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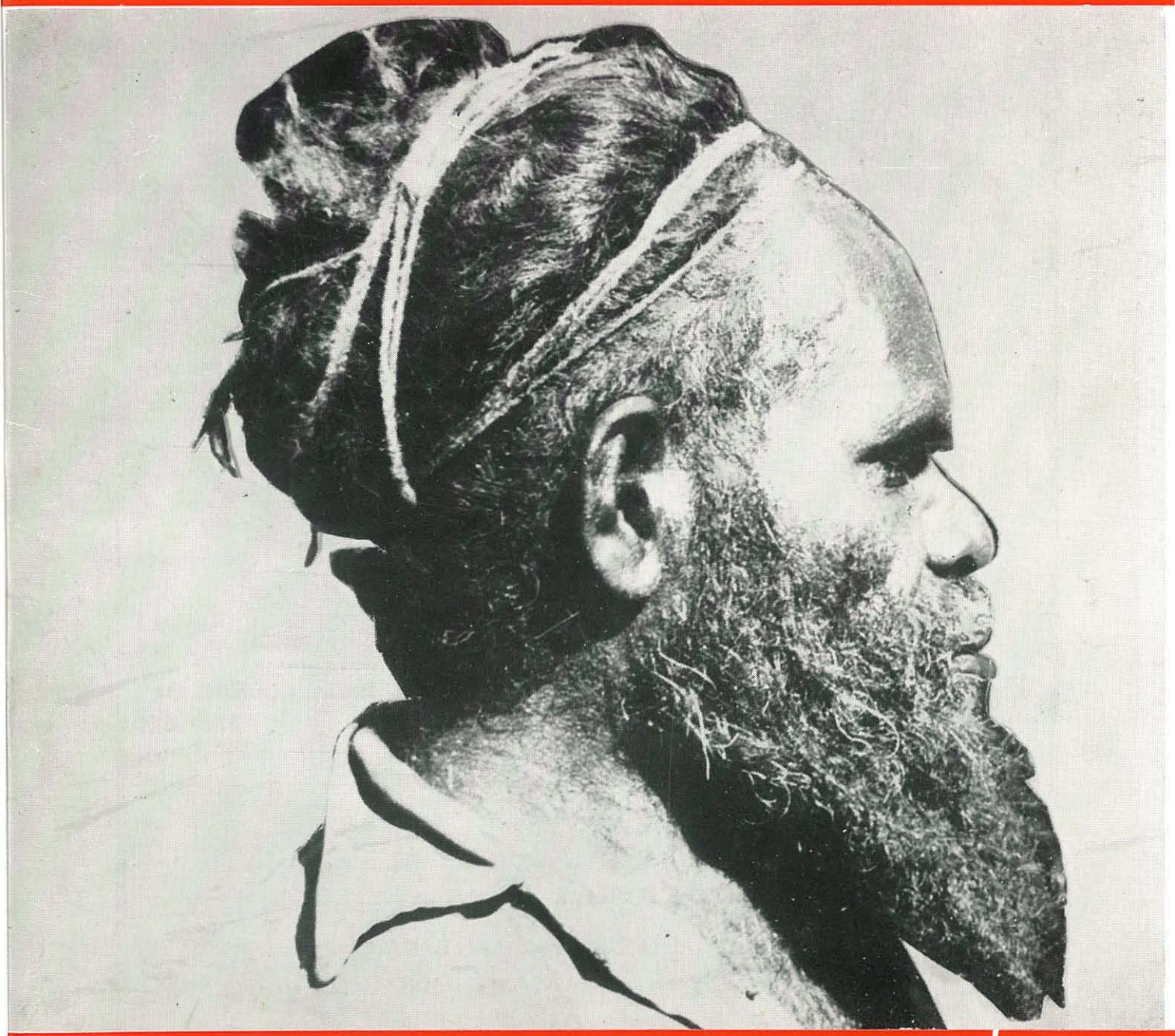

The NORTHERN TERRITORY POLICE MAGAZINE / 50c

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

Southern Division Representatives:

Inspector G. L. Lyall and Constable B. Wyatt.

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OUR COVER

This dour, dusty, desert walker hardly knew what a policeman was when caught by the Editor's camera 17 years ago—but future planning is to cover all Aboriginal settlements with Police Stations in or near them.

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AND THE EDITOR SAYS —

HISTORIC HAIR

Four samples of human hair, recovered by P.C. Ray Miller from a wife-murder victim in Tennant Creek and bashed up with a hammer on an anvil in Adelaide, made police history at the first 1968 sittings of the Northern Territory Supreme Court. This seemingly old-fashioned approach to hair mashing was part of an ultra modern technique in blood grouping, carried out by Dr. Gaye Tucker of Adelaide, and evidence of this — its first use in Australia— was presented by Dr. Tucker to the Court in the Kunoth murder trial in Darwin.

This is a promising indication of the scientific developments now under way in police investigation work in the Northern Territory, where the horse and buggy era is, indeed, just a little way back around the corner. Horse and buggy are literally used, too. Until well after the Second World War most Northern Territory police trials—murder trials especially—had their genesis in a mounted trooper riding off into the bush for a week, a month or several months. And in at least one instance, a mounted constable is known to have travelled all the way from Wave Hill to Timber Creek and back by buggy!

In about 1935 pure science entered Northern Territory police calculations in the shape of a secondhand motor buckboard allotted to Darwin Police Station. Flushed with this triumph of Progress, the then Administrator-Commissioner issued a decree that henceforth the Northern Territory Mounted Police would no longer be known as "mounted" police. This may have been more premature than pointed, for some three years later his successor issued an equally explicit decree that police must patrol each station in their district at least twice a year by **horses.**

This at least was more in keeping with those easy-going times. Horses were still the real mainstay of Territory transport — although most bush members seemed to get themselves a "bomb" of some sort for their private travel, and one, doubtless greater in stature than all others, even sported a Cadillac.

After the war motorisation quickly became the rule rather than the exception, and all stations became equipped with motor transport. Perhaps we are still behind the transport times in that, in such a vast and scattered country, where long urgent journeys are unavoidable and innumerable in the achievement of efficient policing, we have never acquired our own aerial section.

Radio communication came in with Flynn and Traeger's morse-key pedal sets in the mounted/dismounted transitional period of the thirties per the Flying Doctor Service in the Centre and what is now the Overseas Telecommunications Service in the Top End. By 1961 we had introduced our own police radio network and every station now has two-way radio contact with its headquarters and its fellow-stations. There is a direct S.S. Band link between Darwin, Katherine, and Alice Springs, and Darwin and Alice Springs have VHF base to car and car to car service. Telex came into our communications system at the end of 1966.

Fingerprint classification and recording did not exist until after the war, when Sergeant Joe Mutch was sent to New South Wales for the necessary instruction to enable him to launch a Fingerprint Section. In time this unfortunately faded away, in the manner of Territory schemes of those days, into something less than a properly effective system. In 1958 we again appealed to New South Wales and Sergeant Ron McDonald was seconded to us for two years during which he installed a modern style Fingerprint and Modus Operandi Section, now continued by our own personnel.

Forensic Science eluded us for a long time, but the clumsy and expensive business of relying on what we could get on loan from other Forces, at, usually,

very short notice, became obviously archaic as the Territory suddenly began to shoot forward on a population basis. Without the tremendous assistance received from South Australia (Detective Sergeant B. Cocks and Mr. Walter Fander) and New South Wales (Detective Sergeant J. Boyter) the Wran-Thompson safebreaking cases of 1965 could not have ended successfully and this, perhaps more than any other single factor, led to the training of Sergeant Pat Salter in Forensic Science and the establishment of a section under his control.

We still have to call on interstate help in a big way —as shown in the Kunoth and "Barkly Body" trials this year. But our own Forensic Section played a vital part in each of these cases and we can only be set for far greater things in the future.

That unique hair bashing in the Kunoth case is not only a milestone in police scientific history it is also an inspiring guide to the endless possibilities now ahead of our own as yet tiny Forensic Science unit.

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"BARKLY BODY" — A NATION-WIDE AFFAIR

In mid-January two Darwin men were at a lonely spot on the Barkly Highway. One remained there as a corpse; the other went all the way to Melbourne and thence to Perth where the police picked him up on a very minor matter at about the same time as his companion's body happened to be discovered under a tree just off the Barkly Highway. Constable Harry Cox, of Avon Downs, started inquiries rolling. Detective Sergeants Roger Textor and Graham McMahon took charge of the investigation. Police scientific and ordinary civilian witnesses of importance had to be gathered from almost all over Australia to tie up all the innumerable ends of evidence. We propose to include the fascinating if gruesome story in our next issue.

FITZER FRIEZE ON STREET LEVEL

Back in the early 1930's Tas Fitzer and other Northern Territory Police became nationally famous as a result of their months-long patrols in the hunt for the Aboriginal murderer Nemarluk.

Tas and Nemarluk have both since passed on, but their names are now perpetuated in the streets in the new Bagot sub-division, Darwin—and from the look of the plan it seems as though they will forever remain poised in the position of hunter and hunted, with Fitzer Drive running into the end of Nemarluk Drive.

Poor Tas—he'll never catch him again that way!

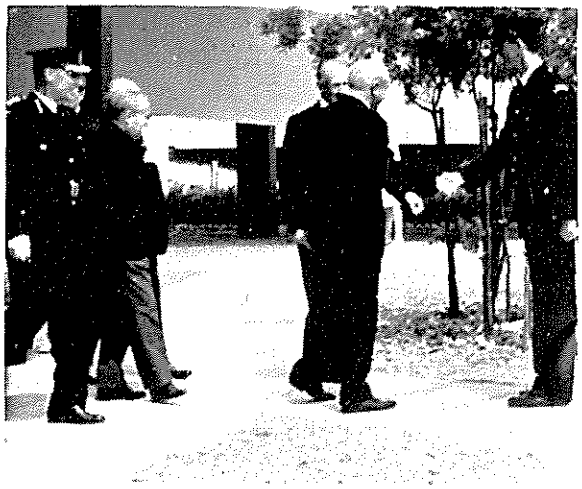
NECESSITY MOTHERS FOUR ORPHANS

The mother of invention cares naught about size.

At a Darwin meeting just after our last issue was published the world's smallest trade union was formed —the Northern Territory Police Commissioned Officers' Association.

All four Commissioned Officers of the Northern Territory Police Force joined as members immediately after the meeting. One would think that this membership percentage would be the world's biggest.

Results are so far reported to be commensurate with the size of the Association.



Const. Bob Henfry, all dressed up for Canada, being introduced to the late Prime Minister.

BOB HENFRY AT EXPO '67

Overseas service is becoming a regular prize for young, single NT Policemen. Four have now seen service in Cyprus, and another is on the way, and Bob Henfry has recently returned from duty at the International Expo 67 at Montreal, Canada. We promptly sent him off back to Alice Springs to shake the snow off into the Todd in the hope of establishing a new water storage basin.

He was one of nine comprising the Australian Police Contingent at the exhibition. All State, the ACT, Commonwealth and Northern Territory Police Forces were represented. The huge fair was held on an island in the St Lawrence River, so after being rushed in from Lake Nash, on the Georgina, Bob was instantly quite at home, though possibly short of a fly or two.

O.I.C. of the Contingent was Inspector L. Connolly, from the Commonwealth Police Force. Other members were Constable 1/C J. McDonnell, Queensland, and Constables K. Reece, Tasmania, D. Groves, Victoria, A. Woodcock, South Australia, R. Donaldson, Australian Capital Territory, J. Underhill, New South Wales, R. Henfry, NT and M. Lane, Western Australia.

Duties centred on security of and in the Australian Pavilion and the valuable exhibits on display there. One member at least was on duty in the Pavilion at all times. Control and direction of the twenty thousand or so visitors passing daily through the Pavilion after opening day on 28th April, 1967, was the Contingent's responsibility. Each day the long queues of sightseers became even longer as the Pavilion became increasingly popular amongst the millions of visitors to the Fair. A continual, important aspect of the Contingent's duties was answering the many questions asked, not only regarding the exhibits—which included Australian opals, stamps and decimal currency, and a deep, comfortable white woollen carpet which covered the walls and floors of the Pavilion—but also there was tremendous interest amongst visitors in the Australian way of life, our sports, our climate, our living conditions, and an interest, too, in our outback.

Many of the countries represented at the Exhibition brought their own Police with them, so the Australians were able to enjoy daily contact and exchange of social and professional pleasantries not only with the local Montreal and Royal Canadian Mounted Police but with a wide cross-section of the world's Police Forces. It was an experience to be remembered. Even being able to attend the fabulous Exhibition was the event of a lifetime. In Bob Henfry's case there was an additional plum in being, at the conclusion of duty with the Expo Contingent, seconded to the R.C.M.P. for two months' experience and training.

DEAD-END ON DEEPWATER ROAD

"Murder!" affirmed the Crown Prosecutor.

"Blackfellow business!" pleaded Defence Counsel.

'Murder," announced the Jury.

The blind woman's scales wavered as the Judge pondered the old teaser of matching white man's law and black man's justice black man's law and white man's justice. A balance was struck.

"Four years' hard labour," pronounced the Judge.

Thus ended a macabre drama that had its beginnings in the steamy darkness of a December night nearly six months before.

Just another Saturday night at Bagot Settlement, Darwin and most of the natives who had stayed home or come home had retired to sleep or toss about in sweaty wakefulness according to how the Wet season night affected them. One of these was a 20 years old lubra named Ildimbu, in from Oenpelli for medical treatment. Unbeknownst to her she had a decisively eventful Sunday morning ahead.

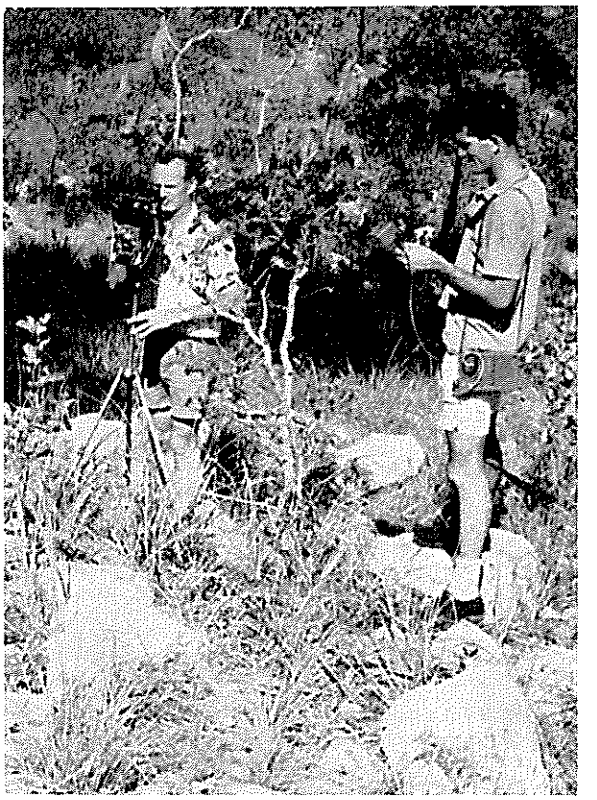
Among those who had not yet come home was Frank and his wife Elsie, who had sought a bit of seasonal relief at a "late night" at a seaside hotel. They left Nightcliff as about midnight to walk home to Bagot and bed. But they too, had a Sunday of unscheduled variety ahead.

Two young men who had also enjoyed the hotel's Saturday night gaiety had a feeling that its ending at midnight was premature, leaving their night's entertainment schedule somewhat unfulfilled. As they drove observantly back towards Darwin they spotted Frank and Elsie walking at the edge of the road and in the same direction, swung around pulled up alongside and offered them a lift The couple accepted without demur. As they got into the back seat they thought they were doubly lucky in that Christmas must have come early. There was an open carton of beer at their feet- They promptly sampled this, with only token protest from its owners. Added to what they had already imbibed this sparked off both their imagination and their generosity. As they pulled up at the Bagot gate, imagination impelled them to beg to be driven much further afield. Generosity inspired them to fall in very sociably with an idea that the two young men had been turning over in their minds since leaving the hotel.

Off they went into the Settlement to return some time later with a young boy, their son Paul, aged about eight. The youths regarded this disconcerting development as a bit of an anticlimax, but were persuaded to wait a few minutes longer. Presently the young lubra, Ildimbu, wearing a blue dress with a floral pattern, came out through the gate and got in to the back of the car with the others.

They drove down the Stuart Highway towards Winnellie, but after a little more drink journey's end was extended, and later extended again, and finally became Adelaide River. After a toilet stop at the 15-Mile, the girl changed into the front seat with the two youths. By the time they reached Elizabeth River any necessary preliminaries had been sorted out and the car was pulled up at the side of the road. All three front seat occupants got out and went off into the long grass amongst the trees, where each of the youths had intercourse with the willing Ildimbu, who returned to the car with 50 cents in her hand.

The journey continued, with toilet and other essential natural pauses en route and persistent guzzling by Frank and Elsie in the back seat, as far as Coomallie Creek. Here the girl reneged on further intercourse and again changed her position to the back seat, where Frank and Elsie were fast becoming unbearable through excess alcohol, heated arguments, and flying fists. Finally, the youths would not put up with it any longer. As they neared Adelaide River they stopped, put the obstreperous couple out, shut the door and drove off, with Ildimbu and the boy Paul still in the back seat. They dropped these two off near the Adelaide River store and drove on a couple of miles to have a short camp. On returning through Adelaide River they stopped at the store for petrol and were rudely accosted by Frank and Elsie, demanding to know the whereabouts of Ildimbu and Paul. The youths ignored them and drove off towards Darwin.



Sgt. Pat Salter and S/Const. A. Grant gathering photographic evidence at murder scene.

Frank and Elsie eventually went to the Adelaide River Police Station, but between their advanced state of inebriation and their abnormal excitement, Constable Alex Remeikis had difficulty in making any sense out of their story and even more difficulty in believing it. He did take them for a fast run up the road for a number of miles, but there was no sign of the vehicle described by them. On returning to Adelaide River, he instructed them to look around and make inquiries amongst the local native camps. No result came from this, and Frank later told Remeikis that he had sighted the vehicle heading back towards Pine Creek. Remeikis alerted Pine Creek Police. As

Sgt. Pat Salter's photo arrangement of Ildimbu's 11th or 12th ribs and the 12¾" x 1 5/16" blade of Garlbuma's spear shows the damaging effect of the shovel-bladed spear in expert hands.

nothing had come to light by four o'clock in the afternoon, he decided that the girl and boy had probably picked up a lift and returned home to Bagot. Frank and Elsie then returned to Darwin that night, but, upon making inquiries at Bagot Settlement, found that Ildimbu and Paul had not come home, and nobody localy knew anything of their movements or whereabouts.

They were reported to the Darwin C.I.B. as Missing Persons. Constable Remeikis was instructed to make urgent inquiries in the Adelaide River area. No information was forthcoming until the Monday evening, when Tracker Charlie, of Adelaide River, brought in a report of a lubra and boy having been seen on the previous evening, walking along the road to Deep Water. This is a dirt road leading off from the Stuart Highway past Di Cesare's farm towards the Adelaide River. The girl was wearing a blue dress with some sort of a pattern on it and the boy a red striped shirt: items similar to those worn by Ildimbu and Paul. A short search of the area before darkness set in failed to reveal any sign or information of the missing pair.

Three natives were at Di Cesare's farm when the lubra and boy passed along the road within walking distance of them. But the only conversation that took place briefly indicated that they were not sure of their whereabouts. One of the natives said: "Where are you going?" Paul replied: "Where is Darwin?" The native replied: "Go back there," indicating the direction of the Highway from which they had come. But Paul and the lubra walked on along the Deep Water road. Ildimbu had not spoken a word, although one of the farm natives had said to her: "Where do you come from?"

After the couple had passed, two of the farm natives, thinking to get them back on the right track, said to the third, David Garlbuma: "Might be that girl your countryman. Better you go and bring him back." David, an Oenpelli man, said: "All right," and walked off after them. Half an hour later he returned and said that they would not come back. He gave no reason.

Presently David Garlbuma went off up the road again, this time taking a shovel spear and woomera belonging to one of the others, Willie Baunbon. He was wearing blue shorts and blue coloured thongs. He returned to the camp at about midday on the Monday, minus spear, woomera and thongs. Asked about the missing weapons, he said he had lost them trying to kill a buffalo. He gave no explanation about the missing thongs. He did not mention the boy or lubra.

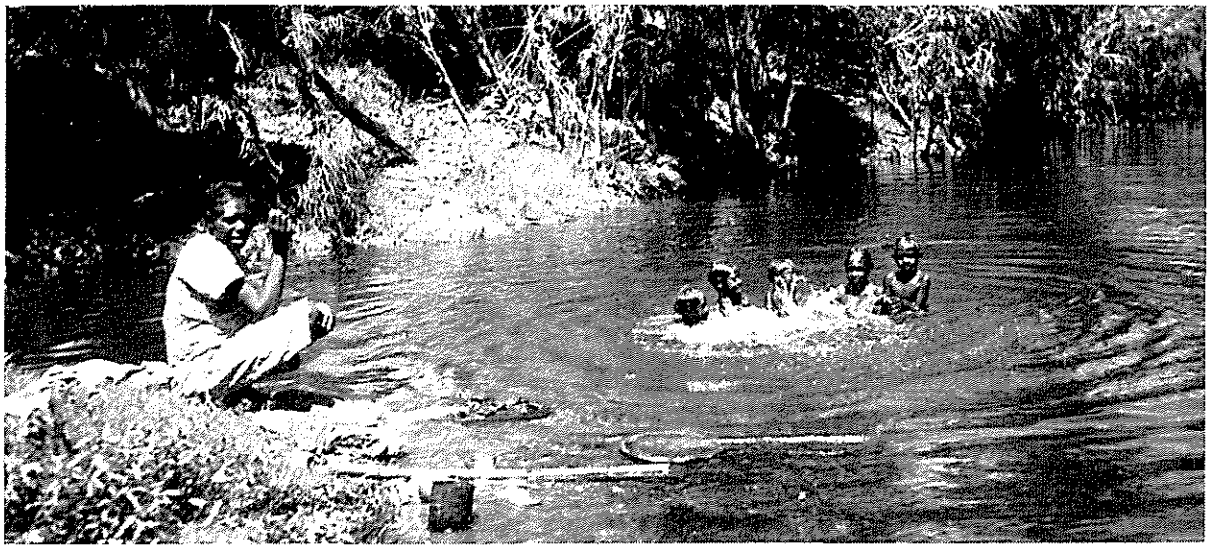
During that Monday afternoon (12th December, 1966) James McDonald Sullivan, working a pilot farm at Tortilla Flats on the Adelaide River, about twelve miles north of the Adelaide River township, was surprised to see a young native boy, travelling alone, walk past his dinner camp. The boy ignored him and walked on for a hundred yards or so before turning back and coming up to him. The boy asked where Darwin was. Sullivan noted that he was in a dreadful state, weak and dirty, with cuts on the head, hair matted, and blood all round his neck. Sullivan took him to his homestead, bathed and fed him and let him have a short sleep. He had difficulty in understanding the semi-delirious boy, but learned that his name was Paul and picked up a confused version of the general story. After the boy had rested, Sullivan drove him 20 miles and handed him over to Constable John Lincoln, at Batchelor Police Station.

Paul was taken to Darwin Hospital and the story he there told to Det. Sergeant Len Cossons and Det. Senior Constable Darryl Alexander set off a vigorous Police search of the Deep Water-Tortilla Flats area.

According to Paul, David Garlbuma followed him and Ildimbu for some distance after they had passed Di Cesare's farm on Sunday, 11th December. He had nothing in his hands. After a while he went back along the road, and later caught up to them again, after they had crossed the river. This time he had a shovel spear and a woomera in his hands. He said: "You two got to go back this way." Ildimbu said: "We won't go back with you." He said: "If you don't come back with me, I'll bash you."

They followed him back a little way, then turned and started to walk away from him. But Garlbuma turned, caught up to them, and attacked Paul with the woomera, hitting him four times about the head, knocking him to the ground and breaking the woomera in the process. Paul received three severe lacerations on the head.

While this was going on Ildimbu made a run for it; but David Garlbuma ran after her, caught her and bashed her with the remaining portion of the woomera all the way back to near where Paul was lying on the ground. The woomera broke again. David Garlbuma then threw the shovel spear at Ildimbu, striking



The Adelaide River is usually a nice, quiet place — but it was the "last river" for Ildimbu.

her in the upper left portion of the body and felling her to the ground. He then picked up a heavy stick and, while she lay there with the spear sticking out of her, bashed her with the stick. He then pulled out the spear and ran away, carrying it with him.

Paul was badly cut about the head and bleeding severely. After David had gone, he went to Ildimbu but could not wake her, nor could he notice any signs of breathing. He was frightened, and left the scene. At dark he camped. On the following day he walked until he came upon a fence, which he followed until he came up to Sullivan's dinner camp.

On 13th December a search was carried out of the general Deep Water-Tortilla Flats area under the direction of Det. Sergeant Roger Textor, head of the C.I.B. in Darwin. With Plain Clothes Sergeant Pat Salter and Constable John Ascoli, of the Forensic Science Section, Textor took Paul to the area in the hope that he could guide them to the scene of the attacks. On arrival at Adelaide River they were advised by Senior Constable Alex. Grant that David Garlbuma had disappeared; also missing was the owner of the spear and woomera; Willie Baunbon. With the aid of Paul and two Trackers, it was established that Paul and Ildimbu had crossed the Adelaide River about nine miles downstream from Adelaide River township. Their tracks were found on the banks of the river and later the barefoot tracks of a third person, an adult male Aborigine, were found. Paul described the spot where they had walked away from Garlbuma as a place with a lot of dead trees. They had just crossed a hill when attacked; but Paul, unfortunately, could not find the particular hill. Radio control of the search was difficult as the Police vehicle had to remain on one side of the flooded river while the searchers operated on foot on the far side. As darkness approached, Paul became distressed and near collapse, and the search was called off for the day. Paul was sent back to Darwin Hospital.

Senior Constable Grant remained behind to continue the search with Det. Constable Bob Jackson and Constables John Lincoln and Alex Remeikis and Police Trackers. On 15th December they were joined by Plain Clothes Constable Bob Henfry, and Constables Gary Burgdorf and Don Swift, as well as Welfare Officer Barry Anderson and five additional native trackers. On 16th December a helicopter from the R.A.A.F. was used, with Textor and Ascoli acting as spotters. The helicopter carried out a very close search of a triangular area formed by the crossing used by Paul and Ildimbu, another crossing about five miles downstream and a point inland from the first crossing. It seemed certain that the assaults occurred in this area, as it is bounded by the crossing and dead trees mentioned by Paul and the fence which he came upon after the attack. There were no sightings of the woman, and after a thorough search it was concluded that probably neither she nor her body was in the area.

After extensive searches carried out by foot, horseback, motor vehicle and helicopter had failed to locate any sign of the lubra Ildimbu, and the country had become almost hopelessly waterlogged under continuous Wet season downpours, the search was called off on the evening of Friday, 16th December.

A logical source of information regarding the missing Ildimbu was David Garlbuma, and attention was now concentrated on locating him. Police suspected him of murder, yet the local natives — usually wideawake in such matters — did not, or convincingly pretended not to, believe the story of the killing. They contended that Ildimbu had gone away bush with David Garlbuma. As time went on, this seemed to be quite a likely proposition, as no trace whatever could be found of either of them, despite widespread inquiries. Yet Paul's story had a very true ring.

A month passed before a substantial lead came to light. On 13th January, 1967, Senior Constables Alex. Grant and Darryl Alexander flew from Darwin to Mudginburri Station, some 120 miles north-eastward from Pine Creek. At 8.45 a.m., at a camp about three miles from the station, they spoke to some natives. Half an hour later, with their assistance, the Police located and spoke to a native who admitted to being David Garlbuma — but an innocent Garlbuma, who derided as lies the story gathered by the Police from Paul, Willie and others who had been in the Deep Water area on the fateful December Sunday.

Garlbuma was shaken by the unexpected news that the little boy had not only survived the savage attack but was quite well and capable of identifying his assailant. He tried hard to maintain his tale of innocence, but holes appeared in his story. In time he admitted to hitting the boy twice, and to spearing the lubra (but not to bashing her) — all because, he said, they gave him cheek when he told them to go back with him.

Upon returning to Darwin, David Garlbuma agreed to show Grant and Alexander the spot where he had attacked the boy Paul. The party then proceeded by four-wheel-drive vehicle to Adelaide River, picked up Constable Remeikis there, and headed out along the Deep Water Road again. Garlbuma pointed out the spot where he and his friends had seen and spoken to Ildimbu and Paul as they walked along the road. He recalled the boy's red-striped shirt and the girl's

blue dress with flowers on it. They crossed a ford on the river and came to a fence, both of which he had crossed when tracking the girl and boy. The party left the vehicle at the fence and footwalked diagonally across a large paddock for about a mile and a half.

"We close-up that spear now," said David eventually.

Presently he walked towards a tree, appeared to study it, then turned and walked to another tree about 50 yards away. There he bent down and picked up a shovel-nosed spear from the long grass at the foot of the tree. It was Willie Baunbon's spear, which he had taken from Di Cesare's farm camp, and he had dropped it here after the attack.

Half a mile further on, after a slightly uphill walk, the party came to ridge and walked along it for about 50 yards. Garlbuma pointed and said: "There's the woomera."

At first Grant and Alexander could not see the woomera. They saw a large stain on the slope of the ridge, with two large and numerous smaller bones lying on it. A human lower jaw was slightly off to the left, and other bones, and the broken woomera, to the right. A short distance away was a human skull, on what appeared to be some faded blue material with a floral pattern.

This was where he had left the lubra after the attack. This was the dress she had been wearing. The spear they had found earlier was the spear with which he had struck her, throwing it, with the shaft fitted into the woomera, a matter of some 15 feet. It penetrated her body for the full length of the blade. She fell down. He became frightened, pulled the spear out and ran away. Alexander picked up a broken blue thong. A short distance away was another. Garlbuma said they were his — they had broken and come off when he was running away over the rocky ground of the ridge.

Robin and Marie Chalker busy cake-cutting after their Christ Church, Darwin, wedding.

"Citizens Take Guns to Long-haired Rats"—newspaper report from Top Springs.

Ah! Perhaps we will soon see a decent crew-cut or "short back and sides" again.

David Garlbuma was taken away. Remeikis was left behind to guard the scene until next day, when Textor and Salter came down to gather photographic and forensic evidence.

Garlbuma appeared before Mr. Justice Blackburn in the Northern Territory Supreme Court at Darwin on 23rd May, 1967. Mr. Peter Massie, of the Crown Law Office, appeared on behalf of the Crown, and a Darwin practitioner, Mr. Harry Bauer, for the defence. The defence contended that it was purely "Blackfellow business"; that Ildimbu had been marked out for execution according to native law and that David Garlbuma had been nominated by the elders, at a tribal ceremony at Oenpelli some months beforehand, as her official executioner. On 26th May the Jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder.

—J. J. MANNION.

POLICE COURT

No contestants! Give the Editor a pair of white gloves, please.

LIFERS' ROW

Constable Geoff Shervill and Shirley Clark were married on 2-9-67 at United Church, Katherine.

Constable Paul Kauter and Barbara Tennant were married on 8-9-67 at St Joseph's Church, Toronto, NSW.

Constable Robin Chalker and Marie Spence were married on 25-11-67 at Christ Church, Darwin.

Constable Ian Rogers and Robyna Hallam were married on 2-12-67 at United Church, Darwin.

Constable Kevin Morris and Betty Phillips were married on 8-12-67 at Church of Ascension, Alice Springs.

Constable Dennis Scrutton and Rosemary Hutchins were married on 6-1-68 at the Methodist Church, Rosefield, SA.

Woman Police Constable Sheila Haisman (since resigned and now residing in USA) was married to Gail Bellinger on 3-2-68 at the Registry Office, Darwin.

Constable Raymond Weir and Annette Mitchell were married on 3rd February, 1968, at the Baptist Church, Mosman, N.S.W.

STORK BEAT

On 8-8-67 at Darwin, to Bob and Elvira Kucharzewski — a son, Konrad Stephen.

On 17-8-67 at Darwin, to Norm and Jo. Wright—a son, Peter William.

On 6-9-67 at Darwin, to Bruce and Maureen Sandry —a son, Timothy Bruce.

On 16-9-67 at Darwin, to Blake and Sandra Jobberns —twin daughters, Trudi Ann and Trini Jane.

On 20-9-67 at Darwin, to Ian and Edwina Castillon— a daughter, Brenda Ethel.

On 29-9-67 at Alice Springs, to Frank and Sondra Saunders of Timber Creek — a daughter, Cathy Michelle.

On 2-10-67 at Alice Springs, to Bob and Margaret O'Keefe—a son, James Alexander.

On 5-10-67 at Darwin, to Geoff and Cherril Day— a son, Warren Geoffrey.

On 7-10-67 at Darwin, to Don and Wilma Honeysett —a daughter, Cara Yvonne.

On 15-11-67 at Alice Springs, to Glen and Denise Saxby—a daughter, Liza Anne.

On 4-12-67 at Alice Springs, to Andy and Marlene McNeil—a son, Adam John.

On 8-12-67 at Darwin, to Thomas Charles and Patricia Baker—a daughter, Carolyn Gaye.

On 9-12-67 at Darwin, to Thomas Norval and Jocelyn Baker—a son, Richard Thomas.

On 11-12-67 at Darwin, to John and Barbara Taylor—a daughter, Suzanne Rae.

On 21-1-68 at Alice Springs, to John and Ruth White, of Kulgera—a son, Brett McRae.

On 23-1-68 at Darwin, to Peter and Rita Young—a son, James Brendan.

On 9-2-68 at Alice Springs, to Arie and Diedrie Pyle —a daughter, Krishna Simmone.

On 24-2-68 at Darwin, to James and Carol Green— a son, Roderick James.

OLD DARWIN

One of Darwin's most substantial buildings in the early 1870's (and one of the most necessary) was this fine old gaol, built on the site of the present Naval Headquarters.

A writer of the times, W. J. Sowden, wrote with some truth that it resembled a prison as a chapel resembled a cathedral.

The fence around it was far from escape-proof. Lack of adequate ventilation meant that prisoners could be closely confined only at night. The result was that they took their evening stroll in the town's main streets (or what there was of them).

One Chinese prisoner challenged by a policeman explained that as usual he was on his way to post a letter "and whaffor you holdee me?"

What for, indeed. Escaped prisoners had no chance of going anywhere except "home".

The gaoler, J. Laurie, had an adjoining room not much bigger than a cell for his own use. Here he slept and ate and received his visitors.

Aboriginal prisoners were secured at night to ring-bolts in the walls.

The solitary confinement cell had cavity walls filled with sand to deaden the execrations of the obstreperous.

And to think that they complain today about the Mitchell Street cells!

The new Fannie Bay gaol was built in 1884 for £5,600, then the biggest item of expenditure so far incurred in the Northern Territory.

"Crime pays splendidly," the contractor said.

For those married officers who sometimes feel like complaining about their modern homes, we present a photograph of the residence occupied in the 1870's and 1880's by the officer-in-charge, Northern Territory Police, Inspector Paul Foelsche.

We can only assume that this low-roofed, weather-board and bamboo edifice in Mitchell Street must have been fine and hot in December.

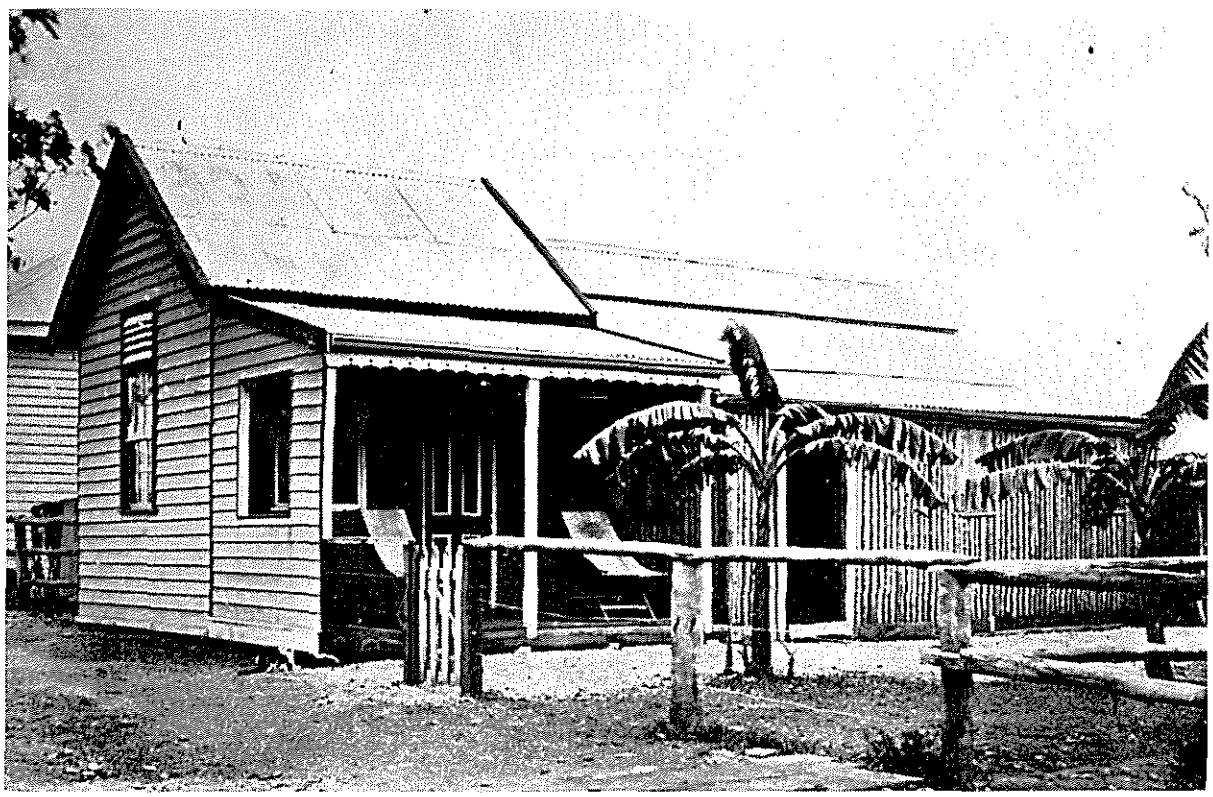
Inspector Foelsche, nevertheless, stayed in Darwin for many years—34 as a policeman and a further 10 in retirement. ("Poinciana", in Mitchell Street, is believed to have been his last home here).

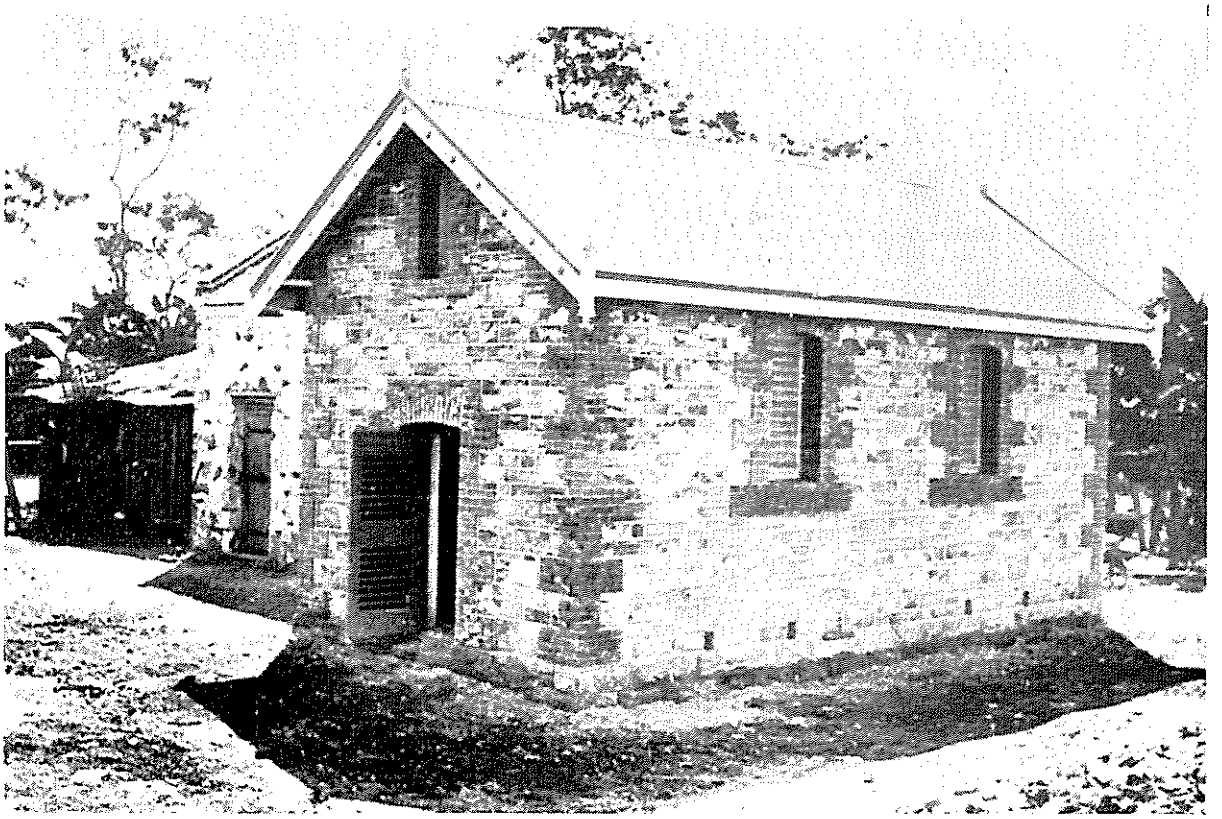
Inspector Paul Foolsche.

When the photograph of his house was taken he was obviously preparing to live off the land, with a stout post and rail fence to keep wandering stock away from his bananas.

And that other photograph is of the old boy himself, resplendent in his Hussar's uniform of blue and silver.

—DOUG LOCKWOOD.





Darwin (Palmerston) Gaol.

BUSH JUSTICE

By W. F. JOHNS

Old Mulga Jim wanted more than anything else to be a Justice of the Peace. To him it was the acme of the social climb. Not just to sign those long, dry sheets of paper, you know. But to sit on the Bench and dispense JUSTICE. Ah! That was the thing! To preside in a Court of law and decide the fate of lesser men.

Well, they made him a J.P. at last. They didn't really have much choice in that isolated corner of the Territory. But he was never asked to sit on the Bench, for some reason that he could never make out, so the core of his apple felt sour to the taste. Papers, papers, papers! Nothing but papers to sign. Never the real thing. Until . . .

The S.S. "Nelson" had arrived at the Roper River, and stores for the surrounding stations had arrived, Mulga Jim's team amongst them. A case containing six bottles of whisky was missing and Trooper Kelly, after investigating, in due course arrested Mullocky Ryan for stealing it.

The hearing took place in the Roper River Police Station, and Mulga Jim, J.P., presided. (There was no-one else available within 200 miles!) Trooper Kelly called Bob Fallow, the first witness. But this was no time to be listening to underlings.

His Honour said: "Before this witness gives evidence—how do you know those bottles contain whisky?"

Trooper Kelly said, "Your Honour, the bottles are labelled whisky and sealed, and by law are presumed to contain whisky."

"We want no presumption, Trooper. I want proof. Open a bottle!"

A bottle was opened and His Honour took a good nip.

"That's whisky all right, but I require evidence that the other five bottles contain whisky, too."

The other five bottles were opened, and His Honour took a sample from each bottle. By that time Justice in all her blindness had gone right to Mulga Jim's head.

The Trooper was again about to proceed when His Honour said: "I require no further evidence. The bottles contain whisky and that is sufficient evidence."

To the prisoner, he said: "You can steal a man's horse, and he can get another horse. You can steal his wife, and he can get another wife; but—to steal a man's whisky—why man, that is his life's blood!"

His Honour continued—"Under the law, I could sentence you to death; I could send you to prison for life; I could order you to be deported from Australia."

Trooper Kelly arose in a state of alarm and whispered something to His Honour, who then said: "Prisoner, you may still be of some use in Australia. You are fined £5. But, in default of payment, you will be hanged by the neck until you are dead. The Court is adjourned."

Mullocky Ryan promptly paid the five pounds and took to the bush, going so fast that, according to Monday Rains, he had to kick the goannas out of his way.

Around the camp fire at the Red Lily Lagoon at night time, the awe-stricken Mullocky told the story of how he had been sentenced to death, and would have been hanged but for the Trooper putting in a word for him and getting him off with a £5 fine.

Old Mulga Jim, J.P., returned to his station, flushed with pride at having achieved his life's ambition. He had presided in a Court of Justice.

A MATTER OF CONVICTION

By ROBERT MARKS
Former Chief Constable of Leicester, now Deputy Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis at New Scotland Yard)

"The trouble with people is not that they don't know but that they know so much that ain't so."—Josh Billings' Encyclopaedia of Wit and Wisdom—(1874).

It is theoretically the duty of the whole of society to clear up crime if it is unable to prevent it, but in practice this task devolves upon the police who know from experience that, in these days of wider social tolerance, detection alone is not enough to constitute a deterrent to the budding criminal. It must be followed by a likelihod of conviction. Detection not followed by that likelihood is in practice a cnsiderable encouragement to the persistent wrongdoer. The prosecution can only achieve conviction by discharging the burden of proof, and the extent to which this can be done is governed by a number of factors. These are—

(i) The number and quality of the police;
(ii) The acceptability of the law;
(iii) The powers entrusted to the police for investigation; and
(iv) The effectiveness of the system of trial.

The public as a whole are surprisingly ignorant of their real reationship to the police. They have for nearly half a century been misled by the fictional image of the police imparted by novels, wireless, the cinema and television.

The policeman of fiction may be crude or polished, well born or humble, but with rare exceptions he always gets his man. This massive brainwashing has a profound effect. It gives a widespread impression that the police are omniscient and that to a great extent justice prevails in the end, an impression that heightens public resentment of any improper behaviour by police because it is assumed to be not only unfair but unnecessary. The public unconsciously want to believe in the effectiveness of the police and the law and do not therefore readily understand their weaknesses and imperfections. There is a curious paradox in that the same public that welcomes an omniscient and powerful police force in fiction does not want one in fact and will resist emotionally and unreasonably any attempt to create one.

It will, grudgingly and slowly, in the face of increasing crime agree to employ more police and improve the standard and amount of their equipment, but it will resist the grant of additional powers or the changes in investigation and trial procedure without which these improvements cannot be effective. The real truth is not widely known; it is that justice in this country does not by any means prevail. The criminal stands a good chance of escaping, and if he is caught the more experienced he is the better his chance of avoiding conviction.

Some of the difficulty arises from the fact that the system of investigation has little relevance to modern society. It is based on the pious sentiment in the preamble to the Judges' Rules "that citizens have a duty to help a police officer to discover and apprehend offenders," but ignores altogether the lawful entitlement of those same to decline to comply with it. Belief in the efficiency of that principle still to some extent determines the number of policemen in this country. Compare for example, the 66,000 police in the provinces of England and Wales to serve a population of 39 million with the 54.000 police in Paris for a population of three million. The fact that the police are so few in number increases enormously their reliance on the co-operation of the ordinary citizen, without which they are too often virtually helpless.

Since the 1939-45 war the number and quality of the police in England and Wales has always been lower than it should be. In some places it is dangerously low. There are a number of reasons for this. A pitifully inadequate rate of pay between 1945 and 1961 denied to many police forces manpower of the quality or quantity they really needed. The improved rates of pay virtually compelled by the Royal Commission have only partially relieved that situation. The police require manpower of two kinds: a steady flow of good men capable of reaching intermediate rank and a leavening of men, either well educated or of good intellectual potential, capable of reaching the top. They now do fairly well for the first category but very badly for the second.

The situation is made all the more difficult by unwillingness on the part of police authorities and the police to take economic and social factors into account in trying to resolve their problems. Insistence on a standard rate of pay (notwithstanding that in some forces for a generation there has been a shortage of men whilst others more fortunate have waiting lists), a resistence, now diminishing, to a wider employment of auxilliaries (traffic wardens, typists, clerks etc), and a tendency to put autonomy before collective efficiency. These and other factors have impeded progress. The situation with regard to the number and quality of police manpower is no more satisfactory today than is the general public reaction to the laws the police are required to enforce. Much less than one third of the 90,000 policemen in England and Wales are on duty at any one time and they are thinnest on the ground where they are most needed, in the cities and townships where crime and social problems are most likely to flourish.

Criminals in those areas who have sufficient intelligence to plan their activities reasonably well are less likely to be caught red-handed than those who commit crime spontaneously. This heightens the need for the help of the public when a crime is committed. Such help can be of two kinds, passive and active. By passive, I mean a willingness to tell the police of crime without delay and to give evidence. By active, I mean "having a go," as suggested by a senior Scotland Yard officer. The extent to which help of this kind is likely to be forthcoming varies immensely. Many people are instinctively unwilling to help the police passively because of the inconveience or indignity likely to be suffered by witnesses in criminal trials, or because they have little or no sympathy with the particular law an accused is said to have broken. A better educated and more diverse society is more likely to question the acceptability of laws than its forbears. Improved communication media have accelerated this change. It is interesting to reflect, for example, that only three of the 10 commandments would be likely today to have the sanction of criminal law—those relating to murder, theft and perjury. Sunday observance and blasphemy may perhaps still be regarded as unlawful but are only likely to end in prosecution in aggravated circumstances.

The making of laws in a democracy is a slow and imperfect process not likely to keep pace with changing opinions and standards. Prejudice, emotion and political expediency affect consideration of new laws or proposals to repeal or vary old ones. It is today more likely than ever before that laws will not reflect the moral and material standards acceptable to everyone, and that sizeable minorities will reject the traditional obligation to comply with a particular law with which they disagree. This reaction is not confined to any one section of society: it is common to all but is most likely amongst the better educated. The more unacceptable or out of date the law, the stronger the disapproval with which the public will view those who enforce it. The police will generally be accorded support and approval when dealing with crimes which even the most liberal-minded regard

as inexcusable—murder, rape, robbery, wounding and so on, but these are comparatively few in number. They will attract little support and possibly mild disapproval in dealing with offences arising from immorality, censorship of literature, or from canon law: and they will face outright hostility when attempting to enforce laws relating to political demonstrations and trade disputes. Their task is seen at its most difficult when dealing with very large numbers of offences which really do not convey a sense of wrongdoing (and this applies to a high proportion of the million motoring offences yearly), or in enforcing laws extending to that part of morality which people nowadays think ought to be outside the scope of the criminal law; or in respect of which enforcement can only be fragmentary and therefore unfair.

It would be quite impracticable for Parliament to attempt continually to revise laws of the latter kind. Many of the issues are highly controversial (homosexuality and abortion, for example) and apart from the immense amount of time required for their discussion it is doubtful if any useful conclusion would be reached. The impact of public opinion does, however, make itself felt on enforcement policy through the Director of Public Prosecutions, who exercises wide compulsory and persuasive powers under the Prosecution of Offences Regulations. Thus, for example, bigamy, which is still a felony, is never prosecuted in England unless there is an element of fraud or seduction. Homosexual behaviour between consenting adults in private is subject to the same enlightened and comparatively modern outlook. In the same way a uniform standard of consideration is ensured in dealing with supposedly obscene publications. The effect is entirely beneficial both for the public and the police. But the exercise of administrative discretion in this way must clearly be limited; otherwise the feeling might arise that the continuance of particular laws was subject to the will of the Executive rather than that of Parliament.

There must always be, therefore, a very wide range of offences in the prosecution of which the police will be likely to suffer criticism, ridicule or hostility because a vociferous minority—or perhaps even a majority—considers that a particular law should be repealed or not enforced. It is not open to police to opt out of enforcing the law for fear of making themselves unpopular for that would defeat the purpose of the law altogether.

Much of the difficulty in devising any form of public control in an essentially urban society arises from neglect or unwillingness to view complex problems as a whole. There is a tendency to break them down and for those responsible for one aspect of them to ignore the remainder, very often with unfortunate results. Examples of this are easy to find. Parking control by meters, for example, is the brainchild of economists but the despair of administrators. Mass immigration is a source of hope and encouragement to employers of labour but a cause of anxiety to those administering housing and public health. It is often hard to foresee all the ramifications of decisions affecting large numbers of people and sometimes the unforeseen disadvantages outweight the benefits for which a particular policy was created. This myopia is made worse by divided responsibility between ministers, departments and services. Thus a policy which appears satisfactory to one can be anathema to another. To some extent division of responsibility and control is inevitable in non-parochial affairs. The most regrettable trend, however, is for those affected by it to be increasingly unaware of it. In no sphere of public affairs is this so noticeable today as in that of the criminal law.

The whole process of controlling personal behaviour by criminal law can be divided into four parts: (i) making laws; (ii) enforcing them; (iii) trial; and (iv) dealing with those who are convicted. The success to be achieved inevitably depends to some extent on the relationship of each of these four parts to the

others; yet it is undeniably true that the modern practice is increasingly to consider them separately.

Reliance on hanging, flogging, transportation and penal servitude, for example, compelled a general acceptance that there must be extreme safeguards to preclude the conviction and punishment of an innocent person. It is, I think, indisputable that formulation of the process of investigation and trial has been affected by the possible consequences of conviction. It is illogical therefore, that the abandonment of all those forms of punishment should not have resulted in a relaxation of those safeguards so as to make more likely the establishment of truth. A suspected or accused person is still able to play an entirely negative part in investigation and trial in all but exceptional circumstances. He is not required to answer questions. He must be cautioned against self-incrimination. He need not enter the witness-box. His previous bad character must not ordinary be mentioned at his trial. He is not required to disclose his defence before his trial and thus can—and frequently does—adduce false evidence which the prosecution does not have the opportunity to disprove. If he does give evidence he may lie with comparative impunity for it is widely known that in this country it is not the practice to prosecute for perjury if there has been no miscarriage of justice: nor is it the practice, if the accused is found guilty, to reflect that aspect of his defence in his punishment. The professional criminal is so well aware of this situation that lies by or on behalf of defendants have come to be regarded by police as a normal form of defence. If the evidence relating to the indictment is weak, the defence usually concentrates its attack upon it: if it is strong the attack will more probably be directed against the prosecution witnesses, and in particular against the police, who will be accused of anything from procedural errors or disregard of the rules to perjury, intimidation or violence. It is true that an attack on a prosecution witness puts the character of the accused in issue. This is not always so serious a risk to already hopeless cases as it might seem to be, and in recent years prosecuting lawyers have shown a reluctance to take advantage of it. There is now a move amongst lawyers to change the law so as to obviate this retaliatory provision altogether. The deciding factor in many criminal trials is not the evidence relating to the charge but the unfair contest between the skilled advocate and a policeman or other witness under attacks of this kind, which are often part of what Lord Devlin calls "the world of fantasy that is often created by a defence counsel at a loss for anything better to do on behalf of his client."

Against this background it is hardly surprising that police should feel dismay at the current trend of law reform apparently for the exclusive benefit of the defence. It is not so much that the various recommendations put forward by the Law Society, by Justice or by individual lawyers are thought to be unacceptable; it is that there is a strong feeling that the trend is all one way. If the contention of the Law Society to the Royal Commission on the Penal System (that the purpose of the criminal law is changing and that its primary objectives are now the prevention of crime, the reformation of the offender and the protection of the community at large) is accepted, it seems reasonable to expect that its effectiveness should now be re-assessed.

Many policemen and, I think, members of the public feel that the Law Society and lawyers generally are so obsessed with the past and its justifiable emphasis on individual liberty that they show an inexplicable disregard for the extent to which society suffers from the present general ineffectiveness of the criminal law.

This is well demonstrated in the recent memorandum by the Council of the Law Society on pre-trial discovery, in which it comments in respect of the years 1963 and (1964): "of 25,564 (24,369) persons tried at Assizes and Quarter Sessions 22,267 (20,401) or

approximately 87 per cent (83½ per cent) were convicted; whilst in the Magistrates' Court, of 1,024,977 (1,059,848) persons over twenty-one tried summarily 990,697 (991,538) or approximately 96½ per cent (93½ per cent) were convicted. IT CANNOT BE SERIOUSLY CONTENDED THAT FURTHER ASSISTANCE IS NECESSARY FOR THE PROSECUTION OF THOSE WHO APPEAR BEFORE THE COURTS IN ORDER TO ELIMINATE THE ACQUITTAL OF THE 13½ per cent (16½ per cent) OF THOSE TRIED ON INDICTMENT AND THE 3½ per cent (6½ per cent) OF THOSE TRIED BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES WHO, UNDER THE EXISTING POWERS, ARE ACQUITTED. The Council presents that the Criminal Statistics published by the Home Office do not draw any distinction between those who pleaded guilty and those who contested the charges." (The capitals are mine.)

Can the conclusion of the memorandum possibly be justified?

Compare, for example, the following statistics. The information in the first table is extracted from the criminal statistics published annually by the Home Office. The second table is compiled from a Midland police survey. Both are factual and accurate: but the conclusion to be drawn from the second is different indeed from that suggested by the first.

ASSIZES AND QUARTER SESSIONS
TABLE 1: HOME OFFICE FIGURES

	Accused persons	Committed for sentence	Committed for trial	Persons acquitted	% of those persons who were committed for trial and subsequently acquitted
1963	31,367	5,773	25,594	3,261	12.7%
1964	31,957	7,588	24,369	3,878	15.9%

TABLE 2: MIDLAND POLICE SURVEY

	Accused persons	Committed for sentence	Guilty pleas	Not Guilty pleas		% of persons who elected trial on arraignment who were acquitted or discharged
				Found Guilty	Acquitted	
1963	4,168	838	2,540	483	307	39%
1964	4,310	1,023	2,433	550	304	36%

Lord Devlin remarked in The Criminal Prosecution in England, that if the success of the English system of criminal justice is to be measured by the proportion of criminals whom it convicts and punishes, it must be regarded as a failure.

The statistics surely indicate that he is undoubtedly right.

A high proportion of those who commit crime are unintelligent, weak or otherwise defective people who know nothing of the rules governing investigation and would not take advantage of them if they did; they readily admit or do not deny their guilt and present no great problem. To these can be added the more knowledgable criminals who are caught red-handed or in circumstances suggesting that denial of guilt is a waste of time. These two categories account for four-fifths or more of all accused persons sent to the higher courts. It is these people who acknowledge guilt without argument and complaint who lend the whole system an entirely misleading appearance of effectiveness; misleading because it is not tested until others are taken into account—those who deny their guilt or believe in their innocence, resist the prosecution by means both fair and foul and stand a high chance of acquittal notwithstanding that (driving cases apart) the overwhelming majority have committed, to a greater or lesser extent, the act with which they are charged.

That seven or eight out of 20 persons tried by jury should be acquitted surely affords great encouragement to the professional criminal and undermines belief in the fairness and effectiveness of the system. No one is sent to a higher court unless a court has first decided that there is prima facie a case to answer notwithstanding his right to refuse to contribute to that process in any way. Doctor Glanville Williams, generally regarded as an authoritative writer on criminal law, remarks that "cases are so carefully sifted by the police and prosecuting counsel before trial that almost the only ones coming before the jury are those in which there is a considerable body of evidence of guilt." Does an acquittal rate of 36 per cent to 39 per cent in those circumstances suggest the process of trial is reasonably effective? Or does it lend force to the argument that the criminal trial today is more a test of tactics, eloquence, experience and self control than of guilt or innocence?

I do not think the present situation, which encourages the growth of serious crime and affords a real temptation for police to redress its ineffectuality and unfairness by improper methods, is intended by lawyers generally. It has been allowed to develop to some extent because of their unawareness of the truth. It is nobody's job to assess the effectiveness of a particular law, or the body of law as a whole. Until the Cambridge Institute of Criminology began its work it is unlikely that anyone or any organisation had attempted the task. Research of the kind undertaken by the Institute is likely to show that the influence of jurists and lawyers in the making and administration of law is rather out of proportion to their experience and knowledge of it. Taking the year 1964 as an example, they saw nothing at all of 542,176 of the 1,067,963 crimes known to the police which were not cleared up. Of the 223,608 persons charged with crime 198,239 (88.7 per cent) were dealt with summarily, of whom only a tiny proportion are likely to have instructed solicitors. Of the 24,369 committed to higher courts about 80 per cent will have pleaded guilty or been committed for sentence. Thus the experience of lawyers is limited to a tiny proportion of the whole of crime in any year. Whilst lawyers are well qualified by experience and training to make some contribution to the formulation of legal and judicial process, it does not seem right that their views should carry undue weight. Indeed, their very function ought to ensure that their influence should be limited.

It is perhaps time that intelligent and qualified laymen—sociologists, administrators and so on—should play a greater part in the formulation of criminal law and that Parliament should be persuaded that no useful purpose is likely to be served by enacting or retaining laws which are unacceptable or which cannot be enforced no matter how great the desirability of a propaganda measure. A greater humanity in the purpose of criminal law makes it possible for the first time to demand that laws should be made more effective.

It cannot be said that the criminal law today is even reasonably effective. Even worse, it actually appears to be unfair. The great majority of weak, simple or incompetent wrongdoers obscure its inadequacy to deal with the professional criminal who enjoys too high a degree of immunity from it. I suggest that in these circumstances it is timely, proper and in the public interest to vary the system of investigation and trial so that the burden of

proof can more easily be discharged by the prosecution. I am not alone in this belief. In recent years there has grown an influential body of opinion that the rights of wrongdoers are excessive and that the public interest is being harmed. The Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Devlin and Lord Shawcross amongst others have all voiced suggestions for increasing the effectiveness of the criminal law. Even "Justice" (the British branch of the International Commission of Jurists), whose concern has been almost exclusively for the liberty of the individual, has in its eighth year awoken to the reality that true justice is affronted when guilty men escape arrest or conviction — an affront suffered daily in courts through the land.

There is some justification for a policeman to attempt to join so distinguished a gathering. He alone possesses, or has access to, the factual evidence without which consideration of law reform must necessarily be incomplete. He alone sees the whole of the problem; the great mass of undetected crime, the acquiescence of the ordinary wrongdoer, the high degree of immunity of the real criminal, the frustration and exasperation of the police and the public, and the general unawareness of the criminal lawyer of the imperfections of the system he so often extols. It is therefore essential that policemen should abandon their traditional reserve and, for the benefit of society as a whole, expose to public opinion the evidence that they alone can adduce to show that the increasing humanity of the criminal law must be matched by an appreciable improvement in its effectiveness.

There are now good reasons for believing that the police led by the Association of Chief Police Officers of England and Wales, are aware of this need and intend to meet it. It is earnestly to be hoped that both lawyers and the public will understand that it is not their wish to lessen by one iota the likelihood of acquittal of the innocent but to make more likely the conviction of the guilty, to reduce the incidence of crime, to restrict or lessen the need for expensive police and prison resources, and to encourage experiment in the methods of dealing with those convicted of offences against the law.

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COME ON, SUPERMAN

The International Association of Police Chiefs (who ought to know!) has published in its official journal, "The Police Chief," the following two sets of specifications of the ideal Policeman.

You can take your pick—or try just a little harder and combine both.

1 A Police Officer needs the intelligence and insight of a scholar, a prosecutor's knowledge of criminal law and evidence, the skill of a defense attorney in interrogating witnesses and suspects and in forestalling alibis, a judge's acumen and logic in deciding what to do—sometimes in a split second —in matters involving life and death, a psychologist's understanding of human nature, the tact of a diplomat, a salesman's geniality, a bulldog's persistence and fearlessness, a saint's moral courage in the face of temptation, the missionary's unselfish interest in his fellow man and the health, physique and appearance of the ideal "Charles Atlas" man.

2 A two-legged municipal reference library and information bureau, an emergency fireman and an emergency doctor, handling everything from attempted suicide and fractured skulls to epileptic fits; a marksman, a boxer and wrestler, a sprinter (but one who runs in only one direction), a male governess, a diplomat and a two-fisted go-getter at the same time, a memory expert and authority on a multitude of subjects, and, upon occasion, a judge, jury, prosecutor and defense attorney all rolled into one when he is deciding whether to make an arrest.

Frank Deans (in civilian clothes) at Alice Springs, December, 1946, with Constables John Donegan, Dave Mofflin and Bill Abbott.

"TINY" DEANS

Back in 1946 Vic Hall wrote a fitting description of Frank "Tiny" Deans, and probably his best Epitath:— "First class bat and bowler—footballer—ride, shoot, drink—fight like a thrashing machine but never looks for it! . . . A great bloke!"

Tiny first came to Darwin as a recruit for the Northern Territory Mounted Police in 1933. With his invitingly friendly disposition and rare athletic prowess he soon became a popular and well known figure in the town. Ever ready to crack a joke, with young or old—yet when Tiny reared himself up to his full six feet four and said: "Get!" even the toughest of the professionals "got."

It was Darwin's undoubted loss when Tiny eventually began his tour of bush stations, and over the years there were few stations at which he did not serve. Timber Creek, Borroloola—you name it, Tiny knew it; until 1941, when he returned to Darwin and after a short time enlisted in the A.I.F. Although I did not know it at the time Tiny and I were in the same camp at Bathurst—he arrived as a recruit for the 2/10th Field Ambulance the night my battalion went out on final leave, and he began his leave the next morning. So it was a big surprise to stumble over him on the troopship, and I mean stumble literally, because there was that big red headed copper from Darwin reclining on the deck with a bottle of VB beside him, and his long legs stretched out halfway across the entire deck.

Tiny saw action all the way down the Malayan Peninsula and in the battle for Singapore. Whilst imprisoned by the Japanese for 3½ years he was on several deadly working parties, including the Burma Railroad. He was very sick after the railroad was completed, suffering from malaria, dysentery, beri beri and starvation. I can still remember how thin and fleshless he was at the Kanburi Hospital Camp at Christmas 1943. It amazed me, then, that a man I had known to be as brawny as Tiny had been could have become so narrow and fleshless and still manage to get up and walk. Though he recovered from all this, and other illnesses, and on his return to the job appeared to have fully regained his health, as the years crept on the after effects of those prison camp years began to appear, and eventually caused his death—suddenly and without warning to all of us who counted him friend.

If Tiny realised he was close to his time he didn't show it. A fortnight before he died he came out to see me. He was striding down the road like a soldier on parade when I met him in my car. After a bit of a chat and some chiacking about his good health and fitness he said: "Look here, Bert. I mightn't be the fittest hundred per center in SA, but I guarantee I'm the second."

I think the happiest years of Frank Deans' life would have been those since the war—after his marriage and his return to his old pre-war station, Hatches Creek; watching his children grow; putting a bat and ball on their hands and teaching them to use it . . . Every Saturday morning Tiny would be away from his home at Aldgate to some oval where one of the boys would be playing football or cricket; a wonderful and terribly proud family man. That was Frank (Tiny) Deans.

—BERT METTAM.

(Francis Davidson Deans, who died suddenly at Adelaide, South Australia, on 7th December, 1967, leaving a widow and six children, was born at Concord, NSW, on 3rd July, 1908. He joined the Northern Territory Police Force on 6th November, 1933, and served in the A.I.F. from 16th July 1941 until 7th November, 1945, going overseas with the 8th Division. He married Joan Learoyd, then a nursing sister, at Alice Springs on 12th December, 1946. He was retired from the Force because of ill health in 1951 and went to live at Aldgate, in the Adelaide Hills.

His funeral at Centennial Park, Adelaide, was conducted by an old schooldays friend, and long-time Territorian, Rev. Kingsley "Skipper" Partridge, and a surprising number of ex-Territorians turned up for the service including well-known former policemen such as Clive Graham, Ray Bridgland, Ted Morey, Gordon Birt, Jim McLean, Frank Fay and Bill Whitcombe.

A cricketing story of Tiny appeared in our very first issue, under the title, "Paddy's Three Loves." When the sad news came through from Adelaide John "Tiger" Lyons recalled one very steamy afternoon's cricket in Darwin when he carried his bat for 37 singles in the old Palmerston Club's score of 264. Tiny knocked up 106.

Vic Hall's "Bad Medicine," referred to above by Bert Mettam, told the most typical story possible of Tiny Deans. At a happy social gathering in the old Pine Creek Hotel the usual nark that must go to such things kept needling Tiny and everybody else. Tiny was off duty and enjoying himself, an achievement at which he was easily expert. Tact and soft words were of no effect. The nark would have his say, whatever, and the big copper so-and-so could do what he liked about it—if he could. The nark was sitting in front of a window, in one of those huge cane chairs that were once fashionable items of pub and other furniture in those days. At last Tiny quietly stood up, wrapped his great arms around the chair and lifted it and the nark out through the window, slamming it shut behind them! Tiny and everybody else then just went on doing what came so naturally to them in that hot old rough and ready mining town.)

A GREENHORN IN THE BUSH

Joyce Johnson has already written her story about Hatches Creek, but this is the tale of what happened to a poor Pommy b——— who fell in to the hands of the N.T. Police.

At least I can say we had a true "bush" wedding at the Bungalow—the real Alice Springs. "Skipper" Partridge did the deed. Nearly all the guests were Police or Sisters from the hospital. It certainly wasn't a fashionable reception—just a real good old Territory party, with a trestle table out on the lawn and a case of beer donated by "Ly" Underdown. Jack Stokes and John Donegan cranked the gramophone and we danced on the verandah.

Next day we set out for Hatches with all our worldly goods in the back of an old ute. We camped under the O.T. line and took three days to get to Hatches. Jack Stokes sent a wire "If Deans Not Yet Arrived—Suggest You Search." Cheeky cow! Did he reckon we were going to hot foot it to work and duty in the middle of a honeymoon?

My dearly beloved got a rude shock when he found his "Pom" had never seen a kangaroo outside a zoo before, and couldn't roll a swag. But he thought right to the end that he taught me to cook over a camp fire, when actually I learned years before at despised Guide camps in the U.K. Boy, was it hot! We had a blow-out and the jack sank through the bitumen as if it were butter. At Murray Downs we spent half a day in the water-hole.

I don't quite know how I imagined Hatches Creek would be, but any ideas of mine were coloured by Welsh coal mines with overhead derricks and gantries and slag heaps. I just never imagined a "field" five miles long with scattered camps consisting of bough sheds and mines that were literally just holes in the ground. At least the Police Station was a good solid house. It was not the one where Joyce Johnson lived but three miles further on at Kangaroo Water Hole. It had been built as a hospital by the indentured Chinese who were moved to the Wolfram Field from some island when war was declared. It had big wide verandahs and was very cool, being made of puddled antbed, and the inside walls had at the top 12 inches of fly-wire to assist the circulation of air. It was a lovely house and I feel very sad that it has since burnt down. There was a big "flat" in front of it and then the water hole. We had a nice garden with the goat and horse yards beyond. But the old Police "camp"—the camp set up by Clive and Jane Graham before the war—had been across the creek. Tiny took over from them and nearly every night we had to go across and inspect this site. I could tell you just where all the tents and the iron kitchen were! Joyce Johnson tells me the dixies and huge iron kettle from this camp ended up in her kitchen, and she thought this "Tiny" must have geen a giant to need such huge cooking pots.

Life at Hatches Creek was usually very peaceful and uneventful, with the mail plane once a fortnight and the trucks from Wallis Fogarty's once a week. Incidentally, when Tiny died, I had a card, all the way from Canada, from Frank Rowett who used to drive this truck.

Tiny and the Trackers—Mick and Chubbity—attended to the Police horses and duties and I attended to the Post Office and the sick. These latter were usually minor, but could sometimes be dramatic—like the Sunday morning when one chap was cutting the week's wood and the head flew off the axe and buried itself in his mate's knee. Well, in those days there were no medical radio calls on Sunday, so I just had to stitch up that knee, and later we sent him to the Alice by plane. He was fortunate—I had proper sutures and needles by then and a local anaesthetic. Once before I was caught with a badly gashed forehead and nothing but black linen thread and an ordinary needle. Luckily, the patient in that case had been "on" the brandy and didn't need an anaesthetic; anyway he didn't get one! The Tracker's mother-in-law rolled in the fire and badly burnt one arm. I brought her down and housed her in a cell, so I could dress it daily, until, when it was almost healed, she vanished. I asked Mick where she had gone. "Serve 'im right—let 'im go and dead in the bush," he said. He couldn't bear his ma-in-law.

Registering of motor vehicles was a very humorous, albeit exasperating chore, at Hatches. There were several vehicles on the field which were allegedly "cars". Thy were known as "the flea", "the buggy" and so on, and were real bitzers.

The conversation would go something like this:

Tiny: "Good-day Jack, what can I do for you?"

Jack: "I want to register my old bomb."

Tiny: "Right, now what make?"

Jack: "Well, I don't rightly know. It's a Chev. engine in a Ford chassis and she's got Dodge wheels."

Tiny: "Oh, hell! Well, what's the engine number?"

Jack: "Well, it's like this—you know that old engine that was lying out the back of McKenzies? Well, I took that and Ben Polst gave me some pistons and Roy Khan gave me some more spare parts."

Tiny (groaning): "Come and have a cuppa tea, Jack."

But "the flea" was a Godsend when we got a big rain and all the creeks came down. When the plane could not land, they put six blackfellows on the job and they carried "the flea" across all the creeks, she was so light-

When the Census was on, we lined up all the blacks and began to fill in their papers for them, but we got some funny answers. To cap it all, when one chap was asked his wife's name, he dashed outside and said to his mate, "What name that old woman of mine?" I got vague answers to ages, so when one earnestly told me his wife was "little bit middle aged", I put it down as 35 (?).

I think the sunsets at Hatches must be some of the best in the world. And who wants the pictures or TV when they can sit on the verandah and see the sky aflame in colours no technicolour can match?—not me! I spent the best years of my life at Hatches and made some of my best friends there. I was so very thrilled to see and hear from them when Tiny "slipped his hopples".

—JOHN DEANS, Aldgate, S.A.

What? . . . What, what, what, what, WHAT?

"The man that has no friends at court,
Must make the laws confine his sport;
But he that has, by dint of flaws,
May make his sport confine the laws."—Chatterton.

"CITATION" ON ERRAND OF MERSEY

(From Darwin ABC man Tom Wilkinson)

The City of Liverpool, England, has more police on duty at a football match than we have in the entire Northern Territory.

I was told this while having lunch recently with the Chief Constable of Liverpool, Mr J. Haughton. He had asked the size of the Territory and then asked: "How many coppers do you have." He nearly swallowed his fork when I told him "about one-hundred and fifty."

"My God," he went on, "I've got three and a half thousand, and another thousand reservists."

My meeting with the Liverpool police followed a letter of introduction given me by the NT Commissioner, Mr McLaren. My thanks!

It might seem strange to some that while on an overseas holiday I should want to meet police and visit a prison or two. Truth is I've been interested in these things since reading my first detective novel as a boy.

The hospitality offered by the Liverpool Chief Constable left nothing to be desired. Not only was I taken to lunch and introduced to all senior officers, he also took me and my small son to the riding school and also to the dog training centre. It amazed me that such a busy man could find time to personally escort me, and in his personal car at that. He also provided a police photographer so that we could have souvenirs of our visit. He also arranged for me to be interviewed at the BBC studios. As an interviewer, it felt strange to be "on the other end" for a change.

He was particularly pleased when I presented him with a copy of "Citation" and took the trouble of specially changing into uniform for the occasion (see photo).

One particular innovation I noticed in the information room at headquarters was a small sound-proof studio. This, Mr Haughton explained, was linked to the BBC studios and should police wish to speak directly on the air, all they had to do was make the request to the BBC, who would arrange this in minutes. An exact time would be set and then, when a red light glowed, the police would be free to give what message they pleased.

One other change in England these days is the siren fitted to all police cars. In the old days it was a bell, electrically operated. Now, however, it is a siren which has the sound HEE-HAW—HEE HAW. With that sound, the wet and cold weather and the Wilson budget, I was glad I lived in Darwin.

Letters to the Editor

Darwin,N.T.,
16-1-68

Dear Sir,

On my return from leave just before Christmas I received my last copy of "Citation"—the last I have paid for, at least, as I hope to read many more.

I must congratulate you on the excellent standard you have maintained and I enclose my cheque for five (5) years' subscription in advance.

Yours faithfully,
G. R. POLLEY.

Dundas, NSW,
2-3-68.

Dear Sir,

I enjoy "Citation" very much indeed.

We leave next Saturday (9th March) on an eight months' world tour. Just to make sure that "Citation" arrives (even though it will be some time before I am back here to read it) I enclose a cheque for $2 to cover a few issues ahead.

Witn all good wishes to old friends in the Northern Territory Police and elsewhere.

Yours faithfully,
C. K. WARD.

Clovelly Park,SA,
18-3-68.

Dear Sir,

Some time ago I started to write the story of the old milkwood tree that we young blokes used to climb to see the "try-outs" at Darwin's Star Pictures. I thought it might have made copy for you, but the damn trouble is that once I start reminiscing my pen, like my tongue, forgets to stop. You know—one thought leads into another.

I started with the milkwood tree, and when I remembered those big torches flashing up into the branches and the cops underneath, waiting, it made me think of Joe Mutch and his fight with the visiting pug, Specs Maher. Well, you can imagine the "blues" I started to remember then! Remember the night Sandy McNab humbled ———, the then reigning heavyweight champ, when he lumbered him at a Union meeting beside the old Don; the night Harry Harvey did over ———; "the last of the swaybacks, Jack McCormack, and the night ——— and ——— jumped him outside the Star . . . Then, probably because I began to think about my belly, I got back to reminisce and drool over the wild plum trees that grew around the town; and . . . Well, if you have read this far you will realise what I'm up against. Bruce and Jimmy Deans, Tiny's sons, played cricket with Sturt B this season and Bruce will be playing football with Sturt Seconds this winter. Harry is doing agricultural science with the University, and plays football and cricket for Heathfield, in the Hills League (or Association?). Helen is going to be a beautiful girl, tall and athletic. She scooped the pool athletically at the recent Legacy Camp. Joan teaches swimming during the summer in the pool that Tiny and the boys built beside the house.

Terry Bruun is at the University this year doing Computer Science. Jane is doing Intermediate and is later to go nursing. Pat still drives herself too hard. And I think I might be driving you around the corner to some frothy waterhole if I don't toss this biro away.

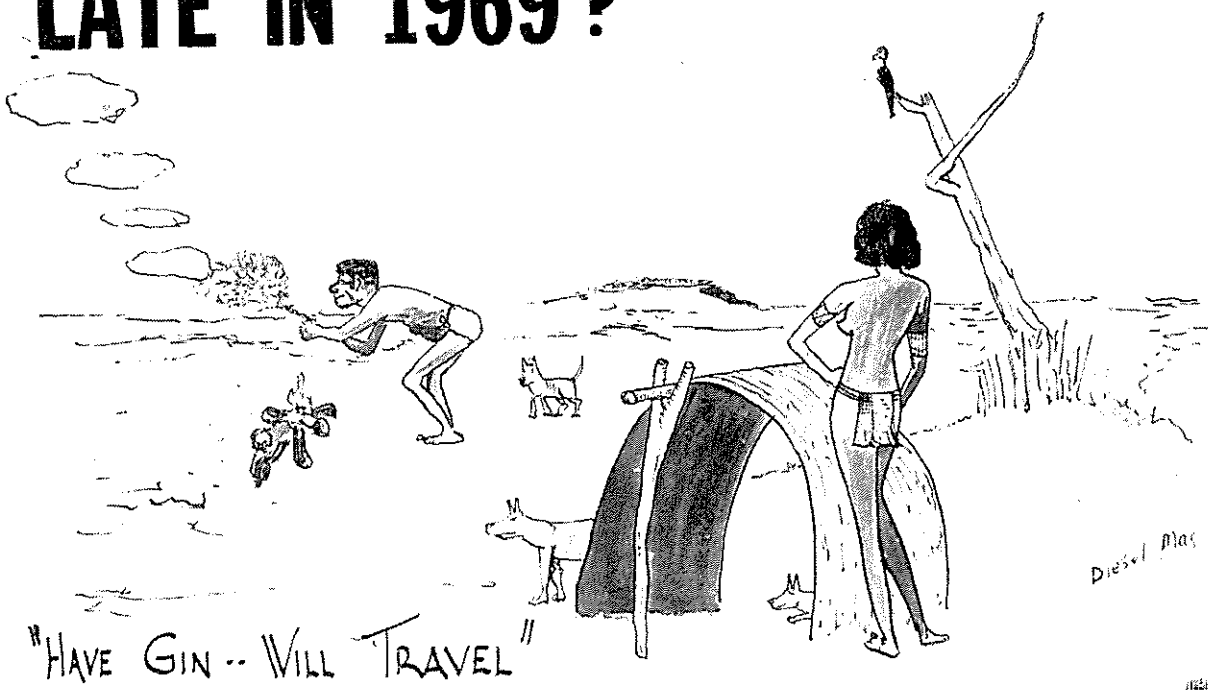
Yours faithfully,
BERT METTAM.

THIS MEANS YOU!!

Recent seminar in Tasmania on Police Public Relations came to a most important conclusion, viz:—

"In spite of Press, radio and other means of promotion the best public relations stem from a neatly uniformed policeman with a good knowledge of his duties and who performs them in a courteous and understanding manner."

TV FOR DARWIN LATE IN 1969?



Homosexuality and its Dangers

—A New Zealand View

By
F. A. GORDON
Detective Superintendent

We live in a community wherein a citizen is entitled to hold and to voice opinions, and some citizens will go to extraordinary lengths to voice theirs and at the same time resent others giving opinions that oppose or do not wholly coincide with theirs.

As Policemen we, too, can have our opinions, although we don't often get an opportunity of expressing them; and I must make it clear that any opinions I express are mine and not officially those of the Police Department. I doubt if any serving Police Officer will disagree with anything I say, or opinion I express, on the subject that follows.

The daily Press of 18 April last, under the heading "Sex Law Change Advocated", published an account of a meeting held in Wellington, N.Z. A motion passed indicates that those present believe that the present law regarding homosexuality does not serve the best interests of the community, and they apparently subscribe to the view that homosexual activities between consenting males should no longer be a criminal offence.

In other words, these people would like homosexuality made lawful. The green light for perverts? There is one section of the community that would greet this item with joy, and a minority section at that—the homosexuals themselves.

No person in possession of proper knowledge of the dangers and potentiality of homosexuality would support any relaxation in the laws that outlaw the sexual deviate. Why risk subjecting our youth of tomorrow to such degradation in a world already beset with more than sufficient other dangers? Have you thought what would happen if homosexuality became an accepted cult in society?

Do we want our cities overrun with pimps, ponces, pansies, pussyfoots and perverts? A nation of queers? No man of character, no parent, would wish for the pollution of youth, because if homosexuality were allowed, or made legal, condoned or encouraged (as apparently some would like to see), the danger would be as disastrous as a hydrogen bomb.

We know there are unfortunates who for some reason, medical or otherwise, have latent homosexual tendencies and characteristics. They are an unfortunate minority who fortunately are able to obtain some form of treatment, medical or otherwise, for their malady. We hear little of them and under the existing laws they can do no harm. They can be helped and treated and so long as they molest nobody, nobody, including themselves, can take offence. In other words this type of person who is a non-offending homosexual is harmless and can be helped by treatment if he so desires.

Det. Supt. F. A. Gordon (N.Z.).

But surely our moral image deserves protection from the pervert whose depravaties revolt all normal standards of common decency. Is he to receive an open licence to practise and spread his depradations as he pleases and as he would prefer? I say no.

I hesitate to think what the effects of legalizing homosexuality would be. What is today regarded by decent-minded people as sordid, abhorrent and repulsive, and spoken of with caution and with much distaste, would suddenly become open and blatant. The homosexual in the pervert class would realize that he no longer has any fear of the law and would feel that he and his perversions have an accepted place in society.

To suggest that the perversions would remain exclusively to consenting males in private is utter nonsense. Today, with the law sufficient to keep their activities more or less in check, it does not prevent the pervert from occasionally operating in public and offending the innocent. So what must we expect if he obtains a licence to practise his wares openly?

What of the male prostitute? Don't tell me there

are no such creatures, because we know there are. As the law stands, we can cope with them, and he takes pains to hide his practice. But make homosexuality legal and the male prostitute would be in his element —open and unashamed. There would be nothing to stop him from practising male prostitution as the law defines a prostitute as a woman who permits her body to be given for gain. The male version would therefore be exempt. Would you prefer this? One could well ask why discriminate against the common prostitute— why allow male prostitution and not common prostitution?

I don't intend to advocate prostitution as such, but if we were to carefully sift all the objections, all the dangers and all the moral issues that must be considered, I venture to say that there would be less evil in the common prostitute than in the condoning of male prostitution that legalized homosexuality would bring. Why not treat both the same and retain our moral standards by outlawing both?

Those people who advocate the relaxation of the law that makes homosexual acts criminal, should tread with care. It is known that active homosexuals would like to have their activities acceptable to others, and they present for themselves a coloured picture that tends to deceive those who have not bothered to check and investigate the dangers involved.

The homosexual can choose for himself whether he indulges in criminal activities. He, like any normal person, can seek medical advice and treatment. He can also exercise self-control, self-discipline and self-respect just as can the heterosexual, and he can live in society without resorting to criminal acts if he chooses. The decision is his. It is society as a whole that should be considered, not the homosexual at the expense of society and the damnation of tomorrow's youth.

Homosexuality can lead to other forms of criminal activity. The pervert by the very nature of his degrading mind is prone to mix with anti-social people and this forms a nucleus of the criminal element. Drugs and homosexuality are a common companion. If we are to allow the homosexual special privileges and legalize his activities, why not also remove all restriction on drugs like marijuana, heroin and opium? Each presents damnation to our youth so if one is relaxed, why not both? To go even further, for instance, to champion the cause of a safe blower would be less likely to pollute our way of life. It would be just as ridiculous to make rape legal, to allow robberies, to repeal the law making it a crime to have sexual relations with girls under sixteen. Would you like that? It would be no worse than legalized homosexuality with its perverts, its pimps, its ponces, its pansies and its pussyfoots.

★ ★ ★

The latest English form of blessing fairly takes your breathalyser away — "May your crystals never turn green!"

MILLIONAIRS FOR A WEEK . . . FOR A MONTH

That Willie O'Shea—now, there was an Irishman of note. But when he hit Tennant Creek the pitiless Centralian heat and dust forced him to take up lawful employment, regardless of principle, in order to ensure sufficient wherewithal to ensure sufficient bodily fluid replacement to ensure survival. He took a job with a construction company. These pay quite well, so that Willie could afford to shun the rough camp and book in at one of the local pubs; but they also get their full 16oz pound of flesh and 10lb gallon of sweat in return. So Willie's expense kept on the same high level as his pay, and it began to look as though he would never get off the treadmill again .

But suddenly he ceased work and for a week he was sozzled with Southwark, woozy with West End and pestered by more rowdy but inarticulate friends than the Beatles ever had.

It disturbed Basil Courts, then our CIB man at Tennant, and worried the publican, who couldn't reconcile the elysian condition of Willie and company with their minimal bar-room expenditure.

They decided on a sudden check of the liquor storeroom and found the pile of cartons along the back wall had practically disappeared.

Willie's room adjoined the back wall of the storeroom and there was a six-inch gap—that old-style Territory pub architecture again!—between the floor and the bottom of the wall. This had been safely boarded up, of course, when the verandah was enclosed to make extra rooms, and the licensee had never had any worries about the security of his liquor store. But white ants and Willie's thirst led to one of those unbelievable coincidences that genuine fiction writers won't even touch. A small hole, at first—no bigger than a man's hand, you know; and you know how things like that can grow!—and then it was on.

Willie did not stoop to vulgar denials, but cheerfully took the month's hard labor in exchange for his week's paradise.

— MONTY.

GOOD GRIEF!

On the death of his Queen in 1694, a grief-stricken King William III ordered British lawyers to wear silk robes and black court dress as a sign of mourning. They still do it!

So anyhow, says "Tally Ho," the journal of the Leicester and Rutland Constabulary. "Tally Ho" also reports:—

Point from the Post: To the coroner's officer—"I have just found out that my brother died two years ago. Could you rectify this and let me know." (Any use trying "mouth to mouth?")

Warrant Backing: "Executed the within described John Barker at 9.20 p.m. on the 22nd August ,1967." (Summary Justice?)

Missing Person: Missing from home at Nureaton, Rita Joan Wright, 34 years, believed in possession of a bus driver.

SEARCH

— by Lindsay Ellis

The soil near the salt-lake was cement hard, baked by the searing heat of summer. Overhead, the sun beat down from a brassy sky with a force that was almost physical as the temperature in the open soared towards 150 degrees.

The Aboriginal "blacktracker", bent double, never took his eyes from the ground as he walked slowly beside tiny marks on the soil, invisible to the white policeman with him, but marks which spelt clearly to the tracker "man".

Suddenly ahead of them, a figure stumbled into view from behind some low bushes and slumped to the ground.

Young German migrant, Gerrie Heinen, lost for two days in lonely country south-west of Alice Springs, had been found alive—but only barely.

As other members of the party carried the inert figure into the shade of the police vehicle, the silent blacktracker squatted in the shade of a stunted bush.

The 47 miles of broken scrub, sandhills, blinding white salt-lakes, and stony plains over which he had tracked the lost man for two days lay in silent tribute behind him.

His skilful tracking had saved the life of the young migrant and written another page in the long history of epic rescues carried out by police and trackers like himself every year in Central Australia.

The search for Gerrie Heinen was typical of the hardship and strain to which policemen, trackers and cattlemen are subjected every year, saving the unfortunate, the occasionally deranged, but more often incredibly foolish humans who get themselves lost in the Centre's harsh outback.

The dogged tracking feat that led to the eleventh-hour rescue of Heinen began shortly after midday at the beginning of the present Centralian summer.

At 12.30 pm on Sunday, October 22, Constable John McRae White was relaxing at Kulgera Police outppost, 175 miles south of Alice Springs near the Northern Territory-South Australian border.

The two-way radio began to crackle. Cattleman Peter Stanes, of Erldunda Station, 45 miles to the north, was trying to raise him. Stanes' message was brief and urgent . . .

A young German, Gerrie Heinen, who was working on the station as a jackeroo, had disappeared into the bush from a camp near Corkwood Bore, 60 miles west of the homestead.

A short while later, Constable White and his police blacktracker, Peter Ammadarra, were speeding towards Erldunda.

Stanes had already left on a motor-cycle to start tracking Heinen, and a station employee, James Allan Franklin, pieced together the story . . .

Heinen—who had only arrived from Adelaide ten days before—had gone with Stanes to Corkwood Bore to trap horses. Stanes had left him there overnight with plenty of food and water. But when Stanes returned the next morning, Heinen was gone.

The only indication of what happened was a pathetic note scrawled on a swag cover: "Peter, my girlfriend in Adelaide is pregnant and I have to go to her. Will be back in two weeks. Will explain later. Sorry."

With this knowledge, Constable White and his tracker, together with Franklin, another man named Alex Forrester, and a native named Willie, headed off on the 60-mile track to Corkwood Bore.

From the bore, they followed the marks of Stanes' motor-cycle through thick bush. After about six miles they came up with him where he had finally lost Heinen's tracks.

Const. and Mrs. John White at Kulgera Police Station.

However, the sharp eyes of tracker Peter Ammadarra picked them up again quickly.

Ploughing through thick scrub and over loose sandhills for 12 miles the party followed where the tracker led. At that point they struck a bush road skirting a large salt lake and leading to a bore about eight miles further on.

Heinen had followed the road for three miles before suddenly swerving off towards the dry salt-lake, probably deluded by a mirage into believing there was water there.

The police party split up, tracker Peter leading on foot into the shimmering white blaze of the lake surface while the police vehicle skirted slowly around the edge.

In the centre of the lake, the tracker pointed out where Heinen, desperately thirsty, had dug for water. The seepage in the hole was incredibly salty.

The tracks left the lake and headed back into the sandhills. However, the dreadful need for water had driven Heinen once more back to the lake.

By this time it was starting to get dark. The foot party stuck doggedly to the tracks, following them across the salt-lake to the far side while the police vehicle made an enforced eight-mile detour around the lake. At the far side, the tracks headed once more into the bush and the search party was forced to halt for the night.

At first light the following morning the desperate manhunt began again. About 300 yards from the camp, Tracker Peter pointed out a partly-eaten "paddy melon", a tasteless wild melon. It had been eaten early the previous morning, hours before Heinen had even been reported missing.

It was not reassuring news for the searchers, as it meant Heinen must have left his camp about midday on the previous Saturday. He had been walking non-stop for about 18 hours without water when he ate the melon—and that had been 24 hours ago.

Constable White knew then that they must find Heinen by midday that day if they were to find him alive.

Now, the tracks began to twist meaninglessly across the country. Five miles, and they led onto another salt-lake. Heinen had dug for water, and then he had slept.

It was now 7.30 a.m. and the temperature was already almost 100 degrees in the shade.

From the salt-lake Heinen's tracks led towards a large sandhill. Peter Ammadarra read the terrible story in the sand for the party—here Heinen had fallen to his hands and knees, clawing his way up the loose sand of the dune—here at the top he had slumped full-length and rolled helplessly to the bottom —he had lain there senseless for a long time before dragging himself to his feet and staggering on.

Hope for Heinen was fading swiftly. His tracks were becoming harder and harder to follow. He had left the sandhills and headed out onto a big stony plain. Progress was brutally slow. Tracker Peter was forced to follow step by step, for without warning the tracks of the exhausted man would suddenly swerve off in a new direction.

From the plain back into the sandhills; from the sandhills out onto another salt-lake; a shallow hole in the salt full of water he had tried to drink; then back onto the stony plain towards sandhills about six miles away.

The grim hunt for the thirst-crazed man became a tense battle between the incredible skill of the black-tracker and hard unrewarding surface of the plain.

After about three miles, the tracks turned sharply towards a small creek bed. Heinen had dug vainly for water. Leaving the creek, Tracker Peter pointed out where, blinded by exhaustion, the lost man had walked into a tree and fallen unconscious.

Incredibly he had regained his feet and set off again across the six-mile plain. He had reached the sandhills, found them impossible to climb, and had staggered back onto the plain towards a distant salt-lake.

Close to the lake he was literally dragging his feet and stopping every few steps. But the tracker knew he was not more than an hour or so behind the exhausted man. Perhaps with the endurance Heinen had shown so far they might find him in time.

By the time the searchers reached the salt-lake, Peter Ammadarra had been tracking non-stop for more than five hours and himself was close to exhaustion.

When the tracks led onto the soggy surface of the lake and were easily visible, Franklin and Forrester took over the tracking, often bogging to their knees in the salty ooze.

The tracks led up the salt-lake towards a shimmering mirage. When they swung suddenly towards the bank again, the vehicle party skirted the edge to intercept them and Tracker Peter took up the trail again.

Suddenly, one of the party cried out. A little way ahead a figure staggered out from behind a bush and pitched to the ground. It was Heinen.

As they carried him into the shade of the vehicle, Constable White looked at his watch. It was 11.30 a.m.—half an hour to the midday deadline he had set. There was little doubt Heinen would have died shortly after that.

In two days, wearing high-heeled riding boots, and with nothing but salt water to drink, Heinen had walked 47 miles.

During his ordeal he had lost about two stone in weight. His fingernails were starting to lift, due to body dehydration, his skin was dry as parchment, his nostrils were full of sand, his mouth was coated with salt from the water he had drunk, and his lips were swollen and cracked.

Later, after a few sips of water and sucking at a wet rag, he was able to talk a little. In a croaking whisper he told Constable White: "My girlfriend is pregnant and I have to get to her."

At 11.50 a.m. Constable White made radio contact with police headquarters in Alice Springs, using his portable radio. It was arranged that a mercy aircraft would rendezvous with the search party at Mt. Ebenezer cattle station, 12 miles to the north-west.

An hour and a half later, Heinen was in an aerial ambulance headed for hospital in Alice Springs. A few days later, weak but recovering, he was allowed to leave for Adelaide—by aircraft.

● ● ●

Judge (sharply): "I'm not interested in what your wife said."

Prisoner (despairingly): "Neither was I—that's how this trouble all started!"

JUDGES RULES
KEEP OUT
TEAR GAS
"And it is my duty to warn you that you do not HAVE to say anything!..."

MAGISTRATE C. K. WARD RETIRES AFTER 25 YEARS

Making his initial bow as a Magistrate in the old Darwin Police Court on the Esplanade in 1939, Charles Kingsley Ward dispensed justice from many widely scattered benches for 25 years before retiring, late in 1967, as Chief Stipendiary Magistrate of the State of New South Wales.

"C.K." was admitted to the Bar and introduced to the frustrations of the Depression at the same time, in 1930. Instead of bursting forth as a budding but bankrupt K.C., he knuckled down to steady work as a Clerk of Petty Sessions, first at Murrumburrah then in Bathurst, and later as a depositions clerk in Sydney's Central Police Court.

He was chosen out of no less than 50 applicants for the job of first Stipendiary Magistrate of the Northern Territory.

Competent, quiet and reasonable, he fitted very neatly into both the pre-war and post-war Territory. While Darwin was his headquarters, he visited all parts, even holding court under trees in the bush when necessity and convenience coincided—as they so often had to do in the old Territory.

On 19th February, 1942, he was literally bombed out of his own court! While the delicate question of a defendant's "time to pay" was in the air the first Japanese bombs were dropping on to the ground all round. Magistrate, clerk, counsel, defendant, prosecutor and such public as there may have been promptly left judgment suspended as they headed for the nearest slit trenches.

After the civilian evacuation, C.K." worked as assistant Clerk of Petty Sessions at Newtown (Sydney) Court, but returned to Darwin in 1945. He finally left the Northern Territory in 1948, to serve as a magistrate in turn at Broken Hill, Narrabri, Katoomba and Sydney Central.

TRAGEDY AT BORROLOOLA

On the eve of departure on an eight months' overseas tour, C. K. Ward reminds us of one of his earliest experiences of the stark tragedy that can erupt without warning in the silent vastness of the Territory bush.

He writes:

My duties as Stipendiary Magistrate in the course of some six and a half years' service in the Northern Territory took me to most of the Territory's Police Stations, but only once was I required to visit Borroloola, where there were in those days a Police Station, a hotel, a store and not much else. The white population was said to total five.

One morning in October 1939, which would be about five months after my arrival in the Territory, Superintendent Stretton came to me in the room in the old cottage adjoining the stone Court House (now occupied by the Navy) which was dignified with the name "Magistrate's Chambers." Putting away his pipe and drawing up a chair he said.

"Mr Ward, it looks as though we'll have to ask you to go to Borroloola. That's a little place on the Gulf. Our man there has just shot a fifth of the population!"

Producing two telegrams, he continued: "These will explain the situation—here is the first one I got early this morning."

I read: "Johnson running amok with loaded firearms send assistance—Constable Birt."

Handing me the second telegram he went on: "This one came just now."

Police Court, Hatches Creek — left to right— Sgt. Bert Koop, Stipendiary Magistrate C. K. Ward, and Constable Frank Deans.

It read: "Have shot Johnson resisting arrest send coroner—Constable Birt."

Accordingly it was arranged that I should go to Katherine, there to be picked up by the Flying Doctor and flown out to Borroloola by ambulance plane. So a couple of days later I left just before dawn on the regular Darwin-Adelaide flight by Guinea Airways. After about an hour's flight we reached Katherine, which was the headquarters of the Flying Doctor, Clyde Fenton. After breakfasting with him I climbed aboard the De Haviland for Daly Waters and Borroloola. This little plane had a cabin in which was a stretcher and a seat alongside for an attendant. This is where I was accommodated. Above and behind me was Dr Fenton in the pilot's cockpit. All I could see of him was his feet. Actually I found travelling in the De Haviland much more comfortable than in the Lockheed then being used by Guinea Airways, as I had more leg room and could open a window.

At Daly Waters we landed and refuelled. After taking off again we headed due east for a couple of hours, for the most part above the clouds. Presently I noticed through a gap in the clouds, a cluster of small white buildings, and we started to spiral down rather suddenly. A tail-wind had brought us over our objectvie somewhat sooner than expected. The landing strip had been cleared of goats and other obstructions and a fire lit to indicate wind direction by smoke, and it was not long before we were bumping to a stop near where Constable Birt awaited us. We lunched with him at the Police Station on that magnificent fish, the barramundi. I was not quite sure of the propriety of this, as the Constable's actions could conceivably have been called in question at the inquest; but my conscientious scruples had no chance against the delights of that fish.

After lunch I opened the inquest and recorded the witnesses' account of the incident. It was a plain sad story. It appeared that the deceased had been having fits of madness during which he indulged in the unpleasant practice of shooting off revolvers and

rifles indiscriminately to the great danger of the other four white citizens of Borroloola, and to the mortal terror of the Aboriginals, who had all gone bush in consequence. When he made an attempt to set fire to the hotel Constable Birt, armed with a pistol and with a black tracker carrying a rifle bringing up the rear, went to arrest him. The deceased made a sudden grab at the pistol, which discharged and killed him.

By the time I had brought in a verdict of "justifiable homicide," and completed all the formalities, it was half past four, and the doctor was standing by the De Haviland with the engine ticking over. In a few minutes we were heading for Daly Waters and home. It was just sundown when we landed there to refuel, so of course, it was dark when we set out for Katherine. But with his map and blindflying instruments, and an incomparable knowledge of the country, Clyde Fenton had no difficulty that I was aware of in finding his way home. At any rate, my confidence in him was such that I went to sleep.

By the time I awoke we were circling above the hospital at Katherine. Here and at Pine Creek rotating beacons had been installed some two years previously. Their beams under good conditions were visible up to 80 miles away. Nevertheless, to fly over that featureless country in the dark with such accuracy seems to an untutored mind quite a feat.

To arrive over Katherine was one thing, but to land in the dark was quite another, it seemed to me. But after we had circled for some 15 minutes, and executed a couple of swoops low over the ground, the doctor's colorful exhortations to his dark-complexioned "ground staff" produced a row of nine flares. I thought them rather inadequate, but we made a smooth landing, and 10 o'clock saw me supping at Tim O'Shea's pub after what was to me quite an adventure, but to Dr Fenton, I suppose, all in the day's work. (Dr Fenton's flying skill and knowledge of the Territory were later put to good use during the war, when he was put in charge of a unit of small aircraft for communication purposes between lonely outposts in the area.)

GROOTE EYLANDT AND OTHER ADVANCES

We thought that our Groote Eylandt article, in the December 1967 issue, would be of interest to many. Not so long ago you could see heads turned Gulfwards in real anxiety, and eyes sticking out all over the place, as everybody began to wonder if he would really be chosen as the first policeman in charge of the suddenly announced Police Station at Groote Eylandt. Pending construction of the Station and residences for the proposed staff, a house has been made available for one man, and First-Class Constable Harold Darwen has been selected to open the Station there. The Police Station site is in the township of Alyangula (the accent is on the "u" in case you have to pronounce it some time). By the time this is printed Harold, his wife and four children should be approaching the Old Colonist stage on Groote.

Other substantial advances in recent months include the approval of a two-thirds increase in the establishment over a three-year period. Thirty additional men will be recruited this year as a starter, over and above the ordinary processes of replacing wastage. In the consequential organisational adjustments there will be new positions in the ranks of Inspector and the various grades of Sergeant, and the apparently vanished post of Chief Inspector has been reintroduced, after more than a year's disappearance.

THE MIDNIGHT BIKE RIDER

Some funny coves come into this Territory, without a doubt! But then, even the most hardened Territorian often pauses in the midst of his morning shave to wonder whether we all have to be nuts, or partly nuts, to live here at all.

I mean, where else would you find hundreds of blokes of all ages, sizes and shapes lining up for a 15-mile walking race in a climate that would flay a working bullock, or racing bikes for a hundred miles or so on a bitumen road so hot that the dumbest of other animals won't even walk across it until the cool of the night; or madly playing football in the midst of a tropical wet season?

Getting back to bikes and funny coves, I remember having to rush a body from Elliott to Tennant for post mortem examination one steaming Wet season night — and, believe me, they do need to be rushed at such times!

I was well along the road from Elliott when the depressingly humid night was shattered by a freak storm. The wind rose to near hurricane strength, screaming through the land rover, whipping everything loose before it, and at times almost stopping the vehicle with its head-on severity. The accompanying rain rushed at us like a continuously approaching wedge of water, and thunder and lightning was of almost unnerving intensity. There were no complaints from the deceased "Jumbo," lying in the back with feet jutting out over the end of the too-short floor of the rover; but I not only wished that I was home, but many times came close to turning round and going back there! Never had I struck such a fierce storm on the road. Then, miles from anywhere, the headlights picked up a human figure standing at the edge of the swamped bitumen beside a bicycle.

He was small and weedy and wet and miserable and in that terrible gale of wind and rain he could have been honestly mistaken for a drowned man.

Naturally, I stopped the vehicle and called out—"Want a lift, mate? Chuck your bike in the back and hop in the front yourself." (No disrespect for the dead, you know, but I knew "Jumbo" wouldn't mind, after all this.)

Then the soused cyclist, wind-whipped and with water streaming down him as though he were a spillway, waved me on!

Ah-Ah! What have I got here, I thought—a nut as well as a corpse?

I started to have a bit of a conversation with him, starting off cautiously like, as you have to do with this sort of person. It turned out that we had a bit in common to start with — and I hope that's where it ends!—in that he turned out to be a fellow countryman. When I reckoned we were on a fairly safe footing I tried to persuade him to ride in the vehicle.

"Why don't you want to ride, mate? You'll be drowned out here in the middle of nowhere—and you can't ride the bike in these conditions, anyhow."

"Oh," he said—shyly like, and I should bloody think so!—"it's me honour!"

"Honour?" I said, and for lack of any other sign of intelligent speech idiotically repeated: "Honour?"

"Yes," he said. "Honour. I'm riding around Australia, you see, and I want to write a book. So if I ride with you I won't be able to say honestly that I rode ALL the way, will I?"

Said I to myself. "Watch him, boy. He might be violent too." But one has to be polite all the time, so I turned on the charm and said:

"Look, lad, I promise that I won't tell on you. No one will know, will they? Chuck your bike on and you'll be all right."

"No, No, No—thank you," said the lad, quite determined about it all. You'd have thought I was trying to lock him up instead of trying to help him—and me offering even to perjure myself for him if necessary!

Well, it was not getting any drier out there on the storm-blasted highway and only the frogs were enjoying it, so I decided that I was going to give this bloke a lift even if I had to resort to violence. Far better, I thought, to suffer a bit of additional inconvenience that way now than to have to cart him down like "Jumbo" later on, drowned and all.

The more I thought of the paperwork and the post mortem and the inquest the more determined was I to become a compulsory Samaritan now. I'd help him or else, whether he liked it or not. As my determination grew, so did my verbal effort; and after a final 10 minutes of non-stop extra high pressure sales talk about keeping mum and all that rot he suddenly dropped his principles on to the roadside like a red hot brick, and fairly raced around to put his bike on the back of the vehicle, before I could change my mind.

In the darkness he must have had trouble getting the bike on. He reached down and grasped the bulky obstruction that was thwarting him, and began to heave at it. The lightning flashed and he found himself gazing straight into the shining features of "Jumbo." He dropped the heavy bundle and with a scream of horror fled to the darkness of the bush, dragging his faithful Malvern Star friend after him.

I haven't seen him since. I'm beginning to wonder whether I ought to start looking for him. He can say he's ridden his confounded bike around Australia in record time or a dozen times, for all I care. I'll believe him, anyway!

—ELLIOTT PREW.

FLAT CHANCE

Those multi-storey flats rising on the Darwin perimeter are already causing friendship-straining calls on the essential services, as when that anxious female voice screamed into the telephone:

"Officer, two men are trying to get into my room. Please hurry!"

Gruff male voice in reply: "Sorry, madam. This is not the Police Station, it's the Fire Brigade."

Anxious Female, pleadingly: "Yes, I know—they want a longer ladder."

THE PLAGUE THAT WASN'T!

By Christine Cox

America can have its gopher, Canada its beaver: Avon Downs has its Rattus Vollisissimus! If you do not know this fellow, or are unfamiliar with scientific nomenclature, rattus vollisissimus can be simply translated as rat . . . but at Avon Downs this means RAT.

And this RAT spread not only over the whole Barkly Tableland but over the front page of every Australian newspaper as well. Off the presses came a vivid word picture of a whole country moving under fur: and they didn't even exaggerate !

Take one male and one very fertile, highly productive female of the species, mate them—or even just take pot luck—and between them they can produce a third of a billion descendants in three years.

Let us assume that after the record-breaking Wet Season of 1966-67 the native rat population of the Barkly Tableland had dwindled to one healthy pair per square mile. Multiply by the above figures. Divide by six to arrive at the number produced in a six months period. Multiply again by the Barkly's 25,000 square miles, and you have a rough idea of the mushroom cloud effect of the recent rat population explosion on the Downs. Imagine them all racing through the Avon Downs Police Station (and I know they all did) and you'll get an idea of some other kinds of explosions!

Avon Downs, a cattle station bordering Queensland, seems to be the centre of attraction for the majority of these four-legged fur-covered frenziedly-squealing scavengers of the night. As far back as 1934 members of an expedition reported seeing teeming thousands of rats around every waterhole and dam on the station. There was another slightly smaller plague in 1951. Then came our 1967 inundation. The heavy rains drown most of the rats, but at the same time produce an abundance of natural food, thus providing excellent breeding conditions for those that survive the floods.

All my misgivings about living in the vast, arid outback disappeared on the first morning after my husband and I were transferred to Avon Downs in May, 1967. I was awakened by the ear-piercing screech of thousands of galahs and cockatoos. As far as the eye could see over the plains cattle grazed contentedly. The nearby James River was alive with hundreds of water birds. This was my home, and I knew I was going to love it . . . away from the madding crowd, the thunderous roar of jet aircraft and the screech of car tyres to the quiet and tranquility that only the country can provide.

We immediately set about growing a vegetable garden as fresh greens are a scarce commodity here. We re-sited the original garden and after much painstaking digging planted the seeds which we hoped would supply us with all our requirements until the Wet set in. With pride we watched the seeds germinate and the tiny plants form into miniatures of what was to come. My flower garden was flourishing, with the plants throwing their first buds.

Then it happened! We went out on a fine morning on our daily inspection and looked. And looked Not a plant in sight, nor even a blade of grass. We'd had "visitors" during the night, for sure.

During the day some friends called in and we showed them. They looked at the bare ground, then at us, then at the hot sun overhead and clearly thought there was an active connection. Rows and rows of thriving plants indeed! And in a miniature desert . . . They couldn't deny the flowers, anyhow They were unaffected. But next day they were not even there. Forty sun-flower plants, some over five feet high, were ringbarked and had toppled over like timber fallen in the wake of beavers.

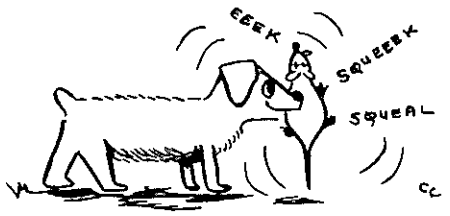
Some thirty packets of seeds later we were still trying. We enclosed the garden with corrugated iron dug six inches into the ground, and for added protection purchased rolls of chicken wire to make "cages" for the plants. But the rats were still clambering over or digging under the iron fence and the wire cages when a drum of poison arrived on order.

Fourteen drums of poison later the damage to the garden began to grow less. One morning we went out and nothing, not even one tiny leaf, had been chewed So we replanted with vine vegetables and fruit, and as I write my mind turns to the flourishing garden which soon produced several watermelon and squash, and would quickly yield us a fortune if people got to know about it. To compensate for our losses and subsequent recuperative expenditure, we calculate that our produce could be bargain-priced at only $5.50 per item!

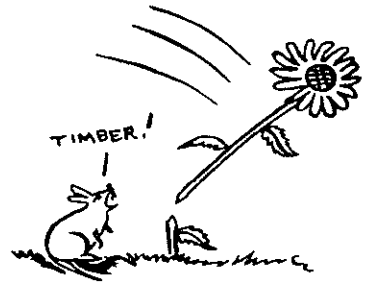
But we were not the only ones affected by the sudden vast increase in the rat population. The school teacher, the station manager and his wife, the station cook and many others, both at Avon Downs and other stations on the Tablelands, had similar sad stories of ruination to gardens, stores and other property of of all description. Even the truth was badly chewed in some of the fair dinkum stories that came to light.

"To steal eggs, two rats sneak into the fowl yard. One lays on its back alongside the nest. The other carefully places the egg on its upturned feet, held like ball-catching hands. The rat holding the egg is then dragged out by the tail to avoid breaking the egg."

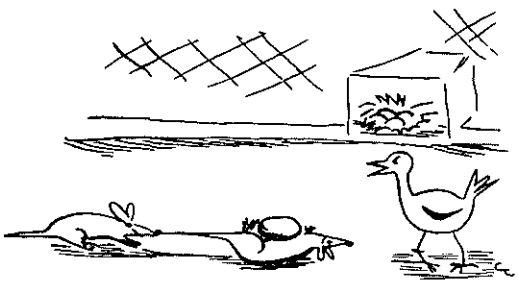
"Adult rats carry a jam tin down to the 'turkey nest' tank, fill it up with water and carry it back to their young waiting in their holes. One of these dams was emptied in two days in this way."



"The dog plays them like a harmonica".

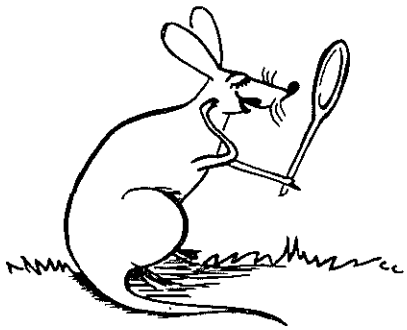


"they ate through the plants like beavers."

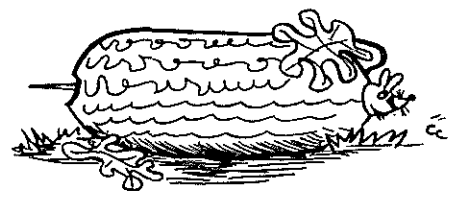


"one drags the other out".

"Saddle them up to do the mustering"



"They're such pretty creatures."



"In one end and out the other".

"They go in one end of a water melon, eat all the fruit inside, then go out the other end, closing both ends up again so the damage won't notice."

"At one place they climbed 35 feet up an angle-iron windmill frame to chew out the wooden bearings."

"Some are so big the stockmen are thinking of doing away with horses altogether and saddling up the rats next season."

"Even the dogs can't catch them after they get into the Riverina Horse Feed."

"Driving on bush tracks at night there are so many rats that it's like driving over corrugated iron."

A research worker who came here collecting specimens said: "You must admit they're such pretty creatures!" Now, I know some people can see beauty even in snakes, but . . .

With the help of our dogs we killed well over three thousand rats, and that's not including the ones we poisoned. The dogs enjoyed the work. When a rat was caught there was a fight for ownership — often with a dog at each end and one in the middle. Rat hunting became the official local blood sport. Armed with sticks and torches we'd flush the rats out and the dogs would pounce. Visitors game enough joined in the hunt. Fleeing rats ran over our feet with unconcern.

For variety we'd fill their holes with water and have a dog or a slug gun ready when the half-drowned rats struggled out and headed, wildly screeching, for sunny Queensland . . . The stock camp cook at Avon tells of sitting up half the night with a torch and a stick "donging" rats as they came in the door. His highest score was 150 in a night.

Women cannot afford to be tenderhearted, squeamish young things in times like this in these parts. That tall, elegantly dressed lady you saw at the recent race meeting probably sent upwards of 70 ravenous rodents to their ratty paradise the night before.

Four-gallon drums are often used as water traps, and the school teacher tried this method—but the 'plop, plop, squeal, squeal' of ever-drowning rats kept her awake all night.

Mandy, our cross-bred terrier, is the best rat-catcher on the Downs. She plays up and down their ribs like Larry Adler on his harmonica.

Since our rat plague made national headlines, we have been invaded by teams of experts, scientists and students seeking specimens and information and explanations. A very iteresting note came to light after several hundred specimens had been collected and examined — at least 90 per cent of them were males! It is the job of the investigators to find the reason for this, too; but from a layman's point of view it looks as if, apart from reduction by cannibalism, the species will automatically fall back to its normal numbers through lack of females. We hope the Wet will help too, to get us back to a practically rat-free existence again.

I'll never forget this horrible rat plague. "Rat plague?" query the old-timers on the Downs—"What rat plague?" As you stare back in stunned dumbness they go on. "Back in 1940 — or 1925 — or 1914 (depending on your reminiscing informant)—now, there was a plague. This wasn't a plague, missus. Cripes, you haven't seen rats yet."

Haven't I? Wasn't it? Well, what was that heaving sea of fur stretching out between Avon Downs and the Queensland border fence?

THE FLESCH IS WEAK WITH THOSE LATIN LOVERS

Jack Roman pulled up at the traffic lights and planted a long, lingering kiss on the lips of his girl friend, Jacqueline Flesch.

The lights changed to green, back to red, then to green again, but the kissing went on passionately while other impassioned drivers hooted furiously.

A stony hearted policeman handed the romantic Roman a ticket, muttering greeneyedly the while:

"I'd have forgiven you ONE change of the lights, but not half a dozen!"

WONDERWAYI'S WISDOM

By Umuthi Wenganekwane

Constable Wonderwayi was posted from Tomlinson Depot straight to Somnambula and he hadn't been there a week before a crime wave hit the district. Three chickens were stolen from the house of the Member in Charge, several mealie cobs vanished from the lands of a neighboring farmer who was himself being investigated for failing to have the rear number plate of one of his tractors illuminated, and to cap it all, there had been no less than five cases of riding bicycles without due care and attention.

So that when Section Officer Plaitsafe, the Member in Charge of Somnambula, received a report that the overseer at the quarry down the road had been relieved of his payroll, there was only one person to be sent out on inquiries. The task fell to the lot of Constable Wonderwayi.

"Constable Wonderwayi!" bellowed Section Officer Plaitsafe.

"Sir," replied Wonderwayi, thrusting his he'met back to front on his head as he tripped over the steps of the Charge Office in his enthusiasm to obey the summons.

"Constable Wonderwayi, there has been an alleged theft at the quarry. The overseer put his wallet down on a rock and forgot all about it until 10 minutes later, by which time it had gone. There are only 50 laborers working at the quarry. Go down there, take a statement and see what you can find out."

"Sir," replied Wonderwayi as he wheeled about and marched smartly into the half-open door of the office.

Section Officer Plaitsafe shrugged his shoulders. This was rather a serious matter for a new recruit to handle on his own. Still, there was just nobody else available and anyway, there was little to be done in these cases of thefts of money—you could never get anywhere with them. Nobody could be expected to do the job any better — or any worse—than Constable Wonderwayi.

Wonderwayi mounted his shining new cycle and stood on the pedals. Picking himself up, he unlocked the rear wheel, remounted and charged off down the main road towards the quarry. As he turned off on to the dirt road that led to the quarry, the implications of his first assignment gathered and showed themselves in a frown on the usually placid face. His first case: what if he me-sed it up? All the good advice that he had been given at Depot buzzed through his mind but none of it seemed to shed any light upon the problem of how to detect a thief who had stolen money and hidden it away where it wouldn't be found.

At the quarry, the overseer was stamping impatiently back and forth in front of a parade of the 50 laborers. He wasn't giving any of them the chance to cover up.

"When are the Police coming?" he growled at Wonderwayi.

"I am the Police," said Wonderwayi.

"But the Sergeant? When is he coming?"

"He is busy. He sent me."

The overseer looked Wonderwayi up and down with all the practice and experience of his calling.

"And how long have you been in the Police?"

"Six months and two weeks."

"So they send YOU on a job like this?"

The conversation did little to fortify Wonderwayi's confidence, but before it was destroyed completely, he decided to act.

"Is everyone here sir?" he asked.

"Yes. I've called the roll and nobody's missing."

Wonderwayi sighed. The thief had not even given himself away by running off.

"And where exactly did you leave your wallet, sir?"

"Just there. On that rock."

Wonderwayi surveyed the assembled gang as he pondered his next move.

"Are there any loafers or strangers around?" he said.

"No," said the overseer, "I don't allow any of that and the compound is half a mile away."

Wonderwayi returned his gaze to the parade. Drooping eyes, frightened eyes, bored eyes, bold eyes, brazen eyes — they all gazed back. Where were the signs of guilt? Shuffling feet, taut feet, relaxed feet, flat feet and just dirty feet — what would a thief do with his feet if he was worried about the loot hidden in the bush?

"Have you any suspects, sir?"

"No, I haven't. That's your job."

"You're telling me," thought Wonderwayi. Their hands—clenched fists, stretched fingers, clasping hands, held hands, hidden hands behind the back, hands in front of mouth, fingers in nostrils—what were the give-away signs?

Wonderwayi walked slowly up to the line and began pacing in front of them, looking at every face, at every pair of eyes, at every hand and at every foot. In his predicament, his mind leapt back to his Passing-Out Parade when he had been in the line while the Commissioner did what he was doing now, scrutinising each member of the parade in the closest detail. Wonderwayi remembered how frightened he had been and how after the parade he had wondered if he would still have been frightened if it had not been for that button.

How he had quaked, and all because of that top left tunic button which had come loose and which had been pinned in at the last minute before the parade. The Commissioner had stopped in front of him; those high-ranking eyes had glared at the offending pocket until it seemed that the tunic would smoulder and burst into flame; Wonderwayi's heart had throbbed and her was sure that the pocket was pulsating in time with the throbbing to draw even more attention to his cardinal sin; and then, just as he had steeled himself for the blast of wrath, the Commissioner had cleared his throat and moved down the line without a word.

Wonderwayi prowled along the file of men, scowling into each face as though disgusted at their thoughts. Actually he was still trying to work out how he could make the culprit betray himself. By the time he reached the end of the line he had come to a decision. He cleared his throat and drew himself erect.

"Every man will remove his upper garments, place them on the ground in front of him and turn out his trouser pockets," he shouted.

There was a mad scramble as shirts and vests, coats and hats were shed, pockets emptied and the contents displayed on the ground.

"I have just come from Salisbury," blared Wonderwayi, "from the Police Depot. They have taught us how to detect the most dangerous criminals. By using new methods, very like magic, they have shown us how to read your hearts to discover the guilty ones."

Constable Wonderwayi started at one end of the line and moved slowly towards the other end. As he did so he looked again into every pair of eyes, grasped every hand and placed his ear against every torso. Having examined each man, he returned to the tall laborer in the centre of the line.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"George Dambuza."

"You are the thief. Show me where you have hidden the money."

"I don't know what you mean. I didn't steal the money. Try someone else."

"George Dambuza, I know that it was you. Tell me where you have hidden the money and when we recover it, I will help you with a lenient sentence."

Now this was not exactly what Wonderwayi had been taught at Tomlinson Depot and was not strictly allowable in terms of the C.P. and E. Act—but it had results. George began to tremble. Beads of sweat suddenly appeared on his creased brow. His lips quivered but biting them failed to conceal the message.

"It was you," Wonderwayi whispered softly, staring into the frightened eyes that could not draw themselves away from the eyes of the inquisitor. "I have discovered you. It is no use trying to hide the fact anymore. If I have to go and look for the money myself you will have lost your only chance. Show me now."

With a hoarse cry, George broke from the ranks in a bid for freedom. The overseer brought him down with a rugby tackle and dragged him back to Wonderwayi who stood there, arms folded and a look of superiority over his face.

"Now then George," said Wanderwayi slowly and deliberately, "this is your last chance. Show me where the money is."

George slowly turned and led the way to a small mafuti bush. From under a rock he produced a black wallet. The overseer grabbed it and opened it.

"This is it! And the money is all here!"

Wonderwayi clicked the handcuffs around the wrists of his very first prisoner, took possession of the wallet and accepted a lift to the Station in the overseer's truck.

Section Officer Plaitsafe was very impressed.

"How on earth did you manage it?" he asked Wonderwayi later.

"I listened to their heartbeats," replied Wonderwayi. "Only this man's heart was beating fast."

"Ruddy good, Constable Wonderwayi, just keep on using your head like that."

And that was Wonderwayi's first step on the ladder to promotion, but he didn't tell a soul that he had got the idea from remembering how, when the Commissioner had glared at his breast pocket with its loose button, his heart had thumped so hard and fast.

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DON'T FEEL REJECTED

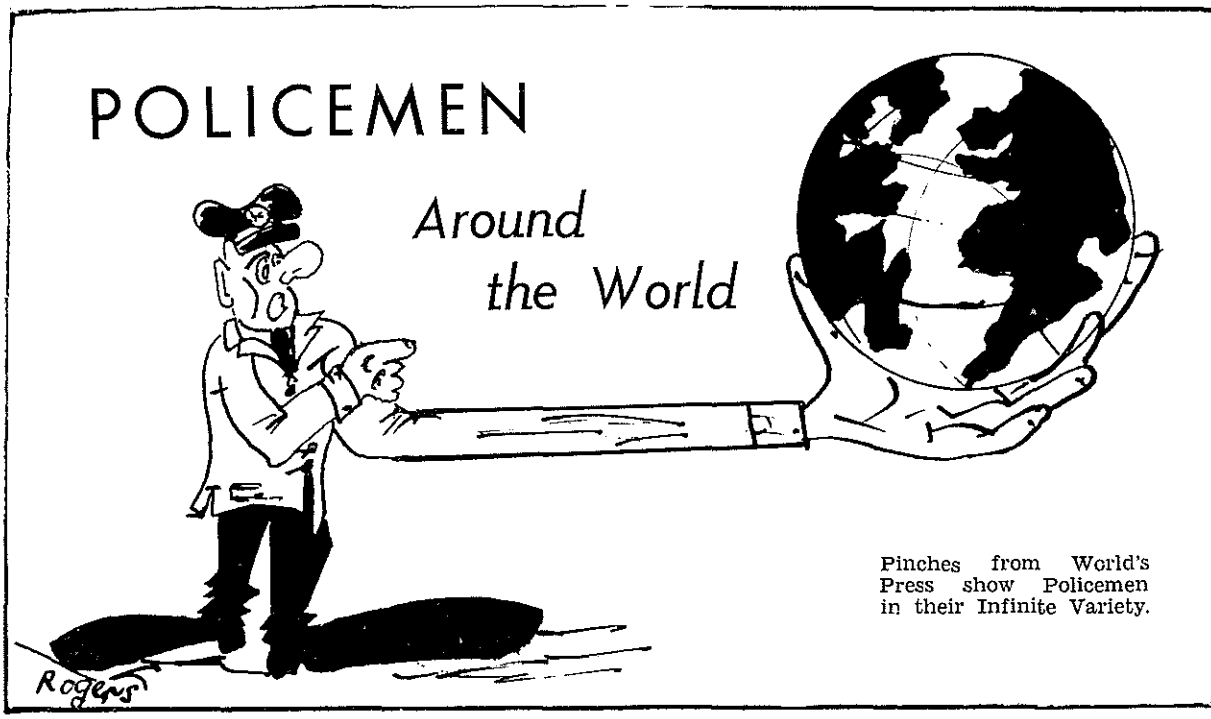
Research into the unwillingness of members generally to send their literary achievments in, either for the benefit of such posterity as the hydrogen and other bombs might yet leave us, or just for fun, leads us to the finding that the main cause is that terrible feeling of being unwanted. The dejection of rejection so to speak, brought about by a fear of that killing editorial silence that could mean anything, or that equally killing comment which, also, could mean anything—and often does.

In the interests of future peaceful, proliferous penmanship we intend to use a much softer impeachment so as to lure and hold the most diffident contributor. We had to borrow it, alas, from someone who had already borrowed it. It is believed to have come from J. A. L. Gunn's "Tax Relief," and reads—

"Illustrious brother thy honored manuscript has deigned to cast the light of its august countenance upon us. With rapture we have perused it. By the bones of my ancestors, never have I encountered such wit, such pathos, such lofty thoughts.

"With fear and trembling I return the writing. Were I to publish the treasure you sent me, the Emperor might order that it should be made the standard and none be published except such as equal it. Knowing literature as I do, and that it would be impossible in ten thousand years to equal what you have done, I send your writing back. Ten thousand times I crave your pardon. Behold, my head is at your feet. Your servant's servant, the Editor."

POLICEMEN *Around the World*



Pinches from World's Press show Policemen in their Infinite Variety.

PINCH 'is own mother, 'e would! . . . Well, that might be safer, too. A policeman in Cherokee, Iowa, who gave his wife a traffic ticket showed commendable zeal, said the Judge, **dismissing the case!** . . . Enforcement of the law often does seem to be a bit of a two-edged sword. The highest laws in the land come out of Federal Parliament House. What better then than for a Federal member to try them out? Well, a Federal member did try out a bit of enforcement recently, and for his zeal was dubbed "pimp", "common informer" and worse, both inside the House and outside, by his fellow law-makers and others. Hard to win, eh, Then there was the sergeant in South Oss, years ago, who pinched himself for a traffic breach . . . While Police everywhere are busy in the fight to keep the roads at least free of those who should not be driving on them, two Victorian policemen found themselves charged with conspiring with certain civilians to enable them to obtain the fraudulent issue of driving licences . . .

In Beirut, Lebanon, a dog bit a man in a busy street. The frightened citizen rushed behind a policeman who was also bitten. The policeman drew his revolver and chased the dog, firing shots as he ran. He missed the dog but hit two pedestrians and put them in hospital. The policeman and the bitten civilian both finished up in hospital being treated for suspected rabies. The dog escaped . . . In Perth, W.A., Woman Police Sgt. Ethel Scott, with 28 years' service behind her, was promoted to the rank of Inspector—the first Woman Police Inspector in Australia . . . In Tanjung Karong, Indonesia, Police rounded up long-haired youths from the streets by the hundred and brought "Operation Hair" to a successful conclusion by shearing them. Cutting lectures were delivered to the sharp beat of the snipping scissors . . .

In one stretch of nine months 220 of the West Midlands (UK) Police Force's 295 cars were damaged in crashes, sometimes with each other. The accepted (we hope) explanation was that the drivers were too enthusiastic in responding to emergency calls . . . Justice dropped some vital stitches when two Justices of the Peace were put on four-year bonds at Newcastle, N.S.W., over the theft of twelve Singer sewing machines . . . A young married policeman in Albany, W.A., was shot dead at short range when trying to apprehend an armed man who, several days later, shot himself dead when cornered by Police . . . In Brisbane, Q'land, another young married policeman was shot dead when answering a call to a domestic dispute . . . In Adelaide, S.A., and Darwin, N.T., Police had lively nights enticing out and arresting shooters who had holed up in houses . . . In the main street of St. Arnaud, Vic., three policemen tackled and disarmed a man who was carrying a loaded shotgun and threatening to blow them in halves . . .

Sixteen policemen perished and four were injured in a snow avalanche in the Himalayas, along the Tibetan frontier . . . When Police in Houston, Texas, were called to a predominantly Negro university a gun battle flared up in the darkened dormitories, resulting in one being killed and three others and a student being wounded . . . Bad as this may seem to us at this distance it is only a minor incident in the unhappy racial situation in America today—a situation in which the policeman is inescapably right in the middle . . .

In Melbourne, Vic., on the other hand, it is so quiet that a policeman took on the part-time job of bouncer in a discotheque as a sideline. It cost him 50 dollars when the Police Discotheque—sorry!—Discipline Board got to hear about it . . . It's not always that peaceful on the Yarra, of course. A detective paying a friendly social visit to a relative at a city hotel found it necessary to attempt to dissuade certain armed citizens from robbing the place. He was badly wounded in the resultant gunfire but his meritorious performance earned him the George Medal . . . The British Empire Medal went to a Police Constable, of Blackwood, S.A., for bravery at a fire, and the Queen's Commendation for Bravery to a Renmark, S.A., Detective Sergeant who spent a long time face to face with a dangerous, rifle-carrying man, talking him into surrendering . . .

Police investigating a store robbery in Rheims, France, deducted, from the presence of a stray piece of sausage, that the thief had paused for a snack. The distinctive toothmarks on it did not lead to the recovery of a cache of stolen sausages but they did enable the Police to trace and snag the offender . . . In New York, U.S.A., police patrolmen in pursuit of a buildings. Whilst searching one patrolman even dangerous criminal lost him at the rear of some opened and checked a slowly smouldering rubbish in-

cinerator on spec, but found nothing and slammed the door shut again. As they were about to leave the vicinity anguished shouts for help sent them racing back to the incinerator to rescue the man they sought. The draft created by opening the door had re-kindled the rubbish into a fresh burst of flame . . . In Alice Springs, N.T., a policeman halted a thief in the act of stealing a lavatory seat, and finished up—to the ruin of subsequent Court solemnity—with the evidence rudely if neatly draped around his neck- (The cistern's crook all right, mate.)

SHOTT AND NOTT FOUGHT A DUEL. THE SHOT THAT SHOTT SHOT SHOT NOT NOTT BUT THE SHOT THAT NOTT SHOT SHOT SHOTT. SO SHOTT BEING SHOT AND NOTT NOT, NOTT WON.

"WHEEL" MEN

Horrie Prew's encounter with his Wet season cyclist reminds me of a couple of cross-country bike riders encountered years ago. It seemed to be a bit of a fad, once, to ride across or around Australia on a bike. At Spalding, SA, before I ever came north, a chap named Friedman rode into town one Sunday morning on a bike piled high, front and back, with packs of clothing and tucker. and prominently labelled "AROUND AUSTRALIA." He said he was then about half-way round and was heading off for Western Australia on his next stage, and handed out little souvenir cards at a zac a time giving details of his itinerary.

Stationed at Tennant Creek 3 or 4 years later I was astounded to see the same chap ride into town on his bike, still well-piled with gear, and still handing out souvenir cards. This time his next lap was across the Barkly Tablelands to Queensland — even travelling on the bitumen there now you could have a rough idea of what he faced then, riding a bike hundreds of miles on unmade bush tracks through often waterless country. He perished out on the Downs.

The following year I was at Brock's Creek and camped near Burrundie on the first leg of a patrol. I was surprised when a cyclist rode up to my campfire, dressed in heavy dark clothing and with a knitted varicolored night-cap affair on his head. He told me that he had ridden his bike all the way from Melbourne and was riding to Darwin and back in search of the ideal wife.

I was relieved when he decided to camp a few hundred yards away and to see him heading off northward again in the morning. But when I got home a week later, I found that he had called at the Police Station — naturally enough in those days: everybody called—and his peculiar manner had quite alarmed my wife. I was alarmed, too, and a bit disappointed about my own judgment of women.

"You know," I said. "He was looking for the ideal wife. Yet he just rode away and took no notice of you!"

This happened to be a Sunday morning, too, and we were sitting out on the wide verandah of the house chuckling over the wife-seeker when a noise drew our gaze down to the foot of the steps where a dusty cyclist had just leaned his bike. He was wearing the first "Hawley Tropper" (sun helmet) I had seen, so obviously did not come from these parts. No indeed —he was from Melbourne, too. (They must have been deporting all their bike riders, surely!)

"That's funny," I said, "only about a week ago another cove rode through here on a bike, riding all the way from Melbourne to Darwin."

"Ah," said the man with real compassion, "he's nuts."

"How far are you going?" I said.

"London," he said, without blinking.

"Trufeller."

Maintiens le Droit

THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE

In comparison with the Australian Commonwealth and State Police system, the Police system of Canada is complex, and of the many Police Forces throughout Canada, the largest and best known is the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

The R.C.M.P. is the Federal Police Force of the Government of Canada and has jurisdiction throughout the country in the enforcement of Federal laws. In eight of the 10 Provinces of Canada it also performs the duties of the Provincial Police, enforcing Provincial Statutes and the Criminal Code. In these Provinces, however, jurisdiction differs from that of the Australian State Police in that the towns and municipalities are policed separately by contract; and, although some are policed by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police under contract, many have their own Police Forces.

In these towns and municipalities, as in the two Provinces where the R.C.M.P. do not act as Provincial Police, the R.C.M.P. has jurisdiction over criminal activities involving Federal laws only However, in the Yukon and North-west Territories of Canada, the R.C.M.P. is empowered to deal with all manner of crime and also performs a variety of administrative duties for the Government. So that in these Territories the jurisdiction and duties of the R.C.M.P. are most similar to those of the Australian State Police and the Northern Territory Police Force of Australia.

The R.C.M.P. is controlled by the Minister of Justice and directed by a Commissioner from its headquarters at Ottawa, Canada's Federal Capital. It has a total strength of nearly 9000 members, which include approximately 2000 civil servants and members other than regular members, such as Special Constables.

The Force comprises of four main sections—Operational Divisions, Air and Marine Divisions and Training Divisions.

The Operational Divisions are responsible for the Police work carried out by the Force across Canada and are administered from headquarters in Ottawa. They are divided into sub-divisions which operate nearly 650 detachments, the Canadian counterpart of Australian Police Stations throughout the country. To render scientific and technical assistance, there are four Crime and Detection Laboratories throughout Canada, operated by the R.C.M.P. with a trained and qualified staff of regular and civilian members using up to date scientific equipment. As with other facilities of the R.C.M.P., such as the Identification Section which incorporates Criminal Indexes and Fingerprint records, the services of the laboratories are made available to all Police Forces in Canada as part of a National Police Service. Operational Divisions are further supported by a Police Service Dog Section, with some 20 Police dogs of German Shepherd breed, employed at various sub-divisions across Canada. The dogs and their handlers, who are trained R.C.M.P. members, are moved, as required, by road and air to assist in searches for lost persons or articles, guarding property, locating illicit stills, as well as the pursuit of criminals.

The Air Division comprises of 20 aircraft based at points throughout Canada and flown and maintained by members of the Force. The primary function of the Air Division is to provide transportation for members on duty. Its services are of particular value in Northern Canada, where vast distances and permanent snow fields make ground travel slow and laborious. Each of the R.C.M.P. aircraft flies an average of 540 hours a year, and for the 12 months ending 31st March, 1965, the Air Division flew 1,213,581 patrol miles and 2,220,971 passenger miles.

The Marine Division has a strength of some 250 members and operates 36 vessels ,ranging in size from 26 to 180 feet, on inland and coastal waters. The primary function of this Division is the enforcement of the Customs and Excise Acts and the Canada

Shipping Act. The Division co-operates with the land Divisions in rescue operations and also delivers supplies and personnel to outlying coastal detachments. During the 12 months ending 31st March, 1965, vessels of the Marine Division travelled a total of 243,600 miles.

The Training Divisions provide recruit training and advanced training courses for members. Police college classes, which are available to members of other Police Forces, are also maintained. These classes are utilised by members from Police Forces in other countries, as well as Provincial, City and Town Police Forces in Canada. The instructors in the Training Divisions are all regular members of the R.C.M.P. The training of the R.C.M.P. Musical Ride troop, comprising of 35 riders and horses, is carried out by the Training Division also. The Musical Ride is maintained permanently by the R.C.M.P. and the troop tours Canada and into the United States of America, performing intricate cavalry manoeuvres to the tempo of an accompanying band.

In addition, the R.C.M.P. maintain a permanent musical band with 50 members. The band performs a series of concerts and tours Canada and into the United States of America each year.

Both the R.C.M.P. Musical Ride and the band play an important part in maintaining a high level of public relations between the R.C.M.P. and members of the public in Canada.

Although horses are no longer used by the R.C.M.P. in Police work, dog teams are still in use in the far north of Canada, and some detachments in that area continue to maintain teams. These are gradually being replaced, however, with snowmobiles and ski-doos. The total mileage of patrols by dog teams in the Yukon and north-west Territories for the 12 months ending 31st March, 1965, was 41,480 miles. Snowmobiles and ski-doos in that area during the same period covered 23,771 miles.

The R.C.M.P. maintain an effective communications system, with radio contact between divisional and sub-divisional headquarters and the detachments. There are also some 1500 radio-equipped patrol cars and over 150 hand carried portable radio units. All ships and aircraft of the R.C.M.P. are equipped with the most modern radio facilities to link them with most of the fixed and mobile units of the Force. In addition a network of telex or teleprinters is in operation to link the various divisions and sub-divisions across Canada and to link headquarters in Ottawa with the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington D.C. in the United States of America. Further radio contact is maintained from the R.C.M.P. headquarters in Ottawa with 24 stations in other parts of the world, through Interpol headquarters at Paris, France.

So, in this modern era as in the past, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police continue to earn the admiration and respect of the people of Canada, and of other countries the world over, by maintaining their high standards in the prevention and detection of crime throughout their country. **—Bob Henfry.**

★ ★ ★

NAME TAGS FOR POLICE

In 1965 New York Police Patrolmen swapped their uniform number plates for name plates. At the outset it was happily reported that these were far better than impersonal numbers. We do not know how they fared as time went by as we seldom bother to go down Broadway now that Bagot Road has achieved such a strange degree of perfection.

Has anyone any ideas on the subject? Unless they were stamped out in pronounced braille they'd be of no advantage in our editorial office, but different people have different ideas about such things. The authorities might just happen to be interested in yours.

RECRUIT NOTES

Two recruit intakes took place during 1967, the first ending in October and the second just before Christmas.

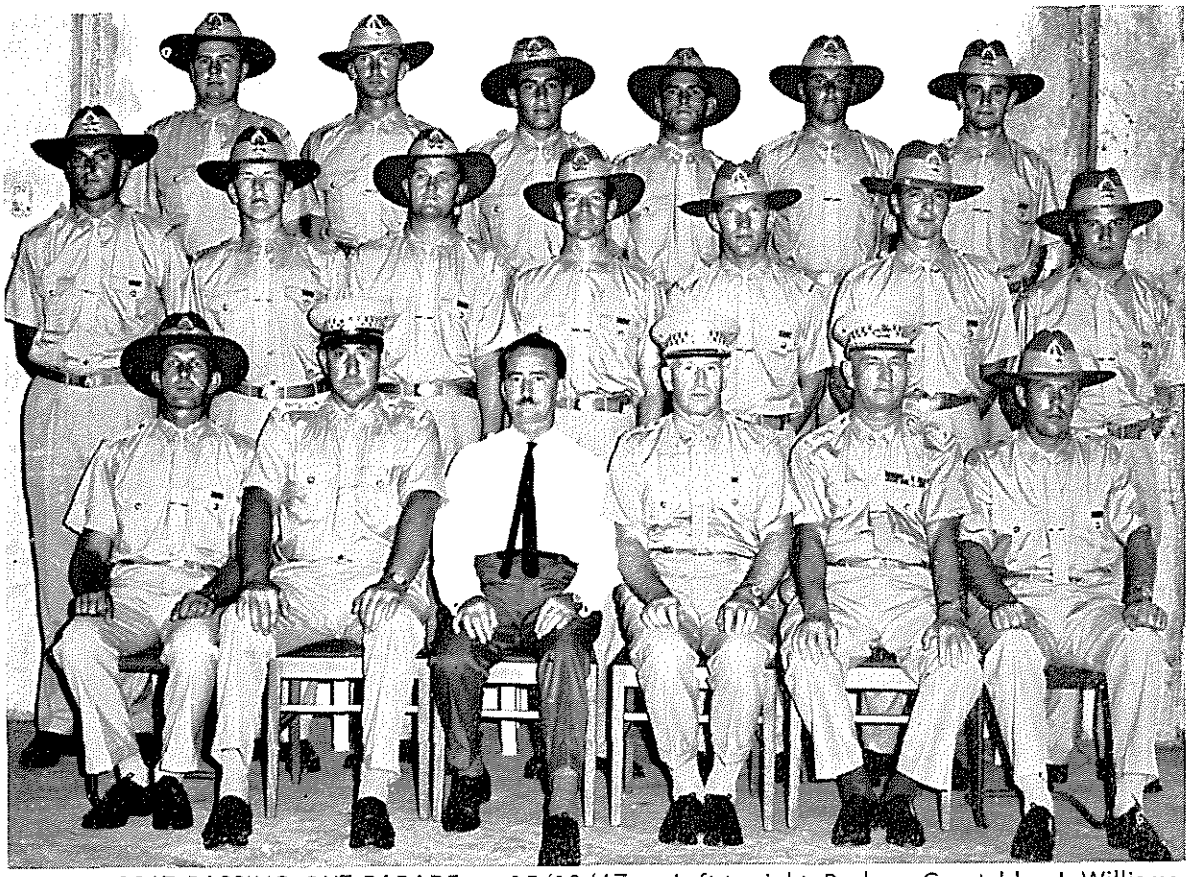
Dux of the first course was Thomas Norval Baker (25), who hails from Newcastle, NSW, and had ideas of joining the Force down there until the lure of the Territory sun, shining through an ordinary black and white recruit ad, turned his attention northward. He had some 10 years' service with the Railways in his home state but is now glad that he ran off the rails at last. His sports activities include surfing, basketball, Rugby League—in which he appeared for South Newcastle and Lithgow Workers Club at different periods—and swimming. He gained his intermediate certificate at the Newcastle Technical High School.

If competition was keen in the first training course, it got really steamed up in the second, and Kevin Cyril Kettle topped it, naturally enough.

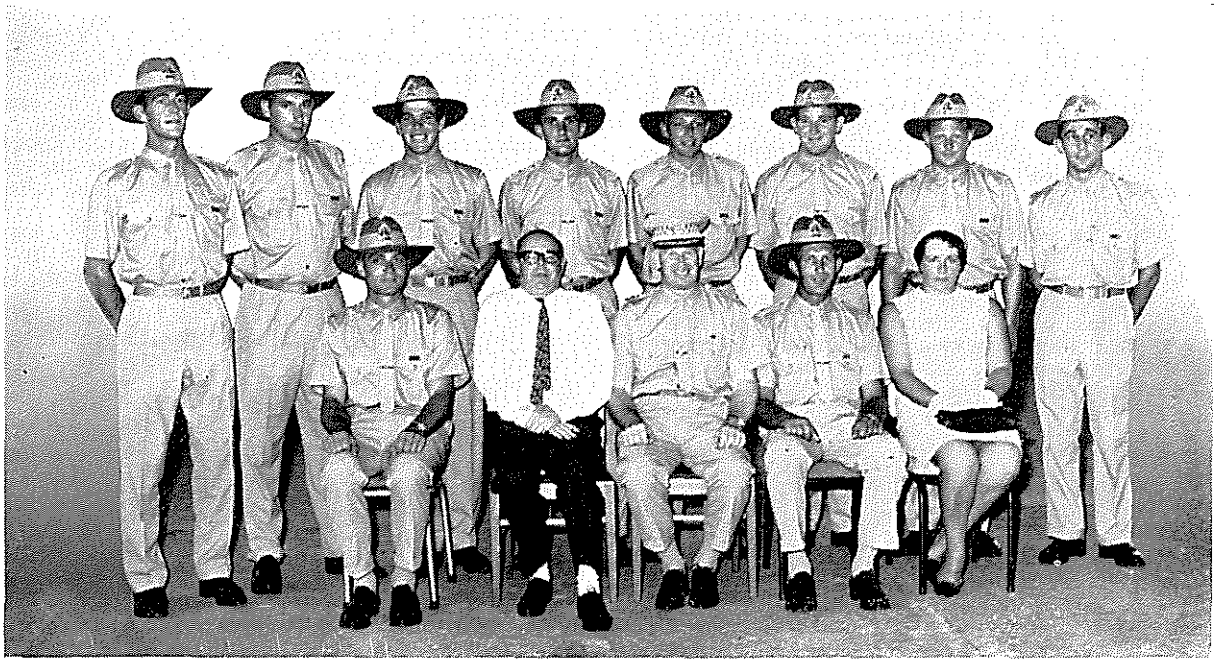
Born in Melbourne, Vic., 31 years ago, Kevin was educated at St Kevin's (not his own, surely?) College, Toorak. He is an old railwayman, too, having worked with the Victorian Railways as a fitter and turner (Diesel main'ainer, so should be useful to the Boys in the Fingerprint Section). In 1957 he took two near-fatal steps at once, getting married and joining the Police Force. Up to the time he joined us he had put in five years in uniform and a year in the C.I.B. in Melbourne. In between times he became a daddy twice, and a Lieutenant in the R.A.S.C., C.M.F., as well as specialising in St John's Ambulance Work. (He is now Staff Officer to the local Deputy Commissioner, Dr W. A. "Spike" Langsford.) He and his family like the Territory and are looking to a full career future of great interest here. His particular hobby is coin collecting. That's the main ambition of most of us but we don't go round calling it by fancy names like numismatics. (We can't say it, anyhow.)

Dennis S. Scrutton had the advantage of being born (30-11-38) in the Holy City of Adelaide, but at some risk spent eight years over on those sandy wastes near the Swan. Whilst there he went to Scotch College, gained his intermediate certificate, worked for a year with a firm of accountants, and two years as a clerk with BP (Aust.) Ltd, thence back to Adelaide for a further seven years before stepping up to greater things with Dunlop Rubber at Alice Springs, where he was office manager. The thought of eventually having to leave Alice and that other girl from Melbourne made him apply for the Territory Police. Having landed the job he also married the girl, and they are now living in Darwin. Dennis played A grade tennis and baseball for the Sturt Club whilst in Adelaide, and in Alice Springs played in the Aussie Rules and baseball premiership teams as well as winning both the tennis and squash championships last year. He likes Darwin, too, which is a bit of a change for an old Toddvillager.

Now down at Katherine is Cecil Parris, born at Cowra, NSW on 11-11-43. After gaining his intermediate certificate at Cowra High School he worked in his father's milk bar, filling in time on the side with Rugby League, boxing, pistol shooting, fishing and photography . . . Also at Katherine is John Wolthers,



SECOND 1967 PASSING OUT PARADE — 15/12/67 — Left to right: Back — Constables J. Williams, R. McQueen, L. Pryce, I. Castillon, A. See, D. Scrutton. Middle — Constables D. Hovey, D. Griffith, D. Symons, T. Higgins, J. Wolthers, K. Robison, J. Frazer-Allen. Front—Sergeant F. Cronshaw, Inspector A. Metcalfe, Acting Administrator Mr. Frank Dwyer, Commissioner W. J. McLaren, A/Superintendent J. J. Mannion, Constable K. Kettle (Dux).



PASSING OUT PARADE — 13/10/67 — Left to right: Back — Constables A. Douglas, B. Darby, G. Rainbird, T. N. Baker, K. Van Rangelrooy, B. Frew, G. Thorp, C. Parris. Front: Constable T. C. Baker (Dux), His Honour the Administrator, Mr. Roger Dean, Commissioner W. J. McLaren, Sergeant F. Cronshaw, W. P. Constable, C. Walker.

born in Zandyk, Netherlands, 17-10-42. He came to Australia in 1950 and settled at Newcastle, NSW. Gained his intermediate at Cook's Hill Intermediate High School and went on to fourth year at Wallsend High. He put in five years as a fireman with the NSW Railways then branched out as a salesman. Eventually he started a career in Industrial Supervision with the Sulphide Corporation at Newcastle. John is married, with a four-year-old son, Jeffrey. His main interests are community functions and sport —soccer, basketball and tennis—and scouting . . . A certain amount of parochialism must be developing around Katherine, as still another of the 1967 recruits, also from Newcastle, has found his way down there. This is Barry Ian Frew, born on 14-3-43. He gained his intermediate at the Newcastle High School then worked for 20 months with a firm of wholesalers, which then closed down—through no fault of Barry's, he insists. Until he joined the NT Police he followed seasonal jobs such as tobacco picking and cane cutting. He is interested in most sports, with a preference for Rugby League and basketball. These three, and John's wife, Monika, all speak well of Katherine, so that oft-maligned lady can perhaps now take a bow.

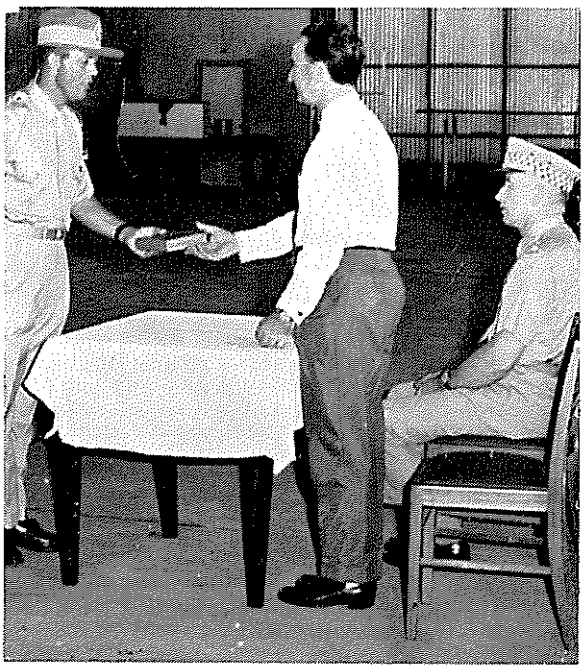
Back from Victoria comes John Frazer-Allen, who was born at Armadale, but spent his early years in the Territory, where his father was with the Welfare Branch for many years, at Beswick and elsewhere. When 13 he returned to Victoria, gained his intermediate in Melbourne and worked for two years with the Bureau of Meteorology. He then joined the Victorian Police Force and put in five and a half years before joining this Force. He was married in May 1966, and has no family yet. After a short period in Darwin his first outside posting is to Alice Springs.

Now 33, six feet three, and 14 stone, Alan John Douglas comes from Double Bay, Sydney. He attended Bondi Technical School then roamed far afield working at a variety of interesting and uninteresting jobs. In 1958 he joined Qantas and spent two years with them in Darwin. On his return to Sydney he joined the NSW Police and spent six years with that Force — in Traffic, as a driver, in the Water Police (a choice possy, by all accounts) and finally in General Duties at Balmain. He came to Darwin again after resigning from the Police and put in 11 months as a guard at Fannie Bay gaol before making a successful application to join the NT Police . . . Alan has had quite a time of it in sport, playing all sports with success at school and for two seasons after leaving school played as full back and winger for a highly successful junior Rugby League team, the Wallaroo's. Whilst on Queensland's South Coast, he joined the Tweed Heads Rowing Club and rowed with them in Adelaide, where they won their way into the King's Cup Eights, and later represented Queensland at the Olympic Trials and King's Cup at Lake Wendouree, Ballarat, Victoria. Rugby League (with Qantas' premiership team) interested him in Darwin and he was selected to play against the visiting French team but was unable to get time off for training. Since returning to Darwin he has found that a combination of matrimony and old age hamper a full participation in sport.

Born at Castlemaine, Vic., on 2-8-34, and educated at the local Technical College, Thomas Charles Baker started his working career as a jackeroo. He then became a Penal Officer and was posted to Langi Kal Kal Training Centre near Ballarat. After completing several training courses he qualified as a Chief Penal Officer, in 1959, with an essay on "Prison Architecture," which was subsequently sent to all States and to America for use in training programmes. In 1961 he resigned and joined the Victoria Police Force, in which he remained for five years, in both uniform duty and plain clothes: mostly in that gentle neighborhood, Fitzroy. In 1966 he resigned to try share-farming in New Zealand but came back to civilisation in time to find his way into the 1967 NT Police intake. Sports include swimming — in which he holds all R.L.S.S.A. awards up to the "Award of Merit" — Aussie Rules, golf, tennis. Back in 1957 he broke several State records in Urban Fire Brigade competitions. His hobbies include stamp collecting, photography and—cripes, another blasted capitalist—coin collecting. First impressions of the Territory?—excellent; hopes to see a lot more of it.

Ken Robison was born at Carlton, Vic., in 1938 and spent his childhood at Pt Melbourne, attending school

at Albert Park and later at South Melbourne Tech. He joined the Victorian Police in 1959 and was stationed mainly at Carlton. For 4 years he was a member of the Police Search and Rescue Reserve in which he travelled to most parts of Victoria. He attended a number of courses including diving (Navy) and roping and mountain climbing (Army). One of the less pleasant experiences involved a five-day search in a Wangaratta swamp for a missing duck shooter. Up to then he had seen only a few snakes, and those at a distance, but the five days at Wangaratta saw over 50 snakes killed by the Police, and Tom killed nearly two per cent of these all by himself. At the end of five day's searching, the body was found, 7 days after it entered the water, just 10 feet from where the camp water was drawn! The size of Darwin surprised him, but he is not impressed by our alleged heat. He and his wife and three children find the climate to their liking.



Pass out parade 15/12/67 — Const. K. Kettle, Dux, receives prize from Acting Administrator Dwyer while Commissioner McLaren looks on.

HAD A BANK ROBBERY LATELY ?

The spate of bank robberies in Australia in recent years has caused great concern. To add to the sad tale, TAB agencies seem to have become "little brothers" for potential bank robbers to practise on before tackling the greater monuments of Midas.

Interpol, in its "Review," has published an interesting summary of bank robbery statistics in America based, in turn, on an article "Tactics, Schemes of Bank Robbers Analysed by FBI" in the FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin.

The summary covers two selected months (November and December) of a certain year, and covers 152 bank robberies committed in the USA during that time. Seventy-one occurred in November, and 81 (then the highest monthly total on record) in December. Practically half occurred within three States—California (47), New York (15) and Ohio (13). All were robberies committed in working hours to get hold of funds being handled inside the bank premises.

The details quoted in Interpol "Review" make interestirg reading and potential human computers might find a night's homework in them, working out effective counters.

For protection the banks involved had the following alarm systems: 59 were equipped with alarm devices; 2 had camera installations; 9 had armed guards; 66 had no alarm systems at all.

Fifty-nine of the robberies took place between 1 p.m. and 3 p.m.; 33 between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m., and 9 after 5 pm

They took place every day of the week except Sundays; Mondays and Fridays have the highest robbery rate which decreases successively on Wednesdays, Tuesdays and Thursdays

In 111 cases the offence was committed by a lone robber; in 31 cases the offence was committed by 2 robbers; in 9 cases the offence was committed by 3 robbers.

Five of the 13 biggest robberies were committed by lone bandits, five by a pair of robbers, and three by a three-man team. The largest, involving $102,176.51, was committed by three men in New Jersey.

Disguises

There were 26 cases in which disguises were used; none was used in the remaining 126 cases. Disguises included dark glasses, wigs, silk stockings and handkerchiefs over the face, masks, etc.

Arms & Violence

Handguns were used in 100 cases, a shotgun in 9 and a toy gun in 10 cases. None was used or seen in 33 cases.

Other weapons included a straight razor, knives a dagger and a bomb. More than one type of weapon was used in some cases.

In 108 cases robbers obtained their loot by verbal threat; in 36 cases by written threat; in 2 cases hostages were taken; in 6 cases different methods were employed.

Violence just before, during, or just after the commission of the crime occurred in 18 cases. Shots were fired in six of the robberies and one bandit and two employees were wounded.

In 81 cases robbers fled in motorised vehicles which, in 41 cases, had been stolen.

In 48 cases they fled on foot, one robber escaped on a bicycle, another on a bus, and 21 used unknown methods of escape.

Ah! Men!

Bank robbers are mostly men. In the 152 cases in question only three were committed by women. None of these women succeeded in getting away with the money; they were all arrested on the spot.

The ages of the male robbers ranged from 17 to 50.

The total estimated loot was $927,018.69 for an average take of $6098.80 for the 152 cases in question.

Loot was obtained in 134 cases but none was taken in 18.

A total of $487,927.63 was recovered.

"Trap" money (notes with their serial numbers recorded and bearing distinguishing marks) was taken in 52 cases.

THOSE SHOOTERS AGAIN

Lovingly he caressed the butt of Old Betsy and continued his story. "There I was," he said dramatically, "trapped in a narrow canyon with a big grizzly twenty wards away behind a tree. The only way I could hit the critter was to ricochet a bullet off the high canyon wall on my right.

"Now I'm a champion shot, as you probably know. I just gauged my windage, calculated the lead of the barrel and the rate of twist, the hardness of the bullet and the angle of yaw it would have after being smacked out of shape against the canyon wall, and I judged my chances of nailing that bear were about four to one. A one-rail bank shot. A controlled ricochet. So I took aim and fired."

He paused and in the expectant silence flicked the tobacco quid over with his tongue from one jaw to the other.

"Did you hit him?" came the soft, tense voice of a listener.

"Nope."

Silence.

"Missed the blasted wall!"

Results of Police Investigations

In February the following year, 81 out of the 152 cases had already been solved and 110 out of the 194 criminals involved had been arrested. In 8 cases the success of the investigation was due to the reaction of bank employees immediately after the raid. In 19 cases the robbers were quickly caught by the police through routine checks in the neighborhood. All the other cases were solved through detailed investigations on the part of the FBI and the police of the town and state concerned.

Conclusions

The majority of the banks which were robbed are found in the suburbs of large towns.

Robbers fear armed guards and alarm systems.

In the only bank equipped with a bullet-proof glass barrier from the counter to the ceiling the teller withdrew under the threats of the robber who was unable to steal anything.

The raids committed by lone robbers showed little or no preparation. On the other hand, those committed by teams of two men or more were well prepared and skilfully executed with recourse to violence if necessary.

Although the vehicles used by the robbers are in half of the cases stolen cars it is important for bank employees and other witnesses to be able to give a rapid description of them, as the vehicle can often be spotted before the bandits have time to leave it.

It is also extremely important for bank employees and other persons present to examine the robbers closely, even if their faces are concealed.

Trap money should always be available so that it can be handed over to bandits along with the loot in order to ease investigations and enable the identification of the stolen notes. This method is an efficient one as robbers spend easily stolen cash. Unfortunately many banks fail to use it.

Finally, stress should be laid on the need to alert the police immediately of an attack and to operate the alarm on the departure of the robbers, if it was not possible to do so sooner.

POLICE EXPEDITION TO BLUNDER BAY – 1909

The 1910 Report of the Government Resident of the Northern Territory (Mr C. E. Herbert) contains a full account of a 500-miles horse patrol carried out by two Timber Creek Policemen, Mounted Constables W. A. M. ("Tick") Kelly and U. W. Holland. The patrol took place during October and November 1909, with the object of discovering, for the assistance of the cattle industry, a practicable wagon and stock route to a shipping point on Blunder Bay. Mileages shown in brackets are from M. C. Holland's diary.

In the annual report for 1906 reference was made to the attempt to find a cattle route from the cattle country into Blunder Bay, on the Victoria River. The attempt was unsuccessful, and M. C. Burt reported that there appeared to be no chance of finding a track into Blunder Bay. Other attempts were made in 1907 and 1908, but, owing respectively to the wet state of the country and to the illness of the police engaged in the quest, were also unsucessful. Yet another attempt was made last year, and though it failed in discovering a cattle route into Blunder Bay, an apparently good track was found into the coast at Indian Hill, a spot where Queen's Channel narrows into the mouth proper of the Victoria River.

The report of M. C. W. A. M. Kelly, who, accompanied by M. C. Holland and two blackboys, made the search for the route, is here given in full:

"I have the honor to report on my patrol undertaken to discover if a road could be found into Blunder Bay, on the west side of the Victoria River, or, failing the latter, at any point below point A as marked on map.

"On October 9th I left Timber Creek, accompanied by M. C. Holland, Trackers Tippo, Charlie, and private boy, also 16 Timber Creek police horses, arriving at Auvergne Station on October 11th (36 miles).

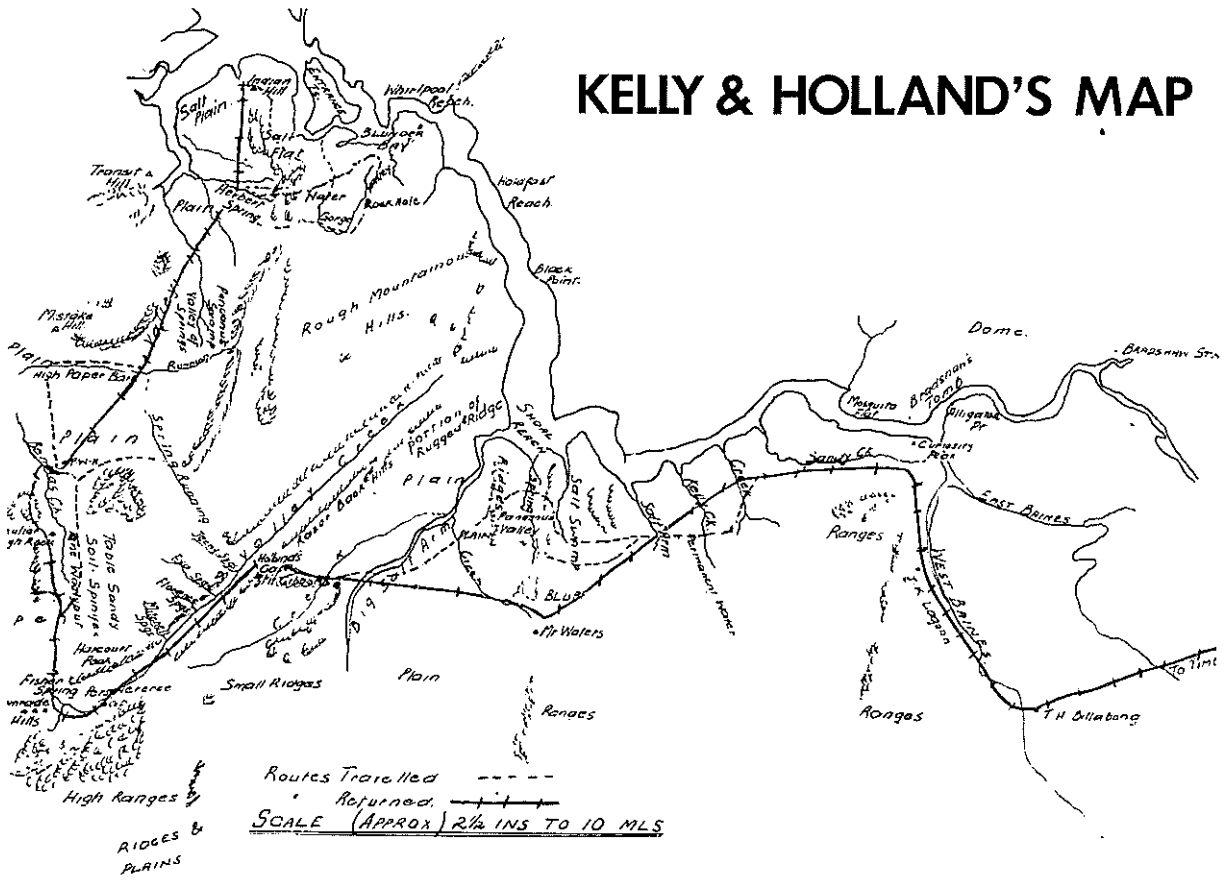
"October 12th—Travelled seven miles W of above station; camped at T.H. Billabong.

"October 13th—Crossed West Baines River in one mile, and travelled E.N.E. along the foot of a high range of mountains for 10 miles to a nice lagoon of permanent water (called T.K. Lagoon). After dinner M. C. Holland and I ascended the range on foot, but could see nothing beyond, owing to high ranges (11 miles).

"October 14th—Travelled N.E. for eight miles at foot of ranges to Curricumba Gap; thence through gap and N of W for seven miles ,following Sandy Creek for the latter five miles on to river flats (Sandy Creek runs into the Victoria River through these flats, and is not as marked on the map). Here we left M. C. Holland. Tracker and I set out in search of water. After travelling three miles S.W. a salt arm was met with. Followed same up in a S direction for three miles and found supply of water in a rockhole. The soil passed over was a dark loam on flats, fairly well grassed, and deteriorating into the hills with spinifex and rough grasses. Returned to where we had left packs, and camped (12 miles).

October 15th—Travelled to water found previous day; here left packs in charge of one tracker and private boy. M. C. Holland and I here ascended range of hills abutting the rockhole mentioned, and took bearings of a pinnacle hill 4 deg S of W (named Mount Waters)—it was about 10 miles distant. Travelled on one mile W over hills; here a valley is met with and a creek coming from a southerly direction (called Kelly's Creek). In this creek where we struck same were two fine holes of apparently permanent

KELLY & HOLLAND'S MAP



water. From this point we travelled eight miles W.N.W. across a plain fairly well grassed, with a kind of chocolate soil, over two saltwater arms and one stony ridge and small plain; here we crossed range in about one mile, still continuing W.N.W., where a creek is met with coming out of the hills. This creek we followed up for about two miles, and found a hole of fresh water. We then returned to where packs had been left. (32 miles)

October 16th—Travelled to water found day previous but our course was 10 miles W and three miles N, crossing one rough stony hill en route (13 miles).

"October 17th—Travelled N of W for one mile; then two miles in a S of W and W direction, over stony ridges; then crossed a large well-grassed plain; also crossed a large salt-water arm eight miles S of W from previous camp. (I presume the latter is the salt arm mentioned by Mr W. A. Campbell, and which is supposed to run inland for 50 miles.) From crossing of arm took bearing of Shoal Reach, which is 25 deg. N of E; continued W and N of W, crossed some desert country on which spinifex, a little cypress pine and woolly butt was growing, over stony ridge into a valley — a distance of four miles. Here left packs. M. C. Holland, Tracker and I left in search for water. Travelled over stony ridges for two miles in a N.W. direction; crossed a small valley through a gorge or gap of razorback mountains bearing N.E. and S.W. The gap mentioned leads into a nice valley, which is about a quarter of a mile in width; found a supply of water inside gap. Here sent a tracker back to bring on the packs. Self and M. C. Holland travelled N.W. for one mile, and discovered a spring coming out of the ranges from a N direction. Followed the latter up for about two miles to where it gorged and blocked further progress. This spring was running strongly, and the soil in the gully was black loam, studded mostly with pandanus and paper-bark timber. Travelled gully down again and waited arrival of trackers with packhorses (20 miles).

"October 18th—M. C. Holland, tracker and I, left camp and endeavored to penetrate N through the rugged ridge. Continued following valley up in a W direction. Traversed up five different gullies in a N direction, ranging from one to three miles; but could not proceed farther, as all gullies were impassable at the head. A permanent spring ran out from each of four of these gullies. We travelled W from our camp, seven miles up the valley mentioned, ascended range on two occasions. On second ascent took bearing of a range of hills due W, and which appeared to be running N and S; then returned to camp (25 miles).

"October 19th—Travelled to spring — the last of the four mentioned (named Mitchell Springs); here left packs. M. C. Holland, tracker and I again endeavored to penetrate through the rugged ridge. Travelled seven miles up same valley, S.W., then through a gap (named Perseverance Gap) and one mile N.N.W. Here another permanent spring is met with (named Fisher Spring). The hills here appeared to be passable. Ascended same on horseback and took observation of three hills, which appeared to be about 20 miles distant and bearing 326 deg, 330 deg and 332 deg respectively from where observation was taken. The country appeared to be opening out. Returned to where packs had been left. The country traversed over was very poor soil, covered with spinifex and rough grasses (27 miles).

"October 20th—Party travelled to Fisher Springs (8 miles).

"October 21st—Travelled N.N.W. over stony ridges and sandy flats, covered with spinifex and rough grasses for eight miles; then two miles down a jump-up, which was very rough and stony; then on to Sandy Plain. Here a creek was met with (named Benda's Creek) containing two nice holes of permanent water; here we left packs. M. C. Holland, tracker and I travelled N for five miles over sandy plain with honeysuckle, ti tree, pandanus, and other timber growing thereon. This plain is mostly spinifex, with

Mtd. Constable W. A. "Tick" Kelly who, with M.C. Ben Holland, carried out the 1909 Blunder Bay patrol.

a number of watercourses, growing fair grasses. Here we met a running creek (named Burt's Creek) coming from the E and bearing W. About one mile N of this creek is a range of hills bearing E and W. Here we ascended hill, but could only see hills in a N and E direction. Returned to Benda's Creek and camped (23 miles).

"October 22nd—Travelled N to Burt's Creek. Left packs. M. C. Holland, tracker and I travelled four miles further N and ascended a hill (Mistake Hill). From here we saw plain away to the W and N.W., skirted by a few isolated hills about 12 miles distant. To the E and N.E. was a continuation of hills. Returned to packs and camped (11 miles).

"October 23rd—Travelled up creek E for four miles. Here we left packs. M. C. Holland, tracker and I travelled E.N.E. through a fairly wide valley for four miles to a large swamp, thickly studded with pandanus and paper-bark and very tall grass. The above swamp was too boggy to cross, so followed same four miles in N.E. direction, then crossed. We then travelled back on the other side of swamp, W.S.W. Three different springs were met with running into this swamp from the ranges, one of the springs mentioned being a magnificent one of great flow. From this point all waters run in a northerly direction. Returned to packs and camped (22 miles).

"October 24th—Travelled NE along valley for three miles, where we left packs. M. C. Holland, tracker and I left camp and travelled N.E. for six miles over black soil plain which was very well grassed, crossing two small saltwater arms en route; ascended a hill and saw Victoria River to the N, hills to the E, salt arm and hills to the W. The plain appeared to continue beyond the salt arm for a considerable distance. Returned to Camp (20 miles).

"October 25th—Travelled four miles N.E. and left packs on springs (named Herbert's Springs) found day previous. M. C. Holland, three boys and I travelled six miles N to Indian Hill on the Victoria River; ascended this hill, and on the point facing Entrance Island, built a trig; also took bearings of Endeavour Hill and Leading Hill, 125 deg and 20 deg respectively. The travelling was very good along the foot of ranges traversed by party to within a mile of the river. From this point to the river is a salt flat, subject to inundation at high spring tides. Returned to Herbert's Springs and camped (20 miles).

October 26—M. C. Holland, tracker and I made

repeated attempts to penetrate through the ranges to Blunder Bay; traversed several gullies and found in every case that they either ended in an impenetrable gorge or an impassable mountain. Finally determined to cross the ranges and get into Blunder Bay with the object of finding a road out. The latter was done under great difficulties, the ranges traversed being terribly rough. We got right into the bay and marked baobab tree, close to the landing, "T.K." and "U.W.H." The valley examined by Captain Mugg and self on foot in September last appeared to be the only outlet. Followed this valley out to where Captain Mugg and I turned back from when on foot. From this point we followed creek (which I mentioned in my last report as bearing to the S.W.) for three miles, at which point it altered its course abruptly to the N.E. through a rocky impassable gorge (35 miles).

"October 27th—M. C. Holland and self followed ranges S ,carefully investigating all gullies, with the result that I am satisfied there is no road to be found leading into Blunder Bay for either cattle or wagon (15 miles).

"October 28th—Spelled horses. Herbert's Springs has been a splendid camp for horses, there being green grass a foot to 18in in height.

"October 29th—Started on return journey to find a practical road back to Timber Creek. Travelled to Burt's Creek, 15 miles. Here, I regret to say, I had to leave police horse "Dick," who had been sick for several days and could not travel.

"October 30th—Travelled to Benda's Creek, four miles, and formed a camp. (I did not consider it necessary to blaze a road between the latter place and Indian Hill, as, by directions, no mistake can be made.) M. C. Holland, tracker and I then set out to endeavor to find a road to the top of the ranges. Returned to camp successful (16 miles).

October 31st—Travelled to Fisher Springs, 10 miles.

November 1st—Travelled through Perseverance Gap. On the west side of gap are two prominent hills (named Comrade Hills). From the gap we travelled down the valley already mentioned to Holland's Gap, passing en route Harcourt Peak (remarkable peaked hill), Mitchell's Spring, Mount Mitchell (prominent hill abutting spring), Florence Spring, Eva's Spring, and Jeannie's Spring.

"November 2nd—Travelled through Holland's Gap, passed a prominent hill (named Mount Gibbons). then over stony ridges (blazed track up to this point); thence on to plain already mentioned, where large salt arm is met with. Followed the latter up for about three miles, endeavouring to find crossing place, but were unsuccessful; so had to swim horses over arm, which was about 50 yards wide where it was crossed by party. Continued in a N.E. direction over plain to a valley bearing away to the S and S.E. to Mount Waters (a good permanent hole of water was passed close to Mount Waters), where a ridge is crossed into valley which opens on to plain on river flats previously traversed; continued in an E direction to Kelly's Creek. I blazed no track from latter creek to within two miles of previous camp, as timber was scarce. and I deem Mount Waters and Mount Gibbons good guides (28 miles).

"November 3rd—Travelled to T.K. Lagoon via Sandy Creek, blazing track from Kelly's Creek to the latter. This was unnecessary, as you pass through valley to the West Baines River (22 miles).

"November 4th—Left T.K. Lagoon and travelled same route as previously reported, passing Auvergne Station, and arrived at Timber Creek Police Station on November 6th. I regret having to leave police horse "Gaylad" at T.K. Lagoon on November 3rd, the latter being knocked up and could not travel.

"From examinations made during my patrol I find there is no chance of getting a road into Blunder Bay for either wagon or cattle; but I consider the road to Indian Hill is a very good one for cattle, with plenty of country to hold cattle in the vicinity of the river close to the above-mentioned hill, with an absolutely unfailing supply of splendid water at hand.

"The only obstruction may be the one mile of salt flat abutting the river.

"This road, to be passable for wagons, requires little work done to it, except at the large salt arm mentioned within, which, I consider, would have to be bridged. The whole track is well watered, the longest stage being 22 miles at the end of dry season.

"From M. C. Holland I obtained very valuable assistance. In fact, I feel I cannot do other than bring it under your notice. Our duties were necessarily arduous and trying to man and horse; so trying was it for horses that on my return to Timber Creek they were all about done up, and I consider most of them are too old for hard duty.

"The following are the stages from Timber Creek to Indian Hill:

Timber Creek to Auvergne	35 miles
Auvergne to T.K. Lagoon	17 miles
T.K. Lagoon to Kelly's Creek	22 miles
Kelly's Creek to Permanent Water	12 miles
Permanent Water to Jeannie's Spring	16 miles
Jeannie's Spring to Fisher's Spring	7 miles
Fisher's Spring to Benda's Creek	10 miles
Benda's Creek to Burt's Creek	4 miles
Along Creek	4 miles
Swamp	4 miles
Herbert's Spring	8 miles
Indian Hill	6 miles
Total	155 miles

"Total distance travelled throughout patrol, 511 miles."

M. C. Kelly's report confirms the fact previously asserted that no road is procurable into Blunder Bay. His discovery of a road into Queen's Channel, at Indian Hill, however, appears to me to have every important advantage that a road into Blunder Bay would have afforded. Indeed, it is perhaps more advantageous, for the reason that, as I am informed by Captains Edwards and Mugg, both of whom have considerable experience of this river, the anchorage off Indian Hill should prove better for large vessels than than the somewhat confined space of Blunder Bay. The chart shows a depth of six fathoms and seven fathoms off Indian Hill.

The only difficulty of importance referred to by M. C. Kelly is the crossing of a large salt arm on the track. It appears, however, that this is not insurmountable, as information in my possession goes to above the spot where it was crossed by the police miles above the spot where it was crossed by the police patrol.

• NEXT ISSUE (December, 1968) will contain "Some Old N.T. History" by Ted Morey; another interesting article by Frank Gordon, and as many good stories, photos, cartoons, etc., as can lawfully be incarcerated within 48 pages.

On Transfer — 1935 Style

By PETER RILEY

It was Wednesday morning, 28th August, 1935, just a bit before eight o'clock, and I was waiting at the Darwin Railway Station to board the weekly train on the first stages of a journey to Borroloola. I was going to the "Loo" as "second man", and was looking forward to this new experience, after nearly eight months of duty in Darwin which had become a bit dull with what appeared to me, then, a somewhat tiresome routine of Day Reserve, Day Town, Evening Reserve and Evening Town duties. The position of "second man" at any bush station was keenly sought after in those days. I regarded myself as lucky to be sent "bush" so early in my services as Mounted Constable, for that was our designation then.

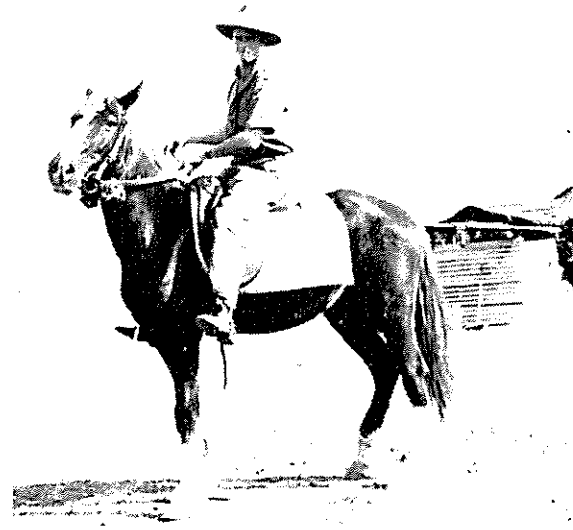
At eight o'clock we were off. "The Spirit of Protest", as the old train later came to be known, was going to make the grade up past the Daly Street bridge first go and not have to go back to take another run or go up in two sections, as was sometimes the case. Having safely got past the Daly Street bridge we steamed into the 2½ Mile, the last stop before getting into the scrub proper.

As we rattled through country where the grass had been burnt black, soot and bulldust blew freely into the carriage and made everything and everyone pretty grimy. After numerous stops, Adelaide River was reached. Here the sweating passengers made their way with thirsty haste to the Railway Refreshment Rooms and downed sundry VB's to wash the soot and dust out of their throats. Afterwards they did justice to an excellent meal which Mrs. Sack, the proprietress, always served to train passengers.

When the whistle blew all got aboard for the run to Pine Creek and an overnight stop. No travelling after dark for the train in those days! My first impression of this mining town, which had seen more prosperous times — "a town of bottles and Singapore ants". The Singapore ants were everywhere, including the rooms in the local pub, where the legs of beds were standing in tins of water to keep the ants out of the bedding. If they got into your bed you knew all about it — the Singapore bite is like the prick of a red hot needle and a few dozen at a time really livened one up.

After breakfast next morning we were on our way again at seven o'clock and arrived at Katherine at 10.15. A sleepy place in those days, but it boasted two pubs. One was named "The Sportsmen's Arms", a very rough place, I thought, where the bar-room had a dirt floor. Years afterwards the name was changed to Commercial Hotel.

Leaving Katherine we travelled on to Mataranka and had lunch at Mrs. Fisher's Hotel. In my diary I described the meal as a "huge feed" and so it was. This rough old pub had a great reputation for the meals served up by its owner.



Mtd. Const. Peter Riley at Newcastle Waters en route to Borroloola — 1935.

About 5 p.m., Birdum, the end of the line, was reached. Two days to travel 316 miles, and a rough, dirty, thirsty trip it was too. But no one was in a great hurry in those days. Time did not matter — although passengers lost none in making their way across the sandy flat to O'Shea's Hotel bar.

At eight o'clock next morning I was on my way again by Sam Irvine's Overland Mail which ran monthly between Alice Springs, Birdum and return. There wasn't anything elaborate about the mail vehicle — just a battered old utility with canvas hood and wooden tray-type body. There were two other passengers, one of whom rode on the load. The driver was George Nicholls, well known in Alice Springs and elsewhere.

The road in those days was just two wheel tracks which more or less followed the overland telegraph line — a slow, rough, dusty track. We reached Daly Waters at 10.15 and had dinner at Bill Pearce's store. Charles Ulm's plane, "Faith in Australia", had made a forced landing at the Daly Waters drome some days before, due to a mechanical failure while in flight. I saw it in the hangar there, with one cylinder of the main engine torn right out of the crank case and the propeller smashed.

After leaving Daly Waters, we called at Dunmara for a cup of tea, then on across the Sturt Plain to Newcastle Waters, which we reached at 5.30 p.m. It

is situated on a gibber-strewn plain with no shade. In those days it consisted of cattle station, police station and post office, some houses for bore maintenance men, a store and the Junction Hotel, so called because it was situated where the north-south road and the Murranji Track met. Jock Reid, many years afterwards Chief of Police at Canberra, was Officer in Charge and he and his wife kindly provided me with accommodation until I started on the next stage of my journey across the Barkly Tableland, by horseplant to Anthony Lagoon, about 170 miles eastward.

Next day I bought necessary stores for the trip while the Tracker got the horses ready. On Sunday, 1st September, with Tracker Tommy, well over 6 feet in height, one of the tallest Aboriginals I have ever seen, we got away with our plant of four pack horses and four saddle horses. The day's trip took us as far as No. 8 Bore on the stock route, within sight of the present township of Elliott, right on the western fringe of the famous Barkly Tableland. "Jock" Reid came out in the late afternoon in his motor vehicle to see how I was getting on and brought me some magazines — a very kindly act, I thought. The entry in my diary says "made camp — had meal of tea, corned beef, onion, bread and jam."

The next morning we were up early riding eastwards again across plains interspersed with occasional belts of timber, and so-called desert on our right. It was cool riding up to about 10 a.m. Then the plains began to heat up and what with the heat, dust, flies and mirages, mental pictures of shady trees, rivers with green banks and the surf were constantly in my thoughts. A diary entry records part of a day's happenings — "Camped at bore for dinner. The windmill gives a little shade. Made stew for dinner. It went down better than that bloody salt beef. Ants and flies would just about drive one mad". Another entry, "Can't smoke much as throat is too sore from dust". I must have been pretty soft and no doubt caused Tracker Tommy a great deal of inward amusement by my inexperience.

The next day we were about 70 miles out, crossing a plain at 8 a.m., when travellers in a Ford V8 utility making towards Anthony Lagoon came up. Here was a chance to speed up the trip. I was quick to arrange a trip with them. Tracker Tommy made an about turn and set off homewards, no doubt happy to be saved the rest of the trip to Anthony and back to Newcastle, while I climbed up on the back of the utility and had a fast but dirty ride to Anthony Lagoon. The piece of water from which this outpost of police station, cattle station and store took its name, was dirty white in colour and a bare grey plain extended all around.

Sergeant Bridgland or "Bridgie" as he was commonly known, was officer-in-charge. He took a very keen interest in horses and could talk at length about the virtues and otherwise of the police horses attached to the various stations, where he had been in charge. He seemed to know the names of all of them. He and his wife made me welcome at the police station where I was to stay until the arrival of M. C. Frank Deans with police horses from Borroloola.

Frank, who was then stationed at Anthony Lagoon, had taken a prisoner or prisoners down to Borroloola by the mail, then had to bring up the police plant the 180 miles so that I could go on to the Loo. He arrived back several days later. The next afternoon at 4.15 with Tracker Charlie, four saddle horses and four pack mules, I set out on the last lap of my journey, travelling until 8.30 p.m., and camped at a water hole.

The next day we were on the move early and made Walhallow by noon. My record says — "Water muddy. Flies very bad". The next water was 40 miles away at Top Springs, so we filled up four beer bottles and a leaky water bag, our sole equipment for carrying water. We set off at three o'clock, travelling into the night, and camped at about eight o'clock. Referring to the water carried from Walhallow, I wrote, "Tea is black when made with that water and terribly

muddy". Muddy water and black tea would have been a mere triviality to one used to the tablelands, but to me, not long from the south coast of New South Wales, it certainly made an impression at the time.

We made Top Springs for our dinner camp next day. Here was some clean water at last; a fair hole in a rocky hollow. My note about this was, "It is a relief to get clean water again. Had a bathe in hole, along with a couple of dead bullocks. Rigged mosquito net to get away from flies. Ants very bad." By this time, judging from this note, so long as the water looked clean, a dead bullock or two in it could be disregarded.

Top Springs is about on the division between the inland and coastal watersheds. Next day we were travelling through country which was falling gradually to the coast, crossing creeks (tributaries of the McArthur River) and passing through the open forest of carbeen gum trees, with their pure white, straight limbless trunks.

I thought this forest of trees, known as Gum Flat, a very impressive sight. We had dinner at Top Crossing, so-called because it was the top crossing of the McArthur River on the road from Borroloola to Top Springs. A lunch-time diversion here was the discovery of maggots in the cooked, salt beef, after I had eaten some mouthfuls, so I had to finish off the meal with tinned meat. Night camp was made at Lyla Lagoon. I noted in my diary "Water bad. Had tea of johnny cakes and golden syrup."

Next day we made McArthur River Station at 1.30 p.m. and stayed the night. The station homestead, on the eastern bank of the river, was built mainly, I think, of corrugated iron, with various outbuildings of the same material and others of bush timber. The Manager, Dick D'Archy, had not long built a big gauzed-in shade which made life more bearable on a hot steamy day in the summer.

The last day of the trip, Friday, 13th September, and we were away at 8.30 in the morning, riding down the McArthur River with its big water-holes. The bed and banks were a jungle of gum trees, river oaks, paper barks, Leichhardt pines and cane grass. Lagoons with pelicans, pygmy geese and ducks were passed on our way, which took us across the river several times. In the waterholes the fresh-water crocodiles could be seen floating, with eyes just protruding above the surface.

It was just about dusk when we arrived at Borroloola. "One is unaware of the place until almost there," I noted in my diary. There it was, but a shadow of its former reputed glory of many long years ago. We came out of the timber with the river on the right and onto some fairly flat sandy ground running out from the river, broken every now and then by small creeks and erosion gullies. First, Tattersall's Hotel (**without** those marble bars!), but it did have a big shady mango tree at the back where the patrons drank in the shade when the sun was hot. There was a building on high stumps which had been the general store in the days when Borroloola had been the post for the Tableland stations and the wagons and horse teams travelled down and back with station supplies. It had been closed for many years when I arrived. Continuing down the one and only road, a little further on was the Police Station with its various outbuildings, a collection of corrugated iron structures with others of bush timber and paper bark. Further on, on the bank of Rocky Creek, was the Court House, a long building of corrugated iron with floors a few feet above ground level and a wide verandah all around. It was divided into three rooms, one of which was my quarters while another contained the library of the McArthur River Institute.

Almost 33 years have passed since I made the trip, yet memories of it are as vivid in my mind as if it were only yesterday. There was nothing unusual about it in those days, but the recounting of it will serve to highlight the advances made since then in the transport of members of the N.T. Police Force on transfer. The days of such transfer trips are now something of the past history of the Force.

WHAT GARROTTE!

The villain who shot an innocent scrub turkey would always eat the evidence and fall back on the bushman's watertight excuse that he had acted only in self-defence after being cruelly attacked.

But what believable excuse could a man offer when caught in the act of garrotting a poor, helpless kangaroo on the public highway? We still don't know.

Returning from a recent Station inspection tour one of our Officers was heading contentedly homeward along the Stuart Highway. Just after dusk he found himself about 30 miles north of Pine Creek when a hefty kangaroo jumped out on to the Highway right between his headlights. Collecting 20½ or so cwts of solid Holden right in the grass-processor, it hit the bitumen in a very sad state indeed, but not dead.

With no rifle or even a decent-sized authentic blunt instrument with which to put the 'roo out of its misery our man desperately took to the task with his bare hands. Instantly, of course, there appeared on the scene one of those ubiquitous southern tourists.

As the lurid glow of half-light and headlight limned a great hulking Policeman down on his hands and knees vigorously throttling a big buck kangaroo, the tourist's accelerator foot went through the boards and his horrified eyes ran yards ahead as he burned up the bitumen to escape the terrible vision. What a tale of stark murder or primeval battle to the death must have gone back with him from the bush to Sydney!

Rufus Macropus.

IDENTIFIED BY INTERPOL

This case happened in two episodes: first of all, the Public Safety Service of Macao informed the General Secretariat of the discovery in that town on the 2nd December, 1960, of a clandestine laboratory used for the preparation of drugs.

2,445 grammes of morphine were seized during the search.

Among those arrested was a Chinese, whom we will call A.

He was found guilty of co-operation as a chemist in the preparation of morphine, and fined 2,000 patacas on the 6th December, 1960.

On 17th October, 1961, the Hong Kong police notified the seizure in that town of 3,358 grammes of diacetylmorphine. The drug was discovered on a farm used as a cover for a clandestine laboratory used to convert morphine into heroin.

A Chinese, whom we will call B., a supposed native of Kiangau, was involved as assistant chemist.

He had no previous convictions in Hong Kong, and received on 6th December, 1961, two sentences of imprisonment, each of eight years, for illegal possession and manufacture of drugs.

On inspection of the fingerprint files, the General Secretariat discovered that A., recorded in December 1960 in Macao, was identical with B., recorded in Hong Kong in September 1961.

When these particulars were transmitted to the police in Macao and Hong Kong, one fact in particular caught the attention of the authorities; the accused, by burning the thumb and index finger of his right hand, probably tried to destroy a possible means of identification. This identification did not, however, prove to be of much value.

(Reprinted with permission from the International Criminal Police Review)

THAT UGLY HEAD RAISED AGAIN!

No doubt it often takes very little indeed to raise a good laugh and relieve a Policeman's unhappy lot. At the best of times his life is very official and often boring, and assisting in the preparation of Naturalization papers is as official and boring as most other tasks. But New Aussies take all the questions very seriously and solemnly—partly because it must be, for them, quite a serious business and, partly, perhaps, because they may have come from the tougher "Police States," where any public speech needed careful weighing before uttering.

Only the other day I almost ruined a fine friendship with a very gentlemanly New Australian, whom I was assisting with his papers, through an unseemly and probably unwarranted—but still uncontrollable—outburst of laughter in the midst of the solemn proceedings.

He was a quiet, sober, well respected gentleman indeed, yet after about thirty questions had been asked and the answers carefully written down, he was fairly quaking in his chair, frightened half to death at the thought of not qualifying for permanent, trouble-free citizenship of this fair land.

The questions went monotonously on—name? (answer), date of birth? (answer), place of birth? (answer), place of birth? (answer), etc, etc (answer), married or single? (answer), sex? . . . Dead silence . . . (Clearly he was a male—I merely asked the obvious question to help relieve his tension.) But this was no time to tell a lie.

"A LITTLE BIT," he said.

—ELLIOTT PREW.

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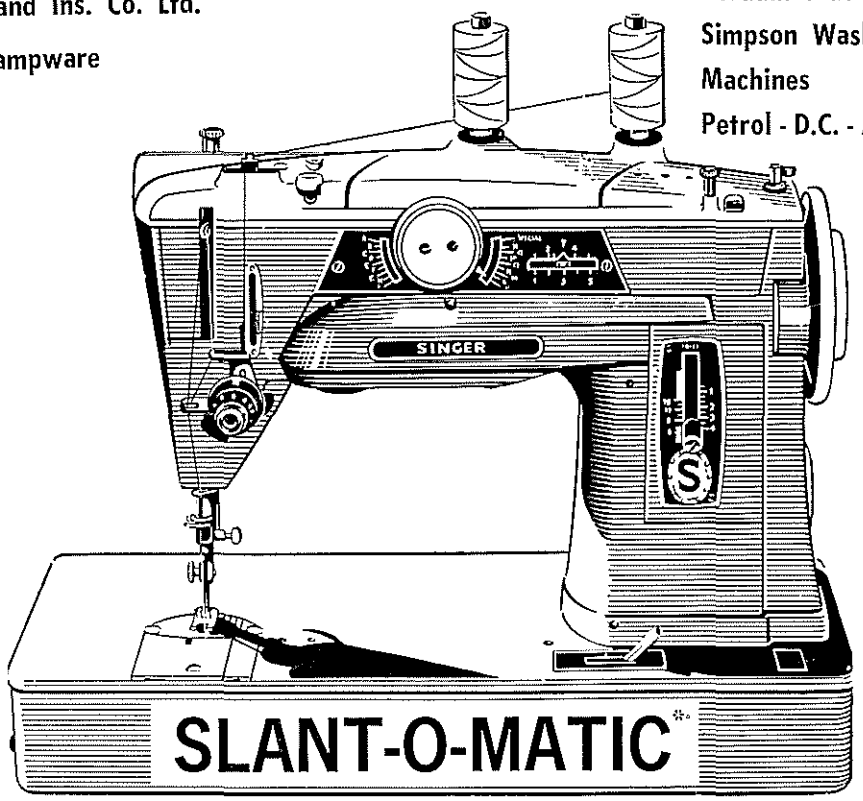

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