundred, Groote Eylandt was visited regularly by vessels from the Indonesian Archipelago seeking trepang, pearl shell and timber. These were followed in the first decade of the current century by Japanese traders, also in search of trepang and pearl shell. There is no evidence of permanent or regular encampment by these visitors so that contact with the Aborigines was probably confined to temporary visits by small parties of seamen and traders. These contacts appear to have been friendly with little attempt to exploit or to conflict with their interests.

In 1916, two white missionaries circumnavigated the island and, landing at various points, met groups of outwardly friendly Aborigines. Groote Eylandt was declared an Aboriginal reserve in 1920, and today forms part of the large Arnhem Land Reserve. In 1921, the Church Missionary Society established a mission for half-caste Aborigines from the mainland at a site on the west coast of the island near the mouth of the Emerald River. During the early days, the relationship between the missionaries and the Groote Eylandt Aborigines was not a happy one — indeed, at one time, it was found necessary to barricade the mission buildings and to build a stockade against possible attacks. Very little contact with the Aboriginal inhabitants was made, and it was not until 1925 that the missionaries met any local women.

Eventually, an increasing number of Aborigines came into contact with the mission, largely as a result of the medical attention provided by the mission staff. In 1934, a few boys were taken into a dormitory and were given some schooling, and subsequently in 1936 girls were also taken into the school. In the following year some Aboriginal families took up full-time residence in the mission station, although it remained a mission for half-castes until the beginning of World War II.

In 1938, a flying-boat base was established at Port Langdon, on the north-east side of the island, to service aircraft on the England-Australia run. An Aboriginal station was set up at Umbakumba near this base to supervise contact between the Aborigines and the base personnel. During World War II, the R.A.A.F. built and operated an airstrip near the Emerald River Mission. In 1942, this mission, by then entirely complemented for Aborigines, moved eight miles north to a site on the Angurugu River. In 1957, the Church Missionary Society took over the station at Umbakumba and, until recently, was operating two missions on the island. The Umbakumba Mission has now been taken over by the Welfare Branch of the Northern Territory Administration.

Although the people of eastern Arnhem Land refer to themselves as the Wulamba Group, being a number of clans which form a "tribe" with more or less common cultural background, the Aborigines of Groote Eylandt often call themselves the 'Balamumu Confederacy'. 'Balamumu' may be roughly translated as 'those of the sea', that is, a coastal people. They speak the Anindilyaugwa language, but, in the present population of the island, there is a large proportion of Nunggubuyu speakers who originated from the mainland and who are related to the Aborigines living at Rose River and Roper River Missions. The islanders have also inter-married to some extent with other mainland language groups now living mainly at the Yirrkala Mission in north-east Arnhem Land.

Mission activities before World War II were virtually confined to establishment on a more or less self-supporting basis. Since they were centres of white settlement, many features of European culture came with them. During the war years, the mission activities came virtually to a standstill, but many Aborigines were usefully employed on Service operations, receiving payment in money or goods.

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This military contact, which lasted for approximately four years, resulted in some awareness of the value of practical education and training. After the military forces withdrew, the Aborigines gradually became wholly dependent on the resources of the missions, although some of the men of the community sought interests further afield and were employed in Darwin and elsewhere in the Northern Territory.

Unfortunately, the missions have not been able to offer employment to all who came to settle within their environs. Vegetable gardens and orchards have been established at the Angurugu Mission and small saw mills are operated at both establishments. Parties of Aborigines go out from both missions to catch fish and turtles and to gather turtles' eggs, but, apart from these activities, the missions do not possess adequate finance and in turn the means to provide occupational training.

The only formal education provided for Groote Eylandt Aborigines to date has been in the mission schools. These provide an elementary lower-primary standard. The missions have made good use of their limited facilities but have been severely limited by lack of specialized teaching staff, buildings and equipment and particularly by lack of incentive among the Aborigines, who have continued to live a semi-tribal life with no need for formal education. The result is that the Aborigines still have only a very poor command of the English language, most being virtually illiterate by European standards.

In the field of social training, greater progress has been made. The introduction of Christianity has led to the adoption of some of the better moral and social concepts of European society without, as yet, replacing the tribal system. The Superintendent of the Umbakumba Station did much to eliminate offensive tribal customs and the missions have effectively carried on this work to the stage where at least some of the younger people are aiming at integration into European society. Since the war, many younger men have been employed by the Army and R.A.A.F. in Darwin. This has helped to teach hygiene and social behaviour and to develop a degree of discipline into their character.

The result to date is that most of the men of Groote Eylandt are clean, neat, quiet people, who are immediately acceptable in single men's quarters among Europeans. Unfortunately, however, the inferior position of women in the tribal system has inhibited their training as useful members of a European society. They have few responsibilities as we know them, and little is expected of them by their men, so that only a handful have shown any inclination to improve themselves.

In the field of trade training, the missions have provided some simple tuition, but the lack of formal education to at least Intermediate level prevents training of apprenticeship standard even if qualified tradesmen were available for such instruction. Most of the skilled work is thus performed by mission staff and the Aborigines work with them only as assistants or as unskilled labour. As a result of this position, no industry has been developed on the island other than small gardens and sawmills which are inadequate even for domestic needs.

Late in 1962, geologists of The Broken Hill Proprietary Co. Ltd., commenced reconnaissance investigations of manganese deposits on the island and, following encouraging initial results, a full-scale testing programme was initiated in July 1963.

The success of these investigations resulted in a decision to establish a large-scale manganese mining operation on the island with ancillary treatment facilities and a modern,

Aerial view of Groote Eylandt.

(Aust. News & Information Bureau, photo).

comprehensive housing settlement at Alyangula on the north-west coast of the island. Construction operations commenced in March 1965 and the first shipment of ore was despatched in March 1966.

Continued evaluation of the deposits has indicated their potential as a major source of manganese ore and consideration is currently being given to plans for a substantial expansion of the scale of operations by the subsidiary Groote Eylandt Mining Company which controls the mine development.

It was the company's aim from the commencement of the testing programme in 1963 to create and encourage a high level of friendly relations with the Aboriginal population. The early success of this policy through the excellent co-operation of the Church Missionary Society resulted in a decision by the company to seek as many employees as possible from the indigenous population in the interests of the Aborigines, the mission and the company. It was further decided at this stage that the employment of Aborigines would be on the same terms as that of Europeans. They would be expected to perform the same duties and work the same hours as Europeans, and would receive the same wages and accommodation. Under no circumstances was discrimination to be tolerated.

The first Aboriginal was employed on a permanent basis in July 1963 as a geological field assistant. He was paid award wages applicable to his position under the company's prospecting conditions. He lived in the camp with other European employees during the six working day week and returned to the mission each Saturday night. At no time was any discrimination apparent and the Aboriginal lived happily amongst other employees in the camp. Since then the number of Aboriginal employees has increased to 42. Each is enjoying the same conditions and benefits as his European counterpart.

One of the difficulties found in the initial stages of employment was the inability to retain more than one instruction at a time. In the case of one employee, the day's work was to clean the ablution block, the single men's quarters and the recreation room. Told to carry out these jobs in succession, it was almost certain that he would clean the ablution block and then go and stand outside the office door. When subsequently asked whether his work was finished he would reply, 'Yes', but when asked by pointing to each building in turn whether he had cleaned each place he would make one affirmative and two negative answers. It was realised that he had taken particular notice of only the first instruction, the other two directives not having been registered. In order to overcome this attitude, it was found that, by nominating one job at a time and requesting that the foreman be informed after each was completed, after a short time he acquired a routine and was able, on completion of one operation, to find other work to do without being instructed.

A further problem encountered during the initial period was to desire to go walkabout after only a short time. When asked why they wanted to leave, they would say they were tired and wanted a 'spell'. This problem in some cases had to be handled very carefully otherwise they would leave. The most successful technique was to suggest de-

Working manganese deposits on Groote Eylandt, in the Gulf of Carpentaria, an islander receives instruction from a B.H.P. officer on the handling of a bulldozer.

(B.H.P. photo)

ferment. Occasionally this was inclined to make certain individuals slightly sulky for one or two days after which they would tend to forget their desire for a 'spell'. At the present stage, most of this problem has been eliminated and few Aboriginal employees ask for extra days off. The position has now been further improved by the mission which has reduced the number of holiday periods allocated for walkabout and now complies with the gazetted school holidays.

Relaxation enjoyed over the weekend occasionally resulted in one or two employees failing to report back for work on Monday morning. These people were reprimanded and given to understand that it was the wrong thing to do unless they were sick and not able to come to work. This worked for a short time but subsequently messages began being sent with other workers that certain individuals were sick. When the individuals were visited at their homes, they could generally be talked out of being sick and into going back to work.

A problem of a similar type resulted from the fact that both married and single Aborigines lived in the camp and only went down to the mission one night through the week and again on Saturday night, returning to camp on Monday morning. Domestic trouble occurring in the village during the absence of the married employees would be settled over the weekend by a dispute that could last on and off for days. This meant the employee concerned would be absent from work until the dispute was settled. Finally, a few employees were dismissed and this had the desired effect, eliminating non-attendance on Mondays from that stage onwards.

Employment in May 1966 amounted to a total of 42 Aborigines in a total work force of 163. These men are employed in positions such as plant operators on bulldozers, front-end loaders and five-ton mobile cranes, drivers of five-ton motor trucks, mechanical trades assistants, first aid assistant, samplers' assistants, mess hands and general labourers. It has been found that the majority tend to favour or are adaptable to the operation of mobile plant and with understanding and encouragement it takes only minor training to develop competent operators.

Other employment requiring basic educational standards is available, but unfortunately these standards have not yet been achieved by any of the men of the island. The company's most pressing need here, as elsewhere in Australia, is for the training of tradesmen who in this modern day require at least the Intermediate standard of education.

All of the Aboriginal employees are union members and are quite sensitive to any suggestion of exploitation or

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unfair treatment, yet they have shown themselves unwilling to come out on strike unless they understand and agree with the reason for the strike.

Few dismissals have been necessary for misconduct or incompetence — probably a smaller percentage than for the European employees. Some misunderstandings have arisen, but these have resulted primarily from illiteracy and inability to understand details of wages or leave provisions. Generally such misunderstandings can be resolved, but there is always a danger that they will provoke misconduct that would lead to dismissal. Aborigines who have left the company's employment have usually had good reasons, such as tribal commitments or family problems, but they have all come to realise that the company will not countenance absence from work for trivial reasons.

Since the commencement of exploratory investigations in May 1963, the company's indigenous employees have been under the direct control of one man, Mr. Colin Brunker, currently Superintendent of Production Operations. Mr. Brunker has had no training or previous experience in the employment of Aborigines, but he has the necessary attributes of a good foreman — enthusiasm, directness, firmness, understanding and good humour — and to date these attributes have proved to be what was required. Whatever misgivings he may have felt when first employing Aborigines were soon dispelled, and a strong bond of mutual respect was rapidly developed. He is highly regarded by the indigenous population of the island, and the continuity of his control of these employees and his co-ordination with the Mission Superintendent have been important factors in the success achieved.

Although Mr. Brunker has made certain concessions to Aboriginal employees to allow for language barriers and tribal customs, he has insisted on the same standard of work, personal hygiene and conformity with company rules as that expected of Europeans. Such concessions are merely similar to those given New Australians in similar employment, and it could not be claimed that any special protection is given to the Aborigines. He has not hesitated to dismiss Aborigines for misconduct or incompetence any more than he has with Europeans.

One of the most important factors contributing to the progress of the company's policy in regard to employment and assimilation has been the co-operation and assistance of both the mission staff and the Welfare Branch of the Northern Territory Administration. From the outset, the co-ordination with these groups has been outstanding and it has been largely as a result of their dedicated approach to the problems involved that the company's advent on the island has progressed so smoothly.

All initial employment has been handled in direct consultation with the Mission Superintendent, the Rev. J. Taylor, whose advice is constantly sought in solving day to day problems. In the early stages, he arranged the recruitment of his most promising employees to give the project its best chance of success. He has been effective in guiding the gradual assimilation of those taking part in company operations and in minimising the effect of changing conditions on the population in general.

An important factor in the stabilization of the Aboriginal work force was the reduction of the 'hand-out' system, which applied at the time of the company's arrival. This system has been largely replaced by the mission increasing the wages of its Aboriginal employees, thus endeavouring to encourage the people to accept responsibility for the purchase of their own food and clothing available from the mission store.

Particular support has been received from the Director of Social Welfare, Mr. H. C. Giese, M.B.E., whose counsel and assistance have been greatly appreciated from the outset of the company's activities. His Welfare Officers have been helpful in overcoming early difficulties in language and attitudes and in explaining the meaning and significance of social and behaviour concepts foreign to the island prior to the commencement of the company's activities. They have also been effective in defining areas sacred to the Aboriginal population; these have subsequently been eliminated from the company's operational programmes.

Since the inception of Aboriginal employment on Groote Eylandt, the company has insisted on full equality in every respect for Aborigines. Any European employee who objects to this policy is no longer required. The Aborigines are provided with accommodation in the same quarters as Europeans and no differentiation is made in messing, recreation or any other arrangements.

In practice, it has been found that nearly all European employees readily accept the Aborigines into their society and treat them as equals. The relationships between Aborigines and Europeans, both on and off the job, are easy and friendly but, unfortunately, the Aborigines do tend to form a separate social group, apparently because of language difficulties and common interests. The ease with which they mix with Europeans, however, does appear to be proportional to their command of English, so that the lack of adequate formal education may be the major obstacle to complete integration.

Since no women have been employed on the company's operations, the only impact the new development has had on the women of the island has been, until recently, indirect through the changing way of life of their menfolk.

All the women are characteristically more shy than the men and their integration and realignment of perspective will undoubtedly be far more difficult than that of the men, and will require a longer period of time.

The first step towards more complete family integration has been the recent movement by two Aboriginal families into residence at the company's township at Alyangula, with rights and status equal to those of other employees. These families have been allotted two of the modern three-bedroom homes located in a tropical setting near the water frontage. All modern household conveniences, including electric stove, refrigerator and hot water service, are provided together with essential furniture for comfortable living. All houses have modern laundry and bathroom facilities, are sewered and have internal toilets. Each family has three children, and two of these attend the newly-opened school with the children of other company employees.

While this experiment is currently at an early stage and many problems will arise before complete and satisfactory integration can be claimed to have been achieved, progress to date has been most promising. The wives are keeping house to a satisfactory standard and, since they are extremely shy, it will take some time for them to mix freely. Their relations with their white counterparts in the surrounding residences have so far been harmonious and without incident.

No doubt the Aborigines find some confusion in the great change to an industrial society from a tribal system with the superimposed simplified Christian morality taught by missions. The great scope and suddenness of the change, however, may make it more acceptable than a gradual conversion from one system to another, provided they are fully accepted by the Europeans — and this is paramount. It may be possible to equate their position with that of the military recruit in wartime, who rapidly accepts an entirely different society and mental attitude within the service because he is fully accepted as a member of that service. Such great changes will certainly have a major effect on the personalities of those concerned. These need not be for the worse, provided that wise counselling and good discipline prevail.

It must be emphasised that this experience and relationship with the Aborigines at Groote Eylandt has been over a period of only two to three years. In the longer term many obstacles, particularly those of a more complex nature, remain to be overcome, and from this stage forward only a slow and gradual progression must be anticipated. It is, however, The Broken Hill Proprietary Company's hope and desire that, in the future, not only will the present harmonious and equalitarian situation continue, but that the advent of their operations on the island will result in the gradual evolution of an integrated community — a community in which the indigenous people share the benefits of progress and economic development with Australians of a more recent and diverse origin.

Emphasis in long term progress must undoubtedly be placed on education and the Northern Territory Administration has recently taken a most important step by introducing the teaching of English at the pre-school stage when children are easily able to learn a new language. Carefully guided educational development from this stage, together with continued and close co-ordination between the Administration, the mission and the company, shows considerable promise of achieving ultimate success.

(Reprinted with permission from "Australian Territories" Magazine.)

'A P'LICEMAN'S LOT IS OFT A HAPPY ONE'

by Patrolman

"Can you reach my husband on the radio? Has he finished work yet, or is he still patrolling?"

The voice of a very young constable minding the switchboard came back, "I'm not sure. I think he's doing a job at the moment. Can I give him a message or anything?"

The tension was clear in her voice now. "Well, yes, if you would. Could you tell him I've started out for the hospital and not to worry; I can make it by myself." And the voice inside said, "I think".

"Yes, I'll tell him that", then a pause, and, "Is it an emergency? Want me to send the patrol car? There's one out your way. I'll get him to pick you up if you like".

The concern of the unknown man for her, seemed at first incongruous, just enough to touch her sense of humour and momentarily calm her rising fear, so that, in spite of the real urgency, she wanted to set his mind easy. "No that's all right. Thanks anyway. Just tell him I can make it, on my own".

"Okay, then. I'll make sure he gets it. Good luck". The recruit's voice was steadier now, and his tone assuring, but as he hung up the phone, his other hand reached for the mike. "Car eight, get down to Goulburn Street and find Ted. He's been off the air twenty minutes now. Let me know. Car four, stay on the highway and watch for a brown Austin heading into town. There'll just be a girl driving. See it gets to the hospital O.K.".

"One-nine to control. Ted here Mick. You looking for me?"

"Matter of fact, yes. Go to the hospital — repeat — go to the hospital . . . Dad".

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("Trial" was first published back in 1940, and we still like it. —Ed.)

TRIAL

by Vic Hall

THE electric fans swirled in an ineffectual attempt to cool the dead air in the Court Room. Outside on the Esplanade the incandescent blaze of the Territory sun hurt the eyes. Far below the violent blue of the harbour, shot with peacock green and purple, edged with the cream and buff of shallows, slept in the glare between the sombre green mangroves.

Aboriginal Billy Alunga was on trial before the Supreme Court of the Northern Territory of Australia.

Inside the Court a general state of perspiration prevailed. The temperature was something to be experienced before belief. Judge and Counsel, wrapped in their robes, must have been in Purgatory. On the benches in the body of the Court, the more fortunate spectators were in cooler attire, but all sweated in the suffocating heat. Only Billy, in the Dock attended by his guard, appeared cool, his bearded sable face with its gleaming eyes and over-hanging brow just visible above the Dock.

On duty at the door stood a white-clad Constable of the Northern Territory Police. Evidence has been taken on both sides, and the Defence was nearing its close. With heated face, red under its horse-hair wig, the defending Barrister rose.

"If Y'r Honour please — I call the accused."

Billy, shepherded by his guard, was extricated from the Dock and inserted in the witness-box. His venerable beard waved gently in the breeze from the fans, as he faced the Court. Stout Clerk of the Court, Mr. Nichols, admonished him in lieu of oath — "Now, Billy, you wanta tell 'im Big Feller Boss belongin' to that trouble somebody bin hittem that fellow Harry alonga waddy! You talk true-feller properly — no more gammon — no more lie. True-feller allatime, you savvy?"

Mr. Nichols sat down after a slight gesture with his head in the direction of His Honour, which somehow managed to convey that in Mr. Nichols' mind there existed little or no doubt that the witness would now be capable of gazing unashamed into the Well of Truth, and see nothing there but his own reflection.

Billy Alunga surveyed the Court comprehensively, then made a sweeping manual gesture taking in first His Honour on the Bench, then the Clerk below, passed on over the Counsel, and lastly included the Constable at the door, Then he spoke.

"Judse Well' — Lawyer, Mis' Nickle — Cons'ble." He grinned expansively. "I savvy altogether. You listen. I talk. I tell you. That boy Harry bin humbug alonga my wife!"

His hands swept out again, taking in the whole Court. His bearded head turning constantly from side to side, eyes searching the Court as he spoke, there was a queer dignity about him as he stated his case.

"I bin knockem down that boy — him bin humbug my wife." Billy Alunga paused, then, with another wide sweep of his slim boned aboriginal hands, said with finality: "That's right!"

He paused expectantly, then turning directly to His Honour — "That's right, ain't it?" Out went his hands again, and this time with a finality there was no mistaking. His Honour leaned back and surveyed him, the ghost of a quizzical smile born about his lips, the famous deceptively lazy eyes showing momentarily bright points of steel.

"You talk more, Billy, you tell me altogether". His Honour leaned back, the slow smile faded, and he waited.

Billy, now thoroughly wound up, proceeded to address the Court with accompanying wealth of eloquence and gesture. Old Man of the Tribe as he was, he spoke with quite unmistakable consciousness of importance, eyes flickering constantly from Judge to Counsel — from Clerk to audience — as he spoke. Dignity rested upon him, and sincerity rang in his voice. In the body of the Court spectators forgot to smile, and became grave as His Honour himself, who watched the orator in the box so intently.

Counsel sat unmoving. The Press scribbled fast. Not the least interested was the still-faced Constable on the door, whose puckered eyes and hard brown face betrayed the winds of desert places. An observant spectator might have thought he could detect a kindly gleam in the eye of the hard-looking custodian of the door, as he held his gaze upon the prisoner.

Billy Alunga's voice spoke on in the silence.

"That lubra, Polly — my wife". He wheeled on the Judge — "You savvy?"

Billy Alunga nodded confidently to His Honour.

"Alright Judse Well' — I tell you. That lubra Polly bin run away from my camp". Billy's pause to allow the enormity of this fact to sink in was worthy of the best efforts of the average hired politician. "Him bin sleep alonga that one Harry. Alright, Bimeby him bin come back". Billy exhaled his breath audibly in the silence of the Court. "And I bin ask him — where you bin? First time him bin tell me lie, but I bin ask him more. Alright, him talk true now, him talk that one Harry bin have me".

Billy's voice ran on. He told of the corroboree at which he had met the Lothario, Harry — of how he had taxed that sable lover with his perfidy, and finally, on Harry's confession of guilt, described how he had struck the offender down.

"Alonga waddy I bin hit him one time. No more kill properly". Billy waved his hand at the formidable fighting stick that lay on the Court table.

"Suppose I bin want to kill him properly" — his gesture was eloquent. "Only one time I bin hit him, ain't it — that boy no bin die, him alright, him sit down there now". Billy indicated the offending Harry, resplendent in a bright red shirt, seated in the body of the Court, and smiled indulgently.

"I bin *learn* him — that's all".

Billy Alunga stopped, then turned again to His Honour. "Well, that's right, ain't it?"

His Honour was silent for a moment. The spectators sat motionless. Then the Judge spoke.

"You bin tell me all you want to talk, Billy?"

"That's all," said Billy Alunga simply.

Counsel for the Defence had finished his able and eloquent appeal. His Honour's gaze was far over the blue harbour below the Court windows. He brought it back abruptly, and addressed the Crown Law Officer. The Crown Law Officer arose and spoke. His Honour listened intently, then spoke to the Clerk, who beckoned to the Director of Native Affairs, who was sitting in the body of the Court. Bending down from the Bench the Judge conferred with the Director.

"Billy". His Honour's voice rang sharply in the stagnant air.

Billy Alunga stood up straight, whilst the Judge addressed him: "Now, Billy, I talk alonga you".

Billy nodded gravely.

"Alright Judse Well'," he said, "you talk". An appreciative grin appeared on the face of the Constable on the door.

"Now, Billy, I want you to talk alonga altogether Melville Island boys what I tell you now".

Billy inclined his head. "Alright". Billy's head rose.

"You talk alonga me — I talk alonga my people".

Chieftainship sat palpably upon Billy Alunga as he faced the Judge.

"You go back to Melville Island and take your lubra with you".

Billy nodded.

"You savvy", continued His Honour, "that girl, Polly, young feller. You old man". The ghost of a twinkle appeared in the judicial eye. "You can't stop that one Polly walking about in Darwin".

A smothered chuckle sounded distinctly from Counsel's table. The eye of His Honour swung quickly in that direction.

Billy blinked and shuffled his feet, and then nodded doubtfully.

"Alright", went on His Honour, "you take him away back to Melville Island, and tell all Melville Island men to go back too, and take their girls with them — especially the young ones", His Honour eyed Counsel's table sternly.

"Now you remember, Billy, when you sit down white feller country, you can't do blackfeller fashion — knock 'em with waddy. When you stop along white feller, you do white feller fashion — something no good, you tell him Policeman, savvy?"

Billy nodded seriously. "I savvy, Boss".

His Honour's gaze wandered over the breathless Court.

"Seems to me", he said deliberately, "that this Polly is a bit of a flirt".

The Judge's eye held no threat as he surveyed the now frankly happy Court.

"The prisoner is sentenced to imprisonment till the rising of the Court!"

"And", added His Honour, as an afterthought, "the Court will rise in five minutes".

DEAD MARCH

With so many old Territorians meeting up with the Reaper these days, the traverse of McMillan's Road is becoming one of Darwin's most regular and disturbing hazards for those shaky old greybeards amongst us. Some, but not all, are quite blase about it. At a recent interment, we recall, one veteran opined with sophisticated air:—

"Ah, well. I s'pose we've all got to die some time."

"I fail to see the necessity", mumbled his less heat-proof offsider.

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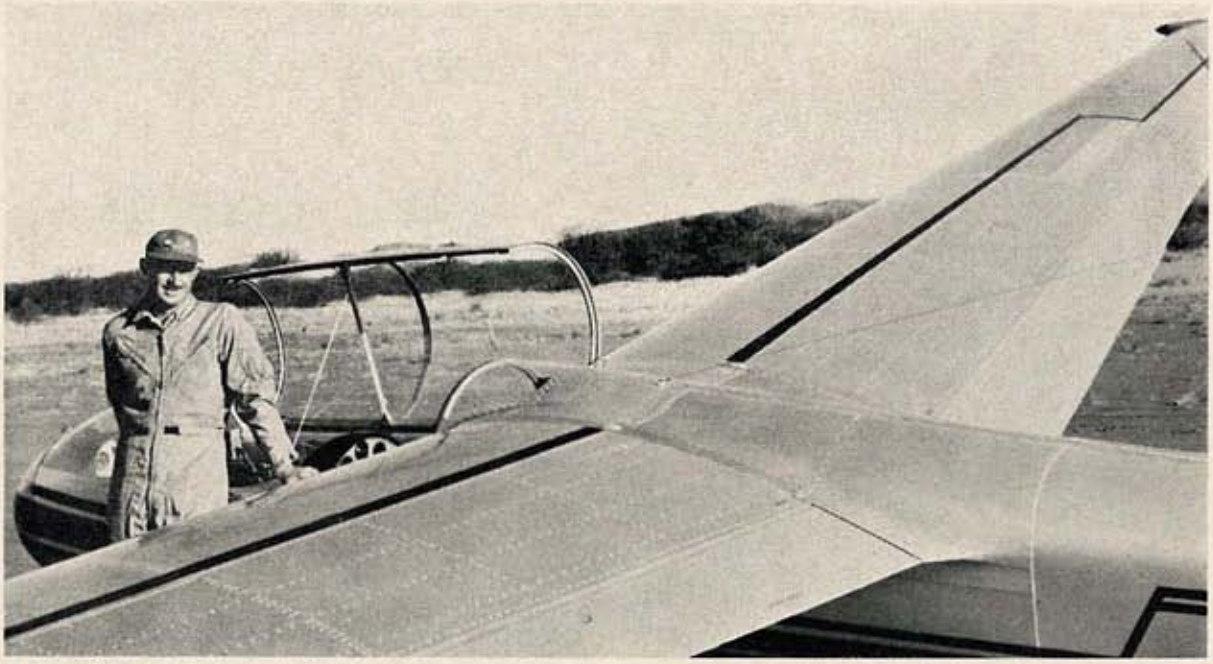

Cockpit open, Constable "Bluey" King is nearly ready to take up position for take-off in the Alice Springs Glider Club's "Blanik".

RED BARON OF ALICE!

Find a pair of flying boots, a desert orange flying suit, a dashing moustache and a red golf cap — then surely you have found Malcolm "Bluey" King riding the thermals over Alice Springs.

Since joining the local band of gliding enthusiasts some five years ago Malcolm — everyone but Mum prefers "Bluey" — has logged some sixty odd hours of motorless flight. He made his first flight on 28th May, 1962, from the Alice Springs "townsite" aerodrome, with Miss Mary Weaving, the first Australian woman glider pilot to achieve the Silver C standard. The flight lasted four minutes.

He has been flying solo since November, 1963. Today Bluey's longest flight was logged at 5 hours 48 minutes. This occurred on 14th January this year, and was the final leg required for him to gain his Silver C certificate.

From its earlier days the Alice Springs Gliding Club has grown from a handfull of members to one of the strongest and most enthusiastic bodies in the Centre. In 1964 it shifted its Headquarters from the old "townsite" strip to the 16-Mile Emergency Strip. It now has two gliders, a towplane, and hangars; and another glider is on order.

To Bluey King gliding is a sport, a relaxation. Only Duty keeps him away from the strip at weekends, and if there's a chance of a flight during the week Bluey will be there too.

To gain his Silver C certificate he had to achieve three things — make a flight of more than five hours' duration; fly a distance of at least fifty kilometres; and make a gain of height of at least 1,000 metres (about 3,300 feet) from release level. His greatest gain of height so far is 12,200 feet, to reach 13,500 feet above ground level. You might feel a little more confident with a few "horses" up front, but Bluey says there is no danger in gliding. "It's not the air that kills — it's just the violent contact with the ground!"

Bluey does not intend to restrict his flying only to gliders, motorless flight or soaring — please yourself what you call it. He is keen to get his Private or Commercial Pilot's licence, as well — but costs are madly soaring, too; so until he can outfly them he will just have to get around without horsepower. He'll have to get around without the ground-tied writer, too, although photographer Arie Pyle went dangerously close to Bluey's pet bird to get the accompanying photos. He managed to talk his way out of sharing the spare seat in the Club's $6,000 "Blanik".

— David Pollock

ARE WE GETTING TOO SOFT ?

The following quotes from three people, in widely different social and geographical areas, over recent years, give food for some thought as we contemplate what seems to be a likely losing race against the march of crime.

"The law prescribes certain conduct. Apply the law and apply it vigorously. It's not your job to become bemused with the vagaries of the why-oh-why school. The policeman has a job to do, and if he does it honestly and intelligently, he gains respect. That's a darned sight more important than being liked."

. . . Former New York Police Commissioner Kennedy.

"Let us not be guilty of maudlin sympathy for the criminal who, roaming the street with the switch-blade knife and illegal firearm, seeking a helpless prey, suddenly becomes, upon apprehension, a poor underprivileged person who counts upon the compassion of our society and the laxness or weakness of too many courts."

. . . Dwight D. Eisenhower.

"I am not suggesting that we should go back to the rack or the thumbscrews, nor that we should be one whit less vigilant in making sure that innocent people are not convicted. I merely ask whether our present procedures do not compel us to pay an unnecessarily high price for protecting the innocent by letting the guilty go free."

. . . Lord Shawcross
(addressing a meeting of Yorkshire Magistrates).

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Policewomen's Stays too Short

While fashion designers elsewhere are outstripping each other to achieve the ultimate in mini-bottoms and missing tops, our chief worry is the shortness of our Policewomen's stays.

One of the first intake, in 1961, has just left us after six years' of service. But no other has come anywhere near that, and many stay only a matter of months. Even our cover girl resigned between the photographer's and the publisher's! It is quite embarrassing to be asked, so often, "How is Miss So and So doing?" and having to answer, so often, "Miss So and So's done and gone!"

The average length of service of those women who have joined and left the Women Police Section is less than 20 months! While an arrow-minded male is the cause of a lot of our women's wastage, this is not the sole reason for resignations. Perhaps the Territory is just a bit too far from home, after all; perhaps the free and easy way of life here is just too different; perhaps our values are not the same as southern values? The pay and conditions of work are good; the work is not difficult and should, one thinks, be interesting. It is most desirable to achieve a reasonable degree of stability and length of service with our Women Police, rather than have a repetition of "Good-day, good-bye", as the girls flutter in and out. But how to achieve this has, so far, proved beyond our ordinary human and, possibly, too-male approach to the problem.

As one matrimonial victim of long-standing mutters behind our ear: "Women are different to people, you know."

DOOR KNOCKED (OFF)

The recent "late nights" controversy set the mind of an old reader, Joseph Wesley Nichols, back to a rowdy race night at Wauchope in 1949. The place was full of thirsty stockmen from near and distant stations and thirsty miners from Tennant Creek; and most of the stockmen and miners were full, too. The pub, across the road from the racecourse, did a roaring trade.

When closing time came at 10 o'clock and there was no sign of a decent Christian retreat from the wickedness within, Sergeant Dave Mofflin and Constable Ken Patterson entered the pub and demanded that the licensee shut his premises as required by law. The publican looked around, scratched his head, made some rudely pertinent inquiries amongst the drinkers, then turned to the Police and said:

"Sorry — I can't shut the doors. Some (multi-coloured) cow has pinched them"

This startling announcement took the case out of the ambit of Redshaw and into the bulky fields of Archbold, and a vigorous search was instituted to find the dastardly thief. It turned out that this was the whole Race Club Committee — they had borrowed the doors to make temporary notice boards! The doors were promptly returned, affixed in their proper positions, and closed; and peace and quiet returned to lonely Wauchope.

At time of writing, Dave Mofflin is, we regret to have to say, quite seriously ill in Royal Adelaide Hospital. We hope that he will be back on duty before this edition comes back from the printer.

Fairy to Fairy, poetically: "Oh, to be in England, *now*!"

"Why I Joined the Police Force" OR "How I Learned to Stop Drifting and Enjoy the Variety"

by Patrolman

THE first time I nearly joined the police, it was in another State and another decade.

A clerk's job at sixteen was getting dull, and the training offered in the cadets looked really interesting. Public speaking, unarmed combat and all that. The old man talked me out of it that time, with vivid descriptions of the worst type of customer we sometimes have to deal with.

A few years later, I actually got as far as the recruiting office. Boy, were they organised! "Fill this form in, then get in there and take your clothes off." And this from a bloke I went to school with; the biggest creep in the class.

Later still, there was the long chat with an ex-policeman. By his account, it was a good life in the force. You got to know all the strip-club crowd, met plenty of girls who like a good time, and now and then you could even make some extra money.

I never did find out for sure how long he'd been in it or why he'd resigned.

So, still drifting, still pushing a cab six nights a week, sometimes seven, I was wondering how I could fit in four nights of study for a proper career, and still make money. And afterwards, where would I be? Back at a desk of course.

So I answered this little ad in the paper. You know the one. Either I spotted it by accident, or somebody showed it to me with some mildly sarcastic remark.

After that it was all automatic. The forms came — I filled them in. A letter advised the date and place for an interview — I went along. A plane ticket arrived — I flew.

Now, I'm not going to treat you to a history of one man's experiences in the Force to date. You're not interested in that sort of thing, except maybe indirectly.

No; what you want to know is what would it be like for you, and since there are probably hundreds of you, I'll just give you a run-down on some of the jobs that are being done all over the Territory.

Everybody goes through recruit school. At present that means about six weeks or so of lectures about ordinances, some work with legal textbooks, a bit of simple judo, some lifesaving and first aid, elementary fire-fighting, taking fingerprints and a fair bit more besides. All in all, quite a mixture, but that's what the job is.

In fact — and this is no reflection on the training — what you learn in recruit school is just enough to put you into uniform. Your real training comes much later, after you've been on the job a couple of years, and you start thinking about the promotion exams.

But concentrated attention to the lessons in the first six weeks gives you a head-and-shoulders start, and saves you a lot of embarrassing mistakes.

Because in this career, you're dealing essentially with people, with their rights and their liberties, and these things are not taken lightly by people.

Most new constables start work in what's called General Duties, at one of the four main towns in the Territory. In this part of the Force, you're the man on the beat or in the patrol car.

You round up the objectionable drunks, quieten down the noisy parties, smooth over the domestic quarrels, keep order in the Court, escort payrolls and gold shipments. This list could be endless. Every day people find new problems for the police to deal with. You might man the switchboard for a shift, and that's when you'll get some idea of the range of police work.

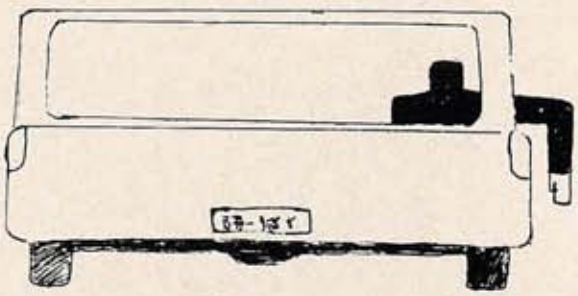
To sum it up, though, you'll find as you walk down a street in uniform, that most of the people don't notice you; you're just part of the scene. A few of them find it hard to hide their ill-will, and a few more are glad to see you, and appreciate the feeling of being officially protected as they go about their business.

Pretty-much the same comments apply to the Traffic Section. Here, though, you're dealing with the best as well as the worst kinds of people. You might have to speak severely to a kindly old lady who grew up before traffic laws were invented, or report a busy businessman for forgetting the speed limit in his haste.

This is why your attitude has to undergo a drastic change as you change over from general duties. Usually you need a few years' experience before you tackle traffic work, or any other specialisation, because you still might be called on in an emergency to handle some general case.

Maybe you see an accident now and then, but in this job, you have to go to them nearly every day. Remember how, before, you used to be at the scene of some emergency, and when you heard the siren you thought, "Ah, here come the Police; they'll know what to do".

"Patrolman" and his traffic worries:



I am about to turn upside-down.

It's my good luck emblem.

Now, you're the one who has to know what to do. You have to attend to anyone injured till the ambulance gets there, direct traffic around the area, clear wrecked cars off the road and interview drivers, and a few other little things all at the one time.

Some say that traffic work is mostly paper work, but it still has its share of moments.

After a year or so of general experience, you might like the challenge of a bush station, where you'll be the sole representative of government in thirty thousand square miles. You'll register cars and dogs and transmit telegrams on your radio, and your patrols will take a week in a four-wheel-drive with an aboriginal Tracker to guide you.

On these one-man stations, initiative and self-reliance are the two most important requirements, with knowledge of the law running a close third. The Northern Territory has a lot of big men in it. You don't have to be better than everybody when you're the local policeman, but you'd better be just as good as any of them.

Upstairs in the Criminal Investigation Branch is where you go when you have really special qualifications. No salesman ever had to win friends and influence people like a detective has to.

Remember the old party game where everyone except the accused has to tell the truth? In the real-life game, only the detective has rules to obey, and he has to sort out the lies from the half-truths.

Most of all, he has to know people well. Not just what they look like, but where they work, who they drink with and how they get their spare-time income.

You don't need a good education, but you do need to be able to absorb considerable study. Wide and detailed knowledge of the whole of criminal law is what you'll need, almost from your first case.

And if attention to detail is your strong point, the Fingerprints Section of the C.I.B. is for you. Here you can learn not only fingerprint techniques, but also photography, records systems and the beginnings of forensic science.

After a while, you might be examining scenes of crimes and accidents for the microscopic evidence that solves and convicts, and preparing it for presentation in Court.

Although it's not likely you'll be a police prosecutor in your first few years, the work might appeal to you early, and you can start preparing yourself for the task. Clear voice, quick wit and extensive knowledge of common and statute law are the basic qualifications before you join contest with qualified barristers.

Whatever job you go in for within the police force, you can, on your own initiative, specialise even further.

In C.I.B., you might take a particular interest in company law and fraud; in traffic you could make a special study of accident investigation or maybe public education in road safety.

This principle applies especially to the policewomen, whose main job is pretty closely defined. It's still up to each girl herself, though. Do you like children? The less fortunate ones in the Territory will take all the extra care you can give them.

What kind of work do you fancy doing for the rest of your working life? You can find your way to it in the police.

I'm still a drifter, but even in one of these specialist sections, there are more than enough fields of lively activity to keep me roving about and still staying in the one secure job.

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Although not densely populated (neighbours being 18 and 45 miles apart respectively), the peace and solitude will amaze you. As I stand on the Police steps, I am surrounded by high jagged hills, gently rolling sand hills, and a gentle breeze that blows at a steady 65 miles per hour. The gently rolling sandhills let fly with tons of sand and the high jagged hills are often blotted out by the dust and sand.

But in August of each year the hills become visible, the breeze dies away, the sun comes out warm and lazy, and suddenly it is Race Time. People and horses start to drift in for a week prior to the Meeting and the usually deserted racecourse suddenly starts to spring to life. With tents and lean-to's of all colours being put up all around the area, the course starts to take on the look of a small city which has appeared out of nowhere. The men are all dressed in their best stockman outfits, colourful shirts, large hats and always the high heeled riding boots; the women in their bright prints. In the saddling paddock jockeys move around in their brilliant silks and as they take their shiny horses out on to the track, the course is alive with colour.

The horses move around towards the Starter, Stewards and Judges move to their positions; the flag drops and the horses surge forward, Jockeys laying along the horses' backs urging their mounts for that extra effort. The crowd is hushed as the horses move into the back stretch, but when they round the turn and speed into the straight, jockeys fighting to take the lead position, the crowd roars, the air seems charged with excitement. Then they are past the post and another race is over; congratulations are earnestly and freely given, some of the crowd are wildly laughing, some, though still in the festive mood, are not so happy as they tear up their betting tickets. And so the meeting progresses.

Police and public mingle together; friendships are renewed. For some this is the first time they have seen their friends for 12 months. At the end of the racing the crowd lingers for a while at the Bar, then they return to their temporary abodes, to the smell of cooking steaks and the sound of splashing water. Stockmen's clothes are replaced by white shirts, sports coats, ties, evening dresses and perfumes. A band gives out a lively rhythm in the hall and a steady stream of people make their way towards the music. The place vibrates with the steady beat of the band, lively conversation and happy laughter. . . . This is a Bush Race Meeting at its best, at Hart's Range.

— **John Nimbs**

AND THEN . . MURDER !!

The above happy little vignette was sent by John Nimbs as a sort of farewell flutter when he was transferred to Alice Springs from Hart's Range. But how changed was the scene in only a few months! This year's Hart's Range Race Meeting was marred by a rare shooting spree that shocked the Territory. After the first day's racing an ex-Police Tracker was shot and killed by another ex-Tracker. On the following day the Police party seeking the killer was ambushed in the hills and two were wounded by rifle fire — Det. Sgt. Len Cossons and Constable Blake Jobberns. A shot fired at Constable Tony Stenhouse missed its mark. The shooter bolted further into the ranges and the search for him was taken up by Sgt. Peter Haag and other Police from Alice Springs.

The full story has not yet been acted out as we prepare for Press, but it will keep for future telling in these pages.—Ed.

★ ★ ★

TOUCHÉ?

It is not so very long since Police were also Protectors of Aborigines and were universally addressed by aborigines as "Boss". It is not so very long either since to introduce an aborigine to liquor or to cohabit with a female aborigine were costly offences. They also took up quite a bit of Police time and often led to interesting, amusing and/or embarrassing situations for the Policeman concerned.

Just after the War, in Katherine, I had cause to arrest a very drunken native near a camp where he had made his presence somewhat objectionable. Because there were several of his countrymen present, he felt obliged to save face with a demonstration of independence — but he was very drunk and it was a very hot Wet Season day, so he soon desisted from force and relied on rude verbal assault to cut me down to size. He had some amazing theories on Police heredity, too; but it was a long hot walk to the cells, and he had to be physically aided on his way, so I did not bother to retort or argue. He felt the injustice of this silent ignore after a while and paused in his flow of abuse to think out something really killing. Finally he took a deep breath, swung around face to face to add some sort of domination to his delivery, and proclaimed dramatically:

"When Army here, I been lootenant. I been have two stripe and three crown. *And you only a bloody Constable about the place!*"

In a bush camp on the Roper I came across a lubra with a young and obviously half-caste piccaninny in her arms, and commenced politely ascertaining its paternal parenthood. She didn't know who its father was, but, after some slight persistence, stated that it was a soldier from Mataranka. I knew she had come through from Darwin to Roper by Government truck, with others, and her stay at Mataranka would have been a very short one indeed. Did she know the soldier before? No — never saw him before and didn't know his name. How did she come to the situation where she had become the mother of his child?

"Well, he been tempt me", she said.

"*Tempt* you? How he been tempt you?"

"Well, he been *ask* me."

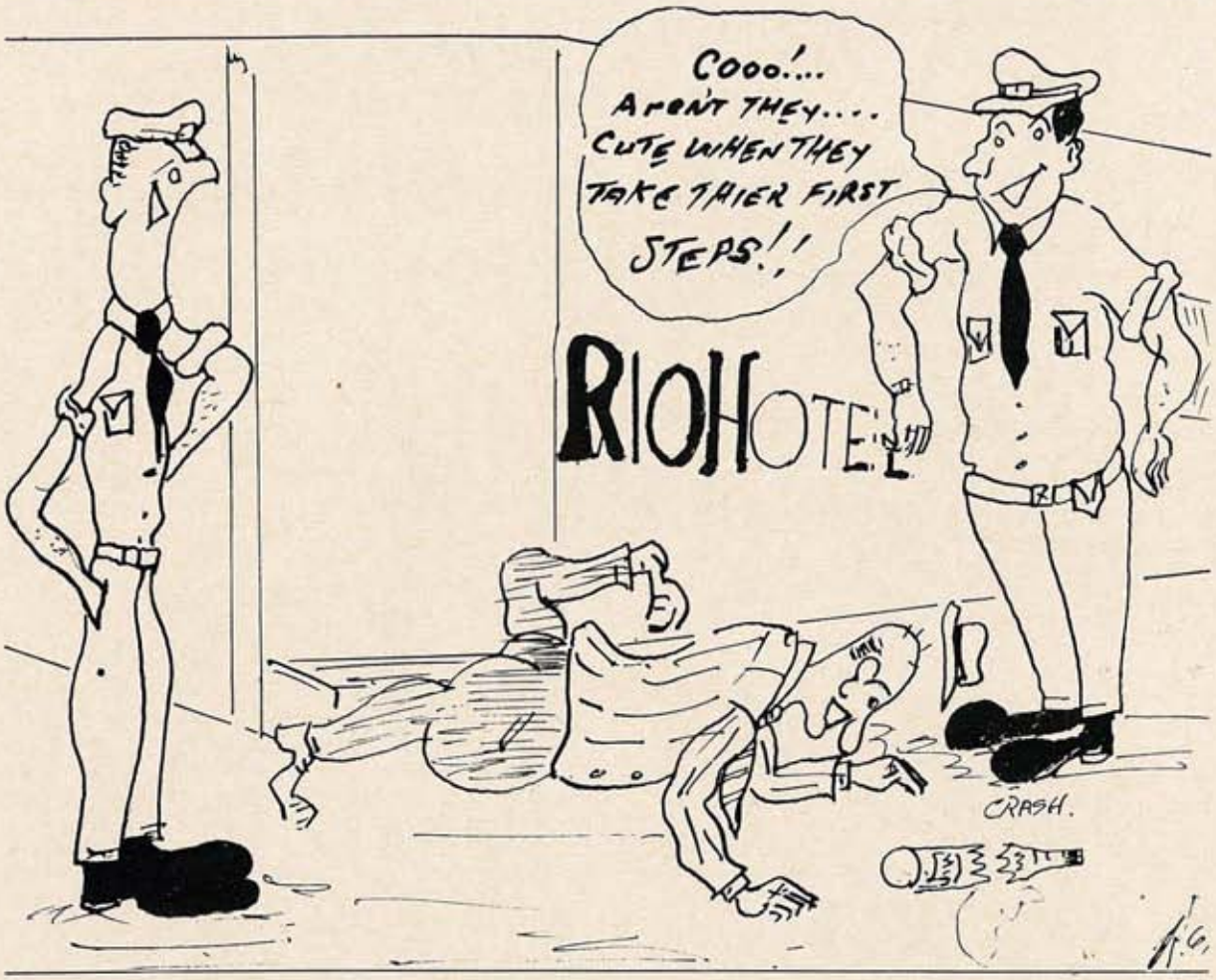
"What he been ask you?"

"He been come up alonga truck and he been ask me come along bush for humbug, and I been go, tha's all."

"But", said I, with stern morality oozing everywhere, "you just can't go along bush and humbug along anybody who come up and ask you! S'pose I ask you now to go down alonga that creek there — you go?"

She rolled her eyes, scraped her feet around in the bulldust, sighed, looked towards the creek then back, under her drooping lashes, at me, and said:

"Well, *you Boss*, you know!" — **"Truefeller".**



OLD TIMERS' MUSTER

Ivan Cutler, formerly of our C.I.B. and Traffic Sections, and now an Inspector in the Hong Kong Police Force, spent a leisurely six months' leave in Australia and returned to the island just in time for the outbreak of severe rioting . . . Bob Darken, well known in pastoral and civic circles in Alice Springs since leaving the Force, reached a milestone recently when he and Vicki celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary. Bob was also a livestock judge at the 1967 Darwin Show. He is undoubtedly competent in such matters. Vicki was once "Miss Northern Territory" . . . . Clive Graham, now settled in the very non-Darwin ways of Adelaide, made a brief trip to Darwin earlier in the year and renewed many old acquaintances . . . John Gordon, former Mayor, Harbourmaster and Chief Constable at Timber Creek, has given South Australia's cold South-East away to move over to the South-West of Western Australia. We don't know whether John lost his sense of direction or whether Jackie merely got homesick, but we wish him well amongst the Sandgropers . . . W. F. Johns, a Mounted Trooper in the N.T. Police over 40 years ago, and eventually Commissioner of Police in South Australia, has recently been re-elected after 15 years as a Councillor in the St. Peters (S.A.) Corporation. Over 80 years of age, Mr. Johns is a member of the Good Neighbour Council and is on the Board of Control of the Elderly Citizens' League . . . Bernie Rochford, here from 1938 to 1940, is now a Superintendent in the A.C.T. Force.

MISSING FROM MUSTER

The death occurred in Adelaide, S.A., at the age of 85, of Robert Ardill, a Mounted Constable in the pre-Second War years. He spent several years chasing evasive gold seams around Tennant Creek after his retirement, and, in spite of his age, managed to squeeze into the Army when the War started. He did not go overseas, but he must have spun a pretty good tale even to get a possy at Wayville Training Camp! He used to spin good tales at any time, particularly about the old lively days amongst the natives at Timber Creek.

At Brisbane, Qld., on 23rd March, another vintage Trooper, Sydney Arthur Kyle-Little, died at the age of 86, after a career embracing Police work both in Queensland — when he was engaged for several years on gold escort duty in the Normanton-Croydon area — and in the Northern Territory. After leaving the Police Force, he managed cattle stations in the Territory, and eventually moved to Brisbane. He left two sons, one of whom, Sydney, was for several years in the Territory with the Department of Native Affairs.

★ ★ ★

Then there was the absent-minded office boss who took the typewriter gently on to his knee and started trying to undo the ribbon.

A BUSH FIGHT

— By W. F. Johns

TO say that Billy McLeod was born and brought up in a tough suburb of Sydney would be putting it somewhat mildly. His father was a tough and hard-drinking navvy and all of Billy's earliest associates were rough and very unsophisticated. Fighting was their main interest and subject of conversation. Any attempt at a discussion on any current topic was almost foreign to them, but mention any fighter from Larry Foley's day to the present and they all claimed to be authorities on the subject.

So Billy was born and brought up in a fighting community. He had very little schooling, and in his early teens heard his father, as usual under the influence of liquor, talking to his mother. "Our boy Billy", he said, "is doing well with his fists and you will see that he gets plenty of meat — red meat, do you understand?" The mother, a very mild and frightened woman, had no option but to agree. So Billy, encouraged by his father, became a fighter.

When he grew into manhood, he had little respect for anyone except his mother. At the age of fourteen his mother died and Billy was left alone to manage as best he could for himself in his rough environment, and I saw him develop into a splendid specimen of manhood, standing six feet in height and weighing thirteen stone. As a fighter he was somewhat eccentric and I believe all fighters of any class become that way. He was a teetotaller and non-smoker. I was aware that there was nothing eccentric in this, as all first-class athletes know that tobacco and alcohol are the enemies of fitness. One outstanding eccentricity of Billy's, which could never be understood by those who knew him well was that at the conclusion of a contest, as soon as the referee gave his decision, Billy would return to his corner and solemnly bow to the East.

There was some speculation on this peculiarity and some believed that it was because his mother was buried in an easterly cemetery. Others believed it was because learning had originated in the East. Some said it was because the sun rose in the East. But no-one was able to discover the reason for his peculiarity and no-one had the courage to enquire from Billy. In my opinion, it had nothing to do with his mother's last resting place, and I am sure that Billy knew nothing about the origin of learning. He was interested mainly in seeing that his opponent did not rise after he had been floored by that deadly right heart punch for which Billy was famous.

Billy had a straight left like a piston rod. His footwork was perfect and he seemed to conduct his fight right from the start, constantly seeking an opening.

I saw him in his biggest fight; round after round it went on until the tenth, when Billy sent in a wonderful straight left that straightened his opponent from the crouch, then brought his right into full play. It landed right over the heart, leaving his opponent completely out of action. When the referee gave his decision, I noticed that Billy walked to his corner and solemnly bowed to the East. In the many fights which he contested he had never been beaten and this particular fight brought him fame and everything pointed towards him winning Australian Championship honours, and possibly the World Championship. Strange as it may seem, Billy quit the ring and Sydneysiders saw him no more.

He completely disappeared and there was much speculation on what had become of him. Some said that an opponent had died after a contest. If this happened, it must have been years afterwards, and fight records did not disclose such happening. Others considered that it was a disappointment in love. I do not think this was the case either, although Billy, being a fully developed male, no doubt would admire and attract admiration from the ladies — and anything is possible then. But no-one had ever known him to form any particular attachment.

Some of the returned Soldiers from World War I declared that they had seen him in Palestine as a member of the 9th Light Horse, but I think it was only guesswork, as I served in that Regiment and never recognized anyone resembling him. As I said before, he disappeared into the blue, and all trace of him was lost.

On the return from the War, I eventually drifted into Northern Queensland and joined a droving plant that was going to Hodgson Downs, in the Roper River area, to take over a mob of cattle. The journey to Hodgson Downs was uneventful and in time we were pretty tired of each other's company. There comes a time when you have spun all your yarns and the result is silence. After a long journey we arrived at Hodgson Downs and the first thing we heard was that there was to be a fight that night between two of the Station Hands: a bear knuckle fight. That suited us, and after our evening meal we strode over to the Station, anxious for a little excitement.

We were told that a Station Hand, 25 years old, named Jerry Sullivan, was considered a local champion. The boss of the Station had a great admiration for Jerry and offered to back him for £50 to beat any man in the Roper River district.

Old Billy Matthews was the Station Cook, and some said he got the job because he was too dirty for any other job. Matthews was a very quiet and unassuming old grey beard, who kept mostly to himself. He had a goanna which he had tamed and when his day's work was done he would lay on his bunk and talk to Joey, as he named his pet. It is strange how a small incident will change a quiet, retiring man to a fighting fury. This particular incident was brought about by Jerry Sullivan catching Joey by the tail and throwing him out of the room. Old Billy Matthews suddenly turned. "You are a coward, Sullivan, to treat my mate like that and I will take his part and fight you as soon as it is cool." News spread around the Station and this was the fight we heard of: treated as a joke, of course, when considering their ages — Sullivan 25 years, old Billy Matthews 55 years.

A rough ring had been put up, with a bucket of water and a box in each corner. With Croweater Kelly as Referee, Mulga Jim as Time Keeper and Pigweed Harry and Chokebore Charley as Cornermen, all was set. We gathered at the ring-side and, after a short delay, Sullivan entered, stripped to the waist, and certainly looked his part. Billy Matthews, of course, did not strip nearly as well, and lumps of dough were sticking to his forearms. To make the joke complete, the Referee called to the Station boss, "Is that £50 still on the winner?" "Yes," the boss said. Matthews stepped into the ring with a springy step for an old man and with a look of determination. After a few preliminary passes, Sullivan let go a terrific right swing, intending to go for the old fellow's head. To the surprise of all, old Billy ducked and planted a beautiful straight left

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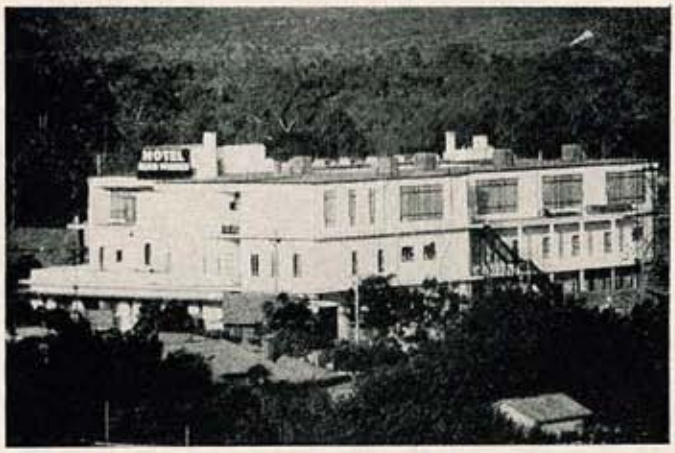

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on Sullivan's mouth. Jerry's head shot back, and blood was spurting from his lips as the bell sounded.

At the commencement of the second round it was noted that the grin had disappeared from Jerry's face, and he, too, had a look of determination. As they advanced, Jerry sent a tremendous right cross aimed at Billy's jaw. The old fellow ducked neatly and again drove his left into Sullivan's swollen lips. The fight was now on in earnest and everyone was amazed. Here was old Billy Matthews, the Station Cook, standing up to the great Jerry Sullivan — and so far using his straight left. I was dumbfounded. I racked my brains. Where before had I seen a fighter like this? Wonderful straight left and using the right only occasionally. The bell sounded for the third round. Sullivan stepped out of his corner with a mad rush and drove a terrific blow to Billy's head. Old Billy stepped back just a small step. The blow fell short. A terrific right cross followed, and old Billy ducked and planted a beautifully aimed straight left on Jerry's mouth. As the blow landed, Jerry straightened up momentarily. Old Billy's right came across. It landed with terrific force right under the heart, and Sullivan fell to the ground, quite unconscious. The Referee declared Billy Matthews the winner. The Station boss handed him a cheque for £50. "You are a surprise, Billy, where did you learn to fight?"

"I can't fight, Boss," Billy said, "and I don't like fighting. But, as I said to Joey last night 'You stand by me and I will stand by you. We will be mates and always have a roof over our heads'."

Sullivan slowly got up from the ground and muttered unbelievingly, "Beaten by an old grey-beard who talks to a goanna — and I thought I could fight!"

Then something happened. I could hardly believe my eyes. Old Billy walked to his corner and solemnly bowed to the East.

Everyone wondered why I laughed, but the secret was mine and I would not share it.

★ ★ ★

(Reprinted with permission from the International Criminal Police Review.)

An Affair that Snowballed

On 16th November, 1962, the Danish authorities notified us of the recent arrest in Copenhagen of Roland Hunton, an American, born in 1937 in the United States, and of Anthony Black, a British national, born in 1929 in Great Britain.

They arrived in Denmark in October 1962, in an American car registered in France and seemed to be trafficking in drugs: 2,000 grammes of marihuana were seized from their car.

They first of all denied knowing where the drug came from; then Hunton thought better of it: the marihuana, he said, was transported to Copenhagen from Morocco. In Tangiers he had known someone who called himself "Jack", for whom he had promised to transport 7,000 grammes of the drug to Paris.

At the resulting enquiry, Hunton appeared as previously unknown; Black, on the other hand had been sentenced several times in Great Britain for theft, aggravated theft, assault and battery, burglary, etc. Although his extradition was not requested, the British authorities hoped to be informed of his movements after the legal proceedings against him in Denmark were concluded with a view to arresting this "polyvalent" criminal on his return to Britain.

Since the 22nd November, another Interpol radio message, from the N.C.B. of Denmark, broadcast the news that a further 3,000 grammes of marihuana had been found during a second search of the car, bringing the total to 5,000 grammes. This was the start of repercussions in the affair.

Hunton and Black were of course found guilty of drug trafficking. The Danish police announced, however, that the car in question was the property of a certain American named Bolton, who was resident in France; the Danish N.C.B. was also interested in two individuals named Herter and McLeod.

At this stage in the affair, three more countries, France, Germany and Sweden, intervened with the information that:

1. Hunton and Black had been living in France at the end of 1962, and that Bolton, the owner of the car, left his home in Paris in September or October 1962.

2. McLeod was not known to the German authorities, but it was expected that Herter's address there could be discovered, as he was recorded in that country under the alias of Harry Bunterford, wanted for fraudulently converting cheques in 1960.

3. The same Herter, alias "Jack", (it is a small world, even with such a common pseudonym) was wanted in Sweden for . . . smuggling marihuana.

Finally, another message from Copenhagen stated that Herter, alias Bunterford, was also wanted by the Danish authorities, but here, likewise, extradition was not requested.

Meanwhile, the General Secretariat learned through a letter from the Danish police that a British national, Louis Melville, had been arrested in Copenhagen for possessing marihuana. He was said to have purchased the drug in a Copenhagan bar. The retailers were Black and Hunton, and someone known as "Jack", who would seem to be Herter.

On the 4th January, 1963, a Danish court sentenced Black to 40 days imprisonment and Hunton to five months. On the 12th January, Black was expelled to . . . Great Britain.

The Price of Imposture

In Massachusetts in the summer of 1962 a gang of eight men held up a mail van and got away with something over half a million pounds, the largest haul in American criminal history. The operation followed a familiar pattern except that one of the men wore a police uniform and stopped the mail van in what appeared to be a perfectly normal way. This was the most interesting feature because it demonstrated once again what is no doubt true of every country with a Police Force — that what appears to be normal Police routine by a man in a police uniform is seldom, if ever, questioned.

This recognition of the presence of lawful authority is commendable, but it suggests what a serious thing the impersonation of a Policeman can be. We would like to think that the ordinary citizen would regard the impersonation as more serious than the larceny of the cash; however,

(continued on page 47)

THOUGH THE HEAVENS MAY FALL!

IT was not a calamity by any means but it was a traffic accident with enough attachable blame to warrant a prosecution. The faulty driver was advised on the spot that he could expect a summons in due course. He made no bones about his acceptance of blame and said there was nothing he could do but plead guilty. But he didn't want to miss time from work by coming in from the mine to attend Court. Wasn't there some way of getting it over quickly — either on the spot or at some time when he would not be working?

Alas, the Magistrate sat only on week days and visited the town only once a fortnight. You had to be there when he was there and get your bit of justice at the cost of a day's pay or half day's pay.

What about Justices of the Peace? Couldn't they sit after work or on Saturday morning? It'd only take a couple of minutes to plead guilty and get it over.

Well, we very seldom use the local Justices because they are very busy men indeed, and can't spare the time to attend Court, and don't like Court proceedings anyhow.

But he was so insistent and so pitiful in his pleading that the apprehending Constable agreed to see what the Sarge could do about it. The Sarge swallowed the story of the very presentable young man in an agony of ambarrassment, etc., etc., over being "pinched", and dead anxious to get it all over without fuss and bother or loss of pay on Saturday morning. He spoke to the Justices and they also fell for it but emphasised that it would have to be just a two-minute flutter or nothing; and just this *once*, too.

That was O.K. with everyone, and everyone was quite happy when the Court assembled on the Saturday morning. The two Justices of the Peace sat up on the Bench ready for a lightning disposal manoeuvre. The defendant stood attentively before them while the Sarge read the details from the Charge Book. The apprehending Constable, knowing he would not be required, had gone off happily on a swimming jaunt.

The charge was read, ending with the usual — "How do you plead — guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty!" declaimed the defendant in ringing — not to say clanging! — voice.

Utter surprise was clear upon the two faces of Justice up on the Bench. The Sarge's lip dropped noticeably, but after a few seconds' pause to recover, he growled:

"You've heard the charge. How do you plead — guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty!" repeated the defendant emphatically and confidently.

"But you said" — began the Sergeant, as Justice loured menacingly above him.

"I have my rights as a citizen", said the defendant pompously. "I don't have to plead guilty. You have to prove it."

The senior Justice of the Peace said "You certainly do have rights, defendant, and if you plead not guilty the case must be fully proved against you. But we're extremely busy men and came here today only to help you out. We understood that you desired to plead guilty."

"I have my rights. I plead not guilty", repeated the defendant with determination.

"Well, Sergeant?" came from the Bench.

"Well your Worship," said the Sarge. "I arranged this Court at the defendant's own request, to help him out of a jam. It's an unusual step, but we do it on rare, special occasions. He was emphatic that he intended to plead guilty."

"I plead not guilty", repeated the adamant defendant.

"Is there much evidence, Sergeant? We have little time to spare, you know."

"There's not much evidence, your Worships. Very short, in fact. But there's no depositions clerk."

"Well, you can take down the evidence."

"If your Worships please, it's not practicable for me to prosecute and take down the depositions too. Perhaps your Worships could take it down in longhand in the Magistrate's Note Book?"

"We're not taking it down", said the Bench, in determined unison. "Get your depositions clerk and your witness and get it over or we'll adjourn until the Magistrate's visit."

"I can't get my witness, your Worships. He thought he wouldn't be wanted and has gone off up the road somewhere for the day."

"Well, we're not going to waste any more time here. The Court stands adjourned until ———."

"Ah", interrupted the recalcitrant defendant impatiently. "If I'd known it was going to cause all this trouble, I'd have pleaded guilty in the first place."

(Dramatic pause.)

"*Guilty*, your Worships."

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TV MURDER

By Doreen Carswell

POLICEMEN have no friends, they say. A pity, because they have such fascinating tales to tell.

Get one by a glowing fire with a glass of something at his elbow to warm him after his routine round to ensure that all is quiet in the township, and you'll soon forget the lateness of the hour and the nip in the outside air.

Such was the case with our often-misunderstood local cop, Constable Pearson. Until he stretched his long legs along our hearth we hadn't realised how large he was, and until he began relating some of his experiences we hadn't a clue as to the wealth of stories pigeonholed in his memory.

"Take that case a while back, soon after TV came to the country," Don prodded him, refilling glasses busily, "If I remember, you had a public pat on the back from the Police Chief for your work in clearing up the mystery. How'd you do it?"

The big man looked pleased, but a little uncomfortable. We wondered if he'd dodge the question altogether, but he sipped at his drink and, staring into the fire, began the tale.

"There was this fine old home a few miles out. Wealthy couple with one grown-up nephew. They had no children of their own and had adopted this nephew. Idolised him. Quite a good type of lad, too. Knew he'd come into the property eventually and really pulled his weight keeping it up to scratch . . ."

We waited while the Constable took another sip, then listened in pin-drop silence as he went on. "Mother was a real social highlight. Loved the highspots, dashed to the city for first nights. Pictures in the social pages. All that stuff . . ."

Don poked at the fire and fidgeted, devoutly hoping the Constable wasn't going to leave the story there!

"They had this young woman as a housekeeper," he went on, "Deserted wife or something. No one quite knew her history. Called herself Mrs. Dashwood. She had separate quarters at the back of the house. Even cooked her own meals and had them on her own."

Rearranging his long legs, the Constable continued, "The upshot was that this housekeeper — thirty-fivish, she was — was found dead in her bed from an overdose of barbiturates. She'd been off-color all day with the flu and Mrs. Aspinall, the lady of the house, had given her the day off. Apparently the housekeeper was rather addicted to headache powders because there was a lot of evidence of this kind in and around her bedside table. Her favourite kind of pain relief was the crushed powder type that's wrapped in paper. Mrs. Aspinall told us her housekeeper had always 'sworn by' these for relief of headaches and colds."

We murmured suitable monosyllables, Don threw on another log and we drew our chairs closer to the blaze.

"It would seem as if it was suicide. An open and shut case, wouldn't it?" Don asked.

Constable Pearson gave a half-grin. "We only pronounce that verdict as a last resort. I myself wasn't satisfied with that notion. I couldn't see what reason Mrs. Dashwood could have for taking her own life."

"Wasn't there some gossip earlier that the nephew had fallen for Mrs. Dashwood?" I put in.

"That's just it. There was. And Mrs. A. wouldn't have tolerated that. She had her own plans for Derek. A big society wedding. All the frills. She'd never have accepted any romance between Derek and Mrs. Dashwood."

"But surely," Don interrupted, "she wouldn't be so desperate as to resort to murder?"

Our friend shrugged. "Well, she was. Analysis of the tablet papers lying nearby proved that one had contained powdered phenobarb. The rest had contained A,P.C."

"It was assumed then that Mrs. Aspinall had given Mrs. Dashwood her crushed "headache powder" with a sweet smile and the poor victim had swallowed it in good faith?" Don queried.

"She admitted it," the Constable said, "Later, of course. Quite a deal later."

"I remember now," Don said, frowning, "There was a lot to it. I read the account in the paper. But it was never quite clear how you came to pin the murder on Mrs. A. She didn't wilt and confess straight away, did she?"

"She'd hardly be the type to do that!" I said.

"Most unlikely!" agreed our friend, feeling for his pipe and tobacco and lighting up comfortably, "It was a long, slow process. She stuck rigidly to the story that she'd prepared the evening meal herself on account of Mrs. Dashwood's illness, and that all three of them — herself,

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her husband and nephew — were having their tea in front of the TV set at the time it was estimated Mrs. D. had died. At about 8 o'clock that evening she reported having found the woman dead when she visited her room to take her a lemon drink."

"Well then, *how*?" demanded Don, intrigued.

"If they were all watching TV, how could Mrs. A. have slipped out and administered the fatal dose?" I asked.

"They weren't all watching TV at all! Only the two men were eating in the TV room. Mrs. A. was in and out of it, fetching extra spoons and things, but she didn't actually sit and watch TV."

"And she admitted this at last? That must have been a major breakthrough?" suggested Don.

"But how did you finally get Mrs. A. on the wood?"

"Quite simple really," the Constable grinned, "I called unexpectedly one late afternoon, almost tea time. Went to the kitchen doorway. The first thing I noticed when Mrs. A. invited me in was two trays set out in readiness for the evening meal. On the kitchen table was a place mat."

"But what did that convey?" we asked, puzzled.

"It showed that two people were in the habit of regularly having their meal in front of the TV in the other room. The third person just as regularly ate in the quiet of the kitchen."

"I see. And the third person was Mrs. Aspinall. She could easily slip out to the housekeeper's quarters without the others being aware of it."

"That's it exactly. She admitted the lot that day. As soon as I'd spotted the two trays she knew the game was up."

"But how did you know she wasn't one of the regular TV viewers?" Don insisted. "For all you know, it could have been her husband who preferred to eat alone, away from the set."

"That's where my pigeonhole memory came in handy," said the Constable, reliving his moment of triumph as the case was solved, "I'd remembered standing in the Post Office near Mrs. A. soon after TV came in. We were both buying licences. I asked her how she liked having TV in the home . . ."

"Yes?" I prompted, eagerly. This was better than any old paperback. This was real, this was earnest.

"I remember it well," he said in reply, "She shrugged her shoulders and said scathingly, "TV is for men and morons. I never watch it. I'm not interested in it and never will be!"

Constable Pearson tapped his pipe on the ashtray, saying softly, "I remembered her words. And then, of course . . . I knew."

GENTLEMEN OF THE ROAD

Vanished are the days of carefree travel and hospitality on bush roads. A recent arrival in the Territory loaned his spare wheel to youths broken down on the Adelaide — Alice Springs road. About 40 miles from Alice he again encountered them pulled up at the side of the road, and walked over to reclaim his wheel, only to be met by an attempt, at knife-point, to steal his car. He escaped as the assailants calmly set fire to their broken-down vehicle, which turned out to have been stolen. And now, even the terrible Sundown Murder has been practically duplicated on the same road.

POLICE HONOURED IN TERRITORY NOMENCLATURE

OFFICIAL appreciation of the efforts of many old-time Northern Territory Policemen has been shown by the naming of streets and various physical features after them. The list below is possibly not complete, and the biographical details are lamentably but unavoidably brief. Except where stated, the names apply to streets — a big proportion of them in the new Rapid Creek and Nightcliff suburbs of Darwin.

1. **ARTAUD** — John Leo Artaud, Mounted Constable 2nd Class, N.T. Police. First appointed in early 1904. He served in the Timber Creek Police District where he was stationed during Governor Le Hunte's visit to the N.T. in 1905. He remained at Timber Creek until 1908 and then served in Palmerston in 1909.

2. **ASHWIN** — Arthur C. Ashwin. Stockman of Milner's party and later second in command during the epic droving trip through Central Australia in 1870-71; he proved himself an able member of the expedition. On two occasions he returned southward for considerable distances on errands for Mr. Milner with only a native as a travelling companion. When the expedition came to an end he was employed by Mr. Knuckey on the O.T. for a short time and then engaged in various occupations for the Police Department and the Superintendent of Works (Darwin). It was his desire to try gold prospecting, and many years of his life were spent on the goldfields of four States.

3. **BECKER** — Fredericks E. Becker. He applied in September, 1873, for appointment to the N.T. Police and he was listed in 1876 as Trooper 2nd Class transferred from Water Police. His devotion to duty drew praise from a Ministerial party (W. S. Sowden's "N.T. as it is", 1882). In 1883 he was appointed Keeper of Palmerston Gaol, succeeding Lawrie, and administered the Gaol until 1889 when he left to take over the Port Augusta Gaol.

4. **BURT** — Francis G. Burt, Mounted Constable 2nd Class. Inspector of Stock. Clerk of Courts. Rose to Inspector of Police.

5. **COWLE** — E. C. Cowle, Mounted Constable stationed at Illamurta Police Camp (South-west of Alice Springs) from 1/2/1889. In 1894 he acted as guide to the Horn Scientific Expedition when they journeyed to the then remote Ayers Rock, Mount Olga and Lake Amadeus. He rendered valuable assistance to them in obtaining rare zoological specimens. Sir Baldwin Spencer has noted in one of his books that Mr. Cowle was "observant, cheerful and courageous, a great bushman with a wonderful knowledge of the country and the way of the natives." Cowle was on duty at most of the Police Stations in Central Australia.

6. **CURNOW** — George E. Curnow, Mounted Constable, appointed N.T. in 1888 and appointed as Customs Officer in 1889 when he took over the Camooweal (Barkly Tableland) District in July 1889. His reports from this District from 1893 to 1897 indicate the value of his work as a Customs Officer, Stock Inspector and Police Officer.

7. **DEMPSEY** — Charles A. Dempsey, Mounted Constable N.T. Police. After 24 years' service in the S.A. Police, Dempsey left the S.A. Force as a Detective to join N.T. Force in January, 1906. He served at Timber Creek and at other Territory Stations and in 1920 is shown as Gaoler, Darwin Gaol and Labour Prison until 1928.

8. **DOWDY** — Matthew Francis, Mounted Constable. Arrived in Palmerston in November, 1898, having had previous experience in S.A. Police since 1887. He was stationed at Brock's Creek and was for two years (1903-4) in charge of the Roper River Police Station. He applied for a transfer to Alice Springs in 1906.

9. **DUDLEY** — G. V. Dudley. Appointed Commissioner of Police in March, 1924, after Police service in Africa, Canada and Ireland. He remained Commissioner and Chief Protector of Aborigines until December, 1927. His position was then abolished following the split up of the N.T., and was subsequently employed with a geological expedition in 1928 and died prior to 1949.

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10. **FOELSCHE** Paul Foelsche, in charge of Police Force 1870 to 1904. (A Street in Darwin and a river in the Gulf Country are named after Foelsche).

11. **GASON** Samuel Gason, Mounted Police Trooper. Gason had been in S.A. Police Force for about 10 years when he commenced duty at Barrow Creek Telegraph Station in 1873. He was present when the Station was attacked by natives in February, 1874. He served at other Police Stations in Central Australia and later wrote papers on the Dieri native tribe. In 1873 he inspected and recorded the native paintings at Emily Gap near Alice Springs.

12. **HOLLAND** Uriah William Holland, Mounted Constable, appointed to N.T. in August 1908. Served at Timber Creek Police Station in 1909 and took part in the expedition from Timber Creek to Blunder Bay, October 1909.

13. **JOHNS** William Francis Johns, Mounted Constable, appointed in October 1909. Was stationed at Roper River Police Station in 1911 at the time of the Caledon Bay Exploring Party's visit and inspected iron ore deposits with them near Roper River. He transferred to the S.A. Police during 1915, finally retiring as Commissioner of Police.

14. **JOHNSTON** Charles Patrick Johnston, Mounted Constable, entered Police Force in 1897. Served throughout the Territory at Arltunga 1901, Powell Creek 1904 and later at Katherine in 1905 and 1906.

15. **JORDAN** W. D. Jordan, Mounted Constable 2nd Class, appointed in August 1899 and served in Anthony Lagoon District. In 1902, due to drought, he shifted the Police Camp to Top Springs. He gained praise from Inspector Foelsche in connection with his search for the missing mailman F. Stiles, who perished in 1902 between Powell Creek and Anthony's Lagoon.

16. **KEAN** William Bernard Kean, Mounted Constable. Served at the Powell Creek Station, from 1901 to 1903, and then at Anthony's Lagoon, from 1904 to 1907. He also figured in the search for the missing mailman who perished in 1902 between Powell Creek and Anthony's Lagoon.

17. **KELLY** James Harcourt Kelly, Mounted Constable. Appointed June 1897 served in the N.T. and in Camooweal District 1901-3. Appointed Keeper of Borroloola Gaol November, 1903. Enlisted in 1917 and after war service served until his retirement from Police Force in 1928, after some 31 years in the N.T. ("Kelly Channel", in the Borroloola-Gulf area, originally surveyed by this Officer, has been recently named, also).

18. **KERIN** James J. Kerin. Mounted Constable 2nd Class appointed September, 1910. Was first Police Officer to open Police Camp at Rankine River in 1911 and served there as Inspector of Stock. Inspector Waters refers to despatch of building to Rankine in 1912.

19. **KINGSTON** Michael John Kingston, Mounted Constable. Served in Katherine District in 1899 and was well known from W.A. border to Borroloola. In 1906 he resigned from the Force at Katherine and purchased a hotel and store there and is also recorded in 1907-8 as running 350 cattle and 100 horses in Katherine District.

20. **LITCHFIELD** W. F. Litchfield, Surveyor and Special Constable. Found first gold in the Territory.

21. **LOVEGROVE** John Creed Lovegrove, former Inspector of Police in N.T. who transferred from S.A. Force about 1914. He was retired in 1941 and

(continued on page 46)

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lived in Alice Springs until his death on 24.12.1954.

22. **McCOLL** A. S. McColl, N.T. Policeman, murdered by natives at Woodah Island off east coast of Arnhem Land during patrol to seek native murderers of Japanese and European lugger crews.

23. **MERRY** Morton P. Merry, Mounted Constable. Served in N.T. at Powell Creek in 1899 and was Inspector of Stock in that district.

24. **NORCOCK** George W. H. Norcock was appointed Keeper of the Palmerston Gaol in 1889 subsequent to Becker's transfer to Port Augusta. He administered the Palmerston Gaol until 1904 when he transferred as Keeper of the Adelaide Gaol.

25. **O'KEEFE** Edmond O'Keefe, Mounted Constable, who spent many years (1889-1905) as Police Officer in charge of the Timber Creek Station (formerly at Gordon Creek until 1896). He acted as Postmaster and was assisted by another Constable plus 3 natives. He resigned in late 1905.

26. **PETERSWALD** **MT. PETERSWALD,** named after W. J. Peterswald, Commissioner of Police.

27. **PRIEST** Mounted Police Constable 1872. First Constable in charge of Alice Springs area at the time the Telegraph Station was completed.

28. **REED** R. Reed, Mounted Constable Third Class. Appointed in December, 1909, to N.T. Police from Stirling West, S.A. He served in N.T. until 1915 when he transferred to S.A.

29. **ROWE** Thomas Rowe, Mounted Constable who was appointed in August, 1904, to the N.T. Police Force. He was stationed at Katherine during the years 1907-1909, when he applied in October for transfer to S.A.

30. **SOUTH** William G. South was the first Policeman in charge of the Police Station on S.W. of Heavitree Gap.

31. **STONE** Fred. Stuckey Stone, Mounted Constable 3rd Class, appointed to the N.T. Force in 1888. He served at Anthony's Lagoon as Police Officer and Stock Inspector in 1897 and 1898.

32. **STOTT** Stott Terrace commemorating a well known Police Officer "the uncrowned King of Central Australia". Mt. Stott was named for the same Officer. He served for 46 years, retiring in 1928 when Commissioner of Police for Central Australia.

33. **THORPE** R. C. Thorpe, Mounted Constable appointed to the N.T. Force in 1889. He served in the Powell Creek District and submitted valuable annual stock reports for 1893 and 1894, reporting on horse diseases, etc. His reports on stock when at Camooweal (1897-8) covered the Tableland area in detail and commented on tick infection in cattle.

34. **VAUGHTON** Robert Rowland Vaughton, Mounted Constable, appointed 1st January, 1908. Served as Police Officer at Roper River in 1911 when Caledon Bay Exploring Party under Murphy called at Roper. His assistance to L. C. E. Gee at Tanami in 1911 was also praised in Gee's report.

35. **WATERS** Nicholas John Waters, Inspector of Police. Having joined S.A. Force in 1873 was appointed to N.T. in July 1882. He was promoted Corporal in 1888 under Inspector Foelsche and in 1904 he took over from Foelsche as Sub-Inspector. Prior to this he had carried out duties of Crown Prosecutor in 39 murder cases. He administered the Police Force in the N.T. from 1904 until after 1921 and was succeeded by Commissioner Dudley in 1924.

36. **WILLSHIRE** William Henry Willshire, Mounted Constable 1st Class, was sent to Alice Springs in December 1881 to take charge of the then newly formed Police Camp. When the Daly River murders took place in 1884, the authorities decided to form a native Police Corps in Central Australia, and this was organised by Constable Willshire. Later, in company with some of the native troopers, he proceeded to Pt. Darwin and worked them on the Roper and Daly Rivers for about a year. In 1885 he returned to Alice Springs and was stationed there until 1888. Due to his close association with the natives of Central Australia, he was regarded as an authority on their customs. He contributed a number of interesting memorials on tribal life to the Australian Native Association in S.A. and published several pamphlets on the subject.

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in Britain at least the law does not quite see it that way. It needs little imagination to conjure up a list of sinister activities which could be carried on by a bogus Police officer, but traditionally the substantive crime involved is regarded as more serious — the impersonation is just part of the *modus operandi*. The penalty for impersonating a Policeman for some unlawful purpose is quite ridiculous really — a mere £10 for pretending to be a Metropolitan Constable (Metropolitan Police Act, 1839), a county Constable (County Police Act, 1839), a Special Constable (Special Constables Order, 1923), or, much more recently, a B.C.T. Constable (British Transport Commission Act, 1962).

It is much more expensive to pretend to be somebody other than a Policeman. Falsely personating a master for the purpose of giving a reference to a would-be servant carried the penalty of £20 (Servants' Characters Act, 1792). To personate a voter — an offence which in a democracy ought to be extremely serious because what goes into the ballot box can be as lethal as a bullet from a politician's point of view — is a felony, but the maximum penalty is no more than two years. The same penalty may be imposed on a person who pretends to be a superannuated schoolteacher. On summary conviction for this offence the penalty is £25 or three months' imprisonment, the same as for the offence of impersonating a Police pensioner.

It is perhaps typical of English law that the imposter who imperils the sanctity of business life treads on very dangerous ground. Thus, personalisation of a shareholder is a felony with a maximum penalty of life imprisonment. One might think it much more serious to assume the character of an Inland Revenue officer, a key figure in the apparatus of modern government; nevertheless the penalty of summary conviction is only ten times the cost of personating a humble Constable, although it may be £100 or two years on indictment (Customs and Excise Act, 1952). The *ratio dicidendi* of the fine distinctions in the prices of imposture is difficult to determine and in the end can only be explained in historical terms. But why should the penalty for impersonating a soldier be life imprisonment (Army Prize Money Act, 1832) and five years for impersonating a sailor (Admiralty Powers Act, 1865)?

At Common Law it was not an offence to impersonate another person for some unlawful purpose. If the purpose was fraudulent such conduct was indictable as a cheat, or, if other persons were involved in the enterprise, as a conspiracy. However, as the nineteenth century got into its stride the felonies multiplied, one of the earliest dealing with the heinous crime of impersonating a Chelsea pensioner (1826).

There is a story behind every statute, and one of the strangest prompted the False Personation Act, 1874. This act made it a felony punishable with life imprisonment to personate any person, or the heir, executor or administrator, wife, widow, next of kin, or relation of any person, with intent to obtain any property. The offence is distinguishable from attempted false pretences, it should be noted, in that the offender must pretend he is a specific person to whom some specific property is legally due.

Looming over the legislature when the Act was passed was the fat, fraudulent figure of Arthur Orton, the son of a Wapping butcher, who in 1865 claimed to be the heir to the Tichborne estate. The true heir, Roger Tichborne, was lost at sea in 1854 when the ship in which he was travelling from Rio de Janeiro went down with all hands. Orton, who had deserted from a ship at Valparaiso and subsequently lived in Australia, saw an advertisement in the papers by Lady Tichborne and succeeded in convincing her that he was her long-lost son. Orton's claim was considered by the Court of Common Pleas in 1871, and at the trial which lasted over a hundred days scores

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of people of every class professed to identify the crude, illiterate Orton as the missing heir. The evidence accumulated by the Tichborne family convinced the jury that Orton was an imposter and he was arrested on a charge of perjury. On the 188th day of his trial — which involved a recapitulation of the whole matter — he was found Guilty on two counts and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment. He died in Marylebone in 1898. The case was remarkable for the interest aroused all over the country. Thousands of people rallied to the cause of the man whom they sincerely believed had been wrongly deprived of his inheritance.

By posing as the heir to a wealthy estate Orton stood to gain far more than he would ever have obtained by posing as a Policeman, serving or retired, although the character in Massachusetts seems to have done pretty well. Still, when you think of the effort, individual and collective, that goes to make a Policeman, and the power for good or evil which he may exercise, a ten-pound touch for assuming his authority is almost derisory.

BACK TO THE GULF

I had a trip up to Mt. Isa in the latter half of July to see my son Richard who is a geologist with M.I.M. Ltd. He and I had a four days round trip across the Barkly Tablelands almost to Brunette, thence down to Creswell and then on to Borroloola calling at Mallapunyah Springs, McArthur River en route. At the latter place the Darcys have built a new homestead which puts to shame a place like Alexandria and perhaps some others, too, on the tablelands. At McArthur River one of Richard's geologist colleagues gave us a good look around the various points of interest there. There is practically nothing to be seen in the nature of mining, but a small rocky outcrop on the western bank of the river from which the mineral sample was taken which led to the extensive exploration work carried out by diamond drilling. Four new houses costing $28,000 each had been built and a large mess and single quarters were in the course of construction. All were air conditioned and insulated and built on steel with a minimum of wood to keep the white ants at bay.

The road from Creswell to Walhillow, where it joins the Anthony Lagoon-Borroloola Road, was good and from there on to the rough country near Top Springs-Mallapunyah an improvement to what it was thirty years ago, but just as bad now as then in the rough stony areas. From Top Crossing down to McArthur River it was rough with plenty of bulldust and the same from there until the main Daly Waters-Borroloola road was reached. All in all not a great deal of improvement since I was last over it with the Camooweal mailman, George Booth, in 1937.

I saw Borroloola in the fading light of the setting sun and apart from the Gulf Trading Company's store, the old Police Station, and some large aluminium caravans parked closed by, and not forgetting some remains of Tattersall's Hotel, the place seemed more dead and decayed than it was nearly thirty years ago. Saw Welfare Officer Tas Festing at the old station building which, apart from some louvres enclosing verandahs, seemed unchanged.

After a brief stay, we departed en route Wollogorang, camping for the night a few miles on the eastern side of the McArthur River. Some road survey work was going on between the McArthur and out near the Foelsche, up to which point the road was quite fair, being formed up in places. From the Foelsche crossing to Robinson River it is just two wheel tracks, and the same applies from there to Wollogorang and right on to the black soil country adjacent to the Gregory River, where a formed road was once again found. There is a good homestead at the Robinson and a new one at Calvert Hills where who should I see but Bill Cussens, who is manager. Mick, he said, was in Camooweal. No doubt most of the old timers met these two characters who, together with old Sam, their father, were drovers, before the war.

We spent the night at Redbank mine where a company from Sydney, Granville Developments, is getting copper ore by open cut methods from some of the leases once held by old Billy Masterton, who lived in a cave close by. The best ore was being bagged and carted to the railhead at Julia Creek en route Townsville and Japan, while the lower grade went to Mt. Isa over shocking roads covered in bulldust and full of hidden holes. The maintenance on the trucks travelling over such roads must be a never-ending job. There were about twenty men employed there.

Wollogorang homestead looked unchanged since I last saw it in 1935. The station is now owned by an American but he wasn't in residence. We covered the last part of the trip from Redbank to Mt. Isa in one lap arriving back in the early hours of the next morning.

It was a round trip of about 1,200 miles and occupied four days, which was not bad going considering the state of the roads in places. From Borroloola to the Gregory River is a Land Rover trip, there being some places which would be very difficult to negotiate in a conventional drive vehicle. Incidentally no petrol is on sale from the 'Loo to Burketown. It was an interesting trip but a bit too rushed. I might do another trip into the Northern Territory next year if I can find the time. Peter Riley

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