



CITATION



The NORTHERN TERRITORY POLICE MAGAZINE / 50c

CITATION

The Northern Territory Police Magazine



Committee of Management

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Opinions expressed in this magazine are those of the writers and are not necessarily shared by the Editor or by the Police authorities.

Our Cover

This blow-up by John Fox of a 28 years old snap by the Editor is still typical of the Top End scene.

IN THIS ISSUE * * Vol III — No. 2 * * Page

<i>Infiltration</i>	3
<i>50 Years' Absence</i>	6
<i>Alice Springs as Tourist Centre</i>	7
<i>Robert Stott</i>	8
<i>Policemen Around the World</i>	10
<i>Recruit Notes</i>	12
<i>Dying the Hard Way</i>	14
<i>Sporting Notes</i>	16
<i>The Agent Provocateur</i>	18
<i>Old Timer's Muster</i>	22
<i>Commissioner Graham Retires</i>	24
<i>Bush Stations—Woman's View</i>	27
<i>Sydneyside Safebreakers Crash</i>	31
<i>Tas Fitzner Gone</i>	36
<i>On Patrol—Pine Creek</i>	37
<i>Lockwood on Patrol</i>	39
<i>The Perfectionist</i>	43

And The Editor Says . . .

Justices Being Done

Noise and novelty are kings to-day and it either pays or thrills, or both, to shout down anything older than the mini skirt or the latest long-haired screamer. Well and truly in for its share of denigration is the ancient and honourable institution of Justices of the Peace.

A couple of country Justices in Western Australia and a few more in other scattered localities in other States have made bad mistakes recently. Territory Justices have occasionally erred badly. These errors are usually brought quickly to notice and available steps are taken to rectify them. But they have also inspired profitable national headlines, admonitory leaders, special articles and satirical skits. A student of our public propaganda media could easily believe that the average Justice of the Peace is a cross between a half-wit and a sadist. Steps have actually been taken, here and elsewhere, to curb the authority of Justices.

If you add up all of the loudly reported slips, you would not have a very big score, and only a handful of Justices would be involved. We do not know how many Justices of the Peace there are in Australia, but we understand that there are several thousand in each State. The apparent blamelessness of this many, compared with the errors of a few, seem to us to warrant a far more charitable view of these voluntary, but much used and abused, servants of the people.

Justices of the Peace came into being in England over 600 years ago, and the institution has spread to many other countries. Old age in itself is not much to boast about; but here is an institution that has not only survived for centuries but has withstood the stresses of wars, rebellions, plagues, famines, politics and all the other ills of human nature, has thrived and grown mightily in the process, and has always stood as a cornerstone of our structure of law and order.

Justices of the Peace are ordinary citizens, liable to human error like the rest of us, and usually without legal training. Perhaps they dispense more justice than pure law, at times, but this may not always be a bad thing, either. But the whole mass of Justices surely cannot reasonably be assailed for odd individual mistakes.

The propagandists who attack them doubtless make mistakes. Trained legal men make mistakes when prosecuting or defending prisoners in Court. Magistrates and Judges, who are selected from these trained legal ranks, make mistakes. Even bodies of Judges, sitting at Appeals Courts on the decisions of individual Judges, make mistakes; and other bodies of Judges sitting in other forms of Appeals Courts endeavour to amend these (perhaps, sometimes, mistakenly?).

Perhaps our system is designed to allow for human fallibility to play its part in balancing the scales of justice. In a murder trial, for instance, where one life has already been lost and another may soon well be, a learned Judge presides; learned Counsel press the opposite evidence and submissions of prosecution and defence, and the battle goes on often for days on end, involving brilliant legal argument, sharp technicalities, difficult scientific and other forms of expert evidence, etc., etc. At the end the whole thing is thrown over for decision by a dozen ordinary citizens, liable to human error like the rest of us, usually without legal training (and, in many cases, fairly uneducated

(Continued overleaf)

And the Editor says . . . (Cont.)

as well). Yet few of those who berate and strive to curb the Justices of the Peace, in their relatively minor sphere, would ever dream of querying the retention of untrained Jurymen for murder and other really serious criminal trials.

Letters to the Editor

62 Dublin Road,
Ringwood East, Vic.

Dear Sir,

I have only just read the second edition of your publication, and, as well as being impressed with the quality of the paper and the high standard of journalism, was most interested in the current addresses of and news about those who have resigned or retired. The Column entitled "Old Timers Muster" is most interesting indeed.

The Committee of Management is to be congratulated on its efforts.

As an ex-member of your force who looks back on his police service as a highlight of a lifetime, I felt proud to learn of the progress being made within the force. I refer especially to the promotion of the chief executive to the rank of "Commissioner of Police", the establishment of an up-to-date all embracing communications network, the employment of policewomen and the designation of "Detective" for those who work in the newly formed "Criminal Investigation Branch".

I am sure a lot of the credit must go to my old friend Clive Graham, who must be congratulated on being the first man to become Commissioner of Police from the ranks.

Yours faithfully,
T. Boxall

P.S. For those who remember him, young Graeme who used to ride his tricycle around "Belsen", is now a Commercial Officer in the P.M.G., my wife is still with my old dept., and I am trying to settle into something else after being superannuated because my eyes will not permit me to read very much any more.

Terry

31 Mooringe Avenue,
Plympton, S.A.

Dear Sir,

Receiving the December copy of Citation yesterday has made me feel very guilty.

So many times I have said, I must write and thank you for the very kind article you published about me in the above issue of your excellent magazine, but never sat down and penned same.

My Commissioner sent his copy down for me to read and there were many other people who contacted me asking as to whether I had seen the article, if not they were going to bring their copy for me to read. Once again thank you for your kind remarks.

I have a yearning to return North and hope to do so one of these days, just depends on funds. It would be nice to see the friends again also the many changes I am told that have taken place in this short space of time.

Yours faithfully,
Joyce Richardson

Mark Twain was fascinated by the laconic speech of the Australians he encountered. When he tipped the waitress at his Melbourne Hotel, her gratitude was obvious. "Q", she said.

SOLD OUT!!!

Sorry as we are to disappoint so many we must admit to being happy to have to report that the June issue of "Citation" is sold out. Inquiries are still being received, but we can't do anything about them, unless they are also interested in picking up one of the remaining earlier issues. The message seems to be: "Get in early".

When dealing with our advertisers, be sure to tell them that you found them through "Citation", the Northern Territory Police Magazine.

DALY RIVER

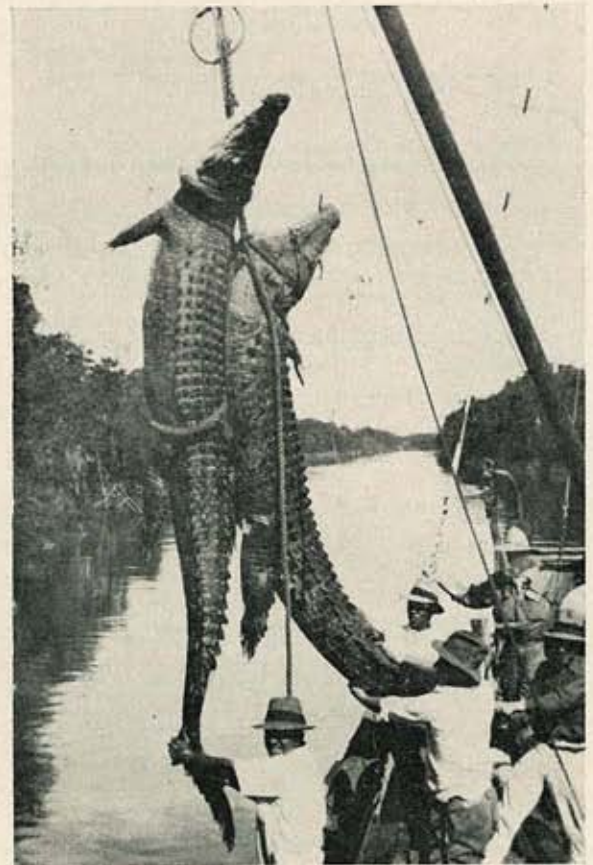
These two friendly souls came from the Daly River, which reminds us that we have not heard from anyone else down there lately!

———Spud?

———SPUD??

———SPU-U-U-D???

Ah well — perhaps his replacement will be more free with the pen.



Daly River crocs.

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To All Our Members and Friends



A MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a

HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR



Infiltration

IN the early part of 1941 Darwin seemed far from the seat of war, although there were a good many Servicemen stationed in the vicinity. Troops were becoming bored with no action and some A.I.F. units staged a demonstration with a view to being sent overseas, where the fighting was going on.

This was the pre-blitz period, before Japan entered the war and put the Top End of the Northern Territory in the Front Line.

Money was plentiful and business houses and hotels were doing a good trade. Gambling schools, frequented by both civilians and Servicemen, were flourishing. After the Police raided and closed one, another would start up somewhere else.

The writer, as a newly-promoted Acting Sergeant, was often in charge of a raiding party.

Information was received about a new gambling school being established near the R.A.A.F. Aerodrome, at the 4½-Mile. Superintendent Stretton instructed me to make a reconnaissance with a view to organizing a raid.

So one evening, accompanied by Constable Fred Lullfitz, I set out on this duty. Parking the car in the scrub, well away from the Aerodrome, we finished the journey on foot.

The school was easily located, just outside the perimeter of the Aerodrome. With the nearest scrub about a hundred yards away at the rear, it was in a comparatively clear place. The building was constructed of timber and hessian, with one entrance, which was sheltered by a porch.

There was a well-beaten pad leading from the Aerodrome to the school. Along this path men passed singly and in groups of two and three, going both ways. They were mostly civilians, but Air Force men were included. At that time civilian contractors were busy erecting buildings for the R.A.A.F. and many workmen were camped in the area.

A man carrying a large 3-cell electric torch came out of the gambling place every now and then, and walked around the building shining the torch everywhere. He then seated himself in the porch.

"That looks like the Nit Keeper", I observed to my companion.

Eventually I said, "Look Fred, I have timed that Nit Keeper and he comes out about once every ten minutes.



Constable Gordon Birt at Tennant Creek, 1937, with the first Police car at that Centre — An inheritance from a much travelled Government Resident.

After his next round we will go a bit closer and try and see how many are inside, and who is running the game".

So the next time the Nit Keeper resumed his seat in the porch, Fred and I left the shelter of the scrub and went close to the rear of the building. Peering through a chink in the hessian walls we saw a crowd of civilians, with a sprinkling of Air Force men, around a green covered table. At one end sat the Banker or Croupier with a pile of money in front of him. I recognized him as a well-known gambling racketeer.

Unfortunately, at this stage, I accidentally kicked an empty tin which made a clatter. Lullfitz and I ran for cover as the Nit Keeper and another man rushed out.

I didn't see where Fred went, as I dived under a bush. Crouching there I heard two men walk past, one of them flashing a torch. One man remarked that he was sure he saw someone run into the scrub. "Maybe it was only a kangaroo", said his companion.

After tramping around for a while, the men returned to the gambling school.

I walked back to the Police car and a few minutes later was rejoined by Constable Lullfitz. We returned to Darwin.

The raid was planned for two nights later, which was a pay night, when it was estimated a good crowd would be at the school.

The big night at last arrived, and, armed with a Search Warrant, I led a party of seven or eight Constables to the scene of operations. None of us was in uniform, most being dressed in khaki shorts and shirt and wearing rubber-soled shoes.

We assembled on a slight rise about 150 yards away from the North-west side of the gambling school and outside the radius of the Nit Keeper's torch light beams.

Constable Fred Lullfitz was my Second-in-Command, and we conferred about the tactics of the operation. Before joining the Northern Territory Police Fred had served with the Western Australian Police and he was a very experienced Officer. His younger brother, Henry, was also a Constable and a member of the raiding party.

"The Nit Keeper seems to be on his toes tonight, Sergeant", Fred remarked. "He is doing his rounds more frequently than once in ten minutes".

"Yes", I replied. "Do you notice that he is paying more attention to the rear of the building? It is almost as if he expects to see a large body of Police come creeping out of the scrub".

After a few minutes, I said, "I've got a plan, Fred. Have you ever heard of infiltration?"

"Yes", replied Fred, "it's a new tactic being tried out in this war. The principle is that men travelling alone can get through the enemy lines easier than a large body of troops. The idea is for them to infiltrate through and regroup again and attack from the rear".

"Exactly", I said. "And that is what we are going to do. Those men walking to and from the gambling school are mostly civilians, with only a few Servicemen. Our men will go, one at a time, mingle with the others, and walk into the school. They then will take up strategic positions all around the table with one man near the entrance. I will be the last in and will grab the Banker and the money. The Banker will be arrested and the names of the others will be taken, so that they can be proceeded against by summons. Got it?"

"Right", said Fred. "It is worth trying".

After receiving instructions, the first Constable got on to the path by a circuitous route, and walked casually into the gambling school amongst two or three other men.

"He got in alright", I remarked. "Henry, you are next. Fred you will go just before me".

The operation proceeded without a hitch. The Nit Keeper hardly gave each Constable a glance, as he walked boldly past. Now and again he did his rounds, shining the torch meticulously towards the scrub at the rear. He had just returned to his packing-case seat, inside the porch, when I strolled past, just behind a workman.

Walking undetected through the crowd of gamblers, I came up behind the Banker and grabbed the money on the table, saying: "Police here. Phil L——, you are under arrest. Everyone else stay where you are and your names will be taken".

Not a man got away. Several Air Force men and Soldiers, as well as civilians, were caught in the net.

The Banker, Phil L——, took his arrest philosophically. He was a tall, well-built man and was said to be a former State Policeman.

Straight Off the Beat

Quite a year it's been, what with the Commissioner suddenly retiring through ill-health, the Southern Division Inspector suddenly going off sick, the Editor suddenly smitten with one of Judy Howard's stickers, and Father Christmas now coming suddenly upon us again . . . Peter Young got himself on to the local front page when he spotted and yarded a badly wanted interstate criminal in Bamboozie Corner . . . Len Cossons and Pat Salter scored a training course with the South Australian C.I.B., and both scored well at it . . . Pat then went on to a course of scientific training and is now our top grade scientist with a section all to himself . . . but specialist sections grow quickly in this tropic clime, so he should not be lonely for long . . . Tim Tisdell, of Katherine, and Gordon Raabe, of Tennant Creek, paid a short visit to Darwin to attend an Administrative Training Course, and it's nice to see that they're standing up to the years and the hard work so well . . . We were reminded (though, of course, we still don't believe it) of that old yarn that followed a gallop by Gordon after a fleeing lubra who didn't want to swap the wide open spaces for a narrow old cell. As the pedes ponderosi thundered close behind her, she screamed: "Don't you chase me Constable! Don't you chase me, Constable!" To which our Gordon puffingly retorted: "Girl, when ah really chases you, you'll have to run so fast people will see the soles of your feet so often they'll think you is kneeling in prayer". . . . Another visitor to Darwin was Alan Metcalfe, of Alice Springs. In our first issue we recorded rescue efforts by Alan in a caved-in trench in Alice and on a steep cliff face out in the bush. Recently he forced his way through the flooded Todd River Causeway to fix a rope to the washed-off car of a too innocent motorist . . . Greg Ryall, of Alice Springs, came up for a final flutter in the Darwin Golf Championships and returned to Alice in time to go into hospital seriously ill. At the time of writing he has received specialist treatment in Adelaide and latest news is quite good . . . David Pollock went down to Alice Springs full of beans, but soon found the place full of b's. When a queen and her entourage occupied a strategic position at the Police Station, he kidded them to shoot through and swarm on a distant tree merely by playing some peculiar Gippsland music on a kerosene tin . . . Basil Courts successfully handled an involved gold stealing case at Tennant Creek and, with the help of some scientific evidence from Walter Fander, of the Australian Mineral Development Laboratories, Adelaide, put a shrewd operator away for part of the winter season at Alice Springs. *Everyone* goes to Alice for the winter . . . Our Police boat patrol crew is deeply concerned at the tug-of-war going on about whether or not the harbour should be the receptacle of Darwin's sewerage. They deeply resent being referred to as the Effluent Society.

"Of course, I am only the Manager here", he said.

"Yes, I know that", I replied. "You can ring up your principals from the Station so that they can arrange your bail. At the Station, also, we will count the money I seized. I reckon it is about two hundred pounds. It will, of course, be forfeited to the Crown when you are convicted".

On the way to the Police Station in the car, I remarked, "You know, Phil, that was the easiest gambling raid I ever pulled off. I can't understand how we all got inside without being noticed. Didn't you have a Nit Keeper?"

"Nit Keepers," snorted Phil, "they are not worth two bob a dozen".

Gordon Birt

(Continued foot of next Col.)



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50 YEARS ABSENCE — by Bob Howarth, "Northern Territory News" Police Roundsman

N.T. Police Pioneer's Daughter visits the Territory

The daughter of one of the Northern Territory's early pioneer Policemen, Trooper James Harcourt Kelly, visited the Territory in May for the first time after leaving 50 years ago.

She is Mrs. Linda Egan, aged 68, formerly Miss Linda Kelly of the Borrooloola Police Station.

Mrs. Egan returned to the Territory on a visit which she said was "just to see what the place looks like and to see if I could meet any old school friends".

Mrs. Egan lives now on the sunny Gold Coast of Queensland in retirement after her husband died less than two years ago.

During her life in the early days of the Territory, she was a real "Police" family girl.

Mrs. Egan was born at Burrundie in a house owned by Copley Playford. At the time her father was Trooper Kelly, stationed at Burrundie. As she grew older her father was transferred around the Top End — and Mrs. Egan went along with her mother and older brother to the various Police Outposts.

In his time, Trooper Kelly was stationed at Burrundie, Brock's Creek, Pine Creek, Darwin and Borrooloola.

In Darwin, Mrs. Egan recalled living for two or three years in the Police house in Smith Street — recently demolished. When she visited Darwin this year, she said she could see only a few buildings that stood when she left the Territory for the south in 1914.

This is what she remembers of her father in his role as one of the handful of Mounted Troopers keeping the law in the lonely north:

"He was a quiet man really. He was devoted to the Aborigines he worked with and gave them every possible assistance.

"Before the war when an Aboriginal protectorate was introduced, my father helped a lot. The protectorate was disbanded in 1914.

"At Pine Creek he was made a Police Sergeant and when he left, the natives living there gave him a corroboree which lasted for three nights, to show how much they liked him.

"He loved the bush."

Mrs. Egan said while he was stationed at Borrooloola, he was once sent to Camooweal, Queensland, for a period.

"I don't know why, but I think they were short of Police there", she added.

Like many of the Police in the early days, Trooper Kelly loved adventure.

Mrs. Egan said he wanted to fight in the Boer War, but when family commitments stopped him, he found his outlet in the Mounted Troopers.

Kelly Place in Rapid Creek, one of Darwin's outer suburbs, is named after Trooper Kelly.

Mrs. Egan said she had heard that a channel which is to be dug for a harbour near Borrooloola next year will be named "Kelly Channel". (The naming of this channel has now been officially announced — Ed.)

Although only a child of about ten years at the time, Mrs. Egan said she recalled when her father went on a pack horse Patrol into the unknown region now called Arnhem Land.



Mrs. Linda Egan, daughter of the late Sgt. J. H. Kelly.

Trooper Kelly and another Policeman named Jack Skinner set off after some native murderers.

"We had a horrible shock when rumours came back that they had been murdered by the blacks", Mrs. Egan said, "but then three months later they rode in safe and sound".

She said on another occasion her father wandered around for three days without water in the Daly River district, after being heavily thrown from his horse, which immediately bolted away.

Sergeant Kelly retired from the N.T. Police at the age of 60 and he died when he was 77 years.

When I told Mrs. Egan that there was no longer a Police Station at Borrooloola, she was surprised.

But what was once a lonely outpost for the solitary law enforcer could become a major Police centre in the next ten years, as mineral deposits in the area are exploited.

Editor's Note:

It is coincidental that, after a lapse of many years, a Police Station is to be opened at Borrooloola this year — a mobile unit, consisting of two 40' x 10' caravans and such other outbuildings as may be necessary. It is coincidental, too, that we have another woman's angle on Borrooloola

and the Territory in this issue — Joyce Johnson's — so perhaps this will urge others to let us have their interesting stories.

Mrs. Egan — a lively, interesting person indeed — has furnished a few more particulars of her father's career. At one stage he was requested by the Government to make an approximate survey of the country between Borroloola township and the mouth of the MacArthur River. He was congratulated by the authorities for the excellent chart he produced.

In the old days at Pine Creek opium was smoked by the Chinese miners and sold to the natives. The countering of these activities was fraught with difficulty and no little danger and entailed repeated night patrols on foot around the old Chinatown area and mining camps.

Court cases were often heard on the verandah at the end of the Police Station residence and Mrs. Egan recalls an occasion when she and her brother peeped through the only window just as a severed black head was being withdrawn from a sugar bag to serve as Exhibit "A". The cells were near the house and on some nights it was little short of bedlam for the Kelly family, what with rowdy drunks and brawlers and excitable, jabbering Chinese. On one occasion it got so alarmingly boisterous that Mrs. Kelly, her husband being away on another call out, poked a gun barrel through the cell grating in the cause of peace. Silence ensued for the rest of that night, anyhow.

James Harcourt Kelly interrupted his Police Service for a turn overseas with the First A.I.F., but returned to the Territory and continued serving until his retirement through ill-health in 1928, after 31 years' Police service in the Northern Territory.

PHILL McLAUGHLIN PRESENTS

ALICE SPRINGS AS A TOURIST CENTRE

Alice Springs is a modern thriving town in the centre of Australia. It is surrounded by cattle stations spread in a radius of 250 miles. It has a population of just short of six thousand people. There is no industry, as such, in the town, most of the working force being employed servicing the cattle stations or in Government Departments, which are focussed on native welfare and providing utility services for the town.

It is a very colourful place set between two ranges. Immediately overlooking it is Anzac Hill, which has a road leading to the summit and provides an excellent view of the town, spread out for miles on all sides below it. There is a large native population in Central Australia and it is common to see the natives in the town in their stockman's clothes. They are excellent cattle workers and dress in the clothes of their trade — high heel boots, "ringer's" trousers and colourful shirts. The shops are modern and cater to the ever growing tourist trade. It is possible to buy boomerangs, spears, kadaicha boots, baskets and native utensils. The weather is perfect from Easter until the end of September, having cool, clear nights and cloudless skies, warming to 75 degrees during the day. As the town is situated over 2,000 feet above sea level, humidity is at a minimum.

Alice Springs is the terminus of the Northbound Commonwealth Railway line and serves as a base camp for the many tourists who wish to see the Centre. Tours from Alice Springs cover such fascinating places as Ayers Rock, King's Canyon, Ross River, Standley Chasm,

. . . AND SHAME THE DEVIL

Mary Jane was five years old and she saw a lot more of what was going on in the world than her mother and others ever dreamed of. But when she told them what she saw they resisted her protestations very strongly, even suggesting pointedly that they were fibs which lacked any redeeming fleck of whiteness.

The day that Mary Jane came into the kitchen and, wide-eyed with awe, stated that she had just seen a great big lion in the garden, her mother became really cranky.

"Mary Jane", she said "how can you stand there and tell such black, black lies. You know quite well that it wasn't a lion, but only a big dog".

"I wouldn't tell a lie, Mummy," she said. "I really did see a great big lion in the garden".

"Mary Jane, you go straight to your room, get down on your knees, tell God how sorry you are for telling such terrible lies and promise Him never to do it again".

Into the bedroom went Mary Jane, and soon afterwards a demure and innocent little girl came back to her mother in the kitchen.

"Well", said mother, "did you tell God you were sorry for telling lies and promise not to do it again?"

"Yes, mummy, and He said, 'Oh, don't worry yourself, Mary Jane, I often mistake those big dogs for lions myself'".

"Presents, I often say, endear absents." So wrote (and so right) Charles Lamb. What present more apt to endear an absent, than your own Northern Territory Police Magazine, "Citation"?

Simpson's Gap, and many other tourist attractions. The town has three first class hotels and many Guest Houses, all catering for the tourist trade. In the town itself we have Rex Battarbee's Tmara-Mara Art Gallery which is noted for its Albert Namatjira paintings. Rex Battarbee, who is a widely-known artist himself, is the man who encouraged Namatjira in his early efforts and introduced him to water colours. Alice Springs is also the Base of the 'School of the Air' which is a unique tutoring system for children of the 'Outback'. The children have their own schedules and discuss their schooling problems with the Teacher by pedal wireless. This is open for tourists and they can observe the School in operation. The Flying Doctor Base is also open to visitors, who can visit and listen in to the operation of this system, which covers most of the Cattle Stations and Camps in Central Australia. The 'Flying Doctor' network was conceived by the Rev. John Flynn of the Australian Inland Mission, for service to people of the remote 'outback'. John Flynn's grave is set about four miles from Alice Springs, not far from Mt. Gillen in the picturesque McDonnell Ranges.

The only commercial date farm in Australia is situated in Alice Springs and is surrounded by many citrus orchards. The citrus fruit of Alice Springs has been claimed to be among the best in Australia. Continuing on further along the Farm Road the tourist arrives at the Amoonguna Native Welfare Settlement, a home for over 600 natives originating from all different tribes of The Centre. This Settlement can be visited with approval from the town

District Welfare Officer. Other facilities at Alice Springs are an excellent bowling green located at the Memorial Club, an eighteen hole golf course, a swimming pool and a Gliding Club. Rides can be obtained in the gliders by approaching some of the members at Connellan's Aerodrome which is close to the town.

The tourist season traditionally starts with the "Bangtail Muster", which is a colourful parade through the town of floats, horses, marching girls and native children. This is held on the first Monday in May.

The Hotels are open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Monday to Saturday, with 'late nights' to midnight on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, shared by the three Hotels. The late nights are held in Cabaret style and are well patronised.

Most Banks are represented. Taxis and hire cars are freely available. The John Flynn Memorial Church is worth a visit as it contains a Museum, and is a pleasant modern building designed as a Memorial to the late John Flynn. The Lutheran Church holds a service in the Aranda language on Sundays at 9.30 a.m. at the Church in Gap Road. This service would be unique in Australia. Aranda is the predominant native language in Central Australia.

Hermannsburg Mission (Lutheran), eighty miles westward from Alice Springs, and Santa Teresa Catholic Mission, seventy miles south-east, can both be visited by the tourist, and native curios can be purchased from the aboriginals themselves. Santa Teresa is built on Spanish lines, with colourful administrative blocks and adobe type residences for the native population. The natives build their own houses at Santa Teresa and they are a credit to them.

As the reader can see from the above, Alice Springs offers a different and interesting holiday. We hope to see you here one day.

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TELEGRAMS : CATA TRANSAIR

ROBERT STOTT

—Commissioner

Douglas C. Tilghman and others pointed out an apparent omission from the Stott story ("Citation", December 1965) in that we failed to record that Robert Stott was a Commissioner of Police at the time of his retirement in 1928. We knew he was a Sergeant, and that he was the "Uncrowned King of Central Australia", but could not trace any official reference to his being Commissioner.

We are now happy to be able to say that we were wrong in not taking a chance and giving him this title. A check on an old Barrow Creek Police Station Journal put us on to our first official reference — the record by Mounted Constable W. G. Murray of a visit of inspection made during 1927 by Mr. Stott, Commissioner of Police.

From 1st March, 1927, to 12th June, 1931, the Northern Territory was divided in two. The Top End became temporarily the Territory of North Australia, and The Centre, all that area south of the 20th Parallel of Latitude, became the Territory of Central Australia. There was a Government Resident and a Police Force in each Territory and, for a start, each had a Commissioner of Police. In the Top End Major G. V. Dudley was Commissioner for a short time and upon his retirement the position reverted to the Government Resident. This eventually happened in Central Australia, too.

But from the beginning of the Central Australian Police Force until his retirement Robert Stott was Commissioner of Police, the first Northern Territory Policeman to achieve such status. Later, others gained Commissionership in other Forces — R. 'Jock' Reid in the Australian Capital Territory Police Force, and W. F. Johns in the South Australian Police Force. Later still, as recently as 1st July, 1964, Clive William Graham, who retired on 7th September, 1966, became the first serving member ever to become Commissioner of the Northern Territory Police Force.

The short-lived Central Australian Police Force was small in numbers, but covered a large area. Apart from Alice Springs, the only Police Stations were, *we think*, at Alice Well, Charlotte Waters, Arltunga, Lake Nash and Barrow Creek. We are not sure of Tanami, although it is on the edge of the 20th Parallel and is always regarded as part of The Centre. The total area covered by the Force was approximately 226,000 square miles. The building of the railway from Oodnadatta (S.A.) to Alice Springs made life vigorous and interesting for the Central Australian Police during the greater part of its brief existence.

On 12th June, 1931, the whole area again became officially the Northern Territory, policed over all of its 526,000 square miles by the Northern Territory Police Force.

The gaps in our knowledge of the Central Australian Police, alas, are as big and as numerous as those tourist Gaps for which The Centre is famous. We have sought and are still seeking information about it, and would greatly appreciate any help our readers can give.

W. C. Littlejohn (Springwood, N.S.W.), P. F. Muldoon, W. G. Murray and C. Noblett (Adelaide) and Don Hood (Melbourne) are believed to be surviving members of the Central Australian Police. There may be a few others, tried and proven, or tried and found wanting, in that harsh, dry but fascinating Centre.

But perhaps the greatest of them all was Robert Stott.



*Contemporaries of Sgt. Robert Stott — a photo taken more than fifty years ago at Darwin.
Back row, left to right: M/C's Gordon, A. White, R. Vaughton, "Tick" Kelly.
Front row: Sgt. R. Stott, M/C J. H. Kelly, Inspector N. Waters and M/C McBeith*

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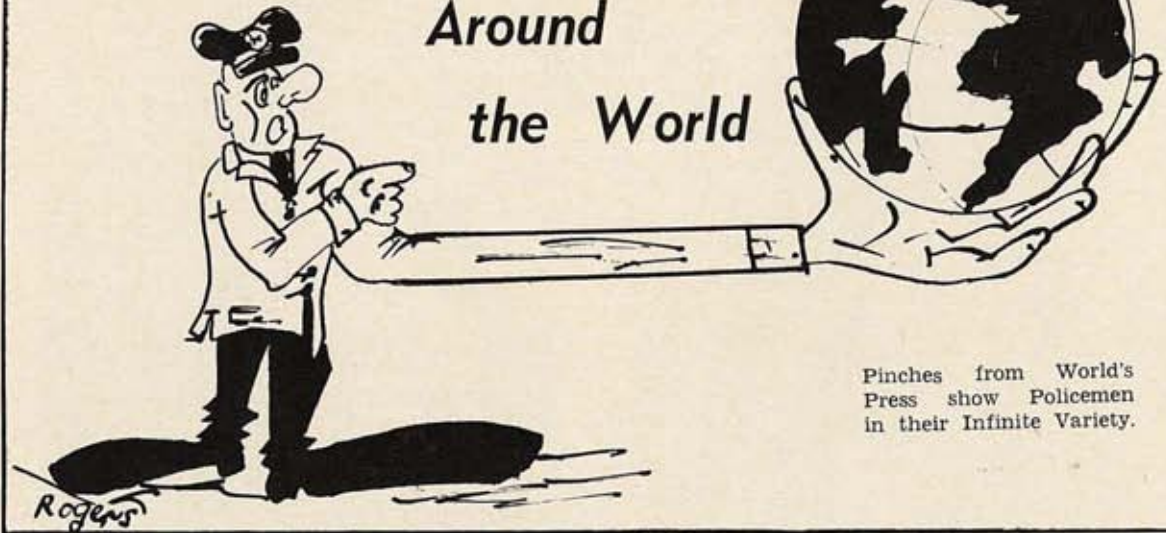
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POLICEMEN

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Football referees usually "cop it" from spectators, but at a game at **Bonalbo, N.S.W.** the referee suddenly darted off the field and after an 80-yard chase "copped" an overconfident spectator. The referee was a Policeman and the spectator was wanted for questioning on several breaches of er-"rules". Police in **Malabon, Philippine Islands**, reverted to walking the beat after their cars had been repossessed because the local town council had failed to keep up the hire purchase payments. Two American teenage girls, overcome with Beatlemania, climbed out on the ledge near the top of a skyscraper, threatened to jump and refused to come in until a Policeman present went down on his knees — and he wasn't praying to John Lennon, either! Three London detectives were shot dead when they intercepted a suspect car. Press reports for some time thereafter carried frequent references to Police being shot at in **England**, thus indicating just how quickly dangerous diseases can spread. Only weeks afterwards a London Policeman was murdered by stabbing by a 14-years-old boy. Police in **Hobart** suddenly went to war on Sunday trading and entertainments of various kinds, thus bringing the old-style Sunday Observance laws under close scrutiny by Parliamentary authorities. In **Sydney** the Press went to war on current Police disciplinary procedures and demanded drastic changes, but Premier Askin and his Government declined to take disciplinary powers away from the Police Commissioner. A Policeman who did beat duty amongst hansom cabs and other horse-drawn hazards celebrated his 100th birthday in London. He joined the Metropolitan Police Force in 1886 and, strangely enough, is its oldest pensioner. The men who police "the most valuable square mile in the world" have moved into what has been described as the most luxurious and smooth-functioning "cop-shop" ever built. It is the new Headquarters for the City of London Police Force. (Not the Metropolitan, mentioned above) and cost a mere two and a half million pounds sterling. (We were just wondering how that would fit in under the water tower in Mitchell Street!). The bareskin Ballets

Africans caused an enthusiastic stir in **Australia** and their advance on every city was profitably publicised on the angle of a possible Police clampdown. In **Brisbane**, of course, the girls, although from tropical Africa, were compulsorily protected from the fierce Queensland night sun by neatly-tailored coverings on vital points. But one Commissioner pooh-pooed the very thought of any bars or un-African concealments. "After all", he said, "breasts are quite natural". True. True. But so is every other part of the human body, we guess! It was reported (and hasn't this hit the papers previously?) that the famous **Canadian "Mounties"** are to lose their horses — a comparative handful of horses and men will be retained and trained in future for ceremonial purposes only. Originally formed in 1873 as the North West Mounted Police, the Force's present title is Royal Canadian Mounted Police. A **New Guinea** man, Sergeant-Major Jack Bagita, has retired at the age of 71 after fifty years as a Policeman. He was described in the Press as a cannibal's son and quoted as saying: "They still ate people when I was a young boy". (We can't match that — the most careful check fails to reveal a Territory Police man-eater). The Sergeant-Major was a man and a bit, by all accounts. In one of his exploits he swam two hundred yards out to sea to arrest a fleeing felon who hoped to reach the safety of a distant island. During the last War he served on the Kokoda Trail, and in between times he scored a tally of no less than 15 wives (as if the Kokoda Trail wasn't enough!). An off-duty Policeman in **New South Wales** did a spot of hitchhiking on a country road and was picked up by a kindhearted youth in a utility. The youth was suddenly surprised to be "picked up", in turn, by his passenger — the bomb had been "picked up", too! It was in **Melbourne** and it was just one of those foolish things, perhaps, at first — a husband and wife quarrel. But it got worse and she wanted him brought before the Court to ensure protection. He didn't turn up in answer to the summons, so a Policeman went to the home to check. He was met with a shotgun coming round the

(Continued on page 12)

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corner of a door and made a strategic withdrawal backwards, with the gun and its holder steadily advancing. Instinctively the Policeman took a sudden jump to the side. The gun discharged at the same moment — from only six feet away. The Policeman backed down over the verandah and the driveway to his vehicle. The shotgun by then was pointing out the front door. He fired a couple of quick shots and the gun disappeared. The Policeman radioed for assistance and returned to see what he could do at the house in the meantime. The gunman appeared in the doorway and made his intention clear in precise language, but the Policeman worked slowly towards him trying unsuccessfully to talk him into putting the gun away. Other Police arrived on the scene, but at that stage the gunman fired again, dropping the Policeman with the full charge of the shotgun in his knee. He fired at his assailant as he fell. He was unable to rise. Another shotgun blast was heard, but this time the assailant had turned the gun — unsuccessfully, as it happened — on himself. The Policeman, Senior Detective Frank Coates, has now recovered. He was recently presented with the Valour Award — the highest award made by the Victoria Police Force. A HEARTWARMING DISPLAY OF HUMANITY WAS PROVOKED BY THE MURDER OF THE THREE LONDON DETECTIVES, MENTIONED ABOVE, WHEN DONATIONS OF CASH AND KIND, FROM PENNIES TO HUNDREDS OF POUNDS (IN THE CURRENCY OF NEARLY EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD), FROM CIGARETTE CASES TO VALUABLE PAINTINGS AND JEWELLERY POURED INTO SCOTLAND YARD TO BUILD UP A FUND TO SUPPORT DEPENDANTS OF POLICEMEN KILLED OR INCAPACITATED ON DUTY. THE FUND OPENED WITH AN ANONYMOUS DONATION OF £100,000, AND, IN ALL, BROUGHT IN NEARLY £300,000. in Sydney a woman being followed by a man pointed the offender out to Senior Constable K. E. Cook and Probationary Constable Jones who approached him, only to be suddenly attacked with a long-bladed knife the man drew from under his coat. Both received severe stab wounds before they could overpower and disarm him, place him in the Police car and radio for assistance. In London a Police Sergeant, answering the frantic call of a citizen for help, ran into the street and was confronted by a mechanical monster 7ft 6ins. tall calmly if clankingly strolling along the roadway. With rare aplomb the Sergeant asked the habitual question — "What is your name, sir?" Whereupon the mechanical man politely replied — "Rodney". No charges were laid, but arrangements were made for Rodney, in future, to be treated as a learner-driver — to be on the streets only when accompanied by a fully qualified and licensed human walker. Retired Policemen in England thought they were on the scent of something new in jobs when a recent advertisement appeared seeking the services of experienced former crimebusters at £1,000 sterling a year to track down two hundred tons of horse manure each week. Owing to the scarcity of horses in England to-day, the firm announced it will need a real detective to track down the required manure. It all seems a bit on the nose to us. It even reminds us of that old one about the Mounted Trooper's daughter — all the horsemen knew her, too.

She was only a Bondsman's daughter — but she remembered to yell: "Doctor, NO!"

RECRUIT NOTES

A recorder of Recruit activities must be quick off the mark to catch the female of the species. Five flew in in February and two have already gone. It's the men's fault, of course; they just shouldn't be here! The remaining three do not seem keen on advertising their presence. We had quite a job extracting even the following skimpy particulars from them. For a while we thought of getting another Policewoman to do a bit of a pen portrait of each, but the last time we tried that she said she was sorry but she couldn't draw for nuts. So, well — Angelina Butta came to us from Leichhardt, N.S.W. She spent three years living in Canada, then toured the United States, Mexico, Honolulu, Fiji and New Zealand. She was about to take on a return trip to the U.S.A. when she wisely gave in to the lures of the Northern Territory. To make it lawful, she joined the Northern Territory Police Force.

Marie Christopherson was born at Bathurst, N.S.W., so it's not true that only burrs come from there. Before joining our Police Force she worked at the Institute of Clinical Pathology and Medical Research at Lidcombe, N.S.W. She "left a very interesting job to come to the Territory". (We've read that line over several times. Wonder just what she means!)

From Camden, N.S.W., came Patricia Keaton, now enjoying the invigorating climate of Alice Springs. She was educated at Bemboka Public School and did her secondary education by correspondence with Blackfriars Correspondence School, Sydney. For the past ten years she has been a telephoniste and, later, a monitor with the P.M.G.'s Department at Camden and Campbelltown exchanges. She is interested in horses. Since going to Alice, she has acquired her own horse. She is a member of the Police squash team in Alice Springs and plays tennis as well.

Douglas Norman Vallance joined the P.M.G. Accounts Section in Sydney, after leaving school in 1956. In 1958 he transferred to the Engineering Branch and four years later came to Darwin with the P.M.G.'s Department. In Darwin he became interested in skin diving, water-skiing and the Northern Territory Police. After joining the Force and doing his Recruit Training Course, he was sent to Alice Springs where he has extended his interests to squash.

Raymond Wein was born in Sydney and after leaving the James Cook High School, he served his apprenticeship as a carpenter and joiner. After six years in the trade, he became an overseer at Long Bay Penitentiary and put in two years there before joining the Northern Territory Police Force. Now stationed at Alice Springs he goes for the squash in a big way (never ever heard of squash in Alice before the Drought — what's come over the place?). He plays football, too.

David Lloyd Pollock, who was Dux of the 1966 Recruit Training Course, was born at Williamstown, Victoria, on 17th November, 1942. He commenced his schooling at the Lysterfield State School, a market garden area about 22 miles from Melbourne, and later attended Dandenong High School for a term before attending Upwey High School, where he gained the Intermediate Certificate. He commenced work as a Hand Composer (printer) at a small printery and served a five-year apprenticeship. While working as a printer, he became interested in news reporting, in particular Australian Rules football — the greatest game! — and later was appointed District Correspondent to the daily Melbourne "Age" newspaper. The combination of printing and news-



At the passing-out parade of the 1966 Recruit Training Course, in April.

Back row, left to right. — D. Trenham, D. Pollock (Dux of Class), Sgt. C. W. Porter, B. Craig, V. O'Keefe, H. Crellin, F. Aitchison, D. Dunstan, J. Carstairs, R. Weir, D. Vallance and R. Haydon.

Front row, left to right. — Sgt. F. Cronshaw (Instructor and OIC of the Course), Insp. J. J. Mannion, Miss M. Christopherson, Miss D. Tracey, Commissioner C. W. Graham, Misses J. Lilley, P. Keaton and A. Butta.

reporting led to his next job as a reporter with a weekly newspaper in the South Gippsland mining town of Wonthaggi. He first applied to join the Northern Territory Police in August 1963, but without success. In August, 1965, he applied again, but on Christmas Eve last was informed that he had been again unsuccessful. However, he was a step nearer — on the waiting list — and three weeks later gained an appointment. From his interest in sports writing, he became interested in football administration and for four years was Assistant Secretary-Treasurer of the Mountain District Football Association. He was also interested in amateur athletics and served several terms as Secretary of the Mountain District Amateur Athletic Club before being elected President. In January 1964 he was elected Manager of the 35-man Victorian team which competed in Sydney in the annual Victoria v. New South Wales Challenge. Since arriving in Alice Springs he has continued his interest in athletics and is Chairman of the newly-formed Alice Springs Amateur Athletic Club.

James Carstairs was born in the City of Perth, Scotland, on 24th February, 1944, and educated at Buckhaven High School in Fifeshire. He was employed as a Bank Clerk for several months but, having been accustomed to country life, he joined Edinburgh City Police Force to get some of the clean healthy air! Low wages and a too wet climate encouraged him to emigrate to Australia and he arrived at Sydney in August, 1965. He teamed up with a 'Pommie' chap and for a short time squandered a lot of money sampling the local beers — luckily found to be free from any impurities. He eventually heard about the Territory Police Force, and is now at Tennant Creek, the mining centre of the Territory. It exceeds his initial expectations, and he finds life there varied and interesting.

Henry Christopher Crellin was born at Regent, Victoria, on 21st December, 1941. He received his primary education at Reservoir Primary School, and secondary education at Reservoir High School. From the time he left school, until joining the Force, he worked in Insurance and lived in Reservoir, Vic. His interests are football, golf, shooting, fishing and picking up rocks and minerals.

Robert James Haydon was born in London, England, on 26/11/43. Although he has lived in a number of places, he considers Kurrajong, N.S.W., to be his home town. His primary education was received at Quaker's Hill, N.S.W., and secondary at Macquarie Boys' High, Parramatta, N.S.W. After finishing school, he worked for a year as a labourer, then joined the P.M.G. as a technician-in-training and completed a five year course to become a Telecommunication Technician. He is interested in all sports, especially water sports.

Vincent Robert O'Keefe was born at Cowra, N.S.W., on 30/9/43 and attended primary and High School at St. Raphael's, Cowra. For a period of two or three months he worked as a Baker's Assistant, then joined the P.M.G.'s Department and worked at a number of New South Wales western towns, including Canowindra, Condobolin and Grenfell. He later moved to Sydney where he worked at the Philatelic Sales Section of the P.M.G. for several years. He then applied for the Northern Territory Police and was accepted. The sports he is interested in are basketball, baseball, Rugby League and swimming.

(Continued on page 25)

TITES

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DYING THE HARD WAY

On the night before the 1966 races at Katherine there was a row in a native camp along the river. The steady drone of the diggeridoo ended suddenly when that time-honoured source of savage-breast-soothing crashed, and broke in two, on a human skull.

The 60-years old recipient of this downbeat variation died soon afterwards. His assailant, strangely enough, suffered little by way of retribution. After a short period of remand in custody he faced the Supreme Court on a charge of murder and walked out a free man.

The victim was truly not one of those born to be hanged. Years before — in mid 1948, to be more exact — he and his youthful lubra were sitting in their camp a mile or so from Pine Creek township. Two young bucks were sharing the hospitality of the camp. One desired more than just a bit of bush hospitality. Just after dusk one day this led to a ferocious argument. In a flash the young man had grabbed the sharp steel end of a fish spear, of three-eighths inch thickness, and plunged it into the back of the older man.

The assailant and his companion fled into the bush. The victim, Bob Boolamoo, no doubt surprised to be still alive, picked himself up from the ground to which he had fallen. From the bulging eyes and trembling lips of his lubra he soon learned that he had some fifteen inches of steel spear protruding from his backbone, and an unknown quantity stuck securely inside his body.

He could do nothing for himself. The lubra could not move the spear. Automatically they set out to seek help at the Police Station. Enjoying a quiet smoke after supper, Constable Lionel McFarland eyed the approaching couple with little interest. Just a short, skinny middle-aged buck and his slim and attractive young gin — the crux of many a deadly incident in the Territory, it is true, but a very common and unexciting picture. But he did swallow a bit of unwanted nicotine when they came level with him and he saw that steel shaft quivering in the flesh as the man walked along.

This called for quick action, and the medical kits kept at back-country Police Stations could usually be relied on as a source for most remedies. But this case proved to be difficult and different. Nothing useful could be done while the spear was still in there — and all Mac's efforts could not get it out, or even move it. The greatest worry was to use force with any effect without making things a lot worse, because the spear appeared to have gone right through the backbone.

Here was something of a Police problem indeed. There was no Police car at Pine Creek at the time. The nearest doctor was 156 miles away at Darwin. The nearest hospital was 64 miles away, at Katherine, with two Sisters in charge. The nearest attempted murderer was an unknown distance off in the bush and fast getting further and further away. The nearest corpse looked like being on hand at any minute.

The Stuart Highway to-day is vastly different to what it was then, and by the time a passing truck could be flagged down the night was well advanced. The truck was heading south, but that would at least get the victim to a hospital. Constable McFarland sent Bob and his lubra off on the truck, telephoned details to Sergeant Mannion, at Katherine, then made a belated start on the job of tracking down the vanished assailant.

The truck pulled up at Katherine Police Station at about midnight and after a quick look, the Sergeant followed it



Bob Boolamoo with $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches of spear inside and fifteen inches or so outside.

to the hospital. At first the Sisters were quite hopeful, but they, too, found that the spear could not be shifted, even with a $14\frac{1}{2}$ stone Sergeant to help. They telephoned their Headquarters at Darwin and came back with the news that no doctor was available to send down, owing to the pressure of local requirements. The one who usually did the area was down towards the Centre on important medical business and was not expected to get back as far as Katherine for a couple of days. They made Bob as comfortable as a spear-riddled man can be, and waited.

Next morning they rang the Sergeant and said they'd been advised to do their utmost to get the spear out, but they needed weighty help. When the Sergeant got to the hospital, Bob was walking about with a somewhat wondering look, and came over quite prepared for the slaughter when called. The Sisters demonstrated how careful the matter should be handled because of the position of the spear in the backbone. They had no idea how far in it had penetrated, or what it might be touching or capable of touching if moved the wrong way. The Sergeant tried hard and often, without result, to draw the spear out. The wardsman was a big buck about thirteen stone or so in weight, and desperate measures were required. Bob was placed facedown on the floor and while the wardsman spread his great palms, and put all his weight, on the victim's shoulders the Sergeant tried the long pull and the strong pull so beloved of tug-of-war coaches, all to no avail. He then tried standing on the small of the victim's back and pulling against his own

weight, but that length of skewer just wouldn't budge. Finally, the big wardman stood on Bob's back while the Sergeant pulled. The only result was to lift Bob and his mount several inches off the floor! After that, Bob was lifted gently on to a bed and left to rest while new "techniques" were discussed. Perhaps luckily for him the telephone rang in a short time, and one of the Sisters came back with the news that the travelling doctor had been located and that he was rushing back to Katherine, with hopes of making it late that afternoon. Bob was left alone, then. If he could stand up to the recent emergency treatment, he could surely be relied on to survive till the doctor arrived.

There was a bit of scepticism about his arrival that day, though, from where he was — but he made it. But he, too, was baulked, and soon decided that only an unorthodox approach would get results. This was risky without knowing the exact internal location of the spear. The X-ray plant was on the "blink", but, after a bit of repair work, it was remedied sufficiently to enable a reasonably clear photo to be taken. This showed the spear to be lodged firmly between two of the vertebral processes and to have passed several inches into the body, extremely close to but, fortunately, not yet touching vital organs.

Bob was placed face down on a bed, with the weight of the Sergeant and the wardman to keep him firmly in position, while the doctor vigorously used the most practical available implement — a plumber's foot-print wrench — to work the spear gradually loose and out. There was a great rush of blood and Bob suddenly collapsed into a seemingly dangerous condition; but the doctor kept working on him, and after a few touch-and-go minutes the patient began to respond. He fully recovered and left hospital in a couple of weeks.

Except for that risky period just after the spear's withdrawal, he did not show any sign of distress or utter any murmur of pain, and had walked about, apparently without concern, between the various drastic attempts to part him from that unwanted burden extending $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches inside his body.

And at about the time the spear was coming out at Katherine, the man who inserted it was going "in" at Pine Creek. He was soon down in Katherine, too, to face the Magistrate. From there he graduated to the Supreme Court in Darwin, where Judge Wells gave him a well-deserved stretch of five years.

— J. J. Mannion




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"Sporting Notes from the Centre"

In almost every phase of sport played in Alice Springs, you find a policeman or two among those participating.

On the Rugby League field, Laurie Kennedy and Tony Godwin are generally found in the black and white colours of the United Football Club. Both play in the forwards and Laurie recently represented Alice Springs in the "B" Grade side against Darwin, scoring one of the two tries scored in the game. Not a bad effort really for a convert from that Melbourne game of football! (That's not conversion, that's apostasy. — Ed.)

Also on the Rugby League field is another policeman, who wears all white, but still generally comes off the field, even after a hard game, as clean and impeccable as when he goes on. This is George Simpson, who is referee with the Rugby League Association in the Alice. George sat for and passed the examinations for his referee's ticket during the visit to Alice of the N.S.W. Rugby League representative, Mr. George Bishop.

He apparently does a good job, judging by the number of times "THANK YOU VERY MUCH MR. SIMPSON", is heard from the sidelines during certain matches, when George awards a free kick.

Another "man in white", but in the Australian Rules Code, is Tony Stenhouse. Tony found that he wasn't active enough "resting in the back pocket" and has taken up the whistle so that he can keep running all the time.

Two "sharp shooters" amongst Alice Springs members are Arie Pyle and Bruce Wyatt. Arie is doing well with the Alice Springs Pistol Club, while Bruce seems to prefer a longer barrel and is registering good scores with the Small Bore Rifle Club.

Last, but not least, is a new innovation (for the Alice anyway) and this is the game of Squash Racquets. The Alice Springs Squash Centre was opened in June this year and the three courts, under the astute management of John Ryan, are said to be the equal of anything in Australia.

There are eight local members of the Force presently engaged in "getting fit not fat" via squash.

The Police have an "A" and "B" team entered in the competition. Phil McLaughlin is organizing his "A" grade side of Blake Jobberns, Dennis "Dark Horse" Conaghan and Phil himself, into a well balanced side. The two lady members of this team are Raelene Oldfield, from the



Alice Springs Police Squash Team.

*Back row, left to right. — John Oldfield, Dennis Conaghan, Allan Metcalfe, Phil McLaughlin, Blake Jobberns, Ray Weir.
Front row, left to right. — Raelene Oldfield, Lynette Francis, Pat Keaton.*



Police rep., John Maley, starred as captain of the Northern Territory Rugby League team in the exciting match against Great Britain — the tourists' first match in Australia. "N.T. News" photographer, Joe Karlhuber, caught him in vigorous action and while being chaired off the ground by another Police rep., John Lincoln, and others after the game.

Court House staff, and Lois Egelston. The "B" grade side (or triers) has Bruce Sandry, Peter Haag, Ray Weir and Allan Metcalfe, meeting with quite an amount of success. The ladies in this side are Police woman Pat Keaton who is proving somewhat of a nemesis for some of the star players and Lynette Francis, who works for a local solicitor. Police are represented on the Association Committee by Phil McLaughlin and Bruce Sandry.

Police wives Jan Stenhouse and Lynette McKew provide another link with sport in the Alice, although they were signed up by swift moving Elders-G.M. Squash talent scouts before we realized what capable players they both are. Finally there is "the boss" who can always be depended upon to bring in a trophy or two. Inspector Greg Ryall, at the time of writing, has again won his way into the grand final of the Alice Springs "A" Grade Golf Championship. Mrs. Ryall too, has done exceedingly well this year on the golf course.

— "Yellowspot"

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POLICE RUGBY NEWS

The 1966 Darwin Rugby Season has provided a mixture of exhilaration and despair for the Police Rugby League Team. For the first time, and after only two Seasons since its inception, the Police Club fielded a Reserve Grade side as well as supporting a Junior League under 5 stone 7 lbs. team. The trial games augured well and, although no mid-season honours came their way, both 1st Grade and Reserves continued on their winning ways — in fact the senior side played their 14 games without loss and the Reserves were almost as good. At the completion of the second competition round the Police Club held the minor premiership in both grades and, thus, in the Club championship.

Highlights of the year for the Police Team were — 4 representatives (including John Maley as the N.T. Captain) in the Northern Territory team which valiantly went down 17 — 7 against the touring Great Britain Rugby League Team. Six Police players were included in the teams which travelled to and defeated Alice Springs sides (John Maley captain for the Darwin "A" team). On the 28th August against Nightcliff Police, with only 11 men for three-quarters of the game, won 8 — 7.

With such a successful season behind them it must have appeared a certainty for the Police to collect both grade Championships. Whether the Police players thought of the honours as safely in the bag is not known but the laurels were not to be theirs. The semi-finals and finals saw Police defeated in both grades and, of course, that was *the finish*. The reasons — tiredness? overtraining? carelessness? over-confidence? — no one will know; but what is certain is that Police will be after the honours next year. Club Honours for the year go to:—

Best and Fairest 1st Grade — Barry Symons
Best and Fairest 2nd Grade — Neil Falconer

— F.C.

THE AGENT PROVOCATEUR

— by F. A. GORDON, Detective Superintendent, N.Z.

There has been criticism over the years when Agent Provocateur methods are used by the Police to secure evidence. Quite naturally such tactics do not meet with the whole-hearted approval of some sections of the community, and also, quite naturally, the ones who make the strongest or loudest objections, are those who themselves are brought to book through the activities of the Agent Provocateur.

Not only is he subjected to all sorts of criticism, but the officers who instruct him also come in for their share of censure. It is noteworthy that this verbal assault comes only after the Agent Provocateur has brought to light offences of which the culprit has considered himself immune from prosecution by the very surreptitious or concealed nature of his criminal activities. The fact of being "found out" is the basis of the protest from the lawbreaker and amplified in Court by the counsel he employs to save his skin. In other words, what he hopes to make seem like a protest against "unfair tactics" in obtaining his convictions for what he knows is wrong, sounds more like a lament entitled, "Sour Grapes", played upon some badly tuned bagpipes. He openly advertises the fact that besides being a deliberate lawbreaker, he is also a bad loser. How many counsel when making such hollow protests realise that?

It is not often necessary or desirable for the police to use Agent Provocateur. But to combat some classes of crime, the use of undercover methods are both necessary and vital if offences are to be cleared. The only alternative would be to ignore crime and thus encourage offences that the laws are made to counter, and no organised law enforcement organisation would accept such a state of affairs. The only class who would benefit would be the offenders who commit the offences and those who condone such a way of life. It would be the law abiding citizen who would ultimately suffer while crime itself would prosper, and its resultant increase would bring volumes of protest.

In considering the use of the Agent Provocateur, some very important considerations must be decided before any action is taken. Of first importance is the type of man to be detailed for the duty. He must be a "natural" for the job and herein it should be realised that whereas for a certain class of undercover duty he may be thought or proved suitable, there would be other classes of undercover duties where he would not. A careful selection giving full weight to the actual duty to be performed becomes necessary before a particular officer is selected or nominated. The selection must be the responsibility of a senior officer.

The police member so appointed must then be properly "briefed" as to his specific duties. While his scope may at times be a wide one, it is nevertheless obvious that there are limits beyond which he is not to proceed. He has to be confined to certain matters and his instructions must make that quite clear. When this is done the member concerned is aware of his final true objective and there is less likelihood of him falling into the trap of over enthusiasm or becoming involved in matters far removed from what he is intended to achieve. Final briefing should be the responsibility of the officer in charge of the particular inquiry or the officer to whom the member is to report the results. Proper briefing ensures proper results.

Selection of the suitable agent and the resultant briefing may be considered by some to be all that is necessary. Lady Luck plays her part; but are we not content to sit back and await results without due regard to the agent himself?

If Lady Luck smiles, the agent's work is made easier and results are likely to be good; but the agent, whether favoured by good fortune or not, has the burden to carry and, whatever transpires, the results depend upon that member to a major degree. All the planning, detailed briefing, and selection of what is considered the best man for the job, falls into insignificance unless the agent has the incentive, interest and initiative to succeed. Therefore, the success of the Agent Provocateur depends largely upon the attitude of the agent himself.

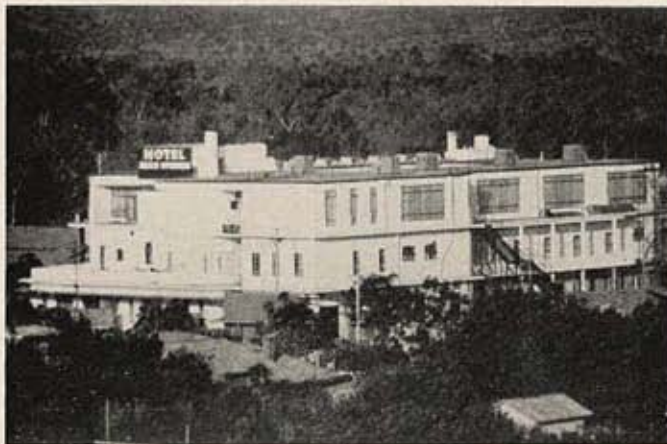
The Agent Provocateur is not sent out to trap criminals by persuading them to commit crimes. He does not instigate any offences. He must avoid any inference that the lawbreaker is induced in his misdemeanours by coercion, inducement or persuasion of any kind. All he does is to act the part of a normal citizen — which after all is exactly what he is — and by his actions or presence at a particular place may cause the lawbreaker to act as he normally would act when he knows or thinks he is not within sight of a blue uniform or a police badge.

Public reaction to certain classes of offences or crimes is such that they clamour for prosecutions but at the same time they themselves do not wish to become involved. This is understandable in many cases. They prefer to see the offences committed but apart from voicing their objections later, will not take any active part towards prosecution either as a potential witness or otherwise. They subscribe to the view, rightly or wrongly, that they do not wish to usurp the functions of the police who are paid to do the job themselves. That being so, what objections can there be to a police officer doing exactly what the average law abiding citizen ought to do but prefers not to do?

The type of crime which demands the use of a "decoy" or "bait" to solve, requires more of the agent or Agent Provocateur, than most. Such assignments are not entirely without an element of danger to the members concerned and perhaps not always is full credit given to them for the work they do and the risks they may face. The public for instance could be in ignorance of this factor but senior police officers cannot afford to ignore it. Hence the need for planned "covering" of the agent whenever such circumstances arise. It could mean planning for the unexpected.

Once he sets out on his "undercover" duties, the Agent Provocateur is a lonely man. In actual fact, he is a "Lone Wolf" in the truest sense. All he has is the instructions of his briefing, and whatever aptitude and incentive that comes from within. He works alone, knowing that for him there can be no genial companionships of other men working adjoining beats, patrolling in squad cars, or discussing current crime in divisional offices. He has no immediate supervising officer to whom he can readily go for advice or guidance. He is often cut off from his associates and some times from his home and family for interminable periods. He may have to mix with a class of people that under ordinary circumstances he would shun and avoid. He has to possess even more patience than Job ever had to

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raise, and he must be able to recognise opportunity when it comes and have the mercurial aptitude of doing the right thing at exactly the right time. He must be prepared to take risks when calculated risks are justified and he must never relent in the pursuit of his objective. He is not an actor playing a part, he must be more than that. He must be that party. His success or failure depends upon it.

The use of the Agent Provocateur in police work may be likened to fingerprint evidence. Both are our Secret Weapons. The value and use of either in a particular case should not be made public knowledge unless required to be relied upon as evidence in that case. When a prosecution can be successfully brought without resort to evidence of an offender's fingerprints being found at the scene of a crime, no fingerprints evidence is called and no mention made of it. To do so tends to make the criminal fingerprint conscious, to the detriment of future investigations. Similarly, where the use of an Agent Provocateur has resulted in arrests, the fact that any Agent Provocateur was involved in the case should be strictly concealed where such evidence is not required, unless of course the defence raises the issue. It would be advisable also to conceal the identity of the agent, or that any agent is involved, from all police personnel associated with the inquiry as far as practicable. Secrecy in police work lends to further successes. If it is not generally known that an undercover agent is at work, there is less possibility of the criminal becoming "undercover conscious", and he takes less pains to conceal his activities.

This of course may not apply equally to all classes of crimes or criminals, but the essence of secrecy remains.

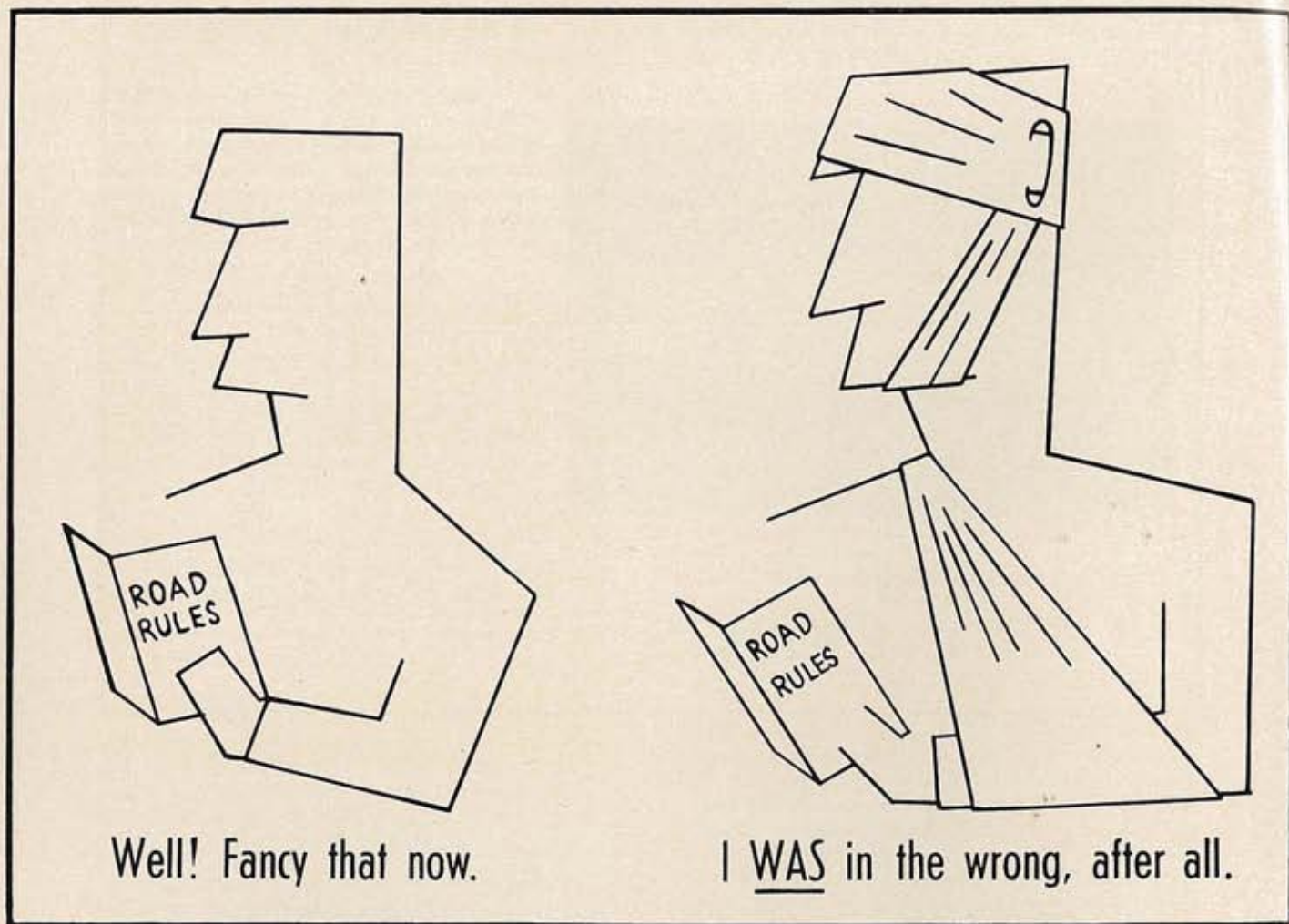
We sometimes find encouragement from the remarks of the Judges after counsel condemns the use of guile to fight guile, and in that respect the Police Review of Friday, 20 November, makes interesting reading.

Criticism of Police "Trap"

"At Sheffield Assizes on 4 November, a defending barrister criticised the detectives who had posed as criminals in order to 'trap' a man accused of stealing explosives. In a comment on the criticism in his summing up to the Jury, Mr. Justice VEALE said the public had reason to be grateful to the police for doing their sometimes very dangerous duty of bringing criminals before the Court. 'If a man has stolen gelignite in order to blow open a safe', he said, 'do you think the police can be criticised for laying a trap to find out, if they can, where the stolen gelignite is, or for that matter, where an escaped convict is hiding?'"

Judges throughout the Commonwealth will always be confronted with similar attacks by counsel who wish to condemn the police when their client is nailed as a result of initiative on the part of some police officer. Counsel are merely echoing the criminals' protest at falling into a trap of their own making, even if the trap is sprung by a wide-awake detective.

The Agent Provocateur has become accepted as an essential ingredient in successful police work and in many phases of crime detection and so long as the Agent Provocateur does his duty in the same straightforward and honest manner expected of all law enforcement officers, the Courts will not reject his evidence nor condemn his activities. But are the results of the successful agent's work fully recognised by the police officers themselves? Is his work sometimes taken too much for granted without credit being given where it is due?

"PATROLMAN", on Traffic Check—**A RARE BIT**

Experienced Policemen often wonder at the unreality of having to recite the formal caution required by the Judges' Rules to vicious case-hardened criminals who would as soon cut your throat as tell you anything they didn't want to tell you. Perhaps if the caution could be delivered in good guttural Welsh, it would meet the strict requirements of the rules yet inspire, rather than retard, a confession, even from the most phlegmatic lag.

Try this out for size and sound effect — it's what a Welsh suspect has to put up with:—

"Nid yw'n rhaid I chw! ddweud dim onl ddymunwch wneud hynny ond pa beth hynnag a ddywedwch gellir e i ysgrifonnu a'i roi yn dystiolaeth."

In English, this is: "You are not obliged to say anything unless you wish to do so, but what you say may be put into writing and given in evidence."

She was only a Royal Pretender, but she made every second Count.

Then there was the dumb blonde who thought all Policemen were BEATles at heart.

THE SHOWSTOPPER!

He was sent to a town where the natives were not exactly bushrangers but were, nevertheless, very very unfriendly towards Policemen.

To show them his neutral flag and prove what a good, public-spirited sport he could be, he took his wife along to a performance by the local Amateur Dramatic Society. All the best people were there and a lot of others as well, thus providing a good chance to prove how well he could mix socially.

After the first Act he found it necessary to make a patrol, so he proceeded to the nearest exit and asked the doorkeeper to direct him to That Place. He was told to go around to the back of the stage, turn left and head for a big tree about 20 yards distant, then left again for about 15 yards, and there it was. He did this with some difficulty — you know just how dark it can be around the back of a country hall — but eventually felt comfortable enough to return to his seat. As he pushed past the last of the jutting feet and squeezed in alongside his wife, he whispered into the darkness where her ear ought to be:

"Has the second Act finished already?"

"You ought to know", she replied sweetly, "you were IT".



LIFERS' ROW

The marriage took place at St. Pauls Retreat, Glen Osmond, South Australia, on 4th June, 1966, of Constable John Francis and Margaret Elizabeth Davey.

At the Christ Church, Darwin, on 6th August, 1966, Constable John Woodcock married a local girl, Miss Janice Marie Opperman.

The marriage of Constable Doug Trenham to Miss Denise Fay Tracey, who was, until a day or so before she was married, one of our Policewomen, took place at Christ Church, Darwin, on 9th September, 1966.

Constable Michael Palmer was married on 27th August, 1966, to Miss Kay Jauncey at the United Church, Darwin.

The marriage of Constable Raymond Wein to Miss Amja Greuter took place at Christ Church, Darwin, on 6th August, 1966.

The Marriage of 1/C Const. Geoff Day to Miss Sherrill Kay Sutherland took place on 29th September, 1966, in New Zealand.

The marriage of Constable Robert Kucharzewski to Miss Elvyra Ramanauskas took place on 27th August, 1966, at St. Peter's, Adelaide.



Constable Douglas Trenham and Bride, Former Policewoman Denise Tracey, leaving Christ Church, Church of England, Darwin after their recent wedding

*Wedding Photo by Joe Karlhuber
cl- "N.T. News"*

Royal Routine

When the South Australian Police were rehearsing for the Queen Mother's visit, they needed a really regal model, so who should they pick but an experienced Territorian Royalist — Pauline Russ. It was a soft velvet touch for Pauline. When she was in charge of our Women Police in Darwin, in 1963, she doubled for the Queen herself in the pre-Tour rehearsals.

At Darwin on 2/8/66 to Vern and Beres Chandler, a daughter — Bernadette Louise.



P/C Constable Michael Palmer leaving United Church, Darwin with his Bride, the former Kay Jauncey

POLICE COURT

The engagement has been announced of:—
Constable Chris Crellin to Miss Judith Flanders, a stenographer, of Melbourne, Vic.
Constable James Green to Miss Carol Faint, formerly of Sydney and now a typist with Northern Territory Administration, Darwin.
Constable Robert Crowell to Miss Nuet Duangdej, formerly of Chiangmai, Thailand.

STORK BEAT

At Darwin on 29th April, 1966 to Arthur and Norma Grant — a son (Anthony John).
At Darwin on 5th November, 1965, to Tassie and Joan Young — a daughter (Karen Elaine).
At Darwin on 5th July, 1966, to John and Faye Haywood — a son (Antony John).
At Alice Springs on 16th August, 1966, to Allan and Joyce Metcalfe — a daughter (Karen Jane).
At Katherine on 13th March, 1966, to Ken and Alice Pascoe — a daughter (Deborah Ann).
To John and Barbara Taylor, of Lake Nash, on 21st March, 1966 — a son (Alan Charles).
At Darwin on 10th June, 1966, to George and Poppy Simpson, of Alice Springs, a daughter (Kelly Frances).
At Alice Springs on 15th September, 1966, to Dana and Phil McLaughlin — a son (Patrick Francis).

OLD TIMERS' MUSTER

A surprise, and surprised, visitor to Headquarters in modern, fast-growing Darwin was Tony Lynch, up from Sydney for a look around his old Police haunts and to check on his grown-up family, now all living in the Territory. Tony was particularly well-known in the Centre and was a pioneer Policeman in such rough and quality-proving places as Tennant Creek and The Granties. Tony was a Sergeant by the time the War came. He enlisted in the R.A.A.F. and returned to the Force for a short time after the War, but went out on health grounds. Tony had news of Frank Sheridan, still hale and hearty in Sydney, and Jim Edwards, operating a carrying business in North Queensland.

One shouldn't refer to a woman as an OLD Timer, without being properly armed or otherwise protected, but once they've left us, no doubt they, too, become Old Timers. So we'll include a note on one of our first Policewomen, Judith Howard, who left us as a Constable and is now an Inspector — the Darwin City Council's Municipal Inspector, no less. She took over after three big strong men, including two ex-Policemen, had retreated into meek retirement under the tropical abuse of Darwin's motorists. But Judy reckoned blue language couldn't compete with blue tickets, and she set about proving it quietly but determinedly, and without giving a brass razoo for Dale Carnegie's theories. (We used to be such good friends, too, me and Jude, before this new "Birth of the Blues"!)

We were stunned, just as our June issue came out, to learn of the death of Mrs. Vic Hall in Adelaide. Outrageous fortune has had a bit of a picnic at Vic's expense, in one way and another, but he still doesn't knuckle down to it. He's at present working on an autobiography, and recently did a rapid run around old Territory stamping grounds to recapture some "atmosphere".

In a letter from Naracoorte, South Australia, John Gordon reports that he is finding life to his satisfaction since forsaking the tropics for the cold but productive South-East. John had some interesting and entertaining experiences in various parts of the Territory, and spent several years as Officer-in-Charge at Timber Creek before deciding to go on to the land.

We had a short note and a promise of some citings for "Citation" from Alf Johnson, formerly of Brocks Creek, Pine Creek, Borroloola and other cities and now of Victor Harbour, S.A. We have a Johnson story in this issue (from Mrs. Doug. Johnson, also formerly of Pine Creek and

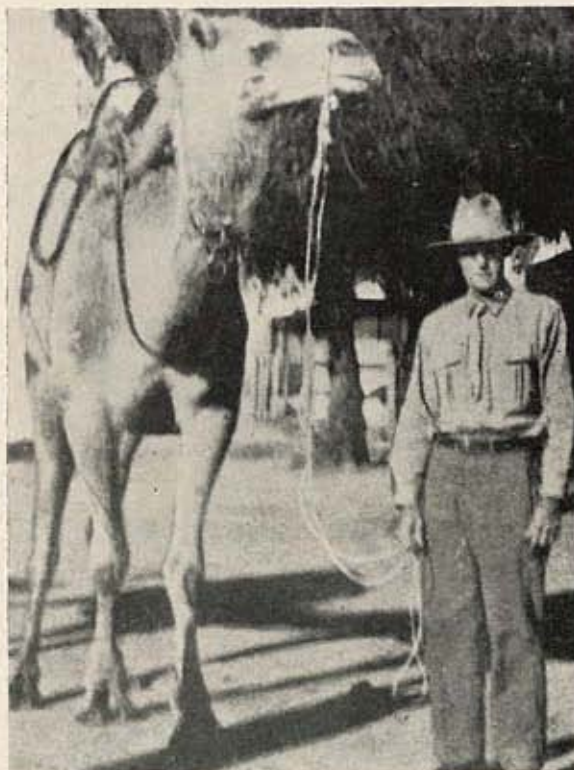
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DEATH OF MURRAY HOLLAND

In our June issue we published an exciting story, "Humbert River Murder", by Murray Holland. The story concerned the hunt for a native murderer in the Timber Creek district, over 50 years ago, in which the author's father, Mounted Constable U. W. Holland, played a leading role. We were shocked to learn, soon afterwards, that Murray Holland had died, suddenly, of a heart attack, at his sister's home in Whyalla, S.A. We extend our sincere sympathy to the surviving members of the Holland family.

COMMON CENTS

A visiting American Professor bought a copy of "Citation" at a Darwin Newsagency, took it back to her room to read, and soon afterwards appeared at Headquarters and



Tony Lynch and riding camel at Alice Springs in 1932.

Borroloola, etc., and now of Woodside, S.A.). Over to you, Johnno!

News of Fred Lullfitz indicates that he is nicely settled and comfortable in Perth, W.A. Bernie Rochford, who served three years here before joining the A.C.T. Police is now second-in-charge of the Force in Canberra, with the rank of Superintendent. Jack Stokes, who left us as Inspector (Administrative) to act as Government Resident at Cocos, and later Christmas, Islands (Indian Ocean) is back in Australia and at this writing is in Canberra.

From the Alexander household in Kensington, Sydney, comes news of a brand new Scotch lassie, born on 4th October. When he was our C.I.B. chief Jim used to marvel at the troubles the old eternal triangle could cause, but now his clothesline is full of them — those little triangles, we mean.

SICK CYLINDERED

Constable Harry B. to Tracker's agitated wife, struggling with runny-nosed, loudly squalling and nearly new baby: "What name you bin call that new piccaninny?"

Tracker's Wife: "That little girl bin called 'Old Car'".

Harry: "What name?"

Tracker's Wife: "'Old Car' — that alright ain't it?"

Harry (after some thought): "Oh, you mean Olga, eh?"

Tracker's Wife, impatiently: "Nothing Olga. 'Old Car' we bin call im — im proper rubbish that one."

declared to Sergeant McFarland; "That's the best fifty cents I've spent in Australia. Have you got any more?" Whereupon she bought the available back copies and paid a two-years' subscription as well. There's no doubt about that Yankee know-how, eh!

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COMMISSIONER GRAHAM RETIRES

Friday, 26th August, 1966, was the last working day — as a Policeman, anyhow — of Clive William Graham, the first Commissioner of the Northern Territory Police Force to rise to that position from the ranks. That is a unique achievement — a record that can never be broken.

Clive Graham's story was covered in detail in the first issue of "Citation" in December 1964. He joined the Force in 1932 as a Mounted Constable. One of his earliest Police experiences was to serve for several months with Mounted Constables Morey, Mahoney and Hall as a sort of garrison on Groote Eylandt following the murder of Mounted Constable McColl and various other murders by natives in the eastern Arnhem Land area.

He served in many parts of the Territory over the years — Alice Springs, Tennant Creek, Hatches Creek, Rankine River, Anthony Lagoon — and carried out many camel and horse patrols. He returned permanently to Darwin in 1953 with the rank of Inspector. By mid 1956 he was Superintendent. A few years later this rank was dropped from the Force and the designation Deputy Commissioner substituted. The Commissioner of Police had previously been the Administrator of the Northern Territory, but this arrangement was changed in 1964, when the Commissionership was allotted to the actual working head of the Force. The first Commissioner thus appointed was Clive Graham. There is no doubt that he filled the position competently and proved that the change from the old order was well justified.

There was a small farewell gathering at Police Headquarters at the close of business on Friday the 26th. The Commissioner went off on sick leave until he finally severed his official connection with the Force on 7th September. This was marked by a special farewell function to the Commissioner and Mrs. Graham at the Darwin Club, when members and their wives and friends gathered in strength to do honour to the occasion. Presentations were made on behalf of the members and employees of the Northern Territory Police Force, and on behalf of the Northern Territory Police Association, of which Mr. Graham was a foundation member and, for many years, an active and intelligently forceful official.

Eulogistic speeches were made by His Honour the Administrator (Mr. R. L. Dean), Acting Commissioner S. J.



Clive William Graham — First Commissioner of the Northern Territory Police Force to be appointed from the ranks.

Bowie and Sergeant G. McMahon, to which the retiring Commissioner fittingly replied; and that perennial Darwin argument about Swan and Vic kept the evening going very nicely indeed.

After his 34 years of service in the Northern Territory Police Force, Clive Graham has moved with his wife and youngest daughter, Pamela, to live in Adelaide, South Australia. Our good wishes go with them.

As Commissioner Graham goes out, our Telex system comes in — a far cry from the horse and camel communication system when he first came into the Territory as a Mounted Constable in 1932.



At Commissioner Graham's farewell party, from left: A/Commissioner S. J. Bowie, Mr. Graham, A/Chief Inspector J. J. Mannion, Inspector L. C. Hook.



Sgt. Graham McMahon made a presentation to retiring Commissioner Graham on behalf of the N.T. Police Association. Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Dean (wife of Administrator) at right.

RECRUITS

(Continued from page 12)

Douglas Norman Trenham was born in Hobart, Tasmania, on 20th September, 1940. He attended primary schools at Cambridge (Tas.), Mackay (Qld.) and Janalli (N.S.W.), then went to Sutherland High School, Sydney, and to Hobart Technical High School. He started his working career as an apprentice French Polisher and served his five-year time at this trade, plus cabinet making, at Moonah, Tas. Work became slack in the 1960-61 credit squeeze and he began looking for some security in employment. He was about to join the Navy when a Police recruiting advertisement caught his eye. He commenced training in the Tasmanian Police Force on 6th June, 1961, and afterwards did beat duty in Hobart and Launceston, and relieving duty at various Stations — Warrane West, Bellerive, Lindisfarne, Bruny Island, Cygnet, Huonville, New Norfolk, North-East Hobart, Queenstown, Woodbridge, Margate and Kingston. He then went into the C.I.B., but, after a little over two years in that Branch, he decided to leave Tassie, and who should con him into joining the Northern Territory Police but our esteemed old friend John Garvey. Well, it's a small island alright, that Tasmania! John is a Justice of the Peace and the local Newsagent at Warrane. Doug already had some initial interest because of the fact that his mother is an ex-Territorian and she, also, helped to "sell" him on the Territory. He's glad to be away from those westerlies, but he hasn't tried those Tennant south-easters, yet! His outstanding Territory pinch, so far, is

one of our brand new Policewomen — he recently married former Recruit Policewoman Constable Denise Tracey.

From West Wallsend, Newcastle, N.S.W., comes Kevin Joseph Morris. He was born there on 13/12/40 and attended the West Wallsend primary and high schools. His first job was as Junior Station Attendant for the railways at Newcastle. From 1958 to mid-1964 he served as a medical orderly in the R.A.A.F., including six months at Snake Creek (Adelaide River) and nine months in Darwin. He then did nine months as a bus conductor in Sydney, followed by a little over a year with the Commonwealth Police Force in Canberra. In May of this year he joined the N.T. Police, at Darwin, and now realises why so many cold southerners come north for the winter: we don't have one!

FOND FAREWELL

"Outpost", the British South Africa Police magazine, recently announced the attestation of a recruit named Goodbye — a genuine case of "Gooday, Goodbye" if ever there was one. We have never achieved exactly the same degree of ephemera, but the note did remind one of our more patriarchal types of the bad old days just after the war when nobody could be enticed to stay in a job for any length of time. It got that way that "Goodbye" was the longest and only remembered statement many recruits had time to make as they orbited merrily onwards.

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BUSH STATIONS — *A Wife's View*

by JOYCE JOHNSON

I have read two editions of "Citation" and thoroughly enjoyed the stories and reminiscences of the authors — men — and have been waiting for the fair sex to invade the pages to sort out an angle from a woman's point of view.

In these days of jet travel, motels, air conditioning, automatic drive, two-way radio and "instant" this and that, my thoughts often go back to the women of the old days, and not so old days, particularly the wives of the Police Officers who left behind modern amenities to make a home in the outback, to learn basic things the hard way, such as breadmaking, raising young children without the comforting knowledge of nearby medical aid in an emergency, and enduring loneliness when their men were away on patrol, usually by horseback, with packhorses and trackers.

To have a good supply of fresh beef was good, to have a working refrigerator to store a little was luxury, and the usual standby was the good old salt beef. Of course, the Northern Territory mutton (goat) was the back-bone of the larder.

Some of the early iceboxes or prototype 'friges were lulus. Some of them worked, some didn't. I remember my first contact with an "Icyball" refrigerator, an alarming experience to my not-so-mechanically minded brain. I was relieved at its eventual removal to the custody of the harness room, and viewed with relief and pride the arrival of a kerosine 'frig, whose intricacies were soon mastered and the flame tended with care. Even these old models had their moments, and clouds of smelly black smoke caused much cursing, cleaning out, and carrying away of spoil food.

The picture ("Citation", December 1964) of Hatches Creek Station, at which Clive and Jane Graham arrived in 1938, brings back to me the vast improvement made to the living quarters by the time I went to live out there

in 1943. From bough and canvas, the Station then consisted of white painted corrugated iron, nailed onto bush timber, partly hidden by a Chinese Lantern creeper. It sported three rooms and a storeroom-cum-bathroom: not with a sunken bath, or even a porcelain one, but a good old-fashioned tub, handles and all!

The back door didn't lock properly, so that, if contemplating a clean up, the shot was to draw the curtains across the window — yes, we had one — and get cracking before some-one burst in. I might add that the bathroom didn't have a door at all; it was a sort of annexe off the kitchen.

The wood stove had been set in by a builder who'd lost his spirit level, so that a frying pan contained its fat only on one side and, all in all, cooking in it was a unique experience. My husband, Doug, pulled it out and reset it back in a more orthodox position, so that things weren't quite so chancy.

— Then there was the all-important small out-building that is indispensable to all homes —

In 1943, during the war years, the Government authorities had seen fit to give refuge to several hundred Chinese Nationals, who had formerly been employed on the island of Nauru. These men were introduced to work the wolfram mines of which there were many in the area. They had their own Chinese-style living quarters built of beaten-out iron, hessian and boughs, inhabited by many dogs of dubious breeding, and owned a communal garden in which they grew excellent tomatoes, cucumbers, pumpkins, chinese cabbage and the like.

The water for these gardens was carried by manpower in typical Chinese fashion, two buckets slung on a pole, from a large water tank belonging to the mining authority. This tank was on the crest of a low, rocky hill under whose shadow the Police residence was situated. The track that



1949 — Joyce and Doug Johnson, with Jim Painter in centre, waiting at the landing, 28 miles from Borroloola, with pack horses for loading from twice-yearly boat service.

led from the garden to the hilltop wound up on the far side away from the house, so that anyone fetching water was not visible until they actually arrived on top. All of which rambling description gets us back to that small outbuilding.

The architect had designed the layout with malice aforethought, for a seventy yard walk was necessary before arrival at this place away from the house. On a hot day the walk was very trying, on a dark night rather hair-raising. The worst part was that the place did not boast a door, and many was the embarrassing time experienced (except by the Chinese!) after one had ventured forth, after previously surveying the country and deciding the coast was clear, to be "caught". As the wide open entrance faced the hill, pride went all ways! We learned to either make out we couldn't care less, or were just in the vicinity by accident, taking a walk!

Water for washing and general use was carried by bucket from a nearby stock trough and was hard with a high lime content. As a great concession to me, my devoted husband carted softer water for personal use some miles away from the Kangaroo Hole in a 44 gallon drum. Ironing was done with an archaic coal iron which was one of the last things my well-meaning mother pressed upon me before I left the South. Not wishing to offend her, I included it in my packing, little realizing that I would indeed use it.

For all these minor trials I shall always remember Hatches. In 1951, on the invitation of Margaret and Jim McLean, then stationed out there, I spent a short time with them in the timber framed building which had been erected several miles away from the old original dwelling and used during the war years as a hospital. This was a much more dignified Police residence and quite comfortable. Our old home had been razed and the only visible sign that there had ever been a habitation there were the remains of the old fireplace, partly hidden by weeds and spinifex.

Our stay was short-lived, however, as Johnno was actually relieving whilst "Tiny" Deans and family were on leave.

Advice came through of Johnno's appointment to Pine Creek and so began my initiation into the finer arts of packing. I was to learn in the next few years to keep belongings to the minimum as it was easier all round.

In those days Jack Kennett was at Barrow Creek, I think Jack Stokes at the Tennant, Ted Morey at Newcastle Waters, and George Murray at Katherine. Upon arrival at Pine Creek we met "Big Bill" Littlejohn, Tas Fitzer — also Tom Turner and his wife, who were on their way South to retirement after many years out on the Daly River.

On the dark night we arrived there, with a storm blowing up, an air-raid was taking place a few miles up the road at Fenton air strip. I was advised by Big Bill to try one of the slit trenches which were dug near to the Station as a safety measure. However, I was just too weary to care and sleep was all I needed. In the following months we were to have quite a few more 'alerts' as enemy aircraft reports came to hand.

Pine Creek I remember for Singapore ants, snakes, the Army, both American and ours, the Air Force Repeater Station next door on one side, and, of all things, right next to the cells, an Army mobile picture screen where, on picture nights, the troops and civilians one and all rolled up with boxes and drums to sit on, beer to drink, something to eat, and in case of inclement weather, a poncho or bag to put over their heads. The elite from the Police Station sat in cane chairs and slapped mosquitos in comfort.

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Outback in the bush from Pine Creek is most beautiful country — lagoons covered with waterlilies, surrounded by trees, resounding to the call of all kinds of bird life. For the hunter, kangaroos and buffalo, out on the plains, were in great numbers, and freshwater crocodiles in the rivers.

After leave late in 1945, Johnno received notification to proceed to Borroloola and take over from Alf Johnson. For some reason this Station was a kind of bogey, owing to its isolation and its patrols, which had to be carried out with horses, packs, and trackers. Hearing sundry gloomy reports did not, however, dampen my enthusiasm for I think most families on transfer are full of curiosity as to the possibilities of their future temporary home and the new people they will meet.

We went out, together with our worldly goods, in a truck from Newcastle Waters, across the tablelands to Anthony's Lagoon. Greg Ryall and his wife, who were stationed there, made us welcome. Many a chat Thel and I were to have over the pedal radio on varied subjects of mutual interest. From Anthony's it took two days to reach the 'Loo on a rough bush road through wild picturesque country.

The first night was spent in a remote homestead tucked away in tree-covered ranges. It was known as Mallapunyah and was owned by the D'Arcy family. A few weeks before we went through there, this man's wife and one of his children went out presumably to look for a straying donkey and just vanished, and even after a Police search their remains were never found. This element of tragedy was to colour my impressions of my unseen home for we also arrived at Borroloola at night. Whilst the men were conducting their handing over procedures, as every woman will know — she is usually taking stock of what will be

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her domain — I had a tour of the house. The office, bedroom and dining room were in one building and the stone-flagged kitchen storeroom and meathouse adjoined. Nailed across all the doorsteps and entrances were strips of hide with the hairy side up. Upon enquiry, I obtained the information that this was to prevent the entry of snakes as they would not cross over the hide. Wow! That really set me up, and, combined with the colour scheme of the interior of the whole place, which was a dark chocolate brown, was not conducive to peace of mind. On a table, to make it all a little more macabre, was a copy of Edgar Allen Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue". Alf! If you only knew how I felt!

In cupboards and on shelves here and there I discovered bottles of Lysol, strychnine, arsenic, formalin, tablets and all kinds of poisonous goodies which my young son would certainly like to sample if he could lay hands on them, being at the age when children pry into cupboards and things. Hanging on the walls were several rifles, shotguns and some old Police issue sabres which would take a mighty man to wield. In due course the poisons and medical supplies were rendered comparatively safe by being placed under lock and key.

The populace of the 'Loo at that time consisted mainly of several old timers receiving pensions. Among them were old Freddy Blitner, or the "Freshwater Admiral", as he was nicknamed owing to his knowledge of the channels of the MacArthur River; Norman MacIntyre, a one-time wealthy man; and Charlie Havey, who lived in the "Store" as it was known but really had little to offer in the way of goods for sale. These old fellows lived under conditions that their town counterparts would disbelieve. "Dangerous Dan" Bethune was another who lived several miles away,

*Hatches Creek Police Station, 1943*

out in the bush, coming in only on mail 'plane days about once a fortnight.

I have read many stories and references about the 'Loo, which seems to have an aura of the "last ditch" as it were; but after gaining the confidence of the lubras they showed me some really beautiful places out among the hills and along the river which mostly could only be reached on foot or horseback. In season there was good fishing but swimming in the river was out, owing to crocodiles which were fairly numerous.

Johnno had a patrol which spanned the distance of about a hundred miles across the Wearyan, Foelsche and Robinson Rivers to the Queensland border, taking in Seven Emus, Robinson River Station, Calvert Hills and Wologorang Stations.

This meant an absence of at least a fortnight or more. The other area patrolled was MacArthur River Station and Tanumbirini which lay on the western side of the Limmen Bight River.

After living through the Wet season I found out why someone had put the hide strips across the doorways. Snakes of most deadly breed were commonplace; copperheads, blacks, browns, bandi bandi and others visited the house and environs quite often or left their tell-tale tracks if they were merely passing through.

The most memorable experience there was living through a cyclone which tore up trees by the roots, stripped any left standing of foliage, blew away the trackers' quarters and some of the sheds and unroofed the Police Station. The contents of the office and adjacent rooms were inundated with torrential rain and the pedal radio was rendered useless. It was days before the isolation of the area was discovered, as no vehicle could get in or out and we had no means of contact with the radio out of order. The discovery was not made until the mail plane came a week or so later and the pilot, Colin Johnston, who could not land on the waterlogged strip that trip, told us that from the air the devastation was clearly visible in a mighty swathe, roughly eighty miles long and about twenty miles wide.

There is something majestic and awesome about the sight, one day, of seeing familiar country, thickly massed with tall trees on the grass-covered black soil plains and surrounding ranges, and the next day to see it completely stripped, with the trunks of the standing trees bared stark

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and raw, and the red stony ridges rising up without any trace of green. The goats were enjoying it, however, as they could come and go at will in the garden, the fence being blown away.

The stove in the kitchen did its duty, with the transceiver placed in front of it to try and dry it out, and several seedy fowls with bedraggled feathers being nursed back to life underneath and behind it.

Another year the river came down in flood and rose from where it ran a little over a quarter of a mile away to within a few yards of the Station. A too-careless goat was taken by a croc quite near to the horse yards, putting a scare into the house lubras, who wouldn't venture too far at night.

The majority of the blacks out there were very fine people, of good physique and clean. Old Publican Charlie, a trusted off-sider to many members stationed in the district, was one Tracker, and Young Charlie, his tribal Son-in-law twice over — he being husband to sisters Bessie and Rosie, was another. Nothing was too much trouble for this Tracker; he was sensible and always willing; tall and with good carriage. We were saddened to hear of his premature death due, I think, to pneumonia, a few months after we left Borroloola.

Also on the grounds and stacked away in one of the cells were the remains of the one-time Carnegie-sponsored library, hundreds of moulding books falling to pieces with rot and some riddled with white ants. Among them was a set of the 1909 Encyclopaedia Britannica, Chamber's Encyclopaedias and many other valuable old reference books. With the help of the lubras, we cleaned up as best we could and put them, if usable, in alphabetical order. Also were found some of the very first Station records,

1878 or thereabouts, which now, I believe, have been placed in the Territory Archives.

So much for the 'Loo, which I grew to like and left with regret. I wonder whether it will ever become a centre or port as once was proposed, to form an outlet by sea for cattle and mineral ore?

Another interesting Station was Maranboy which was mentioned in Jack Stokes' story "Coorapiinni" in the December 1965 issue of "Citation".

Upon our arrival there, to relieve Constable Parsons and family, the big tin battery was in full blast from across the creek and I privately wondered how I was going to be able to hear anyone speak. To a newcomer, lip-reading seemed to be the shot, as the pounding of the crushers drowned out all other sound. After a time though one adjusted one's hearing to the noise and speech became audible. After becoming really used to it, when the battery stopped working, it was the *silence* that was deafening!

Maranboy was another great haunt for snakes, but, being an old hand by this time, I could disregard most of them and avoid the rest. There is a world of trees in this area and if off the road, one could easily get bushed.

After terms in Darwin and Alice Springs, where Johnno resigned, I left behind eleven years of lessons learned, never to be forgotten friends both in and out of the Service, and a wish that one day I may have the privilege of revisiting some of the old places and see the progress made.

Now you old girls, Thel Ryall, Rose Hook, Flo Mofflin, Billie Hughes, Jeannie Mannion, Lucy Bowie, Kath Morey, and all you other lasses, if my reminiscences are acceptable, I'm sure there's many an interesting tale you could tell; so it's your turn now — and best wishes to "Citation".

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SYDNEYSIDE SAFEBREAKERS

C R A S H IN DARWIN

On the 15th June, 1965, premises known as the Darwin Squash Centre, situated in CAVENAGH ST., were broken and entered between the hours of 11.15 p.m. 14/6/65 and 7 a.m. 15/6/65, and a 'Guardian' safe weighing approx. 3 cwt, 24" x 18" x 18" and containing £132 was removed from the premises. The means of entrance was nothing brilliant, just a workmanlike job, louvres removed from a window leading into toilets that gave access to the whole building. A fingerprint examination of the premises proved negative. An examination of the building surrounds revealed a deep indentation in the middle of the lawn, which indicated that a heavy square object had been dropped or rested at this point, and similar indentations were found at the rear of the building on a track leading to Dashwood Crescent, a dirt road leading past the Squash Centre. Footprints located indicated that at least one of the offender(s) was wearing Julius Marlowe shoes. Tyre tracks located in the area were to prove invaluable in further enquiries, but at the time of finding were photographed for future reference and were examined by an expert employed at a nearby tyre retreading firm, Darwin Tyre Service, whose premises were to figure prominently in future enquiries. Routine enquiries were carried out with little result, and apart from a suspicion that a couple of locals with a reputation for this type of after dark activity had done it once again, there was little evidence to support any definite suspicion and certainly nothing to indicate that this was the commencement of one of the lengthiest investigations carried out by the Northern Territory Police Force, with the ultimate apprehension of two of the best known safe-breakers in Australia.

On the 5th July, 1965 the somewhat isolated premises known as the Darwin Bowling Club, situated along the East Point Road, approx. 2 miles from the main business area of Darwin, were broken and entered and a safe contained in the building was blown and money and cheques totalling £320 were removed. Entry was effected between 9.30 p.m. 4/7/65 and 8 a.m. 5/7/65. Entrance was effected by ripping off flywire gauze from a louvred window leading into the kitchen of these premises. Smashing a number of louvres, the offender(s) then attempted to gain entrance to the bar section by forcing one of the bar shutters and eventually did gain access to this portion by smashing a window leading into the Secretary's office, which, in turn, gave access to the bar door, which was forced by means of a jemmy bar and screwdriver. The safe was expertly blown with the minimum of damage to the safe and the contents of the bar-room. Yellow detonator wires were located near the safe which indicated that it had been blown with gelignite and electric detonators. Photographs were taken of the scene and a fingerprint examination carried out.

An examination of the building surrounds revealed that entry had been effected into the Manager's quarters, again by ripping off flywire, but luckily the Manager was absent for the night of this offence.

Footprints and a pug mark were located in the area, indicating that one of the offenders had a broken right leg and was wearing a common type plastic sandal which left a peculiar and pronounced track which could be described

as a series of round tread marks. These tracks were to prove instrumental in the conviction of one of the offenders. These tracks were followed by the investigating officers, Plainclothes Constables ILETT and JACKSON past some bitumen drums, over reclaimed land, and were lost after crossing the East Point Road and leading to the Parap area.

Tyre prints of a motor vehicle located in the area were similar to the type previously located at the Darwin Squash Centre. Here was the second and last offence, both efficiently executed with the minimum of fuss, very little apparent evidence apart from the sandal and stub imprint and tyre marks at the scene, and no suspects other than a person with a broken right leg.

On 5/7/65 Plainclothes Constable Darryl ALEXANDER and Detective Constable MARDLING took note that a person driving a red coloured Ford Falcon sedan, N.T. 23.040, had a broken right leg. The driver was not known to Police in the Northern Territory, but at least he had a broken right leg and that was a good start.

On 7/7/65 Plainclothes Constable ILETT and GODWIN proceeded to premises situated at 145 Cavenagh Street. These premises were the Darwin Tyre Service and the rooms on the top of them were let by the proprietress to men boarders. These premises were directly opposite the Darwin Squash Centre. A Mr. Raymond THOMPSON, an insignificant little man with pale blue eyes, was interviewed in relation to his broken leg and his vehicle, the red coloured Falcon sedan. Mr. THOMPSON began immediately to protest too much, denied all ownership of the red Falcon sedan, had never seen it before, etc., was an honest employee of Gilbert and Barker, was on sick leave, wanted to see a solicitor about any infringement of his rights, and commenced to hobble painfully around with the use of a pair of crutches. On the arrival of Detective Sergeant COSSONS and Plainclothes Constable WALSH this performance continued with THOMPSON denying ownership of the Ford Falcon N.T. 23.040, parked across from the flat in Cavenagh St., regardless of the fact that he had been confronted with the fact that this vehicle was registered under the name of Raymond THOMPSON. "There's plenty of other THOMPSONS", he said. Future events proved that THOMPSON had every reason to deny ownership of this vehicle as it proved the breaking or turning point in this investigation.

A search of this vehicle was carried out and in the boot was located a very comprehensive safe breaking kit, comprising 2 bottles of medical oxygen, 1 bottle of acetylene, oxygen and acetylene gas bottle gauges fitted with hoses to an oxy torch with welding tip, 1 oxy torch cutter with cutting tips, an electric drill with extension cords, jemmy bar, rubber gloves, high speed drills, plasticine, small tins of paint, a home-made canvas cover, home-made metal plugs, etc.

When questioned regarding all these articles THOMPSON continued to deny all knowledge of same but did admit that he was a partner, with a Malcolm WRAN, who worked at the Humpty Doo C.S.I.R.O. Coastal Research Station, approximately 40 miles south east of Darwin, in a green-coloured Ford Falcon sedan; that he had known

WRAN for years, and that he (THOMPSON) had also worked at Humpty Doo for a period of 12 months; that he definitely, but definitely, did not own the red coloured Ford Falcon sedan parked across the street. There was no doubt in the minds of the investigating officers that here was one of the safe breakers, but having him and proving it were birds of a different feather, and time was an essential ingredient to enable further investigation.

Oxygen and acetylene bottles had been reported stolen from the Commonwealth Industrial Gas depot situated at Maranga, approximately 5 miles from the Darwin main business centre, and THOMPSON was charged with this offence, at the Darwin Police Station. Here was time.

Detective Sergeant COSSONS and Plainclothes Constable WALSH immediately proceeded to the Humpty Doo C.S.I.R.O. Coastal Research Station where they interviewed one Malcolm WRAN. WRAN proved to be a thin-faced, quiet individual with a ready answer for all questions put to him. He admitted knowing THOMPSON very casually since his arrival in Darwin sometime in May, 1965, denied all knowledge of any green coloured Ford Falcon sedan or any partnership with THOMPSON. He stated that THOMPSON did own a red coloured Ford Falcon sedan and that he (WRAN) had used it on occasions. Much to his sorrow, as it proved later, he admitted that he was in possession of a firearm belonging to THOMPSON and that it was in a suitcase in his room. On the arrival of the police officers in his room WRAN commenced to show his true mettle by requesting their authority to search, and well he may, because in this room was located a large amount of cigarettes, tobacco, etc. that was similar to property reported stolen in another break, enter and steal offence committed at Sam's Supermarket, situated in the Stuart Park area, on the 20/6/65. WRAN was arrested and charged with this offence. Here again was time.

Further enquiries re WRAN at Humpty Doo located a large quantity of foodstuffs which were all marked and readily identifiable. A Gevarm .22 rifle, converted to an operative machine gun, was also located. This conversion had been carried out by THOMPSON when he was employed at the Research Station as a labourer and had ready access to the machine shop and welding plant.

A further valuable search was carried out by Plainclothes Constables JACKSON and ALEXANDER on the evening of 7/7/65 at the premises at 145 Cavenagh Street. When THOMPSON was first interviewed and a search made of his room it was noted that a complicated device fitted with perspex and calibrations was in his wardrobe. When asked what this was for he readily stated it was a portion of an

electric petrol pump that he installed for his employers, Gilbert & Barker (GILBARCO). This piece of equipment and all THOMPSON's property was taken to the Darwin Police Station for further examination, as they held the opinion that the mechanical device was, in fact, a lock-picking instrument. The device could be held onto the face of any safe by means of small magnets attached and the twin picks being inserted in the key way. Also found were two books containing diagrams of safe locking mechanisms. They also contained other information that THOMPSON alias OUGHTON must have been collecting over the years. A piece of canvas was located that fitted onto the home-made canvas cover that was located in the boot of the Ford Falcon N.T. 23.040. A typewriter was found that had been used to type out bogus references for THOMPSON to obtain employment, safe lock tumblers, a set of perspex templates and a cake of soap with key impression. The tumblers fitted the key from the Squash Court safe, which was later found with lock and tumblers missing.

On the 8/7/65 THOMPSON was again questioned regarding the property located in his vehicle. He readily admitted that it was his vehicle but claimed that the property contained therein was put there by a friend known to him as Mick MANNICK or MANNIX, allegedly a contractor, whereabouts unknown.

THOMPSON appeared before the Darwin Court of Summary Jurisdiction to answer the unlawful possession charge. He was represented by counsel, and regardless of his unique and vigorous defence, during which he impressed as having more knowledge than his defending counsel, he was convicted and sentenced to 12 months hard labour.

Enquiries had revealed that THOMPSON was in fact Raymond Lewis OUGHTON a safe breaker known Australia-wide and commonly known as the 'Professor.'

THOMPSON appealed to the Supreme Court of the Northern Territory against this conviction and the severity of the sentence and both appeals were dismissed. Mr. Justice DUNPHY commended THOMPSON on the manner in which he conducted his appeals.

WRAN appeared before the Darwin Court of Summary Jurisdiction on a charge of 'Break, enter and steal at Sam's Supermarket' and was committed for trial in the Supreme Court, where he was found 'guilty' of this charge by the jury and was sentenced to four (4) years' hard labour.

Enquiries had revealed that Malcolm WRAN was in fact Melville Cecil STUCKEY, an habitual criminal from New South Wales, and a known safe breaker.

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Det. Sgt. Jack Boyter (N.S.W. Police) and Walter Fander, of the Australian Mineral Development Laboratories, Adelaide.

The completion of enquiries into both these matters then allowed a full enquiry to commence into the safe breaking offences committed at both the Darwin Squash Centre and Bowling Club and this was commenced with the full co-operation of Mr. Jim KENNIESON, of the Crown Law Department, who had also played a prominent part in the handling of enquiries into the offence committed at Sam's Supermarket.

The C.I.B. chief, Detective Sergeant 1/c Roger TEXTOR, organized a concentrated drive by his staff to collect and check every possible bit of evidence, and kept the enquiry firmly on the rails by means of repeated conferences and councils-of-war.

All persons associated with WRAN alias STUCKEY and THOMPSON alias OUGHTON were interviewed or re-interviewed, paint samples were obtained from various woodworks and safes at the premises where these offences were committed, and floor sweepings were obtained from these premises. All these were forwarded to Detective Sergeant Barry COCKS, the Officer-in-Charge of the Scientific Section, Criminal Investigation Branch, Adelaide, South Australia. The stub from the plaster caste on THOMPSON alias OUGHTON's right foot, a plastic sandal found in his possession, clothing, shoes, a glove the property of WRAN alias STUCKEY, soil samples and bitumen and rubber used for surfacing the unusual surface of the Darwin Bowling Club 'green', were all forwarded for scientific examination.

On 13th July a search of the swamps near Humpty Doo, with C.I.B. and all available new recruits, was carried out. While these enquiries were being carried out other very important events occurred. A plastic overnight airways bag containing gelignite and detonators was found buried at the rear of the Bagot Welfare Reserve on the 21/7/65, and two prisoners were discharged from H.M. Gaol, Darwin. Information was received which located the Darwin Squash Centre safe hidden in the long grass on the side of the road leading to the D.C.A. Reserve at the 11-mile on the Stuart Highway. With the recovery of this safe paint samples were taken and forwarded to the South Australian Police for scientific examination. Information was received regarding the airways bag found buried at the rear of the Bagot Welfare Reserve, and this information linked the contents with Mr. WRAN alias STUCKEY 'who used the gelignite for fishing out at Humpty Doo!'

Photostat copies of all documents thought to be relevant and photographs of all the equipment seized were forwarded to interstate Police forces.

Detective Sergeant Jack BOYTER of the N.S.W. Police Safe Squad made templates from the photographs supplied and found that these could be used on various type safes for marking the position of holes to be drilled in the safe doors and opening the safe, the whole operation taking approximately 1½ minutes from time of drilling to opening the door. The mechanical device previously mentioned was definitely identified as a picklock.

Results came back from the South Australian Police Scientific Section who were working in close co-operation with Mr. Walter FANDER, of the AUSTRALIAN MINERAL DEVELOPMENT LABORATORIES.

Mr. FANDER, an expert witness who has given evidence in at least 200 criminal cases, was able, by using an electron probe micro analyser, to positively identify paint samples from the Darwin Bowling Club and the Squash Centre with paint found in the boot of N.T.23.040, paint on the home-made canvas cover found in possession of THOMPSON, paint on a jemmy bar located in the boot of THOMPSON'S vehicle, and paint on the clothing seized from WRAN.

One such paint tested was beige and yellow in colour. This paint was located on the inside of the safe at the Darwin Bowling Club, on the home-made canvas cover and on the jemmy bar found in N.T.23.040. The odds against this type of paint being found anywhere else in the world under these circumstances were stated to be the astronomical 8,201, 250,000,000 to 1. A grey and orange paint from the inside of the Darwin Squash Centre safe, and also located in the boot of the car and on the home-made canvas cover, was tested and proved as positively identical. The odds in this instance were 3,000,000,000,000 to 1 in nice round figures. A green single-layer paint from the Darwin Squash Centre safe and also found in the boot of N.T.23.040. only produced odds of 73,000 to 1; and a black and white multi-layer paint located at the Darwin Squash Centre, on the homemade canvas cover and in the boot of N.T. 23.040, revealed the meagre odds of 64,000 to 1. When it was considered that, for all the abovementioned paints to be found together under similar circumstances anywhere else in the world, all the abovementioned figures had to be

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multiplied together to produce a true 'odds' figure, there was little doubt that the scientific evidence was to play an important part in any resulting convictions.

Detective Sergeant Barry COCKS of South Australia was able to positively identify the stub from THOMPSON's plaster caste as the stub that made the tracks found at the Darwin Bowling Club, there being 19 points of identification, and was able to say that the plastic sandals seized from THOMPSON made a similar impression to that located at this scene.

The evidence from these two expert witnesses was assisted by the showing of coloured slides relating to the various paints, etc., by charts showing the incidence relating to the location of these paints, and by charts showing the stub imprint located at the scene, an imprint with this stub under perfect conditions, and the 19 points of identification.

This was the evidence available on 30/8/65 with the exception of the paint from the Darwin Squash Centre safe which, at this stage, had not been located. On the 31/8/65 the event occurred that every policeman prays and hopes for. A prisoner who was released from gaol immediately contacted officers of the Criminal Investigation Branch and supplied valuable information relating to the offences committed at both the Bowling Club and the Squash Centre. Why this information was supplied has never been stated but possibly an old debt was being repaid. On the information supplied the Darwin Squash Centre safe was located. Other names were supplied and the manner in which the offences were committed was detailed. The airways bag containing the sticks of gelignite and electric detonators, which had been sitting at the C.I.B. office for a month without an owner, and surrounded only by suspicions, was now well and truly identified and put in its rightful place as an exhibit to further implicate one Malcolm WRAN alias Melville Cecil STUCKEY, previously mentioned as of gelignite fishing fame. This informant had no hesitation in giving this evidence in the committal proceedings which commenced on 23/9/65 and resulted in a committal for trial on the 18/10/65. In the committal proceedings 29 witnesses appeared, and 249 exhibits were tendered. Witnesses included the 3 experts Det.Sgt. Barry COCKS of the South Australian Police, Det.Sgt. Jack BOYTER of the N.S.W. Police Force and Mr. Wally FANDER of the Australian Mineral Development Laboratories. THOMPSON and WRAN conducted their own defence in the committal proceeding and their efforts were commented on by Magistrate, Mr. F. R. A. ELVIDGE. They certainly demonstrated a sound knowledge of criminal law practice.

On the 15/11/65 both defendants appeared before the Supreme Court of the Northern Territory. THOMPSON conducted his own defence and WRAN was represented by counsel. The charges were heard jointly before Mr. Justice BRIDGE for a period of seven days. After completion of the evidence the jury found both defendants guilty of both charges and they were sentenced to 3 years hard labour on each, both sentences to be served cumulatively and to commence at the expiration of any sentence that the offenders might be serving at present in the Northern Territory.

So ended enquiries spread over a period of four months, relating to two of the best safe breakers known in Australia. When writing this it all seems so straightforward and in no way reveals the complexities, the lengthy enquiries, the examination of witnesses re associations, possible alibis, etc., etc., carried out by all members of the Darwin Criminal

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Det. Sgt. IJC L. R. Cossons, of Darwin C.I.B.

Investigation Branch. For the Northern Territory Police Force the mannere and the results of this investigation were a great morale booster. An official letter from the late Mr. Justice BRIDGE to Commissioner GRAHAM certainly gave full satisfaction to the members doing the actual investigation. This letter reads:—

"In my opinion, the police concerned in the investigation into the safe breaking offences disposed of in the Supreme Court yesterday deserve to be highly commended.

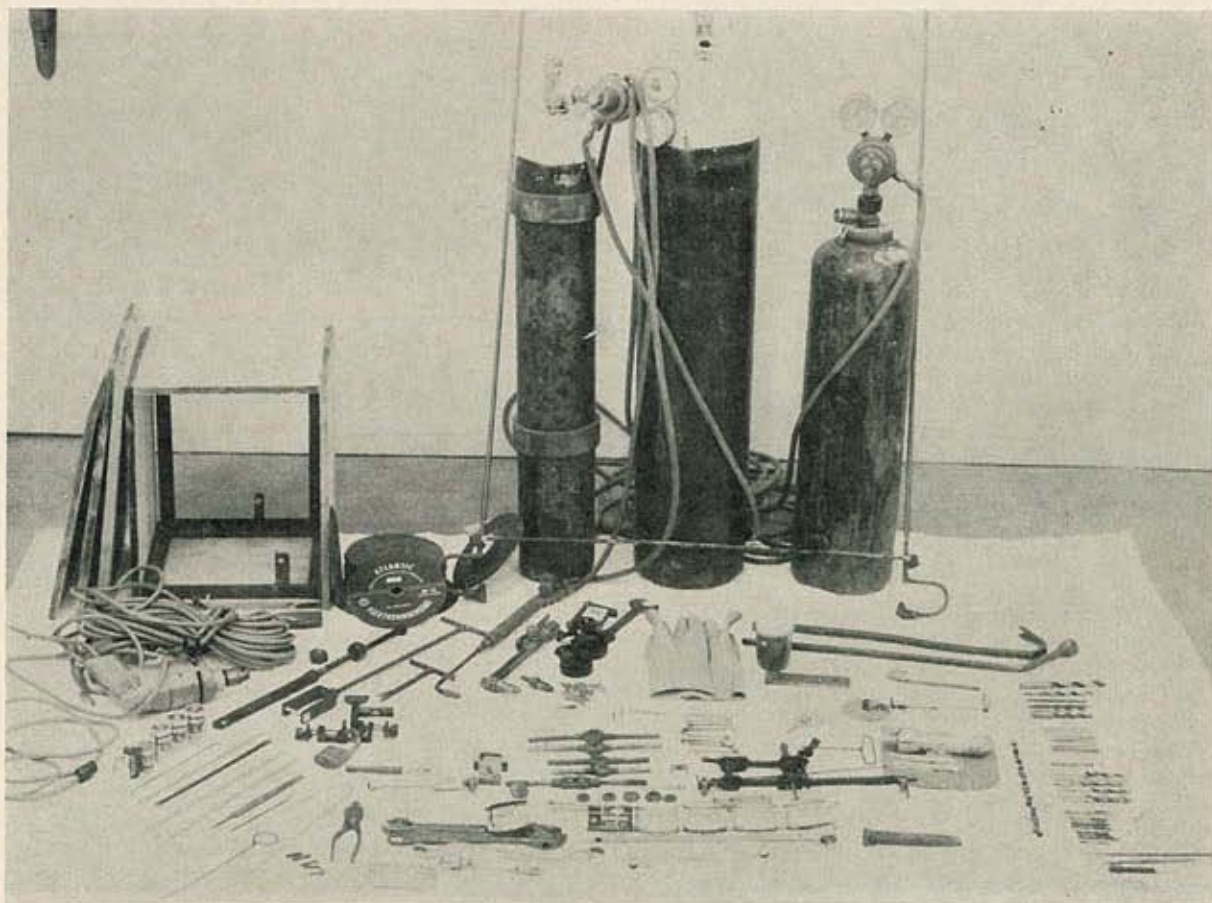
The investigations required were detailed, involved and exacting. They were very plainly conducted with thoroughness and efficiency not only locally but in the co-operation which was sought and obtained from other police in the southern states. I was also most favourably impressed with the scrupulous fairness throughout the police evidence.

The police who gave evidence in the Supreme Court were Detective Sergeant Cossons, Detective Sergeant Ilett, Detective Constable Jackson and Detective Constable Alexander.

From their evidence it was also apparent that Detective Sergeant Textor had an important and responsible part as the senior man in charge of the investigations. Reference was also made to Constable Walsh as having a share in the investigating work. There may be others involved of whose work I am unaware but any failure on my part to refer to them here is due solely to my ignorance of their having participated and not in any way as implying that I do not consider them worthy of the same favourable comment as I have directed to those whom I have named."

Although it was thought that all association with

Concluded on foot of page 42



Tradesmen's gear — some of the many exhibits tendered at the safe breaking trials in Darwin.

TAS FITZER GONE

Territorians were saddened at the news of the death of that famous old Northern Territory Policeman, Tas Fitzter, in Sydney on 21st August, 1966.

Tasman Charles Vivian Fitzter came to the Northern Territory Police in April, 1925, after serving in the Army Garrison on Thursday Island. He served in many parts of the Territory until ill-health forced his retirement in March, 1957. One of his very first moves was to Timber Creek, and he went back there repeatedly. By far the greater part of his 32 years of service was performed at Timber Creek and Daly River — both interesting spots for an adventurous Lawman in the old days up to the last War.

With Wally Longdon, Ted Morey, Jack Mahony and others, he took a big part in the exciting hunts, in the early Thirties, for Namarluk, Tiger and other notorious murderers.

Tas was married in Darwin in 1931 to Laurie Jean Osborne. Their son, Desmond, is now a Patrol Officer in New Guinea.

Tas married again in 1945. His second wife, Eileen Styles, in her own sphere as a nursing sister, was as widely-known and universally liked as Tas himself, and their romance made the news headlines.



Tas and Eileen Fitzter when stationed at Daly River

One Wet season at Daly River Tas was severely kicked on the leg by a horse. The nearest help was at Tipperary Station, fifty miles away, and Tas sent his Tracker there. The Tracker, Attawomba Joe, had a lively time foot-walking, wading and swimming the Wet season wasteland, but he made it and was on hand later to help in the carrying and floating of Tas per stretcher across country to the nearest point accessible by vehicle. On hand with the vehicle to attend to him was Eileen Styles. They had known each other for many years, of course (the old Territory was like that — everybody knew everybody), but not long after this incident they married. Eileen herself was to figure in a touch-and-go rescue during a serious illness she suffered

COLOUR BALANCE

Lord Chesterfield wrote:—

"Speak of the moderns without contempt, and of the ancients without idolatry; judge them all by their merits, and not by their age."

In this era of highly emotional "crash" de-colouration programmes, we could usefully change "moderns" to "whites", "ancients" to "blacks", and "age" to "colour".

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A WIDE RANGE IN HARDWARE

in another Daly River Wet season. She is now living in Sydney.

There are many tales of Tasman, and we must soon get down to a full story on this lively and likeable old friend of so many of us. In the meantime, we'll sign off with a brief reference to his career as a film star. When Charles Chauvel made the film "Jedda" in the Timber Creek country, it was only natural that he would use such a famous local Policeman to act the part of the trooper in the story — and this apparently led Tas on the longest patrol of all. He chased the villain over the rugged Western country until he came to the edge of a cliff that should have overlooked a familiar (to us) Territory landscape; but something had gone amiss with the film by the time it was being processed. Not to be beaten by such a small matter, Charles Chauvel got his camera on to another stretch of country for Tas to look down upon. What an eye that man had! In one celluloid flash he rose in his saddle near a Timber Creek cliff and looked right over the Blue Mountains of eastern New South Wales!

On Patrol — PINE CREEK

"Friday morning, early, I'm leaving." No-one knows the panic this statement can produce when it's made in the vicinity of the Pine Creek Police Station. On the clothes-line there appears a variety of items — swag, swag-cover, blanket, bush mosquito net and various other colourful odds and ends.

"Bobby (Tracker), get im axe, shovel, fry pan, kettle and put im in that box. Fill im up that water tank on that truck — now put im all in that box, not banging around in the back of the truck."

From upstairs comes; "Hey, do you want three or four tins of sausages and vegies in your tucker box?"

"I told you last time I don't want sausages. I want *steak* and vegies."

"Alright, alright, everything is in now; I even remembered the salt and the tin opener this time."

At last (relief for all) the time arrives and with much waving and so on, the Toyota rolls off down the road — on patrol.

The Pine Creek Police district covers an area of eighteen thousand square miles, and on this patrol I will be covering the north-eastern corner, which is a veritable tourist paradise.

The first calling place is Mary Station, which covers an area of 850 square miles. The homestead, situated on the Mary River, is typical of the station houses, being a corrugated iron building with dirt floor, iron door and windows which are never shut. There are the inevitable dozens of dogs and old Jamus Peters has the full-time occupation of keeping dogs and goats from entering the house.

The pattern of the travelling Policeman's work is set here, and follows much the same course at all stations — the registration of dogs, firearms and motor vehicles and the issuing of drivers' licences and Miners' rights.

The next port of call is Goodparla Station, now owned by American interests and managed by a rangy, red-haired native of California, Lee Grover. This station is fifteen hundred square miles, and its vast area is roamed by large numbers of buffalo, cattle and brumbies.

There are still more miles to travel before making camp for the night and the road leads on across the South Alligator River to the Jim Jim Creek Crossing. Here Tom and Judy Opitz have established a store to serve the tourists and locals. The interesting thing about this store, built of fibro on brick and cement stilts, is that it has to be abandoned in the "Wet" when the Jim Jim floods, and its occupants

retreat to their dry camp some five miles away on the opposite side of the creek. This is the end of the first day, so off comes some of the gear, the fire is lit and on goes the stew. As this, with its fresh water billabongs and excellent barramundi fishing grounds, is a popular camping spot, there is plenty of company: on this occasion a city taxi-driver, a doctor and two business men on a "get-away-from-it-all" holiday.

But the mosquitoes don't allow for much socialising, so very soon it's up with the mosquito net and into the swag and a good night's sleep under the stars.

Daybreak and out of the swag, get the fire going, put the billy on and some of last night's left-over stew for breakfast. Then down to the lagoon for a bath whilst keeping both eyes open just in case a long grey snout may be nosing out of the mud.

This day is spent patrolling the safari camps — Nourlangie run by Alan Stewart, Muirella Park run by Frank Muir and Patonga owned by Don McGregor, aptly termed by visiting American tourists as Australia's Daniel Boone. Don's showplace lodge of pine and bamboo situated on a huge natural lagoon is in an idyllic setting of tropical trees, shrubs and flowers which include paw-paws, mangoes, bougainvillias and many more too numerous to mention. A holiday on a safari camp such as this offers hunting, fishing, shooting, photography and opportunities to study all bird and wild life.

Woolwonga Reserve is a Wild Life Sanctuary through which one is only allowed to travel on the public road, or otherwise to tour on a permit being granted. Here we see Northern Territory wild life at its greatest. There is the 'Goose Camp' where there are thousands upon thousands of geese, ducks, ibises, cranes, pelicans and other water fowl. When these are disturbed, the air is filled with thousands of flapping wings and the noise is deafening. Across the path comes a long-legged, long-necked scrub turkey with such a haughty look, as if to say: "I know I'm protected". I make camp this second night on the road just short of Mudginberri Station on which I have my sights set for tomorrow.

Mudginberri Station, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Len Randall, has the best buildings of any of the Stations in our area. There is the owner's modern brick home, a new Manager's residence and staff quarters. Surrounding these buildings are lawns and gardens covering about an area of four acres, with the green lawns sloping gently down to yet another beautiful billabong. There is a well-established buffalo industry at Mudginberri. Up to twenty buffalo a day can be handled here. The shooters go out after the buffalo which they must return to the abattoirs

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within an hour of being shot; here the slaughter-men skin, clean and quarter the beast under the critical eye of the Commonwealth Meat Inspector, who is on hand at all times and who stamps the meat. It then goes to the boners, is packed, frozen and either flown or trucked out for eventual sale overseas. There are about 150 natives living here, some of whom gain employment on the Station, and the Government contributes to the upkeep of the remainder.

From Mudginberri I proceed to Canon Hill where there is situated another buffalo abattoir which, although only small, is one of the best and most efficient in the Territory. Here there is a staff of only four white men and three aboriginals. There is Bob Anderson, reputed to be the crack boner in the industry, Nev Cbllins the all-rounder shooter and engineer, Lenny Opitz truck driver, and floor hand Craig Quartermaine. The meat Inspector is local Stock Inspector Dave Schofield. All business is completed and the next stop is the East Alligator River which makes a good camping place.

On the fourth morning I cross the East Alligator River and am now in Arnhem Land, which is a Native Reserve on which Europeans are not allowed. This fifteen miles from the East Alligator to Oenpelli Mission covers some of the loveliest country in the Northern Territory and even perhaps in Australia. The road skirts Red Lily Lagoon and other excellent water holes. Where the Mudginberri and Canon Hill plains were striking, they are as nothing compared with the flat, open Oenpelli plains, lush and vivid with a thick mat of para grass. The hills appear as if out of nowhere, some are large and beautifully coloured, others small with intricate patterns fashioned by the wind over the millions of years.

For as far as the eye can see there are huge herds of big, fat buffalo, bigger and fatter than any sighted before. The horses and cattle too show the results of living in the land of plenty.

Oenpelli Mission itself, situated on a large billabong, is backed by a range of hills and faces out onto a rolling plain. There is a row of Territory-type houses surrounded by green lawns and colourful gardens. Fresh fruit is always plentiful from the paw-paw, mango and banana trees and the acres of pineapples.

It is here I have one of my most interesting evenings as the Rev. Harris recalls the old days, and the names of such Constables as Littlejohn (Ex-Superintendent) and Mannion (now Inspector) are often mentioned. He recalls when these Police rode from Brock's Creek to investigate Aboriginal murders at the Mission, which, after days of investigation, resulted in Police escorting large numbers of prisoners and witnesses on foot to Brock's Creek from where they were transported to Darwin.

This is the end of the track so, as there is only a normal amount of work here on this occasion, I push off in the afternoon to get to East Alligator River to try my luck at fishing. (Wet tail, plenty of mosquito bites, but no fish.) However, to the rescue comes Jack Gibbs, and he gives me three or four fish which are stowed in the "esky".

The last morning of the patrol and a man's a bit weary of it now, as everything's covered in bulldust. Tinned meals leave a lot to be desired and a hot shower seems the ultimate in luxury.

So it's home, James, and don't spare the horse power.

— A. A. Grant

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I GO ON PATROL

By DOUGLAS LOCKWOOD

I had often wondered how Tas Fitzer, Wally Langdon, Ted Morey and Jack Mahony communicated with headquarters while on long patrols, like the 12-months chase after Namarluk.

How did Camel Bill McKinnon keep in touch on journeys that took him for three months at a time into the unsettled south-west of the Northern Territory?

How did Mounted Constables Victor Hall, Ted Morey and Jack Mahony call for help or notify base when their colleague, Mounted Constable Bert McColl, was speared to death on Woodah Island in the Gulf of Carpentaria?

The answer is that they didn't. The first news of their survival, and the success or otherwise of their patrols, was received when they returned to what then passed for civilization.

It is not so long since the only vehicles in the Northern Territory Police Force were in Darwin and Alice Springs. All the bush stations were equipped with modern hay-burners. The Constables were Mounties.

I thought it would be a good idea, therefore, to observe Police Patrol, 1966 Version.

I wanted to know whether to-day's Policeman used message sticks, pencilled notes given to foot-walk Trackers, and ate salt beef and damper.

Through Commissioner Clive Graham (since retired) I was given the green light to join a patrol to the McArthur River — Borrooloola — Manangoora districts with Constable Basil ("Bluey") Smith, of Daly Waters.

His second-in-command was Long Tommy Migualong, a Djingali tribesman who has served the Force as a Tracker all his adult life — since such old times as Phil Muldoon, Jock Reid, Gordon Stott and others were packing around with horses.

I was unpaid dishwasher, assistant gate-opener, and carbasher-in-chief, and there were times when I expected to become the custodian of bagsful of tatty dingo scalps that outback characters wished to cash in.

Looking after the interests of scalpers is, in fact, still part

of the patrolling Policeman's duty. On one trip Basil Smith collected 120 scalps. But that is a small and relatively unimportant part of what is now an organized and efficient operation.

One imagines that Camel Bill McKinnon and his contemporaries appeared unpredictably and very infrequently on their patrols. The Borrooloola — McArthur River district, on the contrary, is now just about as routine as the foot patrol (or is it done by Paddy Wagon?) around the Darwin pubs at closing time. Moreover, I saw the site at Borrooloola where a Mobile Police Station will shortly come to rest (has probably done so by the time this is printed). Right next door to it there is a Mobile School, with a most charming lady teacher in charge!

Basil Smith, I discovered, was expected wherever we went. The average is one trip every six weeks, but during one period this year, what with the Census and a rash of robberies, he was out there every fortnight. One patrol — the longest yet — occupied 15 days.

At McArthur River mining camp, at Borrooloola and elsewhere, people who had been expecting him wanted drivers' licences and car registrations renewed or transferred. Occasionally one wanted to register a dog or a firearm, though I gathered that in the bush dog owners were a little casual about registration.

There were other routine matters needing attention. One of our "side" trips was a grind through 120 miles of sand from Borrooloola to Manangoora and back to have the signature on a statutory declaration rectified. We got there to find that the signatory wasn't home, anyway. Another was to deliver a tranquilizer gun to a bush camp as remote as any I've seen.

These were the routine matters that are the common-places of Police duty in the Northern Territory. Yet I was to find that with the help of modern equipment the most mundane patrol might suddenly be transformed.

(Continued overleaf)



With the latest in mobile radios in his Toyota, Constable Basil Smith keeps in regular contact with Darwin Headquarters during patrol in the Borrooloola area.



Constable Basil Smith, of Daly Waters, talks with Andy Anderson, of Manangoora — one of the oldest and longest — resident citizens of the Borrooloola — Gulf country.

We had left the bitumen south of Daly Waters, following the arrow of a signpost which read: "O.T. Downs 120, Leila Lagoon 182, McArthur River 202, Borroloola 240".

Until recently that sign had been superimposed by another: "Warning! No water till O.T. Downs." It had been removed, probably by a vandal.

What the remaining sign does not tell you is that O.T. Downs is 12 miles off the track, Leila Lagoon is uninhabited, McArthur River mine site is along a 32-mile detour, and that until you reach Borroloola you will not see a single building and perhaps not one other person.

It was comforting, therefore, to be travelling in a comparatively new Toyota with reserve tanks of water, ample food and a transceiver.

And on the back we had a charming new arc mesh cage designed to stop some people getting in and others getting out — a mobile, well-ventilated cell that might be regarded as the 1966 substitute for neck chains.

We also had another piece of equipment (though perhaps I should not disclose this) labelled Arctic Food Box. I stoked it with ice the night before we left and we still had ice, days later, when we got back to the bitumen. But you can quote me as saying that during the entire trip it did not contain food.

Gosh, it was rough! I remember that first night at the Burketown Crossing of the McArthur River near Borroloola. A bright moon was playing delightfully with the paper-barks and the water. Fish were splashing as though they'd never had a bath in their lives. I had rolled out my pneumatic bed. Bluey produced his portable barbecue and grilled enormous steaks which I garnished with mushrooms. And in that Arctic Food Box I found a couple of bottles of iced tea. At least that was the colour of it. (Didn't I tell you it held no food?) Later we had Coffee Royal.

But there is a story in the reasons for our presence at the Burketown Crossing, and it really sums up the story of Police Patrol, 1966 Version.

We had intended turning off the main Borroloola road at the 169-mile and spending the first night at McArthur River mining camp. At 3.30 p.m. we were 150 miles from the bitumen when Bluey stopped to keep his radio schedule with headquarters in Darwin. He fiddled with a knob or two, screwed in an aerial, and announced himself, incomprehensibly — to me — as Sierra Echo Mike.

Unbelievably, an all-stations alert was being broadcast that affected us directly. The Burketown store had been broken into and robbed. A vehicle had been stolen from nearby Doomadgee Mission — a Ford truck Number NEM 151, and it carried all the loot. It had been sighted, travelling west, by a Flying Doctor pilot.

The nearest town west of Doomadgee Mission and Burketown was Borroloola, and we were within 100 miles of it.

Descriptions were given of four desperadoes, two of them youths, two young men.

"I was going to McArthur River. I'll go straight to Borroloola instead," Basil Smith told the microphone.

Other Stations were coming in. Tim Egan at Anthony Lagoon. Horrie Prew at Elliott. "Do you want help, Blue?" they asked, obviously anxious to leave at once and be in it.

"I'll see how we go tonight," Bluey said. "There's a D.C.A. camp at Borroloola. I'll be able to call on them."

"Anyone with you?" someone asked.

"Only my Tracker and Doug Lockwood."

I'm not sure I liked the "only". And in a team of three I rated third, though in an emergency that may well have been my correct place.

Whatever my personal reaction to apparent lack of faith

in me, it dissolved in the next announcement from Darwin. "They have a shotgun and a twenty-two rifle, at least."

AT LEAST. I just loved that! Did it mean they might have a Tommy gun as well?

Basil Smith has had seven years' experience in the Force. It has made him prudent. A little later I saw him go to a bag, take out a pistol, and put it in his pocket.

"Just in case," he said.

Suddenly, this was no routine patrol. It was fair dinkum. We were travelling east and around the next bend we might come bumper-to-bumper with NEM 151. Was NEM short for Nemesis? And, if so, whose?

I wanted to ask Bluey about the rifle beside him, which I couldn't see properly. Was it single shot or a repeater? Was it .22 or .303? I wanted to say, "Would you like me to cover you, Blue, while you do the talking?" (The laughter is unseemly. I'll have you know that in 1930 I shot in the King's Prize.)

Of course, I didn't ask anything of the kind. We simply drove on, extremely interested in any vehicle dust that showed up ahead. But it was all innocent enough and by nightfall we were bedded down at the Burketown Crossing, with a high tide that made it impossible for any vehicle to cross while we slept.

Thereafter the situation, as a situation, deteriorated. On the 8.30 sked next morning there were no fresh details. We went off to Manangoora and at 3.30 p.m. were near Jack Keighran's horse-paddock gate at Greenbank Station.

Then there were a number of messages to all Stations. A safari bus had to be stopped and a woman told that her mother had died at Armidale, N.S.W. The officer-in-Charge at Timber Creek (Constable Ken Pascoe) told all Stations of a stolen W.A. car travelling north and east. Two girl hitch-hikers were wanted for questioning. And finally: "Blue, those men wanted for break-and-enter at Doomadgee are under lock and key". Apparently they had turned south and been picked up in Queensland.

So we were able to get back to routine matters, such as watching for drinkers of Blue Champagne. I had heard of Pink Champagne, but never Blue. When I was a boy, they spoke of methylated spirit mixed with powdered milk as White Lady, but it seems to have acquired greater distinction since colouring matter was added.

You wouldn't read about it, except in a Police magazine, but on the night we returned at Borroloola, that very night, Basil Smith was called out to a fire! If there are disbelievers in the audience, we have photographs to prove it.

Our neighbours at the McArthur River camp, on the night we had steak and mushrooms, were Jack Jones and Joe James, of the Department of Works.

Likely names, I must say. I can hear the sceptical Policemen saying, "Well, okay, what are your right names?"

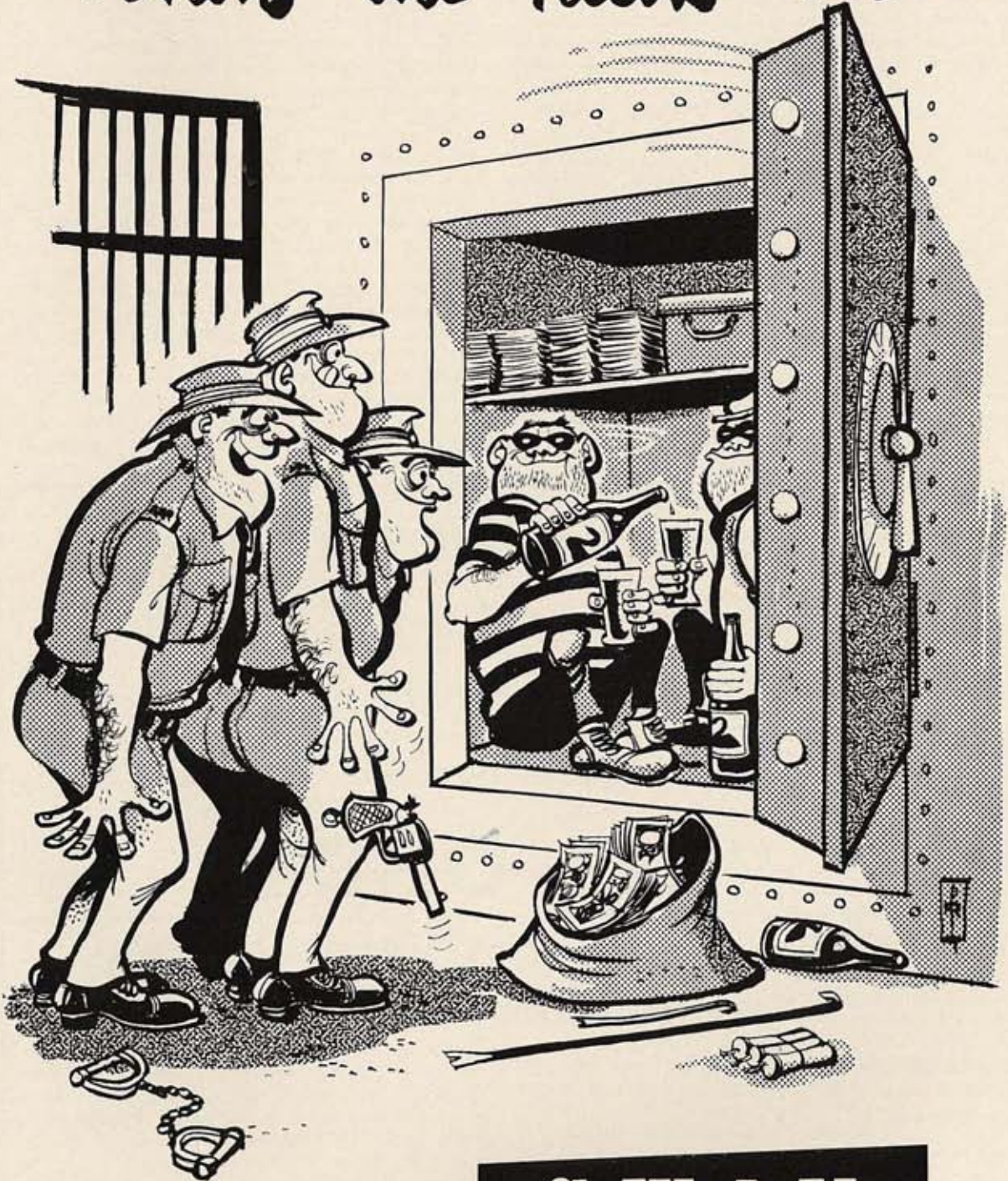
Their names were Jack Jones and Joe James, and I knew them both. Ask Bluey Smith. They lived in a camp that even Fred Drysdale, M.L.C., would approve of. (I suppose you've read his recent criticism of Police camps?). It had a gas cooker, a gas light, mosquito-proofing, proper beds, a motor-operated cold box, and a watch dog.

Jack and Joe returned home that night to a pile of charcoal. The iron frames of their beds, the cold box, the dog and half the tent remained, but nothing else. Their personal kit, including watches, radios and forty paper dollars, had been destroyed. They called the local Policeman, who happened to be nearby, to investigate.

Frankly, I've always been impressed by the futility of investigating yesterday's fires. What can you do? Sir Arthur

(Continued on page 42)

When the heat's on —



enjoy a

SWAN

Fadden, when Federal Treasurer, was asked why the emergency wartime payroll tax was not lifted. "You can't put the feathers back on a plucked duck", he said. It's like that with a fire. There is nothing whatever that a Policeman or the Fire Chief himself (I mean the Big Fellow down below) can do about it.

Nevertheless, I returned deeply impressed by the efficiency of modern methods of detection, and by the lack of a 50-50 chance that present day criminals have against the Police, even in the remotest areas. They must curse Marconi and all his evil ways.

At Manangoora, at McArthur River, at O.T. Downs, at Mallapunyah, at Timbuctu there is sure to be a policeman listening at 8.30, 11.30 and 3.30 on 3260 or 6905 kilocycles, waiting for offenders to come along and be put in that arc mesh coop.

Basil Smith comes from Newcastle, which, in my opinion, is a good place to be from — a long way from! Last year he covered 25,000 miles on patrol, 90 per cent of it in the Gulf country, at an average speed of about 30 m.p.h. Divide the miles by thirty and you'll see that it amounts to a long time behind the wheel. One day when I was with him we took three hours to cover 60 miles.

Never mind. Tommy is always there — 60 years old or more — as philosopher extraordinary for anyone who is prepared to listen to his stories.

It is difficult for me to imagine why a Tracker is necessary on present-day patrols. Certainly there was no tracking to be done on this trip. (Basil Smith pointed out various animal tracks to me long before Tommy.) There is no wood to cut for the campfire because Bluey has a spirit stove.

However, Tommy has had more Police experience than most of the men now in the Force. He rode to hell and back — and it must have been hell, in the summers, across the Barkly Tableland, loading the packs, bringing in the horses, lighting the fires.

He spoke to me about a mythical period he called Before Money, just as we refer to the pre-Christian period as Before Christ. I understood him to refer to the time, long ago, when Trackers worked for their food only.

He has had his fights with prisoners, generally men of his own race. "I've had plenty of trouble, but I win all the time," he said. You think he's boasting? Then take a good hard look at the man.

Tommy left for Borroloola this time with high hopes of bringing back a new wife, though he must be 65. Either he didn't like her or she didn't like him or she didn't exist, because Tommy came back to the bitumen alone.

I would like to think of him, in years to come, with a Police Pension, for he has given his life to the Force — a Force that has changed beyond recognition since he first knew it in high heeled riding boots and a pair of spurs.

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(Continued from page 35)

THOMPSON and WRAN had finished this was not to be so. They were detected by gaol guards attempting to escape from their cells at the Darwin Gaol by cutting through the cell bars with a hacksaw blade. Both were subsequently charged with this offence and were committed

for trial before the Supreme Court. They pleaded guilty to this charge and were sentenced to 18 months hard labour, to commence at the expiration of any other sentences that they might be serving in the Northern Territory.

— Len Cossons

THE PERFECTIONIST

— by E. H. MOREY

He was a strange man . . . a human enigma who defied any known classification. With the horrors of the First World War softened by seven years of peace, he rode in the suffocating dust thrown by eight heavy horses drawing the high-wheeled, table-topped wagon.

Bags of flour and stores for the remote cattle stations in the area had been arranged to form an armchair. In relaxed ease he read Milton's 'Paradise Lost'. Completely oblivious to the creak of the wheels, rattle of chains, shuffles and grunts of the straining horses, the frequent crack of the teamster's whip and his echoing blasphemies, the passenger read on.

He was compelled to hold tightly as the clumsy vehicle tilted down a steep bank into a river-bed and lurched up the other side.

As he viewed an open forest of white gum-trees on the broad, level frontage of the river, he became alive with interest. Voicelessly he signalled to the teamster to turn his team and follow the river. The bearded wagoner gave a shrug, but called to his leaders. He was being very well paid for every mile he travelled off his usual track, so he'd no reason to argue.

Twelve miles down-stream the passenger waved to the teamster to halt near a small running creek of clear water. With the stores unloaded, the teamster spoke to his horses. As the wagon creaked away, he looked back. The stranger seemed a forlorn figure standing near his possessions with his dog beside him in all that loneliness, and the big wagoner was puzzled to see the look of triumphant elation on the unusual face.

On the tidal reaches of this North Australian river, which flowed into the Gulf of Carpentaria, the mysterious stranger built himself a neat two-roomed hut of mess-mate bark.

With saw, axe, adze, nails and wire he fashioned the bush-timber and furnished his primitive dwelling, and floored it with pounded ant-hills. The front and rear verandahs were enclosed with latticed cane-grass. Everything built and made was of excellent workmanship.

He engaged local natives to journey the sixty miles to the nearest cattle station and procure a small herd of goats and a number of fowls. The animals they drove, and the birds were carried in wire cages tied to light poles.

A vegetable garden, goat-yard, fowl-run and a long, deep water-trough completed the establishment. A wide border of flowers around the hut gave bright and pleasing colour.

The rare visitor was puzzled by the large water-trough which measured sixteen feet long, four feet wide and four feet deep. Tubular bamboo-poles, so neatly joined there was no drip of water, ran from the creek trickling down a low hill. As the water gravitated into the trough at the top an equal flow ran out at the bottom, ensuring that the water was always at a standard level. If it was a bath, it was a funny sort of bath, the visitors thought. The animals didn't need it; they drank at the creek. When the visitors left they were still puzzled.

The hut had been divided into two rooms. A small bedroom and a larger room served as lounge-cum-dining-cum-kitchen and store-room. It was comfortably furnished with an easy-chair, two dining chairs, table and storage cupboards. Behind the table was a large mirror. In its hey-day it had advertised some vintner's exclusive wines, but now the gaudy paint was patched and faded. However, it



Ted Morey was a rider before he became a writer, and competed in overseas events, including the Calgary Stampede. Here he is seen on a Police Patrol in the Victoria River area. These skyscraper anthills are a typical and much photographed feature of the Territory landscape.

was obvious that the glass was constantly polished and it gave brilliant reflection. One corner of the room was set aside for a yellow and white dog . . . a cringing, pathetic animal whose sad eyes never left his master.

When the stranger had his establishment to his satisfaction, he settled himself to a strict routine of time and occupation.

At precisely ten o'clock in the forenoon he'd leave his hut with a gunny-sack over his shoulder and his dog at his heels. One mile down the river was the site he'd selected as being most suitable for his crocodile hunting pursuits. The six crocodiles he captured daily gave irrefutable proof as to his expertness as a hunter.

However, when the aboriginals in the area witnessed the stranger's method of capturing crocodiles, they fled in superstitious terror as if this hunter was the embodiment of all the debil-debils incarnate from the Dreamtime onwards . . . and they never returned . . .

Rumours spread throughout the outback about the strange man on the river, so incredibly fantastic that they were laughed over as darn good yarns.

The odd inquisitive bushman who thought he'd like to see for himself established nothing. The bloke on the Foelsche, they reported, was deaf and dumb and just an ordinary sort of fellow with a willy-wagtail eye.

But Harry Black, who also hunted crocodiles and lived on the other side of the river a mile up-stream, knew quite

well that the bloke was neither deaf nor dumb, nor just an ordinary sort of fellow; and knew him to be an actor of no mean ability.

The stranger had a most arresting face . . . a face to rapturously intrigue an artist or psychologist. Below the thick dark hair flecked with grey and the broad intelligent brow, it was a bolt-out-of-the-blue shock to realise that his left eye was half white and half black. The very dark brown right one was perfectly normal. The piebald eye made it extremely difficult to focus on both eyes, and when doing so, gave one an unpleasant sense of giddiness and qualmsiness.

Well preserved at his forty-five years, he walked an unhurried, upright, dignified gait with the lightness of step suggesting much time spent on the parade ground and athletic fields.

With the bushman's flair for singling out any distinguishing characteristic or idiosyncrasy, he was dubbed Piebald Pete: not very flattering perhaps, but descriptively efficacious.

Every three months the teamster's wagon snaked through the timber carting supplies to the cattle stations. As the newcomer was such a liberal paymaster, the team diverted to deliver his stores.

The loading was considerable. Apart from the bulk of flour, tea, sugar, condiments and preserves, there were imported luxuries from many countries . . . sugar-cured hams, smoked sides of bacon, a variety of Dutch Swiss, Danish and Swedish cheese, Spanish olives and cases of canned turkey, chicken and caviar. However, the supplies of provisions did not exceed the quantity of the cases of whisky, brandy, gin, vermouth, rum, vodka, and the champagnes and wines of many vintages and origins.

In all, the comprehensive assortment was more than sufficient to incite a gleam of anticipation in the eye of the most fastidious gourmet.

Harry Black was a big, uncouth man. Something of a blackguard, he wore a bushy black beard, so it was inevitable that he was called Black Harry. He was the complete antithesis of dapper, debonair Piebald Pete.

The amazing stories Black Harry told about his neighbour were so preposterous that they gained him the additional reputation of being a direct descendant of Ananias.

But Black Harry vowed solemnly he'd often crossed the river in darkness to spy on the newcomer. Without shame or conscience, he confessed he'd broken into the hut, ransacked the premises and read his neighbour's correspondence and documents.

The stranger's real name, Black Harry said, was Peter Cornelius Standish, and Englishman by birth.

In the huge trunk, he saw, were a number of fashionable suits for day and evening wear, together with shoes, ties, gloves, a gold-mounted cane and an officer's swagger-stick. There were several derby and felt hats. Protected in their own boxes were two top-hats . . . one of shiny black silk and the other a sporty grey.

Near the top, carefully folded, was a red Army mess-jacket with the insignia of a Major on the shoulders, and a dark blue pair of trousers with a double stripe of red down the seams. Beneath the uniform was an evening dress-suit of impeccable cut.

Peering through chinks in the bark wall into the lighted hut, Black Harry swore, he often witnessed his neighbour,

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in full military regalia, with a double row of miniature medals shining on his breast, march up and down the room. Repeatedly he'd stop, fill his glass, take three steps, click his heels and give a toast.

On other occasions, said Black Harry, a spotless white tablecloth would be spread, surmounted by gleaming silver with a setting laid for two.

Between a pair of tall candles, a large framed photograph of a strikingly beautiful woman was softly illuminated. She wore a white evening dress and her lovely neck was graced by twin loops of diamonds with a pendant of dazzling brilliance.

The whole scene was reflected in the large mirror beyond the table.

On these occasions, declared Black Harry, his neighbour would wear white tie and tails with the dignity of a Royal Master of Ceremonies. A broad, light-blue ribbon splashed across his immaculate shirt-front. Miniature medals shone on his breast. Below them glittered a large, many pointed star with an uncommon jewel scintillating beams of rainbow splendour.

Elegantly he mimed the greeting of a lady; her coat was removed, a chair withdrawn, and she was seated at the table. His lips moved in animated conversation but what was said, Black Harry couldn't hear.

Dress-suited, graceful as a swallow, with the flourish of a magician, a bottle of champagne was opened and two glasses were filled, twingling and foaming. With the exquisite charm of a courtier, one was placed before the invisible guest with a smile expressive of undying devotion. Black Harry wondered! . . . Raising his glass to the ethereal lady, the host drank deeply and refilled again.

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After the fourth bottle of champagne, Black Harry would see his neighbour cup his hands under his chin, and in the mellowed light of the candles, gaze steadfastly at the woman in the photograph. Without moving his eyes, one hand moved, the glass replenished, bubbling and sparkling raised on high, and the spangled liquid slowly disappeared.

This strange ritual would be repeated until the lights burned down to the silver candle-sticks, flickered, spluttered and died . . .

And the heap of bottles to the rear of the hut grew in wondrous size . . .

Peter Cornelius Standish, as Black Harry averred the stranger's name was, rose at dawn to feed the fowls, milk the goats and tend the garden. With breakfast over, all household chores were done to a strict schedule.

At 9.55 a.m. he checked his crocodile hunting outfit and packed it into a gunny-sack, together with two bottles of overproof rum and a white enamel pannikin. As he passed the running creek near the hut, he filled his water-bag with the clear water rippling over the smooth pebbles.

Striding freely along the narrow pad beside the river, his dog followed at his heels. The abject animal, reluctant, fearful, but faithful as only a dog can be, kept in his master's shadow.

Very soon they reached the crocodile hunting site which had proved so ideal. A wide stretch of sand at the water's edge gradually rose to a low ridge thirty yards away.

Walking up the rise, the hunter dumped his gunny-sack under the deep shade of a broad-leaved Leichhardt pine. Hanging the waterbag on a wire suspended from a low branch he sat down beside it. With his back against the tree he unpacked his bag.

First came a half-dozen waterproof wax-matth tins with hinged lids. They were about three inches long by one and an inch and a quarter wide. Opening the tins, he placed them six inches apart on his left side with the lids to the rear. Closing his eyes he measured the distance carefully with his fingers. Unerringly, his fingers closed on each tin in turn. Satisfied, he took six narrow thongs of tanned kangaroo hide and placed one lengthwise beside each tin.

Groping in the bag, he next brought forth a brass telescope, about two feet long, and a short metal tripod. From a cellophane bag he took a wad of cotton-wool and polished the lenses with meticulous care. When satisfied with the result, he picked up the tripod and worked it firmly into the ground immediately in front of him.

With a thin twig he measured and drew a diagram, three inches long, by an inch and a quarter wide, in the sand before him. Taking great care, he carefully trained the telescope on this small area and screwed it firmly to the tripod.

From the gunny-sack he drew out a long shark-line. At the sight of the white cord, the dog beside him whimpered fearfully and jammed his tail between his legs. His master spoke soothingly, gave him a reassuring pat, and led him down to the river.

Tied with wire to a tree on the river bank was a strong iron ring. One end of the shark-line was threaded through the ring and tied fast to the dog's collar. As the man made to return to his camp, the animal tried to follow, but by keeping the line taut, his head was kept close to the metal ring.

Paying out the line the hunter returned to his tree. To a stout stake driven firmly into the ground, he tied the cord, ensuring it could be instantly released.

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To the right of the telescope, deeply embedded, was a very strong forked branch of a tree. Beside this Y of tough mess-mate timber was a pyramid of round stones twice the size of cricket balls.

From the gunny-sack came a long band of rubber six inches wide. Tied to each end were short lengths of rope which were knotted to the two forks, forming a very serviceable catapult.

Checking all preparations carefully until he was completely satisfied, Peter Cornelius Standish sat down with his back against the tree. Taking a bottle of rum from the bag, he removed the cork and sloshed a generous measure into the white enamel pannikin. Sparingly diluting the potent liquor from the waterbag, he gave the pannikin a twirl and put it to his lips.

Completely relaxed, he crossed his legs, sipped frequently and waited patiently . . .

It was torture for Black Harry to wait for action from the other side of the river. For weeks he'd spied on his neighbour. He knew . . . he'd witnessed with his own eyes . . . that his rival had averaged six crocodiles per day. Black Harry cursed . . . he was lucky to get three a week.

Dividing the branches of the bushes, he drooled and rubbed the back of a hairy hand across his beard as he saw Piebald Pete tipping copiously from the white enamel pannikin.

For some time Black Harry had been sure that the telescope held the secret to the capturing of the crocodiles. He'd ordered one and it was due to arrive on the next team. Chewing his beard in frustration, he strained his eyes to follow every movement of his neighbour, whom he now looked upon as a special enemy . . . one to be defeated at his own game . . .

In complete relaxation, Piebald Pete gazed with rum-brightened eyes down at his dog at the river bank. Held fast by the shark-line, the dog's movements were restricted. The more loudly he whined, barked and howled, the more his master encouraged him. Estuary crocodiles were very partial to dogs . . . all animals and humans, in fact . . . but dogs seemed such easy prey when they roamed the river banks.

Attracted by the howls of the dog, the broad snout of a crocodile, without so much as a disturbing ripple on the smooth surface of the water, assumed the appearance of a piece of floating drift-wood.

As the terrified cries of the dog increased in volume, the crocodile's head rose higher and two, yellow-hooded eyes focussed on the tethered animal.

Unhurriedly, the saurian glided to the sandy bank and waded ashore.

On the wide stretch of sand, two stakes, fourteen feet apart, showed clearly. As the crocodile approached them, the hunter up on the hill watched closely. When he saw that the serrated monster exceeded the distance between the two stakes by over four feet, he moved to the large wooden fork in the ground and sat down near the heap of stones. Selecting one of symmetrical roundness, he placed it in the loop of the catapult and braced his legs.

Exerting his considerable strength, he stretched the rubber to a quivering tautness. Aiming through the wide fork he released his hold. The round stone flew from the manually operated mangonel with the speed of an arrow.

Describing a slight arc, the missile thudded on the soft snout of the crocodile. The huge monster reared backwards and scrambled back to the river, leaving a broad trail of blood on the white sand.

Rising to his feet, the marksman smirked and dusted his hands. Resuming his station at the foot of the tree, he reached for the rum bottle.

It was a half a bottle later before the next crocodile appeared and waded ashore. As it passed the stakes the hunter nodded in satisfaction as he noted that it was a shade under fourteen feet. He'd do admirably. Anything over that length was not wanted.

As the crocodile neared the howling decoy dog, Piebald Pete took a swill from the white pannikin and then untied the shark-line from the stake and felt the tension. The line jerked strongly as the dog fought to escape from the approaching danger.

A master of finesse, the hunter eased the line sufficiently to enable the dog to keep in front of the monster. The terrified mongrel scrambled pathetically towards the man on the hill.

Paying out the line, with judgment so perfect that the dog was always ten feet in front of the saurian, the hunter tensed as the crucial moment arrived.

Straining desperately on the line, the canine's paws digging deeply in the sand in his efforts to reach the protection of his master, the last ten feet were gauged to the inch and the line was released. The dog bounded forward and crouched whimpering behind the man.

With a hungry gleam of anticipation in its evil eyes, the monster advanced slowly . . . man or dog, either would be tastily acceptable . . .

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The hunter made an appreciation of the crocodile. It was of excellent length. The segments of the skin were of good pattern and texture and quite unscarred. It would fetch a high price and, one day, would brush the mink, ermine, silks and satins of the elite and fashionable ladies of high society.

Unhurriedly, almost imperceptibly, Pete put his left eye to the telescope. The piebald-eye focussed through the lenses to the small diagram drawn in the sand below him.

The hunter's years of experience had taught him that if you looked through the large, reverse end of a telescope, it miraculously reduced everything in size. This was so even with the normal eye. He'd found, however, that his abnormal white and black eye reduced it very much smaller again.

Patiently he waited until the crocodile was framed in the small diagram below the telescope. When it fitted perfectly, the hunter's right hand darted downwards. Thumb and fore-finger gripped the neck behind the wedge-shaped head and plucked the saurian from the ground.

Working with amazing co-ordination, the left hand picked up the first in line of the open match tins and held it under the struggling crocodile. As the right hand dropped the creature in, the fingers closed the lid with lightning-like snap. The crocodile fitted snugly.

There was a very good reason to reject any crocodile exceeding fourteen feet. The hunter had had great difficulty in severing the tail of an eighteen feet monster who couldn't fit into the match tin. The sharp lid had proved inadequate in cutting through the tail and quite a battle had ensued. With this lesson so dramatically taught, all over fourteen feet were fired on from the catapult and chased back into the river.

It was only a matter of seconds for the lid of the tin containing the captured crocodile to be tied down with a thong of kangaroo hide.

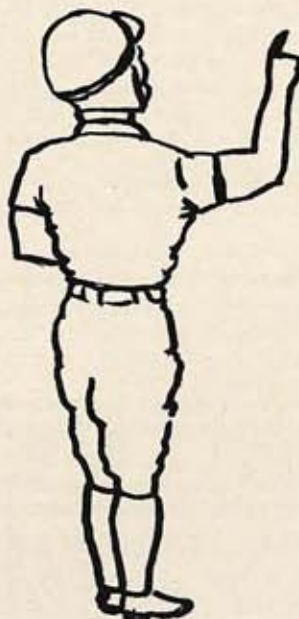
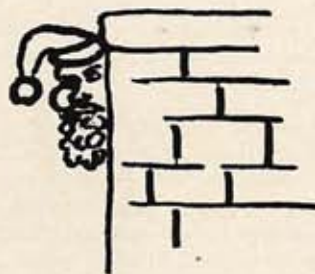
Carelessly, the hunter tossed the tin aside and reached for the white enamel pannikin.

At precisely 4 p.m. Peter Cornelius Standish placed six tins containing six crocodiles into the gunny-sack with the shark-line, telescope, tripod and white enamel pannikin.

The two empty rum bottles were catapulted far out into the wide river. With sack over shoulder, waterbag in hand and faithful dog at his heels, the hunter returned to his hut.

The six tins were dropped into the long trough of water. Crocodiles must come up to breathe. Encased in the tins

(Continued on page 48)



Peter Cornelius Standish

"I don't care who you are. Get your sleigh off that roof!"

they'd quietly drown. When the columns of tiny bubbles ceased, the kangaroo thongs were untied and the saurians allowed to float in the water.

In the sober light of dawn, with the crocodiles restored to their natural sizes, the valuable skins would be removed, cured and prepared for market.

Black Harry's telescope and tripod came on the next team. Excitedly he unwrapped the large parcel and gloated over the shining metal. Losing no time, he rammed several match tins, leather thongs, ring and shark-line into his pockets. With the telescope and tripod under his arm, he called his dog and hurried down the river.

Arriving at the site he'd selected as most suitable, he set up the telescope and tripod and laid out the tins and tethered his dog at the river as he'd so often seen his rival do when preparing for his operations.

During the long wait for a crocodile to appear, he checked and rechecked . . . the tins and thongs were in easy reach of his left hand; the telescope, secure on its tripod was focussed on the ground in front of him . . . everything was set out perfectly; Black Harry was sure of it.

He was dozing when the terrified howls of his dog made him jump. From the river snaked an eighteen feet long crocodile.

As the elongated monster crawled towards the dog, Black Harry paid out the line. The dog clawed the earth towards him with the huge monster following. With the dog cringing behind him, Black Harry put his eyes to the telescope . . . the small and correct end. He became petrified as the crocodile increased in size.

Desperately he tried to unglue his eye from the lenses. His last vision was of two gaping jaws, with rows of teeth as long as a bull elephant's tusks, enclosing his head. There was a nauseating exhalation, a crunch, and then . . . oblivion . . .

The trooper, on a routine patrol, found Black Harry's dog in a hopeless tangle of shark-line at the hut, but no master. Following the trail down the river he found the telescope, tripod, tins, thongs and the ring wired to the tree on the river bank. These caused some conjecture, but it was plain to see that Black Harry had been dragged from the ridge to the water by a large crocodile.

And the trooper couldn't do anything about that . . .

The unfortunate Black Harry had been observant in most things, but he'd not perceived that his neighbour had looked through the large, and wrong, end of the telescope, and had quite overlooked the abnormality of the piebald eye. Two very important things really . . . and in these things you had to be a perfectionist.

And, Peter Cornelius Standish, above all, *was* a perfectionist . . .

NEXT ISSUE :

Fictioneering with Vic Hall ("The Police Handicap"), Barrie Tiernan on "Bugles", plus "A Borroloolla Heroine" and plenty more besides.

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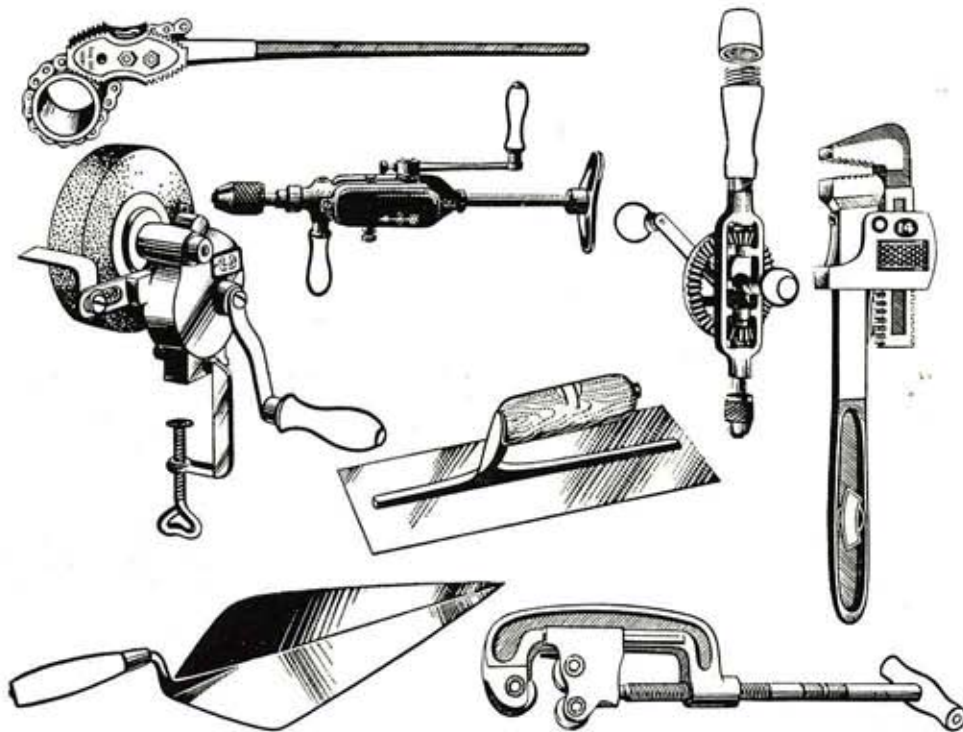
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