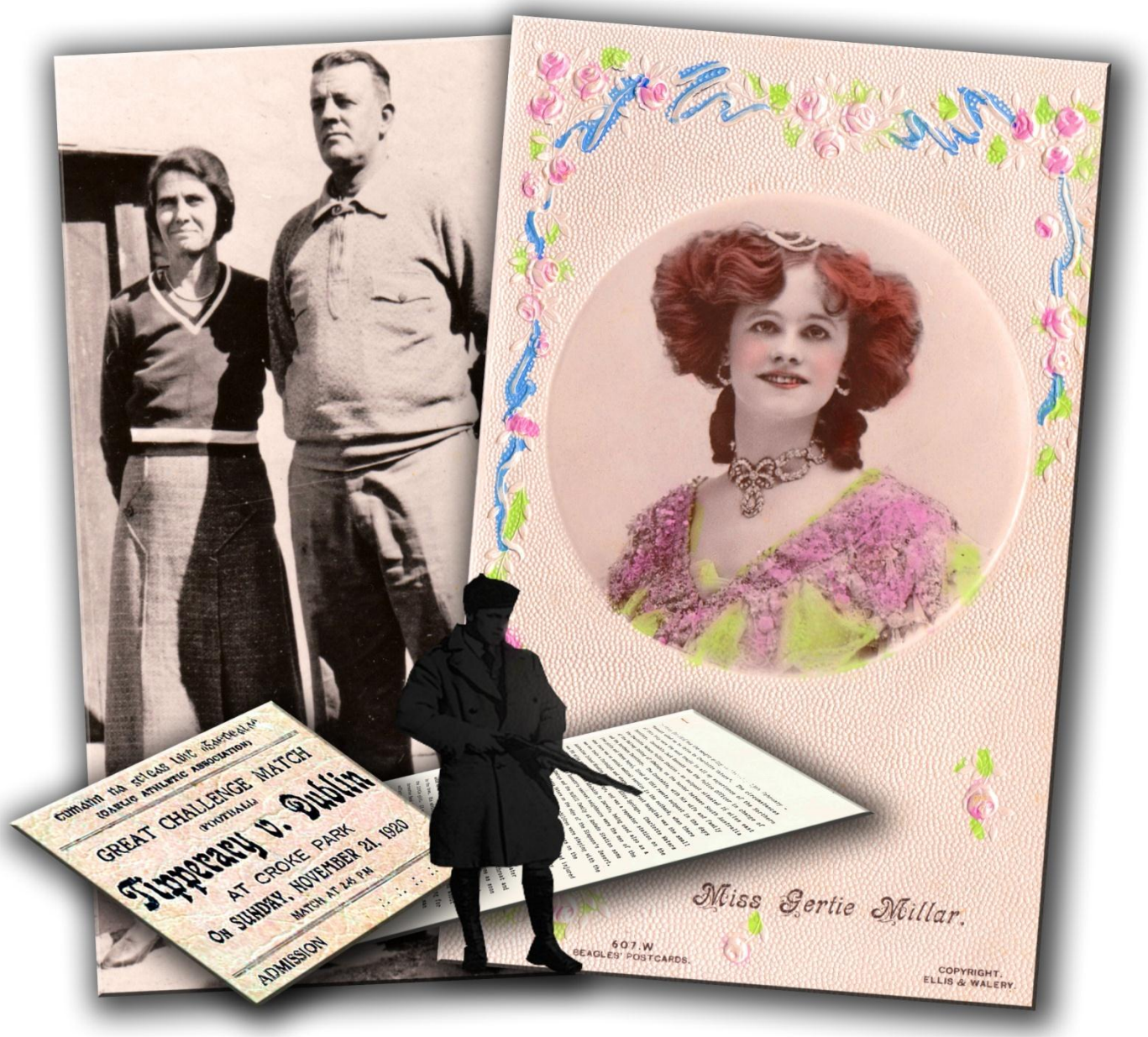
Citation

The Newsletter o f the Northern Territory
Police Museum and Historical Society Inc.
Issued November 2011

Bloody Sunday, Sunken Treasure & A Baffling Cold Case



ISSN:1839-390X (Print) and ISSN 1839-3918 (Online)

Police Pin Up Girl

While working in the police force doing mundane, seeming never ending paperwork with a quill, an officer's mind often strays to more pleasant subjects. To illustrate this point, cast your eyes over this glamour postcard sent by Phil to Dear Violet on 17/03/1912. Phil worked in the Police Depot, Petrie Terrace, Brisbane, and was "disappointed" that Violet had not sent him a postcard in the past few days. He asked her to give his "kind regards" to her parents and inquired how everybody was progressing at Gympie.

The famous British actress on the postcard, Miss Gertie Millar, who may have resembled Violet in Phil's fevered imagination, was said to have been one of the most photographed women of the Edwardian period. Gertie's first husband, composer Lionel Monckton, wrote many of the shows and songs which made her famous. After his death, she married the second Earl Dudley; a former Governor-General of Australia. The postcard was bought in a Brisbane antique shop and is from the Peter Simon Ephemera Collection.

King's English Turns Red

Written in red ink to draw the attention of all and sundry, the Darwin Police Station Day Journal entry of April 6, l952 contained strict instructions. Station Sergeant J. Stokes, wrote that all entries and official reports had to be written as instructed. American slang was not to be used; correct grammar and spelling – sometimes "mutilated" - were also necessary Abbreviations were not to be used. All numbers under 10, were to be shown in words, figures thereafter.

Spade Became A Husband Tamer

As expected, there are many unusual entries in old NT police Day Journals. Back in the 1950s, there were details of a domestic incident at Nightcliff involving a husband regarded as a reputable person until he occasionally got drunk and went "berserk". His wife laid him out with a shovel when he started to damage the kitchen crockery, according to the report. Police were called, and the groggy and dazed man was spoken to; he had gone to bed and was sleeping by the time officers left.

Further Major Dudley Surprises: "Bloody Sunday" & Embezzlement Charge

The Citation (May, 2011) revelation that the first Northern Territory Commissioner of Police, Major George Vernon Dudley, had deserted from the Royal Irish Constabulary (RIC), attracted considerable overseas and local interest. Most surprising was the follow up information that Major Dudley had been charged with embezzlement before he deserted. The fact that the commissioner had deserted came to light when a copy of the book, Royal Irish Constabulary Officers. A Biographical Dictionary and Genealogical Guide, 1816-1922, by Jim Herlihy, was purchased by the NT Genealogical Society for its reference library.

George Vernon DUDLEY

Herlihy, a serving officer (Garda) in Ireland, has written three books on the RIC and two on the Dublin Metropolitan Police. He contacted the NT Police Museum and Historical Society and said Major Dudley had been charged at a special court at Londonderry Prison on February 2, l922 with the embezzlement of 347 pounds 16 shillings and eightpence. He had deserted, and in his absence had been dismissed by the Chief of Police. Herlihy is currently writing another book on the Auxiliary Division of the Royal Irish Constabulary, in which Major Dudley was a member, and requested a photograph of the commissioner.

While building up contacts and buying reference books in the UK, the hard working secretary of the NT Genealogical Society, June Tomlinson, recently went to a conference in Ireland and met Herlihy. They discussed the Citation article which broke the news about Major Dudley. Herlihy, who believes the NT Police Force was modeled on the Royal Irish Constabulary, as were other colonial police forces, has a database of all 85,028 members of the RIC from 1816 to 1922.

He has kindly offered his assistance to the NTPMHS to help identify and confirm any links with both police force histories.

A journalist in Dublin also contacted the NTPMHS for information about and a photograph of Major Dudley for a book. He was able to supply further information about Major Dudley's involvement in "Bloody

Sunday," when 14 people were killed when police opened fire on the crowd at Dublin's Croke Park, the main Gaelic football ground, on November 21, 1920. The Bloody Sunday event, during the Irish War of Independence, began when the Irish Republican Army (IRA) set out to assassinate the Cairo Gang, a team of British undercover agents working and living in Dublin. Most were British Army officers, one a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary (RIC). In the raids 13 were killed and six wounded.

Later that afternoon the RIC opened fire on the crowd, numbering 5000, at the Croke Park football match between Tipperary and Dublin. British security forces and a convoy of police and auxiliaries had approached the park with orders to surround the grounds, guard the exits and search every man. A Wikipedia account says authorities later stated that their intention had been to announce by megaphone that all men would be searched and that anyone leaving by other means would be shot. But, for some reason, shots were fired as soon as the police convoy reached the stadium. It was later claimed that police had been fired on first by IRA sentries but this was never proven.

Police kept shooting for about 90 seconds and their commander, Major Mills, later admitted that his men were "excited and out of hand." Some police fired into the fleeing crowd from the pitch, while others, outside the park, opened fire from the Canal Bridge at spectators who climbed over the Canal End Wall trying to escape. Soldiers at the other end of the park saw panicked people fleeing the ground and an armoured car fired its machine guns over the heads of the crowd, trying to stop them.

It was stated that by the time Major Mills got his men back under control the police had fired 114 rounds of rifle ammunition and an unknown amount of revolver ammunition; the machine guns had fired 50 rounds. Seven people were shot dead-one a footballer; five were fatally wounded and another two were trampled to death. There were no casualties in the police raiding party.

The Wikipedia account says the actions of the police were officially unauthorised and were greeting with public horror by the Dublin Castle–based British authorities. In an effort to "cover up" the nature of the behavior by Crown forces, the following press release was issued:

A number of men came to Dublin on Saturday under the guise of asking to attend a football match between Tipperary and Dublin. But their real intention was to take part in the series of murderous outrages which took place in Dublin that morning. Learning on Saturday that a number of these gunmen were present at Croke Park, the Crown forces went to raid the field. It was the original intention that an officer would go to the centre of the field and speaking from a megaphone invite the assassins to come forward. But on their approach, armed pickets gave warning. Shots were fired to warn the wanted men, who caused a stampede and escaped in the confusion.

This official version of the massacre was ridiculed by the ***The Times*** and a British Labour Party delegation visiting Ireland at the time. The British Brigadier Frank Crozier, technically in command that day, later resigned over what he believed was official condoning of unjustified actions by the RIC auxiliaries at Croke Park.

Two military courts of inquiry were held into the massacre. One found that the firing of the RIC was carried out without orders

and exceeded the demands of the situation. The findings of the courts of inquiry were suppressed by the British Government until surfacing in 2000. One of the officers involved in the Croke Park episode was Major Dudley. It has been said that by the time Major Dudley reached the ground the worst of the incident had passed. One account said Dudley was directing traffic in the police convoy, Black and Tans from the leading vehicles rushed down the passage at the Canal End gate, forced their way through the turnstiles onto the field, and started firing rapidly with rifles and revolvers. Major Dudley's testimony at a military inquiry was described as "business-like." He was quoted as saying, "I went into the grounds and told everyone within hearing to put their hands up and keep still. From that time there was no shooting from my side of the ground."

It is understood someone is researching Major Dudley in Sydney, where he was crushed to death by a ferry in 1949; his time in the Royal Canadian Mounties is also being researched. It seems controversial Major Dudley is very much in the spotlight both here and overseas.

Grant Awarded – call for assistance

The Museum and Art Gallery NT has awarded the NT Police Museum and Historical Society a Grant to produce a physical and virtual exhibit covering a range of topics. As a result the committee met and readjusted the project guidelines and now it is time for work to begin.

The work required includes gathering of facts, images and footage, writing scripts and storyboards, exhibit handling, scanning, photography, filming, obtaining and preparing items for the physical display, creating display boards and printing as well as a host of miscellaneous tasks. If you have any time to give then it will certainly enhance how far we can take this project this year.

The virtual museum will include a number of video presentations on specific topics, an broader image gallery including a large section on exhibits we have no place to physically display at present. The virtual museum will be available on line and as a self-browse or guided tour on a large monitor that will accompany the physical exhibit.

The topics to be covered are: An overview of the history of NTP; Early police stations with a focus on Timber Creek and Borroloola with some key events in those regions such as the Nemarluk manhunt and the awarding of the Albert Medal to Neighbour; Aboriginal Police and Trackers; Police involvement in WWII and Police mounted patrols. These topics have strong links to each other and provide a bridge to other regional museum collections. The aim will be to produce a product useable by us and able to be relevant in those other museums as well.

This is an exciting opportunity and links in with a number of opportunities that may present in 2012. If you are able to assist please contact John Pini on 0409695060 or NTPMHS99@gmail.com. Further details will be posted on the website soon.

Harrowing Account of Police Family Tragedy

The diary of the late Anglican rector of Alice Springs, Reverend P. Smith, recalls the 1936 tragedy in which two children of Constable and Mrs Jack Kennett of Charlotte Waters died from diphtheria. Reverend Smith started the Diary account by saying his meagre entry for February 13, 1936 merely stated Constable Jack Kennett asked him to drive (from Alice) to Charlotte Waters – although only 33 kms south of the town it could take 5 days to reach because of treacherous sandhills. It continues …..

The circumstances of this trip were the most tragic in all my experience of the Northern Territory. Constable Jack Kennett was the police officer in charge of the Charlotte Waters Police Station — an outpost situated 16 miles east of the railway siding of Abminga, on the border between South Australia and the Northern Territory. The constable, with his wife and family (two girls and three boys), lived at this remote outpost in the days when there was no aerial medical service in the outback, when there was one train a fortnight and where the nearest hospital was the small Australian Inland Mission Hospital at Alice Springs. Charlotte Waters was 200 miles south of Alice Springs, and was a repeater station on the Overland Telegraph Line from Adelaide to Darwin, being used also as a police outpost.

The Kennett's nearest neighbours were the men of the railway gang at Abminga and the McDill family at Andado Station, some 70 miles west of Charlotte Waters on the edge of the Simpson Desert. At the time of this incident, two McDill children were staying with the Kennetts. Constable Kennett had come up to Alice Springs on the fortnightly train with his daughter Joyce (aged eight), who had injured herself and was in need of medical attention.

Jack and Mrs Kennett at Charlotte Waters.

Dangers and heroic efforts in Central Australia

She was treated by Doctor P. Reilly, the Government Resident Medical Officer. Mrs. Kennett had stayed behind at Charlotte Waters to look after the six children (four of her own and the two McDills), and to attend the repeater station. When Rosslyn (18 months) became ill, with a sore throat and bad breathing, she rang her husband and asked him to get home as soon as possible. So being without transport himself, he came to me and asked me to take him.

In the meantime, the doctor could not be found in the town. His advice was needed to ease Mrs Kennett's mind about the little girl. It was discovered that he had left that morning for Horseshoe Bend Station where he was called to attend a case of a man suffering from poisoning. He had gone with Claude Goelder in his utility.

Having agreed to take Constable Kennett, I had first to mend a back spring in my Ford V8 utility. This was a difficult enough job under any circumstances, but worse in a smothering dust storm. My friend, Vic Peace, was of great assistance in this work and having fixed the spring, we were ready to start out at 2pm. Our party consisted of Jack Kennett, Vic Peace, Sandy (the constable's Police Tracker) and myself. As usual my dog, Ditto, was in his place on the back of the utility.

The road used in those days was along the railway line through Maryvale Station, over the Depot Sandhills to Horseshoe Bend, then on past Old Crown Station (abandoned), through New Crown to Charlotte Waters. The only people to be contacted in those 200 miles (except the railway gangs which the road bypassed), were at Maryvale and Horseshoe Bend. There were massive sandhills for about 14 miles — high walls of sand which ran east/west and these were quite formidable for a car.

The north side of these sandhills was usually cut with the prevailing wind, so that driving south towards them we became faced with a sheer wall of sand anything up to six feet at the top. The technique was to let half the air out of the tyres as soon as we came to the sand country (and there was approximately 50 miles of sandy track). Then before we could attempt to charge the sandhills it was necessary to walk up on top to make a graded trail with a spade and if you had it (as we did not), to place lengths of coconut matting in the tracks for the wheels to grip.

At the first of these steep pinches we caught up with Claude Goelder and the doctor who had made several charges trying to dash over this sandhill known as Smith's Pinch and probably the worst of them. However, Constable Kennett was an experienced driver in sand and having made some careful preparation we got over without trouble leaving the other car to follow in our tracks. After sailing over eleven of these sandhills we came at dusk to Horseshoe Bend Station, which is nestled in a secluded spot on the bank of the Finke River, which in itself has wide sandy crossings (without water).

While we were having a meal, Claude Goelder and the doctor arrived. Just before we were ready to start off, Mrs Kennett rang to say the little girlie was worse and she was very worried. The doctor spoke to her over the phone and summing up the symptoms, said he suspected diphtheria and that he would go down to Charlotte Waters with us. In the meantime, the doctor had attended his patient, who had recovered from a dose of strychnine poisoning but complained of a pain in his shoulder.

This character was a man named Harvey, who was mining ochre near Rumbalara. The doctor discovered that he had a dislocated shoulder, probably-caused by being held by the arm by someone, twisting around suddenly when being in a fit as a result of the poisoning. The doctor was able to put his shoulder back and make the man comfortable before we sped into the night. After a few miles we came out of the sand country and then we had to pump the tyres up to full pressure but the track was better now, although it took us until 3am next morning to reach Charlotte Waters.

The all important thing was the little girl's health. The doctor quickly diagnosed her as a diphtheria case and dangerously ill. He advised her immediate transportation to hospital at Alice Springs. So after hurried preparations and a meal we set out on the return journey, an hour after we had arrived. This time Constable Kennett drove his own car and Mrs Kennett went with him nursing the sick baby.

I left my offsider, Mr Peace, behind to look after the other children, Jack, Jim and William and the two McDill children and the doctor came with me in my car. It was for us a day of misfortune. Before daylight we took a wrong turning and when the sun arose, discovered we were going west instead of north. We had already gone 30 miles out off our course and had to retrace our steps. In the meantime the other car had gone ahead and although we had a water bag full, all provisions, except a few tomatoes, were in the constable's car. Getting back on the right road and now travelling north, we were soon at, the Yellow Cliff's Crossing of the Finke River, which is about 12 miles from the Finke railway siding.

We did not know this at the time but here we were stuck fast in the loose sand and trying to pull out of the crossing. This was about 9 o'clock in the morning and there we stayed all day. Nothing we could do would shift the car, except to bed the back wheels deeper into the sand. At about 5pm, we decided to walk towards Horseshoe Bend, feeling sure that someone from there would come out looking for us.

The heat and the flies do not improve conditions for walking at this time of year and we had only a half a bag of water left. We walked on, resting every now and again, until midnight. The doctor thought it best to go on ahead as I began to knock up. He took a good drink from the water bag before he left it with me. It was moonlight and the road could easily he followed. From then on I walked and rested at intervals and was cheered on by the presence of my dog, Ditto.

Shortly after the doctor had gone on, I lay down in the sand and very foolishly used the waterbag as a pillow. I awoke from a restless doze to find water trickling down my neck and discovered that the cork had come out of the waterbag and it was now empty. As soon as it was dawn I was tormented by flies and increasing heat intensified my thirst. There was no water anywhere — only sandhills on both sides of the road. The little dog was panting badly but kept running ahead and then back! Every time I rested he came and looked expectantly at the empty waterbag. I was in no way apprehensive but only rather exhausted, but the thought of a young school teacher from Melbourne, who had gone out to Ayer's Rock on a motor bike and had perished, came to my mind. We had had this news only a week before we made this trip.

We heard subsequently that he had a heavy fall from his bike and had lost all of his water. By 9am I had walked so far that I thought Horseshoe Bend should be close,

but there was not the faintest clue that any habitation could be anywhere near, as all one could see was land— huge sand hills on each side and all sand ahead. Then I stumbled under the shade of a low shrub, exhausted and I must have slept for a few minutes with Ditto nestled alongside me.

I was awakened by the roar of an engine and was overjoyed to see the Horseshoe Bend truck coming towards me. My first thought was, — Thank God I won't have to walk any further‖. My legs were like lead. I was immediately given a spot of brandy and the dog had a cooling drink. But to my disappointment Mr Elliott said: — We'll have to push on to get the doctor over to Rumbalara to catch the train. He is rather anxious about Joyce Kennett and wants to get back to Alice Springs. Horseshoe Bend is just about a quarter of a mile away‖.

The doctor said that had got into Horseshoe Bend a half hour before and they were hurrying off to the train. He told me that Rosslyn Kennett had died in her mother's arms 90 miles from Alice Springs. The poor mother had to carry her lifeless babe to the journey's end.

I then walked on a few hundred yards and came on to the bank of the Finke which was steeply graded to its bed and there was the homestead —a welcome sight. I found that a — black boy‖ had a camel saddled and ready to go out looking for me. A rest and a meal put both Ditto and me on our feet again. But we had to wait until the truck came back to out and rescue my car. We had walked 28 miles and found we were much nearer to the Finke siding where we could have got help. Shortly after Gus Elliott returned the telephone rang and was Vic Peace calling to tell me that two of the boys had contracted sore throats and what was he to do. I rang Alice Springs and got the doctor who had not long arrived there. His instructions were to get the children up to Alice Springs as soon as possible.

So I contacted Charlotte Waters and told Vic to have the children ready and that I would go back for them as soon as I could. Gus Elliott then drove us down to Yellow Cliff's Crossing. I took four native boys and much tackle and with this aid it did not take long to pull my car out. We turned south again and made a new track across the Finke. This time Mr Elliott allowed Lazarus to come with me to help and guide. Near New Crown we met a car coming north and they had our party on board.

A man named Albey had called at Charlotte Waters and my friend had told him of their plight and he had no hesitation in bringing them on to meet me. So all transferred to my car and we turned north again and on to Yellow Cliff's Crossing.

By this time,it was dark and we wanted to take no risks with the sandy bed. So Vic and Lazarus lit flares and stood on the north side to show me the new crossing I had made earlier. In this way we had no trouble getting across and we sped on to reach Horseshoe Bend well into the night. After a brief rest we were up and on the road at daybreak. It was now Sunday, February 16th — three days since we had left Alice Springs.

Getting an early start we made good time over the Depot sandhills — easier to traverse going north so long as one was careful to push a track with a spade at the top of each, to avoid a sheer drop going over the top. The children with sore throats did not seem any worse but we were determined to push on as fast as we could. When we came to Alice Well we found Constable Kennett with two other men, one a telegraph linesman, named Botteril and Claude

Necker. They had come down the road to meet us, anxious about our safety. The constable's car, in which they had travelled, was immobile with a broken crown wheel. As the car could not he shifted, all crammed into my utility, five men, four children and a dog, and we got safely back to Alice Springs arriving at 12.30pm

Here we found that Joyce Kennett's condition had grown worse and she too had developed diphtheria. As these were infectious cases, the A.I.M. Hospital would not take them in and so she and the two boys with sore throats were tended by the A.I.M. sisters in a private house, that of Mr & Mrs Orr of the Commonwealth Railways.

Constable Kennett had arranged a charter plane to take Joyce to Adelaide and all those who had been in contact with the children were placed in isolation. Joyce, however, did not go to Adelaide as she became too ill to move and 24 hours later she passed away.

Outback tour operator A. Bond, far right, with planes

Mrs Kennett was also suffering and was treated for diphtheria. With good care and nursing, with which my offsider Vie Peace assisted, the boys and their mother recovered. The Methodist minister (The Rev. Harry Griffith) had conducted the burial service for Rosslyn in my absence. As I read the burial office over Joyce, the constable and I were the only ones who stood close to the graveside as the other mourners present had to stand three feet away because we were in isolation.

This is a factual account of a tragic occurrence and is far too much concerned with my own part in it. It does not and cannot take into account the anguish of mind which must have been undergone by the parents — a condition which only they themselves knew. But the whole incident serves to illustrate the difficulties under which people had to live and the dangers which had to be faced to pioneer our great outback before the days of the Flying Medical Service and the air radio network. In the little Church of the Ascension in Alice Springs there is a marble font given by Constable and Mrs Kennett and dedicated to the memory of Joyce and Rosslyn Kennett. Subsequent upon these grim days, other events occurred which I want to relate as a tribute to the medical profession which served the people of the outback before aerial services were inaugurated.

A week after Joyce's burial, Constable Kennett, having secured the services of a mechanic and obtained spare parts, requested me to take the party down to Alice Well (90 miles) to repair his car. George Nicholls came down with us and in a few hours had fitted a new crown wheel and pinion and the Pontiac was mobile once again. Men of the outback had to be self-reliant and ingenious and none more than those who had to do motor repairs far away from the mechanical aids of modern garages. It speaks volumes of men like George Nicholls (many of whom I have known and received help from on the roads), that this repair was efficiently and without waste of time accomplished and it was just as well too, because after months of heat and drought, this day which was Sunday, 23rd February, clouds suddenly appeared and light rain began to fall as we were returning to Alice Springs, which was reached by 9.30pm.

Good rains were falling all around. On Wednesday evening, Alice Springs had a heavy storm which yielded 250 points. By the morning the Todd River was a raging torrent. A wonderful rain had descended on the country and heavy falls were reported south and the Finke River was in flood. The line was washed away in places and there was no train in from the south. We heard that a work train had plunged over the washed—out approaches to a bridge near Rodinga and two railway men had been injured. The engine had rolled over on its side and was partially submerged in water. The stoker saved the engine driver by pulling him out of the cabin by the hairs of his head, which was all that was visible. One of these men had a broken limb.

The roads were impassable so Dr Reilly went down the line on a railway trolley to attend these men. They returned later on with the injured men. The doctor had placed splints on the engine driver's broken leg and had sat holding an umbrella over his patients to protect them from the incessant rain, which was falling as they returned to Alice Springs. On Thursday of that week, Jim Bird from Bush Park, came and asked me to go out to help bring in a very sick lady, Mrs Price. We went out to the end of the hills and found the ground very soft after the recent rains and as I thought I could not get along, we returned to Alice Springs to get chains for the wheels. We saw the doctor who said my car was not suitable for bringing a sick patient, so I had to abandon the idea of going out.

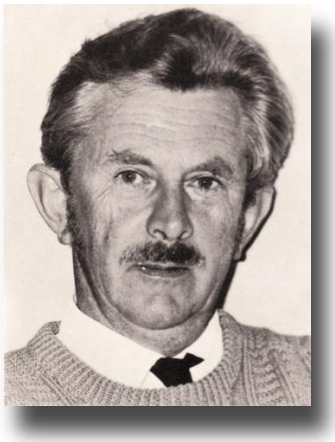
Mr. Bird went out then accompanied by the doctor and an A.I.M. nurse, in his own utility. Mrs Price's sons had brought her in to Bushy Park from Harper Springs and between Woodgreen and Bushy Park had to corduroy ten miles of the road through the mulga scrub to get through. The doctor found that Mrs Price was in a critical condition with a burst appendix (peritonitis) and the moving of her was a very risky business. However, it had to be done as he could not operate on her there. So they placed her on the back of the utility on a mattress and packed sandbags around her to stop as much movement as possible and slowly but surely made for Alice Springs and the little hospital. Those 60 miles must have been a nightmare of a journey for the patient. An immediate operation was performed on an improvised operation table and the lady's life was saved.

Service to the community such as this brought nothing but honour to the physician and reminded me of some words of wisdom in the Book of Ecclesiasticus: — "Give place to the physician for the Lord hath created him, let him not go from thee, for thou hast need of him".

TERRITORY BIKIE'S EXPERIENCES LED TO "SECRET EXPEDITION"

Past editions of Citation have run articles by New Zealand journalist and author, Ross Annabell, about his adventures in the Northern Territory when he was the proud owner of a motorbike bought from Constable Vic Hall. These stories covered his involvement in the great l950s uranium rush in the Territory, during which he joined a syndicate, went prospecting on the bike, and also covered the dramatic Darwin Airport rescue by NT police of Mrs Petrov from the Russian heavies wanting to fly her out of the country. These events were mentioned in his book, The Uranium Hunters. Now Ross has updated the out of print book with the intention to have it reprinted. It includes the surprising fact that his Territory experiences looking for uranium on Hall's bike resulted in him setting sail for the sub Antarctic with a flamboyant Canadian in another prospecting adventure. Ross has kindly offered the Northern Territory Police Museum and Historical Society the right to run a condensed excerpt from a new chapter dealing with the hunt for uranium on desolate islands.

I never expected to have anything to do with uranium after leaving the Northern Territory in 1955, but, quite unexpectedly, I got involved in a uranium search in the sub-Antarctic 16 years later. It came about through a chance interview with a Canadian prospector who turned up in New Zealand during the 1971 mining boom.



After leaving the Northern Territory I worked as a reporter for the ***Sydney Morning Herald*** and Queensland's Mackay ***Daily Mercury*** before taking on what I considered a dream job as a feature writer for Rotorua's ***Daily Post*** in the heart of New Zealand's volcanic region in 1961. Writing about volcanic eruptions, boiling mud pools, exploding geysers, commercial deer, pig, and possum hunting in a trout fishing paradise was never boring. But I still had so strong a nostalgic yearn for those exciting days during the 1953-55 uranium boom that I wrote a book about it, ***The Uranium Hunters***. It was published in Australia in 1971 as a new international uranium boom saw companies and individuals scrambling to peg claims and comb old mining dumps, shafts and regions in hopes of making a quick dollar.

My book had only been on the shelves for a few months when I heard rumours about a mysterious Canadian prospector and mining consultant, W.T. (Bill) Knox, who'd arrived in Taupo driving an expensive late model Jaguar, in company with an attractive blond French-Canadian wife. They'd settled in to a comfortable Taupo apartment, and the rumours started to fly as Bill began touring New Zealand's old mine fields, studying maps and taking out prospecting licenses in such places as Auckland's long forgotten copper mines, and gold fields around Coromandel Peninsula. I arranged an

interview and took with me a copy of my just-published book, in the hope that it might identify me as a kindred spirit and help to get him talking. It worked beyond my wildest hopes.

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After thumbing through the book, he began enthusiastically outlining his future plans. His next project was to find a ship to take him on a prospecting expedition to the far south Auckland and Campbell Islands, seeking tin, iron ore and uranium. He'd researched the islands' geological and mining history, assembled maps, and arranged some financial backing with R. A Brierley's company, Australasian Mining and Oil Investments Ltd (Amoil), which operated a West Coast gold dredge. He'd obtained prospecting and landing permits, but hadn't found a suitable ship and captain to transport the prospecting team to the sub-Antarctic. Greatly impressed, I mentioned that my cousin's husband, Berry Chant, a professional cray fisherman, owned two fairly large seagoing craft working the Chatham Islands, and might be interested.

To my astonishment, Bill said that if I could find him a ship, I could join the expedition and help with the uranium prospecting. It seemed long odds, but I contacted Berry immediately. He was too involved in the cray business to go, but recommended Wellington skipper Alan Aberdein, who owned a suitable ship and could be interested. I passed the information on to Bill Knox, and Captain Aberdein's 28m Picton was eventually chartered, and expedition personnel chosen. Departure was set for October 10, 1971, three months to the day after my interview with Knox in his Taupo home. True to his word, I was aboard. Expeditions to the Auckland and Campbell Islands were fairly rare events, and the Daily Post management had agreed I could go on full pay to gather feature stories.

Bill Knox had studied the geological and mining reports of both islands, and was convinced that Auckland Island, 320km south of New Zealand, could be worth prospecting for uranium and iron, because of the island's geological make-up, and a reported magnetic anomaly and compass variations around Shoe Island in the Auckland Group.

Geologist Richard Speight had mapped a sandstone conglomerate/granite contact at Auckland Island in 1909. A similar geological formation had been associated with uranium discoveries in Canada's Blind River field, according to Bill, and also in Australia's Alligator River region. Samples of tin (cassiterite) had been collected on Campbell Island early last century, and confirmed by a University of Canterbury sub-Antarctic expedition in 1909. Tin samples had been analysed from two places in Campbell Island, and Prime Minister Richard Seddon had been presented with a pure tin sample during a visit he made there.

New Zealand's Department of National Parks and Reserves, which administered both island groups in 1971, gave Bill official permission to land for three days on each group, under strict rules forbidding overnight camping, lighting of fires, cutting of vegetation, or killing or interfering with wildlife. To help reduce expedition costs, Captain Aberdeen was to conduct trial deep-water pot trapping of the huge spider crabs known to inhabit the sea floor around the Aucklands, in the hope that it might lead him eventually to a profitable fishing venture. In addition to the Picton's normal crew of five, expedition members included John Bradley, Professor of Economic Geology at Victoria University of Wellington; Captain H. I. Boyack, retired Marine Department officer, as navigator;

Denis Kelly, Amoil geologist representing R.A. Brierley's interests; John Clemance, a mining investor; and Bruce Bell, a geologist from Clemance's organisation, Adaras Investments.

Rumours of the expedition to Auckland Island had sparked media theories that we were going to hunt for the gold of the General Grant, wrecked there on May 14, 1866, with an estimated $2million in Australian prospectors' gold aboard. Reporters from Wellington's newspapers were hanging around the wharf the night we left, but we were forbidden to talk to them. One newspaper subsequently carried a story headed "Gold Search Under Wraps", claiming the Picton had been chartered by Neil Shirtcliff, of Porirua, to bring up the General Grant's gold, though several previous unsuccessful expeditions had failed to even find the ship, let alone recover any gold. Alan Aberdein told the media the trip was to search for the southern spider crab.

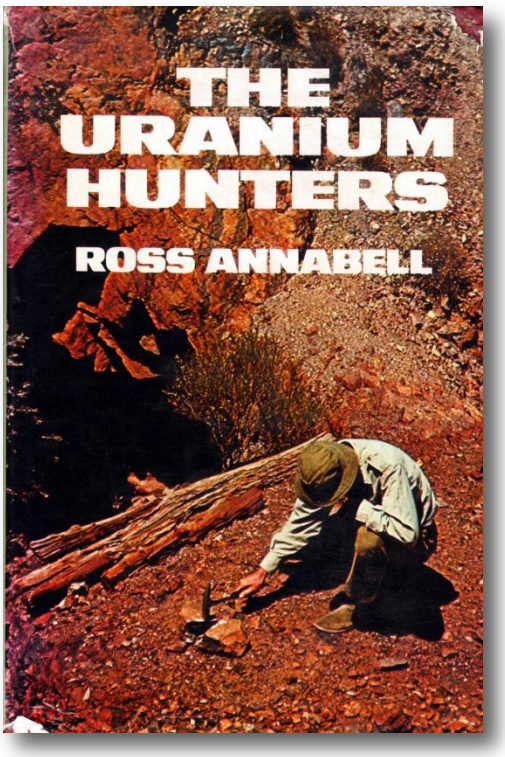
Rough weather kept us sheltering in the Christchurch port of Lyttelton for three days, but the run from Invercargill, the southern tip of New Zealand, was uneventful, and we anchored down in Auckland Island's Port Ross on October 17, after dropping crab pots off nearby Enderby Island. Auckland Island's only inhabitants were seals, giant sea lions, albatrosses, penguins and introduced wild pigs and goats, while Enderby Island harboured cattle and rabbits released there to help marooned sailors survive after the frequent shipwrecks during the sailing ship era in the 1860s. On October 18 Bill Knox organised a magnetometer survey of Port Ross Harbour for iron sands, but found nothing of value.

Auckland Island is a formidable sight. Most of the time we were there its 600m high mountain tops were shrouded in cloud, and its precipitous western cliffs, in places 365m high, were pounded by rough seas sweeping from the Antarctic. The volcanic Auckland Islands had a formidable shipwreck history. Port Ross, the site of a failed 1850 colonisation attempt and whaling station, is one of the few reasonably flat areas.

The first beach we landed on was swarming with seals and sea lions and a wild pig trotted off as we pulled the dinghy ashore---but firearms were forbidden. The wildlife, particularly the seals, took little notice of us at first, and I got close enough to stroke one sleeping seal until it woke up and took off with a snort. The rest of the huge colony of massive sea lions then began roaring and making short charges at us but seemed to be mostly bluffing. One big buck seal tried to chew the outboard's propeller until Denis Kelly and John Bradley chased it away. A monstrous sea lion nearly had Denis and I looking for trees to climb when it charged us with a roar while we were exploring the foreshore.

We made an early start next morning, picking up the crab pots after a 5.30am breakfast. As it was too rough to land on Enderby Island we cruised three hours south to Carnley Harbour, Auckland Island's largest inlet, where a narrow strait divides Auckland from its southern neighbour, Adams Island. There was no indication of radioactivity anywhere until we moved to Musgrave Peninsula, which juts out on the harbour's northern shore. I was carrying the scintillometer when it picked up radioactivity on the beach, going off scale on the 10 count, alongside quartz-bearing sedimentary siltstone conglomerate rock. The seam ran along the beach for quite a distance but we had to leave when the Picton arrived to pick us up.

The next day, our third on Auckland Island, the geological party returned to where we'd left off the previous day and continued along the beach in similar rock formation. At one spot the scintillometer recorded high counts on a small patch between two rocks in the tidal area of the beach. After lunch aboard Picton we returned to the "hot area" on Musgrave Peninsula for a further check. We landed at high tide near the two rocks, which were surrounded by water, to find one of them emitted counts of up to 80 on the scintillometer, double those we'd registered the previous day.



Further along the beach we found a cave, which contained evidence of human occupation. There were a couple of much-rotted bags of coal, an old windlass, several badly rusted 44 gallon drums, some wooden beams, an old blacksmith's forge and wood range, an ancient and well-rusted pick, and a wooden boat's oar. We got quite excited exploring the cave, thinking it had possibly been occupied by some forgotten shipwrecked mariners, but learned on return to New Zealand that it had been one of five World War 11 bases for coast watchers based on the islands to warn of possible occupation or visits by Japanese or German naval vessels.

In late afternoon, with the tide ebbing, Captain Aberdein was anxious to find an anchorage before dark. Bill Knox and Professor Bradley hurriedly broke off rock samples, including a big chunk of the most radioactive rock, which by then was surrounded by the incoming tide. We returned to the other side of the peninsular to be picked up in Picton's dinghy and taken aboard.

I was almost too excited to get to sleep that night, wondering if we really had found uranium. We wouldn't know until we returned to New Zealand and Prof Bradley had our samples analysed. Meanwhile, we were scheduled the following morning to leave for Campbell Island, and it would be weeks before we knew what we had found, if anything. We left for Campbell Island, on October 21, but although we roved over most of the island, the geologists found no economic mineral prospects. We left Campbell Island for New Zealand on October 25, heading into a storm warning advising small boats throughout the South island to seek shelter from expected 60 mph gales. With warnings of 100mph gusts further north, Captain Aberdein switched course to shelter in Port Chalmers, where all non-crew caught a flight to Wellington on October 27.

I soon had my nose to the grindstone writing feature stories about the expedition, but was ordered by Bill Knox to say nothing about uranium until the assays had been completed. On December 8, 1971, Amoil

issued a media statement announcing the discovery of a low-grade uranium prospect on the beach of Auckland Island's Musgrave Peninsula.

Official assays of the samples taken from the larger rock on the beach showed traces of 0.02 to 0.03% uraninite, described as "dusty secondary uranium crystals" The sample's uranium content was not of commercial consequence, and Bill said drilling would be needed to evaluate whether the 3m wide radioactive stratum of siltstone-conglomerate, extending for 240 m along the beach, had economic potential. Knox applied for a Crown reward, which the New Zealand government had previously offered for new uranium discoveries, but it was declined and negotiations with an overseas company to finance further investigations eventually lapsed.

Bill Knox returned to Canada shortly afterwards, disillusioned with New Zealand's complex mining legislation, and unenthusiastic attitude to prospectors. He said he believed New Zealand, with its similar geology to British Colombia, had a big mining future with possible discovery of some large base metal mines, if our out-dated mining laws were modernised. He claimed New Zealand's laws and complicated ownership of minerals deterred prospectors and almost totally discouraged serious investors.

The Crown later sent two geologists to Auckland to investigate the Musgrave anomaly, but they apparently failed to find our rock. Maybe it was covered by the tide during their visit. I began to suspect a cover-up when one of them told me years later that there was no uranium on Auckland Island, and that the radioactivity we'd encountered came from "granite rocks". I could not understand how NZ Government geologists could make that decision, as the beach was lined with siltstone cliffs. Neither Professor Bradley, who arranged the chemical assays and had a distinguished geological career at both Auckland and Victoria universities, nor Amoil, would have issued a bogus report.

For me the Auckland Island prospecting expedition eventually paid an unexpected dividend. In case our uranium "discovery" led to a mining boom for Amoil, I bought 200 shares in the company as soon as we got back to civilisation. Disappointingly there was no boom, but Brierley Investments eventually absorbed Amoil, and my 200 Amoil shares were exchanged for 50 Brierley shares. Without any help from uranium on Auckland Island, my shares grew over the years into a nest egg worth around $10,000 --- one of the best investments I ever made.

My experience as a prospector and journalist in Australia's Northern Territory made me suspicious about the New Zealand government's official attitude. Geiger counters and scintillometers don't lie. It seemed that the New Zealand Government simply didn't want any more fuss over uranium, which had been discovered in the South Island in May 1956, not long after the boom in the Northern Territory and Queensland. Uranium was found at Hawke's Crag, in the West Coast's Buller Gorge, and further south at the Fox River, and several companies began searching. The UK's Atomic Energy Authority encouraged the NZ Government to finance official investigations, but interest waned when the uranium content at all the sites was found to be too low to warrant mining. There was a further brief flurry of prospecting in the 1970s and at one stage, although no economic uranium deposits had been discovered, the NZ Government actually began selecting sites for potential atomic

power stations. I got quite excited when it was announced that land about a kilometre from a seaside shack I'd bought for recreational weekend fishing, on a remote part of the Wairarapa Coast, was one of two potential sites under investigation for possible construction of New Zealand's first atomic power station.

At last, I thought, I might make some money out of uranium after all, by selling my land at huge profit to atomic power station employees, or even the Government itself. But alas, the powers that be went cold on atomic energy and eventually passed the Crown Minerals Act in 1991, totally banning uranium prospecting, uranium exploration and uranium mining investment of any kind in New Zealand. Atomic power was out for keeps.

So Auckland Island's future seems safe from depredations by uranium miners, but it may become world famous for something of far greater help to mankind.

When Bill Knox's expedition landed on the Auckland and Campbell Islands both groups were administered by New Zealand's Department of Lands, which controlled the nation's parks and reserves. The Auckland group's only inhabitants were the descendants of animals originally introduced either for the welfare of shipwrecked seamen in 1807, by Maori who settled there in 1841, or in 1849 by a group of British would-be colonists who attempted to start a farming and whaling settlement they named Hardwicke, at Port Ross. They abandoned it in 1852, but left some of their farm animals behind.

The Lands Department eventually handed over the Auckland and Campbell Island jurisdiction to the Department of Conservation, which took a strictly hands-off attitude to commercial development. When we were there in 1971 both islands groups harboured introduced wildlife. The Auckland group's Enderby Island had one of the world's oldest surviving breeds of shorthorn-like cattle, landed in 1894 in a failed farming attempt, but still surviving into the 1970s without mankind's aid. They shared the island with a rare breed of French large blue rabbits which had flourished there since the early releases for shipwreck victims in 1865.

Pigs were released on Auckland Island by sealer Abraham Bristow in 1807, and possibly earlier by Maori settlers around 1840. Goats were introduced to the island in the 1860s, but never became very numerous. Although the introduced animals on the Auckland Group could have been valuable for scientific research, breeding and experimentation, the New Zealand Department of Conservation decided to exterminate the lot, along with thousands of wild sheep which had survived on Campbell Island without man's husbandry since 1931.

The Rare Breeds Conservation Society of New Zealand got wind of the department's extermination plans and arranged to capture some of the animals with a view to preserving the ancient bloodlines to maintain genetic diversity in livestock. They managed to rescue one cow and calf, some rabbits from Enderby Island, and 17 wild pigs from Auckland Island, before government hunters set out in the 1990s to exterminate all introduced species on both island groups by shooting or poisoning.

Fortunately for medical science, the Department of Conservation failed in its attempt to eliminate Auckland Island's entire wild pig population. Although many were chased by dogs and shot, the hunters

failed to eliminate the total pig population. Many escaped and continued breeding.

Meanwhile, medical research on the rescued pigs by Auckland-based Living Cell Technologies NZ Ltd (LCT) indicates their cells could eventually prove to be worth millions of dollars in terms of the treatment of type-1 diabetes alone, as well as other diseases.

The company is a global pioneer on research into life-changing cellular therapies for a wide range of diseases. Emeritus Professor Bob Elliott, medical director of Australian stock exchange-listed LCT says their world first-medical technique is huge potential for diabetes treatment.

Because Auckland Island pigs are totally free of infectious agents through their isolation from other pigs and mankind for 200 years, their cells can be transferred to humans without adverse reaction. The pigs are now potentially worth their weight in gold in terms of medical research. Living Cells Technologies has developed an insulin-producing cell which is taken from the pigs and successfully inserted into human diabetics with very promising results. The product, named DIABECELL, enables patients to produce their own insulin, instead of having to inject it regularly to survive.

The research break-through was unfortunately delayed by a New Zealand Government edict in 1996 prohibiting insertion of pig cells into humans. The prohibition was lifted in 2008. The first New Zealand patients, treated on October 6, 2009, almost immediately began developing their own insulin, allowing them to require a much-reduced insulin dose. More patients have been given the revolutionary treatment in New Zealand, Russia, and Buenos Aires, Argentina, with exciting results, and many more volunteers are eagerly awaiting treatment.

Professor Elliott says that if the treatment continues to be successful, it could enable the production of "millions of dollars" worth of DIABACELL. There are an estimated 240 million diabetics worldwide -- and type-1 diabetes is one of the world's fastest expanding diseases. Fortunately there is no shortage of Auckland Island pigs, because DOC's pig extermination plans have failed.---- there are still many wild pigs running free on Auckland Island. The original rescued 17 have been breeding in a special, totally sealed, ultra-clean, germ-free environment in Auckland and Invercargill. There are more than enough in the captive group for current requirements.

The DIABACELL implants are live islet cells taken from the pancreas of the specially bred piglets and wrapped in a seaweed gel so that they do not trigger harmful immune reactions in patients. Implanted in the patient's abdomen, the pig cells secrete insulin.

Type-I diabetes occurs when a person's immune system destroys the body's insulin-producing cells. It affects 5% to 10% of the world's diabetics. The disease is associated with kidney failure, blindness, nerve damage, life-threatening cardiovascular disease and limb amputations. The first New Zealand patient implanted with pig cells was able to reduce his daily insulin dose. The man, aged 48, had suffered type-one diabetes for 20 years but dropped his daily insulin injections by 30% while maintaining his usual blood glucose levels.

Another 11 people have since been treated at Auckland's Middlemore Hospital with the implants. LCT has about 60 pigs farmed in quarantine at Invercargill for their tissues,

and more at a site on Auckland's North Shore, all descended from the original pigs brought back from Auckland Island. The Argentinean trial approval follows a positive assessment from New Zealand's data safety and monitoring board of the first 12 patients to receive implants in New Zealand.

Ironically, New Zealand's Department of Conservation is still fixated on eliminating Auckland Island's wild pig population. A Landcare Research journal published an article in its February 2011 edition documenting its latest research on extermination techniques for the island's remaining pigs. DOC scientists attached telemetry collars to 15 of the island's remaining pigs to try to assess the pig population's roving habits over the island's 46,000ha. They concluded that the most successful extermination technique would involve poisoning, trapping or shooting the population when the pigs migrate to the higher tussock-clad regions in summer.
The Department approached the NZ government for a grant of $13m to fund the pig extermination, but it was declined, and pigs continue unmolested on the island.

LCT's Professor Elliott is not too worried about their continued survival. "If DOC ever get around to trying to exterminate them --- which I really doubt --- I'm sure they would consult us because we have an agreement with DOC that we have access to these animals. I think they are just researching ways by which they might go about extermination. They have been tracking some of the animals and trying to find out how they might go about it, but they are a long way from doing it. I think the New Zealand government is well aware of the potential financial benefit of those pigs--- that they could be worth millions of dollars."

Professor Elliott says they haven't found pigs anywhere else in the world with such a remarkable degree of absence of any form of infection. LCT is also researching ways of curing or treating other diseases such as Parkinson's disease, stroke, and Alzheimer's disease with Auckland Island pig cells, using the same techniques as for diabetes. They use cells from the interior of the brain of week-old male piglets, to stimulate a stroke-damaged brain to re-grow and repair itself.

"We haven't experimented on humans yet for Parkinson's but we have done the last step, involving monkeys. That's just about finalised and is looking very exciting. The next step will be a human trial. So there is a huge potential----it is enormous. We won't stop there either. There are other cell types we will be very interested in for their cells--- kidney cells, bone cells, a whole raft of things which are potentials for the future."

If their project takes off, will LCT be able to breed enough pigs to meet demands?" Oh yes. Our Auckland Island sows breed two and a half litters per year, with an average of about seven piglets per litter, and we only use the male piglets for research. We keep about eight females per sow per year as breeders, so we can increase the herd eightfold every year. They are kept in special breeding facilities to ensure they remain clean, out of contact with the outside world, virtually in an almost human-free environment."

So they're not worried if demand for Diabecell takes off and DOC goes ahead and kills all the pigs on Auckland Island? "We would be unhappy if they did, in case some disease got into our herds here, and we were unable to go back and get more pigs from Auckland Island, but it would not be the end of the world. We have two baskets of eggs, our breeding facility in Auckland, and

another in Invercargill, both pretty small, but if anything went wrong our fail safe resource is the animals down in the Auckland Islands. So we would be very disappointed if DOC went ahead with extermination. The economic value of those pigs is enormous."

"But Auckland Island is a pretty inaccessible spot, and the pigs are pretty smart. Unless DOC finds a fancy way of extermination, I can't see it happening without huge amounts of expense. I can't see them getting $13 million out of the government for killing pigs on a remote island, particularly when New Zealand's Prime Minister John Key knows the value of those pigs. he knows all about our entire project."

Unfortunately, the rescue of Enderby Island cattle was not as successful as the pig project. In 1991 DOC killed most of the estimated 53 cattle on Enderby, including all the bulls. Sperm was collected from 11 bulls, but breeding attempts failed, using the saved bull sperm and oocytes collected from the cows. When it was later reported that several animals had survived the original slaughter, Dr Mike Willis led a last ditch expedition in 1992 to try to save the breed. He managed to capture one cow, which he named "Lady", and a calf that the killers had missed, and brought them back to New Zealand. The calf died, but Ag Research scientists managed to clone several calves from the cells of the one survivor. The first-born, named Elsie, became the world's first cow to be cloned. Further breeding successes followed, and New Zealand now has a small, but naturally producing herd of Enderby-origined cattle.

Dr Willis also captured 49 rabbits, which members of the New Zealand Rare Breeds Society are breeding from. The Enderby rabbit population, estimated at around 5000 to 6000 before the slaughter, is believed to have descended from the French Blue strain. He says the captive rabbit population is struggling to maintain numbers, having proved difficult to breed. There are still less than about 100 breeding Enderby rabbit females left in New Zealand.

Earlier, in 1972-73, an ecological study was made of the small Auckland Island goat population, living in an area on the northwest side of Port Ross. Scientists concluded that the population was in decline because they were eating out the only sustainable food, which was being replaced by inedible woody vegetation. Ecologists said the herd was the world's most southerly population of wild goats, and recommended against slaughter because they believed the herd was doomed anyway.

In 1986, a Lands and Survey Department expedition collected 11 goats, which a Lincoln University animal science group found were genetically different to New Zealand feral goats, had larger frames, and under intensive farming could potentially produce offspring of exceptional size.

They recommended further study as a potential source of new genetics for production of cashmere fibre under good nutrition and selection. They found that the herd was physiologically adapted for survival in a harsh climate, having evolved for over 100 years, and could be genetically useful in the event of future changes in farm requirements. In 1987 the famous French scientist Jacques Cousteau and his research vessel Calypso took part in a joint rescue bid with staff of New Zealand Lands and Survey Department, the New Zealand Navy and the New Zealand Fisheries Research vessel James Cook. They captured 56 goats out of an estimated remaining population of about 100. Thirteen of the captured goats died. The rest were taken to the South island and

grazed by Land Corp. Subsequently, the bucks all died, and the nannies died after failing to breed.

In 1992 the Minister of Conservation decided to ignore the scientists' recommendations and DOC exterminators shot all the remaining goats on Auckland Island. None survived and the herd was declared extinct in 1999. So the world's potentially most valuable porkers now have the island to themselves.

Merry Christmas – Anthony's Lagoon 1934

Hugh DEVINEY (kneeling with his dog "Lassie") poses with Mary DEVINEY and other revellers on Christmas Day at Anthony's Lagoon in 1934.

McMAHON INJURED

Sorry to hear well known former police officer, Graham McMahon, suffered a broken hip in a fall while camped out near Tennant Creek. Graham, who has contributed much to the NT way of life over many years, in diverse areas such as sport, protecting the environment, prospecting and honouring Aboriginal Trackers, will be the subject of an article in the next Citation.

How To 'Moider' A Judge's Cat

If cats really have nine lives, then this story deserves to be retold, perhaps for the 99th time. It deals with an event when Darwin police were requested to end the life of the aged cat of Mr. Justice (Rudolf) Martin Chemnitz Kriewaldt of the NT Supreme Court. Naturally, the story has been told with great gusto over the years. However, with the passage of time, the episode has now taken on the status of a cold case, because the officer said to have ended the cat's life, now living in retirement overseas, has vehemently denied he was executioner.

Judge Kriewaldt

A member of the NT Police Museum and Historical Society, who aims to break the bank at Monte Carlo, was about at the time and paints a vivid catty account of the event. He said police were called to the Kriewaldt residence to put the feline down for Mrs. Kriewaldt. It may have been at the time when Judge Kriewaldt became ill and was flown to Adelaide, where he died soon after. Two officers, armed with a gun, drove to the residence. The pussy seemed placid so was placed on the lap of a one of the team. All went well until the car was started up and began to move along, the cat took fright, erupted like a mountain lion and badly scratched the arms of the officer, who turned into the Boston Strangler. The body was deposited at a dump in the Botanical Gardens area, according to the person who helped Citation with our investigations. When the officer got back to the station looking as if he had been mauled by a Bengal Tiger, blood over his clothes, his colleagues, as expected, took him out for a hair of the dog so that they could get the full details and express sympathy, in between painful laughing, for his wounds.

Purely in the interests of checking the facts about his case, strangely not listed in RSPCA files, Citation recently discovered the officer-emphatically identified as being the one who finished off the cat- had form as a serial killer of feral felines when he was relieving at Anthony's Lagoon. It seems he could have made himself a Davy Crockett hat and a cape with all the wild cats he shot. A policeman's wife was reportedly mortified when she returned with her husband to Anthony's Lagoon and found the cat population greatly reduced.

DARWIN GROG TREE IN SALOON BAR HALL OF FAME ?

Word has come through that the Darwin City Council is looking at the possibility of erecting a plaque in memory of the Grog Tree, on the Esplanade, around which liquor confiscated in court cases was poured. The May 2011 edition of Citation ran an illustrated article about the grog tree, forgotten by modern Darwin. It pointed out that while a nearby steel pole was titled at a drunken angle by Cyclone Tracy, the grog tree, minus all leaves, was still upright.

HONDA 350 MOTORCYCLE EXHIBIT

For those following the story the NT Police Museum has been donated an ex-NT Police motorcycle that was purchased and restored by Brenton Hollitt from Adelaide. Brenton purchased the motorcycle for $200 when he was in Tennant Creek 20 years ago and has progressively restored it since that time. Recently he donated it to the museum and rode it most of the way here to do so.

The Honda in the NTPMHS driveway.

It is a CB350E made in 1967 and it has 12,076 miles on the clock. Details on the motorcycle are being added to the website where it has its own page.

Along with the other projects presently under way there is a desire to develop this fine machine into a moveable exhibit. Graham Rees (RPANT) and John Bell (recently added to the committee of the NTPMHS are both past riders and have already started to provide information and images that can be used to help create the exhibit. If you have any images, items or information about NT police motorcycles then you can help with this project.

Brenton Hollitt contrasts the old and new machines.

Here is a great chance to get involved in a project to upgrade the public exhibits maintained by the museum. If you are able to assist with this project contact John Pini on 0409695060 or johnpini@bigpond.net.au

WANTED – James J. Mannion

The website homepage has short snippets of current events and requests for information. If you have news to spread or are chasing information this is a good way to do it. The site is getting over 20 visits per day and has been steadily increasing since inception a little over a year ago. Our biggest need is content writers to build the site more quickly.

Currently we are seeking information and images relating to James J. Mannion. He was involved with the inception of the NT Police Association and this is being sourced for an honour board to be produced by the NT Police Association.

There are lots of other projects underway at present including the exhibit grant mentioned previously. There are plenty of jobs to be done and they can be rewarding and stimulating. Contact us if you are able to assist in any way.

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Editorial panel: Saus Grant, Peter Simon
ISSN: 1839-390X (Print), 1839-3918 (Web)

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