



# The Citation

THE NEWSLETTER  
OF THE  
NORTHERN TERRITORY POLICE  
MUSEUM AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC

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Issued May 2008

Patron: Commissioner P. White APM



Constable William (Bill) J. Jacobs 1964

<p><b>Office Address:</b> House No.1 Peter McAulay Centre Berrimah Northern Territory 0800 Australia</p> <p><b>Postal Address</b> PO Box 39764 Winnellie NT 0821 Australia</p> <p>Phone/Fax     08 8922 3374 E-mail           ntpolicemuseum@ntpa.com.au</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>COMMITTEE MEMBERS</b></p> <table><tr><td><b>President</b></td><td>Mark McAdie</td></tr><tr><td><b>Vice President</b></td><td>Sean Parnell</td></tr><tr><td><b>Secretary</b></td><td>Pauline Williams</td></tr><tr><td><b>Treasurer</b></td><td></td></tr><tr><td><b>Committee</b></td><td>Denzil McManus Chantel Parsons John Wolthers Kym Chilton Barry Frew</td></tr></table>	<b>President</b>	Mark McAdie	<b>Vice President</b>	Sean Parnell	<b>Secretary</b>	Pauline Williams	<b>Treasurer</b>		<b>Committee</b>	Denzil McManus Chantel Parsons John Wolthers Kym Chilton Barry Frew
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## CHIT CHAT

**Danny Bacon**, who will be residing outside the Territory for some time, is a sad loss to the Society's Committee. Vitally interested in the history of the Northern Territory Police and its members, Danny has for many years held the position of Treasurer, and often acted as Secretary/Treasurer while serving the Society tirelessly.

**Barry** and **Clare Frew** have been bitten by the travel bug again; they are both owed a huge vote of thanks for their commitment in sustaining the Society and organising the infrastructure for others to carry on during their extended absence. If **YOU** have a few spare hours to volunteer at the N.T.P.M.H.S., your time would be greatly appreciated. Barry and Clare would be glad to show you the ropes.

**Val** and **David Watters** left Darwin on 8 April for an extensive Southern holiday. While other volunteers come and go, **Val** and **Rosemary Rowe** continue weekly with their invaluable work of preserving the past for the future.

Committee member, **Chantel Parsons** has returned to Darwin from Timber Creek and is active in the Society! thankfully her husband **Garry** is a computer whiz and provided valuable assistance with the production side of Citation after David left on holidays.

**Police Family** – Long-time Territorian John Sawyer was recently in hospital in Adelaide for treatment when this lovely lady Nancy Litchfield (nee Mannion - Jim's daughter) visited him and others in the hospital. A week or so later when again visiting the hospital Nancy noted that his name was Sawyer.

They established that Nancy, and John's sister Margaret MacCarthy (nee Sawyer) were in the same class at school in Alice Springs in the late 1940's. Margaret was later a former member of the NT Police, then a police wife to Keiran until his retirement! mother of two NT Police Officers Rory (still serving joined 23/6/1986) and Cormac who served for many years and when a Detective Sergeant in the NT Police accepted the offer of a job interstate. It is indeed a small world.

## COVER FEATURE

### BILL JACOBS OPM

Senior Constable Bill Jacobs QPM joined the Northern Territory Police Force in 1961 after service with the South Australian Police. For a number of years while serving in the S.A. Force Bill was attached to their Mounted Unit. He was involved with youth work in Darwin in the early 1960's and became the Superintendent of the Police Youth Club in 1965.

At that time the Police Youth Club catered for 500 people on a weekly basis with up to 1000 attending the monthly blue light discos. Wongabilla, the Police Youth Pony Club, was an example of his hard work and vision for the future. Cyclone Tracy destroyed both the Youth Club and the Pony Club, but Bill solicited support from the community and with many hours of hard work re-built the Club.

In 2003, the then Administrator of the Northern Territory, John Anictomatis AOM, recalled that in his youth he had attended the Police and Citizens Youth Club while Bill Jacobs was Superintendent there. He spoke highly of Bill's efforts at fostering Police/Community relations in those early Darwin days. Bill retired from the Northern Territory Police Force in 1983 and passed away in 2002.

### **A SHORT HISTORY OF THE "DARWIN POLICE AND CITIZENS' YOUTH CLUB" – THE BOYS CLUB.**

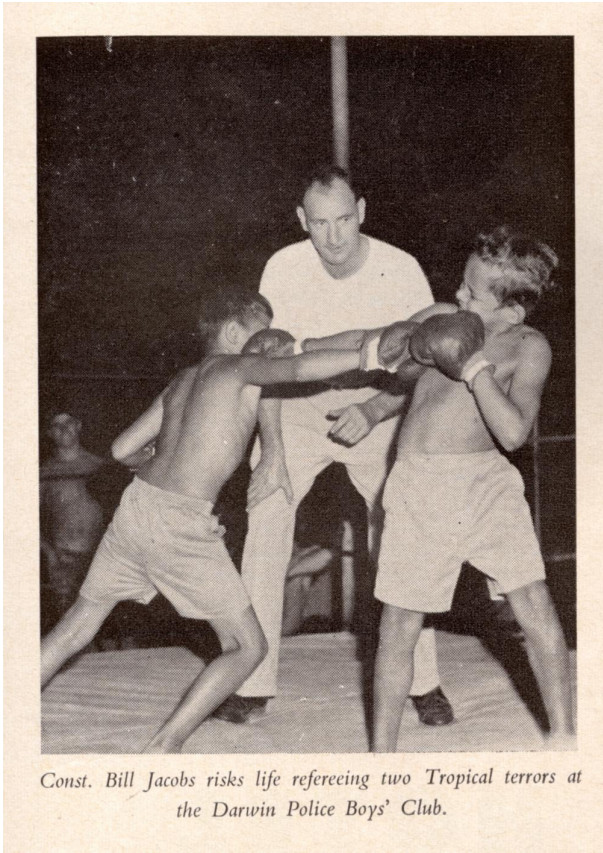
(Citation – December 1964)

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 together. The result, after much scrub-clearing, wall-demolishing, rubbish removal, rough carpentry and rude joinery, was a crude but serviceable club-room.

Material, money and labour were all very hard to come by in 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 official title mentioned above. 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.

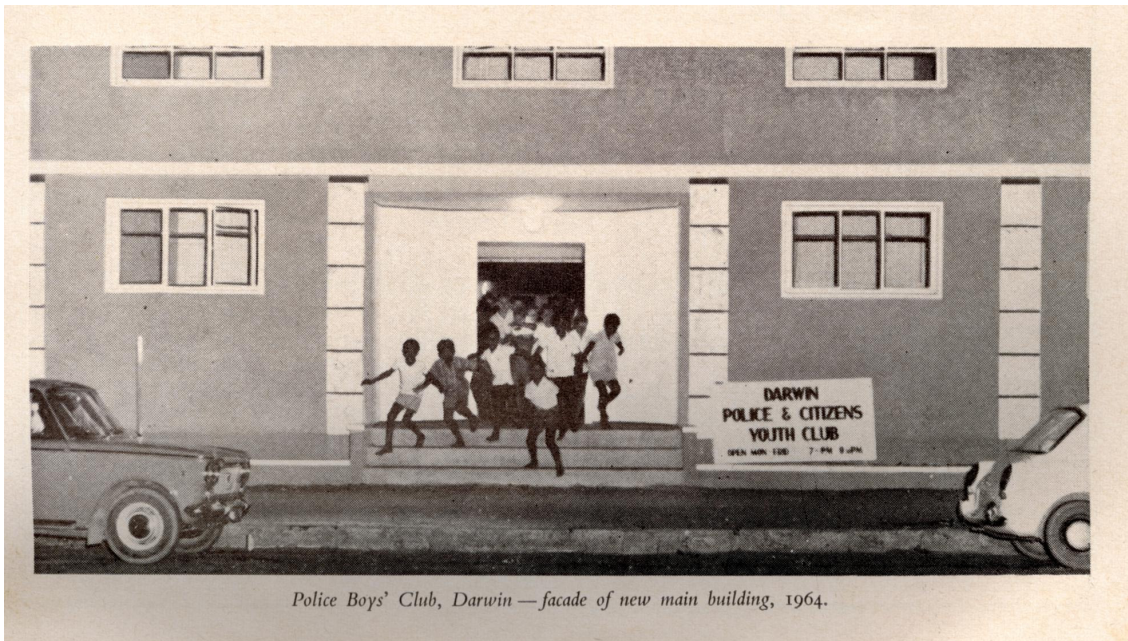
When Mr. Graham became Superintendent, he carried on the enthusiastic work and aims of Mr. Littlejohn - again, of course, with the willing physical support of many members and citizens. The fruits of all this labour will take a long time to bear fully. The main purposes - the promotion of good citizenship, 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.





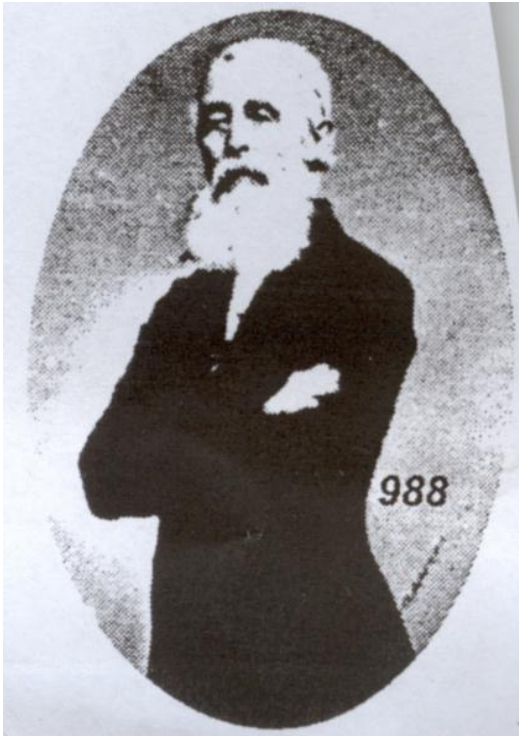
Our photographs show part of the façade of the new building and a couple of human pile drivers at work inside the Club under Bill Jacob's watchful eye. Graham McMahan and Basil Smith are also active instructors and helpers at the Club (1964).

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



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





P.S. Relative to our cover photo? Major O'Halloran in 1840 had some very definite ideas about the status of men in the Mounted Force:

*"I have carefully selected none but single men for the Mounted Force, and never permit any man of that body to marry.*

*This rule I will never deviate from, otherwise they will all soon have wives; for it is always absolutely necessary that they always sleep in barracks near their horses, not only to look after the latter but to be ready to move out at a moment's notice, day or night, to move in any required direction; whereas, if married, they would have to be sent for to their houses, and thus the services of a second man would be lost for a time; besides which bachelors are better fitted for the out-stations they are constantly attached to. I have ever held the efficiency and discipline of the mounted body depends upon this rule being strictly adhered to."*

(An extract from the "Hue and Cry" March 2008)

### MONTANA STATE TROOPER

In most of the United States there is a policy of checking on any stalled vehicle on the highway when temperatures drop to single digits or below. About 3am one very cold morning, Montana State Trooper Allan Nixon #658 responded to a call; there was a car off the shoulder of the road outside Great Falls, Montana. He located the car, stuck in deep snow and with the engine still running. Pulling in behind the car with his emergency lights on, the trooper walked to the driver's door to find an older man passed out behind the wheel with a nearly empty vodka bottle on the seat beside him. The driver came awake when the trooper tapped on the window. Seeing the rotating lights in his rearview mirror, and the state trooper standing next to his car, the man panicked. He jerked the gearshift into 'drive' and hit the gas.

The car's speedometer was showing 20-30-40 and then, 50 MPH, but it was still stuck in the snow, wheels spinning. Trooper Nixon, having a sense of humor, began running in place next to the speeding (but stationary) car. The driver was totally freaked, thinking the trooper was actually keeping up with him. This goes on for about 30 seconds, and then the trooper yelled, "PULL OVER!"

The man nodded, turned his wheel and stopped the engine. Needless to say, the man from North Dakota was arrested, and is probably still shaking his head over the state trooper in Montana who could run 50 miles per hour!

**Who says troopers don't have a sense of humour?**

## LEICHHARDTS BAR

### Arrival At - Duties - Departure From

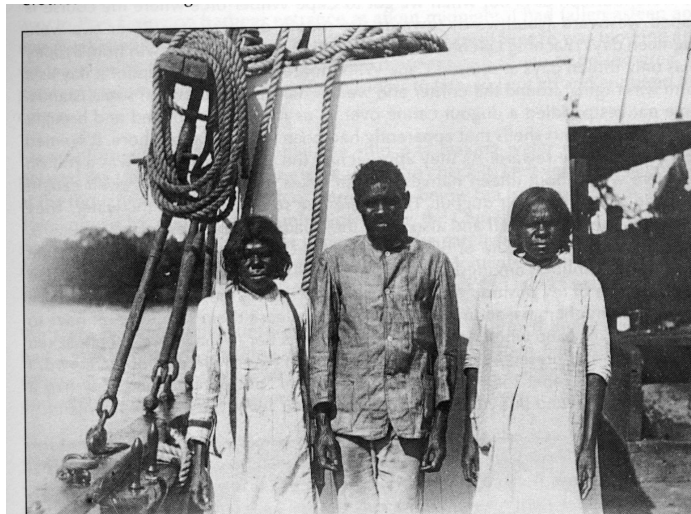
*“Patrolling the ‘Big Up’ – The adventures of Mounted Constable Johns in the Top End of the Northern Territory, 1910 – 1915”, edited by Darrell Lewis, provides a unique insight into a harsh frontier period – a time before radios, telephones, aer planes or modern medicine. The following edited account comes from the book by kind permission of the publisher, Historical Society of the Northern Territory.*

“I was delighted to get the charge of Leichhardt's Bar which was one of the finest police posts in the Northern Territory.

At last we got away. We were carried out of the harbour by the tide in record time. Off we went as hard as we could go, past Essington Harbour entrance, past Croker and Goulburn Islands, and then on towards the English Company Islands.

We were fourteen days out when we got to Cape Wilberforce where the course is shaped southward towards the mouth of the Roper River (we were seventeen days reaching Leichhardt's Bar and on the way up to Darwin from Sydney I was only fifteen days at sea).

The next morning we rounded Cape Wilberforce and headed down past that great uninhabited island named Groote Eylandt. At last we faced the mouth of the mighty Roper. An Aboriginal named Willy had come down to the Roper mouth to pilot the ship upstream. This he was very proud to do every time the ship arrived.

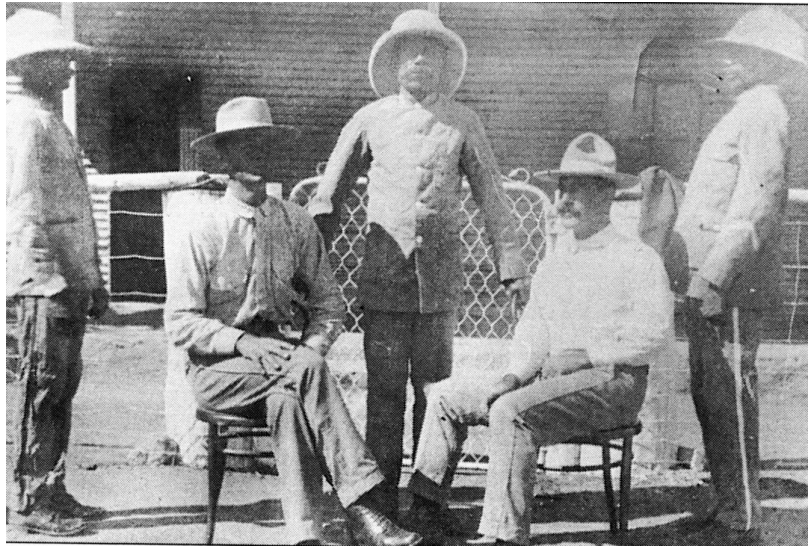


An Aboriginal river pilot on the Leichhardt, c1912

We arrived at Leichhardt's Bar early in the morning. The bar is a remarkable geological formation. At high river and at flood periods the amount of water passing over it is stupendous. The incessant roar at all times is pleasant music to the occupants of the police station.

## SETTLING IN

I soon started to feel settled at Leichhardt's Bar. My white companion was Trooper John A.P. Hunt. He was a fine stamp of a trooper and proved to be a worthy mate. My trackers were Marigunba (Tommy), Narginalka (Jack) and Yickali (Peter). They were three splendid trackers who had their families with them at the station. (Photographed below)



## POLICE DUTIES

I had forty eight police horses to look after here and we also ran a remount show. That is, we bred our own horses. Every boat would bring such shoes, nails, leather, buckles, etc., etc., as we ordered six months before.

I was the Post Master at Leichhardt's Bar with two mails a year to get ready. If a man forgot to write to his sweetheart one mail he would have to wait six months for the next. On arrival of the mail there would be woolbales of it. Some stations would get the southern daily papers and also many pictorials from abroad and from the South. Thus, when the six monthly mail arrived there would be 180 or so of each daily paper from the south, twenty four weekly papers of each sort, and so on. (*Unloading stores from the Leichhardt onto the banks of the Roper near the police station*)





There being several cattle stations within a 150 mile range, it followed that once in every six months we had considerable mail to handle. When the boat arrived I always made it a practice to hand out the telegrams first, some which would be months old. After this I would endeavour to get the letters sorted and delivered. The papers had to wait until I had checked in my own stores and got things generally straight. It was sometimes over a week before all the papers were delivered. They were then taken away in sacks. At the cattle station there would be a six month reading for all and sundry until the next boat.

**So life went on.** I had no fewer than 530 goats. We used goat's milk exclusively when at the station. I also had thirty seven bullocks. We used to kill a bullock about once in every fortnight or three weeks, and about three goats a week. A semi-civilised tribe lived close by and we used to give them a great deal of meat. Their work was to carry water from the river up to my vegetable garden about 100 yards away. This garden was indeed most essential as it tended to keep one's system healthy and as soon as we returned from long patrols we at once took to vegetables for every meal. This would drive away beri beri fever. I grew tomatoes, turnips, carrots, paw paws, pineapples, bananas, onions, lettuce, and so on in season.

The plant of forty eight horses was really two full plants. It is the usual custom for one trooper to be out on patrol with a plant whilst the other is at the station, resting and attending to station matters. When one returns the other starts out, and so on. Sometimes when dangerous country has to be traversed, all go together, leaving only one senior tracker at the station.



Police mares and foals, part of the remount breeding operation carried out at Leichhardt's Bar police station

### **Dilemmas of Justice**

I was also Inspector of Stock. I had already been appointed a Protector of Aboriginals. I found this office the most difficult to do justice to. The whites would say to me, "We want your help. The blacks are now coming in too close to this or that waterhole and our cattle are leaving the vicinity". It is a well known fact that blacks and cattle will not live together. The whites would say (with a certain amount of truth),

“We are paying money into the Commonwealth coffers. The country before we took it up was non-revenue producing, it was only black's country. Therefore, now that we are willing to live in isolation and pay our way we want your co-operation and protection in the matter of keeping the blacks out.”

On the other hand I had to remember that I was the protector of blacks and that the cattle country was naturally the best country in the locality. It was where there was most game and most water. To drive the blacks into the desert would best suit cattlemen, but what about justice to Both Sides? This was a constant dilemma. I shut my eyes and did my best for both sides. I often offended the whites at the advantage of the blacks, and vice versa. I did my best. No man could do more. I never shot at, or beat, or struck a black in the Northern Territory during the whole of my residence there, and I would not permit or suffer it to be done by others. I saw and dealt with natives in the Northern Territory as much if not more than any trooper that went there. I was satisfied that I was doing right myself and to me the rest did not matter.

### **Leaving Leichhardts Bar**

My five years agreement was up at last but I was some months late getting away from the Roper as I was considerably detained over several bad cases of cattle spearing by natives, away back in the wilds. During this delay I received a special letter from the manager of Hodgson Downs Station some fifty four miles away, informing me that we were at War. He sent the message by a native runner (a black letter carrier). It was then about mid-April 1915 – just before the Gallipoli landing.

I will always remember my departure. Marigumba cried, Narginalka howled and all seemed blue at the thought of my leaving for good, Marigumba came to me at the last and wanted to make me a present of his son Tommy, aged about ten years. He said, "You take him along a you Boss, him present from me. I all day savee that you look after him alright." Of course, I could not accept but I was very much touched. At last I gripped Trooper Hunt's hand. We had been very good pals, we were separating for all time, and we knew it. With a "Good bye old man" I jumped into the saddle and made off for Darwin, some 600 or 700 miles away. I handed over my plant at Pine Creek and at last reached Darwin.

### **Southward Bound**

After ten days in Darwin I was ready for South. The S.S. Eastern steamed in one morning from Japan. It was the 15th day of August 1915. At 3 p.m. she took up anchor and made away from Darwin pier. I remained silent until the sun was setting when we were away through the Vernon Islands. I was in an extremely reflective mood. I had had my taste of the bush and I was leaving it for good. The wrench was not so bad. For me it meant, "Go now or remain forever." I had made my decision and kept it. I felt I could hold my head up.

**And now midst the hustle and bustle of the city I still find my thoughts wandering out to the great empty spaces of the Northern Territory, and I can still hear the tinkle of the police horse bells, the clink of their hobble chains, the song of the native companion, jabiru, mope hawk, Torres Strait pigeon, bromely kite, and so on. Good luck to the gallant little band of troopers who are still carrying on in that far off Division and, by their daily avocation, showing the world that that bit of earth belongs to us.”**

# A MAN, FOR ALL THAT

By R. REID

## THE CASE IS ONE OF FORGERY AND UTTERING.

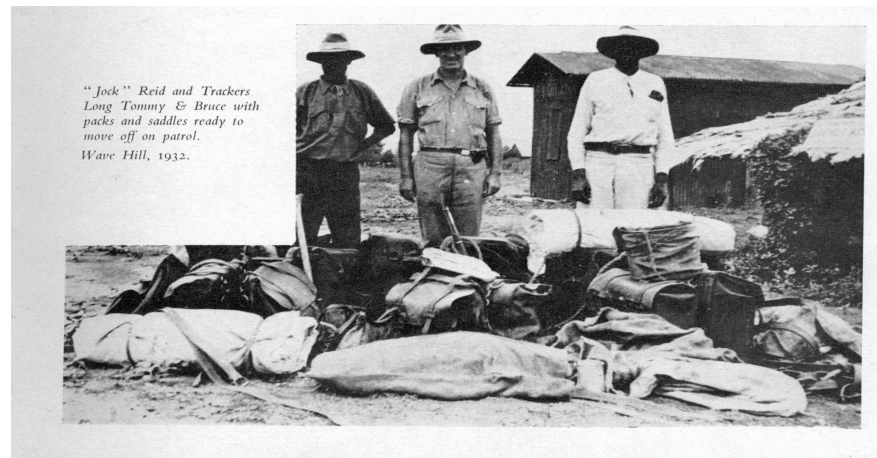
The offence was committed at Wave Hill. The offender was a young stockman, a good bushman of fine physique. Taking to the bush he travelled South. I was then stationed at Newcastle Waters and was alerted to keep a look out for him. Eventually he was arrested, and I was instructed to escort him back to 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.

### The Route

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, 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.

### Accidents Will Happen

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



*"Jock" Reid and Trackers  
Long Tommy & Bruce with  
packs and saddles ready to  
move off on patrol.  
Wave Hill, 1932.*

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 ferments, tincture of opium and aspirin to deaden the pain.

### **Decisions! Decisions!**

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. A decision had to be made on 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.

### **Merry Christmas**

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 Murrungi 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 Murrungi 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).

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.

### **Minor Injuries!**

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

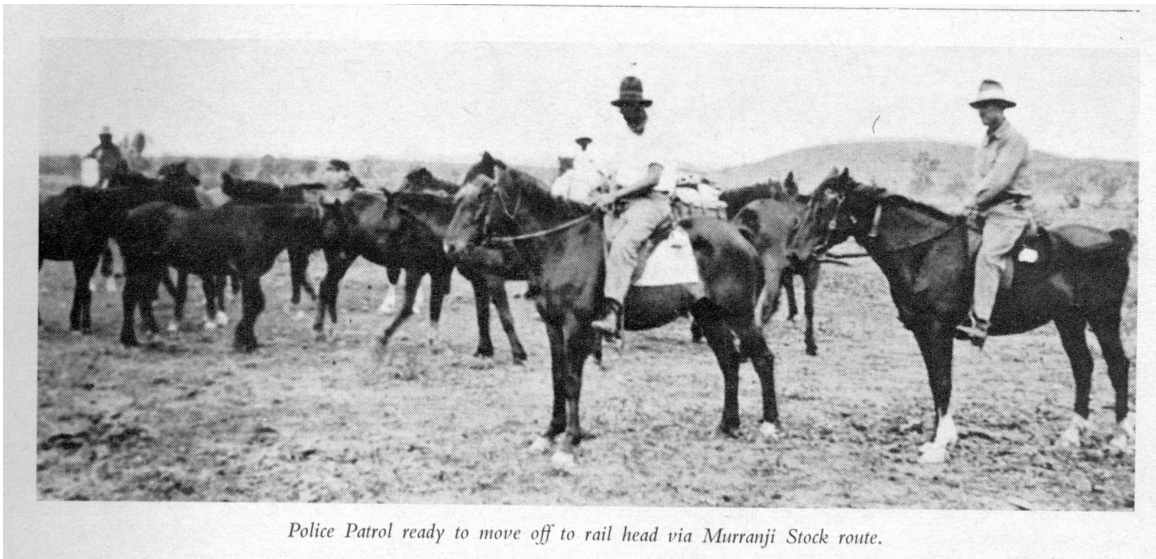
In those days the big (5-passenger) plane only went as far as Daly Waters and a Tiger moth flew the journey from Daly Waters to Birdum. The rest of the journey to Darwin was two days by train - and a rough, dirty old train at that!

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.

### **A Man, For All That**

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.



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

## POLICE PATROL

### Painting by Ex Constable V.C. Hall



Victor Charles Hall was an Englishman who gained a Military Medal in the First World War. He came to Western Australia and made his way to the Northern Territory, where he joined the Northern Territory Police Force in 1924, and resigned from the Force in 1943. He was stationed at Darwin, Timber Creek, Anthony's Lagoon, Alice Springs, Maranboy and other centres. He wrote several books and was an artist - one of his paintings secured second prize in the Sir John Sulman contest

in Sydney. During 1956, at the age of 61 years, his eyesight failed and he was then said to have only ten per cent of vision which was insufficient for him to continue detailed brush work to assist his income. His plight came to the notice of the Northern Territory Police and it was decided to assist him by purchasing one of his paintings for at least two hundred pounds. The painting in question was of a Northern Territory Police Patrol.

The painting was said to be a true representation of a police patrol as Vic Hall knew police horse patrol work - he had to, as it was often the only way he could move about his district. The policeman rides in front, the trackers on the wings and at the rear, and the pack horses and spare horses in the centre. The painting depicted the plant just after it had come out of the timber and was crossing a clearance. The authenticity of the scene was said to be absolute and could only be expected from an artist who travelled many thousands of miles on such patrols. The means of raising the money for the painting was by subscription from within the police force and from those outside the police force who cared to contribute. The painting was on exhibition in a Darwin shop window where many people paused to admire it. It was proposed that it should be hung at Police Headquarters.

The subscriptions were forwarded to Police Headquarters and when the subscription list closed the amount of three hundred and three pounds one shilling and seven pence was forwarded to Vic Hall, for which he forwarded a receipt on 10th December 1956. Late receipt of some subscriptions added an amount of twenty one pounds one shilling and two pence for which Vic Hall forwarded grateful thanks on 15th January 1957. The painting, "Police Patrol" has since remained in Police Headquarters as it has moved to its various locations. Vic Hall died at Adelaide on 10th February 1972 aged 76 years and eleven months.



## **NORTH AUSTRALIA OBSERVATION UNIT**

Between 1939 and 1945 the total strength of the NT Police was 62 men. Fifteen men left to enlist in the Armed Services. Another twelve with aboriginal trackers and aboriginal personnel were seconded for duties with an Army unit known as the North Australia Observation Unit. Members of the unit nick-named themselves the Nackeroos. Others called them "Curtin's Cowboys".

### **The idea of a "special unit" originated at a meeting of Australian and American Intelligence Officers in early March of 1942.**

Singapore had fallen. Troops in Timor were retreating and Darwin was being bombed daily. The Japs were coming and nothing was stopping them.

Prime Minister Curtin was calling it the Battle for Australia and was asking Churchill to release Australian troops to defend the mainland of Australia. Military personnel were discussing a retreat to the Southern States to defend Australia as they did not think they could defend the whole northern Australian coastline. This special surveillance unit was to be volunteer bush men who could be at first coast watchers for enemy landings and, after the invasion, be left behind enemy lines to continue the fight.

Their chances of survival were slim.

The person designed to be in command was a young anthropologist who in 1932 studied with aborigine groups in the Northern Territory and was an advisor to the War Cabinet. He was told to raise a unit of about 450 bushmen who could ride and live in the bush. Some came from disbanded Light Horse Regiments; some were returned servicemen, trained but bored and ready to volunteer for the next challenge.

### **Dr. Stannes asked the NT Police Force for police officers along with their Police Trackers because of their knowledge of the bush and their experience from living in the isolated Territory.**

All groups were in position by September, just in time for the flooding wet season of the north. Their transport was to be horses, donkeys, mules, trucks and eight boats (under 15 metres).

Their armament was left over rifles, shotguns, small amount of firearms from different countries and whatever you could bring yourself.

They endured isolation, flies, crocodile attacks, mosquitoes, hunger, thirst, sometimes only Morse code to communicate with their headquarters, and the knowledge that they were expendable.

But without the skills of the aborigines, the patrols could not survive. But survive they did until disbandment in 1945.

*With thanks to Barry Frew for this copy.*

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
CANBERRA, A.C.T.

SECRET.

24th. April, 1942.

Superintendent A.V. Stretton,  
ALICE SPRINGS.

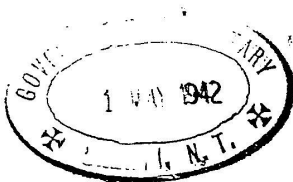
Employment of Northern Territory Police with Military Patrols.

In connection with this subject please see attached hereto a memorandum prepared by me. I shall be glad to have your views, as quickly as possible, regarding the Police I have mentioned. If possible, the "A" Class should be built up to not less than 12, and you may think that Fitzgerald, Riley and Graham should be included.

What is the position regarding horse plant and equipment? These should be available at Timber Creek, Wave Hill, Borroloola, Roper River, etc.

If your opinion regarding the Police mentioned by me differs and you think some should be deleted and others included do not hesitate to say so. It is essential the Police picked out for this work should be good horsemen and bushmen. You might also comment upon the reliability or otherwise of trackers attached to various bush stations.

Please treat this as very confidential and urgent.



*C.L.A. Abbott*  
(C.L.A. Abbott)  
ADMINISTRATOR.

*Police selected for this work will be given suitable military status.*

*C.L.A.*

CONFIDENTIAL.

11<sup>th</sup> May, 1942.

The Secretary,  
Department of the Interior,  
CANBERRA. A.C.T .

SERVICES OF NORTHERN TERRITORY POLICE IN CONNECTION  
WITH MILITARY WORK.

With reference to this subject, I have now discussed it with Superintendent Stretton who in the main agrees with my nominations. The Superintendent's list of Class A. men and my list are set out hereunder:-

My List.

Constable W.L. Abbott, Brocks Creek.  
Acting Sergeant G.R.Birt, Darwin.  
Constable T.C. Fitzer (on leave)  
Sergeant A. P. Lynch (Seconded to Commonwealth Investigation.)  
Acting Sergeant W.McKinnon, *Darwin.*  
Constable J. J. Mahony, Arltunga.  
Constable E.H.Morey (Seconded Military Service.)  
Constable G. Stott, Timber Creek.  
Constable W. Langdon, Wave Hill.  
Constable G.J. Withnell, Alice Springs.

Superintendent Stretton's List.

Sergeant W. McKinnon,	now on leave.
Sergeant A.P. Lynch,	(Seconded to Commonwealth Investigation.)
Constable Heathcock,	Borrooloola.
Constable Hall,	Alice Springs.
Constable Fitzer,	now on leave.
Constable Abbott,	Brocks Creek.
Constable Johnson, A.S.	Pine Creek.
Constable Mahony,	Arltunga.
Constable Graham,	Rankine River.
Constable Riley,	Lake Nash.
Constable Langdon,	Wave Hill.

I think that Constable Morey who is now in the Army should be recalled for this special work for which he is eminently suited. The same applies to Sergeant Lynch, who is with the Commonwealth Investigation Branch. Sergeant Lynch has written to Superintendent Stretton and expressed a desire to return to the Northern Territory Police Force.

Superintendent Stretton adds that some of the necessary plant is available from the various police stations and if any shortage exists additional horses and saddlery could doubtless be obtained from the Pastoralists in the District. Camels *are not* recommended for use on the northern coasts owing to the presence of poison bush. Furthermore the nature of the country does not lend itself to a camel patrol.

(C.L.A. Abbott)

ADMINISTRATOR

# NT POLICE AND THE NACKEROOS

In the southern states a secret unit of army personnel were formed called the North Australia Observer Unit (NAOBU) or - as nicknamed Nackerroos or Gustin's Cowboys). They consisted of about 1000 people, all volunteers to live in the north, and to 'observe and report' on Japanese landings; then wait to operate as commandos behind enemy lines.

Their zone of operation was 3.6 million sq. kms containing 6000 kms of coastline from Ormiston in Western Australia, to Hornsby in Queensland and as far south as Alice Springs. The Government expected the invasion to be within a few weeks. They did not expect them to come back alas.

They were given ten weeks to form, and be operational in the north in the bush. They were to use horses, donkeys, small boats, trucks, bicycles and motor cycles.

They made it. Arms were what ever they could get and it was a sort of BYO. It included shotguns and .22-calibre firearms for taking off the land.

They managed to survive for three years in country which had only been recently depopulated, country that was unmapped, and in country that aborigines had only a few years before that fought with the white men.

Yet with a little assistance of local aborigines and a few NT Mounted Troopers (NT Police) acting as guides, they survived for three years. They observed, reported on enemy movements on land, sea or air and they assisted in rescues of airmen shot down by enemy aircraft.

Today, NMPFORCE have adopted and wear the orange and green checkered diamond colour patch of the Nackerroos.

## Somewhere in Australia

*Somewhere in Australia where the sun is like a crater,  
And each day is a forest of slender silver cones,  
And the birds and deer think it's the singing desert sand,  
And the men dream and wish for a fair and greener land.*

*Somewhere in Australia where the world is always late,  
Where a Christmas card in April is considered open-date,  
Where we never have a picnic and we never pay the rent,  
But we never miss the money since we never get it spent.*

*Somewhere in Australia where the ants and the lizards play,  
And a hundred frail mosquitoes reappear the way you stay,  
So take me back in good old Sydney where I can hear the tramway bell,  
For this God-forsaken place is just a substitute for hell!*

Illustration: Bobbie-Ann - Source: Copyright © 2007 by "The Rights Project" & December 2007. Authorship by Nackerroos' Graham, Robert Crowl, Raymond and the descendants of the Smiths' Marston

**Nackerroos on patrol during the war.**



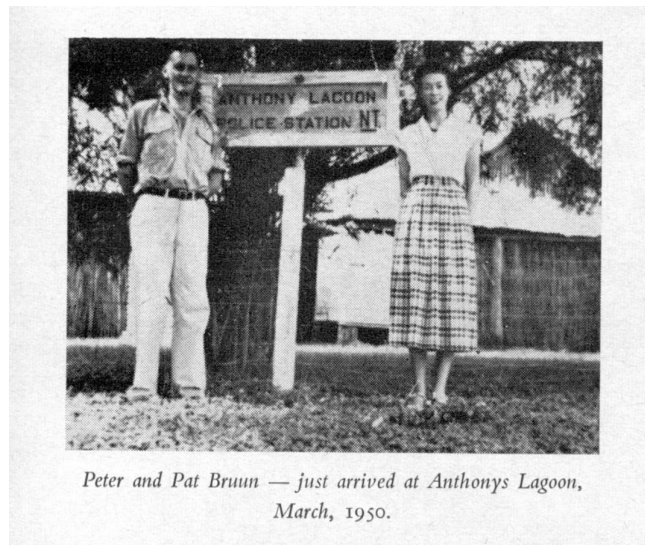
## SOME ASPECTS OF MY LIFE IN THE N.T 1948-1952.

### PAT BRUUN

**I loved every minute of every day spent there even when things went wrong.**

I met Peter Bruun, a patient at the Alice Springs hospital where I was nursing, on 3.5.49. Peter, a member of Northern Territory Police, was based in Alice Springs, and was having hospital treatment for an old shrapnel wound at the base of the spine, incurred at El Alamein where he had been seriously wounded. Many romances came to fruition in those days when only one sister was on night duty and the police used to stoke the boiler situated at the back of the hospital. Peter and I were married in Alice Springs in 1950, with Bert and Margaret Welton witnesses and Vin White celebrant. Bert was medical superintendent. Both Bert and Margaret were wonderful friends to us all in Alice.

Peter's posting was Anthony's Lagoon. Freddy Ogden flew us out on Connellan airways Dragon Rapide. John Gordon, relieving from Timber Creek, met us at the strip, looked askance at me, not having been told by pedal wireless that Peter was bringing a new "Missus". John was a beautiful whistler, and whether the tune he whistled was on the hit parade I know not, but on the 3 mile journey home the sounds of "Do not trust him, gentle maiden ..." were for a while the only sounds to be heard. By the look John gave me, he being a confirmed bachelor, I think he meant the gender to be reversed.



His concern then shifted to the welcoming feast. He pointed out that not knowing about our nuptials all that was in the kerosene fridge was corned beef and a tomato. There was some bread baked by Daisy a couple of days ago. To me, it was a feast fit for a queen; my first home so far away from what seemed everywhere.

After a couple of days settling in and meeting Dick and Barney, the trackers, and their wives Daisy and Edna our next job was to take John to the station further down the track, Rankine River or Lake Nash, where he was also relieving. Being March there were some sticky spots on the road (stock route) and we bogged half way to Brunette Downs, spending three or four nights camping with mosquitoes and flies. However, we had a tucker box, plenty of water and a 2 way radio with a flat battery and weak signal resulting. Someone must have picked up our call, because in due course an aborigine stockman with a plant of horses arrived from Brunette Downs, and we were on our way.

I fell in love with Anthony's, where as Joan Deans said in her "Return to Anthony's" you could see a traveller four days off. Our little settlement consisted of an angle iron house with a wide verandah where we did most of our living, Peter's office next door, the pedal wireless



room and a garage storage shed. At the back was an iron building for the trackers and their wives and near that a cell.

The house was fenced off from the goat yard, as a couple of hundred goats let loose in the vegetable garden would have wreaked havoc. There was a chook yard, and as far as the eye could see was Mitchell grass plain land. I loved every minute of every day spent there even when things went wrong. I learned to make yeast, bake bread and cook on the range wood stove under the amused direction of Daisy.

Each morning there would be an outpatient clinic and the women and children came for liniment, cough medicine or eye treatment, but mostly for a chat, and curiosity about the new missus - all part of healing.

Anthony Lagoon Cattle Station was about a quarter of mile up the track, the police station area being leased from the station owners, Scottish Australian at that time. Burke Cant was manager, and Bubba Darcy (Mallapunyah Springs) was cook. Bubba used to spend evenings with me when Peter was away on patrol for lengths of time, and her stories about her life on Mallapunyah were worthy of a book.

The only other white woman nearby was the wife of the head stockman, a bush girl who helped me with hints about cooking and sewing - and an insight into her life on the station. In return I was able to offer nursing care.

Stores came out along the stock route about twice a year, but as the station was so close I used to walk up and get ours there and chat to George Ross, the storekeeper. We got beef there also, on the hoof. Whenever the flour had weevils, as he was scooping it out he'd often say, "Now watch the one with the pretty blue eyes". There were always stories to exchange and I used to think about the richness of these exchanges and feel privileged to be part of this great cultural melting pot, both black and white.

The pedal wireless, our link with the outside world was connected with Cloncurry Flying Doctor Service, and each morning I used to go out into the room, wait for the call to come in and, pedalling madly, would call 8VJ, 8VJ, repeating until a voice replied "Come in 8VJ". At that time I was ex officio post mistress for the station and area, and took messages and telegrams. After our turn we all stayed on for the galah session and heard the news from areas as far away as Groote Eylandt. One day I heard Sheila Mettam from Timber Creek, calling for help for Colin Johnstone who had crashed at Coolibah Station.

**The mail plane called once a fortnight and what a day that was!** Letters and catalogues arrived for all and sundry who came in to collect. Perishables like butter and rum came that way too. It was time for celebration. I received library books from Queensland, but can't remember from what centre. The joys, too, of poring over catalogues. I think Anthony Hordern's was my favourite for ordering, there being no corner shop or shopping Mall.

There was plenty of time for reading in the wet season, when it was too wet even for horses to go to the cattle station. That's when I learned to love cricket. Peter and I used to listen to the Ashes series on a fairly indistinct radio, and I learned from him the finer points and placings of the game.

**Visitors we loved.** Peter was ex officio stock inspector, which included, dipping cattle travelling from W.A. to the railhead at Dajarra in Qld, along the Canning and Barkly stock routes, about 1300 head at a time. The dip was about 11 miles out and the drovers would come in the evening, report in, then that evening Peter, Dick and Barney would prepare the dip, taking off early next morning while the cattle were still drowsy. The drovers brought news of conditions and happenings along the route and were always a welcome sight. Lighting was not often a problem at Anthony's, as when the plant broke down there were always the carbide lamps, which gave out a pungent smell but an excellent light.

Stock inspectors were always welcome, and when inoculation was being done (against pleuro) I was included in the action. Sometimes visitors came out on Connellan's mail run, stopped overnight at the cattle station and came down to chat with us in the evening, people from all over the world, wanting a look at the outback.

**Picnic race meetings were a real social occasion.** Everyone piled on board the Chev ute; trackers and their wives and friends, Peter, me, our swags and tucker box, and headed for Brunette Downs where we camped. Highlight was the contest between well bred horses from stations near and far and the anticipation and excitement watching the jockeys prepare. Dust and flies didn't dampen our enjoyment. We were the centre of the universe for a couple of days. The evenings were times of getting together, post mortems, revelry and the stars at night, music by the campfires. On our return journey home everyone slept except the driver.

Tennant Creek was a different kind of meeting, equally enjoyable. We stayed with Jack and Edna Stokes at the Police Station, so there we were able to catch up on police doings and people. Peter was in charge of an area approx. 6,000 sq. miles to patrol and when he went out to register fire arms, hear complaints, give news, collect information, etc. he was away for some weeks at a time. The whole plant went, leaving us three women in charge. I was never afraid, even when alone. Peter would keep in touch from the various stopping places, as far north as Borrooloola.

I remember one night going down to the creek on horseback with Bubba Darcy to watch an initiation corroboree. I did feel privileged and came home at the appropriate time.

**..."And at night the wondrous glory of the everlasting stars"...** Nights at Anthony's were wonderful. Night sounds too. After the sounds from the camp subsided the curlews would call, hauntingly beautiful, reminding me of my home on the riverbank in Brisbane where the curlews on the island opposite lived. But this call was tuned to the vastness of the bushland.

One morning we saw a brilliant aurora australis. Another morning 4 brolgas danced for us outside the house - an outback centre stage, musically harsh visually beautiful.

Time came to fly into Alice for the birth of my baby. Ralph Thomson flew me in. I saw Dr. Welton for my first medical check, and a fortnight later my son, Terry was born. The joy of his arrival was something I'll never forget. What a life for a child back at Anthony's in such a healthy, free environment.

**Then it happened.** Word came that Peter had had an accident in the ute near Eva Downs and had been flown into Tennant Creek hospital by Ralph. A front leaf in the springs had broken; the car had rolled pinning Peter under the steering wheel. Barney was there and

helped, but almost while the wheels were still turning Charlie Brown, stock inspector arrived and organized the rescue.

The three of us were soon in Alice Springs hospital together, celebrating and commiserating.

Our first family Christmas was spent in the wet season with folk from the cattle station. Life went on happily but Peter's arm wasn't healing, nor was the ribs. The old injury from E1 A lamein the resultant mitral stenosis was causing heart complications and Peter was transferred to Darwin for more medical treatment.

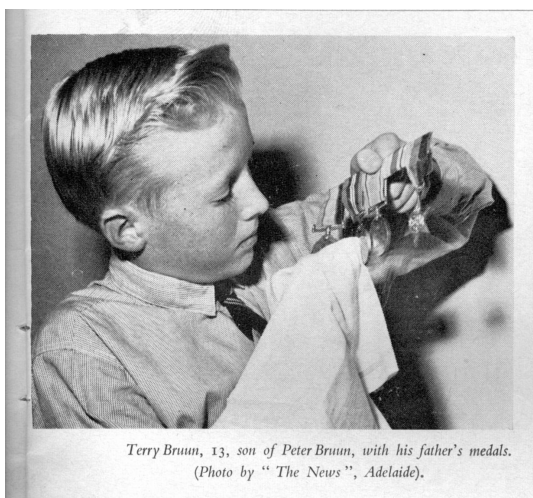
**Our send off at Anthony's was something to remember!** Even George Darcy, not enamoured of the police, came down with a bottle of rum, saying great things to Peter and about him. Ralph Ross rode on horseback from Cresswell Downs carrying a small sandalwood box which I still have for treasured memories. Burke Cant, Bubba and the storekeeper all came down from the station during the day to wish us well. Words cannot describe the depth of feeling we both had for that unforgettable experience of having had that time together touching the pulse of life.

Darwin was good to us too. Terry had his first birthday party, Peter went back on duty. We had our 2<sup>nd</sup> Christmas in Darwin. Our cup of happiness was full when Jane was born in May. Life was good to us all. But Peter's health gradually deteriorated, necessitating further hospitalisation and transfer to Adelaide for treatment. After a short holiday at Pt. Elliot, Peter died in Daws Rd repatriation hospital on 7th December, 1952. We didn't have our third Christmas.

One door closes, another opens. One chapter ends and another commences. So it was with us. The spirit lives on, and when I went with Joan Deans, widow of Tiny who was there from 1935, and who did the sign outside the station, the old ghosts were there among the "ruins". Lester, Joan's husband took us to fossick, and he felt it too.

**We are in a new era, but I believe that the strength of the people who lived then, even those considered to be eccentric, will be passed on into this new era to remind us of ways to cope with adversity.**

\*\*\*\*\*



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

*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.*

Extracted from Citation December 1964

## PUBLICATIONS FOR SALE

# *The Rain Bird*



**Jim Alexander**

### **Excerpt from the Preface**

**I have worked in Britain, Australia, Denmark, Spain, Persian Gulf, Korea, Japan and Venezuela – but the highlight of my working life was the 12 years that I spent as a member of the Northern Territory Police Force.**

**As the reader will see, even as a policeman I conformed to my ‘jack of all trades’ image, every bit as fallible as many of the people I had to deal with, I did my best and my only regret is that I left after only 12 years**

*Available from the Society: Price : \$15*

# TEN POUND POM



By HORACE F. PREW

## Extract from the Synopsis

Several short stories are incorporated into the telling and give an insight into the writer's dealings with cattlemen, drovers, tourists, aboriginals, miners and fishermen, who all made up the isolated and outback communities which relied on the Northern Territory policemen for law, order and justice.

*Also available from the Society. Price : 15:00*



## BACK IN TIME IN SPORT

### GO THE COPPERS

FROM ANDY MCNEILL'S MEMOIRS

**The Police Footy Club came into being on March 3<sup>d</sup> 1963.**

**On that day** a meeting was held at Marrenah House and the "Police and Citizens Youth Club Rugby League Football Club" was formed. Prior to that Police had played annual games against the Bank Johnnies. One year we'd play Rugby League and the next year we would play Aussie Rules. These games were very much social events with the water boys carrying beer instead of water and most games ending in a draw with a great bar-b-que after the game.

However, there were among our ranks, some pretty good footballers and so it was decided to get fairdinkum. We decided to put the bite on South Sydney Rugby League Club for jumpers and when they obliged we became the "Rabbitos" in Darwin. First coach was Constable Basil Smith, who was playing for Navy at that time and had previously played with Maitland in New South Wales. Basil unfortunately was transferred to Daly Waters before the start of the 1964 season and Doug Smith, a former grade player from Brisbane, took over the coaching duties.

**The Committee** was made up of Constable Dick Brown Secretary, Sergeant Ist Class Frank Cronshaw Treasurer, myself as President and Superintendent Sid Bowie Vice President. Sponsorship was provided by John Shanahan and John Stokes, proprietors of a small garage known as Bridge Motors, now one of the largest Toyoto Dealers in the country. Another sponsor was John MacNamee, who then ran Rapid Laundry, a dry-cleaning business, and later became an undertaker in Darwin.

We had an honorary doctor Brian Kirkup, who was in charge of the Department of Health in Darwin. He not only attended the matches and did running repairs there, but he also conducted a clinic for the walking wounded each Monday morning during the season. Rugby League was played in the "Wet Season" at that time.

**"Go the coppers"** and "Get the coppers" became familiar cries at Richardson Park. Among players in the team in those first years were, Mick Palmer, (the police officer, not the politician), John Maley, Robin Chalker, Denver Marchant, Bob (Crash) Crowell, Tony Godwin, Peter Collins, Airy Pyle, Neil Plumb, Terry O'Brien, Allen Price, Primo Bonato, Wayne Cubis, Blake Jobberns, John Lincoln, John Woodcock, Bruce Mangleson, Geoff Sherville, Ian Evans, Ian Faux, John Ascoli, Dick Brown, Peter Guinane, Noel Owens, Peter Lappin, Jimmy Green, Grahame Browning, and Barry Symons. They were all serving Police Officers. In the first season, things were very tight and we had to move the Darwin station roster around somewhat to ensure that we had sufficient numbers to run on the field.

Gradually the Police Footy team attracted civilian players. Billy Boustead, Roy Dykes, Johnny Stokes, Junior Lang, John Cotteril, Geoff Beale, Lyndon Wilson, Grahame (Grumpy) Maunder, Wally Kirby and the little Dentist Tommy Berglin to name but a few. Billy Boustead was perhaps one of Darwin's greatest sportsmen. He played his first rugby with us and starred. He would play Aussie rules on Saturday, tennis Saturday night, rugby league with the police team on Sunday and basketball on Sunday nights.

**Support for** the coppers increased as the team's performance improved. They made the finals the first year and played in the Grand Final the next year. Unfortunately the Grand Final was lost to Waratah/Wallabies by a score of 8 points to 2 in a game that was described by the N.T. News as, "A Rugby battle, which will live in the annals of N.T. League forever."

**We had** some great supporters, Mitchell Chin who marinated our steaks for the Barbecues. The marinated steaks were so tender they almost melted in your mouth. Keiran MacCarthy who attended every game on or off duty and was a totally one-eyed barracker, which really did not matter because no one could understand his Irish accent when he became excited anyway. John Shanahan the owner of Bridge motors who supported the team so well in the early years. And there were many others.

If you came to one of our Barbies you made a donation to the Police & Citizens Youth Club every time you purchased a beer so our after-footy bar-b-que's were very well attended. Jack Mober and his guitar provided entertainment, and we always had plenty of volunteers to sing a song or tell a yarn. I can remember at Bill Jacobs one night when he cooked up a great feed of Magpie Geese in a couple of four gallon kero tins with each serve liberally garnished with some very hot chillies. That night he sang many times that old Johnny Cash favourite, "Ring Of Fire".



*Rear:-D.Smith(coach), W.Cubis, T.O'Brien, D.Marchant, B.Crowel, M. Palmer, A Price, J Serventy, J. Maley, P. Bonato, A. McNeill.  
Front:- J Stokes, A Pyle, R. Chalker, P. Collins, G.Shanahan(ballboy), N.Plum, J.Lang.  
Police Rugby League Club 1964.*

**All in all it was a very good public relations exercise for the Police Force, which we had going without even realising it. The Police Footy Team resulted in lasting friendships inside and outside of the force, which have stood the test of time over many years.**

# VALE

## JACK HERBERT COGHLAN

**Extracts from the eulogy written by his daughter Denise Southwood, and read by Steve Southwood at Jack's funeral on 13 February 2008.**



“Dad was born on 15 October 1929 in a little town called Manangatang in the Mallee district of Victoria. His parents, Rose and Peter, had moved to the Mallee to take up land under the Soldier Settlement scheme that was established for soldiers returning from the First World War. Peter and his family struggled to make a go of it on his small block, as did many other soldiers and their families at that time, and in early 1936 Dad's parents walked off the land with 100 pounds to compensate them for the failed Scheme. They moved to

Rosebud on the Mornington Peninsula where Dad lived until in 1949, at the age of 20, he decided to go to Papua New Guinea as a Cadet Patrol Officer. He spent 5 years in New Guinea.

### **The Northern Territory Police**

After his time in Papua New Guinea Dad returned to the Mornington Peninsula where he rejoined the National Bank for a short while before he embarked on his next adventure - Police Officer in the Northern Territory.

Dad arrived in Darwin on 13 December 1954. He was not met by anyone at the airport because the police force only had two motor vehicles one of which was unserviceable and the other was needed somewhere else. Dad was sworn in and set to work on the day that he arrived. At the time Dad joined the Northern Territory Police Force there were 70 members in the force and about 13 police stations in the Territory. Dad's first station Sergeant was a Jim Mannion. Dad's memoirs say that his police training consisted of a couple of hours during which they were told about the Police Offences Ordinance and the Lottery and Gaming Ordinance and there was a talk by Tubby Tiernan on the work of Special Branch. The rest you learnt on the job. New police officers were issued with copies of the main Ordinances, a set of handcuffs and a round metal identification badge.

**Dad goes on to say** " The force was ill equipped, no radio, poor vehicles, no boat, no aircraft and very little training. Really I don't know how we got by." Another entry in Dad's memoirs

is about police relations with the public in Darwin at that time. He has noted that one day Tim Tisdell said to him, "the only people who speak to you are long-grassers and criminals."

### **The Bush**

In 1955 Dad applied for a position with the Police Force in Alice Springs. He arrived in Alice in October 1955. He was thankful to escape the oncoming build-up in Darwin. Basil Courts and John Healy met Dad at the bus station in Alice Springs and took him to the nearest pub for a beer and then on to meet the Station Sergeant, which, of course, was cause for another beer.

Dad thoroughly enjoyed his time in the Alice. He donned his footy boots to play with Federals under a coach who went by the name of Mophead Harris. Another fellow playing in the team went by the name of Buckethead. Mophead Harris must have been a reasonable coach because Federals defeated Pioneers in the 1955 Grand Final.

When Dad was not playing football or exploring the surrounds of Alice Springs he was busy courting a nurse, Anita Brown, who he married in Melbourne on 2 March 1957.

In May 1957, Dad and Mum were transferred to a one-man police station at Roper River. The area that he policed included Groote Eylandt. The Station consisted of two Aboriginal Police Trackers and their families, a goat herd, 11 horses and 5 pack mules. There was also a police boat and an old landrover. The nearest neighbours were 6 miles away. Mum, who was a trained nurse, tended to any medical problems in the area.

In his memoirs Dad notes that

**“Looking back it was one of the best pieces of my life, another world, with good people both black and white. A paradise you could say. We were remote and it was so free.”**

Mum and Dad stayed at Roper River until the end of 1959. They were very sad to leave the Roper River. Dad notes that he stupidly had everything up to date and the station in good order when his boss, Inspector Bowie, came to make an inspection. The inspector complimented Dad on the sound running of the police station and then said that it was obvious that Dad needed to go to a busier police station.

After being stationed at Roper River Dad was transferred to Larrimah where he and the family remained until 1962.

In 1962, Mum and Dad arrived in Darwin. They took up residence at 36 Charles Street (now numbered 40). Mum and Dad thought the house was luxurious as it had overhead fans in every room. They also enjoyed the close proximity of their neighbours who included the Gleeson family, across the road, John and Jill Ascoli, who moved into the house behind, the Hatzimali family, who also lived across the road and later on the Fisher family. Mum and Dad stayed in the house until 1970.

In 1970 Dad was transferred to Katherine as the Officer in Charge of the Katherine Police Station. Dad remained in this post for 2 years and then the family returned to 40 Charles Street in Darwin.

In 1977 Dad was awarded the National Medal for his long service to the Northern Territory Police Force.

After Mum died in 1980, Peter Hamon visited Dad every Friday after work. The evening was always well catered for with smelly cheese (called "socks" by Peter Hamon), and prawns from Pedro the Fisherman. They would sit in the backyard and have a beer, or two. Sometimes it would just be the two of them. On other occasions there could be up to 20 people sitting in the backyard. The Fisher family who lived next door would regularly join the two old coppers. On one side of the fence were two coppers drinking and the other side of the fence there was a church group singing hymns and chanting hallelujah.

Dad retired in 1988, after 33 years of service in the Northern Territory Police Force. I am sure that Dad's spirit will be up there with his old mates, Andy McNeill, Fangs Metcalfe, Lovey Browning and the others, and they will be reliving the old days when they helped tame the North."

Ed's note: *Two of Jack's three daughters have long established Darwin families.*

**VALE**

**John William (Jack) Ilett**

Former Commander with the Northern Territory Police

Born 18/1/1939 – Passed away 2/12/2007 – Aged 68

Joined the Force 24/2/1961

Retired 2/12/1995

Our deepest sympathy and sincere condolences to Marlene, and to their children  
Roger, Judith, Ian, Neil, Alica and their families