



CITATION



The NORTHERN TERRITORY POLICE MAGAZINE

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CITATION

The Northern Territory Police Magazine



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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

Constable W. J. Jacobs setting out to lead a recent street parade in Darwin.

Photo "blown up" by Jim Dewey (from one of the Editor's colour slides)

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And The Editor Says . . .

OUR first thoughts on this first issue of the first Northern Territory Police Force Magazine are mixed indeed. There is a good deal of pleasure and some satisfaction in launching the thing at all — but a deep, dark fear, also, that it may not be up to scratch and, therefore, might have been better left unborn.

Primarily, it is our aim to produce a magazine that will be of real interest and give genuine entertainment to both serving and former members — compiled principally by their efforts. There have been a few unexpected silences, but an overwhelming mass of moral and actual support— so we think we have hit on something that appeals, and only hope that we can produce the goods to the satisfaction of all. We hope, too, that the magazine will be capable of working its way out amongst the population at large.

The idea for such a publication has been drifting about for years in the Editor's head (thus disproving one theory at least about the contents thereof). The available sources and variety of suitable material to keep the magazine going were checked very closely, and we feel that there are no substantial worries there.

As a guide the Editor took particular notice of the British South Africa Police Magazine "Outpost" and the fine set-up and consistent standard of that publication finally inspired the moves which led to official approval being obtained from the Commissioner, a most heartening response from present and former members alike, and a very generous reaction from business firms in the matter of advertising.

For a long time, we must admit, "Outpost's" brief note of welcome to this new Police Magazine looked like being the sole literary contribution! Some very deep, scientific calculations were carried out to find out how to set that letter up in the most appealing manner possible in the middle of thirty or so blank pages. Fortunately, after the first dead silence, contributions began to flood in.

With the ship all ready on the slips and the champagne bottle poised in mid-air, we were confronted with a terrible dilemma — No Name! And what seemed at first a simple matter eventually had even the most staid Policemen tearing their hair out. The result, frankly, is not really satisfying. We think it calls for ordinary lolly water rather than champagne — but it's ours now and we will stay with it.

Suggestions were numerous and varied, and in some cases quite artistic, but not quite fitting. There were others, too, that were neither artistic nor fitting! One contributor worked out that as we were a Commonwealth body and the magazine was more or less inspired by "Outpost", the end result must be "Compost"! Another, off beat, suggested "The Bow Street Runners' Rag" and provided a musically-inspired cover design to go with it. "Outback" was a frequent and logical suggestion, but we are now at a stage of development when the term "Outback" has lost a good deal of its old flavour of isolation. After all, we now have two-thirds of a European and one-third of an aboriginal for every twelve square miles or so of the Territory!

Anyhow, we've done it now, and we leave it with you — together with our very best wishes to all for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

FIRST COMMISSIONER FROM RANKS

Appointment of C. W. Graham makes History

THE Northern Territory has enjoyed Police protection continuously ever since Sub-Inspector Paul Foelsche and six Constables landed in Palmerston (now Darwin) from South Australia in January, 1870. Foelsche and his successor, Inspector Waters, were, of course, answerable to the Commissioner of Police in Adelaide. After the Police came under Commonwealth control in 1911, the Commissioner was always a transient occupant of the civilian post of Government Resident, or, as it is now known, Administrator.

With the exception of F. C. Urquhart, who had become famous with the Black Police in Queensland, and was later Commissioner of Police in that State, few of the civilian Commissioners could be said to have had much real practical knowledge of Police work. For a three-year term in the mid-twenties the Government suddenly appointed a Commissioner other than the Administrator, when Major G. C. V. Dudley — a soldier and a former Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman — took over the position. On his departure, the old system resumed.

The head of the Force gradually had his status raised, nominally at least, when the position was reclassified from Inspector to Superintendent and, in 1960, to Deputy Commissioner.

On 1st July this year, however, the Force achieved something which members felt should have been brought about many years ago. On that day, for the first time in the 94-year history of the Police in the Territory, a serving member was appointed Commissioner. The appointee is Clive William Graham, who joined the Force thirty-two years ago — on 7th November, 1932.

Clive Graham is himself the son of a Policeman, his father having retired from the New South Wales Police Force with the rank of Inspector.

Born in Sydney in 1908, one of a family of seven, he was educated in various country schools, mainly in the remote areas of New South Wales, and finally at East Maitland High School.

From 1925 to 1930 he served his apprenticeship in electrical engineering at B.H.P. Steel Works, at Newcastle. In 1931-32, during the Depression, he was "on and off" several times as an electrician and electrician's labourer with B.H.P., had jobs with several electrical firms, and for a while was self-employed hawking household goods around the Sydney suburbs.

He applied for a vacancy advertised in the Northern Territory Police Force in 1932 — and so did a hundred others. He was the one selected and was appointed to the Force as a Mounted Constable on 7th November, 1932.

At that time the Force consisted of less than forty members, including the Superintendent and four Sergeants.

He became a Sergeant himself in 1942, Senior Sergeant in 1949, Inspector in 1952, Superintendent in July, 1956, Deputy Commissioner in July, 1960, and Commissioner in July, 1964.

On 1st August, 1933, Mounted Constable McColl was killed by an aboriginal's shovel spear during Morey's Caledon Bay Patrol. When Mounted Constable Morey returned to Headquarters to report the matter, it was decided



The Commissioner of Police, C. W. Graham.

to place a small garrison on Groote Eylandt in case of more serious trouble from the natives.

Mounted Constable Graham went back to Groote Eylandt with Morey, and, with Mounted Constables V. C. Hall and J. J. Mahoney and four Trackers, a Police Camp was set up. They remained there until the end of April, 1934. He then took up duty as Superintendent Stretton's Police Clerk until April, 1935, when he was transferred to Alice Springs. For the next two and a half years he spent periods alternately at Alice Springs and Tennant Creek — then quite a lively place. One of the regular duties there was the escorting of gold bullion over 320 miles of bush road per truck to the Bank at Alice Springs.

In 1937 a wolfram boom led hundreds away from Tennant Creek and other places to Hatches Creek, and in September, 1937, Clive Graham opened the first Police "Station" there — a couple of tents plus bough sheds, the universal building scheme at Hatches. In July (that ubiquitous month!) 1938, he married Miss Jane Hayes, of Undoolya Station, a daughter of a very widely-known family of cattle-raising pioneers, and took his bride to the canvas and bough mansion at Hatches. Later that year he was transferred temporarily to Barrow Creek, and in July, 1939, to Finke. In July, 1940, he went to Rankine River and in July, 1942, to Anthony's Lagoon. From February, 1944, to the end of 1950 he was in Darwin almost continuously; thence Alice Springs until 1954; then back to Darwin, where he has been ever since.

Whilst at Alice Springs in pre-war days, he carried out a number of Camel Patrols. On one occasion he travelled with camels from Alice Springs to Glen Helen to investigate cattle stealing. After borrowing the suspect's horses to muster the stolen cattle and have them driven in to Alice Springs, he arrested the offender and brought him in by camel. On another occasion, in January, 1936, he had to search the Ayers Rock country for a missing Victorian, who — very rashly in those days of really rough bush roads, no garages and isolated homesteads — had ridden a motor-cycle out to get photos of the Rock. When the motor-cyclist was eventually found, he had been dead about thirty days. The motor-cycle was standing, with the back wheel half-buried in sand. There was some petrol left and it was later ridden away from the spot. The motor-cyclist was buried where found.

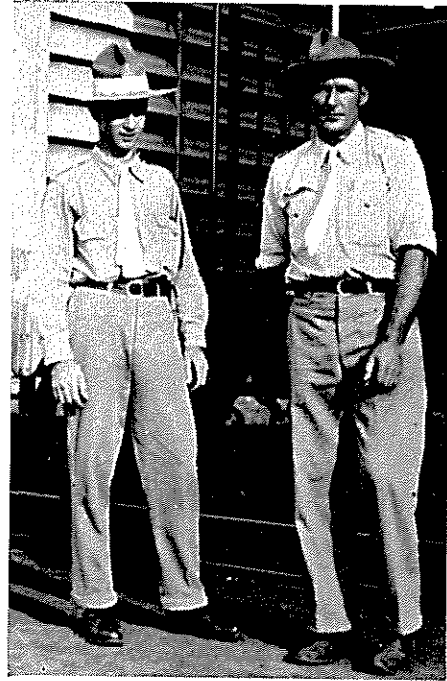
Whilst he was a Sergeant at Anthony's Lagoon he led a horse patrol of well over a thousand miles in the Nicholson River area, accompanied by Constable (now Chief Inspector) Bowie and a Queensland Policeman, Constable Chapman. The purpose was to investigate cattle stealing and other matters, and the reason for the Queensland Policeman being with them was the fact that the patrol route was in and out between the Northern Territory and Queensland, along the border.

They caught one cattle-duffer red-handed, and found him quite talkative about his thieving exploit. This was because he believed he was on the Queensland side of the border. After he had convinced them of this and jokingly told them what bad luck it was for the Northern Territory Police to find him just outside their jurisdiction, Sergeant Graham said, "Well, it's bad luck for you, too, you know. Let me introduce Constable Chapman of the Queensland Police".

They came upon another suspect's camp in his absence, but after sitting down quietly for a couple of days, they were able to welcome him home as he rode in with a mob of stolen cattle.

Whilst at Anthony's Lagoon, Sergeant Graham was the principal Police figure, as arresting Officer and lower-Court Prosecutor, in another prominent cattle-stealing case at Eva Downs.

"Shopping Centre", Hatches Creek, 1938.



Mounted Constable Graham (left) with M. C. Ted Morey leaving Darwin in 1933 to travel to Groote Eylandt (train to Mataranka, horses to Roper River, thence by boat).

He was Police Prosecutor in Darwin on many occasions. One case he handled was the famous "Drums Case", a few years after the war. It went on for months and months and the pile of 44 gallon exhibit drums practically filled the corner block where the Works Department car park is now. The huge stack of drums was the most prominent piece of architecture in Darwin — and at that time it was also probably one of the best!

The Grahams have three daughters — Margaret and Eleanor, both married last year, and Pamela. They live at Myilly Point directly overlooking Mindil Beach — and that must be a much better prospect than Hatches Creek could ever offer.



"BRIDGIE" (By F. D. DEANS)

RAYMOND REECE BRIDGLAND joined the Northern Territory Police Force in 1915 as a Mounted Constable after four years' service in the South Australian Police Force.

He arrived in Darwin aboard the *Okwanta Maru* and was billeted in the old Darwin Police Station Headquarters on the Esplanade (taken over by the Navy during the last war and still used by them).

The 523,000 square miles of the Territory was policed by a Force of just 20 men. Inspector Waters was in charge with Sergeant Burt 2nd I/C. Lone bush stations of this vast Territory strung out from Borrooloola in the Gulf to Timber Creek in the west; and down to Alice Springs in Central Australia, where Sergeant Robert Stott (father of S/Constable Gordon Stott) was in command with 3 Constables.

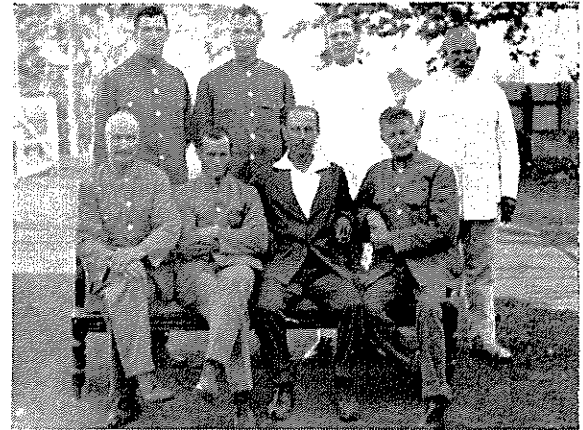
All this — in the days before pedal wireless, aeroplanes or motor cars (the first Police vehicle was a Ford utility, in 1924).

The Constables in Darwin slept on the rear verandah of the Station with Sergeant Burt occupying the corner room behind the Inspector's office (well known to older serving members). Meals were taken at the Victoria Hotel in Smith Street at a cost of 25/- per week. Bob Wood, who later became famous as Sergeant Wood of the Northern Territory Police, was then a Guard at Fannie Bay Gaol. In the sticky tropical heat of Darwin the Police uniform consisted of khaki tunic, white corduroy breeches, tan leggings and military boots. To complete this unsuitable and inappropriate uniform, a blue peaked cap with white band was worn. An all white uniform was worn for Supreme Court duties, and for meeting boats and for civic occasions — a white helmet was the head gear. Tunics were buttoned right up to the neck!

Town patrols were done on foot or by horse. Three saddle horses were kept for longer patrols skirting the town, and a horse-drawn buggy for escorting prisoners to and from the Gaol. There was also a very useful little cart which was used variously for carting horse feed, water for fire-fighting, or corpses, etc. The horses required for town work were generally kept in the fenced off hilly peninsula known as "Stokes Hill", to save the trouble of fetching them from the Police paddock which extended from Daly Street Bridge to the 2½ mile loco. shed, in the Parap area.

There was a push bike! This decrepit piece of machinery was the cause of much ill-feeling. Apart from the indignity of a Mounted Constable mounted on such a steed, it had to be ridden by all — "the long and the short and the tall" — alike. Ex-Scottish wrestler Bob Wood would yank up the saddle to its fullest height, tighten the nut with all his strength, and then "lose" the spanner so he could enjoy the spectacle of M.C. Bridgland and other shorter comrades forced to ride on the cross bar.

The daily duties started at 7 a.m. with horse grooming, followed by the inspection of duty men, charge room and offices, stables and cells. Then followed hourly patrols around the town and to the "Victoria", "Club" and



Police in Darwin, 1923, just before the Arnhemland Patrols to search for "Douglas Mawson" survivors.

Back left to right : R. Reid, J. C. Lovegrove, A. V. Stretton, P. McNamara.

Front : W. McCann, H. Hoffman, R. R. Bridgland and H. Allen.

"Terminus" hotels, which, by the way did not close till 11 p.m. Official correspondence had to be taken to the Gaol and Government Offices, Court duties arranged, prisoners and witnesses escorted, etc.

There were, of course, no telephones and no electric lights. Hurricane lamps were used in the offices and placed at each street corner, and on the jetty. When the evening town duty man made an arrest, particulars were recorded in the charge room, then the reserve man, with the aid of the charge room lantern, showed the way to the cells. Needless to say, hurricane lamps often figured on the list of replacements.

Mr. George Stretton was the Magistrate. His son, Alfred Victor, later became Superintendent of Police, rising from the rank of Constable. The Administrator was Dr. Gilruth, who was in office from 1915 to 1918, when he was "deported" from Darwin with Judge Bevan of the Northern Territory Supreme Court.

Inspector Waters died in 1923, and in 1924 Major Dudley was installed as Commissioner. He was followed by Superintendent Stretton, who remained in charge till 1947. (Superintendent Stretton died only last year, in Brisbane).

M.C. Bridgland's first station was at Daly River, which he opened. He was next stationed at Maranboy, followed by a period at Emungalan, which, at that time, was the head of the railway line from Darwin. He recalls the building of the Katherine Bridge and the busy times in the construction camps. During 1919 and 1920 he was at the Roper with M.C. Sheridan. Murders and cattle killings kept them on patrol during both wet and dry seasons.

(In 1919, Bridgie recalls, following their historic first aeroplane flight from England to Australia, Keith and Ross Smith's plane made a forced landing at Anthony's

He was a superb bushman and a first class horseman. He had a phenomenal memory for horses and their individual characteristics never escaped his notice.

Horses were part of the bush environment which he loved, and in which he had become a shrewd tracker, a great judge of men, and a Policeman known everywhere for common sense. But he was not only a gifted bush Policeman. The Inspector was a fine Police Administrator. He had a full knowledge of his legal powers, but never exceeded them. This versatility enabled him to take charge anywhere in the Force.

Wherever you served under him, out bush or in towns, he made you feel that you were "a good man for the job".

It would take a book to cover his life in the Northern Territory Police Force. But those of you who served under him know him well enough.

For those members who joined since his retirement in 1949 and for readers outside the Northern Territory, I proudly present his story.

Lagoon — with a damaged propellor. The late M.C. Tom White helped them to make a miraculous repair to the propellor with scanty tools and materials. Tom then assisted them to become air-borne again).

In 1924 the passenger ship *Douglas Mawson*, which plied between Thursday Island and Burketown, was lost in the Gulf of Carpentaria. Stories and rumours drifted into Darwin that two white women survivors were in Arnhem Land living with the natives. This was taken up by Southern papers and blown up into a big furor.

Accordingly, Mounted Constables Bridgland, Lovegrove, White and Hoffman, with eight Special Constables and four Trackers, were sent to Caledon Bay by boat to investigate these stories. The expedition set out in a sturdy sailing ship, the *Huddersfield*, from Darwin, with all sails set. Loaded in her hold were stores for a dozen men and 4 Trackers. The horses were lowered from the jetty into the hold, suspended in slings. Fodder, saddles and packs and all the equipment required for a patrol — to last at least 6 months — was included.

On arrival at Caledon Bay they lowered the horses into the water and swam them ashore. Loading them with stores, the expedition set out for their proposed base camp, some miles down the coast, from where patrols could be made into the surrounding country.

Arnhem Land at that time was virtually unknown, not even reliably mapped; inhabited by suspicious, unfriendly, if not downright hostile, aboriginals. Once they had left the *Huddersfield*, the Police party was completely cut off from all help or contact with civilization until the ship eventually called back to pick them up. Then they had the dangerous task of swimming the horses out to the ship and hauling them up on deck, struggling and kicking in the slings. In Darwin they reported they had found no sign of the survivors. However, more stories were in circulation that two white women (one pregnant) were living with Arnhem Land Aborigines. So Mounted Constables Bridgland and McNamara, with Trackers Jingle, Neighbour, Slippery and Rumba-lilli, again sailed from Darwin to Arnhem Land. No horses were taken, so they made their camp near Cape Alexandria and began their toiling, tenacious search again — this time on foot. After combing the bush for weary months, they could find no trace of the mythical missing women.

Tracker Rumba-lilli, thoroughly wearied and scared, deserted. He made his way to Roper River where he reported "Bridgie bin killed". Word was sent to Maranboy to M.C. Heathcock, who notified Darwin Police Headquarters.

Headquarters acted promptly — Arrangements were made for the Naval Sloop H.M.A.S. *Geranium* — a survey ship — to sail for the Arnhem Land coast. She arrived at

Caledon Bay and began to steam around in slow circles. This strange sight caused panic and uproar among the watching natives and smoke signals were strung out across the country.

The *Geranium* found the Police party, quite intact, after all. After embarking the party, the *Geranium* sailed for the McArthur River, where they landed M.C. Bridgland and the Trackers, who found their way to Borroloola. The *Geranium* then carried M.C. McNamara on to Thursday Island, where he could get a boat direct to Darwin. In the meantime, Bridgland learned from a party of civilized natives that the two white women seen in Arnhem Land were from the Roper River Mission on their way to Groote Eylandt.

From Borroloola M.C. Bridgland went to Rankine River, where he relieved M.C. Lovegrove, who returned to Darwin with the Police reports covering the Arnhem Land search. After two years at the Rankine, M.C. Bridgland returned to Darwin and was promoted to the rank of Sergeant, and continued to relieve on various bush stations.

The Territory was growing more and more, with increasing numbers of Police entering the Force, so that he was called into Darwin to relieve the Superintendent more and more often. He still managed to get periods on his beloved bush stations until 1938, after which Headquarters, Darwin, Alice Springs and Tennant Creek saw him most.

He was at his desk in Darwin Police Station when the first Japanese bombs fell, and carried on his duties in Darwin and Alice Springs during the war. He was made Inspector in 1948, Officer-in-Charge, Southern Division — and retired in 1949. He now lives in the suburb of Millwood, in Adelaide, South Australia.

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Special Message from the Commissioner

I am very pleased that we have reached that stage in the history of the Northern Territory Police Force when we can publish our own magazine.

My earnest hope is that "Citation" will enjoy a long, honourable and successful life, not only as the voice of those actually serving, but also as a safe repository for the history and good name of the Northern Territory Police Force.

I hope that members will accept it as their very own, and support it accordingly. I commend it, also, to those who have served us well in the past and are now enjoying well-earned retirement, and to the members of the general public as well.

C. GRAHAM, Commissioner of Police.

THE HUMOROUS GHOST

Some years ago, whilst serving with one of the U.K. Police Forces, I had the pleasure of working with one of the most humorous Policemen one could possibly meet. Just to sight him usually brought a grin: 6'4", thin as a beanstalk, known to the public far and wide as "Lamp-post", and to his colleagues as "Aerial". With 25 years of Police service, all spent on the beat, he was both mentor and Station joker to most of the junior members. He could get many a laugh from even the dullest of men. This story is of one incident involving "Aerial".

Over a period of some weeks complaints had been received at the Police Station from the local Vicar and Church-wardens, regarding vandals removing and dragging coping stones from the wall of the local Cemetery. This wall was adjacent to and running parallel with a footpath, and the footpath was quite a well known short cut to a large hall and amusement park. Every Saturday night large numbers of young people used this short cut to go to a dance, which was held in the hall.

On this particular Saturday night our friend "Aerial" reported for duty at 5.50 p.m. for the 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. shift. Normally on this shift the meal break was taken about 7 p.m. and after returning from his break, he advised the Sergeant in Charge that he would be keeping observations from time to time on the Cemetery in question, with a view to apprehending the culprits. Unfortunately, he did not inform the Sergeant the approximate position from where he would be keeping these observations.

The night was frosty, with a clear sky and full moon. About 9 p.m. "Aerial" took up his observation position. Having previously looked at the topography, his decision was to use a large upright gravestone, which gave him a full view of all persons moving along the footpath. The gravestone gave him full support when he leant against it, and by placing his arms on the top of it he was able to throw his Police cape around the stone. Firmly ensconced in this position and with reasonable comfort, he began his observations. Some time passed by and although numerous people commuted along the footpath, no-one was observed to touch the coping stones. By this time "Aerial" had the urge for tobacco, so he lit up and, by opening the hook of the cape, was able to enjoy a surreptitious puff, hiding the glow inside the cape. When half-way through the smoke he sighted a party of young women moving along the pathway. Hurriedly he grounded

the cigarette and stood as still as he could. The party moved slightly past the stone on which our friend was resting when suddenly one of the girls said: "Eh, can you see something over there? I'm sure I saw something". One of the other girls was heard to say, "Don't be daft, there's nothing there". The first girl said: "Look! Over there!"

The girls all stopped and "Aerial" had to think quickly. His main worry was whether they could see it was a Policeman or not. He decided not to take the chance of being discovered in uniform, lurking in a Cemetery, so he stood up to his full glorious height and flapped his cape up and down with his arms, at the same time uttering a banshee-like wail.

Loud screams were heard, and the sounds of hastily departing young women. That disposed of that problem and, after sticking it out for another hour or so, he returned to his beat.

At 11.50 p.m. he decided to visit the Station and, on walking in, looked at the Complaint Book. The last entry was a complaint from the Manager of the dance hall, to the effect that some girls had arrived at the hall during the evening, breathless and frightened, and all stated emphatically that they had sighted a ghost in the Cemetery on their way to the dance. "Aerial" duly penned the following entry against the complaint — "Const. . . . carried out observations on Cemetery re Complaint No. . . Vandals removing coping stones from Cemetery wall, from . . . p.m. to . . . p.m. No ghost sighted between these times". Of course, the true story did the rounds amongst the boys, who thought it an immense joke. Locally, no doubt, the public have yet another ghost story to add to the many others.

— "Happiest Corpus".

RAY JONES STILL BATTLING

On the night of 11th October, 1963, Traffic Constable Ray Jones was returning to base by motor cycle on a routine, uneventful patrol, when a car leaving the highway at high speed crashed into him.

Very badly injured, and for a time on the dangerously ill list, Ray has been perhaps the most patient patient the Darwin Hospital has ever seen. He only recently got free of the system of weights and pulleys that are so formidable-looking, but so necessary in cases like his. He is still in Hospital — but that open door is getting closer all the time, now. (With a bit of luck, Sheila, they'll let you take that chair home with you when Ray comes out!)

This stark tale of courageous humanity is reproduced by kind permission of the British South Africa Police Magazine, "Outpost".

Four Letters — STARTING WITH "G"

RECENTLY a young lady employed as a typist at Police General Headquarters had an unfortunate experience with a crocodile while swimming in a Rhodesian river. Luckily she was with a party of friends, two of whom heard her screams and were able to effect her rescue.

While not minimising her injuries, and the shock this experience must have caused her, we feel she was very lucky — for the occurrence brings back to mind the ordeal of Inspector John Maxwell, of the Northern Rhodesia Police, who (a year — two years ago?) saved two small children from crocodiles in a Northern Rhodesia river. The story of Inspector Maxwell's heroism is well known — and the George Medal he later received could not have gone to a more deserving recipient. Only recently, however, has the full story become generally known of the endurance, presence of mind and sheer guts he displayed during the hours following the rescue.

We remember that after the crocodile's third attack, when he was able to gouge out its eyes with his thumbs, Inspector Maxwell managed to crawl on a rock in mid-stream. One foot hung only by a flap of skin and the calf of his other leg was all but torn away. As great gouts of blood flowed down the rock and stained the water, most other men would at that stage have succumbed to exhaustion and shock and permitted their life to flow away with the river. Inspector Maxwell is of a different calibre; he knew exactly what his chances were, and he remained in command of the situation. First he called to the children — now safely on the bank — to throw him sticks and their towels. Tearing a towel into strips, he improvised tourniquets which he applied to both his legs. The fearful flow of blood was staunched. Then, satisfied that he had dealt with first things first, he sent the children to seek assistance.

Soon an African woman came on the scene. Desperately frightened though she was, she waded into the water and then, aided by the policeman and under his instructions, she got him on her back and carried him ashore. Her courage was of a high order and she too later received the George Medal. Two male Africans now appeared and carried him as far as the farmhouse belonging to the parents of the children he had saved. Here his car was parked and he must have permitted himself to hope that here his ordeal would be at an end.

But both the mother and father were elsewhere on the large farm, and no one seemed to know where. Neither of the two male Africans could drive. The pain was excruciating and Inspector Maxwell knew that he would not live long without proper medical attention.

Fourteen-year-old Dorothy, an elder sister of the rescued children, was his only hope — but she had never driven a motor car and had only the vaguest idea of how to do so. Nevertheless, he had himself loaded into the passenger seat of his car and Dorothy took the wheel. While she manipulated the foot controls on his instructions and steered the car, John Maxwell changed the gears. In this way the brave young girl (for the mere sight of a terribly injured man is a fearful thing for a girl of her

tender years, let alone the responsibility thrust upon her for his life or death) and the heroic policeman together negotiated 14 miles of rough bush tracks until they reached the main road. There a passing motorist took over and rushed John Maxwell to Nchanga Hospital.

Until the very moment of his admission he refused to let go the iron grip he had established over his will and his body. On entering hospital he was fully conscious and in full mental control. For three hours he had fought a winning battle against terrible odds.

The rest of the story is commonly known. The amputation — the flight to London — a not unduly prolonged recuperative leave — the visit to the Palace and the firm handclasp of the Duke — and the return to the N.R.P.

To such a story there are so many morals it would be wearisome to point them all. Just one will do and it is this:

Once John Maxwell's deed of heroism was done, and the children were safe, he was assured of the recognition he had earned. The alternatives were a posthumous award or a personal visit to Buckingham Palace. What made it the latter for Inspector John Maxwell of the N.R.P., apart from his own dogged character, was the knowledge of first aid he had gained as a policeman. He had been able to stem the flow of blood.

Like many of us, he had studied first aid as he had studied so much else — because it was a police subject. Vaguely he had always realised that the moment would come when his knowledge might mean the difference between life and death — for someone.

Never had he dreamed it might be for himself.

SERGEANT ALEXANDER RESIGNS

A surprise resignation in August was that of Detective Sergeant James John Alexander, originally from Scotland but a member of this Force for the past twelve years. He has joined a big-time Security Service in Sydney and expects to better himself eventually.

RECENT PROMOTIONS

Amongst the brighter items in the world's news in recent times we hasten to mention the following promotions:—

Detective Sergeant 2/C Phil McLaughlin to Detective Sergeant 1/C.

Sergeant 2/C Gordon Raabe to Sergeant 1/C.

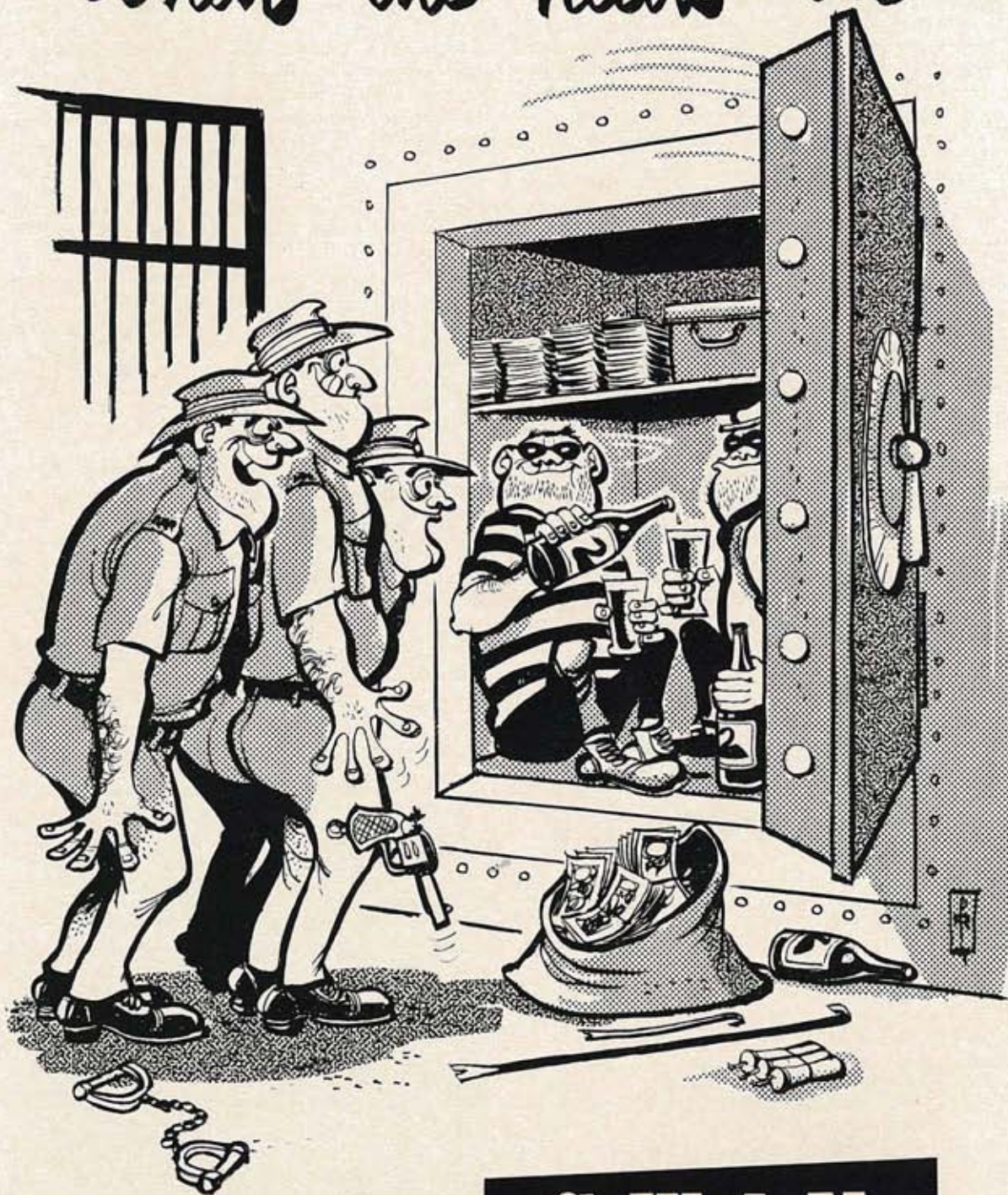
Detective Sergeant 3/C Len Cossons to Detective Sergeant 2/C.

Senior Constables Kevin Curley, Monty O'Mahoney and Graham McMahan to Sergeant 3rd Class.

GOOD CRICKET

The 1964 Northern Territory Cricket Association competition in Darwin proved of special interest to Police as Constable Kevin Smith, of Batchelor, made repeated onslaughts on the bowlers. Kevin finished with the highest aggregate and on top of the batting averages — 681 runs at an average of 85.12 per innings. The most successful bowler for the season was Billy Mofflin, son of Sergeant Dave Mofflin, who finished the season with 27 wickets at 7.74 runs per wicket.

When the heat's on —



enjoy a

SWAN

THE NORTHERN TERRITORY POLICE FORCE

THE Northern Territory Police Force was originally established as a rural constabulary by the first Government Resident of the Northern Territory (Colonel B. T. Finnis) in 1864 at the Escape Cliffs Settlement. With the abandonment of this settlement the constabulary was disbanded for a short time but it was re-established in 1869 when Darwin (or Palmerston as it was then known) was selected as the site for the chief town in the Territory. By commission of His Excellency the Governor of South Australia, Paul Foelsche was appointed Sub-Inspector of Police in the Northern Territory of South Australia and he and six other Policemen arrived in Darwin in January, 1870, to take up duty. All of these men were members of the old South Australian Mounted Police and were magnificent horsemen and bushmen.

Foelsche commanded the Force until he retired, with the rank of Inspector, in 1904, when he was succeeded by Inspector Nicholas Waters. Inspector Foelsche remained in the Northern Territory after his retirement and died in Darwin in 1914.

The Force was part of the South Australian Mounted Police until the acquisition of the Territory by the Commonwealth in 1911 when it became one of the original branches of the Northern Territory Public Service. Originally known as the Northern Territory Mounted Police it became, simply, The Northern Territory Police Force, with the official withdrawal, in 1935, of the word "Mounted". Members of the Force have given outstanding service under most adverse conditions, several have been killed, wounded or injured in the performance of their duty and a number of awards have been made in recognition of courage and meritorious service.

The late Superintendent A. V. Stretton, who served from 1911 to 1949, was awarded the M.B.E. in 1942, Sergeant Robert Reid the King's Police Medal (1937), Constables E. A. McNab (1942) and L. D. Burgess (1960) the B.E.M., Sergeant J. J. Mannion the George Medal (1958) and Constable W. B. Condon the Queen's Police Medal for Gallantry (posthumously, 1953). Following the Queen's Visit in 1963, Inspector L. C. Hook was invested with the M.V.O., 5th Class, for his services as Marshal during the Royal Tour. One of the Force's famous Black Trackers, Neighbour, was awarded the Albert Medal in 1911, when, as a prisoner in chains, he saved the life of the Policeman who was escorting him to Darwin for trial on a serious charge. Whilst crossing the flooded Wilton River, a few miles from Roper River Police Station, the Policeman was swept from his horse and injured. Fortunately, Neighbour put humanity before freedom and rescued his captor from almost certain death.

Patrols involving great distances and hardship and not a little danger were performed by Northern Territory Policemen from the days of Inspector Foelsche onwards. In comparatively recent (pre-World War II) years, outstanding patrols were still being carried out and in this connection many names are prominent — J. C. Lovegrove, R. R. Bridgland (both, later, Inspectors), E. H. Morey, V. C. Hall, J. Mahoney, A. S. McColl (fatally speared by an aborigine on Woodah Island during one of the Caledon Bay patrols), T. C. V. Fitzer, W. McKinnon (perhaps the

most famous Camel Patrol man in the Force's history) and W. Langdon (who, apart from long horse patrols, is estimated to have footwalked a thousand miles in the hunt for Namarluk, Tiger and other notorious native murderers of the 1930's).

Since coming under the control of the Commonwealth the Force has been commanded successively by Inspector Waters (who continued to serve until 1924), Commissioner G. V. Dudley, Inspector (later Superintendent) A. V. Stretton, A/Superintendent A. E. Forster, Superintendent Littlejohn and Superintendent (now Commissioner) C. W. Graham.

The Force has a present establishment of 159, including eight Policewomen, plus 34 aboriginal Trackers. Policewomen are comparatively new to this Force, having been introduced as recently as 1961.

Training of new Recruits is undertaken in Darwin and includes instruction and examination in all modern Police methods and functions, including fingerprinting, photography and traffic control.

For administrative purposes the Territory is divided into the Northern and Southern Police Divisions, each controlled by an Inspector, with headquarters at Darwin and Alice Springs respectively. The two Divisions are divided into Police Districts which, except for the town areas, are usually manned by one Constable. At 1st January, 1964, Police Districts numbered 24. Every Station



"Father of the Force" Inspector Paul Foelsche, Officer in Charge of Police in the Northern Territory from January, 1870 until 1904.

is equipped with motor transport appropriate to its area.

Patrols of each Police District are carried out regularly. Motor transport has largely supplanted other forms of transport, although horses are still used in some isolated areas and patrols to others, including mission stations and Government settlements along the north coast, are carried out by sea and air. In the 523,620 square miles of the Northern Territory the population is comparatively small (approximately 45,000, including probably 18,000 aboriginal natives) and is necessarily widely scattered. Police cover vast mileages in the performance of their duty (e.g., 562,000 miles in 1959-60; 716,000 in 1962-63).

Continual attention is given to the improvement of the communications system. All Stations now have both fixed and mobile radio installations enabling contact as required with Headquarters or other Stations or with individual members travelling on patrol. Radio-telephone networks operate in Darwin and Alice Springs and connect most operational vehicles including motor-cycles with their base Stations. Walkie-talkie sets are available for communication conditions peculiar to search and rescue activity.

This year has seen a notable rise in the status of the Force — when for the first time, a serving member was promoted from the ranks to the top position of Commissioner. This unique honour went to C. W. Graham, who has served in the Force since 1932.

(An interesting side-note to this is the fact that two other members of this Force became Commissioners of Police, but in different Forces — Robert Reid, who served from 1924 to 1942, became Commissioner of the Australian Capital Territory Police Force in Canberra, while William F. Johns, who was one of the old South Australian members who served out the balance of their posting here after the Commonwealth took over the Northern Territory in 1911, became Commissioner of the South Australian Police Force).

This year also sees the introduction of a new hat-badge, and, we modestly point out, the launching of the first Northern Territory Police Force Magazine.

THAT NAME ?

Yes, we know it has many and varied connotations, including, such awful-sounding things as "accusation", "arraignment" and the like, and it does not ring an instant "Police" and "Northern Territory" bell!

But it has other virtues.

Among the meanings of the verb "cite" (sire of the noun "citation") are: "quote (passage, book, author) in support of a position; mention as an example". It also has the meaning: "mention in an official dispatch", and is perhaps usually thought of in this connection. Roget includes it alongside "exemplify", "illustrate", "quote", "put a case", etc.

Roget also includes "citation" under "evidence", together with "facts, data, grounds, testimony, attestation, deposition, record, document, reference, witness", etc.— matters with which Police deal every day.

In our semi-official way we are putting a case for the Northern Territory Police Force and we hope that the evidence, facts, testimony, records or other documentary matter presented from time to time will not only support our position but will be confidently cited by others as well.

NEW HAT BADGE

The Northern Territory Police Force used to wear a round, bronze-coloured hat badge, embossed with the Commonwealth Coat of Arms, topped with a crown, and with a scroll at the base inscribed with the word "Police". So far we have been unable to find out just how long that badge was in service — whether it came in with Commonwealth control or was introduced at some later period.

For well over thirty years past, the badge worn by members of this Force consisted of the Commonwealth Coat of Arms, in silver, surrounded by a dark blue oval band bearing the words "Commonwealth of Australia", while at the foot was a dark blue scroll effect bearing the words "Police, Northern Territory". The inscriptions were all in silver lettering. It was quite a nice badge, and saw good service, but it did bear a strong resemblance to some other badges. A change was decided upon and we are now awaiting the arrival of stocks of our newly-designed and approved badge. After the first shock of being divorced from the old, long-cherished "Commonwealth"-type badge, and getting used to the new look, we think the change will be quite acceptable to all. The badge was designed and prepared for the engravers by Constable L. Barnett. It is predominantly silver, with scrolls in royal blue. The flower at the bottom of the wreath represents the Northern Territory's official floral emblem, Sturt's Desert Rose, which resembles but is not a true hibiscus, and has a pink flower with a deep-red throat. The new badge is depicted on our front cover.

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(A generous splash from the most famous pen in the Territory!—Ed.)

OUTBACK COURTS I HAVE KNOWN By DOUGLAS LOCKWOOD

TEN years ago I drove to Anthony's Lagoon on the Barkly Tableland to report a court case in which a rugged cattleman named Wason Byers was charged with "rustling" 88 cattle from Victoria River Downs station.

At a subsequent hearing in the Supreme Court, which also sat at Anthony's Lagoon, the late Mr. Justice Kriewaldt, acquitted Byers of the offence. But the circumstances of that preliminary hearing were unique in my experience of outback police courts.

I have attended court hearings at which the Magistrate sat at an improvised table under a gum tree at Snake Bay, on the north coast of Melville Island, while piccaninies and dogs wandered in and out of the proceedings at will.

I was once present at a session of N.T. Supreme Court when the late Judge Wells presided from a Bench which consisted only of an upturned beer crate, and a native witness drew mud-maps in the ant-bed floor with his big toe. I once flew to Groote Eylandt with former Inspector "Camel Bill" McKinnon for a police court hearing on the beach.

The case at Anthony's Lagoon was not remarkable for anything unusual about its venue. It was 200 miles from the main road at Elliott, but on the well-defined Barkly stockroute in a comparatively civilised corner of The Territory. I had driven there from Darwin in one day.

The court convened on the side verandah of the police station in 110 degree heat, and inspections of hides and cattle in the dusty stockyards were an ordeal for the magistrate and witnesses, and especially for me.

The case was unique for what happened outside the court-room.

The constable-in-charge at that time was John Gordon, recently resigned, who a few years earlier had made the first recorded walk from north to south across Arnhem Land with Patrol Officer Sid. Kyle-Little of the Welfare Branch. They walked from Millingimbi to Mainoru in search of the "murderer" of Raiwala, a famous old Arnhemlander. When they arrived at Mainoru they found that Raiwala was still alive.

At Anthony's Lagoon that day Gordon became aware that Byers, the man whom the police had charged with theft, was camped alone under a pepper tree only 20 yards from the court room door. There were no pubs, no hamburger stalls, no place for Byers to eat, and nothing for him to eat except the inevitable roll of salt beef in his swag.

In these circumstances, the traditional hospitality of the bush demanded that Gordon should forget his official status as a policeman and extend a welcome as host to Wason, even though he was then already acting as *maitre d'hotel* to an assortment of lawyers, police witnesses and me. I remember that in this line-up there were Tas. Fitzer, Gordon Stott, Hughie Deviney, the late Jack Mahony, Crown Law prosecutor Lance Odium, and me. Incidentally, this may have been one of the few occasions when an outback police radio was used to transmit Press telegrams. I sent about 500 words each day by voice to the Flying Doctor radio base at Cloncurry.

John Gordon, host to us all, went out to the pepper tree and spoke to Byers.

"Where are you camped, Wason?" he asked.

"I'm staying under this tree", Byers said.

"I'd like you to be my guest in the police station", Gordon told him.

Byers accepted the invitation without embarrassment and joined the party for dinner.

"You're welcome, Wason", Gordon said, as the defendant came in and sat down.

"Nice to see you, Wason", said Lance Odium, who was doing his best to send him to gaol. "Pass the salt, please".

On Byers' right was the man who had arrested him, Senior-Constable Gordon Stott, then of Elliott. They chatted affably, apparently without malice. John Mahony was one of the witnesses, but also our cook. And Tas. Fitzer waited on table.

At various times most of the policemen present had been Byers' guests at the Coolibah station homestead, where he was manager and part-owner. Coolibah adjoins V.R.D., and many of those present had stayed with Wason in the Big House.

No other polite solution to the problem now existed than that the guardians of the law who were trying to send an alleged law-breaker to gaol should simultaneously offer him hospitality.

On the north side of the verandah, therefore, before 10 a.m. when the court began, between 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. when it recessed for lunch, and after 4 p.m. when it adjourned for the day, they were happy to share their food with Wason, to give him a place at the dining table, and to listen to his endless and often outrageous yarns about the bush.

At all other times, on the south side of the same verandah where the temporary court was accommodated, they said what they thought on oath. None of it was complimentary — but no reference to these matters was made at the meal table.

"How's the steak, Wason?"

"Fine", Wason said. "You're not a bad cook, jack".

"How do you reckon this steak compares with Coolibah steak, Wason?"

"Ah, not in the race, Tas. I tell you, we've got the best meat in The Territory out there".

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OUTBACK COURTS—

(Continued from previous page)

And so on. The meal-time conversation, however, was generally dominated by Mahony, and Irish-Australian who had lived in The Territory for more than 30 years. He raised a family here, retired from the force, and for several years before he died ran the Larrimah Hotel.

Incidentally, he had been in charge at Anthony's Lagoon before Gordon took over and he knew the run of the kitchen. He made stews and curry, peeled spuds, and told us that dinner was ready with such pressing invitations as "Come and get it, you bunch of no-hoper bastards".

One day I made a crack about his cooking.

"Listen, mug", Jack said, "I'll have you know I cooked for Gandhi when he was on his 40-day fast".

Thereafter I ate without comment on the food. Mahony on his home ground was verbally dextrous, decimating his opponents with withering, almost wholly adjectival arguments. With a dozen bush-hardened men around him, no neighbours, no women to overhear, he enjoyed himself immensely by shouting his diabolical, slanderous stories with a mouthful of food. He often had me crying for mercy.

"Yeah, up at Borroloola one time", he'd say, "Coot of a Bible-basher came around. Real psalm-singer. We were young and pretty rough in those days, uncouth bunch of cows if you ask me, and this coot tried to convert us. I'm Catholic anyway, and he wants me to be a Protestant overnight. The boys stood it for a while but then he got too thick and it was decided to precipitate his departure, as you might say. We're all camped at the pub and one night the boys planted a lubra under his bed. I'm not saying I had anything to do with it, now, but there's this Mary on her haunches and the padre can't see her because the blankets hang down to the floor. When everybody had a skinful of rum one of the boys knocked on the door and says something about hearing a woman scream . . ."

"Well, you may have my good man, but you are surely not insinuating that a woman would be screaming in my room, are you?"

"No offence, padre", says this bloke, "but I was kinda sure . . ." — and blow me if he doesn't walk over and lift the blanket.

"Why, Mary! Mary! Whatever are you doing under there", he says, all innocent like. "Come on out now, you know you shouldn't be in here".

"And Mary, who'd been worded up, says coyly, 'But parson asked me to come up after dark. Two stick tobacco I got, look'."

"Parson", Mahony said, "is a stammering, yabbering idiot by this time. We're all telling him not to worry, that we won't say anything outside Borroloola, that we understand how it is although naturally we're a bit surprised, and he's denying he knows anything about it, that it is all a dirty trick, and we're agreeing and saying, Yes, we understand. Anyway, he went bush next day and we didn't see him again".

"Did you say you had nothing to do with it, Jack?" I asked.

"No", he said with a grin. "I said I'm not saying that I had anything to do with it".

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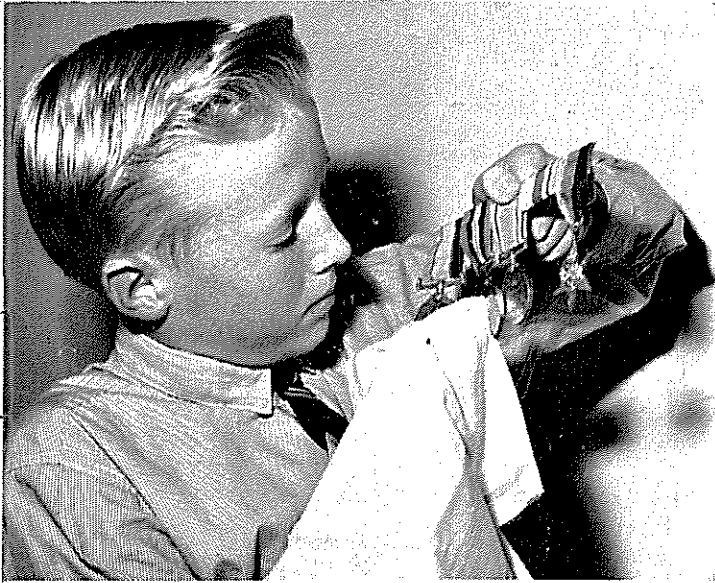
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During this year in Alice Springs a menswear shop was broken into and a considerable quantity of clothing, money and other goods were taken. A check on the premises revealed that the door had been jimmied and considerable force used to lever it off. Twenty yards up the street a wheel brace was found in the gutter. A quick check revealed that the wheel brace was the type issued with the tools of the Morris 850 type car. A report was then received that a garage had been broken into on the Northern end of town, money taken and the bowsers interfered with. It was thought that the offenders were driving a car of the type mentioned above and had headed north after getting petrol. The tracks from the bowsers also headed in a northerly direction.

Enquiries made up the road revealed that two youths were driving a car similar to the Morris 850, and were heading towards Tennant Creek and had attempted to purchase bullets for an unusual type of rifle they had.

They blew a tyre about 200 miles North of Alice Springs and as they just finished changing the wheel were overtaken by the CIB car from Alice Springs. They turned out to be escapees from South Australia. They readily admitted the offences. However, they forced the door with a large pair of fencing pliers, and had actually broken into the Garage first, drove North for some distance and then turned around with the intention of breaking into a shop before departing the town. The tyre lever which was found at the scene and lead us to believe that the offenders were in the type of car they were driving had no connection with the crime and came from another car, just dropped in the gutter. Unlucky for them indeed!



Terry Bruun, 13, son of Peter Bruun, with his father's medals.
(Photo by "The News", Adelaide).



Peter and Pat Bruun — just arrived at Anthonys Lagoon,
March, 1950.

PETER D'ARCY BRUUN

On Anzac Eve this year the Adelaide "News" published a photograph that would appeal to anyone at all, but which was of special interest to older members, and many past members, of this Force.

The picture is of Terry Bruun polishing up his father's medals for Anzac Day, when he would wear them as he marched along with other Legacy Boys. Terry is 13 and lives with his mother and sister Jane in Brighton, S.A. His father, Peter Bruun, was one of the finest and most genuinely liked men ever to serve in the Northern Territory Police Force. He joined up in December, 1935, and served in Darwin, Timber Creek, Alice Springs, Katherine and Roper River at various times.

When war broke out in 1939, Peter never hesitated — but he had to have two or three operations before he was able to pass the Army's stiff medical requirements. He persevered, however, and was one of that comparatively small band that went away with DX numbers. After training in the Southern States, Peter went to the Middle East and served there with the 2/17th Infantry Battalion, A.I.F., until he was very badly smashed up at El Alamein.

After long hospital treatment, Peter was invalided out of the A.I.F. and came back to the Territory and this Force. He married Pat O'Brien in March, 1950. After a short relieving term at Anthony's Lagoon, they lived in a flat which is now the Special Branch office in Smith Street. Peter's war injuries were a constant source of trouble and he finally had to go south for treatment. He died in Adelaide in 1952, a man who never complained, never said a harsh word to or about anybody and never seemed to be anything but happy, even when he was terribly and fatally ill.

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A MAN, FOR ALL THAT

By R. REID

I consider it a great honour to have been asked by my friend, Inspector Jim Mannion, who served with me on duty in the very active and hard days of Tennant Creek, to endeavour to give some idea of the early days in the then Northern Territory Mounted Police.

Eighteen years of service with the Force have left me memories of many fine men with whom I served and a life filled with incidents which in those days were considered our "daily job" and routine. It is one of those "routine incidents" which comes to mind now, and in relating it I hope that it gives some idea of the life required by us many years ago.

The case is one of Forgery and Uttering. The offence was committed at Wave Hill. The offender was a young stockman, a good bushman of fine physique. Taking to the bush he travelled South. I was then stationed at Newcastle Waters and was alerted to keep a lookout for him. Eventually he was arrested, and I was instructed to escort him back to Wave Hill and conduct the prosecution. This, naturally, had to be done with pack horses. It was the beginning of December (1932) and the Wet season had commenced. I knew that delay meant meeting torrential rains and flooded rivers, so preparations for immediate departure were made.

I left early one morning with the Prisoner and Trackers, Long Tommy and Bruce, en route Wave Hill via Murrinji Stock Route. The end of that day saw us at the first bore out, and the next morning before daylight we were up. The Trackers had the horses mustered whilst I cooked breakfast — which, by the way, was the delicacy of damper and corned beef — and we were ready to break camp before sunrise. This was always the procedure on patrol, otherwise the flies became so bad that they not only drove the horses mad but it was torture for human beings to be stationary. This routine continued day in and day out, making the next camp always as quickly as possible to evade the daily thunderstorms. We passed the Jump Up and camped at a spot approximately four or five miles from Monteginni Station which was, at that time, an outstation of Victoria River Downs.

In the morning we saddled up as usual, and upon mounting my horse it commenced its usual morning performance of bucking. We were then amongst heavy timber and a small clear plain lay two or three hundred yards ahead. I made to wheel the horse out on to the plain to let him have a decent buck, thinking it would quieten him down. Whilst steering him through the timber his feet trod into a ghil-gai and down he came, rolling on top of me. The girth and surcingle were broken and the saddle came off. I lay there stunned, and knew that my injuries were such that if I waited until I became cold, I would not be able to ride. Instructing the Trackers to catch a quiet horse, we rode into Monteginni outstation, where the cook, Dan Lynch, whom I had known years ago on the Maranboy Tin Field, administered first aid. The stations carried extensive first aid kits and usually on these cattle stations very versatile men in that connection were to be found, Dan Lynch being one of them.

As I was suffering great pain on the right ribs, left knee and ankle and right kidney region, Dan got busy with the hot foment, tincture of opium and aspirin to deaden the pain.

After a few days rest and treatment, during which period the Trackers took care of the plant whilst the Prisoner camped with Dan and I, I had to make a decision whether to return to Newcastle Waters (approx. 110 miles) or go on to Wave Hill (approx. 90 miles). I chose the latter, travelling in short stages on a quiet horse. As you can imagine, even the slightest movement of the horse was felt by the injured parts of the body, and the fact that it rained every day, did not help to make the journey any easier.

Eventually reaching Wave Hill Cattle Station, I was met by Constable Bill McCann, who was able to give assistance. Further first aid treatment was also given me there by Peter Sinclair, who was in charge of the Wireless Station, assisted by Mr. McGuggan, Manager of the Wave Hill Cattle Station. I was then able to conduct the case before the two Justices of Peace (viz., Peter Sinclair and Mr. McGuggan). The Prisoner was committed to stand his trial in Darwin.

In those days Wave Hill had the only radio communication with Darwin between Newcastle Waters and Wave Hill. Upon advising Darwin of my situation, I received return advice to "rest if possible". However, as very heavy rains were expected any time, I decided to return via Murrinji in easy stages rather than wait. We spent Christmas Day at Wave Hill and left the following day en route Birdum rail head, travelling via Murrinji Track to within twelve or thirteen miles of Newcastle Waters, then cutting across bush to the North-south Road, joining it on the edge of the North side of Sturt's Plain (The North-south Road, then a bush track, is the bitumenised Stuart Highway of to-day. Birdum, of course, no longer exists).

A memorable event at this stage was being caught in a severe thunderstorm. It was of such intensity that the horses would not face it, so we just had to turn their backs to it and wait until the storm had passed. As the track was a narrow dirt one, with heavy timber on each side and the lancewood trees appearing to meet overhead, the experience was not very savoury. In later years this thick timber was cut to widen the track.

At long last Birdum was reached. I received instructions there to escort the Prisoner to Darwin and have my injuries medically examined. The faithful Trackers returned to Newcastle Waters with the horses, while I continued the 316 miles by rail with the Prisoner to Darwin.

After handing the prisoner over to the Gaoler in Darwin, the medical examination revealed that I had sustained two fractured ribs, twisted ligaments of the left knee, a sprained ankle and damage to the right kidney. Dr. Kirkland, the Doctor at that time, found it hard to believe that a man in this condition could have ridden that 400 miles on horseback, especially in such weather.

Following a few days rest and treatment, I was allowed to return to my Station, though the Doctor was reluctant to give permission. He did so on condition that I was



Police Patrol ready to move off to rail head via Murrumbidgee Stock route.

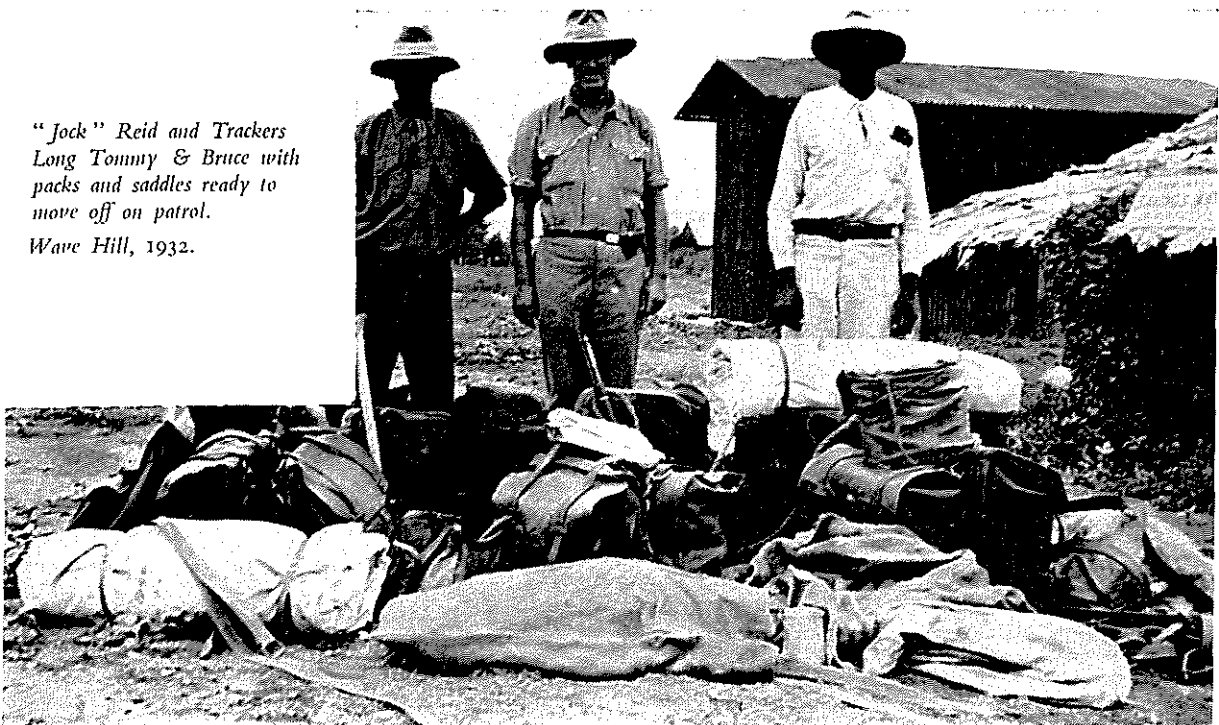
not to ride, and should anything come against me, to return per mail plane immediately. Mail plane indeed!

In those days the big (5-passenger) plane only went as far as Daly Waters and a Tigermoth flew the journey from Daly Waters to Birdum. The rest of the journey to Darwin was two days by train — and a rough, dirty old train at that!

The Prisoner stood his trial in the Supreme Court, Darwin, before Mr. Justice Mallam, at a later date. In my evidence I was able to speak in his favour, giving the Judge the facts of my accident and the assistance the Prisoner rendered. Owing to this favourable report on the Prisoner's behalf, the Judge passed the sentence of twelve months, stating that it would have been double that in ordinary circumstances.

To the Trackers, Long Tommy and Bruce, and the Prisoner, I extend my grateful thanks for their invaluable assistance.

The Prisoner, of course, could have left me for dead. I was not only badly hurt, but had no hope of concealing the fact. With his ability as a bushman, facing almost certain conviction and long imprisonment as he was, it must have been a temptation to this young man to gallop off and escape. He not only stayed with me, but helped me into and out of the saddle, and carried out his full share of all the camp chores throughout the long, slow ride to the rail-head. Arrested for committing a crime, he was yet too much of a man to abandon or take advantage of his captor. I am happy to be able to say, too, that he never again got into any similar trouble with the Police.



"Jock" Reid and Trackers Long Tommy & Bruce with packs and saddles ready to move off on patrol.

Wave Hill, 1932.

FABULOUS FICTION!**CASE OF THE POISONED STOCKMEN**

By V. C. HALL

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ARDENT to its last ray, the fierce Northern Territory sun lanced through the stringy bark forest. It was hot on Mounted Constable John Hales' cheek as he rode.

Only a couple of miles to his homestead now, Hales thought with a cheerful thrill. Seven hundred miles of his Northern Routine Patrol behind him — a hot and weary memory. Behind him, strung out over a quarter of a mile, the twenty-seven horses and pack mules of his outfit plodded patiently, Tracker Menikman vigilant for stragglers in the rear.

Seven hundred miles — at four miles an hour. Hales tasted the salt of sweat on his lips. A movement in the forest on his near side caught his attention. A line of black figures in single file, touched here and there with the glimmer of steel spear heads. He reined in.

In thirty seconds it was clear the line of warriors either hadn't seen him or didn't intend to stop. Carefully, he watched them until the forest swallowed the rearmost man.

Under him, the trooper felt Police Horse Midnight stir and wriggle uneasily. He slipped to the ground and investigated. A rumped saddle-cloth! He ungirthed to smooth it. Something touched him lightly on the shoulder. His pistol was in his hand as he whipped round. A pleasant voice said,

"Good evening, Mr. Hales".

Slowly he sheathed his gun and stared at the naked warrior standing with a smile on his black face. The warrior dropped his spears and squatted in a single liquid movement and his voice sounded again;

"Sit down, Mr. Hales. Inspector Namalitja — at your service. Please forgive the melodrama. I would like a few minutes talk with you".

Still dumb, Hales slowly complied. For the space of a few moments neither man spoke. Then Hales said,

"Good evening, Sir. This is an unexpected pleasure".

Mind racing behind his impassive face, Hales produced his own pipe as his unexpected companion drew a stubby tobacco pipe from his shock of hair.

So this was the phantom investigator in whose existence half the members of the Mounted disbelieved! He waited politely whilst the other filled his pipe from a tiny string-woven dilly bag. Courteously, he handed his own matches.

"I was with the mob you saw pass". The squatting black man opened in conversational tones. "I slipped off the tail of the file. I have come down from Headquarters re your abortive case of the poisoned stockmen".

Outwardly impassive, Hales waited. The Willington case. Henry Willington. The man who had poisoned Billy Ferrer and his entire stock camp more than a month ago. Mentally, the policeman winced. Willington had poisoned his partner, Ferrer, and eight aboriginal stockmen just as surely as he — John Hales — sat talking to the naked warrior before him. And got away with it.

Not sufficient evidence, the Crown Prosecutor had decided. John Hales winced mentally again as he recalled his interview with Inspector "Iron" Walters in Darwin.

"Old Iron" had been in a bad mood! As though divining his thoughts, the aboriginal spoke quietly;

"Nobody at Headquarters really blames you, Mr. Hales. Willington was too clever for you. We knew the hatred between him and his partner. But there was a sack of commercial arsenic in the station store room. They used it to cure the hides. Anybody could have mixed it with the stock camp's sugar. We couldn't prosecute. But now it's different".

Leaning forward, he spoke earnestly for ten minutes.

"Very well, Sir. I will do as you say".

"You are just in from a long patrol, Mr. Hales". The undercover Detective Inspector's tone was sympathetic.

"But you will have to ride the hundred miles to Mindura station and co-operate with me. I am bound for there now with my tribal companions. Don't come out to make the arrest until I radio you".

He touched the paper-bark wrapped package slung on his back.

Namalitja slid over the homestead fence at Mindura Downs on the southern border of Arnhem Land. It was an ideal night, with no moon. He gained the shelter of shadow under Willington's quarters and paused to reconnoitre.

So far, so good! Willington was over in the main homestead house with the mysterious Mrs. Willington—the woman who going to hang him. Still as a tree, he waited. Nothing moved. The Willingtons' light gleamed bright through an open window fifty yards away. Mentally blessing the station layout, Namalitja tried the door of the Willingtons' private quarters. It gave and he slipped in, closing the door softly behind him. Now! He pulled a tiny electric torch from his girdle pouch and carefully hooded it with a small piece of rag. Silently, he proceeded with his search.

And surprisingly easy it turned out to be. In less than a minute he found what he was looking for. A photograph album of the family kind. It was on the table in the dining room. One eye on the light in the main homestead, the investigator worked swiftly.

One by one, he examined the pages of the album by the faint glow of his pencil torch. A sibilant sound of satisfaction escaped his lips.

Here it was! A photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Willington — obviously some years old. He took it from its place in the album and slipped it into his pouch.

There could be no question about it. His suspicions had been well-founded. He stole out into the night and recrossed the fence.

It was nine-thirty o'clock the next morning when Namalitja of the Djouan tribe left his camp-mates and went to do things which would have surprised his fellow tribesmen had they been witnesses of his actions.

Choosing a patch of thick scrub some half mile from the camp, he carefully unpacked the contents of his bark wrapped package.

No man displayed curiosity as to the contents of this package. For did not all men carry sacred things into which it was death to pry? Skilfully, the Inspector assembled the incredibly light wireless outfit, with its

(Continued on Page 21)

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CASE OF THE POISONED STOCKMEN—
(Continued from Page 18)

cunningly contrived pedal generator. Surveying the finished assembly with pride and pleasure, he cut two forks and a light rail with his tomahawk, sunk the forks into the ground, and laid the rail between the forks. It was a precarious seat, but sufficient. Gingerly, he seated himself on the rail and balancing his feet on the pedals, consulted the miniature watch in his dilly bag.

Ten a.m., exactly! The hour of his session with Mounted Constable Hales at his station a hundred miles away. He commenced to pedal, watching the tiny pilot light which glowed when his revolutions were correct. It sprang to life and he commenced to send in code.

Mounted Constable Hales finished sending his acknowledgement and signed off. For a moment he leaned back thoughtfully and then shouted for Tracker Menikman.

Menikman came running. Slim, light-footed, accomplished horseman and fifteen years in Hales' service, he listened — flicked slim black fingers in the native "finger talk" — then vanished. Half an hour later Hales strolled down to the saddle room, outside which stood fifteen horses, four of them neatly packed with a full bush outfit. Hales slipped his snug-nosed Winchester carbine into its greased saddle sheath on Midnight and glanced over the outfit.

All well! Swags — his own and Menikman's — strapped atop two of the packs. Camp ovens; beef-boiling bucket strapped upside down atop the quiet "Kitchen" pack horse; a full set of flat-sided billies, in their greenhide case; long and short range rifles, all in leather sheaths; axes; a short shovel for firing the camp ovens. Nothing missing — his expert eye told him. He had personally put in the cooked cold corned beef, enough for the first two days. And several loaves of yeast bread. After that — dampers. A hundred pounds of raw salt beef in its green hide bags.

Good. He flicked a compliment to Menikman with his fingers and rose to Midnight's saddle. The tracker cracked his whip — and they were off. The 117th operational patrol.

The butcher birds were still whistling in the timber as the patrol thundered under the flowering woolly-butts by the police goat yard, crossed the dry creek bed and bucked up the opposite bank. Hales lit his pipe and smoked contentedly as the miles slid back. In the rear, the statuesque Menikman, cast in the very mould of the saddle.

All was well, Hales thought; in this best of all worlds.

As the miles fell back, through coolibah, wattle, bloodwood, cedar and ironwood forest, Hales' mind was busy.

He didn't know what Namalitja had discovered but he exulted in the knowledge that the tables had been turned on the Queenslander who had come up to partner Billy Ferrer — still in hospital in Darwin with his eight black stockmen, making a miraculous recovery.

The murderous devil! Hales thought, as the slow miles fell back — the outfit strung out now over a quarter of a mile, all following him, each horse or mule stopping to snatch a mouthful of grass, then trotting on at Menikman's whip crack. He was due for a shock, this flash Queenslander, with his ornate saddle and silver studded hat band. And his .38 automatic always on his belt! Slick with it too — or so he gave folk to understand.

The 117th Operational Patrol camped in the Lagoon of the Sitting Woman under the loom of a rose-red quartzite crag.

After supper, Hales sat long by the fire, listening to the rush of wings as the wild geese passed overhead, the flight leader's faint "Honk" infinitely remote, from the roof of night.

Hales journalled the day's mileage and route in his Field Report Book by the light of the fire. Menikman pottered around, fiddling with packs and gear. Down by the creek, the police horses' night bells tinkled musically as the hobbled horses moved out to graze. He got under his mosquito net, listened for a while to the sonorous croaking of frogs in the lagoon. A fish plopped occasionally in the pool. Now and then, the thud of a kangaroo coming down to drink.

The sun was a pick handle high over the western horizon as four days later Hales dismounted and clanked across the stone floor of the verandah station homestead. At first, he thought that Willington was from home, so silent was the lounge. And still! Only the slow chorus of cicadas outside and the hoarse notes of crows down by the killing yard. Then a voice said,

"Good-day, Mister Hales", in a tone of exaggerated cordiality, thinly veneered with sarcasm. "Come to arrest me?"

"Yes!" Hales replied. "Did you think you had got away with it?"

He watched Willington as the man's laugh boomed. The same rather pale face — still, with the impression of a kind of alertness beneath. The same rather mocking steel-blue eyes — queerly opaque. And — even here, on his lounge verandah — the butt of the automatic peeping from its "open" American holster.

A little thrill ran through him. Even here on his verandah! Then the man spoke again,

"How's Billy Ferrer?"

"Better", Hales' answer was brusque. "No thanks to you, though".

Willington made a kind of shocked sound with smiling lips.

"You have an obsession, Mister Hales. You have nothing on me for the attempted murder of Billy Ferrer, and you know it".

Hales nodded, and there was that in his expression that caused the Queenslander's face to alter slightly.

"I am aware of that", he repeated. "I am not here to arrest you for the murder or attempted murder of William Ferrer. I have a warrant for your arrest for the murder of Henry Willington".

Hales was observing his man with almost breathless intentness. His face HAD changed — but the change was almost imperceptible. Finally, the Queenslander spoke and his voice was completely normal.

"I am Henry Willington. You must be mad!"

Hales shook his head.

"You're not", he said and added no more.

As he waited in the silence that had become suddenly electric, Hales knew there was no more to say. Not yet! The man's right hand was flashing downward.

Overhead in the indigo velvet of the night sky, stars gleamed in limitless perspective to the diamond dust of the Milky Way. The only other sounds in the police camp were the ringing chorus of frogs by the lagoon and

the faint hum of night insects. John Hales brought his eyes back from the glory overhead and spoke to Namalitja.

"I beg your pardon, Sir — you were saying?"

Inspector Namalitja's teeth shone in the firelight.

"I was saying, Mr. Hales, that you nearly got shot".

Hales shook his head,

"Not really, Sir. There was no danger". He took a glowing ember from the fire and relit his pipe. Namalitja's smile turned to an outright laugh,

"You are right, of course; I stand corrected and apologise. Your time to get a shot into a man-sized target at twenty-one feet is three-fifths of a second — including the draw. You see, I am familiar with your record".

"Including the upholstering of the pistol, Sir", Hales' tone was grave. "I object to the term 'draw'. It sounds too American".

Namalitja inclined his head without reply.

Hales resumed speaking after a short interval.

"Our shots went off like a double rap on a bar counter — almost together. A policeman has to be sure that the other bloke IS going to shoot. You know that, Sir".

Namalitja not speaking still, Hales added,

"I had plenty of time. A few weeks in hospital and Willington will be all right".

Namalitja spoke at last.

"You are the fastest and deadliest shot in Australia, Mr. Hales. This gives you supreme confidence".

"Fastest, perhaps. I don't know, Sir. But not the deadliest. I have never killed a man — as you know".

The Inspector made a gesture of assent. Hales abruptly changed the subject.

"What I would like to know, Sir, is how you got on to the fact that Willington wasn't really Willington. His wife is genuine enough. She's Mrs. Willington all right, you say".

"Yes. I checked that in the photo album".

Leaning back against the pack saddle that supported his shoulders, Namalitja relaxed on the warm ground.

"You see, it was like this. When we found we couldn't prosecute in the poisoning case, we got curious about Mr. Willington. Whilst he was in Darwin on the preliminary inquiry, we got his finger prints by means of a slight subterfuge. We sent them to the Queensland police, together with his description. We were advised that his name was Joseph Starke. Two convictions for fraud. He lived on a small selection near the Willington homestead. Some six months ago, it appears, Willington disappeared. After a decent interval, the deserted wife sold the property and disappeared also".

Inspector Namalitja glanced at his subordinate, rose and put on one of Hales' blackened tea-billies.

"Dry work — talking", he observed, and resumed his position against the pack saddle. "Now, where were we?"

"Everybody disappearing", Hales said, laconically.

"Quite!" The Inspector nodded. "Starke too. HE shut up his place and vamoosed also. A bit rum, we thought; me and the Queensland Police".

"Your grammar, Sir". The shocked Hales cocked a quizzical eyebrow. Namalitja's teeth gleamed in acknowledgement. Then he went on,

"There was some further exchange of correspondence with Queensland. An intensive search was made of the vicinity of the Willington place and Willington's body was dug up. He had been shot with a .38 calibre automatic."

Namalitja made an expressive gesture. A jet of steam spurted from the fire and a stick exploded with a little report.

"I see", Hales said, quietly. "And here was the man Starke — with Mrs. Willington".

"Safe on the most isolated little cattle station in the Territory, right on the border of Arnhem Land".

Inspector Namalitja smiled as he rose again and threw tea into the bubbling billy.

BOYS' CLUB

When you proudly name your son and heir Algernon Montmorency Beauregarde George, you can resign yourself sadly to the fact that he will be forever only "George" — or worse! — to everybody else.

So even when they called this particular organisation "The Darwin Police and Citizens' Youth Club", it just didn't cut any ice. It was always the "Boys' Club", and the Boys' Club it remains, even though its is fast growing to man-size.

The Club had its origins in 1952 when the then Superintendent, Mr. W. C. Littlejohn, got a number of energetic Policemen and civilians in one hand and a derelict ex-boarding-house in Smith Street in the other, and threw them both together. The result, after much scrub-clearing, wall-demolishing, rubbish removal, rough carpentry, rude joinery and numerous vicissitudes, was a crude but serviceable club-room.

Material, money and labour were all very hard to come by in those days (THOSE days?), but, fortunately, an old building on the adjacent block had to be demolished and removed. The then Commissioner, Administrator F. J. S. Wise, gave the Club the use of any usable material provided they pulled down the building and cleared the block as required. This was done, and in time the Club, always active, was flourishing enough to be incorporated under the Associations Act with the long official title mentioned earlier. This provided an excuse for an official opening night — a most successful affair which drew 150 children and 300 adults, and Mr. Wise performed the opening ceremony.

When Mr. Graham became Superintendent, he carried on the enthusiastic work and aims of Mr. Littlejohn — again, of course, with the willing physical support of many members and citizens. The fruits of all this labour will take a long time to bear fully. The main purposes — the promotion of good citizenship, social fellowship and the encouragement of art, music, literature, science and culture, amongst the youth of the City — cannot be measured at all; but the effects of all this honest effort in a good cause can only be good.

Buildings are, of course, tangible, and building costs are not only measurable, but are also astronomical in growth. So, apart from its efforts to uplift the youth — girls, as well as boys, regardless of the "Boys' Club" tag — the Commissioner and his helpers within the Force and amongst the citizenry have a full-time job ahead of them in coping with their building needs, and the rising costs of rising buildings.

Our photographs show part of the facade of the new main building and a couple of human pile drivers at work inside the Club under Bill Jacobs' watchful eye. Graham McMahon and Basil Smith are also active instructors and helpers at the Club, but they just could not catch that photographer's eye.



Const. Bill Jacobs risks life refereeing two Tropical terrors at the Darwin Police Boys' Club.

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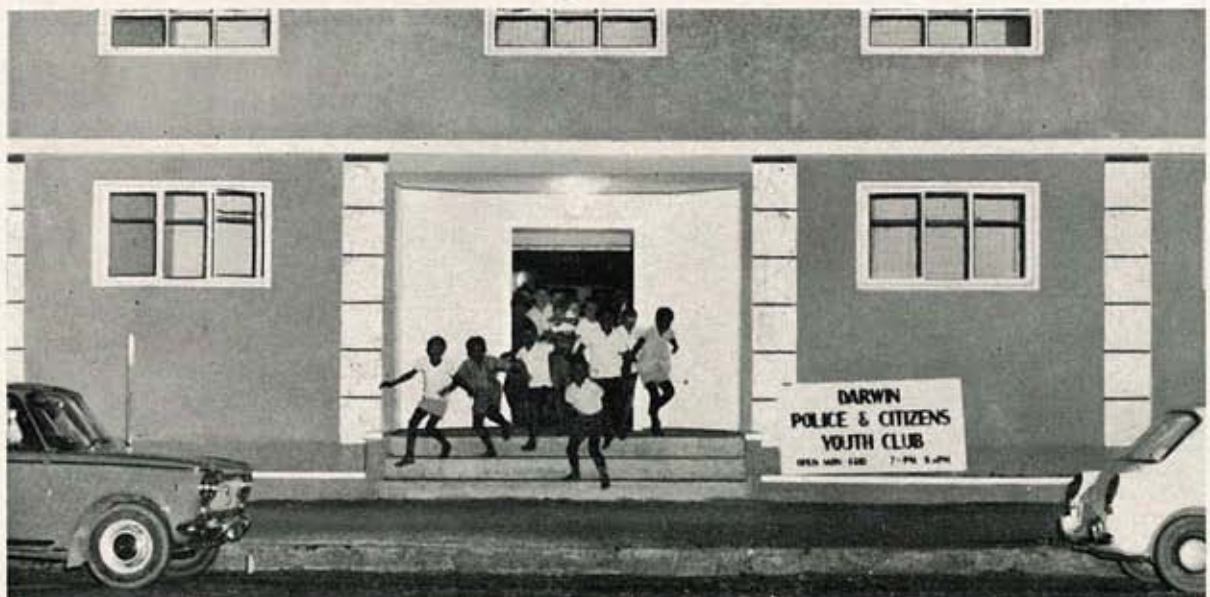
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Police Boys' Club, Darwin — facade of new main building, 1964.

THE ASPHALT TRAIL

By E. H. MORLEY

THE Sergeant settled back comfortably on his swag, crossed one leg over the other and drew contentedly on his cigarette.

"This is your first patrol, Harry, and you'll find the bush strange to you. This old Northern Territory grows on one and you'll come to love it".

Trooper Harry Browne smacked viciously at the attacking horde of mosquitoes. Although the last red glow had faded from the setting sun an hour ago, perspiration still trickled down his face. He was stiff, sore, irritable and bone weary.

The Sergeant had made them ride hard that day. The heat had been almost unbearable. The young trooper's thirst had been unquenchable and he drank frequently from the water-bag hanging around the neck of the quiet old tucker-pack mule until the Sergeant stopped him.

It would make him ill, the Sergeant warned, as he dismounted and handed a dull red and black iron-stone pebble to the younger man. "Suck that, Harry, it'll keep your mouth moist for awhile; when it doesn't, try gum leaves".

The trooper winced as the hot pebble seared his tongue. As the heat diminished he sucked dutifully until the saliva moistened his parched mouth.

A few miles further on the Sergeant halted in the shade of a flourishing coolibah tree. From the water-bag he half filled a pannican and handed it up to the young man and told him to sip it slowly and twirl the water around his mouth.

The trooper watched as his leader took a knife from the pouch on his belt and delve in the soil some distance from the trunk of the coolibah tree. Digging up a root the Sergeant scraped off the dirt and bark and handed a portion to his junior and told him to chew on it.

Riding mile after endless miles through the timbered vastness the young trooper had found the Gulf Country dull and uninteresting. Nothing seemed to live in this forbidding country and he felt walled in by gumtrees, ironwood, woollybutt, bullwaddy, nutwood, gutta-percha, bauhinia, wild-kapok and dense wattle scrub; giant ant-hills towered over his head as he rode and small ones, cunningly concealed in the grass, made his horse stumble and jar every bone in his saddle-sore body.

When they dismounted at sundown and made camp beside a long lagoon with purple water-lilies covering it like a tapestried bed-spread, he was completely exhausted. He envied the untiring energy of the Sergeant and the two native trackers as they made camp and prepared a meal but his tiredness had robbed him of his appetite.

The young trooper looked across at the Sergeant so relaxed on his swag and drawing languidly on his cigarette. "You'd think he was in a comfortable armchair in a luxurious City lounge room instead of on a dusty swag out in the bush", he thought.

The Sergeant's voice came to him, "Take to-day, Harry, no doubt you thought I was pretty tough when stopping you from getting a gutful of water every five

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minutes. Remember the billabong where we filled the canteens and water-bags? Well, at the bottom of that waterhole are the carcasses of cattle, brumbies and all species of wild game bogged there in the drought years. Oh, we take risks drinking waters like this without boiling it. We build up a resistance to it but it's wiser not to overdo it".

Harry smote at the mosquitoes. It was now the fifth night out from Borroloola and it seemed a year. Even that isolated outpost seemed like the purlieu of a City to this wilderness. With thoughts more on cooling breezes and cold beer he was only half listening to the Sergeant.

"Although we haven't seen anything moving much in this country, Harry, it's actually teeming with wild life. There is much to look and watch for . . . which way the watercourses flow, contours of the land, places to head for and those to avoid. Everywhere there are signs of kangaroos, wallabies, brumbies, buffaloes, dingoes, native cats, bandicoots, goannas, lizards, snakes, native bees and bird life. Always keep your eyes searching for sign, Harry, you'll never be a bushman until you do".

The young trooper was losing the battle against the mosquitoes. Impatiently he rose to his feet and rigged his mosquito net to the four stakes already driven into the ground around his swag.

The Sergeant blew out a billow of smoke and idly watched it float in the still air.

"Talking of sign, Harry, these two black boys with us now, Fara and Charcoal, are about the best two trackers I've had and what they don't see, can't be seen. A few years back we tracked down an inter-State criminal and the three of us had to go down to Brisbane to give evidence . . ."

"Think I'll get under the net, Sergeant, the mosquitoes are giving me blazes".

"Good idea, Harry . . . Well, we arrive in Brisbane some days before the case comes up so we fill the time in by having a look at the sights. This was the first time the two trackers had been away from the bush and they would wander around taking everything in. Fara is a curious sort of a bloke. He wants to see and know what's going on all the time. Charcoal, on the other hand, is content to let everything come to him. In Brisbane, Fara would walk off somewhere sight-seeing, whilst Charcoal would stand on a busy corner and watch everything go past him.

"They were in the city one day when I wanted them urgently. I went looking for them and found Charcoal holding up a post in Queen Street. He told me that Fara had gone walkabout over an hour ago. When I asked Charcoal if he knew where Fara had gone, Charcoal said no, but he could find him alright.

"Charcoal started up Queen Street and I trailed behind. At the end of the street he went out on the bridge over the river. He walked to the right hand side and said, 'Fara been here little bit long time an' look-out longa boat'. "Charcoal darted through the girders of the bridge and across to the other side. People looked at us curiously and I felt a bit foolish. Charcoal didn't stop and turned back towards the city again and spoke over his shoulder, 'Fara been lookout longa boat this side, too . . .'

"Charcoal was striding it out and I had to hustle to keep up with him. It was quite a walk to the Railway Station and Charcoal strode across to the railing overlooking the station and the movement of trains coming in and moving out. Without pausing he said, 'Fara been lookout longa trains here'.

"Clapping on the pace for a few blocks he turned left. I'm getting a bit fed up with this funny business and asked where the devil he is leading me. Charcoal gave a grin and said, 'Fara no more long way now — him proper close up'.

"It had me stumped how the deuce he knew this. Then something clicked in my mind and suddenly I woke up. Along this street very few people were walking. In my mind's eye I saw peanut shells on both sides of the bridge where Fara had stood and also at the railway station. On the footpath here were peanut shells which had not been stepped on or crushed, indicating, of course, they had not been thrown down very long ago.

"Sure enough, a bit further on we came to Anzac Square and found Fara dozing on the lawn with peanut shells strewn around him.

"It had been pre-arranged between Fara and Charcoal that if they separated at any time and then wished to find the other, they would leave a trail of peanut shells. Not bad though, Harry, for two bush blackfellows going to the city for the first time, eh?"

There was no answer. Harry was asleep.

The Sergeant snorted.

"Been talking to myself . . . a darn good yarn wasted! These young fellows . . . S'truth!"

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THE WOMEN



Women Police, Darwin, 1964

*Back left to right : J. Wendler, M. Sawyer, S. M. Govaars,
P. Smith, A. Olerenshaw.*

Front left to right : E. Edwards, B. Gleeson, J. Howard.

FOR many years this Force was one of those "Men Without Women" concerns. So much so that one anxious bush trooper hit the national headlines by getting a Cabinet Minister to advertise for a wife for him. He got one, too. Policemen's wives eventually became commonplace and were accepted as part of the scene, like cars, fridges and other things that you just can't ignore (without really trying).

But the actual Police world was never a woman's world — until they got the thin end of the stiletto heel in during 1961.

In that year we were presented with no less than five brand-new Policewomen — Margaret Craven, Shirley Booth, Fay Barton, Norma Bailey and Johanna Wendler. They went through the Recruit Training Course with the men who were recruited at the same time, and on 10th April, 1961, Policewomen went on duty in the Northern Territory Police Force for the first time. The growing pains were somewhat obvious at first, but in June we obtained the invaluable services of Joyce Richardson, a South Australian Policewoman with sixteen years' service, to act as Officer-in-Charge for a year and put our girls on their feet. After her return to Adelaide, South Australia loaned us another experienced Officer-in-Charge for a further year — Pauline Russ.

One of the original recruits had had prior experience in New South Wales and one in England — an undoubted asset. But nobody allowed for our predatory males, and matrimony began to sift the ranks, thus making more and more recruiting necessary to keep up the strength. We now have an establishment of eight Policewomen. Members now serving are — Johanna Wendler — one of the originals,

and now Acting Officer-in-Charge — Beryl Gleeson, Judith Howard, Elaine Edwards, Sebastiana Govaars, Margaret Sawyer, Pat Smith and Anne Olerenshaw. Quite a few others have served for short periods between the first recruitment and the present time.

Most of the work of the Women Police has so far been confined to the Darwin area, but occasional "business" trips have been made to Alice Springs and the other main towns, and some members will eventually be stationed at Alice Springs, at least.

The Women Police take their work seriously, and it is undoubtedly serious work — but they have also managed to get a bit of fun out of it from time to time.

Whacko Winnellie !

Two venturesome Policewomen, who had at that stage barely learnt how to sign on and off properly, were patrolling the outskirts of Darwin one night. At about 11 p.m., finding things dull, they decided to take a judicial look at Winnellie — a tin shanty settlement, then of about sixty regular inhabitants and dozens of transients, and a wild and woolly place when the grog was flowing. (It always was!)

Whilst carefully piloting their car between the huts and the pot-holes, the women were suddenly astounded to see, in the headlights, a black fellow sitting in the middle of the roadway. They stopped. He got up and walked towards the car, not only very obviously drunk but also very obviously naked.

The women shyly locked the car doors, rolled up the windows and prepared to make out they had never seen him. But he was not a bit concerned and tapped on one of the side windows of the car to draw their attention. They just "cut him dead", and looked haughtily ahead. He persisted in his window-tapping, until one of the women at last shouted — "What do you want?"

To this potentially fatal question the native shaped his generous mouth into a great circle, so that any competent lip-reader would imagine that he was uttering either an interrogative "Eh?" or a demanding "Hey!" But the women couldn't hear and forgot to read.

"What do you want?" they both shouted, with the super-loudness of near-panic. The native made the same mouth movements, and dead silence was the only result as far as the women were concerned.

"Open the window", said one, "he can't hear you".

"No — you open yours", was the reply.

"I can't — I've got to drive. Besides, he's on your side of the car".

The passenger gingerly rolled the window down about half an inch and again recklessly shouted: "What do you want?"

"Give me smoke, missus", was the pleading response from the outer darkness (definitely no pun).

Up went the window.

"What do we do now? He's not getting a smoke from me. We haven't got any, anyhow".

"Well he's definitely drunk", said the other.

"Yes, and he's not supposed to drink, either".

"No, — and he's naked, too".

"We'd better arrest him!"

"You arrest him — I'll drive the car!"

"Oh — I don't know. Perhaps we'd better call the men Police".

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Thank heavens and A.W.A for Police radio. Soon they were assured of more familiar male company, and sat back to relax a bit. Then they noticed that their bareskinned visitor had left the unfriendly vicinity and disappeared in the long grass. Now there was a furious backing and filling and turning, trying to pick up their prey in the headlights without staking a tyre or tipping the car into a trench.

They had both windows down now and bravely poked their heads out to get better vision. The summoned male help suddenly swung around a corner and rapidly approached them — and here they were without their prisoner! A muffled cough was heard coming from the long grass a few yards away. Pinpointing the spot without daring to show a light on it, the quick-witted Policewomen pointed and triumphantly yelled — "There he is, men! We kept him for you".

A Matter of Grave Concern

On another late night — this time a stormy Wet Season special, pitch dark, with rain pouring, wind howling, and humidity inside the closed car at a record high percentage — two of the women were coming back from a patrol.

Suddenly a light was seen flickering some thirty or forty yards off the roadway. The women found the nature

and location of the light somewhat puzzling and stopped the car. There was an open gateway in front of them.

"Someone could be playing two-up in there", said one woman.

"Yes — they play in all sorts of places. They might be up to something else, too".

"Yes — we'd better have a look. Our headlights aren't much good though".

They went a few yards, met an obstruction and the car stalled. Start up, back — another obstruction. Start up, swing to the right — another obstruction.

"Can't you keep it running?" said the passenger querulously.

"No — it keeps stalling. There's too many big bumps here. We must be on a gravel reserve or something".

The next move got them several bumpy yards nearer to the gate, where the dim headlights managed to flicker on to something white.

"Haven't you any respect for the dead?" said the passenger in a disgusted tone.

"What do you mean — respect for the dead?"

"Let's get home quick", said the other. "This is a cemetery".

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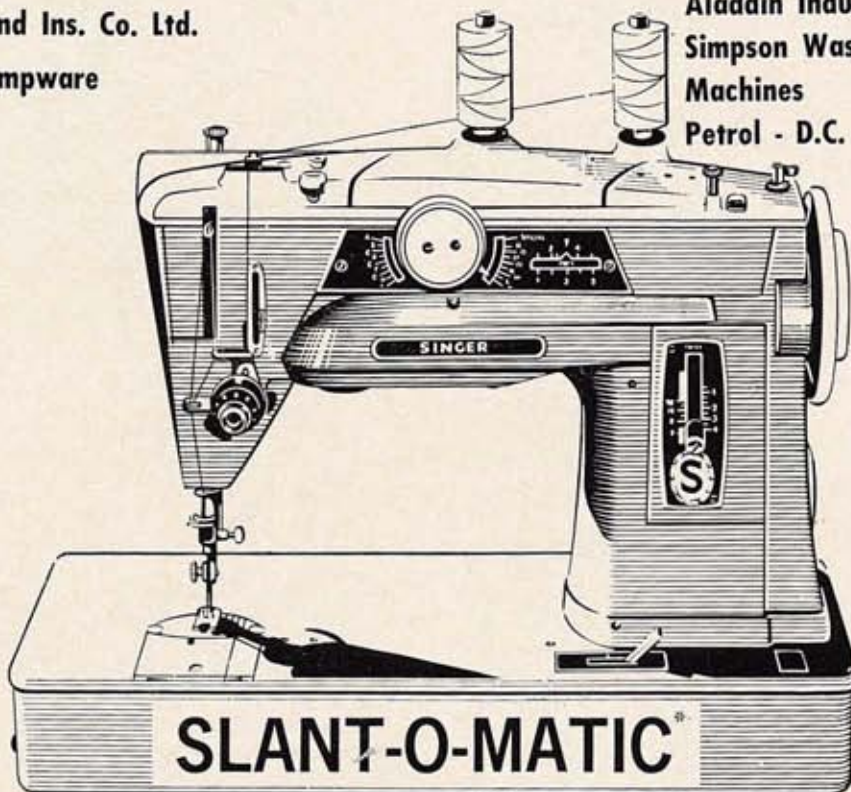
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PADDY'S THREE LOVES

Paddy might have been a broth of an Irish Bhoys when he was young, but he was a handful of Irish cussedness in his alcoholic middle age.

He had three great loves — if constant addiction can be called love — drinking, fighting the Police on Saturday night and (such backsliding!) the English game of cricket.

The three things were very closely wrapped up in Paddy's mind. On Saturday night he invariably got drunk, and was such a drunk that no self-respecting Policeman could avoid putting the arm on him. And no self-respecting drunk like Paddy could avoid resisting such cruel, foreign oppression. So Sunday morning always found Paddy being bailed out to soothe his wounds until he faced the court, and cheerfully pleaded guilty, as usual, on Monday morning.

But on Sunday afternoon he kept a never-changing vigil at the oval above the steep cliffs of Darwin's beautiful harbour: a stern, unwavering Sphinx sitting at the top of the old grandstand, watching the cricket. It was something like the Duke waiting for Sam Small to pick up his musket so battle could commence! If Paddy didn't appear in his regular possie on Sunday afternoon, one could well imagine that even the cricket would not commence, either.

Paddy's cricket mania had nothing to do with the finer arts of flashing bats and swishing balls, as such, but merely with their effect on two particular players. By far the best cricketers in Darwin in those days were Bert Koop—a relentless Police Sergeant and a savage bowler — and Frank Deans, a long, rawboned, redheaded young Constable, who flung that old slab of willow around like Bradman. And they were in opposing teams.

So on Sundays these three furies had a picnic — Bert working ferociously with brain, arm and chewing gum to wring the last possible bit of devilishness out of the little red ball; Frank boyishly glorying in the magic power of the wand that let him belt his boss to hell and back all the long, hot afternoon; and Paddy sitting up there in his private Olympus watching his two enemies tear each other to pieces. Ah! what balm to the soul, indeed!

But there came an awful Sunday when Paddy did not appear, and there was really serious talk of not letting battle commence until he could be located. It takes a lot to stop a cricket match, though (except a bit of rain, of course!), so they rolled out the matting and got into the fray.

Yet not without a qualm or two. At every lull, anxious, puzzled eyes swept the grandstand in case he might have sneaked up unbeknown, like. But he didn't come, and the day dragged on, and the bowling and the batting was as savage as ever.

"What the hell did you do to him last night?" grumbled Bert.

"Well he was alright, don't you worry", said Frank, rubbing away at a fresh scab under his left eye.

"But, dammit, he should be here", said the puzzled Sergeant.

"He was extra dry when we bailed him out this morning", replied Frank. "He was just dying to get back to his humpy in Frog Hollow to knock over a bottle of rum. Perhaps he just choked down".

As the day wore on, the fierce old Sergeant sent some really terrible balls down to his Constabular foe; but that long-handle specialist just went on belting these balls all over the ground, one after the other — and Paddy not there to see it all! — until he lifted one right over the grandstand. Not only for six, either — but for a quarter of an hour or so, as well, while a sufficiently goat-like fieldman could be found to clamber down the cliff-face and recover the ball. A volunteer was found, and down he went; and soon there was a very peculiar cry heard from him. The mob leaned over to see what was going on. The ball-searcher called out to Bert and Frank to come down. There on a ledge, amidst broken glass and an odour of spilt rum, was the broken-necked body of Paddy. The same thought passed through all their minds—he just couldn't stay away from the oval on Cricket Sundays.

THE MOVING TREE

*Oh, that I should ever see
A thing as hefty as a tree —
A tree that waltzed on Elsey track.
I could not go around or back,
And as the clouds of dust arose
That tree danced on the Holden's nose.
I'm sure it was a moving tree
(It surely can't be blamed on me?)
And as I tightly gripped the wheel
I thought of how the Boss would feel,
When my tale I came to tell,
Of waltzing trees that rose and fell.
I've pranged 'em all, both big and sniall,
On tracks and roads so free.
But I had to come on Elsey track
To hit a moving tree.
A base attack, a vile deal
For one so careful at the wheel —
You'd think I couldn't drive at all
When on my way to Elsey ball.
That tree played me a dirty prank;
I'm off to buy a Tiger Tank,
And then we'll see who comes off best —
Bullocks, trees and all the rest.*

— Anonymous.

JOHN KILWORTH OUT

October saw the end of the Northern Territory Police career of Sergeant John Kilworth, boarded out on medical grounds.

An Englishman, John served as a Lieutenant in the Malaya Police Force during the early part of the post-war troubles there, and joined this Police Force in March, 1954. Apart from a couple of years in Alice Springs, his service has been wholly in Darwin.

On an ordinary sort of a night on an ordinary sort of a patrol, about twelve months ago, John and another member gave chase to a fleeing offender at Stuart Park. The chase led over a patch of rough, rubbish-strewn ground. John fell heavily and very nearly cut his left hand off on broken glass. Apart from one short spell of light duties, he has been unfit for work ever since. The hand is not good enough for him to continue duty in the Force, and he has now moved with his wife and two little children to Brisbane.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(We have received a most inspiring volume of enthusiastic letters and cannot possibly publish them all. We publish the two samples below with considerable pleasure, and thank all who were kind enough to write to us. — Ed.)

OUTPOST

Magazine of the British South Africa Police,
Salisbury,
Southern Rhodesia.

The Editor,

Dear Sir,

We of the Police in Southern Rhodesia were very pleased to learn that we were to welcome yet another magazine on the contemporary scene — this time the magazine of the Northern Territory Police Force of Australia.

We wish it a long life and a successful one, and may it never suffer from printer's gremlins.

Yours sincerely,

E. L. Crabbe,
Editor, "Outpost".

21 Moore St.,
Turner, A.C.T.

The Editor,

Dear Sir,

As expressed elsewhere I do indeed deem it an honour to be asked to contribute to your new magazine.

I served with some very fine men, and my life in the Service was full of incidents which in those days were considered our "daily job". As you will be aware, towards the end of my service my health broke down. I now have some difficulty recalling old details. All my notes were lost in Darwin. I had gathered many from my years of experiences with a view to writing a book when I retired. Unfortunately, too, the majority of official records are gone. Up until the bombing of Darwin in 1942 there were very valuable records from the first day of the Police in the Northern Territory, carefully preserved by the then Superintendent, A. V. Stretton.

I often thought they should have been preserved in a more suitable climate, because the tropical climate, together with the vermin — particularly the white ants — plays havoc over the years. The loss of these records, plus the fact that most of the Old Timers have passed away, means that outstanding great deeds of the past are not as well known as they might be.

Many incidents could be related about Katherine, when the rail head and trucking yards were at Emungalan — four miles from the Police Station. This necessitated crossing the flooded Katherine River in wet seasons. Whilst at Daly River I had some interesting cases and patrols in the Moyle country, Fletcher's Gully, the Buldiva and Coolah tin fields, Tipperary Station and the like. Some of the members who are still alive, and who served with me in the twenties, had similar interesting experiences which I am sure would make entertaining reading.

A Newcastle Waters case that comes to mind is mentioned in the book, "Australia Through the Windscreen", by William Hatfield. The book gives half the story — I could tell you the other half if you so desired.

In passing I might mention that I acted as Control Officer at Newcastle Waters in connection with the big London-Melbourne Air Race, in 1934. Not a big job, of course — but definitely unique?

I wish you success in your new venture and hope that these notes have helped in some way.

Also enclosing subscription towards the magazine,

Yours sincerely,
R. Reid.

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STATING THE FACTS

By ANNE OLEREN SHAW

FINDING the facts and stating them precisely, is the mainspring of a policeman's existence, and yet it is a practically impossible requirement. Not only is his choice of words important, but the way he expresses them. The modern English language is so complex, and the rules of evidence so inhibiting, that it is a wonder that anyone in Court ever knows what anyone else is getting at.

They say the Greeks had a word for it, and the Anglo-Saxons knew what they were doing too, when they invented four-letter words. Although their vocabulary was more limited than ours, they were usually able to say what they meant with clarity and without shame. Now, unfortunately, some of their words are considered indelicate and one may be locked up for using them. It is the current fashion to be as obscure as possible, and clarity of speech and writing is fast becoming the mark of the uncouth and illiterate.

The prevailing cold war has been partly to blame for this state of affairs. It is extremely dangerous for a head of State or a leading politician to say exactly what he means. Whatever he says may be subject to a deliberate distortion or manipulation to the advantage of the other side, so he is often compelled to speak compromisingly, and to leave loopholes for himself. The worst he can offer, with safety, is a "veiled" threat. Language is a powerful weapon, and skilfully chosen, well-delivered words from the right person at the right time have been responsible for everything from peace treaties to world wars.

At a lower level, but even more malignant, is the influence of the bureaucrats and their jargon known as "officialese". They may have started it in the first place in an effort to baffle more simple-minded people, but it is now an established habit and rife in all Government Departments and Public Services. People actually prefer the extravagant expression and help to foster it, for it is founded on the fallacy that if a thing is stated simply, it lacks weight. On paper, and especially in official letters and documents, "officialese" becomes really formidable. It is no longer possible to "buy" anything, it has to be "purchased", one cannot "try" only "endeavour", nor "help", but "assist", and nothing is gained by "asking", one must "enquire".

In Police Forces, as in other Departments, the dreaded officialese rears its ugly head. In reports and Journals, a policeman never goes anywhere, or sees anything, he always proceeds and observes. It never seems quite right to say "I went and saw", though that may be exactly what he did, and what could be more precise and unmistakable?

Suppose you are on duty, and are called out on a job. When you return you write something like this in the Journal, "I went to Smith Street, and saw a couple arguing and swearing loudly at each other. Then the man hit the woman with a stick. As I tried to help her, he swore at me. I arrested the man, Mr. John A, of B and took him to the Police Station. The woman also came along". If you are an addict of officialese you will prefer the following version:—"I proceeded to Smith Street and observed what seemed to be a domestic dispute. The man and woman were disturbing the peace and abusing each other with indecent language. I then observed the man assaulting the woman with what appeared to be a blunt wooden instrument. As I endeavoured to assist her he used abusive language at me. I apprehended the man who I ascertained to be Mr. John A, of B, and conveyed him to the Police Station. The woman also accompanied us".

Both examples are extreme, but whichever version you prefer it amounts to about the same thing as the other, and although the latter is more pompous, there is no problem if everyone understands it. There is, however, a use of the terms "apparently", "it appears that", "it seems to be", almost as if one were afraid to call a spade a spade in case it turned out to be something else. This terminology is not necessarily officialese. The rules of evidence often demand the precluding of dogmatic statements to afford the defendant an opportunity to prove, if he can, that things are not what they seemed.

It is not only officialese which complicates communications. Every sentence uttered in any way, under any circumstances by anyone at all is liable to be misunderstood. Words are weapons, but fallible ones, and depend not only on what is said and who says it, but on who hears and how he interprets it, and in law of course, the communication of facts is eminently important, and here lies the difficulty. Officialese though tedious, does not necessarily strangle the

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facts though they may be harder to recognise. There is a way in which simplicity itself can obscure the issue. The Police deal not only with documents but with perverse human beings, perverse in the sense that each one reacts differently and unpredictably to any given situation.

Take for instance those two people who were fighting in the street. If the policeman witnessed the scene, he will record it primarily as in the first or second example. If instead, he merely interviews the two people concerned, and the man says, "I didn't do it", and the woman says, "He did it all right", provided of course that they are not married, when it doesn't seem to matter anyway, the report or Journal entry would probably hint darkly "He 'claims' he didn't do it", or "she 'alleges' that he did", which conveys the necessary air of suspended judgment. Yet into that man's "claim" stated so complacently on paper, and without a hint of officialese, may have gone all the indignation of one faced with an unjust accusation, or the overdone denials of a guilty conscience. A policeman may be well aware of this, and even be able to tell the difference, but none of it is ever recorded.

He may stand in the witness box and deliver a spate of long-winded blurb about proceeding and observing, without ever once mentioning, or being permitted to mention, what really happened. Giving evidence, and mentally concentrating on what he has written in his brief, a policeman might say, in a monotonous voice, while gazing out of the opposite window or at the Court typist, "He said 'I didn't do it'". This statement has the simplicity we have been advocating but may be the very thing which distorts the facts.

Imagine the same policeman giving the same evidence, this time truthfully as he sees it. He happens to have a

rather dramatic turn of phrase. As he recalls the scene he grips the witness box, straightens his shoulders and speaks out in his best radio-serial voice, "I went up to Mr. John A, and looked him straight in the eye. He winced, he knew he had done wrong and was caught out. He lowered his gaze, and as I put my hand on his arm, he suddenly blurted out in desperation, 'I didn't do it!'".

This kind of evidence may appear to be nearer the truth, but is in fact purely subjective and obviously could never be allowed. It is not only at the mercy of the Constable's verbal ingenuity, but of the colourful imagination of the Magistrate. The actual stark naked truth, if in fact there is such a thing, is as elusive as ever.

If one were to attempt to reproduce an incident almost exactly as it was believed to have happened, the Law would become a farce, and the Policeman a Court jester. To complicate matters even further, there are people who, to put it bluntly, are deliberate liars, though not necessarily in the Police Force, and there are even more people who are unconscious embroiderers of the truth, and who are incapable of letting events seep through their minds unmolested. They manage to emerge as something different, like Aladdin climbing out of his cave laden with unexpected riches. Again there are others who cannot stick to the point, and must wander around it with all kinds of irrelevances.

It would appear on the surface that we have an odd legal system, when Justice depends mainly on words and how they are used, but it does seem to work, which is all that matters, and until such time as we have a mathematically precise language, and human beings have become mechanical robots, we must make the attempt at least to say what we mean, even if it is one of the most difficult things in the world.

Police Participation in Alice Springs Sport

By F. G. EGAN

One of the proudest boasts of the Force at Alice Springs is the number of members taking part in a wide variety of sports, with quite a share of success.

Starting with the burlier sports, we have five members of the United Rugby League team — Slim Rogers, Tim Egan and John White in the forwards with Laurie Kennedy and Jim Green in the three-quarter line. The last two named are playing their first season of this code, having seen the light and transferred over from Australian Rules. John White is having a spectacular season and will go very close to being named the Best and Fairest player in the League.

Australian Rules have still got Colin Eckert and Lance Prideaux on their books, but it may not be for long as Speedie can be seen sneaking off to the links on most Sundays now. Both of these boys play for Rovers and continually acquit themselves well. Norm Wright was one of the stars of the Rovers team, but is now Captain-Coach of the Ti-Tree First Eighteen.

Our pinnacle of success is Inspector Ryall's continual dominance of the local golf scene. Club Champion in 1962 and 1963, he is currently burning up the course regularly and is hot favorite for the 1964 title, which will have been decided before this edition is available. Phil McLaughlin has just been promoted to the B Grade on the strength of

his slashing successes in the Darwin Open this year. One of the longest hitters in the club, he will soon be down among the very low markers. Tim Egan and Colin Eckert are our representatives in the C Grade. Gordon Raabe, now of Tennant Creek, was a very active member and a successful B Grader, while Dennis Conaghan has missed most of the current season because of leave, but will doubtless soon be back in action. Among the others formerly stationed here but since transferred to have waved the waddies around were Jack Ilett, Jack Taylor, Norm Wright, Len Cossons, Pat Grant and Sid Davis.

In the summer sports, we have always had very strong representation in the world of the willow. Still considered as three of Alice Springs' best cricketers ever are Ewen Mackintosh, Kevin Smith (now at Batchelor) and Jack Abbott of Tennant Creek. Ewen will be back in town shortly after a sojourn at the Finke. For two seasons running down there he led the Finke in epic struggles against the Rest of the World — and had success both times. We have a number of members who have not been here for a cricket season but who look like donning the pads. George Simpson, Jim Green, John White and others were to be among the nucleus of our own cricket side this year, but unfortunately this did not come to pass. We will

(Continued on Page 48)

WELCOME TO 1964 RECRUITS

That is not really the number of Recruits — only the year. Two Recruit Training Courses were conducted during 1964, and most of the Recruits have been good enough to meet our request for a few personal details.

Tony Godwin topped the first course and Peter Berrill the second. Peter is a former member of the South Australian Police Force and is now, as you will note elsewhere in this issue, digging up the island of Cyprus. Or it could be Sighprus.

Sergeant Roger Texter conducted both courses, and afterwards received a couple of very useful souvenirs from his pupils. Unfortunately, he can't drink out of one of them without first climbing up on to a high enough chair — unless he has worked out some more scientific procedure lately.

David Frederick Swift, 27, hails from a New South Wales town — Sydney — where he was educated at Rozelle Technical High School. He was apprenticed as an electrical mechanic and followed his trade in many parts of his home State, with a bit of station work thrown in. He also did a turn as a shearer's rouseabout. He likes competitive swimming, hockey, sailing and water skiing and life in the Northern Territory. He is now at Katherine.

Paul Everingham was educated at the Marist Brothers Training College at Mittagong, N.S.W., and started his working career with the Rural Bank. In 1963 he left

the bank and commenced working with the Commonwealth Steel Co. at Alexandria. He then joined this Force and he says he finds the life interesting and educational. He is at Katherine, too. (There might be something about that place?)

Down in the drier country, at Tennant Creek, we find Laurence Foster, from Sydney. After leaving school at 16 (with passes in all sports!) he took up statistical work with an airline company. He had the flying bug himself so took flying lessons and was later selected for the Fleet Air Arm as a trainee pilot. He eventually qualified for Navy wings. At 19 he obtained a civil commercial licence, but was too young, as he found that employers preferred mature, experienced people using their equipment. Eventually he even became too old, as well — so took to cab driving. He stuck to that for three years until incipient ulcers, hypertension and no paid holidays made the Public Service look beautiful by comparison. After less than a year in the Territory he reckons you've never really lived till you've left King's Cross. His biggest surprise here is the limited use made of light aircraft in our 500,000 square miles. (Yeah — but look at all the cabs!)

Geoffrey Francis Hosking, 22, comes from Deniliquin, N.S.W., and was educated at Albury Grammar School. After leaving school he studied Mechanical Engineering at Echuca (Victoria) Technical College for two years whilst working at part-time jobs after hours. He then spent a year working on his family's property at Deniliquin; another year at Wagga Agricultural College studying for the N.S.W. Diploma of Agriculture, and came to this Force at the beginning of 1964. He is now at Alice Springs.

Arie Pyle, 22, was born in Java while the island was under Japanese occupation, and upon the liberation of the Prison Camps the family was sent to Coolangatta, Qld. They did not like this country and returned to their native Holland; but two years of wind, sleet and snow saw them back in warm Batavia. Political unrest made Java unhealthy for the Dutch, and the Pyle family in 1950 again headed for Australia — this time to Sydney. Arie was educated at Drummoyne High School, played 1st Grade Water Polo and 2nd Grade Rugby Union, and did a part-time Mechanical Engineering Course at the University of New South Wales. He has worked as a Fitter's Assistant, a Mechanical Draughtsman, an Industrial Salesman and in 1962-63 was engaged in a Time and Motion Study Course of the A.R.C. Engineering, Sydney, and with Courtaulds, Newcastle. He arrived in Darwin towards the end of 1963 and was in the first 1964 Recruit Course. He is impressed with Darwin's possibilities.

William Laurence Kennedy, 24, comes from the famous City of Ballarat, Victoria, where he was educated at St. Patrick's College. He worked as a Production Clerk in a textile firm until he was 18, did his National Service Training and later a course of Signals in the C.M.F. At 20 he was signed up by the Richmond Football Club, so moved to Melbourne to play Aussie Rules and work as a Fireman. He went through the first of this year's Recruit Training Courses, and is now in Alice Springs.

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Another Alice Springs member is John Donald Oldfield, who hails from Wallsend, N.S.W., where he was educated at Plattsburg Central High School, and later served his apprenticeship as a Baker. Then followed his National Service Training with three years in the C.M.F. In 1961 he did a working holiday through both islands of New Zealand. On his return to Sydney he worked with Stewart & Lloyds for nearly two years, then came to Darwin as a Police Recruit.

Joseph Henry Potts, 22, comes from Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire, England. After leaving Secondary School, he worked as a Clerk with the County Council. At 18 he was transferred to the Council's Police Department as a Cadet and at 19 was appointed a Police Constable in the Cheshire Constabulary. In February, 1963, he came out to Perth, W.A., had a few temporary jobs, including a period as a Guard at Fremantle Gaol, and joined this Force towards the end of 1963. He is now stationed at Alice Springs.

Glasgow is the birthplace of James Green, 24, who came to Australia when his father decided to emigrate in 1950. The trip out on the converted troopship *Somersetshire* took thirteen weeks! On top of that, they landed in Victoria and copped four weeks of rain — but now they wouldn't live anywhere else. They live in the greenest part of Victoria, in the dairying country — but he really enjoys life and work at Alice Springs. Perhaps it reminds him of the brown coal down below! He served his apprenticeship with the Victorian State Electricity Commission at Yallourn and at 21 obtained his "A" grade

Electrical Mechanic's Licence. He plays most sports, with soccer as his favourite. He was wondering how he could join the Victorian Police Force, without having to serve in the city, when he spotted an advertisement for recruits for the Northern Territory Police. This seemed to be a solution to his quandary, and he was soon getting out of a plane in the hot, humid air of a Darwin Wet Season night. Melbourne really looked good then — but it was soon forgotten when the local hospitality was turned on. They even have women in the place!

With the new Social Welfare legislation the object of so much interest one must tread warily on the colour question but we simply have to give John McRae White his fair share of this recruit space. John first thought of being a policeman while he was still at school, but took to handling cows instead of people for a start. He worked on a dairy farm at Camden, N.S.W., for five years. The milk must have started to curdle a bit then, because he took on jackerooing. Later he worked in a produce store, dispensing and delivering stock foods. In 1963, his mind strayed back through all those stock foods, the jackerooing experiences, the hundreds and hundreds of cows he had met and right back to his schooldays when the word "policeman" suddenly rang a bell, and the next thing he knew he was gingerly approaching a Commonwealth Government office door for THE INTERVIEW. This was followed by some impatient waiting for someone to make a decision, but in due course he found himself on a Darwin-bound plane. After the Recruit Training Course he was transferred to Alice Springs. Now he wonders why he left it so long to join the Northern Territory Police Force.

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OLD TIMERS' MUSTER

It may be true that people who have once lived in the Territory "never never" leave it in spirit, even if physically far away. But very few spirits seem to have detectable addresses, with the result that there are very many former members whom we have been unable to trace.

Any advice on the whereabouts and current activities of any ex-member of the Force would be greatly appreciated; so, if you know, let us know.

You will see from the contents of this issue that quite a number of old timers are not only still amongst us, but they can still wield an effective pen in dealing with the old history which they helped to make.

Vic Hall's name often turns up in magazines — and with increasing frequency these days on books, as well — and we are very pleased to be able to print one of his exciting stories in this issue. Some say that truth is stranger than fiction, but Vic reckons that's fabulously false. Thanks Vic, and Mrs. Hall, for your fine response to our call.

The idea of a Northern Territory Police Magazine must have struck Jock Reid right where it tickles most enjoyably — he not only had a story back practically by return post but included his subscription as well — our very first paying customer! Jock was a Sergeant when he resigned from this Force, and later became "Chief of Police" and finally Commissioner of the A.C.T. Police. He now lives in retirement in the suburb of Turner, in Canberra.

Ted Morey and Frank "Tiny" Deans also sprang to it smartly and a welcome contribution from each is in this issue. Tiny has revived very pleasant memories with his story of Inspector Bridgland, universally known simply as "Bridgie". Tiny now lives with his wife and large family at Aldgate, in the Adelaide Hills. Bridgie lives in one of Adelaide's southern suburbs. Ted Morey now lives at the seaside suburb of Glenelg, S.A. The Gulf down there is nearly as big as Lake Nash, he reckons — but Lake Nash has things that Glenelg never ever dreams about.

Peter Riley, who joined the Force in 1935 and left after seventeen years, is living on clover — or far better, Queensland's famous golden pineapples — in the Nambour district. He has some interesting reminiscences of Borroloola which will spread over these pages when next we go in to bat.

Jack Stokes — we will use his welcome contribution, too — left us as Inspector (Administrative) in 1958 to take up the position of Australian Government Representative at Cocos-Keeling Island, and for the past few years has filled the same position at Christmas Island, Indian Ocean. Well, we hope old Soekarno realizes just how important Christmas is to old N.T. Policemen, and doesn't start stirring up all that superphosphate.

Gordon Birt — medically boarded out as a Sergeant twenty years ago — has dropped us a line from Seacombe Gardens, S.A. For the past fourteen years he has been with the South Australian Highways Department, but has recently resigned and is now back on the retired list. Says he still bumps into a surprising number of Territorians around Adelaide.

Frank Fay has written from Seacombe Gardens, also. Must be something there for old Sergeants? He tells of Bert Mettam and Jim McLean, both of Clovelly Park, and Bill Abbott at Strathalbyn. A. S. (Johnno) Johnson is at Victor Harbour, and A. D. (Johnno) Johnson at

Woodside. John Gordon is trying to emulate John McArthur — down at Naracoorte, not far from where another old member, Tom Hemmings, lives. Tom left before most of us current members joined! Bill Whitcombe is very much heard of these days as a member of the Criminal Investigation Branch in Adelaide, and Kevin Gregg is at the Detective Office at Whyalla.

In more foreign parts we find Ted Davis a Sergeant with the Commonwealth Police in Sydney. He recently took up duty as an instructor at Manly Police Training College. Jack Stevens is also in Sydney — in oil or petrol or something with plenty of life in it. John Healey is keeping Qantas in the air, regardless of what Reg says or does. Frank Sheridan, of the very old days, is also thriving in Sydney — what a change from Roper River, Wave Hill and old Borroloola! Denny Smyth is in Melbourne, but we just can't track him down. John Garvey sells fruit and newspapers to the other Tasmanian. Nearer home, Bob Darken is still battling with drought and movie makers at Simpson's Gap, now one of Alice's real tourist attractions, while Geoff Millgate is parked on a nice little near-goldmine on the banks of the Todd. One of the real old timers, Phil Muldoon, lived in Alice until recently, but has now moved to Adelaide.

There are others — many others. We hope to hear of and from them all from time to time.

RANK INJUSTICE

Greybeards amongst us still talk reverently of the irreverent Mo, of happy Tivoli memory. One in particular of his old sketches has stuck in my mind for just on thirty years, since, on my way to Darwin to join the Force, I happened to drop into the Sydney Tivoli to get an earful (if not an eye full) of the leery, lispin larrikin.

The scene is a suburban home, just at breakfast time. No character speaks more than one word at a time.

Hubby Mo rises from table, on finishing his breakfast. Wife rushes to get his hat and send him off to work.

"Darling", he says.

"Dearest", she says.

They embrace warmly, and he turns to go out the door.

"Adios", he says, soulfully.

"Bye", she gasps, emotionally.

Seconds after he leaves, a smartly dressed gent enters and shouts happily:

"Sweetheart".

"Lover", she breathes.

They embrace passionately, but the door opens behind them and the cuckolded Mo enters.

"Traitors", roars Mo.

"Husband!" shrieks the wife.

"Struth!" exclaims the lover.

"Police", shouts Mo, poking his head out through the open door. A young Constable enters. Mo points dramatically at the sinners and demands:

"Arrest".

"No", says the Constable.

"Arrest!" roars Mo.

"Can't", bleats the Constable.

"Why?" screams Mo.

"Inspector!" shouts the embarrassed Constable.



"Oh, dear me, now! You mustn't feel embarrassed — I'm really so glad that you don't want to talk about those nasty old murders."

POLICE RUGBY LEAGUE FOOTBALL TEAM — DARWIN



Back row, left to right : W. Cubis, J. Maley, M. Palmer, J. Chalker, B. Jobberns, A. Godwin and J. Cotterill.
 Second row : J. Seventy, T. O'Brien, D. Marchant, N. Plumb, A. Price and R. Crowell.
 Front row : W. Morton and J. Stokes.
 (Inset : Coaches Basil and Doug Smith).

For many years thought has developed, or attempt has been made, with a view to establishing Team competition with a Police nucleus in local sport in the Northern Territory. In Darwin in 1949 it was a Police basketball team — in 1960 there were Police tennis teams — but the lack of enthusiasm, or the small numbers of staff, towards the end of sporting seasons encroached on the ability to field teams. Of course, individual effort, as will always be the case, was shown throughout the years and members took part, creditably, in many and varied team sports throughout the Northern Territory. But it was not team effort in the name of the Force.

However, in 1964, on 3rd March, an initial meeting of members was held in Darwin and a decision was made to form a Police Rugby League Team to take part in Darwin competition for the 1964 Season. Under the auspices of the Darwin body, the team was named the Police and Citizens' Youth Club Rugby League Football Team.

With welcome assistance and good wishes from senior Police staff, and the able organising ability of Club

President Andy McNeill and Secretary Dick Brown, the Club proceeded, its playing skill being quickly appreciated, to gain its fair share of successes during the Season. The Club had adopted South Sydney colours and its emblem (a rabbit), but barracking was usually for the "coppers" or "wallopers". The team finished fourth in the competition, which deserves ample credit for the first season of its existence. It also had two representatives in the Territory Team which ably played the touring International French Team.

All members played their expected part in attaining the team's success — appointed observers and adjudicators had some difficulty in reaching their decisions, due to the similar ability of the players. However, the honours list for the Season reads—

<i>Best and Fairest</i>	— John Stokes
<i>Best Forward</i>	— John Maley
<i>Best Back</i>	— Mike Palmer
<i>Most Improved Player</i>	— Alan Price
<i>Best Club Player</i>	— Neil Plumb.

POLICE RUGBY—(Continued)

Presentations were made of trophies for the above awards at a Club social function on 18th September. This, like many other functions held during the Season, was a valuable adjunct to the "togetherness" and team spirit developed as a result of the formation of the Police Team. Our Coaches for the year, Basil Smith and Doug. Smith, having performed an admirable job, hung up their whips and relaxed their vocal chords — their efforts have been justifiably rewarded and they have next Season to anticipate.

Congratulations fellows — we will be looking forward to cheering you onto the field, and applauding your victories in 1965.

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POINT OF VIEW

Doug Lockwood's reference to the John Gordon— Kyle Little hike over Arnhem Land brings to mind another story going the rounds at about the same time. John and a Patrol Officer were footwalking up and down the rock-walled reserve for days on end when they came across a native wurlie. Inside, under a blanket, was a dead native. Peering down at the black face in the poor light of the wurlie, the Patrol Officer suddenly stepped back and, in a voice dripping with emotion, exclaimed:—

"Why, this is old Poley Saddle".

"And who the hell is old Poley Saddle?" asked John, with little interest.

"Who is he? Who IS he? He's only the greatest warrior in all the tribes of Arnhem Land, that's all. You must have heard of him — everyone has. He's a king!— or he would be if they'd thought of having kings. We'll have to take him back to his tribe for burial — their main camp is only a few miles away. They'll want to honour him".

So they respectfully covered the dead face of the mighty warrior, made a rough stretcher with a ground sheet and a couple of ten-foot lengths of timber, and set off in their private funeral procession towards the tribe's headquarters. The Patrol Officer led, and John took up the rear, the deceased hero riding in state between them, with the soles of his feet the only landmark that John could see from his particular angle.

In spite of the rocky and difficult going, the Patrol Officer kept on wasting his breath to eulogise the late great fighting man, and he just about drove John mad with his repetitious ravings. The rough going caused the blanket to keep slipping off the body and for a while John kept religiously fixing it back in position. But with the effort and the Patrol Officer's earbashing, he soon tired of this and took no more notice of the blanket until it suddenly slipped off altogether. He pulled up with a jerk and roared:

"Hey — who did you say this was?"

With a dreadfully pained expression, the Patrol Officer turned his head and carefully explained—

"Why, I've just been telling you — it's old Poley Saddle, the toughest and most famous fighting man in the history of Arnhem Land; the —"

But John rudely interrupted him.

"That might be alright from your point of view", he said, "but from my point of view we've got a flaming old lubra!"

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STATION NOTES

HARTS RANGE

Harts Range Police Station is situated 135 miles north east of Alice Springs on the Plenty River Road. A new Police Station was taken over in January, 1963 to take the place of a wood and iron construction that had been used as the Police Station for some twenty years.

The Harts Range district is about 20,000 square miles in area and is made up mainly of cattle stations. At one time the area was a thriving mining district. Mica was mined extensively. This activity ceased about 6 years ago due to low prices obtained for the mica.

Over the last few years the district has suffered from drought and lack of grass is widespread. One station, Utopia, produces very good quality lucerne hay by the sole use of irrigation and it appears to be a paying enterprise.

Ray Miller — married, with two children — is Officer in Charge, and has been at Harts Range for just over three years.

PIONEERING AT ANTHONYS LAGOON

By Peter Ralph

It's quite an experience for the man just about to go to the "bush" station, especially when he begins to hear the tales of his more experienced mates, but nothing shakes his confidence quite so much as the endless contradictions his mates' tales bring about. One old experienced policeman will tell of the terrible complications of paperwork, while the other tells of easy paperwork but shocking trouble with bogged vehicles and hours of waiting or walking.

It is hard to generalise about such stations, but I think that the majority provide difficulties other than expected. Before the "innocent" begins his journey out to the bush, he grows more reticent, fearing to ask further advice and receiving further complications. His eventual arrival at the outpost and settling in of his own effects, goes quite easily but then begins the wary checking and re-checking of the accountable or non-accountable.

After several signatures and days of being advised what to watch out for, what to make sure of and what to remember or forget, he is suddenly very much ALONE. Now for those returns before that date and those returns to that person at that office, while the other copy goes to that other office, or does it? But then he realises that it's not too hard after all. He had learnt the many things he needs to know, either consciously or sub-consciously, while he was still in town and the rest is either common sense or a little checking through the "bible" of memorandums, or double checking through the previous station files. He can handle the office side of things . . . BUT . . . does he know enough to handle the other side of things . . . ?

The marginal heading of "Office Duties" covers most of the records for his headquarters, and provided he remembers that sixty percent of his station and area are controlled by his bearing, appearance and actions as seen by his public, he can handle the job of policing his district. It's the heading "station duties" that he didn't know about !! They often cover his spare working hours, his spare time hours and even some of his spare sleeping hours.

The man on the "bush" station must be the doctor for his trackers and families, dealing out the psychological pills of aspirin for the imaginary, but determining and

acting on the factual. He must be the general consultant for the many domestic troubles poured into his ear, but must remain aloof from taking sides. He must be expert at repairing roofs and guttering, laying new or repairing old septic conditions, fixing that leaking toilet pipe and if he has no replacement parts, then making them out of discarded rubbish. When the water pipes burst or corrode, then go bush and find some discarded pipes or something. Natives always carry water pipes around with them in the bush, so find some, somewhere. When the side of a building starts to sag, then jack it up and repair the rotten or broken parts with timber or something. One of the golden rules to remember, is never throw anything away as it'll always be useful later on. When the chooks start dying, then since you're the only expert, make them better. When the drains aren't working properly, well, who'll know more about fixing them than you. Never worry about things you don't know because if you don't know about lighting plants, you soon will. If you haven't repaired your own radio yet, you'll soon find out that they come apart easily enough. Sometimes, although not very often, after you've put the things back together again, the odd parts you left out seem to make it work quite well— or was that bang and flash unusual? Oh, before you have a rest, did you fix that leaking water tank and finish wiring up that flickering light in the kitchen? Did you know that the pump on the windmill seems to have stopped? Is the tyre okay after the puncture repair? The native shower seems to have blocked up and while you're fixing it, what about cleaning all the soot out of this chimney? I do wish you'd do something about making those windows close properly.

Of course, you don't officially do all of these things, but sometimes it's difficult and uneconomic for the expert "townies" to get out to the bush. More often than not, the replacements you've ordered, come just after you've spent hours of hard work repairing the thing.

Although the duties seem various, nothing is more pleasing, than to stand back and look at the expert repair you've just made, especially if it defies all the laws of gravity and other physics . . . but don't let these matters deter you from the outpost station, for there is nothing better than to arrive back in town, and join the select band of "bushies" who all have ten fingers on each hand, and four hands at that !!

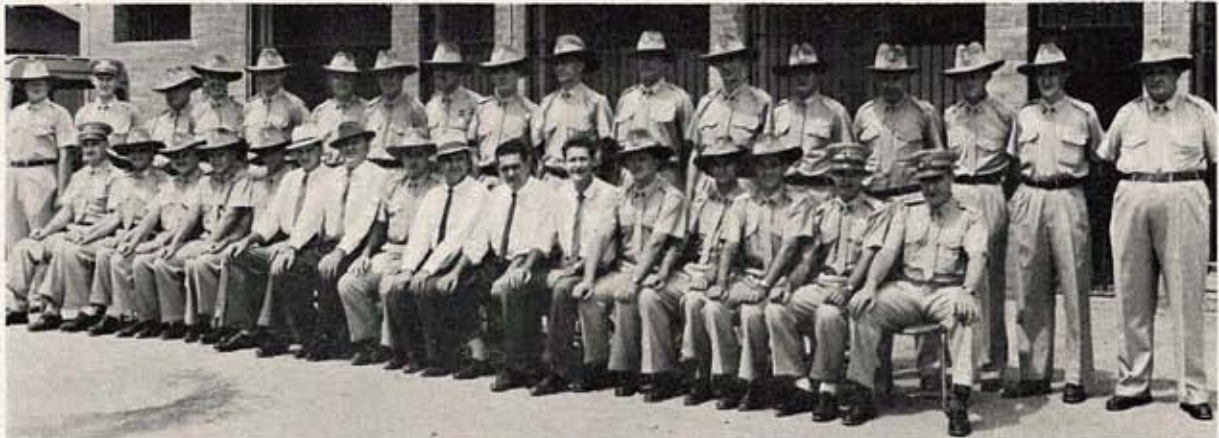
As a footnote, I would just like to say, that the next time you are sleeping warm and snug in that town house, and the wind starts to blow and whine, just think of the jobs that the bush man will find the following morning to add to his knowledge and experience, and if in your travels you find a shop selling do-it-yourself-station-kits, then please let us know.

ALICE SPRINGS

By J. P. McLaughlin

Our loss is Darwin's gain. Pat GRANT and Len COSSONS have both been transferred to the CIB Darwin. We miss both of them and their families and wish them well in their new positions. There is no doubt the criminal element there should be aware of their arrival.

This year we have had some new arrivals, John WHITE a six-foot-plus lean fellow who is making his name as a rugby forward down here, John OLDFIELD, a personable young man who has rare success with darts, snooker and

Southern Division Police — Mustered in Alice Springs at time of Queen's visit.

Standing, left to right : Sgt. A. Lake, Consts. M. King, R. Miller, B. Mouthaan (now deceased), S. Davis, B. Stones, F. Egan, D. Burgess (B.E.M.), Sgts. J. Taylor, E. Mackintosh, P. Keeley, Sgt. G. Raabe.

Sitting : Consts. V. Chandler, C. Taylor, P. Richards, B. Sandry, G. Ellems, Det. Sgt. L. Cossons, Insp. A. Ryall, Sgt. C. Porter, Det. Sgt. R. Textor, P.C.C.'s D. Conaghan and D. G. Lennie, Sgts. K. P. Grant and D. Honeysett, Consts. D. Watters, P. Bridge and J. Ilett.

charming young ladies in that order. Jim GREEN, the proud owner of a white Jaguar, not quite new but almost, which can be seen parked in many unusual places. Laurie KENNEDY who should be leaving the bachelor ranks shortly and Geoff HOSKING and the Manchester lad Joe POTTS, all of whom graduated from the recruit school and posted to Alice Springs this year.

The Police have a strangle hold on the Golf in Alice Springs this year. Greg RYALL our Inspector qualifying for the "A" Grade Championships (he has won on the two previous years), Phil McLAUGHLIN, the "B" Grade and Tim EGAN and "Speedy" ECKERT in the "C" Grade.

Kevin CURLEY has settled in as our fingerprint man and although now quiet on the social front can be sighted most Friday afternoons partaking of refreshments at the Memorial Club. Peter HAAG has arrived from Darwin with family and is looking for fishing holes. He is a keen fisherman and misses the sport down here. We see a fair bit of Don BURGESS who is stationed at Kulgera (on the S.A. - N.T. border). Don has been at KULGERA for three years and expects a shift to Alice shortly. Ewen MACINTOSH has been given his marching orders from Finke and will be in Alice shortly. Charlie TAYLOR is taking over from him.

Vern CHANDLER who has been in Alice since his recruit training has been transferred to Darwin Traffic and will be missed around the place. Frank SAUNDERS was married on the 11th September to Sondra DARKEN, daughter of well known ex-policeman Bob DARKEN. Bob owns Simpson's Gap Station and has done well for himself since he left the job.

Ron HUGHES has been transferred down from Tennant Creek and is prosecuting at present. Gordon RAABE has taken over up there as O.I.C. Colin KAIN enjoys Alice Springs although he is still itching to get back to Darwin. George SIMPSON has taken up duties here also as O.I.C. Shift and settled in nicely with wife and family. Tim EGAN is due to be married soon to an English lass Pamela FRANKLIN. Pam is a nursing sister at the Hospital. John HOLROYD is one of our keen

gardeners, he lives opposite Allan METCALFE and they swap plants, advice, and occasionally liquid refreshments. John has previously been at Roper River and Elliott and has learnt to be self supporting.

Plans are being formulated for our Annual Christmas Party. Last year we hired the RSL Hall band and "the works". We had 80 invited guests and the party was a real blow-out, all the members contributing to the cost. Something similar will be organised this year.

The normal entertainment here in Alice Springs is a night out at the Memorial Club with occasional "kegs" at the barracks to celebrate an engagement, or a farewell, or any other excuse we can think of. They are usually informal gatherings and are quite popular down here.

Alice Springs Police Station has just received a face lift with painting outside and in. The offices look quite bright and clean with new pastel shades.

We are getting quite a name down here for our rescue operations. In a matter of a couple of weeks the Police were involved in three rescue operations. The first being an old lady of over 70 years who had wandered off from home at 1.30 in the morning. When reported to the station early next day, the trackers were put straight onto the job and within two hours had followed her to a hollow half way up the Heavitree Ranges, many miles from her home. She was in a bad way when found and carried down the hill by the Police. She was admitted to hospital and at time of writing was doing well. A few days after this a distraught works' foreman came to the Station and reported that a trench had just collapsed, burying three of his employees. All hands immediately turned and rushed to the scene, on the East Side. (See Ron Hughes' "A Look at Alice Springs" for details). A couple of days later a report was received that a nursing sister from the Alice Springs Hospital had fallen down King's Canyon (about a hundred feet of solid rock wall), and that her companions had been unable to move her. She was unconscious and was believed to have badly broken bones. Sgt. Alan Metcalfe was sent out by plane with ropes, and a rescue team of civilians. Unfortunately the girl was dead on their arrival. The party then had the very difficult task of getting

the body back up the cliff face, but this was eventually achieved. Sgt. Metcalfe's work on this occasion was commendable. Incidentally, he was also one of the shovellers in the trench rescue, and his amazing strength must be a comfort to those in need of Police aid.

TENNANT CREEK POLICE STATION AND DISTRICT

By Gordon Raabe

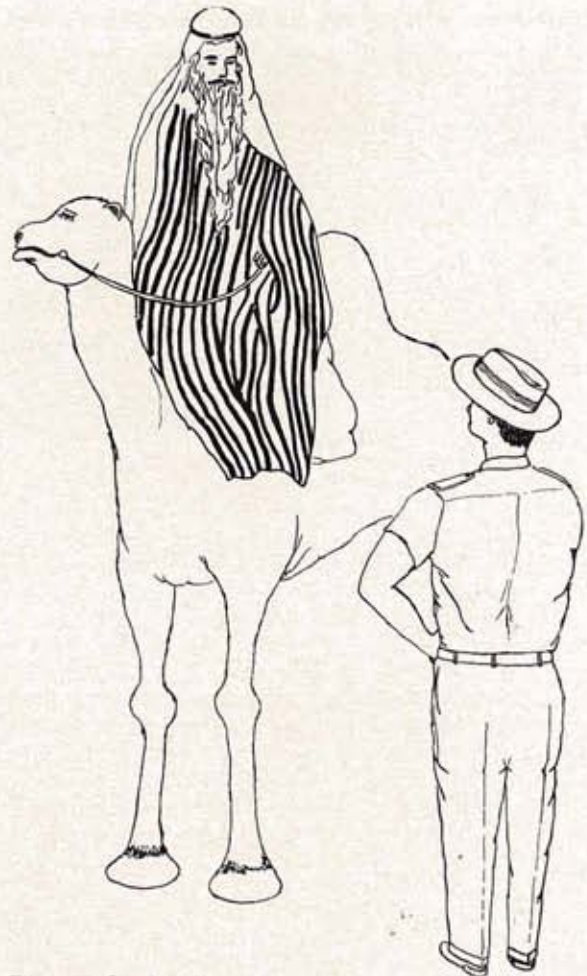
Tennant Creek Police Station is situated at Tennant Creek on the Stuart Highway about 316 miles by road North of Alice Springs, and is 1,220 feet above sea level. It is the centre of the most important gold- and copper-mining area in the Territory and produces over £1,000,000 of gold and over £2,000,000 of copper annually; the principal mines being Peko, Noble's Nob, Orlando and Ivanhoe.

The creek from which the township takes its name was discovered by J. McDouall Stuart in 1860 and named by him after John Tennant, an early settler in the Port Lincoln district of South Australia.

When the Overland Telegraph line was constructed in 1872, a post was established near the Creek. Traces of gold were believed to have been found about 1900, but development did not commence until 1930, when prospectors discovered the main field.

After more than thirty years as a vigorous mining centre, the town was proclaimed on the 21st May, 1954. It has two hotels, a picture theatre, Government hospital, modern stores, a school of modern design and air-conditioned, and a first class Aerodrome with bitumen runways. The town is supplied by water reticulation from underground bores situated 11 miles South of the town and electric light and power are supplied from Peko Mine on a rental basis to Northern Territory Administration.

The Tennant Creek Police Station is responsible for the policing of approximately 31,000 square miles of country which extends 60 miles North to Banka Banka Station on the Stuart Highway, 71 miles South to Wauchope on the Stuart Highway, 96 miles East to Frewena on the Barkly Highway, and about 150 miles West into semi-desert country. The town population is over 900, with a further 500 persons residing at Peko, Orlando, Noble's Nob and Ivanhoe Mines. At present the Police Station is staffed by Sergeant 1/C G. E. Raabe, Sergeant 3/C A. W. Lake, Plain Clothes Constable B. Courts and four uniformed Constables — J. Abbott, P. Richards, D. Greig



Tennant Creek Policeman :

"Are you sure you followed the right Star?"

and L. Foster. Patrols are now carried out in a Holden utility and panel van equipped with portable transceivers, with a Landrover being brought into use when necessary.

THE KULGERA POLICE DISTRICT

By James Berry

Kulgera is the aboriginal name for running water. Kulgera Police District covers approximately 20,000 square miles of cattle raising country and is right in the

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path of the hordes of tourists heading for and returning from Ayers Rock, Mt. Olga, King's Canyon and many other interesting places. The country is mainly covered with sand and small ranges of out-cropping rock.

Kulgera is a small town situated some 15 miles from the South Australian border. It is the first civilization encountered after crossing the border into the Northern Territory.

To the South-west are large and very barren hills, of which Mt. Cavanagh is the most prominent. The sand-hills are dotted with mulga trees, desert oaks and other smaller vegetation, most of which is dead, due to the lack of the "annual" rainfall for the past nine years.

The population consists of approximately 15 whites and 14 natives. These natives are of the Luritja Tribe.

The entire town consists of a modern Police Station, a General Store and a Station Homestead, called Kulgera Station. These centres are each equipped with their own transceivers, water supply and the usual necessities for living in isolation.

At the rear of the General Store there is a good air-field with several runways. The mail plane visits the town every Monday and the Flying Doctor Plane every six weeks, unless there is an emergency. Flying time from Alice Springs is approximately 1½ hours.

Constable L. D. Burgess is stationed at Kulgera, but at present is on Recreation Leave. His position has been taken over by Constable Berry of Alice Springs.

The duties of Police in this area, apart from the usual prevention and detection of crime (of which there is very little) are the supervision of interstate motor vehicles, registration of motor vehicles, firearms, dogs, etc. The whole district is patrolled by Police at least twice yearly and the places usually visited are Henbury, Palmer Valley, Erdunda, Tempe Downs, Angus Downs, Mt. Ebenezer and Curtin Springs Stations, Ayers Rock, and Mulga Park, Musgrave Park, Victory Downs and Mt. Cavanagh Stations.

Kulgera is a dry, sunburnt town, but it has a calling for some people who spend part of their lives here. They always wish to return here. (After all, it is about twelve hundred miles from Headquarters!).

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR ALL

A most pleasing feature of 1964 was the attendance of members at courses of instruction in the Southern States. We are somewhat out of touch, up here, and have no facilities for tuition or training in the higher ranks.

For the first time, this year, we had a representative at the Commonwealth Police Officers' Training Course at Manly, N.S.W., when Inspector L. C. Hook, M.V.O., attended a three and a half months' course.

Sergeant 1/C Roger Textor, with 1/C Constable B. J. Courts (who is the whole of our Criminal Investigation Branch Tennant Creek!), attended a six-weeks' Detective Training Course annually conducted by the South Australian Police Force.

It has been a golden opportunity for those who were selected for these highly valuable courses, and we are fortunate that the authorities in the other States were able to include our representatives. Now that a good start has been made, we feel certain that there will be no looking back, and that other members will get similar beneficial opportunities next year and in the years to come.

JOHN CUMMING

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PETER BERRILL IN CYPRUS

They could spell it "Sighprus" and not be far out. Peter Berrill came to this Force after several years with the South Australian Police — mainly at Oodnadatta. Striving for something hotter, he came to Darwin. But in less than a year he was off to a really hot spot — the strife-torn island of Cyprus, where he is now serving with the Australian Police Element of the United Nations Peace Force. As the photo shows, he really digs the place!

Extracts from a very entertaining story sent over by Peter are set out below to give some idea of the Cyprus scene.

" On Monday, 24th May, we departed from Canberra Airport en route Mascot, where my last contact with the Northern Territory Police was a hasty hail and farewell to Inspector Hook, then in Sydney. We travelled from Mascot by Qantas and were treated like the Royal Family till we finally touched down at Nicosia Airport.

" After a few days, in which we were able to enjoy a good round of Nicosia's historical and other attractions, seventeen of us, under Inspector Hansen, headed for the seaside town of Famagusta.

Famagusta is situated on the south-eastern side of the island and is one of the main seaports. It has a population of approximately 24,000 Greek Cypriots, 6,000 Turks and 3,000 English. There is an Old City — walls up to 27 ft. thick and 50 ft. high — and a New City. Forming part of the Old City walls is Othello's Tower, on the ramparts of which Othello is reputed to have murdered the beautiful Desdemona. Houses and other buildings inside the walls have been partly destroyed, the stone having been removed for use in the construction of the Suez Canal.

The climate of Famagusta is very similar to that in the Upper Murray of South Australia. The main products are oranges, potatoes, grapes and cereals. We are housed at the Famagusta Palace Hotel, where the beds are clean, food is very similar to what we eat at home, and the local beer is usually cold.

All the local Police on the island at present are Greek Cypriots, approximately 2,000 strong. Our relations with them are good. There is no doubt that one Policeman can always swap notes with another. Most speak English, which is taught in the secondary schools. In fact, most of their reports are written in English. The laws and courts are not greatly different to ours.

We have no power to stop, detain, search or arrest. We observe and report only. We have either been lucky enough to be able to talk people into seeing reason, or liaison between the various parties has been done with great care, so far.

We work in close co-operation with the 40th Irish Battalion, of approximately 600 members, and our Headquarters is actually within their compound area. Landrovers fitted with two-way radio are used for patrol duties. At present there are three main check points — Nicosia, Larnaca and Salamis Roads. We attend between seven a.m. and seven p.m., after which they are patrolled by the Irish Army. Some of the villages are Greek, some Turk, some mixed communities. Moving about we mix with the people and have found them very hospitable and friendly.



Peter Berrill — topped the class in the second 1964 Recruit Training Course.

DISAPPEARANCE OF MAJOR MACEY AND HIS DRIVER

Major Macey was employed by the U.N. on the Island of Cyprus as a Liaison Officer to Dos Kuchuk who is the Vice President and the leader of the Turkish community. He had been on the island a number of years and was well known to both communities throughout Cyprus. He spoke both languages very well, and during World War II had been in Greece and was decorated by the Greek Government for his exploits in that country.

On the 7th June, 1964, he was on one of his usual trips about the island in a Landrover being driven by a person named Platt.

On Monday, 8th June, Macey failed to attend a meeting at Nicosia, so authorities started to check back on his movements for the previous day.

He was alleged to have been seen near the village of Galatia at about 3.15 p.m. on the afternoon of the 7th. Thereafter he, his driver and the Landrover completely disappeared.

This stemmed off one of the biggest searches in the area and we were called to assist. Large areas of the Panhandle were covered, but no trace found.

Some 6 weeks later information was received that the vehicle concerned had been buried in a hole in the Gastria district.

Assisted by the Irish Army, this area was searched on foot and a series of holes, linked by a tunnel which emptied into the sea, located. Two of the Australian lads,



Excavations at Gastrien, looking for Major Macey's vehicle. Both Irish Army and Aust. Police took part. Peter Berrill in front, in beret.

Danny Dixon and Peter McGrath, ventured down one of the holes and crawled along the tunnel and found it to be blocked. On top it was found that one of the holes had been filled in.

Excavations were commenced, using a windlass, shovels and buckets to bring the dirt out of the hole. Once opened, it was found to be approximately 6 ft. wide and 8 ft. in length. Only two men were able to work at the one time and then only for very short periods, as the dust soon clogged up one's breathing.

Every bucket of earth brought to the top was examined with a mine detector and small pieces of metal were found from the beginning.

Three days later the hole was about 25 ft. deep and we had struck rock bottom.

Result. Australian Policemen and Irish Army personnel with blisters on their hands but very pleasant sun tans! Many small pieces of metal were found, but nothing conclusive to say that they belonged to anything else than a vehicles and possibly a Landrover.

So the mystery of the disappearance of two men and a Landrover still remains unsolved.

BUNGING ON SIDE

Before the modern days of station-hopping by fast aeroplane, an Administrator's tour of the Territory was somewhat uncomfortable, rare and, to some extent, probably highly-impressive to the citizenry. He travelled in what, then, was style — with a uniformed Police driver (Lionel McFarland was the expert in this line at one time) and a Secretary and, sometimes, the Superintendent of Police as well.

The "big house" at the wealthier stations was then something of a castle, too — by atmosphere, if not by architecture — and a certain amount of pomposity was the order of the day. Some even had the lubras dress-up Southern style in shiny black dresses with white cuffs, collars and caps, when waiting on tables.

On one of these demi-semi-royal progresses the official party spent the night at one of the posher places on the Downs and the need for an early start found everybody heading towards the breakfast room before the table was properly set. The lubra in charge of operations, plump, homely and panting with haste and exertion, was beautifully set up with cuffs, collar and all, but any possible good effect of this finery was ruined by the most colossal bung eye ever seen on the Downs. Every fly on the Station must have had a go at her.

The Manager strode in, noted her predicament, and playfully chaffed :

"By cripes Mary, that old man belonga you been beltem you properly last night".

"No more old man been beltem me", was the patient reply. "Ply been bitem me, that's all".

The Constable-driver came in, balked noticeably on sighting Mary, and laughed: "You been having fight over boy last night Mary? Nother lubra been killem you, eh?"

"No more fight — ply been bitem me", replied Mary, as she placed the cutlery in position.

In strode the Superintendent, out came his ever-present cherrywood pipe, as, with an irrepressible guffaw, he roared: "Some boy been killem you longa eye last night Mary?"

"Ply been bitem my heye", was the retort, in a strained, haughty tone.

All turned respectfully towards the door as His Honour the Administrator moved with stately stride into the room. His reply to the general greetings died in mid-air as he beheld Mary and The Eye.

He stared. Mary carefully put one plate in position and took hold of another as she stared back. He smiled broadly, pointed, and opened his mouth to speak. Mary slammed the next plate in position, looked him straight in the face and roared :

"PLY, ——— you, PLY !!"

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"A LOOK AT ALICE SPRINGS"

By RON HUGHES

THE town of Alice Springs is situated approximately 14 miles South of the Tropic of Capricorn, nestling in a basin surrounded by hills, with the majestic Mount Gillen visible from all aspects. Two normally dry rivers, the Charles and the Todd, join at the North-east edge of the town, and the Todd cuts through the town, dividing what is commonly known as the old Alice Springs and the East Side, and flows out through the Gap to the South of the town.

Alice Springs is the terminus of the Railway from Adelaide in South Australia, and each year millions of pounds worth of goods and merchandise are handled through the Railways Goods Sheds to supply Alice Springs, Darwin, Tennant Creek, outlying towns and station properties. An item of interest is that Mt. Isa in far North-western Queensland can purchase sugar from Adelaide and land it cheaper there than purchasing same from its own State where the sugar is grown and processed.

Since the memorable Japanese Air Raid on Darwin on 19.2.42, when all Administrative Offices of the Northern Territory Administration were transferred to Alice Springs, the town has really expanded explosively. This would be more apparent to the older members of the Force and the Territory residents. From an approximate population of 1,000 in 1942, it has jumped to an estimated 5,750 this year. With this increase in population, house building has naturally boomed, both by private people and the Commonwealth Government. The approach to Alice Springs from the North is what one could term "eyecatching". From the Racecourse area in, the Western side of the Stuart Highway is lined with pleasant-looking residences, both private and Government, with pleasing gardens and lawns, and would compare favourably with the suburbs of any Southern town. Any person who has resided in Alice Springs for the past ten years would understand the difficulties with which the householders have had to contend to achieve this effect, especially in these later years with the seven year drought and the accompanying water restrictions. Whatever may be said can only reflect credit on the householders and the Administration of the town.

The Hazards of Progress

A very major work is being tackled in this town at present, i.e., the installation of sewerage. At the rate this work is progressing at present, it should be completed in

the near future. Concerning the sewerage, an unusual happening occurred on Monday, 11th August, 1964, which very nearly resulted in a triple tragedy. A firm of earth moving contractors were excavating a trench in Lindsay Avenue on the East Side in soil that was very sandy and loamy in texture. Late on the previous working day the mechanical excavator had accidentally broken a water main, and the escaping water seriously affected the safety of the walls of the trench which was excavated to the depth of approximately 17 feet. Cracks appeared here and there in certain sections. Three workmen had descended the trench to inspect the faults and to determine where the walls should be shored up. Whilst there, a section of the eastern side collapsed, burying one man up to his waist. Whilst two of his workmates were attempting to free him, a second fall occurred, completely burying the first man and partially covering the other two. Urgent calls for assistance were sent and all available Police, a Doctor and a Nursing Sister with a portable resuscitation outfit, and the Fire Brigade, attended the scene immediately. Despite the impending possibility of further cave-ins, evidenced by cracks in the earth wall, workmen assisted by the Police, the Doctor and Nurse, entered the trench, and approximately 10 to 15 minutes after the occurrence the face of the entombed man was uncovered. Oxygen was immediately administered to him and after several minutes he commenced to breathe again. After nearly two hours of hazardous work by all concerned, the near tragedy ended satisfactorily, with none of the workmen being injured seriously. It was apparent to any person present that none of the people who assisted in the rescue of the workmen gave any thought to the danger they placed themselves in by assisting those who were already trapped. This is yet another incident which goes to show the co-operation which exists between the various Administrative Services in this area and the general working public.

Patrol Contrasts

Years ago the huge Police District of Alice Springs was mainly covered by a few Mounted Police Officers patrolling on horses and camels. To the older members of the Force the names of Bill McKinnon (ex-Senior Inspector), Gordon Stott (Senior Constable, still serving) and Clive Graham (now Commissioner of Police) arise in the mind as soon as camels are mentioned — McKinnon

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doing the South-western Section which encompassed Ayers Rock, The Olgas and Mt. Saunders; Stott covering the North-western Section, taking in Mt. Doreen, The Granites and Tanami; Graham having experience in both sectors. The country in both of these areas is very arid and waterless. Of the two, it would be hard to say which was the worst. It has been said that McKinnon, whilst on camel patrol, rigged up an aerial from the leading camel to the rearmost camel and listened in luxury to wireless broadcasts!

The patrolling facilities available at this Station at present contrast vividly, as the following motor vehicles are on strength:—

- 2 Four-wheel-drive Landrovers.
- 3 Holden sedan patrol cars.
- 2 Holden panel vans, one being for road patrols and the other a prison van.
- 1 Holden utility for town traffic patrol.
- 1 Holden station sedan for Officer-in-Charge, Southern Division, to inspect outlying Stations under his control.

It has been proved in most instances that four-wheel-drive Landrovers can cover the most rugged country, faster and more efficiently than camels or horses. However, there always arises the occasion when mechanical transport has to be abandoned and the Officer has to revert to animal transport; and, in extreme cases, to footwalking (perish the thought!), to apprehend offenders. In the cases where animal transport is necessary, it has always been found that station owners willingly assist the Police in these matters.

Drought Hits Game

Alice Springs at present has little to offer to the game hunting enthusiast, except in the way of kangaroos and dingoes. Kangaroos are numerous, seemingly not affected by the drought. Rabbits are very scarce and appear to have been decimated by the present very dry conditions. Where six or seven years ago one could go out of an afternoon or evening in any direction from the town and bag at least a dozen or twenty rabbits (a good shot, of course), a person is now lucky to see a rabbit let alone bag one. When myxomatosis first came to this area round about 1953, it certainly played havoc with the rabbits, almost exterminating them, but they soon developed an immunity and rapidly multiplied again. The present drought has certainly eased the rabbit problem as never before. No doubt WHEN general rain falls again in this area, they will be as numerous as ever.

But It Does Rain !

Until heavy rain is actually seen in the Alice Springs area it is hard to imagine that it ever rains; however, with good general rain, and heavy falls of up to 1" or 2" in the Bond Springs country, the wide, sandy, gum-spotted beds of the Charles and Todd Rivers become raging torrents of water travelling at incredible speed. For instance, in 1944 two heavily laden military semi-trailers attempting to cross the Causeway over the Todd to the East Side, were washed away when a fresh wave of water swept down the river. Both semi-trailers finished up against trees several hundred yards downstream. No lives were lost on that occasion, but in March, 1955, a Landrover with its two occupants was washed off the same Causeway at the

(Continued on Page 48)

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A LOOK AT ALICE SPRINGS—(Continued)

height of a flash flood in view of hundreds of people watching the rushing flood waters. Constable Dillon, who was present, immediately dived to their assistance, but had no chance in the raging waters and was very hard put to save himself. He eventually clung to a tree some 300 yards from where he entered the water and it was some two or three hours later before a rope was taken out to him and he was safely brought to the bank. The body of the driver of the Landrover was discovered next day in slack water at the rear of St. Mary's Farm near Mt. Blather-skite, at least three miles from the East Side Causeway. A search lasting three days failed to find the other body, and it was not until a fortnight from the date of the tragedy that a dog uncovered the head of the missing body. This was at a place in the River near the Memorial Club premises. Upon being extricated, it was found that the body had been jack-knifed around the root of a large gum tree and had been covered by two feet of sand. The foregoing is a reminder to all "uninitiated" of the bushman's warning—"never camp in a creek or river bed when there is any likelihood of rain".

POLICE PARTICIPATION IN ALICE SPRINGS SPORT—(Continued from Page 33)

have approximately 8 members spread out among the town teams and will no doubt make our presence felt.

In the swimming pool, Vern Chandler is our strength, with Alan Metcalfe and family just in front of Tony McEvoy and family. Always a popular spot after work, the future of the swimming pool was in doubt for the summer of 1964-65, however it now seems that we will have the pleasure of splashing around once more during the long, hot summer.

A rather unusual sport in which we were keenly represented was gliding, where Bluey King, now of Katherine, was one of the most consistent, hard-working club members. Never a man to waste a thermal (a glider-thrusting "whoof" of hot air to the uninitiated), Bluey could be seen heading out to the glider strip at the crack of dawn on days off and only minutes after knock-off time when working. He was also a crack pistol shot and recently became the proud possessor of a great cannon with which he dropped a kangaroo on the run from approximately 30 yards — no mean feat.

In the town Basketball competition, Phil McLaughlin and Tim Egan were members of the Yanks team which won the last premiership in the men's A Grade. Bruce Sandry and Mort O'Mahoney have also been seen bouncing around the boards, Bruce with Saints and Mort with United.

In the indoor sports, John Oldfield is our star and is one of the favourites to take out the novel Pentathlon which the Memorial Club have inaugurated this year. This is a five-way competition at Indoor Bowls, Darts, Snooker, Table Tennis and Quoits.

Not least of all we have Joe Potts, who can be seen each afternoon bending and straining over his giant set of weights in the Barracks with his trainer and assistant Geoff Hosking doing a sterling job on one end of 200 pounds. Hand in hand (until he throws you over his shoulder) with these two muscle-men goes John Holroyd, our unarmed-combat man. This sport is as yet unorganized in Alice, but I hear that it will not be long before the Youth Centre starts the ball rolling.

In its infancy in the town is baseball. This is the first year of competition which was started by the local U.S.A.F. team. Jim Berry and Bruce Sandry are both well into the fore on this scene — Jim was in the Alice Springs team which visited Tennant Creek for the N.T. Championships and acquitted itself so well.

We cannot close without a look at the ladies. Providing an excellent complement to her husband, Mrs. Ryall is well to the fore among the Associates, having won the 1962 Championships. She is also a strong contender for the honours this year. In the softball, Maureen Sandry and Jan Eckert are also among the stars while Jill Woodroffe can be seen bounding around the hockey pitch on Saturday afternoons. Mavis Conaghan wields a golf stick with the best of them, but like Dennis, she has missed most of this season because of leave.

As will be seen, we are like salt and pepper, in almost everything. As well as being good exercise and fun, sport also provides excellent relations with the public and one of the most creditable parts of Police participation in sport in Alice Springs is the exemplary way in which members are known to conduct themselves. Good sports the lot.

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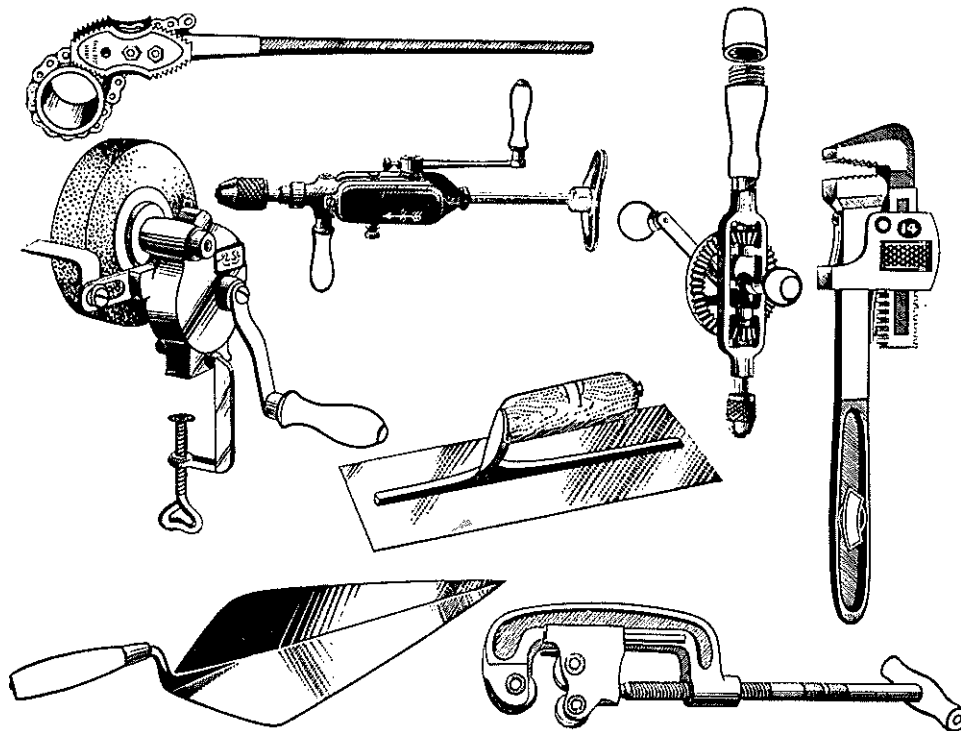
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Alice Springs, terminus of the Central Australia Railway from Adelaide, lies roughly in the centre of the continent, some 1,000 miles north of Adelaide. It is the hub of all tourist activity in "the Centre", and provides a new and novel winter holiday for those seeking to escape the cold winter of the South. Warm, sunny days and cool nights during the winter months offer an ideal holiday climate.

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