



CITATION



The NORTHERN TERRITORY POLICE MAGAZINE / 50c

CITATION

The Northern Territory Police Magazine



Committee of Management:

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

Southern Division Representatives:

Inspector G. L. Ryall and Sergeant J. P. McLaughlin.

Business Address:

Police Headquarters, P.O. Box 63, Darwin, N.T. Australia.
Phone: Darwin 2121.

Subscription: 50 cents (Aust.) per copy — posted free to any part of the world.

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

Vic Hall's famous painting "Northern Territory Police Patrol".
Photographed by Sergeant Deniz McManus of Fingerprint Section,
Darwin.

IN THIS ISSUE * * Vol. III — No. 1. * * Page

<i>Pays to Ask a Policeman</i>	2
<i>Humbert River Murder</i>	4
<i>N.T. Police's Secret Weapon</i>	9
<i>Roper River as Watering Place</i>	11
<i>Roger's Cartoon</i>	17
<i>Those Signatures</i>	19
<i>Palmer Cartoon</i>	20
<i>Hamaneegs 'a Larrimah</i>	21
<i>Marriages, Engagements and Births</i> ..	23
<i>The Headquarters Keys</i>	24
<i>Policemen Around the World</i>	26
<i>The Trooper Rides Up</i>	32
<i>Letters to Editor</i>	34
<i>Recruit Notes</i>	36
<i>Territory Top at Commissioners' Conference</i>	38
<i>Murder Outback</i>	40
<i>Station Notes</i>	47

And the Editor says . . .

WAITING FOR THE TWAIN . . . TO MEET

We have the Police and we have the Public, and at times it seems that Kipling could easily have included them in his "never the twain shall meet" prophecies. A great brain-teaser these days is how to bring about a blissful meeting and a permanently happy union. Human nature, with its phobias accumulated over the centuries, does not seem to be of much help.

It is certain that man cannot live alone and enjoy it, or live in company and keep the peace. So there has always been a need for the law to keep him alive and fairly safe from his snake-swallow-snake propensities.

But he doesn't like the law!

Even away back in the seeming perfection of the Garden of Eden — there was a man and there was a law, and the man broke the law. From that breach, we have been told, reemerged the whole generation of mankind, literally conceived in rebellion — and keenly rebellious ever since.

Man has had enough gumption to realise that he must have the law, and someone to enforce it impartially. Down the centuries he has made and remade enough law to sink the world he lives in — but not enough to make it safe. He has also suffered great evolutionary pains trying to develop an acceptable method and organisation for enforcing the law. This has taken widely differing forms in different times and different countries. In England it had an essentially communal basis until certain forms of "Police" came into being in the early 19th Century, culminating in Robert Peel's introduction of the Metropolitan Police Force in London.

This was the prototype for Police Forces as we know them in the English-speaking countries to-day — a disciplined civilian body recruited, trained and paid for the special purpose of upholding law and order. One would think that that should have relieved the citizens of a great deal of personal worry and responsibility, having a unit especially organised to carry out this vital community function; but there were no signs or sounds of relief or support. Peel's Police were openly reviled and treated with scarcely believable viciousness, evidently as an accepted phase of self-expression, 19th Century style.

It is not so to-day, of course — yet the thick, muddy line of contempt for the law is always in a well-stretched state. When it is over-stretched, the main target is not the lawmaker but his unfortunate agent, the law enforcer. There may be a lot to be said for making the politicians fight their own wars and enforce their own laws; but the Police have to carry the latter burden.

Good Police work, when recognised, is freely and widely commended; but a great deal of good Police work is often misunderstood, or wrongly construed, or not recognised because of cloudy and irrelevant side issues. This is possibly unavoidable where such a number and variety of good, bad and so-so laws have to be enforced; when such a vast cross-section of the community must be handled by the one body — from vicious criminals to lost infants; born liars, spielers and cheats to harmless old ladies; cranks, smart alegs, larrikins and standover thugs to decent law-respecting citizens who never take a step out of line; and every range of mentality and moral outlook in between. Bad Police work is, of course, well and truly roasted, and

rightly so — yet there is a popular tendency to dramatise crime and glamorise criminals. The final picture this leaves of the Police is not flattering, and many Forces throughout the world are now going out of their way to try and build up and maintain in the public mind a constantly acceptable picture of their Police. This has produced a rather ghastly cliché, "The Police Image", but whatever it may be called the aim is a worthy one, deserving of full-hearted support by Police and public alike.

This does not mean that both sides should start back-slapping, turning mutually blind eyes or the like. It is a much deeper and more serious matter of developing solid, practical Police-civilian teamwork in upholding the law. The people have a vested interest, both material and moral, in the suppression of crime, and they have powers and obligations not far short of those held by the Police. If these obligations were universally met, less energy expended on skating around or defying the law, and less emotional adulation wasted on society's own criminal enemies, there might be some hope of stifling the fast-growing crop of crime, general disorderliness and antipathy to authority in our modern community. Then there might be some hope of the citizens and their Police becoming much closer and friendlier kin than they have really managed to be so far.

The within exploit of Mounted Constable (or Trooper, as the Police were usually referred to in the old days) Uriah William Holland is told by his son, now living at Whyalla, S.A. Trooper Holland joined the South Australian Police in 1906, he went to the Northern Territory in 1908 and served for five years at Darwin, Pine Creek, Katherine, Timber Creek and Anthony Lagoon. The Territory was taken over by the Commonwealth in 1911 and Trooper Holland returned to South Australia at the end of his term here. He was then stationed at Spalding, a small township 115 miles north of Adelaide. Curiously, he is the first Policeman of whom I have any recollection — he lived next door and his older boys, Kevin and Rex, were playmates of my brother and me. He had an ex-N.T. Police Tracker with him, too — generally known as "Black Tommy" — and a swag of spears and other native weapons and curios. After leaving the Force he was an auctioneer, then went into the motor business at Kadina. Later he took up land at Kimba, where he lived until his unexpected death in 1944. His widow and his son, Rex, both died within the past year. Apart from Murray Holland, another son, Dean, and two daughters, Iris and Shirley, are still living.

STAFF JOURNAL — You name it!

As part of the general Northern Territory Administration set-up, members of the Force will be interested in the launching and subsequent welfare of the N.T.A. Staff Journal.

This kicked off in December, 1965 (we were quite old, then — we started away back in December, 1964), and so far is a bi-monthly issue in neat roneo. It's biggest problem at the moment is to choose a suitable name. Our own wild nightmares in a similar situation have left us full of sympathy, but too exhausted to be of much help. But that needn't stop you having a go.

The Editor at N.T.A. Head Office will be glad to receive your ideas.

Tracker to Constable:— "These new shovel razor blades are no good, Boss. They don't do a thing for that 12 o'clock shadow".

Doug Lockwood says:

IT STILL PAYS TO ASK A POLICEMAN!

I WONDER if it would be possible to go around the world these days, as I did recently, without the help of policemen. I think not.

In the Northern Territory one can generally get a bearing on the sun. I've been bushed once or twice and managed to get out by following my shadow.

But in our tour of the northern hemisphere we seldom saw the sun. There was no shadow. And, except in London, the landmarks were foreign to us.

In these circumstances, we found, the old maxim of "Ask a policeman" worked wonders.

Most of them speak English, or a smattering of it. We took the precaution in such places as Copenhagen, Berlin, Vienna, Rome and Tokyo, of always carrying a card in the local language which gave the name and address of our hotel.

If the worst came to the worst and we were utterly bushed, as happened a few times, we could show our card to a policeman or to a taxi driver and — presto! — we were home.

I must say that this method failed several times in Tokyo, where there are no rules that any westerner can understand.

One driver refused to take us from our hotel to a store in the Ginza because he didn't know that particular place, and not to have been able to find it could have meant loss of face.

For efficiency, courtesy and utter imperturbability, the London bobby is still unequalled in the world. What's more, you can see them coming; they're all about 6 ft. 6 ins. and they still wear the traditional bobby's helmet.

But for sheer entertainment, take me again to Rome. An argument between an Italian traffic cop and an erring taxi driver is something that anyone would travel miles to see, even though, like me, you may not understand a word.

It is small wonder that Italy is the home of grand opera.

One of the free entertainments of Rome is the rush hour, described in travel brochures as "chaotic".

That is an understatement, but the marvellous traffic cops somehow sort it out.

They are proud of their art and, of course, their Latin gestures are a great help.

We were delighted to find that Rome's best traffic cop of the week is given a place of honour at a violently busy intersection near the King Victor Emmanuel monument.

There he stays, displaying his bravura to the delighted crowds, for one week, or until he gets acted out of the job.

At the busy intersections in Tokyo the man sits in a box above the street and manipulates switches which change the lights.

How unromantic! How dull! I much preferred the Roman, though I must say he seemed to be in danger of life and limb every moment he stayed there while the small green and black Fiat taxis snapped around his heels like lethal spaniels.

This business of finding one's way around is simple enough in those countries which use a Roman alphabet. Even I discovered that the Via Veneto was Veneto Street, the Kurfurstendammstrasse was K. Street. The pronunciation was roughly as it would be in English.



But look out when you get to countries like Israel, where they sometimes use Hebrew signs, or Tokyo, where they're all in Japanese.

During the occupation of Japan the Americans sorted this out by erecting their own signs, from 1st street to 500th Avenue.

The Japanese have since taken them down. To confound the issue, streets are frequently not named at all. The Ginza, for instance, is not a street but a district.

It's hell for the tourists. It must be hell for the policemen, too. But pity the poor postmen — the letter carriers. If there's one thing I'm not going to be in this life it's a Tokyo mailman.

I have a mate who lives at 20, 4-chome, Yoyogi. Well, you think, that should be easy enough — No. 20 house in 4th street in Yoyogi. Ah, no. The Japanese are not as simple as that.

The first house built in a group of streets becomes No. 1. The second house built in that district is No. 2 and so on. No. 1, in fact, might have No. 12 on one side and No. 89 on the other.

I did not bother to check the suicide rate among Japanese mailmen, but I'll bet it's high.

I would rather be a licensing inspector in Rome. You see, they don't have any licensed hours or regulations at all. The bars (drink standing up), the cafes (drink sitting down), the clubs (drink lying down) are completely unrestricted.

Finally, I am convinced that the world is about to see a new type of policeman. Get in for your chop! They will be aerodrome traffic cops who, like that man at the King Victor memorial, will control taxi-ing aeroplanes.

GALLOPING DECREPITUDE

(Old soakers simply fade away)

A cove we know used to love rushing up from the old Mitchell Street Barracks to dive into the foam in those great big, lovely, 20-oz. Imperial buckets that Jack O'Brien dispensed at the old Club Hotel. They filled him up nicely, too, and he always walked away contented. Well, he was always contented when he was dragged away.

Then he went to Tennant Creek where they used to play with the old South Australian 16-oz. "handle". Even they filled him up nicely, he found in spite of their comparatively decapitated appearance.

After the war the buckets and handles disappeared and

Doug Lockwood was fascinated by overseas Police — particularly Traffic Policemen in Italy and Switzerland.



At New York, at Tokyo, at London, and a few of the other major airports of the world we were astonished by the number of planes queuing up to take off.

The record was at John F. Kennedy airport, New York, where we counted 28 planes in the queue behind us as we turned on to the take-off strip.

Of course, there were just as many coming.

We closed our eyes and hoped for the best.

the polyglot selection of glasses then used had a top limit of about 12-ozs. But even these filled him up, with a bit of honest effort, although it took an increased expenditure of elbow power to achieve the same happy end.

Later the publicans realised that the top inch or so of glass was a wasteland of froth, anyway, so they chopped it off (but kept the froth safety margin just in case) and it became quite manly to breast up to 7 and 8-oz. glasses — but our struggling old boozologist found that even these miniature medicine measures filled him up and choked him down just like the old 20-ouncers did in his youth.

And, now, alas, he's reduced to a quota of *one* of those tiny little tin cans per whole day. (But it fills him up!)

Wisely, he is planning ahead. Saw him recently checking up on sizes and prices of eye-droppers.

HUMBERT RIVER MURDER

All copyrights reserved by
MURRAY U. HOLLAND

The story of a savage murder, and a relentless manhunt by mounted police troopers of The Northern Territory.

EXPERIENCED bushman and cattleman as he was who "never allowed a blackfellow to walk behind him", William Ward invariably carried his Mauser pistol in a holster on his belt round his waist, and even slept with it within easy reach. Considering the events which were later to cut short his life he must have forgotten for once, that the pistol was within easy reach of another, a "dark stranger" who was tempted to deprive him of it, leaving him helpless when it was so badly needed. It was "bad blackfellow country" as the Territorians termed it, and there he was endeavouring to establish a pastoral property on the Humbert River, right in the heart of the Northern Territory. To this end he had gathered some "civilised" aboriginal stockmen around him, hacked a clearing out of the jungle, erected a hut and stockyards and started to stock up his station.

A generous man to any native willing to work for tucker and tobacco, he knew when he established his station that on the opposite side of the river there was a black's camp to which considerable numbers of aborigines paid an occasional visit. But as long as they stayed on that side of the river and did not interfere with the cattle, he did not worry about them.

There was nothing elaborate about the Humbert River homestead of William Ward. It seems to have been completed about the latter part of 1909. Two old gins, who had at some time or other been employed in the kitchen of Victoria River Downs cattle station, prepared the meals for the pastoralist and the coloured stockmen, the latter having their meals in the open about 50 yards from the homestead and sleeping in rudely constructed huts some distance from the station. There is every possibility that, provided the station owner kept his gun well oiled and handy in emergencies, he may have lived long enough to make a prosperous cattle station out of the wilderness, were it not also for the arrival of Lu-Lu, a Victoria River aborigine. She appeared to have been allocated the job of rounding up the stock horses for the boss and the coloured stockmen before breakfast each day, so that they would be ready at an early hour for the day's work of riding round the cattle. She must have been an attractive wench to the aborigines not only round the station, but to the bush blacks who seemed to visit the camp across the river much more frequently after her arrival at the station. Two of the bush natives considered well in the running for her favours were a big Fitzmaurice River aborigine with the good old English name of Gordon, and a Victoria River aborigine with the good old Irish name of Murphy. These two induced her from time to time to cross the river to their side of it, where they would fight over her, until finally Gordon outed Murphy in her affections and she was looked upon as Gordon's lubra.

Emboldened by his success with his dark charmer, Gordon crossed the river to the station one night. The result was that, after a night's corroboree, she failed to turn up on the following morning to get the horses. The coloured stockmen were a bit jealous of Gordon's success with the much-sought-after belle. They told the boss the reason for the delay in rounding up the riding horses and that the primary reason for the delay was at that moment in the station blacks' camp.



William Ward's "hut", Humbert river cattle station. (Victoria River). Ward was murdered by blacks in the hut, 1909. Trooper Ben Holland with Police horse.

The boss went down and found Gordon there and told him in no uncertain manner to clear out, threatening to knock him cold if he found him in the camp again. Although Gordon could not understand plain English and did not know what the white man was saying, he guessed by his actions that he was being invited more or less to make himself scarce.

He hit out for the other side of the river and, being as nearly naked as the day he was born, simply jumped in and swam over. Whether this episode had any relation to subsequent happenings is a matter for conjecture, but the next time William Ward was to come face to face with Gordon was to be his last.

Timber Creek was one of those outposts of the British Empire which was presided over in 1910 by Mounted Trooper Holland. He was one of those tall, thin, wiry bushmen who would not be noticed in a crowd, but seated on a horse he looked the part in his khaki uniform, riding leggings and wide-brimmed slouch hat. With a vast territory to patrol, maintaining law and order, he was solely responsible for carrying out the duties assigned to him by Sub-Inspector Waters, the Officer-in-Charge of the Northern Territory Troopers, whose office was 450 miles away at Palmerston.

To the latter Officer, Trooper Holland made a report which reached him some six weeks later:

"Sir", he wrote in the red-tape jargon of the old time civil servant, "I have the honour to report for your information that on 12th March, 1910, John Yates called in to the Timber Creek outpost and reported that W. W. Ward, a pastoralist, had been murdered by blacks on the Humbert River cattle station. He stated that the information came from a half-caste who was informed by a lubra who was in Ward's employ and is now believed to be in the Ord River country to where she fled after the murder. I propose to leave here on the 13th to investigate this report and if it is true to bring the offenders to justice.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
U. W. Holland, Mounted Trooper".

Commissioner's Message

"Citation" goes another step forward with this first mid-year edition. This is progress indeed — and progress is what every Police Force must constantly maintain. We in the Northern Territory are no longer in a forgotten backwater, and community development and progress have, of course, brought with them a greater variety and more skilful array of criminals. We are making every endeavour to keep a step ahead of these enemies of society, as this is one facet of progress in which no Police Force can afford to lag. I regard the diligence and initiative that have carried "Citation" along as a reflection of those qualities in the Force as a whole, and I look forward with confidence to the future role of the Police in this community.

C. GRAHAM
Commissioner of Police

Before Trooper Holland was to bring the offenders to justice, he was to travel by horseback over 800 miles in a search of treacherous and wily aborigines. It took him over three months of solid plodding to complete the task.

Leaving Timber Creek on 13th March, 1909, he arrived at the Humbert River cattle station three days later. It was quite obvious that no-one had been at the station for some considerable time, for the long grass had grown over the stockyards and almost up to the homestead front door. On making an inspection of the homestead, he discovered a few blood splashes on both sides of the back door but nothing further was seen to indicate that a murder had been committed there.

A careful search for bloodstained weapons was made by Holland and his trackers, but none was found.

The bloodstains on the back door, which he knew from a previous visit was hard to open, indicated that the murder — if it was murder — had been committed nearby, for it appeared to have been opened in a hurry, leaving about enough room for a man to squeeze through. Trooper Holland searched for the body of the man who had been allegedly murdered, but failed to find it. He afterwards mustered Ward's horses, nine in all, and took them with him back to Timber Creek. The first phase of this search was unsuccessful, but word had reached him confirming the murder and, what is more, he was able to inform his superior Officer:

"Sir", he reported, "I have the honour to report for your information that Ward's station was abandoned when I arrived there on the 16th inst. I found bloodstains on the partly-opened back door, which confirms a report I have just received as to the circumstances of the murder and torture of poor Ward. According to a Wickham station half-caste, a native woman named Lu-Lu was employed by Ward to bring in the horses each morning for the stockmen, and she told him that a native named Gordon asked her to get the white man's pistol if she could and then they could get all the flour and tobacco on the station. The opportunity came after a very hot and oppressive night. She said that on getting up early one morning to get the horses, she had occasion to pass the hut and saw Ward asleep under a mosquito net. His pistol was on the floor beside his bed and she crept up and took it; crossing the river, she gave it to Gordon, telling him (which was a fact) that it was Ward's only firearm. The blacks, led by Gordon, then surrounded the homestead, and the noise of their shouting awoke Ward. He ran inside to get his pistol, but, seeing that it was not there, made an attempt to escape through the back door, but it was too late as the blacks had him cornered. Gordon stabbed him with a shovel-nosed spear and, as



Troopers. N.T. 1911.

*Back Row: (from left) Jim Kelly, Ben Holland, Jack Skinner.
Front: C. A. Dempsey.*

he lay bleeding, they tortured him by pulling out his whiskers. After he was dead, they threw spears at his body and held a corroboree over it. Then, putting it on a stump, they threw spears again at the body, and finally threw it in a water hole. I have made inquiries from the natives at Victoria River Downs, but Gordon and his followers have not been seen in that vicinity. I have also been informed that after the death of Ward, two of his so-called "civilised" stockmen mounted two of Ward's horses, rounded up some cattle which the natives speared, and then took away what beef they wanted. I beg to report that I leave here with Mounted Trooper Charles Dempsey in search of the natives implicated in the murder".

The Troopers arrived at the head station at daylight on 25th May and arrested George Abaduk, an aboriginal stockman, who had been employed by Ward and was one of the two men who, after the murder of Ward, had jumped on a horse and rounded up some cattle for Gordon and his tribe to spear for beef.

Hearing that another of the wanted stockmen, Possum, was on one of the outstations of Victoria River Downs, Trooper Holland rode out there that afternoon and arrested him. This aboriginal stockman was returning to the outpost on horseback when Trooper Holland rode up alongside him, yanked him off the horse, and had the handcuffs on him before Possum knew what it was all about.

Returning to the head station with his captive, Trooper Holland was told that Murphy had been seen nearby; but, as it was too dark to do anything about it, he and Trooper Dempsey put their two captives on the chain.

Later that evening, as they sat round the camp fire, Murphy came in and gave himself up. He appeared to be more frightened of Gordon than the Troopers, for he told them that Gordon had tried to kill him to prevent him from giving himself up.

Murphy joined the other captives on the chain and, late that night, just as the Troopers were about to turn in, Gordon crept up to the camp and threw a spear at Murphy. It missed and all hands turned out to capture him, but he swam the river and got away in the dark.

Early next day the Troopers and their trackers set out after Gordon and, after crossing the river, his tracks were found and followed all that day to a place called Whitewater. Here, there were signs that he had been joined by other natives and they had gone towards mountainous country where there were immense outcrops of sandstone. Leaving the horses and plant in a suitable and safe spot, the Troopers and the trackers proceeded across the mountains on foot. After following the tracks for about 12 miles, they discovered very recent tracks which indicated that the wanted aborigines were not far away. The trackers said that the tracks were those of Gordon, Moroun, Longanna, Walgarra and another native.

A little later, whilst following those tracks along a rough, stony creek, they heard the barking of dogs up on a bank amongst the high grass. Realising that it was the natives' camp, Trooper Holland sent one of the trackers up to see who was there. The tracker returned and whispered that Gordon, his gin, Lu-Lu, and the rest of the wanted blacks were in it. The camp was surrounded, and Holland and his tracker, Jimmy, both armed, then crept up to the high grass-covered ground overlooking the camp.

When they were in a favourable position to cover the ringleader, he and Jimmy jumped up out of the grass, Jimmy shouting to Gordon in aboriginal lingo that if he sat down he would not be harmed; but Gordon sprang up immediately and threw his spear at Jimmy. It grazed his shoulder as he ducked, but did not injure him; and no sooner had Gordon thrown his spear than he bolted for cover. On reaching a mass of boulders, he turned round, slipped another spear into his woomera, or throwing stick, and was in the act of throwing it when Jimmy shot him dead.

In the excitement, all the natives, with the exception of Lu-Lu, escaped. She was arrested, and, when Gordon's body had been buried on the spot where he had been killed, the party set out to hunt for the rest of the natives.

This hunt was to last for another fortnight, for the horses had become knocked up and it was found necessary to return to Timber Creek and replenish supplies and shoe the horses afresh for another search.

In the end, Trooper Holland and his party were successful in arresting Mudgela, Walgarra, Longanna and two other natives who were implicated in the murder, and they were brought into Timber Creek on the chain to join the seductive aboriginal belle Lu-Lu.

To get the natives from Timber Creek to Palmerston for trial was no easy task, but Trooper Holland eventually brought them in, and they faced a Judge and Jury. The tracking of Gordon and his death were described by Jimmy, Holland's aboriginal tracker, in the Palmerston Police Court. The Crown Prosecutor had said to Jimmy before he gave his evidence, "No more gammon. No more lies. You bin tellum all you see alonga your eye." "I bin see alonga my



We do not know what the Beauteous Lu-Lu was like — but here are two samples of the bush Sisterhood.

eye," Jimmy testified, "that one pfella Gordon. I savvy him come alonga station spearum Murphy. I bin hear he kill ole man Ward. I follow him up alonga Mr. Holland. He say 'round 'em up, catch that one Gordon'. We bin follow tracks, come alonga camp. Mr. Holland and me go up alonga high grass. I see Gordon and yabba 'sit down', but he threw one big pfella shovelnose spear at me, close up catch me, then he run along back. Gordon very cheeky pfella, put 'nother spear alonga womra, close-up throw him when I bin shoot him finish altogether".

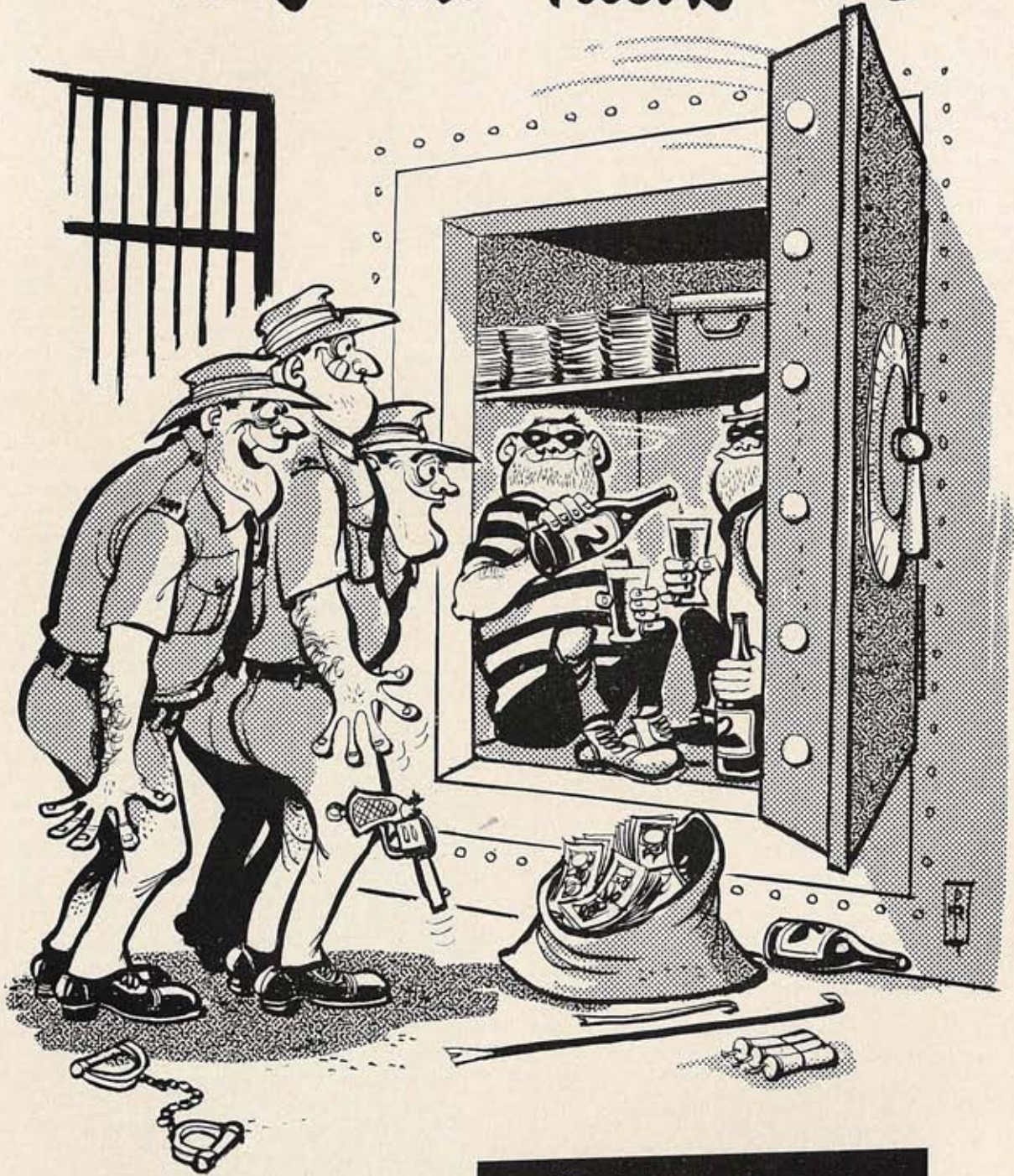
All the natives with the exception of Lu-Lu were sentenced to death. She was sentenced to life imprisonment, a fate later shared by the rest of the aborigines implicated in the murder, as their sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

The Judge who heard the case very properly commended both Troopers Holland and Dempsey for the energy they had displayed in bringing the offenders to justice.

IVAN CUTLER

Hong Kong is now the home of one of our former Traffic and C.I.B. performers, Ivan Cutler. He is an Inspector in the Hong Kong Police Force and has had a great deal of interesting experience with crime and criminals over there. The Editor and his wife were recently mooching, tourist-eyed, amongst the 3½ million or so residents and others when they bumped into Ivan on his way to the pictures. He is still interested in Darwin — but not to live in — and is married with a young family.

When the heat's on —



enjoy a

SWAN

RELAX

AT THE . . .

OASIS MOTEL

ALICE SPRINGS

ENJOY OUR modern air-conditioned units, private shower and toilet, tea-making facilities, wall-to-wall carpet, wireless, telephone, room service.



Also family units with cooking facilities, high chairs, cots, baby bath.



DINE at the air-conditioned restaurant until 11 p.m. Also smorgasbords and late licence for parties.

**Large Floodlit Filtered Swimming Pool**

Also canteen and service station facilities. Private hotel — licence — operates with waiter service.

'Phone 401 for Courteous Service**AQUALAND
SPORTS CENTRE**

SMITH ST., DARWIN

**SPECIALIST
IN FIREARMS**

All Calibre Ammunition
Fishing Tackle
Underwater Equipment

R. M. WILLIAMS**OUTFITTERS****Phone : 3060****P.O. Box 995****RAY JONES OUT**

By the time this issue is published Constable Ray Jones (Traffic Section, Darwin) will have completed his accumulated sick leave and been retired on the grounds of invalidity. Ray was very badly smashed up in a collision whilst on duty on 11th October, 1963, and when "Citation" first came out he was just finishing up a long year in hospital, where his cheerful common sense earned the admiration of everyone and carried him through numerous crises. He has been under treatment ever since, although he did return to light duties at Headquarters for a few months.

Ray has made a bit of legal history, too. In the Northern Territory Supreme Court he was awarded \$18,000 damages in respect of his injuries, but appealed to the High Court and the sum was raised to \$40,000. An important point was made by the High Court in ruling that superannuation benefits due to a member should not be taken into account when assessing damages in such cases as this. This ruling affects every public servant in Australia. At the time of going to Press there is a Privy Council appeal pending. We think Ray Jones has had far more than his share of knocks and bad luck, and we can only hope that he comes out of all these costly legal battles right on the winning side. It has been a long hard road for his wife, Sheila, too, and, as they now head off for the more civilised areas of the New South Wales South Coast, they carry with them the sincere good wishes of all members and their many friends outside the Force.



Ray and Sheila Jones, snapped on their wedding day.

The Northern Territory Police Force's

SECRET WEAPON By Sergeant 1/C Phil McLaughlin

WE are all aware that the Southern Police Forces have their scientific branches and other up to date aids to Criminal Investigation, but sometimes I wonder if they have anything to equal the Northern Territory "Police Tracker".

Our Trackers are aboriginals and are employed by the Police Department. Depending on the location of the Police Station, they are either maintained by the Officer-in-Charge of the Station or, in the towns, live with their wives and families at the nearby Welfare Settlement.

The selection of the Tracker is usually left to the retiring Tracker. For instance, recently one of ours in Alice Springs, Sonny, wanted to leave as his father was getting old and he thought that he would go up the road to Ti-Tree and sit down with him for a while, and perhaps while he was there he would "look for stone" (this means that he would look after his father and, to make ends meet, do a little prospecting in the area). So Sonny was questioned regarding a replacement — "Who is good boy, Sonny, to take your place?" "Well, there is one boy I know him he want to be Tracker. Him good fellow and him read track. Him bush boy born Yuendumu". So the date was arranged when Sonny could finish and he brought his replacement for approval. Sonny showed him around and explained his duties. I found out later that it was his cousin, but this is always so. It is kept in the family, but, as their relations are numerous and have all types of connections, there is a vast pool of available labour. Well, we find out in due course that Sonny was right; this fellow is a good boy and he can track. One of our present Trackers is regarded as a bit of a witch doctor, whom all sick people, and those with troubles, consult. This boy in his wisdom refers them to the Nursing Sister at the Settlement or other appropriate agencies. Consequently he commands some respect from those in his group.

Trackers wear a uniform similar to the Police, with the exception that they have their own special badge. Although they receive an allowance for uniforms, they rarely have to buy any, as they are well looked after by the Police who are only too glad to pass on uniforms at the expiration of an issued period.

As you may guess, not all natives are good at reading tracks, but you will rarely find one that has been born and bred in the bush who cannot do so. When they are little aboriginal boys are taken around by their fathers (they can quite easily have a couple of fathers, one natural one and one similar to our "God-father", and maybe their brother's God-father, etc.) and taken out hunting and reading tracks. They know Charlie's tracks and Billie's tracks and Billie's wife's tracks and their children's tracks by the peculiarities left by their feet on the ground, the same as we recognise people by facial peculiarities and the like. By the time they are about 12 or 13 years old they are good and track animals for food, for pleasure and for sustenance when their families are on walkabout. Looking at the tracks of people is just a sideline, but with practice they, of course, become expert. These boys when they grow up make good trackers, and are the type we use in the Police Force.

Whenever there is a crime, any Policeman worth his wages would not go near the place without letting his

Tracker have a look before the general area is disturbed. Success varies with the type of ground. They are not always successful, but with suitable conditions they are terrific.

Recently we had a "break and enter" in a Store. We first heard about this at about 2 o'clock in the morning when one of the employees of the place called to say that he had disturbed two persons in the store. When he challenged them, he was effectively dealt with by the thieves, as they jabbed their fingers in his eyes. He recovered sufficiently to see them make their escape out of the back door and across country. At daylight we brought the Trackers into action. They followed the tracks across a river bed and around an area right back to the offenders' house. We then had our suspects, although, of course, other work was still required to bring the offenders to Justice. The Tracker gave his evidence before the Court and, with some corroboration from other witnesses, the case came to a satisfactory conclusion. Trackers are regarded as expert witnesses by Courts in the Northern Territory. That is, they are able to give opinions of the matters they are expert in, such as, "That track I saw at such and such a place is the same as the one I saw that man make at the Police Station". Naturally, Counsel for the defence does not let them get away with it so easily and tries to throw a poor light on their evidence; but generally they stand up well to cross examination and tell the truth.

Some of the information known to Trackers from the tracks is amazing. They can usually tell the height of a person, the type of build he is, such as heavy around the chest and shoulders; the way he walks, such as a swinging gait; if the man is drunk or not, or injured or favouring one side of his body, etc. — all these things and many more are left behind with the footprints. I was with a Tracker once in the Mary River area out of Pine Creek. We were looking for a vehicle that had been stolen and we located it bogged on a black soil plain. The Tracker informed me that there had been some natives near the truck and they had apparently tried to push the vehicle out of the bog, no doubt at the request of the person who stole the vehicle. The Tracker also informed me that the offender was a white man, gave some other information regarding his build, emphasising that he was a very big fellow, and stated that he and the natives had headed off west. We followed the tracks and came to a grassy area where the offender and a girl had lain side by side and proceeded to get acquainted. (The Tracker's description was more earthy, but, Kinsey-wise, quite explicit!) I did not think the Tracker was correct about this and was guessing, as this was supposed to have happened six days before. Well, we followed the tracks further on and later in the day came across a native from Arnhem Land with his three wives and seven children. One of the wives was very small and we called her Kitty which was close to her native name. Through an interpreter we asked her about this man. She remembered him and quite freely told us that the incident as described by the Tracker was correct in all details.

On another occasion, in Darwin, a cash box was stolen and with the Tracker we followed tracks from the scene. We located the cash box under a culvert — empty, of course. The Tracker was able to give evidence at some length

on the journey the thief took, and even how he had hidden the box under a bush, and walked along further, then had a change of mind and returned to collect the box, forced it open on a brick fence and took the money and hid the box. He was subjected to strong cross-examination by the defence, but was able to acquit himself well, and described to the Court how he could tell these things, such as placing the box under the bush, by the weight placed on the front foot.

Trackers are used a lot in mercy missions also. We recently had a report by an anxious son-in-law and daughter that their aged mother had wandered off at about 2 a.m. The woman was depressed at the time, and was aged 78 years. The Trackers were put on the job and located her in the hills about five miles from her home. She was semi-conscious and delirious. The Trackers found her within two hours and without their swift action the woman would have most certainly expired in the heat of the day.

As you can see, we depend quite a lot on our Trackers in the Territory and have a high regard for them. They assist us in many ways, and are very loyal and trustworthy assistants in Police work.

SCHOLARSHIP TO TERRY BRUUN

Among the winners of Commonwealth Scholarships in the 1965 Intermediate examinations in South Australia we were happy to see the name of Terry Bruun, son of former N.T. Policeman, the late Peter Bruun. The Scholarship is for two years and is worth \$800 — those nice new dollars too, not the five-bob ones. Terry looks like becoming famous — he even got into the first issue of "Citation".

GENEROUS RECOGNITION OF "CITATION"

We would like to thank the Editors of "Australian Territories" Magazine (Matt O'Brien, Canberra) and the "Centralian Advocate" newspaper (Keith Grenier, Alice Springs) for their exceptionally generous reception to "Citation". At the request of these two gentlemen, our Editor sent along an account of our 1964 agonising birth pangs (actually, it felt like even more than that, and the article will undoubtedly be featured in the "Obstetrics Observer" as a classic and unique case history). But pending that ultimate in honour and acceptance, we will just poke along and try to justify that magnificent Canberra to Alice Springs spread by "Australian Territories" and the "Centralian Advocate".

May their tribes of readers increase, also!

DEATH OF MRS. E. A. McNAB

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of Mrs. Edie McNab, wife of former Senior Constable (and long time Acting Sergeant) Eric McNab. Mrs. McNab saw a good bit of the Territory in her time, first as a lighthouse keeper's daughter and later as a Police wife. She was a bright, lively and charitable personality and our sincere sympathy goes out to "Sandy" and son Bill.

When dealing with our advertisers, let them know you found them through "Citation" the Northern Territory Police Magazine.

In Sydney, N.S.W., a thief was caught manipulating a poker machine with a plastic feather. He was really tickling the peter.

THE HOTEL



**That is
ALICE SPRINGS**

IN THE RED HEART OF AUSTRALIA!

Underdown's Hotel Alice Springs is situated in the centre of the town, close to all Airways and coach terminals, and the Railway Station. The main shopping area, together with the Churches, Royal Flying Doctor Service, Post Office and Memorial Club are in close proximity.

An international standard hotel
Convention hall to seat 600 . . . Magnificent views of the colourful MacDonnell Ranges . . . The best in modern bars, luxurious carpeted bedrooms and the Territory's only bridal suite . . . Air-conditioned and ordinary rooms, laundry and ironing facilities . . . Swimming pool.

Bed and breakfast from \$5.25 upwards to \$10.55. Full daily tariff \$10.50 to \$15.50. Bridal and executive suites daily \$25.20.

ROPER RIVER AS A WATERING PLACE FOR POLICEMEN

Isolated Arnhem Land Station gets more than fair share of Floods

ON an April Friday morning in 1963 Constable Dale Egan looked out from his office at the heavy, late Wet season rain, but was not unduly worried. The river was right down, approximately 60 feet below the level of the Police Station block, and this was probably the last shower of the season anyhow.

On the following morning it was still raining and a cyclone warning was broadcast. The river began to rise. There seemed to be no real fear of flooding, but, just in case, Egan shifted the Landrover and some stores out to Telegraph Hill, two miles away, before the road got too boggy for use. By five o'clock that afternoon, despite a weather forecast of "light showers", exceptionally heavy rain for that time of the year had begun to fall. The river began to come up more quickly, but not alarmingly.

By Sunday morning ten inches of rain had fallen at the Roper River Police Station, and it was obviously raining all over the catchment and surrounding areas. By 5 o'clock on Monday afternoon the Police Station was an isolated island, and Constable Egan and his wife and young child moved out to Telegraph Hill, the nearest accessible and reasonably safe high ground, and first port of call of many floodbound Roper Policemen over the years.

It was called Telegraph Hill in the 1870's when there was a large depot in the area from the freighting of material for the Overland Telegraph line. The gear came in from the sea via the Roper, was landed there and carted overland 150 miles eastward to the nearest part of the line, thence moved wherever needed. The nearest telegraph office was still well over 100 miles from Telegraph Hill, when, in the late 1920's, Bill Abbott was caught at the Roper by flood at a time when he had not written home for quite a considerable time. The newspapers gave a great spread to the general flood news, with special emphasis on the fact that M. C. Abbott had had to take refuge on Telegraph Hill. His mother seized on this item at once and his next letter from home was a real blisterer — even if he was too busy to write, surely he could have sent a telegram when he was right on Telegraph Hill itself!

A few years before Dale Egan's experience, Peter Haag found himself in a similar predicament. On 8th March, 1957, after days of incessant rain and cyclonic conditions, the river had risen to 25 feet. Sergeant Haag took the hint and evacuated the Station, taking movable supplies out to Telegraph Hill, where possible, and storing others as high up in the house as possible. (The Station is built on 8-foot piles, which is safe enough most of the time, but not when the big floods come.) On the 8th, 9th and 10th Sergeant Haag and the Trackers and other natives had, with the aid of the Police launch, kept an eye on things and continued to move what could be moved, and on the 10th the water had reached about to the top level in the house. On the 11th Captain Jack Slade, the Darwin Flying Doctor pilot, landed on Telegraph Hill, on which the Station airstrip is situated, and on the return trip evacuated Mrs. Haag. By the 16th the water had receded sufficiently to enable Sergeant Haag to return and face the cleaning up process. A great deal of damage had been done and, in spite of the care taken



The late Constable Jack Mahony, who has left a thrilling tale of the 1940 Roper flood.

and hard work carried out, there had been a considerable loss of stores, etc.

Perhaps the most nearly tragic occurrence was when Sergeant Haag and the trackers were rescuing one of the horses. In his report there appears this succinct entry:

"I suspect the loss of one horse. He was seen swimming near middle water. The horses had been taken to safety some days before, but this one had apparently come back into the paddock, was cut off by floodwater, and found that he had to swim. Using the launch I tried to drive the horse towards dry land, about 1½ miles away. Failing in this I put a bridle on him, which took some considerable time, and the horse was tiring badly. When the bridle was on, I tried to tow him with the boat, but he objected

strongly. Then he decided to climb into the boat, to which I objected strongly. He was last seen, still swimming, among the trees, where he was lost to sight. It is very doubtful if he made dry land".

The editor was stationed at Roper River just after the war and, being acutely conscious of the flood history surrounding the place, had a shelter shed erected on Telegraph Hill to protect people and stores when needed. But the river never got far out of its normal banks the whole of the time he was there and the Bar, in fact, completely dried up twice.

The 1957 and 1963 floods were highly dangerous and quite spectacular, but THE flood at Roper was not one of these, nor even Noah's Special. It was the flood of January, 1940, when the late Senior Constable Jack Mahony was there.

I remember Dick, one of the old Trackers, describing the great rise and spread of the water. Pointing to the various buildings about the Station he said:

"That shed — him been drowned. That house — him been drowned.

That windmill — he can just look."

The telling of the 1940 flood tale can only be done with justice by Jack Mahony himself. It was *his* flood, and he certainly told the tale with verve and colour.

THE GREAT ROPER FLOOD, 1940

The Police Station at Roper is situated about 415 miles south-east of Darwin and on the south bank of the Roper River just above Leichhardt's Bar, the spot where that famous explorer crossed, hence its name.

December, 1939, was undergoing a severe drought and the river had stopped running. The first time in history, according to the old natives; however, all the old hands predicted a very heavy "Wet", and such run in cycles of ten to fifteen years. The old Police Station had suffered several times from flood over the past forty years, and in consequence was shifted to a site a quarter mile up the river and where the blacks had lived for generations, and they in turn were shifted a similar distance higher up.

Something seemed to warn me of impending danger, so I took my family into Katherine, two hundred miles south of Darwin, to stay with their relatives and be near medical aid if required, until after the Wet Season. I had taken the family in the almost new car I had purchased in Sydney and on returning from Katherine was caught in heavy rain fifty miles from the Roper, but by putting chains on the rear wheels I managed to just get home. The following day as I was listening in on the Station Tele-Radio for my usual call, I heard the manager of Nutwood Downs telling Darwin that 28 inches of rain had fallen in twenty-four hours. So I left everything and gathered in as many reliable natives as possible from the camp, and, fortunately, there were eight fine stock boys there on walkabout. We shifted all Police horses and mules, and all 200-odd goats belonging to me, to Telegraph Hill about three miles away to the south-east, and I had them construct a camp with tent and flies from Station. All this was accomplished just in time, for the river came down with tremendous force.

It was now Monday, January 8th, 1940. We commenced shifting all the stores and Government Aboriginal Rations, about three ton in all, to the living quarters of the house. The house was new and built up on concrete pillars eight feet high and all strapped with steel stays for cyclonic



Roper River Police Station, isolated during 1963 flood. In 1940 the house was completely covered.

reasons. All valuable private and Government property was stored as near the roof as possible. Late that afternoon the flood waters raced through the garden area, so, with two trackers, I hastened to the old Police Station across a dividing creek, in a Police flattie to get the motor launch out from the building there. This took some time and at 8 p.m. we had all ready. I had left the magneto at the Station as I thought we could row across, but the flood waters were rising so fast and the current so strong that it took a mighty struggle till 3 a.m. to get the launch within 100 yards of the Station, where we anchored to a high tree and long rope with anchor, to allow for further rise; then from there in flattie to the house, and what a frantic struggle, for had it not been for a long rope thrown from steps of the house all would have been swept away; however, we eventually made it after cutting the fence.

Earlier that evening I tried to contact Darwin by radio, but without success; however, I got in touch with Roper Valley Station and told them of the prevailing conditions and if they did not hear me in the morning, they would know I was off the air. It was just after this that I shifted the wireless and engine to the top floor of the house, as three feet of water was running through the office and wireless room. About twenty natives struggled in from camp to Station. They said all the old people had been taken to the high mountain (Goodargabul), three miles south-west of the Station. I housed all natives during the night. The river was now rising at an alarming rate, and at daylight the water was only three feet from top floor, but the launch and flattie were still O.K. With Tracker Dick and Abo. Bun (a giant native) we started to row out with the magneto to the launch ("Jolly Roger", owned by Mr. Chisholm of Roper Valley Station), the rain pouring down in torrents. This launch was only 100 yards from the house, but it took three-quarters of an hour to gain our objective and then, only for Dick making a mighty leap with a rope, I doubt if we could have made it, as we were about exhausted. What joy to us and all those poor natives sitting on the steps of the house, for they yelled with approbation, and I am sure it was their thought and encouragement that spurred us on to victory.

Fortunately, I had prepared the launch for such emergency, with all the necessary fuel, etc., and canvas cover for engine, and, after setting in the magneto and cranking a few times, away we went — just scraping the fence with the bottom of the launch, for we had picked the wrong opening. However, we made the house, to the delight of all, and towed the flattie behind.

After loading the launch with stores sufficient for all for one week, I picked six women and two Trackers,



It is not always a raging floodway — canoes on the Roper, 1946.

leaving the rest in charge of Old Roper Tommy, ex-Police Tracker, but it was a touchy moment as several tried to get aboard and, unfortunately, I was forced to knock one young buck down with a .45, and threatened to shoot the first to make an attempt to overload. I also had six boys in the flattie towing behind, leaving 10 behind for the second trip. We managed to get clear, but what a task! The current swung us around trees, into floating logs, and each time a tree was hit we were showered with huge centipedes and an odd snake, cat or lizard, etc.; but after a battle of two hours we were able to make Telegraph Hill. Never again would I attempt to tow a flattie with a load of fear-stricken natives, who knew little about rowing or steering such a crazy craft, and only for the two Trackers, Dick and Nipper, one at tiller and the other on prow, I doubt if we would have got away without disaster. As we neared the now island Telegraph Hill, the shore line was a mass of fear-crazed goats, and many drowned and floating and others standing in water up to their necks. All hands carried and filled boats and took most of the goods ashore; the alligators got the rest. It did not take them long to smell the dainty dish. Then when all were established, including a lubra with a broken arm and with a babe at breast, a fire was lit and food prepared, with steaming hot coffee, and all safely under canvas. The two trackers and self left for the second trip, but left the flattie behind. The rain storm was gradually increasing in intensity and waves were making it difficult to navigate through the trees and scrub. We had had enough of those unwanted guests, the centipedes, snakes, etc. We were greeted with wild yells of delight as we emerged from the timber into the open near the house. They had just given up hope and thought we had gone to the bottom, as no-one could hear the throb of the engine over the terrific storm — or more, cyclone. This trip we took the remainder, with all swags but no rations, and off again to Telegraph Hill, but we only just made it as the flood was like a mill race. It took over a mile of drift before beating the current, and again wild yells from all others as we safely landed.

It was now mid morning and we were off again for more rations and property, but within a mile of the house we heard calls for help from the abo. camp. Making a detour well above the calls, we gradually made our way to the scene of despair, for there were nine natives clinging to the tops of low trees and some on a paperbark raft, and one lubra struggling frantically with two little girls that had been washed from the raft. It was really a pathetic setting and all were in the last stages of exhaustion. Edna was the woman, stongly built and a powerful swimmer, but how she managed to hold these two is beyond me, and even get them to the raft. The launch had arrived just in time, as not a soul could have got away through such a terrible swirling current. These people had been in the trees all night and were in a state of collapse. We took all aboard



Tracker Dick who, with Nipper (Neighbour) was highly praised by Jack Mahony for his work during the flood.

and on again to Telegraph Hill with further yells of approbation and wild delight, as it was thought this lot had gone with the old people one day ago. Now they were beginning to think these old people had come to grief. Then off once more after attending to the castaways, feeding, etc. We made the house at 5 p.m. but were unable to take a heavy load of rations owing to the increasing, terrible gale and swirling strong current; also we were too knocked up to carry on. The water was now over the road and a foot from the top floor. Everything possible was put on tables and through the trap door of the ceiling. Then we battled back to Telegraph Hill. The two Trackers had done a magnificent job, and only for them we could have done very little, if anything at all, as it needed three — me on the engine and keeping the magneto dry and attending to the oil and fuel, etc., Nipper on the tiller and Dick on the bow with a hook to ward off logs and free us from trees, etc. And what artists they were, as you will see as the tale progresses.

During the night the storm increased to near cyclonic intensity and no sleep throughout for all, but we had plenty of food and hot tea and coffee. Telegraph Hill was a complete island with all the Police horses feeding on high ground and the goats, or what were left, trying to shelter from the gale in the lower areas near the water, and they

MT. GILLEN HOTEL-MOTEL**Another Unit in the Ansett Chain**

THE MOST MODERN, UP-TO-DATE MOTEL-TYPE
HOTEL IN ALICE SPRINGS

Within easy distance of the shopping centre . . .
Licensed with attractive bar and lounge facilities . . .
A fully stocked canteen for sweets, cigarettes, films
etc. . . . filtered swimming pool surrounded by lawns.

Mt. Gillen has accommodation for 114 guests

Accommodation includes 17 rooms with private bath
and toilet, fully air-conditioned for heating or cooling
as required . . .

Excellent Meals from All-electric Kitchen

The Dining-room seats approximately 150 . . . the
Lounge 100 . . . Both rooms are air-conditioned.

T A R I F F***Rooms without private shower and toilet**

Bed and Breakfast	\$5.60
Dinner, Bed & Breakfast	\$7.10
Full Day	\$7.95

***Rooms with private shower and toilet**

Bed and Breakfast	\$7.40
Dinner, Bed and Breakfast	\$8.90
Full Day	\$9.75

°Rates slightly higher June to September, inclusive

Telephone — ALICE SPRINGS 21322

W. G. CHIN & SONS

LTD.

Drapers & General Outfitters

LADIES' MEN'S AND
CHILDREN'S FOOTWEAR

P.O. BOX 47 — TELEPHONE 3493

had to be driven away or drown, for they would not shift otherwise.

At daylight next morning, January 10th, with Dick and Nipper, I set out again in the launch, and what a sight — the house was three parts covered and at least 5½ feet of water covering the top floor. We had to gradually force our way up stream to calmer water, and with the engine half out we drifted to the house, and Tracker Dick, with a rope, leaped on to the roof and lassoed the kitchen chimney, whilst Nipper clung to the guttering of the roof. After securing the launch to the house, leaving Nipper in charge, Dick and self dived in through the kitchen door after forcing it open. There was a space of about 20 inches from top of the door. On coming to the surface we were confronted with a mass of shattered furniture swirling around in the current, also suitcases had burst open and clothes were scattered everywhere, including a lot of private stores. The greater part of these were unopened, having only just got them on the boat from south. All windows had been busted open and most goods, etc., washed away. We recovered the wireless which was still dry on top of a wardrobe, and most Government property, except Station books which had slipped off tables as the flood arose. We dived for the caddy of native tobacco and the wireless engine, and salvaged as much as possible. During this time the house was going up and down, with the swirling water making an uncanny bubble-bubble-like noise. Dick then remarked, "More better we get out Boss or 'Debil Debil' been get him. This place close-up finish". But I was so keen to salvage as much as possible that I had not given a thought to this or the fact the water was rising very fast, and barely enough room to get out. I took the advice of Dick and beat it! I had to leave all my personal effects as we were overloaded already. All that saved the house were the water tank towers and mill and garage, store, etc., all constructed of iron and cement. These acted as a buffer for the current and drifting trees, etc., and diverted all to either side. As it was, we had difficulty in getting out of the house to the boat, but, with a few attempts and the assistance of Nipper, we made it in the end and then the fun began, for I had near overloaded the launch and had to throw several bags of flour overboard as we tried to beat the current. What a thrilling two hours it was battling across to Telegraph Hill, but we made it by using the oars as well as the engine, and were very lucky as the storm and deluge made it nearly impossible to see. It was really now a cyclone. We tried to make another trip to the house, but the wind and waves were too high and strong, just like a turbulent sea, and too dangerous to venture out. Besides, we were exhausted, and only clad the whole time in a loin cloth, and needed sleep, so we decided to camp for the night. At 5 p.m. just as I was trying to get some sleep, I was awakened by yells of "Wallajandamar — Alligator chase-him goat", and to my amazement there were two of the brutes after the goats, so I put on two fresh boys with a .303 each to kill them; but they only frightened them away, as I am sure they were too windy to get too close. However, after a couple of near misses they cleared away, but silently waiting an opportunity to pick off any unsuspecting prey that wandered to the water's edge to quench their thirst. Apparently the waters were too dirty for these saurians to see food and they come out and search during flood times. We got very little sleep that night as the cyclone was developing in intensity, and only for camping in the lee of the Hill, everybody would have been blown away.

About 3 a.m. I dozed off to sleep, but was awakened by



Neighbour (later known as Nipper) wearing the Albert Medal awarded for saving his Police escort from drowning in 1911. He was a leading actor in Jack Mahony's flood drama in 1940, too.

—“Australian Territories” Photo.

the natives saying, “All about finish boss — sea come up. Look, sea bird” (seagull), and it was so, as gulls were screeching everywhere and the camp was awash. My bed had been built up on fork sticks with grass for a mattress and the water was only inches from where I lay. They all begged me to leave and take them to Gardargabul, a high mountain three miles west of Telegraph Hill, and as there was little left of the hill camp, the cyclone still raging and the water rising more rapidly, I thought it good advice; so at daylight I left the camp in the launch, taking Dick and Nipper and two other natives to build a camp on Gardargabul. Loaded with rations and after a long struggle we made the Mount; and what a din! the old pensioners had made the trip O.K., but had no food, so more yells of delight to know their relatives and friends, children, wives, etc., had been saved; also knowing food was in sight. I was pleased to see them all for the same reason as they themselves; also, now they could help build a camp on the side of the mountain.

I could not make out why the launch was so sluggish, so examined the propeller and, as I lifted it up, it fell off the shaft. The nut was found in the water between two rocks, so Providence was on our side again! After fixing it, we had no further trouble. I returned four times, bringing in all 27 natives and children, also the wireless and all rations. Completed all at 5 p.m. and fell down exhausted. The natives had built a good camp with a bush stretcher and covered with fly and bushes and carried me to it. There I lay till the following evening. On awakening, I found everyone clamouring for tucker, most of which was in sealed containers. I also had a good meal and off to sleep till the following morning, January 12th, and what a sight! Nothing but water. They had built the camp about 200 feet up in a flat gully of the mount, so made sure the water

LES. HEAVEN'S SHOE STORE

FOR QUALITY
FOOTWEAR and
TRAVEL GOODS

KNUCKEY STREET, DARWIN

Phone 3354

P.O. Box 5

would not get that far. Looking across north-east to the Police Station, or where it should be, all that could be seen were the two water tanks on steel towers and the top of the windmill. The house was completely submerged. This I could see with a small telescope I had saved. I issued clothing and blankets to all needing same; also plenty of rations. There were about 30 odd natives there. I climbed to the top of Gardargabul, or what is known as Eagle Point, and put a silk shirt on to a pole and placed it in a rock cairn. I printed on the shirt ‘Mount Ararat’, date, etc. From this lookout, I should say the river was at least 30 miles wide and wider as nearing the coast. I thought the Mission, 25 miles down stream, would be washed away, but I could do little about it as I had all this lot to care for and feed, etc., and attend the sick and the woman with a broken arm all the time. Poor Bidy, she never complained and was suffering very much and suckling a babe. Her loving husband had broken her arm in a fit of passion, but had paid the penalty. I had caught him just before the flood and had him in the cell and only let him out at the last minute, but he will not forget! The whole area was like a vast sea with a mountain peak peeping out here and there. The water was now at a standstill and the weather seemed broken, and promising brighter days ahead. All were meat hungry, so we set out in the launch for Telegraph Hill, three miles down stream, and on arrival there found the goats racing madly around, having been hunted by alligators, and places where some had been dragged into the water. They were perishing for a drink, but had been afraid of these saurians. After much coaxing and driving they drank their fill, until their stomachs started to bulge to near bursting. After killing three goats, I returned to Gardargabul and distributed the meat to all, and it never hit the ground. However, two days later we managed to get two kangaroos

and the next day a cleanskin bullock struggled into our area and was soon despatched after being caught in the boggy ground, so all were happy again.

It was now January 14th and the water was subsiding, so I made a trip back to the Station in the launch, but was unable to get inside the house. That night two aboriginals arrived from the Mission in a canoe with a message in a tin for the Manager, Roper Valley. The Mission thought I was finished and all swept away. These boys, Sam and George, had made a wonderful trip, keeping to all the backwaters, and took three days to make the 20-mile trip. They said, "Mission all about finished", but all the people were safe on a hill at Marnarganie. The Mission boat "Holly" was wrecked in the night and only for three Groote Eylandt aboriginals leaving them and swimming from tree to tree, three miles all told, all of the blacks would have perished. They got to the site where all the Mission folk were camped and told their tale, then collapsed with exhaustion. The motor boat was sent back with three half-caste boys who picked up two white Missionaries, Perriman and Taylor, and the rest — half-caste women and children — who were in the last stages of exhaustion.

The following day I sent the two Mission boys with Abo. Bun with the container holding the Mission letters, and one I wrote myself, giving full details to advise Headquarters that we were all safe and had enough food for a couple of weeks at least. I then set out for the Station house with six natives and got into the house, with four feet of water over the top storey floor, and commenced cleaning down walls and ceiling. By 2 p.m. the water had receded by two feet. All stores were washed away, or dissolved in flood water, and all personal possessions damaged almost beyond repair. We returned to Gardargabul at 5 p.m. The following day we took the flattie and a canoe to within three-quarters of a mile from camp and next day had all stores, etc., carted one mile through mud and bog, then boated to the Station; and the same procedure the following day until all were safely landed back at the Station, including all Government property, and stowed on the top floor of the house. The water was now well below and about four feet deep on the ground and going out at a great pace. I camped the night in the house and all natives returned to Gardargabul. I awoke next morning and what a scene of destruction! The fencing was all down and tinned goods and clothing, etc., everywhere peeping out of the thick mud. Over the past three days all hands had cleaned out mud from walls and flooring as the water receded, and the work of salvage lasted for many days to follow. I was about all in, what with affected eyes and near blind, a poisoned foot and rheumatics — the effects of the trying time, exertion and poor diet — but the Trackers and their women stuck with me loyally throughout, having even made me a pair of crutches to get about on. It was impossible for me to get any medical attention as heavy rains fell again and the river commenced to rise. We had to prepare another camp; however, at last the rains ceased for a few days and I began to get over my illnesses, as there was plenty to occupy my thoughts and time, and a trip to the Mission to see how they were getting on. The natives washed out all the clothing, linen, etc., but, when dry, all disintegrated as though soaked in battery acid. Apparently the chemicals in the water or mud had caused this. Even the tinned food was unsafe to eat, as all seemed swollen and, when punctured, fizzed; so we threw it all away. It was just as well I took this precaution as the Missionary's wife, Mrs. Port, was brought in, suffering with poisoning through eating what they also had, and they, likewise,

were forced to throw it away. On January 31st I patrolled in the launch down river to the Mission and what usually took 6 hours we accomplished in a little under three hours, as the current was like a mill race. The whole of the Mission, except the big house, had been swept away, and the big house was toppled on its side and lying in a big muddy crater; a sad scene of desolation. Then on three miles to Marnarganie where all were camped on a hillside. I also inspected Hobley's Farm and house, or what remained. This was a total loss, but, fortunately, both had gone to Darwin some weeks previously. I returned to Roper via all backwaters, after a struggle with currents in difficult places, until the junction of Wilton River was reached and, after many unsuccessful attempts, had to give up, as the flood current just turned and lifted the nose of the boat and flung it downstream; so we had to tether the boat in a safe place five miles from the Station and go the rest of the way on foot.

There were many other exciting incidents to and from the Mission till well into March. During this period I repaired the Tele-radio set and got the sewing machine working, and my almost new car which I had just got up from Sydney. This had been 30 feet under water for nearly twelve days. It was ruined, of course, but I managed to get it going and cleaned up. All the upholstery, etc., was in shreds. Still, it was a satisfaction to have it going again. Although we had lost nearly all our worldly possessions, we were thankful to be alive; and, only for the "Jolly Roger", I feel sure there would have been a big loss of life, as at least 30 natives would have been washed away and drowned, and this was also mainly due to the valiant assistance of the Trackers, Dick and Nipper. This Nipper (or "Neighbour", as he was originally known) had some years before saved the life of Constable Bill Johns, now Commissioner of Police in Adelaide. Johns was bringing him in as a prisoner in chains for a criminal offence and, when crossing the Wilton River, was washed off his horse and near drowned, but for Nipper jumping into the raging stream and bringing him to safety. For this deed he received the Albert Medal, the only native ever to have earned it. He was a wild native, but, in my opinion, was the best boy I ever had; certainly the most courageous. Edna, by saving the two girls, and the three Groote boys should be commended for their most gallant efforts.

The ceiling of the house bore the clear impression of the various pieces of furniture, books and other objects that had for so many days been crushed against it by the pressure of water. One such impression was a very clear outline of a hefty python which had obviously been holding a skinkful of young wallaby or something equally nourishing when caught by the flood.

TITLES

Darwin's Leading Jewellers

KNUCKEY STREET

Box 331

Phone 3115



"I'll do the talking!! "

SCHOOL OF CORRECTION

We'll finish up in one, according to some hard-hearted readers — although our misprints and other misses were not too bad in the second issue. We must apologise to Ted Morey, though, as we've done the dirty on him twice. His name as author of the story, "The Asphalt Trail", in our original issue, was given as Morley in the first printing. For "The Log", in our last issue, we carefully set out the author's name as Edward Herbert and forgot the Morey. Ted is no doubt still wondering just who is the log! We hope there are no slips this time. In case there are, we state quite definitely now that the author of "The Trooper Rides Up" is Edward Herbert (Ted) Morey.

Don Burgess, B.E.M., had his name on a photograph in our last issue, but the photo was of John White. Don has since resigned, but we are assured that it was not because of our lapse. He is now licensee of the Finke Hotel, down near the Northern Territory-South Australia border. In that hot, dry country people have even been caught drinking water, so Don should make a fortune with beer.

Perhaps our most ghastly slip was to carefully record the wedding of John and Faye Haywood, and then send John off to Adelaide on a six weeks' holiday with Lois, the bride's sister. They wouldn't like that sort of thing in Adelaide, either. Festival or no Festival, it's still widely known as the Holy City. Anyhow, we've had no complaints from Lois about the honeymoon and John's missus is starting to talk to him occasionally now, so everything seems to have nearly sorted itself out. For awhile, though, John was definitely going to shoot the printer. We thought this was jolly sporting of him because when we checked back we found that the mistake was *ours*, not the printer's!

A BIT OF BARRACKING

This intriguing announcement appeared in the Press on 23rd March — SIX YEARS AGO:—

"BARRACKS AT DESIGN STAGE

Deputy Commissioner of Police Clive Graham has been shown tentative sketches of the proposed Darwin Police barracks.

The building will be near the old Fire Station in Playford Street.

It is at the design-list stage.

The barracks will accommodate 50 police.

No date has been set for construction to start".

"Playford" should read "Packard", but that's only a couple of miles out. It's really all in the last line, as they say.

The prospect of new quarters, with permanent harbour views and bracing sea air, was quite a morale-builder, but the area has since been occupied by other home builders. The site for any new barracks is now to be well inside the main City area, but beyond that point this prophet dare not go! It can be said that the Commissioner is aiming at the earliest possible achievement of a modern high-standard barracks for both single men and Policewomen.

HOPE FOR HUMANITY

LONDON. — The Beatles and other such pop singers were in danger of losing their voices within a few years, prominent London voice expert Mr. Robert Harrold said at a music festival at Scunthorpe, north-east England.

"Pop singers who do not have their voices properly trained damage their vocal cords. They lose their voices altogether within two or three years", he said.

MURRAY OAKLEY & CO. PTY. LTD.

SMITH STREET — Also KNUCKEY STREET, DARWIN, N.T.

P.O. Box 235

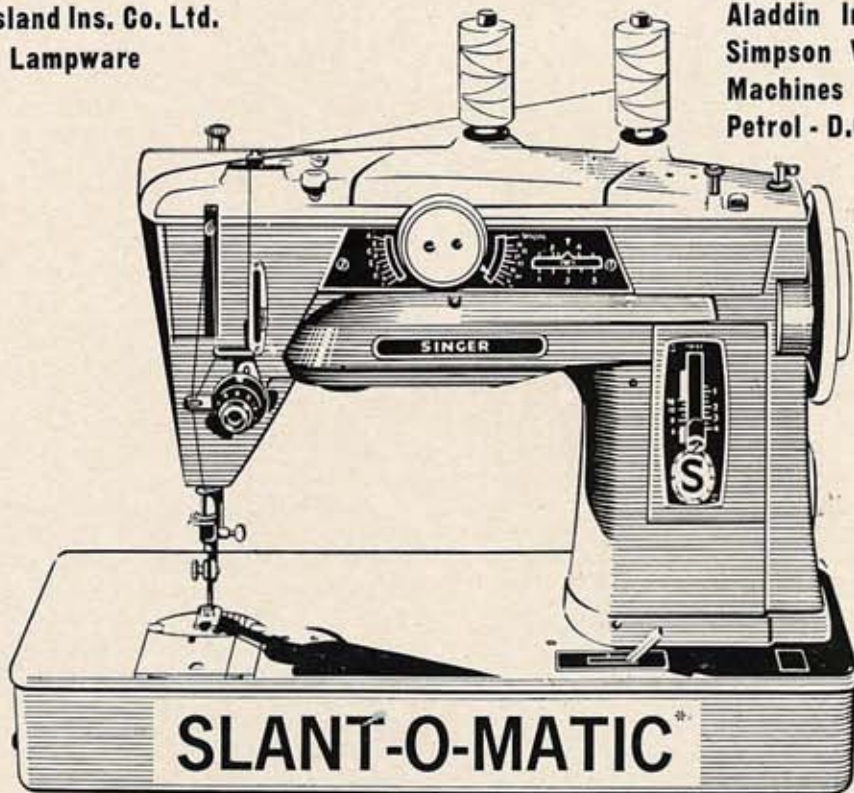
Phone 2750

Sales and Service :

Victa Mowers
Queensland Ins. Co. Ltd.
Tilley Lampware

Sales and Service :

Singer Sewing Machines
Aladdin Industries
Simpson Washing
Machines
Petrol - D.C. - A.C.



new SINGER* proudly introduces . . .
SLANT-O-MATIC
the only fully automatic machine in the world

Available Power and Treadle operated. All Singer Appliances available.

Special Service available to Country Clients

EXIT ST. JOHN O'HARE

While we were looking busy trying to get this edition off to the printer, another Recruit Training Course got under way in Darwin, under the direction of Sergeant Frank Cronshaw. For several years now an essential part of the Recruit Training scene has been Jack O'Hare, of the St. John Ambulance unit, who attended to the First Aid details of the training programme, but this time he is missing.



Jack O'Hare (left) and Constable David Watters disposing of a Near-Body during Training.

John Andrew O'Hare, born 43 years ago at Manly, N.S.W., has carried out First Aid training at every Police Recruit Training Course from October, 1961, onwards, so it's safe to say that he has trained the majority of our members in this important work.

Mr. O'Hare spent some time in Darwin with the A.I.F. (54th Composite A.A. Regt.) during the War and was also at Cape Londonderry, on the tip of the N.W. Coast, for a time. He started off in his St. John Ambulance work in Sydney in 1938, and has been at it continuously since, apart from his period of War service. With Sergeant Emmerton, of the New South Wales Police, he was instrumental in starting off the Orange (N.S.W.) Police and Citizens' Rescue Squad in 1956.

He has been residing in Darwin for the past seven years. He is an Electrical Mechanic by occupation, attached to the Hospital Maintenance Section of the Department of Works, and could not be released from these duties on this occasion; but no doubt his competent and co-operative services will be available in the future from time to time.

Trunk in a public place? — In a U.S. City a big traffic jam was caused by a circus elephant which sat itself down across a busy intersection and refused to budge.

THOSE SIGNATURES

I ONCE had occasion to ask a Sergeant of Police, the possessor of a beautiful copperplate writing hand "what motivates many people to scrawl an indecipherable signature?" His reply was, "Its the sign of some form of mental disturbance". I haven't yet worked out exactly what he meant, and I probably never will, but it is mentally disturbing to the poor coot who has to decipher some of the scrawls, squiggles, and divers wobbly lines which pass for the signatures of many people.

This form of ratbaggism, ostentation, call it what you will, is not confined to doctors, chemists, lawyers, and other brainy citizens who have been excused and accepted, for some unaccountable reason, as poor writers. It exists among the lesser educated to a great degree.

On berating one offender, and to me they are offenders, he said, "Oh, that's the signature I use at work. I use another at my bank". I rocked a little but quickly recovered. He continued, "Its nearly impossible to forge that signature". I replied, "Its impossible to read it too", and added an appropriate-to-the-occasion remark.

Now just what did that fellow have in mind? Just a wage-plug doing a job, yet he deemed it necessary to use one signature at work and another equally illegible scrawl at his bank. His banker would be about as impressed as I was, and still am.

Here we have the mental outlook, egotism, desire to impress, what have you, I don't know.

How often have I had it said to me after delivering a blast to some scrawler, "but you know my signature". "Yes", I reply, "but how many other poor b's do". Once again: "I am important enough to have my signature recognised on sight" — Rubbish!!

Yes, this is a thing which affects the high and the low. It embraces kings, dictators, clergy, lawyers, artists, artisans, coalheavers, and the garbage disposal profession. Of one thing I am quite convinced, as my old Sergeant said, "It is the sign of some form of mental disturbance", and I add, "of all parties to the transaction".

What about it, you scrawlers? How about a little self-analysis on the subject? I will not believe that a brotherhood of signature-mutilators exists. You all have a reason for any peculiarity which you infuse into signing your name.

It could well be that you are just plain lazy. This is obvious in the scrawler who never "signs" his name twice in the same way.

There is the "flourisher" — "My goodness, that looks the part; that'll make them sit up".

The "fly crawled out of the ink bottle" signer: "There, that's distinctive if anything is".

The "anti-forgery": "There, get your teeth into the old bank account if you can".

The "just plain unreadable": "I can always deny that signature if there's a blue"; and so on ad infinitum.

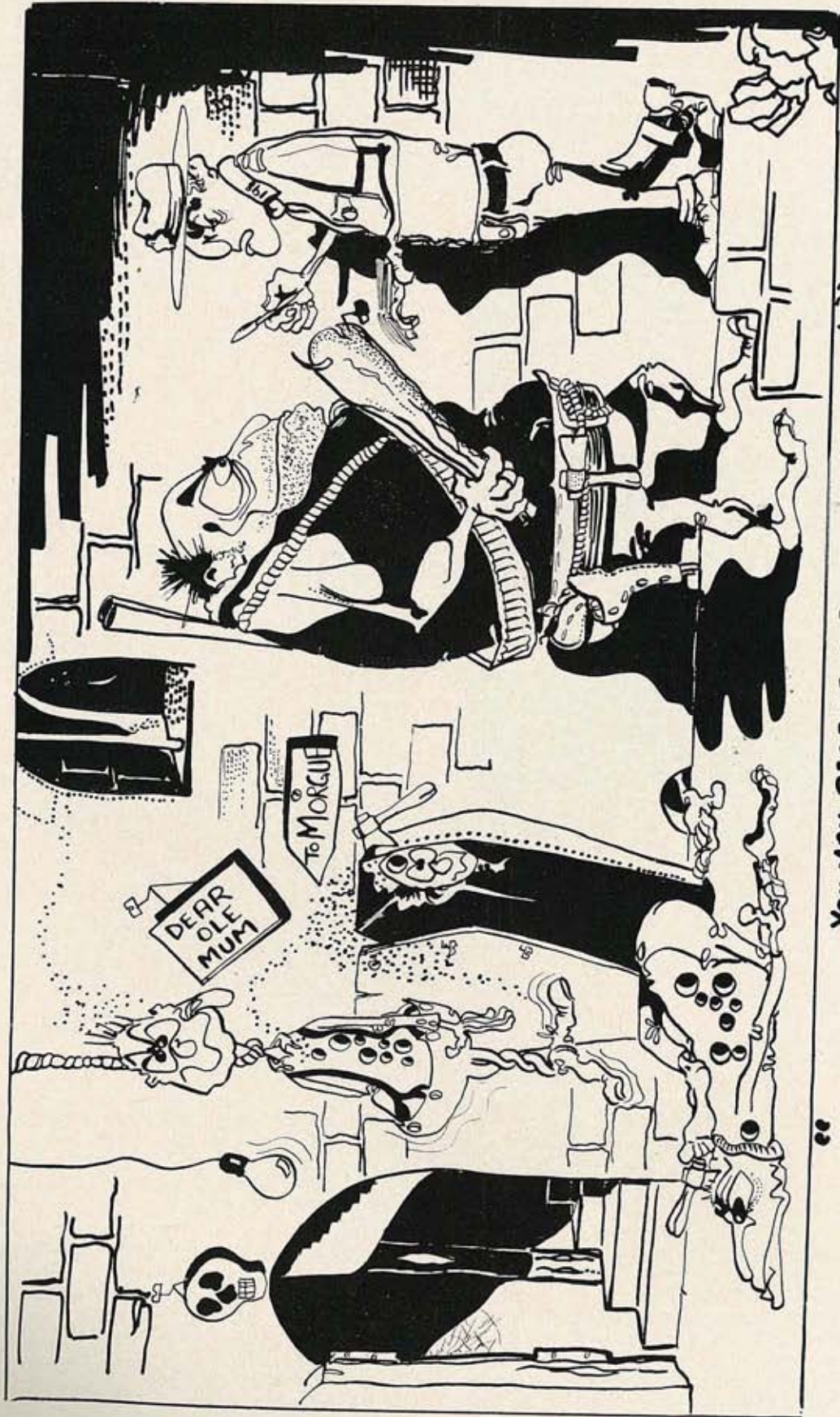
Me, I write a shocking hand.

Hooshta

x (His mark)

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW !

One nervous type in Marrenah House Barracks, with our growing skill in mass destruction, the scarcity of peaceful people and our local Disaster theme, shudders palpably every time the radio announcer comes out with that solemn warning: "And that is the end of the world . . . news".



“..... You MAY RECEIVE A SUMMONS FOR THIS! ”

HAMONEGGS à LARRIMAH

LARRIMAH is the End of the Line — the Railway line. This happy little hamlet is just three hundred and thirty-three miles south of Darwin along the bitumen and about half a mile in off the main Stuart Highway. It consists of a Pub, Police Station, P.M.G. Repeater Station, Railway Station and Railway Cottages. The entire population, according to the last census count — 6 wives, 10 workers and a tribe of little tackers.

The Police Station (or, as some smart alecs call it, whether because we appear so happy, here or the infrequent lodgers, Hamon's Happy Holiday Hostel) was opened in 1957 and consists of a residence and out-buildings, such as the Court Room, Trackers Quarters, Office, Cell Block, Store and lighting plant. Here, it is said, can be found the only zoo in Larrimah. Apart from us, the two kids and the Tracker and his wife and child, we have two pigs (wild bush variety), ten ducks (domestic) — one of the male species being isolated with the pigs because of its queer but exceedingly strong fascination for one of the hens, thus lowering the daily quota of eggs — seven hens and one rooster (which can crow louder than any other rooster in the district). There are three guinea pigs (there were at the time of writing), one pedigree beagle (not BEATLE) bitch with four two-months-old puppies (a special strain obtained without much difficulty when on leave and at a time when minds were on other matters), a big tortoiseshell buck cat and a skewbald mare and foal that you can't get within 50 yards of (preposition or no preposition).

The small Post Office and P.M.G. Repeater Station is operated by a Senior Technician in order to maintain and boost the services of the Overland Telegraph Line. The interior of the Repeater Station gives the impression of being inside a "space station", with its intricate masses of viewing tubes and machinery, variegated lights and humming noises. The Technician and his wife, Peter and Pat, have somewhat contributed to the local population with their four young sons.

Next we have the line of six Railway cottages, towards the very end of the Railway line, which house the Station Master, Fettle's, Ganger (Scotty Dunbar, a fellow would-be zoo keeper) and Co-ordinated Transport Plant Operator, Lance Carew (ex Moroak and Mataranka cattle stations).

Then there is the pub.

THE PUB! All sorts of recollections, some pleasant, some dreadful, some hangoverfied, some just plain blank, pass before the mind when this place is mentioned. Naturally, most people will recall this pub being owned and run by the late Jack Mahony (ex-N.T. Policeman) and his wife. The pub is still owned by Mrs. Mahony, but is now leased to Jimmy Yeatman, a former Alice Springs identity and driller.

The Pub? Our Pub!! The Larrimah Pub!!! The hub of the social whirl of Larrimah. Here you can buy and drink any sort of grog imaginable. You can hear what won the last at Caulfield, probably before the mob on the course; hear (except the Policeman) who illegally used Jack Smith's horses last week; how young Greg in a fit of drunken frolic painted Norm's favourite grey mare to resemble a piebald; how Budgie's missus took to him the other evening with the mantel fan in her left hand and the cord in her right, like a stockman 'cracking' up a mob of lazy bullocks; and so on. The place is used for Race Club Committee meetings, social functions and dances, impromptu political



Peter Hamon — no doubt casting a speculative eye at "The Pub".

speeches, a boxing arena, darts matches and table tennis tournaments. Every Sunday night you can have free barbecued rib bones and liquid refreshments for a fee and, if you stay around long enough, you will certainly get your quota of entertainment. Matter of fact, if you stayed around long enough and were quick with a pen, you could fill two volumes the size of the 'Police Manual' with yarns and pranks.

Besides the entertainment at the Pub, we have tennis competitions between the adjacent townships of Daly Waters, Mataranka and Elliott, played on the (tennis) court at the Larrimah Police Station, and duck shooting (in season) at Spear Gorge. There is swimming at Pump Hole, when there has been a good rain, or after motoring 60 miles to the Twelve-mile (prove that one, Pythagoras!) on the beautiful Roper River. We have no rivers or permanent surface water at Larrimah and distances mean very little when it comes time for a spot of wallowing and rolling in cool running water, regardless of fresh water sharks and crocodiles. Of course, on these occasions we sometimes provide ourselves with a little liquid nourishment in order to safeguard against perishing. I can just imagine it now, as a matter of fact, languishing there on a slightly submerged rock shelf with the sparkling water burbling over a bloke's torso, his head just above surface, a fag in one hand and a can of ice cold 'dew' in the other. Ahhhh! And it's no good asking where this place is because I won't give you the drum. This spot belongs to Nullum and me. It's our special spot and it's full of Barra.

That Nullum! Now there's a character. I remember the night he left his car outside the pub while he went in and did what he wanted to do, see who he wanted to see, then come out into the darkness to retrieve the car and go home. He felt for the door handle, but all his fumbling could not trace it. Steadying up for closer inspection, he saw that the car had seemingly grown about four feet taller. On trying to mount it he fell to the ground, and in doing so observed that the car was precariously perched on two forty-four

A.M.P. THE GREAT NAME IN AUSTRALIAN INSURANCE

offers you **ALL ROUND PROTECTION** with

LIFE (including group facilities for premium payments) **FIRE & GENERAL INSURANCE**



**THE A.M.P. MAN IN
YOUR DISTRICT IS A
GOOD MAN TO KNOW**

Consult your A.M.P. Man now :
MALCOLM FARMER or
JOHN GILCHRIST

'Phone : Darwin 6565 or 3138
Write : P.O. Box 166, Darwin

gallon drums! Nullum's usual good nature deteriorated rapidly. By the time he had picked himself from the bull-dust he was in a fine rage indeed, and went bellowing and bulling about until two recalcitrant culprits were landed in the calaboose. Later, at the Court, there was no trouble getting the villains convicted, but the penalties were surprisingly light, and rumour has it that one of the wise old Justices quietly opined that the poor foolish youths must have suffered enough when the car fell on them as they were jacking it down from the drums!

Twice weekly our little town comes to life with the arrival of the monster road trains and transports from Alice Springs, The Isa and Tennant. The semis all terminate here, offloading to and loading from the train from Darwin which also arrives the same day. The diesel loco and road trains all seem to bring a sense of lightheartedness and fun to the town, a feeling of closeness to and companionship with the larger towns hundreds of miles away. The entire town turns out with a feeling of expectation and excitement as the rumbling semis roll to a halt, air brakes hissing and clouds of red dust enveloping the loads; to hear the jaunty, jubilant blast of the diesel's whistle as it draws into the platform, haltingly jolting to a stop, with buffers clanging and van doors creaking open; Lance Carew perched on the saddle behind the Fowler crane hooking onto the freight crates and transferring from truck to train, train to truck; the mammoth red and white loco shunting and hauling; the Mac diesel prime movers unhooking and manocuvering. For Larrimah this is Instant Industry.

And then the work is done and it's time-out for a feed and a "snort". Imagine yourself as 'one of them tourists' or a stranger to the Territory and to Larrimah in particular, wending your way between cars, Pioneer buses, Landrovers and Jeeps and monster road trains and finally peering dubiously through the front doors of THE PUB. No wonder that horrified faces and quick about-turns are often noted with 'strangers' when they come suddenly on dozens of brawny, sweat- and dirt-streaked truckies, clad in sweaty blue singlets and shorts and unmatched thongs, swilling Southwark 'sandwiches', gesturing violently and roaring and laughing at one another from one end of the bar to the other. There's Big Johno proudly stating to Soapy how many hours he took in his truck "Waywood Prince" to travel from The Isa to Larrimah, with only one stop at Fitzie's place at Frewena for a 'sandwich' and a handful of pills; 'The Ferret' (his name doubtless derived from his stature and quick movements) shouting back, "Ther old Fodens'll do ther Macs any day. Them bloody new Macs've gotta carry half a dozen spare tailshafts to



Larrimah Railway Station.

see 'em through the Adelaide 'River Hills', and some Mac enthusiast shouting back some equally bloody anti-Fodenism; and all (but ALL) of the local dogs carrying on their dog's lives underfoot — and an ear-piercing yelp as another cur is booted flying out the door; the transports all out in front with their diesels turning over and fridgebox motors clattering away; the newly (accursed) acquired pub juke-box shrieking out a 'Slim Dusty'; Yeatman's gramophone, down the other end of the bar, sounding out classics; Dennis' portable on the verandah howling out the cricket scores; kids screaming and climbing up the poinciana trees around the beer garden and the old woman yelling at them frantically. Then there's Ken and Keith, the train guards, arguing the toss about who caught the biggest 'skinny' last Saturday off Doctor's Gully; the local Law tapping with his index finger on a ringer's chest to make his point that "yer don't orta be slingin' orf at coppers by sayin' 'Boing, Boing, Boing', just because we got new hat badges with kangeroos on 'em'"; Teddy and Jimmy the Goose, the bus drivers, shrieking with laughter over the yarn about how 'Langey' got caught dosing up Davie's water bag with epsom salts; the barman swabbing slops from the bar top and sweat from his brow; somebody's missus roaring from the street: "Come 'ome fer tea yer galah, or ther dogs'll get it"; the rest of the mob leaning around the front door watching a more enterprising drinker than the rest staggering off down the bitumen as the pilot of a fluttering broлга — a bottle of steam carelessly cradled in her arms; the shiny necks of OP persuaders sticking out of his hip and side pockets — until the darkness and the scrub and the silence closes around them, then back to the more immediate and grogarious pleasures of the bar.



Constable Kieran MacCarthy and his wife, former Policewoman Margaret Sawyer, after their marriage at St. Mary's Cathedral, Darwin.

There's a derisive drawn-out hoot from the train as she leaves; and the revving and roaring of powerful diesels, and blasting of air horns, as the transports jockey for 'first out, first home', and blast off down the track in a thickening swirl of dust and fumes. The Law supports the protesting Budgie across the road to home. Teddy and Jimmy the Goose sprawl out on their swags on top of the bus, trying to catch some of the cooling evening breeze (with a suggestion of horse sweat and cattle dung wafting up from the stock-yards). Then the barman snapping closed the glass louvres; and the last door banging, and a clatter of hoofs as The Ringer tries to drag himself into the saddle, still devotedly clutching his flagon of plonk.

Suddenly PEACE . . . but for the lulling sounds of night crickets, a lonely croak from a distant frog, and a good-night crow from the Policeman's rooster. There is the final spluttering cough from the Railways' lighting plant and the last light is extinguished, leaving only the enveloping glow of the Quarter moon and the Southern Cross to light the way for the now dozing Ringer as his horse picks his way back to camp.

PEACE TO LARRIMAH.

LIFER'S ROW

The marriage took place at the Church of England, Darwin, on 22nd January, 1966, of Constable Michael Smith and Miss Joan Joughin, formerly of Victoria.

Constable Peter Hood was married on 27th December, 1965, to Kerry Ann Hayward at St. Francis Xavier Cathedral, Geraldton, W.A.

At the Catholic Church, West Wyalong, N.S.W., Constable John Lincoln married a local girl, Marie Pauline Hetherington, on 27th November, 1965.

The marriage of Constable John Maley to Elizabeth Mary Sharwood took place at Sydney on 4th December, 1965.

At St. Mary's Star of the Sea Cathedral, Darwin, on 29th January, 1966, Constable Kieran MacCarthy married Margaret Josephine Sawyer. Margaret is a Territorian and was, until a day or so before the wedding, one of our Policewomen. Her mother and brothers were able to attend the wedding. Kieran's family are nearly all in Ireland, but his brother, John, a Doctor in Sydney, was able to make the journey to Darwin to be present on this big occasion.

Police Court

Constable Michael Palmer, whose skilful drawing pen assures him of regular "Citation" appearances, has announced his engagement to Miss Kay Jauncey, formerly of Perth, W.A., now of Nightcliff and employed by the Department of Works.

The engagement has been announced of Constable Robert Kucharzewski of Darwin to Miss Elvyra Ramanauskas, a South Australian girl now employed at the Darwin Weather Bureau.

STORK BEAT

At Darwin on 10th February, 1966, to Bill and Ann Jacobs — a daughter (Leanne Bernadette).

At Darwin on 31st December, 1965, to Joe and Margaret Potts — a son (Darryl).

At Alice Springs on 14th January, 1966, to Arie and Deirdre Pyle — a son (Philip Antoni John).

At Darwin on 29th December, 1965, to Dave and Violet Watters — a daughter, Lennor.

At Alice Springs on 16th February, 1966 to Laurie and Eileen Kennedy — a daughter (Susan Marie).

At Alice Springs on 16th February, 1966 to John and Ruth White — a son (David Andrew).

At Darwin on 3rd March, 1966, to Peter and Rita Young — a son (Michael John).

At Darwin on 14th March, 1966, to Roger and Gay Textor — a son (Mark Andrew).

To John and Gillian Ascoli, on 16th March, 1966, a son (Mark Andrew).

She used to be a lawyer's sweetheart, but his briefs embarrassed her.

Lorne Green, lachrymose over the radio: "And late that night — I saved the life — of Ringo". So that's why we are still haunted by those merseyless sounds.

THE HEADQUARTERS KEYS

The backroom boys were all upset
And racing to and fro,
Some silly fool had lost the keys
And blamed it on to Joe.

But Joe'd been caught like that before
And wouldn't have a bar,
He wouldn't even give the point
He'd left them in the car.

We searched the place from stem to stern
The cupboards and the drawers,
We even ripped up all the boards
Of half the office floors.

"It's got me stumped", said poor old Joe,
"Me memory must be done,
I put 'em on the table here and
Now the cows have gone".

"Just wait a bit, I've done a think
I put 'em in my locker,
No, I don't believe I did.
I'm going off my rocker".

Now easy Joe, we'll help you look
But first you must calm down.
Did you put them in the car?
Or take them into town?

Poor Joe looked up in sheer despair
And said, "This is the end,
If I took them into town,
I'm going round the bend".

And so the weary search went on
With no relief in sight,
Until a phone call came to say that
Everything's alright.

It seems there was a doctor bloke
Driving all alert. In East Point
Road he saw some keys
Alying in the dirt.

He picked them up and hefted
Them, they weighed about a pound,
He took them to the station house
And booked them in as found.

The word had spread both far
And wide that Joe was in this trouble,
Hence the haste to free his mind
A phone call on the double.

When Joe was told the welcome
News he said, "I told you so",
I don't know what he told us,
But you cannot lick old Joe.

And now he's nussed out a scheme,
A crafty faultless shocker,
To stop those keys from walking off
He keeps them in his locker.

We've yet to face the awful fact
Poor folk like you and me,
We'll rally round and help old Joe,
When he does his locker key.

ANON.

ELDERS, G. M.*"For friendly individual on the spot service"*

STOCK & STATION AGENTS
WOOL BROKERS
GENERAL MERCHANTS
SHIPPING & TRAVEL AGENTS

AGENTS in S.A. & N.T. FOR PORTAGAS
"The Best Bottled Gas"

ELDER SMITH GOLDSBROUGH MORT LTD.**ALICE SPRINGS****HEAD OFFICE : 27-30 CURRIE STREET, ADELAIDE**



THE
**NORTHERN TERRITORY
 POLICE FORCE**

*is always on the lookout for Men and Women
 with*

- ★ CHARACTER
- ★ ENERGY
- ★ INITIATIVE

Salary commences at \$2180

— plus annual allowances ranging
 from minimum of \$846.

RENT-FREE HOUSING

FREE UNIFORMS

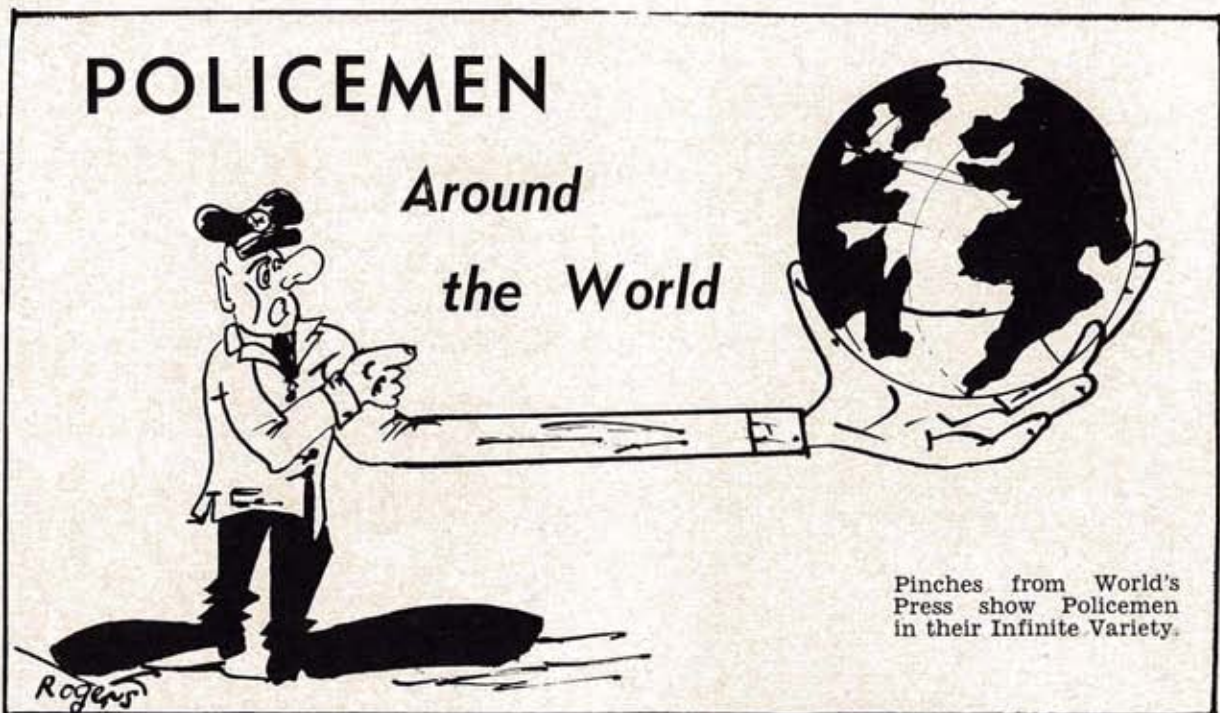
Generous Provision for:

**SICK LEAVE
 RECREATION LEAVE
 LONG SERVICE LEAVE**

Apply to:

**Commissioner,
 Police Headquarters,
 P.O. Box 63,
 DARWIN, N.T.**





Djakarta (Indonesia) Police banned one of the City's popular music combos from giving performances on the ground that they played "crazy" songs. They played Beatle-style songs at a fair held by the Djakarta Police Academy! In Bedford, England, 26-years-old Alan Bourlet, with only seven years' service behind him, became the youngest Police Inspector in Britain. He is an expert frogman and formed the Bedford Police Underwater and Rescue Squad. . . . Hot nus from **France**, where Police declared war on a long-established nudist colony at Pamplona Beach on the Riviera. The bareskins won the first battle easily after they had spotted a 4-man patrol setting up a tent as a sort of forward base on the beach. Three hundred men, women and children moved in on them and forced them to a red-faced abandonment of their position. The nudists then placed scouts in strategic positions to warn birthday-suiters to make for the water as soon as the enemy was sighted. The police then resorted to the use of bulldozers to scrape away shrubs and other protective growth used by the nudists as a shield against observers. (Frankly, we don't know who won — like the bikinis, the news item just disappeared from view!)

In **Darwin, N.T.**, Senior Constable Gordon Stott died within a few days of completing his 41st year of service in the Northern Territory Police Force. His father, Sergeant Robert Stott, served for 46 years in the same Force. We think this 87 years of father and son service is unique in the world. . . . In **Brisbane, Queensland**, uniformed Policewomen went on duty for the first time. Three women took to the beat in uniform during July, 1965. . . . In Brisbane, too, a girl who had trained for two years to become a nun, but found that she was not suited to it, joined the Queensland Police Force and topped her recruit training class of 50 males and 2 females. Her passmark was the highest for some years. . . . In England a driver raced through a village at 8 m.p.h. as two policemen tried in vain to overtake him. He was driving a road grader and they were on foot. When they met up with him at his final stopping place, he was enlightened as to a number

of charges, including reckless driving! At **Bonn, Germany**, a man stabbed a Policeman, shot a civilian, then, naked and armed with twelve guns, held Police and Firemen at bay for three hours — until a psychiatrist coaxed him to drink a glass of drugged wine and dragged him off the rooftop on which he had taken up his stand.

In **Sydney, N.S.W.**, two young Constables, R. Allsop and A. Southall, struggled to hold a man by his arms as he dangled over the side of Sydney Harbour Bridge, 180 feet above the water, at ten o'clock on a cold winter's night. The man said he wanted to join his mother who had died 3 years previously. At the end of a fierce ten-minute struggle, they managed to pull him back to safety. Their arms were numbed, their uniforms torn and they were exhausted. A passing civilian, called on for assistance, continued on his merry way with a casual: "I want nothing to do with it!" About a month later two workers on the Bridge tackled another man trying to climb up to jump over and called for help from the Police. Two young Constables answered the call and the combined civilian-Police effort prevented the man from throwing himself into the sea. (Yes, it was Constables Allsop and Southall this time, too!)

In one week in **Sydney, N.S.W.**, two detectives had bribery charges against them dismissed by the Supreme Court whilst in **Brisbane, Queensland**, two Constables, sued for assault and unlawful arrest, had \$900 damages awarded against them. . . . In **Mexico City** the Chief of Police angrily denied that his traffic Police were taking bribes — then discovered that a civilian had been directing traffic at a busy suburban intersection for the past three years and taking bribes to ignore real or imagined traffic offences. He had bought his uniform in a second-hand shop. . . . A 56-year-old Puerto Rican grocer went to the help of a white Policeman being attacked by a negro mob. He was stabbed in the back in the melee. Afterwards his neighbours dubbed him "cop lover", and he was boycotted and finally lost his business and his savings. . . . At **Cordoba, Argentina**, a Policeman was thrown into a quicklime pit by

dismissed miners of the Fiat motor works during a clash in which the workers forced aside a Police cordon to take over the offices and health centre of the factory.

At **Crawfordville, Georgia, U.S.A.**, Jesse Meadows was appointed Chief of Police — the South's first Negro Police Chief. In less than a week he resigned, saying that he had been threatened. . . . In **New York** last year the death sentence for murder was abolished, except for the murder of a Policeman on duty, or for a "life" convict who kills while in prison or while trying to escape. . . . A Policeman in **Sioux Falls, South Dakota**, who spent hours and dollars lovingly restoring a 1957 Studebaker, parked it at a local junkyard while searching for spare parts. He heard a crushing noise, turned round and found the junk dealer's breaker smashing his car. "I'm sure sorry," was the breaker-operator's helpful offering. . . . Police in the busy **Darlinghurst, Sydney** Police Station one Saturday night were startled by the sudden smashing of every outside window of the Station in rapid succession. At first, shooting was suspected — but it turned out to be the work of an accurate, quiet-moving and very, very speedy stone thrower. Nobody saw him. The Press promptly labelled him "The Flash". A follow-up cartoon in one Sydney paper showed an angry Constable dragging an unwilling prisoner to the charge-desk and announcing to the Sergeant — a lump on his head and a line of broken windows behind — "When I heard him say the Station was only a stone's throw away, I got suspicious."

As revealed by President Johnson, in a report printed in newspapers throughout the world, in the last 12 months there was somewhere in **America**, a murder every hour, a rape every 26 minutes, and a robbery every five minutes. As if that were not a sufficient handful for the Police, no less than 58 Policemen were murdered and one in every ten was assaulted.

In **Vancouver, Canada**, a 20-year-old youth was convicted after evidence that he had shouted "Yahoo" to a Policeman in a restaurant, and was ordered by the Magistrate to write, *one thousand times*, "I will never again shout 'Yahoo' at a Police Officer". . . . A Police Chief at **Southend, Essex**, entertained with the aid of a "special entertainment allowance". Queries by a hard-hearted auditor led to his appearance in Court on 17 charges of misappropriation and a sentence of two years' hard labour. . . . In **London, England**, a former prisoner was convicted of the almost unique charge of libelling a Police Officer. The defendant was an "old complainer" as far as the Police were concerned, having lodged no less than fifteen unsubstantiated complaints in recent years. He found his way to prison via the Old Bailey for three years follow-

COLEMAN'S FOODLAND STORE

Self Service — Continental Delicacies
Ice Cold Drinks — Ice Cream etc.
Fresh Fruit & Vegetables — Quick
Frozen Vegetables, Poultry, uncooked
Meats & Small Goods.

Pure Cube Ice is always available

All Australian Brands of Beers, Wines
and Spirits **ICY COLD**

at

Coleman's Drive-In Liquor Service

ing a letter he wrote to the Prime Minister, and statements to investigating Police, concerning Detective Inspector G. A. Sinclair of the London Metropolitan Police.

At **Gallup, New Mexico**, Police Captain John Arizo and another Officer, acting on information received, surprised two men about to force their way into the safe of a motor company's garage at 4 o'clock one morning. One of the men fled, but the other engaged in a lively shooting exchange. Captain Arizo was fatally shot in the chest, but, while falling, he fired his riot gun at the safe-breaker and killed him. The safe-breaker was found to be a Policeman too! . . . A man in a hurry failed to stop after hitting a stationary car in **Turin, Italy**. Three men who chased him were promptly shot and wounded. Police set up road blocks and managed to stop the fleeing motorist, Angelo Motta. The excuse he gave to the Police was that he had no time for arguing, as he was on his way to Milan to kill his wife! His indecent haste led to his being charged with three attempted murders, armed aggression, unlawfully possessing a gun, carrying two knives without reasonable explanation, inciting his wife to prostitution, AND DRIVING WITHOUT A LICENCE!

In **Sydney, N.S.W.**, Lorraine Margaret Milne, 22, gave up a promising career as a ballet dancer to become a Policewoman. It is a far cry from gliding about the stage in soft shoes and padding the bitumen in Policewoman's brogues, but this time it was probably a case of "blood will tell". Lorraine's father is a former Police Superintendent, her mother was one of the first eight Policewomen in New South Wales and her brother is a Prosecuting Sergeant at Sydney Central Court. . . . At **Coff's Harbour**, on the New South Wales North Coast, a Detective and his family spent a lovely, leisurely spring day at the beach. On returning home he found his home broken into and



ESTABLISHED
IN
DARWIN
SINCE 1946

Ω
OMEGA
WATCH-AGENT

WE OPERATE

Three Qualified Watch-Repair Shops
Three Goldsmith Work Shops
We Import "NORITAKE" China

SUN CHEONG LOONG & CO. PTY. LTD.

Men's and Boys' Wear ● General Drapers ● Fancy Goods ● Tobacconist
Handcrafts ● Curios ● Chinese Canned Foods

P.O. Box 47

Phone 3231

more than \$1,000 worth of property and money stolen. And the indications were that the thieves had spent the lovely, leisurely spring day in the home, taking their fill of food, cold beer and cigarettes. . . . In Sydney, a Policeman who took part in an armed holdup, lending his uniform and pistol to an associate in the bargain, was sentenced to seven years' hard labour. The Judge is reported to have remarked (perhaps rather mildly, in view of the circumstances and the growing defiance of the Police and of law and order in the community), "It is a tragedy that a member of the Police Force should allow his uniform to be worn to hold up a club, and his pistol to be fired, terrifying 16 people".

At Wichita, Kansas, Policemen parked the "Black Maria" in front of the Police Station, as they had done countless times before — but it suddenly started to move up the street. A Policeman chased it and forced it to the kerb and was astounded to find that it was being driven

by a red-haired woman wearing only baby doll pyjamas and white shoes! The colour of the pyjamas was not stated — but there was plenty without, even the Policeman's face being no doubt a nice rich pink. . . . During a nationwide strike by 20,000 workers in bakeries and flour mills, Police and Troops were called in to bake bread in Athens, Greece. The strike ended soon afterwards. (No other reason was given — perhaps the strikers resented the Police having an official loaf?) Flight foot! — Corporal Kipelooqe Keino, of the Kenya Police, who recently broke the United Kingdom mile record by running the distance in 3 minutes 54.2 seconds, having broken the world record for the 3,000 metres in Sweden a few days earlier, was promoted to the rank of Sub-Inspector on his return to Kenya.

Police at Malaga, New Jersey, U.S.A., were informed by a citizen that his 60-year-old pensioner neighbour's pet dog was habitually knocking over his dust bin. The

MILLARS and SANDOVERS

**HARDWARE HOUSE of the NORTH
and HOME APPLIANCE CENTRE**

Easy Terms Arranged

The Largest Stockists of ALL Builders' Hardware

Check M & S for HIRE SERVICES which include :

Floor Sanders — Cement Mixers — Vibrator Rollers

**MILLARS and SANDOVERS the NEW LOOK
in Smith Street, Darwin**

BE PRECISE MAN!

Precis writing seems to worry most of our examination candidates, but we could never make out why. When all is said and done, it is only a matter of telling a full story in as short a space as possible. As an example, for the guidance of future students, we quote this neat story to show how much can be said in a few words.

A teacher had the thrill of meeting the great writer Somerset Maugham at a party and, taking the bit in her teeth, she faced up and asked him straight out what he considered to be the secret of success in writing.

"Well", he said, "it's quite a simple matter, really. You take a bit of religion, a bit of high society, a bit of sex and a bit of mystery and hey presto! there you have it. That's all you need to write stories successfully".

Next day she decided to utilise this expert advice. She instructed the students each to write a short story, with a suitable reward offered for the best one submitted, and carefully pointed out that in writing a good story all they really needed was to put in a bit of religion, a bit of high society, a bit of sex and a bit of mystery.

They set to work, and Tommy Jones' hand shot up in a matter of minutes.

"Finished already?" gasped teacher. "Let me see what you've written".

He handed up his paper with a few lines boldly scrawled over it, and she read out the result to the class:—

"My God!" said the Duchess, "I'm pregnant? Who dunnit?"

(If Dave Mofflin hadn't recently gone to visit the Swan Brewery in Perth, we might never have acquired this priceless, exemplary advice!)

Continued from Page 28

POLICEMEN AROUND THE WORLD

Police went casually along to have a talk to the pensioner who, surprisingly, barricaded himself in his house. Reinforcements were called, but the Police were kept at bay by gun-fire for 90 minutes before tear gas forced the pensioner to surrender. By that time he had wounded three Policemen and an ambulance man.

In **London** a bearded 41-years-old Police Sergeant, married with three children, became involved in a tempestuous love affair with a 24-year-old nurse, until she, realising the impossibility of marriage, called a halt. The Sergeant went to her home and shot her three times at close range, killing her. He admitted in Court wanting to have his lover while retaining his wife and family — the best of both worlds, as he put it.

The innate perils of life in the Police Service have never been so painfully laboured as in a recent instance reported from **New York, U.S.A.**, where a member of the Force became pregnant under orders. The Policewoman suffered from back pains caused by injuries received while on duty. The Police doctor advised, as a sort of home therapy or something, that having a baby might help to alleviate the pains. Obediently she took up the assignment, but soon had to obey another order to take six months' maternity leave. This was granted without pay. She left the Force and successfully sued the Commissioner for the six months' pay on the grounds that she had become pregnant in the line of duty. Next thing we know, we'll be faced with that famous old Army order: "And, what's more, you'll love the child!"

STOCK AND POULTRY FOODS

Chaff, Oats, Bran, Pollard, Salt Licks, Molasses, etc.

VETERINARY MEDICINES

Darwin distributors of the famous Pfitzner Animal Health Medicines etc. Southern prices.

FERTILIZERS

Full range for the home garden and commercial user.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMICALS

Appointed distributors for "Amalgamated Chemicals" at near southern prices.

SADDLERY

All station requisites always on hand.

P. DELANEY & CO. PTY. LTD.

BOX 906, DARWIN

Phone 3384

Telegrams "Delaneys"

BENNETT & FISHER
LIMITED

**TODD STREET
ALICE SPRINGS**

Suppliers of

- ★ BERGER PAINTS
- ★ GEST COOL DRINKS
- ★ STEPHAN SADDLERY
- ★ NIGHTINGALE CHEMICALS

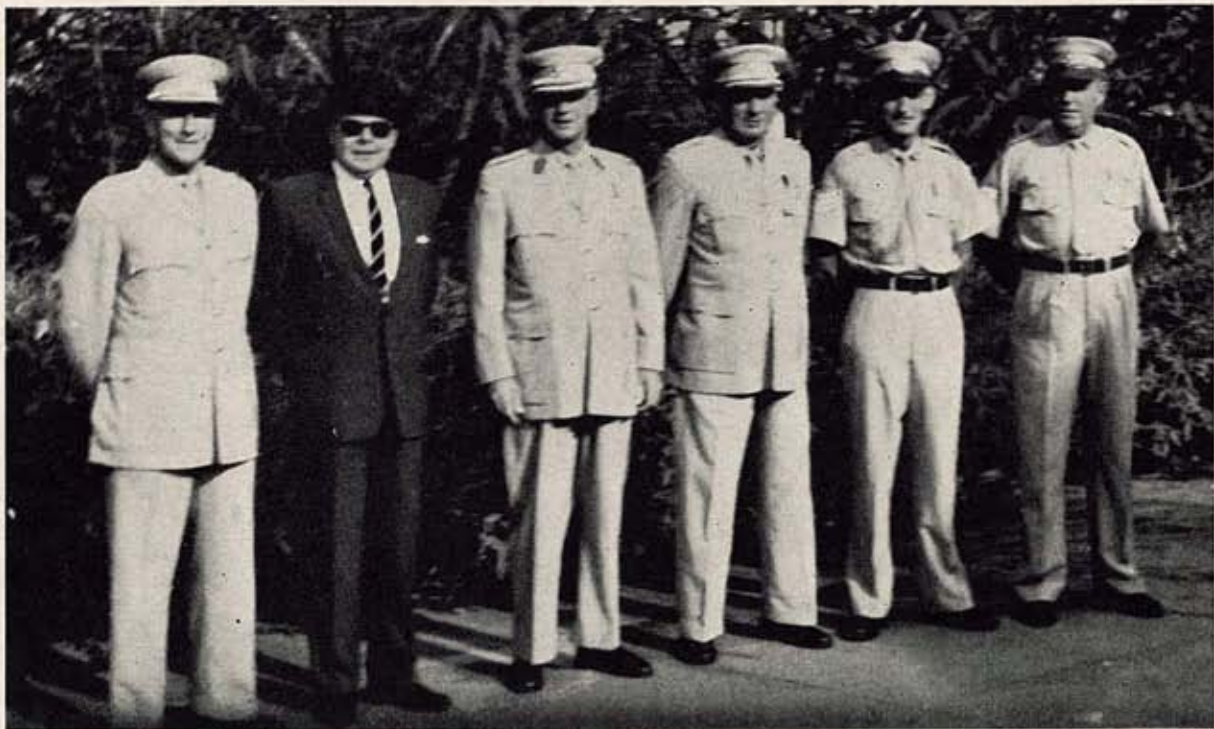
Stock foods — Fencing Material

Finsbury Pumps & Trailers

**I.B.C./Jacuzzi Water-supply
Equipment**

Austarc Electrodes

POLICE NEWS IN PICTURES



Police Long Service Medals

Four recipients with Administrator (Mr. R. L. Dean) and Commissioner (Mr. C. W. Graham) at Government House, Darwin presentation ceremony on 14/10/65.

Group from left: Chief Inspector S. J. Bowie, The Administrator, The Commissioner, Inspector L. C. Hook, m.v.o., Sergeant 2/C A. C. Mofflin, Sergeant 3/C L. J. McFarland



Inspector G. L. Ryall received his medal in a separate ceremony at Alice Springs.

OUR MAN IN NICOSIA



U.N. Force Commander, General Thimaya, of India, presenting U.N. Medal to Constable Neil Plumb in Cyprus.



Death of Gordon Stott.

The late Senior Constable Gordon Stott receiving Police Long Service and Good Conduct Medal from Administrator of the Northern Territory (Mr. J. C. Archer) in December 1959. On 17th December 1964 he completed 40 years service. On 14th December 1965 he died in Darwin Hospital, and was buried with full Police honours. Our sympathy goes out to his widow and surviving members of the Robert Stott family.

JOHN CUMMING

ALICE SPRINGS CAMERA SHOP

— PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT —

Kodak, Zeiss, Ikon, Voigtlander, Paillard, Bolex,
Bell & Howell Projectors, Agfa etc.

TODD STREET, ALICE SPRINGS

Phone 254

*Everything for the Housewife
and Tourist —*

EGAR BROTHERS

SUPERMARKET and DRUG STORE

- ★ Every Food Requirement, Including Deep Frozen Foods.
- ★ All drugstore preparations, beauty aids etc.
- ★ Modern Milk Bar and Sandwich Bar.
- ★ Ice.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES —
TOURIST SOUVENIRS**

Open Seven Days a Week — 8.30 a.m. to 10 p.m.

EGAR BROTHERS

Corner Todd Street and Gregory Terrace
Phone 67
ALICE SPRINGS

ANTHONY'S PTY. LTD.

Smith Street Darwin

P.O. Box 501 - Phone 3134

*For all your Household
Requirements
For the Cheapest Prices*

Do not hesitate . . .

**Ring or Write to Anthonys
Tents, Tarpaulins and All Camping
Gear always available.**

The Trooper Rides Up

by Edward H. Morey

OLD Maggie grunted in sleepy irritation and swiped at her thin black arm.

The lazy stillness of the early afternoon was broken only by a throaty pastorella rendered by a lonely butcher-bird perched in a big white gum tree on the river bank. The glorious notes of the Australian songster, soothing as a lullaby, lingered and softly faded along the valley. Nothing appeared to move except the thin spirals of smoke wavering from the native's fires and the chimney of the homestead.

Old Maggie smote viciously at her arm and sat up.

"You old bull-ant, you! You no more tuck-out my beef!" Plucking the large ant from her flesh, the old lubra deftly decapitated the weaving head with a long thumb-nail and flicked it contemptuously into the fire.

Her age-old eyes roved around the camp. The station stockboys, with their lubras and picaninnies, lay in family groups in the shade of their humpies. The single young men and women dozed in their own shadowed and secluded places. On the fringe of the camp were freshly built bough shades erected by the five native men who had arrived stealthily after dark the previous night.

Not even a dog stirred. Maggie looked towards the house and could see Hong, the Chinese cook, lying on a bunk under the kitchen verandah. The old boss was asleep on his bed, at the front of the house, and on the floor of the long sided verandah, stretched his two grown sons. Old Maggie saw Miss Mary at her bedroom window looking critically at herself in a hand-mirror and noted she wore a colourful new dress and had a bright ribbon in her hair. Mary disappeared for a moment and then returned to the window with mirror and lipstick. The old lubra wondered at Young Missie getting all dressed up and putting on corroboree paint at this hour.

Reaching for a billy of cold tea the old woman swigged copiously. Wiping her thick lips with the back of her hand, her eyes wandered down the track which serpented its devious way through the timber and ranges to the Township some 190 miles distant.

Old Maggie's body stiffened to alertness. She shaded her eyes with a wrinkled, claw-like hand.

"Him dust alright! What name that one come up?"

Straining her old eyes she sat motionless for some minutes and then emitted an apocalyptic grunt.

"Him horse come up! Nobody can't ride about now . . . what name this one?"

Slowly the moving figures in the distance took on definite shapes.

"One fella ride longa lead an' two fella come up behind. Aw, Cri! . . . that one policeman come up!"

Urgently, Old Maggie shook her husband sleeping beside her.

"Possum! Possum! Hey! Hey! Wake up! Wake up! Policeman come up longa horse!"

Possum twitched his eyes sleepily. Old Maggie grabbed a handful of his thick grey hair and shook him vigorously. Possum sat up angrily.

"Whassa matter you? You wantem me killem you properly longa waddy?"

Old Maggie pointed down the track.

"Policeman come up . . . that's whassa matter! You wakem up allabout . . . quick fella now!"

Possum scrambled to his feet and with many a slap, whack, clout, kick and cuff, roused the sleeping camp. Taking one hasty glance down the track the five bush natives grabbed spears, woomerangs and boomerangs and vanished down the river bank.

Old Maggie laughed. "Them five fella boy been spearem mob a bullock an' robbem store longa Deep Bend. They think policeman chasem up now . . . they get big fella fright alright". Chuckling to herself the old woman rose to her feet and hobbled quickly to the homestead.

Sleeping peacefully on his greenhide bunk on the front verandah Old Pop blinked his eyes as Maggie shook him gently. Sensing some urgency, he sat up, and searched the old lubra's face.

"What's the matter, Old Woman?"

"Policeman come up, Boss. Look!"

Pop walked to the edge of the verandah and squinted down the track.

"S'truth, yer right!"

Hurrying around the house to where his two sons were having a nap, he roughly roused them to wakefulness. Brown arms groped and grey eyes goggled at their rude awakening.

"Paddy! Mick! Hey! Wake up . . . wake up! Wake up can't yer . . . the Trooper's ridin' up!"

Beside himself with impatience the old man shook the young men frantically to jolt their addled wits into activity.

"C'mon, the Trooper's ridin' up I tell yer! We're caught on ther hop an' gotta move lively. S'truth, who'd a thought ther flamin' police would turn up now! You two young fellas grab a bridle each . . . there ain't time fer saddles . . . an' sneak along ther river until yer outa sight an' catch a couple o' quiet horses outa ther little paddock an' then

Moderne Fashion and Sports House

(A. K. WILSON, Proprietor)

Cnr. Smith and Edmunds Streets, Darwin, N.T.

P.O. Box 1061, Darwin

Phone: Darwin 3721

Agent for W. A. FLICK & CO. LTD. and ROYAL INSURANCE CO. LTD.

EXCLUSIVE STYLES OF FROCKS, SPORTSWEAR, LINGERIE AND NIGHTWEAR
Fashionable Handbags, Gloves, and Beach Hats and Bags—Material by the yard

MAIL ORDERS A SPECIALTY

SPALDING'S SPORTS GEAR — RIFLES AND ALL TYPES AMMO.

Pyrene Fire Equipment — Anodised Ware — Gifts, Trophies, Toys

ALDO'S CRASH REPAIRS

ALICE SPRINGS

TOWING SERVICE

P.O. Box 132

Phone 223

race down to ther scrubby pocket an' bush out them Deep Bend horses down there. Hunt 'em ter hell, an' then cut across to ther Range Paddock an' muster up all them Carbean, Rocky Valley an' Deep Bend cattle an' bush 'em through the gorge, I'll slip around an' git ther hides an' earmarks o' ther neighbours cattle we've been killin' an' shoot 'em into ther river. Git goin' now, we got no time ter lose!"

Old Pop watched his sons hurry to the saddle shed and snatch their bridles from the pegs. Keeping the homestead between them and the approaching trooper he saw them speed down the river bank. Running along the verandah his high-heeled riding boots rang on the flat river-stones and wakened the Chinese cook from his fleeting visitation to his Celestial ancestors. The almond eyes opened a little wider as he noted the agitation of his employer.

Hong sat up as Old Pop drew level.

"Policeman come up, Hong. Yer better git crackin' an' plant that donkey dung and joss sticks or whatever it is that stinks around here at times".

From a mellowed tan the Chinaman's smooth skin turned to a wrinkled fish-belly grey.

"Aw, Clise, Bossee, which way him come-up?"

"He's ridin' ther Township track an' only half a mile away so git a' movin'. Tryan' hold him here until I git rid o' them crook hides an' earmarks down at ther killing' pen".

Old Pop loped as fast as he was able to the stockyards and the adjoining killing pen to dispose of the incriminating evidence of cattle stolen and subsequently slaughtered.

After one hasty slant-eyed look down the track Hong's wooden sandals clattered over the flagstones as he scuttled to his room at the end of the detached kitchen. Beneath his high, bush-made bed, rested a handsomely carved camphor-wood trunk.

Hauling it out, Hong fumbled at a pouched skin-belt and withdrew a key, concealed under his loose black silk jumper which seemed unwilling to be parted from its cosy neighbours in the adjacent compartments . . . the illicit diamonds from South Africa, the selected opals from Coober Pedy, and gold from Tanami. The key wavered at the entrance of the lock and the five necessary turns tinkled the bells in the thief-proof mechanism.

Raising the heavy lid the Chinaman's finely boned hand hovered above the treasured garments of finest silk and brocade . . . garments fitting for a Mandarin which he would wear so proudly when he returned to far off Cathay.

With a gesture of despair, Hong grasped his treasured possessions and tossed them aside and delved deeply to the bottom of the trunk. His shaking fingers, like grappling irons, brought forth a long, bamboo opium pipe, steel needle, small lamp and a tin of opium.

On quivering knees he rose to his feet and looked desperately around his small room for concealment of his illegal possessions.

'Aw, Clise! No more place here to hidem! Poliseeman find 'im quick fellow an' me go longa Fanny Bay Gaol agen! Aw, Cheesus! Me no more wanna savvy that Fanny Bay agen!"

Shuffling outside he hurried to the kitchen. His darting black eyes espied a drum almost filled with fine ashes from the stove. They were cold. Burying the opium smoking outfit deeply he shook the drum until the ashes settled chastely and innocently.

Breathing more freely Hong sauntered nonchalantly into the kitchen and commenced to cook rice with his features reposed in bland and Oriental calm.

The Trooper swung his horses from the track towards the river bank down from the homestead. His eyes had searched expectantly from the native camps, the stockyards, kitchen to the homestead but had been tantalizingly disappointed.

He waved an arm to his two native trackers to drive the horses to the shade of a giant paper-bark tree. Unsaddling his horse, he unbuckled his spurs and tossed them near his saddle . . . spurs were an encumbrance to one afoot.

When the five pack-mules were relieved of their burdens and trotted down the river bank to join the twenty horses drinking, splashing and rolling in the cool water the young trooper hitched at his revolver holster and walked briskly and purposefully towards the homestead.

Mary was alone in the house. She had noticed a number of natives disappear from the camp and had heard her father and brothers hurry off on some jobs or other.

Through the curtains of her bedroom window she watched the trooper approaching with mounting excitement. For the tenth time she touched her face with powder, added a little lipstick and tissued her hair.

There was an imperious knock on the door, and demurely she went to open it.

Mary smiled at the trooper and glanced at her wristwatch.

"You're over an hour late, darling. What on earth has kept you? At the dance in the Township two months ago you said you'd be here today at one o'clock".

"I'd have been on time . . . give or take a few minutes . . . if an old pack-mule hadn't gone bush and busted a pack twenty miles back. Anyway, a hundred and ninety miles in five and a half days is pretty fair travelling. But . . . lookee here, my young lady, if you're going to nag at me like this when we're married, well you just . . ."

Mary took his arm and slowly they wandered down to the river.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

35 Ramsay Avenue,
Seacombe Gardens, S.A.

Dear Sir,

I was greatly interested in the articles concerning Gordon Stott in "Citation" of December 1965. I was stationed with Gordon at Darwin several times and once at Tennant Creek. Regret to learn that he passed away at Darwin just before Christmas.

Douglas Lockwood's photo of Gordon operating the radio at Daly River Police Station was very good and also his article. One slight error occurred in the latter. Gordon was not the first policeman stationed at Tennant Goldfield. The station was opened by Constable Harold Frank Cameron in 1934, and Gordon was sent there with him soon afterwards. Cameron resigned before the end of the year and Gordon took over temporarily until the arrival of the new Officer-in-Charge, Constable A. P. Lynch.

I arrived at Tennant in March 1935 and was stationed with Lynch and Stott. Cameron was still on the goldfield driving an ore truck to various gold treatment batteries. He died in Adelaide last year after being a City Council Traffic Inspector for many years.

Yours faithfully,
Gordon R. Birt

Police Station,
Violet Street,
Blackall, Central Qld.

Dear Sir,

Please find enclosed cheque No. B081977 for the amount of £15/5/0, payment for the following editions of Citation—

December, 1965,
June, 1966,
December, 1966,
June, 1967,
December, 1967.

During my last Recreational Leave period I travelled from here to Darwin thence southerly to Alice Springs and down to Adelaide. From Adelaide to Cairns via the Coast, then home. Whilst within the Territory I acquired a copy of the December 1964 "Citation", which is enough recommendation within its self.

Thanking you in anticipation.

Yours faithfully,
E. J. Billing,
Constable

Albert Street,
Berry, N.S.W.

Dear Sir,

Through the courtesy of the E. S. & A. Bank Ltd., Darwin, I have just received your second issue. You are keeping up an excellent standard, and I appreciate your journal.

The N.T. Police Force has a well deserved reputation for its factual accuracy when presenting cases before the Court, but I noted with regret that you did slip in your reference to Robert Stott, father of my late valued friend and correspondent Senior Constable Gordon Stott.

I think a check of your records will indicate that, some years before his death, Robert Stott had the honour of being created the first full-time Commissioner the Force had known. Previous to his appointment, the position of

Commissioner had always been vested in the Resident or Administrator.

Then, to honour a man who had given well over forty years of loyal service, Bob Stott was created Commissioner. On his death or retirement the position reverted to the Administrator.

Too see Robert Stott break up a "free-for-all", not with a gun or a truncheon, but with a riding crop, was to witness an exhibition of physical courage rarely equalled. And when he told any one to get out of town, and stay out, they went and stayed. Alice Springs was a pretty wild place when he took charge; I know, I was there when beer was 9/- per bottle and petrol £8/10/0 per case. But Robert Stott soon brought it into a place where the average white woman was a lot safer than she is to-day in some of our capital cities.

You mentioned that Gordon Stott's wife was a member of the well known O'Shea family. You could, perhaps, add, if you publish this letter, that old Tim O'Shea brought or induced more people of British stock to settle permanently in the Territory than any human soul in its history since its settlement in 1870. And they were brought out and settled without any cost being incurred by the Government. Two of Tim's daughters married into the Force, Eileen (Mrs. Stott), and Kathleen (Mrs. Mahony). Both had husbands of whom any woman could be proud.

Yours faithfully,
Douglas C. Tilghman

(We replied to Mr. Tilghman, explaining some of our research difficulties, and he kindly forwarded this further information. — Editor.)

Albert Street,
Berry, N.S.W.

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your letter of the 2nd instant. On its receipt, I did a little research, as I have a complete set of Residents' or Administrators' Reports from Darwin covering the period 1870 to date. (Latterly, of course, such have ceased; the Department of the Territories issues one. I have all these.) I have also the famous Goyder Report of 1869, and a complete set of the documents relating to the abortive Escape Cliffs Settlement of 1864/5. Among the reports are the three issued by the Resident in Central Australia. These are exceedingly rare. The following is what I found. I did not go back prior to 1920, and concluded with 1936. If you want dates later than 1936 or earlier than 1920, I shall do some more research.

- 1920-23 Nicholas Waters signed the Police Return in the Resident's Report, as Inspector.
- 1924-26 G. V. Dudley signed the Report as *Commissioner*. I had quite forgotten this man. He came from one of the African Colonies, if my recollection is correct, and had been a Major in the British Army. He was a starchy gentleman, who always insisted on being addressed by his title. The North Australian Report for 1928 states that, during the period 1/7/27 to 30/6/28, he resigned and the position of Commissioner was abolished.
- 1927 The Police Report is signed by a sergeant, for the Commissioner. So he apparently resigned during July, August or September, as the report is dated 15/10/27.
- 1929 A. V. Stretton signed as Inspector.
- 1930 ditto.
- 1931 During this period, Central Australia as an ad-

ministrative entity was abolished. A. V. Stretton signed as Superintendent and continued to do so right up to 1936.

- 1928 *Central Australia*: The Resident, J. C. Cawood, refers to a Commissioner of Police.
- 1930 The Resident at Alice Springs, Cawood, reports that, *subject to the Commissioner* the Sergeant at Alice Springs controls the working of the Police Force.

Rather curiously, Robert Stott is nowhere referred to by name in any of the reports. It could only be he who is referred to in the 1930 report, as Dudley had gone, and the position of Commissioner in North Australia abolished for some years. I was in Alice Springs some time in July 1927. I cannot quote the exact dates. Robert Stott was Commissioner when I was there, so far as my recollection goes.

My opinion is that, when a separate administrative organisation was set up by the Federal Government, effective from 28/2/1927, Robert Stott was appointed Commissioner at Alice Springs, and that he retained the position until North and Central Australia were amalgamated. He may have then retired, but I can find no record of his retirement in any of the Police Reports up to 30/6/1936. But all they usually said was that so many officers resigned or retired, without mentioning names. However, latterly, they do mention the names of new recruits. I notice that you joined some time in the financial year ended 30/6/36.

It would be as well to add a postscript to my letter before publication to the effect that I have since ascertained that Major G. V. Dudley was Commissioner in Darwin for about three years, signing the Police Reports as Commissioner for 1924/25/26, and that Robert Stott was the Central Australian Commissioner during the period that the Centre enjoyed independence. I don't want some of my old cobbles writing in and making insulting remarks about my lapse of memory. Some of those old blokes in the Territory have long memories. In 1950 I stayed with Gordon Stott at Newcastle Waters for a few days. He told me McAdam of the pub wanted to see me. So I went round with Gordon. My greeting was: "Well, you blanky old so-and-so, are you still playing bridge?" In 1925 I had stayed with McAdam at the Sportsman's Arms hotel on the banks of the Katherine. He wanted a game of bridge, so one of my party (Hardacre) and I took him and Constable Heathcock on. As McAdam insisted that the losers should shout after every hand, he and his partner soon got fairly full, and H. and I, drinking pony lagers, kept sober. The night cost the two locals quite a few pounds, although, as it all went into drinks, McAdam was not the loser. But he never forgot it. So make certain about that postscript.

You might get the exact dates of Stott's appointment as Commissioner in Central Australia from the Department of the Territories. If you can give me the year of his retirement from the Force, I shall make a further search.

Yours faithfully,
Douglas C. Tilghman

RARE NOTE

He used to punish his beat mates mercilessly with constant bragging about how well he played the violin by ear. But that's all over now. He was holding forth at the Barracks on a recent evening about this "playing by ear" business when he happened to pause, just fatally long enough for part of a radio announcement to be heard:— ". . . and that magnificent violin piece was played for you by Isaac Stern".

KITTLE BROS.

ALICE SPRINGS PTY. LTD.

GENERAL MOTORS DEALERS

Holden, Chevrolet, Vauxhall, Bedford

SALES and SERVICE

Cnr. Wills & Railway Terraces

ALICE SPRINGS

Phone 21 255

P.O. Box 164

RENDEZVOUS CAFE

KNUCKEY STREET, DARWIN

SERVES MEALS

From 8 a.m. to 9-30 p.m.

★

Cool Drinks & sandwiches to
take away.

Confectionery, Milk Shakes, etc.

Cigarettes

RECRUIT NOTES

As you can see at a glance, Probationary Constable Kucharzewski comes to us direct from Bonnie Scotland.

He was born in Fifeshire on 19th February, 1943. He attended the Queen Anne Secondary Modern School and gained his Leaving Certificate before becoming apprenticed as a tailor in his father's business in Dumfermline. He had an urge to travel and made several holiday trips to France, Belgium and Holland, before deciding, at the age of 20, to come to Australia. In company with his parents and three younger sisters, he landed at Adelaide, S.A. He found the tailoring trade there, as elsewhere, to be going backwards, and took on such jobs as selling suits, part-time doorman at a dance hall, teaching dancing at the Fred Astaire International Dancing Studios, and selling office machinery. The latter, being an outdoor job, appealed to him most, and the yen for an outdoor life led him to join this Force. With his first year just completed as we go to Press, Robert Moffat Kucharzewski expresses himself as very happy with his choice of jobs — so much so that he intends to marry in August as a further step in permanently settling down in the Northern Territory Police Force. We hope, on the strength of that, to see a lot of little MacKucharzewskis running around the Territory in due course.

John Woodcock is one of these sandblasted characters from over the Timber Creek border, having been born in faraway Subiaco by the Swan on 28th March, 1943. For the past thirteen years, however, he's led quite a civilised existence, as he has been in Darwin for that period. You must be civilised (or something!) to live here. After going through the Darwin High School, John started work as an apprentice motor mechanic. Then, instead of making engines go on the garage floor, he tried making them go on our city streets by becoming a bus driver with the N.T.A. Transport Section. He then joined the Force with the intention of making a career of Police work.

From beautiful, beautiful Queensland comes John J. Fox, born at Dalby on 30th December, 1943. He was educated at Dalby High School and took up his first employment with Knox & Co., Stock and Station Agents. John gets really Foxy at this point and tells us nothing more until he joined this Force in May, 1965. He, too, hopes to make Police work his career. He likes it and his work in the Fingerprint Section, so far. He is said to have the makings of a very competent photographer, too, so we will no doubt be seeing samples of his work in "Citation" from time to time.

Visit Central Australia

for Your Next Holiday

FOR PERSONALISED SERVICE

CONSULT THE EXPERTS

C. A. T. A.

**T.A.A. BUILDING, TODD ST.,
ALICE SPRINGS**

'PHONE 21 700 and 21 701 — P.O. BOX 327

TELEGRAMS : CATA TRANSAIR

The sporting life interests Winston Trevor Moffat, late of Cohuna, Vic. He was born at Cohuna on 8th July, 1941, and was educated at the local High School. His first two working years were spent on a farm, after which he went off to Melbourne, where he played second grade football for Footscray, and first grade basketball for a United Church team. He is also a keen cricketer. He came into the Force in Darwin in May, 1965, and likes it enough to make up his mind to stay. In his short period here he scored a trip to Brisbane as a member of the Darwin team in the Australian Basketball Championships.

Born at St. Albans, Hertfordshire, England, on 12th August, 1940, John Frederick Greig moved at an early age to London, where his father served for 25 years with the Metropolitan Police. John was educated at Chiswick County Grammar School, representing his House in athletics. He spent two years in Technical class, with emphasis on physics, metal and woodwork, and technical drawing. He arrived in Melbourne on the R.M.S. "Iberia" in April,

FONG YUEN KEE & CO.

McMinn Street, Darwin, N.T.

Manufacturers of Soft Drinks & Cordials

"JUSFRUTE" Drinks



Freshen Up

— All Flavours



with "SEVEN UP"

P.O. Box 1061

D A R W I N

Phone 3420

DAVIES SPORTS DEPOT

FOR

FIREARMS —

CAMPING EQUIPMENT —

FISHING TACKLE —

SPORTS EQUIPMENT —

CYCLES —

*We Guarantee that 90% of all our goods
are sold to you at Southern City Prices*

— **AND WE DO NOT STOCK JUNK**

**Our Business is built on Quality and Service
Our money back guarantee if not satisfied is
Your Guarantee of Quality.**

Write or call at —

DAVIES SPORTS DEPOT PTY. LTD.

KNUCKEY STREET

Telephones : 2784, 2075

1955, and spent four months in a machine shop before qualifying for the Commonwealth Public Service. He started off in the Civil Personnel Branch, Navy Office, and transferred in May, 1958, to the Purchasing Office, H.M.A. Naval Dockyard, Williamstown, finally leaving the Dockyard in April, 1965, to join the Northern Territory Police. He spent five years in the R.A.N.R., qualifying in close range gunnery and seamanship. He is a keen reader — strangely enough, with a preference for maritime books. He likes the look of things up here and feels that the job offers a pleasingly wide range of duties and great opportunities. He grasped one of these opportunities firmly by coming out of his Recruit Training Course as Dux.

We get a fair cop or two occasionally, and since our last *Recruit Notes* was written Janice Veronica Bull and Margaret Anne Latty have graced the rosters. Janice hails from the Newcastle area of New South Wales. She attended a Convent School up to Intermediate standard, then started work as Cashier in a butcher's shop. From the butcher she went to the baker and worked there as an office Clerk. A bit of fatherly advice and help and a spell of night school then led to a start as a Tracer in the Drawing Office at the B.H.P. Co., Newcastle. After twelve months of this, she was trained as a Weight Estimator. After 2½ years she was promoted to Leading Tracer, in charge of a group of girls. Her work consisted of training girls, handing out and checking traced drawings, a spot of disciplining occasionally, and helping out the Weight Estimators in busy times. She then developed a Police career bug, but was under height for her home State; so in 1963 she settled for the Northern Territory, finally getting off that nerve-racking waiting list in May, 1965. (Her wait estimating was way out that time!) She had 10½ years with B.H.P. and has

now completed her first year — and a very happy and interesting one, she says — with the N.T.P.

Margaret Latty came from Bullaburra, N.S.W., and has already achieved a certain amount of fame. Although only a recruit on probation, she was sent to Alice Springs and became the first Policewoman in history to be stationed there. This, of course, made local Press headlines with a glamorous photographic accompaniment.

BAD SEED ?

After reading Anne Olerenshaw's treatise on the English language in our December, 1964, issue, the young woman recruit became annoyingly fastidious in regard to exact grammatical usage. She not only struggled to speak perfectly correctly herself, but insisted on others doing the same.

She was not so forthright in her resistance to male admiration, however, and the Barracks Mistress kept a fairly close, motherly eye on her company and her hours. She knew of worse things in life than split infinitives even if the recruit didn't.

One hot Wet season night her summing up of the recruit's escort led her firmly to suggest a return to Barracks not later than 10 p.m. They came back on time and she was there to meet them. They had gone down to Fannie Bay beach and had a wonderful time, although they couldn't swim "on account of the jelly fish". They really enjoyed themselves.

"But, by cripes", complained George, "it's a cow of a place for grass seeds. It took me half an hour to get all the grass seeds out of me pants".

"MY pants, George", came the instant sharp correction.

TERRITORY ON TOP AT COMMISSIONERS' CONFERENCE



Australian Police Commissioners' Conference, Adelaide, S.A. ... 1944

Back Row (l. to r.): C. Perrin (rep. Queensland Commissioner), R. Reid, (A.C.T.), N. Hill (Tas.).

Front (l. to r.): D. Hunter (W.A.), W. J. Mackay (N.S.W.), W. F. Johns, (S.A.), A. Duncan (Vic.), A. V. Stretton (N.T.).

WE publish herewith a photograph taken at the 1944 Conference of Australian Police Commissioners in Adelaide. Of the eight men in the picture, no less than three are former members of the Northern Territory Police Force!

In the centre of the Top Row is Robert (Jock) Reid, who served from 1924 to 1942, in many parts of the Territory, including such a lively spot as pre-war Tennant Creek.

Jock had a great reputation as a tolerant and fair-minded man. A Tennant wag summed him up pretty well when he said: "If a Policeman could be a gentleman, Jock would be one". In 1937 he was awarded the King's Police Medal.

He left this Force in 1942, and was soon afterwards appointed Chief of Police of the Australian Capital Territory Police Force, in Canberra. The designation was later changed to Commissioner.

Prior to coming to Australia he was a Policeman in Scotland and prior to that, again, was a very active participant in the Kaiser's War. Two of the officers he served under became prominent A.I.F. Generals (Lavarack and Herring) in the 1939-45 War. Jock was in the Royal Field Artillery when it was a horsedrawn unit. He went to France early in 1915 with the 22nd Division, thence to Salonika, where he was in the first troops to land and join in the

Serbian Retreat. He became a casualty several months later and was invalided home, but got too well too quick and found himself back in France just in nice time for Passchendaele, then Arras and on to the Somme, with the 32nd Division. He was again wounded, and after a spell at a Base Hospital he was posted to the 36th Division and finished the war just outside of Lille. At the War's end, being a Volunteer and duration-of-war man, he was given the option of serving on or demobilisation. Understandably, he chose the latter!

He has a Territory-born family of two daughters and one son. Mrs. Reid died a few years ago. Jock stayed on in Canberra after his retirement, evidently having full faith in those warm currents from Parliament Hill to keep out the cold in his old age. He was awarded the M.V.O. 4th Class by the Queen in 1954.

In the centre of the front row is William Johns, who, with his brother, John, was among the last of the South Australian Police to come to the Territory before the Commonwealth took over. He joined the South Australian Police in 1906 and came to the Territory in September, 1909. He served at Roper River, Tanami, Wave Hill and other places. Whilst at the Roper he came close to losing his life while crossing the flooded Wilton River, on his way back to the Station with a native on a serious

criminal charge. He was washed from his horse and kicked. The native prisoner (aptly named Neighbour), although in chains, went to the Policeman's aid and undoubtedly saved him from drowning. For this he received the Albert Medal, the highest available award for bravery in saving life.

W. F. Johns returned to South Australia in 1915 and after some further service at country Stations in that State he enlisted in the A.I.F. He went away with the 9th Light Horse. He returned to Australia in 1919 and went back into the Mounted Police section of the South Australian Force. He rose through the ranks to become Commissioner in 1944. He represented Australia at an Interpol Conference in Holland, and put in a short time at Scotland Yard. He returned in 1950 and now lives in Maylands, a suburb of Adelaide. He is an Alderman in his local (St. Peters) Council.

Some of the men he served with in the Northern Territory included Jim Kelly (at Roper River), Bob Stott (Borrooloola), "Tick" Kelly (Katherine), Harcourt Kelly (Pine Creek), — J. Skinner (Brock's Creek), Charlie Dempsey (Timber Creek), — Murphy (Anthony Lagoon), Ambrose White (Horseshoe Creek). Apart from himself, the only survivors of his Northern Territory days appear to be Charles Noblett and "Stumpy" Reed — but we can be corrected on that point without feeling embarrassed, as we are not absolutely certain.

Whilst he was in charge of Wave Hill, a young Mounted Constable named Alfred Victor Stretton was sent out to serve as "second man" to him.

You will find A. V. Stretton on the right end of the front row. He was born in the Northern Territory and spent by far the greater part of his life here. His father was a Customs Officer and Magistrate, and A. V., after a short term at Jolly's Store, got mixed up with Court work too. He joined the Police Force in 1911 and served in a variety of Stations, particularly on the Barkly Tablelands, prior to being promoted to Sergeant. He was in Darwin during the last few years of Inspector Nicholas Waters' reign and throughout George Vernon Dudley's term as Commissioner. The principal Police rank reverted to Inspector after Dudley's term, and A. V. Stretton was promoted to that rank and placed in charge of the Force. There was a rise in status in 1931, when the position was given Superintendent rating. In 1942 he was awarded the M.B.E. A. V. Stretton retired as Superintendent in 1949, and he and his wife went off to St. Lucia, Brisbane, to live. He died there in 1963. Mrs. Stretton still lives in Brisbane. Their son, Bill, is at Miranda, N.S.W., and daughter, Dorothy, at St. Kilda, Victoria. We hope to do a full-length story on A. V. Stretton in the not-too-distant future.

S. G. KENNON and CO. Pty. Ltd.

Box 250, P.O., Darwin, N.T.

For Machinery of all Kinds

"SHER"

— *Electric Hand Tools*

"MOBILCO CANADIEN"

— *Chain Saws*

"DUFOR"

— *High Grade Tools*

YOU NAME IT!

Professional and industrial organisations throughout the country have been examining the likely effects on their members of British membership of the Common Market. "Deuce", the Police magazine, suggested this European vocabulary to its members.

Kopper — Policeman.
Schirtenkopper — Policewoman.
Koppennickenhaus — Police Station.
Autobahnschpeedenschenatcher — Traffic Patrol.
Automitdercrackelspeak — Radio Car.
Schnifflehund — Police Dog.
Krumpenkrusher — Duty Boots.

From "Red Tape" — U.K., Via
"Federal Public Service Journal"

FOR EVERYTHING MUSICAL

PFITZNER'S MUSIC HOUSE

SMITH STREET — DARWIN

Choose from our huge range of —

- Records
- Tape Recorders
- Radios
- Instruments
- Stereograms
- Music
- Pianos
- Specialists in Hi Fi Equipment

Murder Outback

by V. C. Hall

MOUNTED Constable Allan Seymour of the Australian Northern Territory Mounted Police stared with knitted brows through the fly-wired window of his office. Wearily he called tenders for a new idea on the affair at Mary Creek Station.

Murder, — beyond all doubt. And only one suspect. The dingo poisoner Nurak. Biting hard on his empty pipe, he whipped his mind.

Silton Nurak, — there it was. The dog poisoner was the only one with the motive, the opportunity and the means. Motive, opportunity, and means. The motive — jealousy. Opportunity — Nurak was camped near the station homestead. Means — he had strychnine. It was the tool of his trade, and so always in his possession.

Young Pymont had died of this poison. He and Nurak were in love with the same girl. Zenifer Condine, the girl. Queer girl, queer name. Niece of old Silas Condine, known as the Old Boss. Eyes a rum sort of a green, red hair. Kept two savage dogs.

Unstable type and dangerous. Too handy with firearms. Twopence short of half a dozen, Seymour thought as he wrestled with Zenifer's dossier. There had been the time she had hopped out with a rifle and almost shot a bloke who was defending himself against Zenifer's dogs. Old Condine had knocked up his sweet niece's arm just in time.

Irritably the cogitating constable rammed tobacco into his pipe. He wouldn't put it past Zenifer to kill a man. But why should she? She was engaged to the dead young jackeroo Pymont. There was no suggestion that he was unfaithful. Anyway, there wasn't another girl within fifty miles of Mary Creek homestead.

This was the annoying thing about the case. The whole cast of characters in the story was the old uncle, Zenifer, Jack Windover the overseer, the dingo poisoner Nurak, and of course — the dead Jackeroo Pymont.

Zenifer had gone for a horseback ride or two with Nurak and he had fallen violently in love with her. She's led him up the garden all right. Dumped him and engaged herself to the jackeroo. Nurak had threatened to kill young Pymont, and Zenifer too for good measure. Seymour's pipe went out and he let it stay that way.

He looked out of his window at the great Karbean gum by his horse yard, its shadow etched black as spilt ink on the gleaming burnt sienna of the ground. Just this meagre knit of people, painted on the great canvas of his fifty thousand square miles of his Police District. Not another living soul within fifty miles of Mary Creek station. With the exception of himself of course.

Jack Windover the overseer? Seymour shook his head. He had nothing to do with little Zenifer. Or at least as far as anybody knew. No. Silton Nurak the dingo hunter MUST be the guilty party. Yet — what a fool if he was! To do it with strychnine of all ways! Seymour's next sigh was almost a snort. He could hardly arrest a man just

Vic Hall, shown at right, carbashing with Jock Reid during a visit to Canberra, is well represented in this issue with this story and the front cover picture of his famous "Northern Territory Police Patrol" painting, completed before his failing eye-sight forced him to put away his brushes. Vic's painting hangs in a position of honour in the office of the Commissioner of Police in Darwin. Vic served in the Force for 18 years and now lives with his wife in Adelaide. In spite of blindness, he has had numerous stories and several books published. One book, "Dreamtime Justice", has been serialised over the A.B.C. Network.

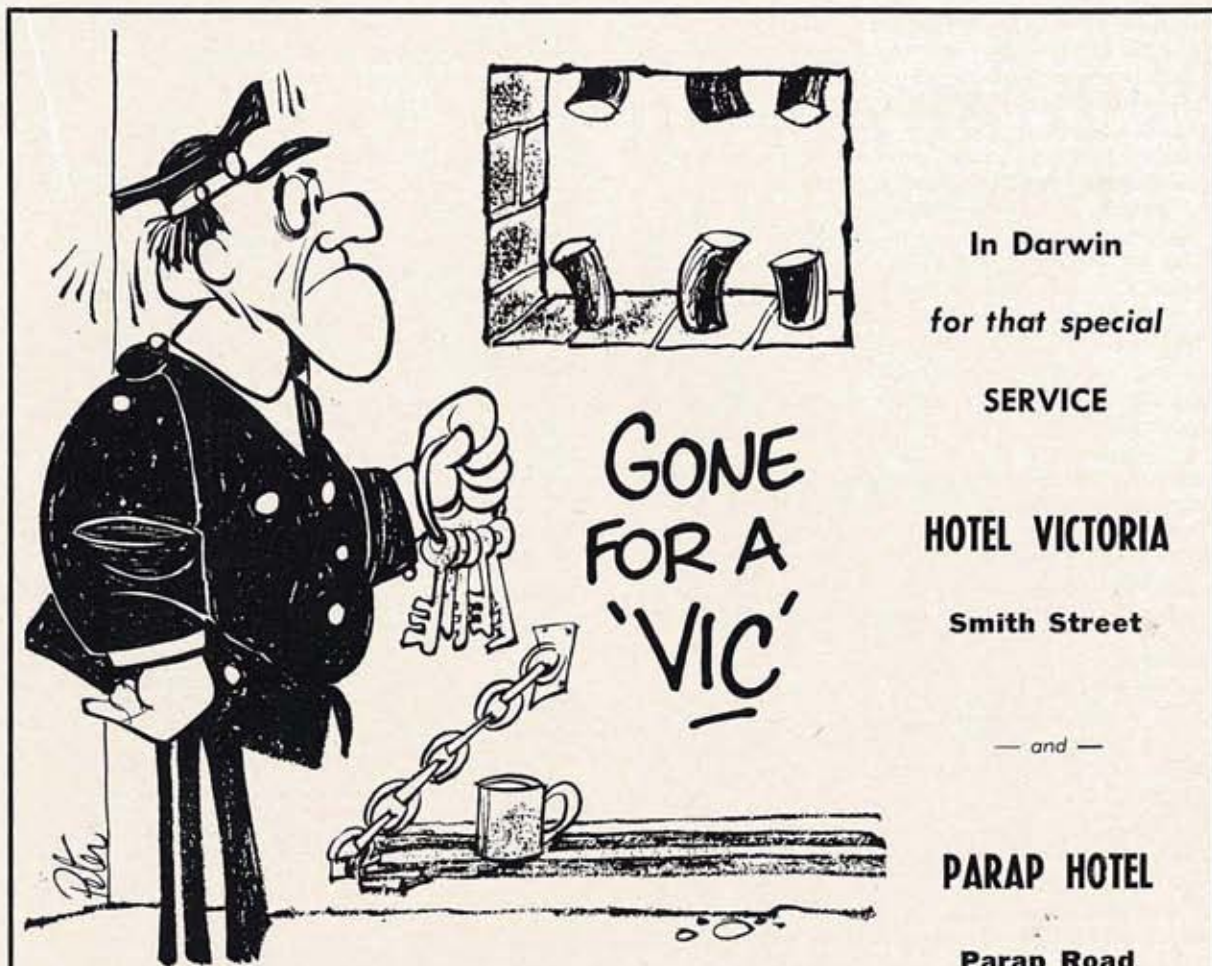


Vic Hall and Jock Reid

because he had a motive and the means. There would have to be SOME evidence of actual administration of the poison. Northern Territory juries were prone enough to let people off anyway. If you wanted to bump anybody off, the best place to bring the intended victim to was the Territory. It was possible that Nurak was clever enough to realise that the mere possession of the poison, plus, say — a quarrel over a girl, would not be sufficient grounds on which to convict a man. After all, the policeman reflected as he came to his decision, the obviously guilty party in any whodunit was never the real culprit. It was always some apparently harmless bloke whose sole reason for being in the plot was that he should never be suspected until the last page but one.

He glanced at his watch, crossed to his radio transmitter and called — Darwin Police Headquarters.

Detective Inspector Namalitiya, his black person naked but for a brief frontal apron of calico, and daubed with



In Darwin
for that special
SERVICE

HOTEL VICTORIA
Smith Street

— and —

PARAP HOTEL
Parap Road

Couldn't you go for a 'Vic' right now?
VICTORIA BITTER

BREWED IN DARWIN BY CARLTON & UNITED BREWERIES LTD

OF COURSE YOU COULD!!

— and you can have it
served icy cold anywhere
in the Northern Territory

clay, stood secure in the camouflage of immobility. Motionless as the ant hills and trees around him, he stood, looking at the scene before him.

Bare tent poles, and a heap of camp fire ashes in the shade of a big cedar. The camp of the late Ray Pyrmont, jackeroo, of Mary Creek cattle station. Constantly he glanced around and behind him, searching the barred light and shade of the open forest for signs of human presence.

Nothing moved. He shifted his spears and boomerangs to his left hand and moved forward. Trail a bit old, he realised. A week had elapsed since the crime that had startled the remote bush kingdom of Constable Allan Seymour. The famous undercover investigator's eyes were keen under the deep aboriginal overhang of his brows. He studied again the surrounding wilderness, in which there were but two signs of the existence of man. The fence on which the young jackeroo had been doing repair work, and the bare poles which had supported his tent. It was here, contorted in the agonies of death by strychnine poisoning, the young man's body had been discovered by the station native servant who had brought out the jackeroo's rations.

Namalitja was in the camp now and peering at the ground. There were tracks of course, in plenty. Station people had milled around, collecting the dead youth's gear, after the finding of the body. He cursed mentally as he thought how much harder this made things for the police. Amongst all this muddle, he could read little from the ground gleaming like a copper mirror in the merciless sun. After a few moments of careful inspection he realised that there was nothing for it now but to adopt the technique of 'walking the circle'.

The old aboriginal tracker's method. Somewhere on the perimeter of a circle drawn widely around the camp and on untrodden ground, he might find the clue he needed.

With infinite care and at times dropping onto one knee he examined the ground as only the Australian aboriginal can examine it. At times as he progressed in a gradually widening circle round the camp, he dropped onto one knee and bending, angled his gaze along the ground. Each gleaming particle composing the surface of the soil was a tiny mirror reflecting light. The slightest disturbance of these surface particles meant that they reflected light at a slightly different angle. Anything disturbing these particles left traces. Even the brush of a bird's wing. Even the touch of a feather.

Suddenly, his eyes gleamed as he noticed something. He straightened and angled his line of vision down again.

It was there! Invisible to the eye of any but a savage — and it was NOT a footprint. He resumed his slow progress, going in ever widening circles. At the end of an hour's minute observance he came to a conclusion. The only human foot prints visible were those of the dead jackeroo, going to his work on the fence and returning therefrom.

Namalitja gave them scarcely a glance. It was for something far subtler that he was looking, and which his eyes, with their heritage of thirty thousand years of bushcraft, had been on the alert. The primordial thrill recurred in the University trained black detective as he stared searchingly afresh at the apparently blank page of the ground. Steadily he widened his circle. Save for the dead youth's prints there was nothing tangible.

It was not until he had patiently widened the circle of his search to a hundred yards radius of the camp that the seeker stopped at the foot of a sapling and stared down at the earth. Still as the sapling itself he studied the story so plainly written.

The thing was incredible — but beyond all doubt. A horseman had ridden up to the sapling and had there

*For Fastest, most efficient General
and Refrigerated Cargo Container
Service throughout the Territory*

CONSIGN THROUGH

“CO-ORD”

TERRITORY TRANSPORT ASSCN. PTY. LTD.

RAILWAY TERRACE, ALICE SPRINGS

ALICE SPRINGS
P.O. Box 270
Phone 21-677

MOUNT ISA
P.O. Box 371
Phone 24

tethered his horse. The rider had tied his horse to the young tree and sat in his saddle whilst his mount milled around as tethered horses do — for quite an interval of time. The rider had broken off a small branch and upon this had hung his bridle, STILL SITTING IN HIS SADDLE! He had then ridden away.

The breaking off of the branch to form a hook for the bridle was a typical bushman's trick. No rider, however, does this, whilst sitting in his saddle. Keen as a razor's edge, Inspector Namalitja's eyes studied the trampled earth. Whipping his mind, he strove to understand. Yard by yard he tracked the mystery horseman back from the sapling. The horse HAD been ridden. The undeviating line of the tracks showed this. He was unshod. Expertly, Namalitja checked the tracks for points of identification.

There were four such points. The animal was slightly 'pigeon toed' in its off front foot. Three other points of identification showed in the prints, conclusive as the points of identification in a finger-print.

Nature, Namalitja knew, duplicates nothing. Each leaf on a great tree, each blade of grass in a whole paddock, apparently alike, may be identified each from the other by the expert.

Each track of animal or human being, is distinctive to the eye of the Australian aboriginal. And this man, working with such patient skill, was a full-blooded aboriginal. Adopted by an eminent Melbourne surgeon on a research expedition to a remote and primitive tribe, he'd been not over ten years old when taken from his people. He'd gone through a famous University — shied off his prescribed medical course because he didn't like it, and gone in for criminology.

Science grafted to primordial instinct and training. An aboriginal boy of ten years of age is already fully trained in the incredible arts of his race. No conscious inkling of these thoughts was present in the detective's mind as he tracked the mystery rider back by the way he had come. Patiently as a bloodhound he checked and rechecked the points of identification in the horse's hoof prints and noted that the rider had come in from the north, and had done this twice — on consecutive days. On each occasion he had tied his horse, sat in his saddle for a while, and on the second occasion, had ridden off to the eastward.

Mounted Constable Seymour, with his second black tracker Willinga and Police pack mules, Quiet Feller and Mustard, spotted a slipping pack on Mustard, and called a halt. As he watched Willinga adjusting the mule's load, his mount Police Horse Gunner, heaved a gusty sigh and shook himself thunderously. With an involuntary chuckle the trooper slipped from his saddle, loosened Gunner's girth, and smoothed his saddle cloth. Gunner heaved a second sigh, so human in its quality that Seymour smiled again as he ministered to his horse's comfort. Gunner cocked a queuing ear back at his boss as Seymour climbed back into his saddle, and Gunner settled into his distance-eating amble on the track to Mary Creek Station.

The Territory sun blazed down. The old familiar ache developed in Seymour's feet, scorching in the hot stirrup irons. Sweat runnelled down his shoulder blades beneath the heavy Service shirt. Periodically, Police Horse Gunner switched his tail, causing the thick blanket of flies on his rider's back to swarm up about his head. Seymour grinned and tasted the salt of sweat on his lips. He cursed Gunner tolerantly and demanded of him why he couldn't keep his blasted tail still. Gunner's ears swivelled back and covered his rider like twin gun muzzles.

GRAHAM GILBERT M.P.S., Ph.C.

ALICE SPRINGS PHARMACY

TODD STREET, ALICE SPRINGS

All Your

Pharmaceutical, Cosmetic and

Veterinary Needs

Phone 254

(Day and Night)

The slow hot miles fell back to the dust-muffled beat of hooves. Seymour fell into vague musings, as he so often did during interminable hours in the saddle. This mad coot Namalitja's radio message, received two days ago from the camp of the murdered jackaroo. "Huh!" His short laugh barked.

He and his mysterious horseman. The old deserted mine shaft and the tin of poisoned jam. Crazy. At the Lagoon of the Water Lily Dreaming, the Patrol off saddled and camped for the night. As the trooper lay under his mosquito net after the evening meal, listening to the thunderous chorus of frogs down by the lagoon, he thought it all over.

It all seemed screwy to HIM. But Namalitja knew what he was about. His wizard record proved that. All he — Constable Seymour — had to do was to obey orders. He would see Namalitja again at Mary Creek and carry out their plan. Or, rather, Namalitja's plan! He could see through the thin weave of his mosquito net, the young moon, lying in the arms of a Leichhardt Pine. The image wavered as a little breeze played with the fabric. It wasn't a bad life. The chorus of the exultant frogs faded and he fell asleep.

It was mid morning as the white roofs of Mary Creek station hove into view. Seymour dismounted stiffly at the gate and his spurs clanked across the verandah.

"Why! — not AGAIN, Allan". Overseer Jack Windover greeted as he waved his visitor to a chair. "Anything new?" "Nothing". Seymour replied unblushingly. "Have you?"

The overseer shook his head. "The dog poisoner's still at large I see, camped on the creek here. Going to arrest him?"

It was Seymour's turn to shake his head. "No. Not yet anyway. I can't grab him on just motive and opportunity.

Phone 3077

— Darwin —

Box 57

CASHMANS Pty. Ltd.

AND THE DARWIN NEWSAGENCY

SMITH STREET and PAVONIA PLACE, NIGHTCLIFF
Phone 5 1383

THE STORE WITH THE STOCKS

Prompt Attention Given To Mail Orders

THE DARWIN NEWSAGENCY & STATIONERS
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS OF EXCLUSIVE LINES
LADIES, GENTS AND CHILDREN'S WEAR
GENERAL STOREKEEPERS
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS

The Territory's Own Store — Run for the Territory People

"WE AIM TO PLEASE"

— CASHIE'S GOLDEN CASKET AGENCY —

I can't. Must have SOME real evidence of the administration of the poison".

"I see". Jack Windover rose and went to the kerosene operated refrigerator. "Better have a drink", he suggested. He produced a frosted bottle. Seymour didn't answer as he watched the other pour out two glasses of beer. Good clean looking chap, he thought. Open face, blue eyes that looked right through you. He smilingly accepted his glass. "Success to intemperance" Windover toasted. Both drank and the empty glasses rapped the rough table.

As they were refilled, a black head was poked in at the door and an aboriginal voice said; "One feller myall black-feller. Come up now Boss. Him like talk talk 'longa you".

The head vanished. The overseer tossed off his drink, excused himself, and went out.

Allowing a few moments to pass, Seymour slipped to the door and looked out. It was Namalitja all right. Prompt to the minute. Naked, daubed with clay and ochre, spear armed, he looked as wild a native as could be desired. He was talking and gesticulating to the northward. Seymour chuckled — and went into fast action. Working with expert fingers, he was back in his chair when Windover returned.

"A blasted myall on walkabout!" Windover growled. "Says a party of white men are mustering my stock out at Bolters Yard on my northern boundary. Says he's been sitting down in my camp here for three days before telling me. Blasted idiot!"

Seymour nodded sympathetically and said; "I suppose you'll have to go out for a look-see?" Strange, he reflected, that he's never seen a look on the overseer's face such as it wore for a moment before it passed like the ripple of wind

on water, and was gone. "Would you like me to come with you?" he asked.

"No". The answer was ungracious to the point of rudeness. "I'll fight my own battles. If I want you I'll radio".

It was on his way out that he met Zenifer Condine. Booted and spurred, the girl stood in his path. "Listen! — you imitation cop", the girl greeted. "Are you arresting Silton Nurak or are you waiting till he screams?"

Seymour considered her. "No" he said finally. Then "Tell me, Zenifer, have you ever possessed any strychnine?"

In the moment before the storm broke, he noted the flaring green eyes that lanced at him like twin blades of jade. With the speed of a fly-catching lizard she covered the distance between them and he almost recoiled. "If you don't arrest that killer I'll shoot him — and you for good measure. I loved Ray, do you hear! Loved him! LOVED HIM!" She whirled on a spurred foot and was gone. Seymour stood still, exhaling his breath as though he had been looking down a gun muzzle. His original thought in regard to her recurred. Elemental type. Could commit a murder — but would be more likely to do it on the spur of the moment than plan it with strychnine. Thoughtfully, he went out to his horse.

It was three days later that Trooper Seymour entered the overseer's office again. They had been days packed with activity — as had Windover's if his appearance told truly. Unshaven and saddle soiled, Windover motioned his caller to his usual seat. As he took it the policeman remarked composedly;

"You didn't radio us."

"No" Windover rejoined with a wry grin. "It was a hoax. A deliberate spoof. There wasn't a sign of anything. I'd like to get home on the ruddy myall!" Seymour studying

D. R. BALDOCK & CO., PTY. LTD.

STOKES STREET, ALICE SPRINGS

Phone 2 1899-97

Box 62



TRANSPORT SERVICES TO TENNANT CREEK

General Goods, Monday Wednesday — Perishable Goods, Monday

SERVICE IS OUR MOTTO

his man closely. That sudden flash of distortion that he had seen before increased to shocked amazement as he said his piece.

"I was a party to that hoax you mention. It is my duty to arrest you for the murder of Ray Pymont". The man beside him turned his frankly ugly young aboriginal face — so on a level with Seymour's own tallness, and smiled. How amazingly the smile transformed the other's face! He started almost guiltily as Namalitja's next words came;

"Appreciate to the full your appreciation of the bizarre nature of the position, Mr. Seymour."

"I'm sorry, Sir", the white man answered. Sensible of the gentle raillery in the other's voice, he was conscious of some degree of embarrassment. Namalitja's smile broadened to meet Seymour's own. They trudged on together.

Walking with a horseman's awkwardness in his high heeled riding boots, Seymour peered through lids slitted against the glare. At this mid afternoon hour the flail of the Territory sun was merciless. Very much like South American Savannah country, Seymour thought — this Northern Territory open forest. Somewhere in this wilderness of trees Namalitja had hidden his car. Not that it was likely that any human being would be walking in this spot, even though it was but a scant four miles from the big Police homestead. The thought had scarcely passed when he spotted what looked like an aboriginal shelter of boughs — already seared yellow by the sun. A few minutes later they had dragged the boughs aside and disclosed the Inspector's gleaming Holden station waggon. Seymour watched his companion produce a folding canvas bath and a four gallon drum of water and proceed to take his tub.

For all the world like a military officer performing his ablutions in the field!

Namalitja grinned as he stood up finally, clad now in the spotless white shorts, white shirt, long white hose and polished tan shoes of the Northern Territory public servant. "Now I am Assistant Supervisor of Aboriginal Education again, stationed at Bagshaw Road, Darwin. I am ready to dictate letters to my typist on educational matters. She has no suspicion as to my true activities when I go bush occasionally — I hope!"

Seated on the Holden's bumper bar, pipe going, Seymour grinned companionably at his superior. "Sartor Resartus, Sir. Carlisle and all that. Clothes make the man!"

"And Kipling's far flung bounds of Empire". Namalitja nodded. He filled and lit his own pipe and put his gear back in the car.

"Now for your case, Mr. Seymour", he began. "I'll run over your brief for you. As you know, I never appear in Court. That part of it is your pigeon". Observing that he had his junior's undivided attention, he proceeded;

"Acting on information received, you proceeded to the camp of the late Ray Pymont. You made a careful search".

"Summoned by your radio message, Sir", Seymour agreed.

"Yes — but you'll not mention THAT. We will keep my little walkie talkie out of it. Remember — I don't exist".

"Sorry Sir", Seymour's face was grave. Namalitja resumed his lecture.

"You followed the tracks of the mysterious horseman from the murdered man's camp to the old deserted mine-shaft some distance away. You saw a tin of the type which contains jam lodged on a ledge some way down the shaft. You climbed down and retrieved it. You tested the tin, which contained fresh jam, bore two sets of finger-prints.

One set were those of the deceased, the other set belonged to — whom?"

"I didn't know, Sir", Seymour shook his head.

After a short pause for reflection, Seymour resumed.

"I proceeded to Mary Creek station, where I saw the accused".

"Quite", Namalitja's tone was formal. "Incidentally, I note that you 'proceeded'. In the Public Service, you don't 'go' anywhere, you 'proceed'".

"Yes, Sir. I proceeded to the accused's office, where I saw the accused. I had a conversation with him. The conversation was interrupted by the coming of a wild native, who came with certain information which he desired to communicate to the accused".

"Me", Namalitja interrupted blandly. "Diversion. As arranged".

"But I leave THAT out of my evidence, Sir — on account of your — not existing".

"Yes", Namalitja agreed with a laugh. "It will be a bit difficult — but you'll manage. Remember, you did everything yourself. And console yourself with the reflection that you did everything yourself, so will receive all the credit".

"Right, Sir. To proceed then. During the overseer's absence from the office, I took his fingerprints from his beer glass".

"Thus betraying his hospitality", Namalitja agreed gravely. "A typical policeman's trick. Proceed please".

"I compared the prints of the accused's beer glass, later, with those found on the tin of jam, and found them identical. I fed some of the jam to a cur dog, and the animal died with all the symptoms of strychnine poisoning. I proceeded to the accused's office at Mary Creek Station, and arrested him on the present charge".

"All well and good as far as it goes", Namalitja criticised. "But remember — I am now assuming the guise of the defending counsel and must in the interests of my client ask you some questions. What evidence have you of a positive kind, to support this monstrous charge against my client?"

"His horse tracks", Seymour shot back. "The horse ridden up to the sapling and tethered, was the accused's horse".

"How do you know? Did you ask the horse?"

"I did not. If your Honour pleases, my aboriginal tracker found five points of identification in the prints of the horse Melbourne Flier — his favourite mount. I made plaster casts of the prints in question — which I now produce.

The Inspector, who had been checking these points through with affirmative nods, said; "I now wave my magic wand and Hey Presto! — I am the counsel leading for the prosecution. Ahem!" He gathered the folds of an imaginary gown and adjusted imaginary spectacles on his squat aboriginal nose. The process imposed a considerable strain on the gravity of the constable giving evidence.

"Now Constable! You produce the Kadaitja boots — the 'murder boots' of my countrymen, which leave no tracks by reason of the fact that they are made of feathers, cemented together with human blood".

Seymour, his gravity recovered, nodded his assent. Namalitja's smile flashed in a display of perfect ivories. The clay on these murder instruments — from the vicinity of young Pymont's camp, will interest the scientific bureau boys. I have myself examined it and it is quite distinctive.

Seymour inclined his head for a moment and both men held silence. It was Seymour who broke it.

"The inference is Sir, that Windover rode to the camp of the deceased, carrying the Kadaitja boots on his saddle. Observing that the jackeroo was absent, he put on the Kadaitja boots, still sitting in his saddle, walked into the camp and put strychnine in the boy's tin of jam. He regained his horse — the Kadaitja boots leaving no tracks".

"Exactly so", Namalitja agreed. "Mr. Windover returned on the following day, repeated the process and found that his plan had been only too successful.

He took the tin of jam and threw it down the disused mine shaft".

Seymour's nod, and respectful silence, were an invitation to the Inspector to proceed. He did so.

"Correct, Mr. Seymour. And now for motive. During Mr. Windover's absence from the station — so thoughtfully contrived by us, I sat down with the family group of my tribal kinsmen in the station native camp two days. Participating in the gossip session in the hour after the evening meal, I learned things. Three of my kinsmen — Yarparrrie, Mootakool and Benunja, disclosed that the accused was in the habit of meeting Zenifer in a clandestine love tryst at a secret place in the dry bed of the creek. At night".

"Clandestine love tryst", Sir, I should say — is pretty good". Seymour was poker faced. "It appears to indicate, Sir, that you are not unacquainted with University nomenclature.

It was Namalitja's turn to gravely concur. "Your own diction, Mr. Seymour, appears to infer that you, in your turn, are not entirely unfamiliar with a seat of learning". Relighting his pipe, he added; "I have observed that quite a number of the men of your Service reveal similar signs of erudition". Seymour laughed outright. The lecturer went on. "My three kinsmen will give evidence for you on this point, not mentioning my name. This supplies motive. As you know, the evidence of natives is accepted in the Northern Territory Supreme Court.

The tin of strychnine concealed under the board floor of Windover's office when you searched his premises gives us evidence of his means of committing the murder. I think this is all. Any questions?"

Seymour thought for a while, then said; "I think Sir, that your three kinsmen actually saw at close quarters the er — clandestine love trysts on several occasions. It would appear that they got a distinct kick out of stalking the loving pair — with a complete disregard for the nuances of nicety". The Inspector raised slim black hands in a token of surrender.

I concede your victory in the lists of verbage Allan. In conclusion, I think you have an excellent prima facie case, and I wish you luck". It was with a little pleased glow at his heart that Seymour realised that this was the first occasion on which Namalitja had made use of his junior's first name. Detective Inspector Namalitja of the Special Branch rose and stretched. Then he walked to his car. As he started his motor, Seymour was leaning with one foot on the Holden's bumper bar. He went to the open window. The hands of the two men met with brief force. Absently Namalitja listened to the purr of his motor and said; "Quite a girl — Zenifer. Carrying on an affair with every white man on the station".

"With the exception of her Uncle Silas". Seymour pointed out as the car started to move. "Boalunga, Sir?" Namalitja returned the aboriginal term of farewell as he let in his clutch.

Seymour stood long, watching it pick its careful way through the bush on its way to the track leading to civilisation.

STATION NOTES

KATHERINE

by John W. Clift

Greetings from fair Katherine, third largest Station in the Territory. (And reformed, too — a far cry from those wicked old Army days when the new Stuart Highway was plastered with warning signs: "Don't Hurry — Katherine is no Lady").

Sergeant Noel Owens has recently been in charge for a three-months tour, relieving Sergeant Tim Tisdell. Noel hopes to get back to Paradise again some time, but Tim meets this suggestion with not-too-veiled hints of an inanimate body in the offing.

This year we welcomed two new Constables to Katherine, John Francis and John Clift, both of whom like the work and the place. Bluey King left us to relieve Graeme Browning at Mataranka, and has since been transferred to Darwin. Congratulations are in order for Spud and Sheila Eagleton, on the birth of their second son and perhaps, another member of the Force.

We have some workers at the Station, too. Ivor Waywood, as Persecutor, feels that it is him who is being persecuted by keen crime-seeking staff. Spud Eagleton, snowed under with licences, registrations and permits, wonders if the Registrar of Motor Vehicles gets more pay than him, and threatens to swap jobs if this is so. Frank Saunders is getting his hand in occasionally as Relief Prosecutor (whatever *that* may mean, mutter the hapless defendants). The Station's official fisherman, Dave Smith, can generally be found at the Low Level trying to check the getaways, or working out codes in the 16-21-2. (She

must be deformed, surely!). John Francis, after three months' service at Katherine, found it necessary to duck off to Melbourne for a week's leave. It takes that long to get a "Lollipop" haircut, but reports from the Sisters' Quarters at Katherine Hospital indicate that it's well worth it! There's also a fellow named Johnny Clift, whose obvious refinement caused a great deal of consternation to our Force's bushies once he got on the radio. The first time Roy Harvey, at Wave Hill, heard him, he sent an urgent demand to the B.B.C. to get off our network. But Johnny enjoys himself with one exploit(ress) after another.

Members at this Station — and, we feel, throughout the Force — appreciate the action of the Northern Territory Police Association in erecting a Memorial Plaque to the late Constable Bill Condon, and for making it possible for Mrs. Condon to come up from Sydney to be present at the unveiling. Bill was fatally shot whilst attempting to apprehend a man with a rifle in the main street of Katherine in June, 1952, at the time of the Annual Race Meeting. The unveiling of the Plaque, in the Police Station yard, and the running of the "Bill Condon Memorial Handicap" were features of this year's Queen's Birthday Race Meeting.

Well, farewell from the metropolis of Katherine, gateway to the inner Stations, fair meadows and pastures, not forgetting her 16-21-2-19. (If you do forget, you deserve to perish!)

BATCHELOR

Batchelor township is located 7 miles West of the Stuart Highway and approximately 62 miles South of Darwin. The township is named after Egerton Lee BATCHELOR, Labour member of the Commonwealth Government of Australia from 1901-1911. As Minister for Agriculture

PARAP HOTEL

PARAP ROAD, PARAP

LICENSEE — BOB BLACKER

Hotel and Motel Accommodation at Reasonable Tariff

For the Cold Beer of your choice and

Wines and Spirits

See BOB BLACKER

Obtain your home supplies from Darwin's only Drive-in Bottle Shop

BATCHELOR was responsible for establishing an experimental farm near the present town site. During the Second World War Batchelor was the site of an important Allied Air Base. Some of the landing strips are still in use.

The present township was built specifically to house employees of the Rum Jungle Project.

The Rum Jungle Project is run by Territory Enterprises Pty. Ltd. (or, as it is known, T.E.P.), which is a subsidiary company of Conzinc Rio Tinto of Australia Ltd., and was formed in 1953 with the object of carrying out mining operations under an Agreement between Conzinc Rio Tinto of Australia Ltd. and the Commonwealth Government. The Rum Jungle Project is situated approximately 7 miles North of the present township of Batchelor and is regarded as one of Australia's most important uranium fields.

Rum Jungle started production of Uranium Oxide U₃₀₈ in 1953 and was the first to do so in Australia. Uranium Oxide is a valuable mineral concentrate which, after further treatment, can be used to strengthen steel, provide radio active isotopes, impart coloured finishes to graceful vases and make available a source of enormous nuclear power for peaceful and warlike purposes. Despite the name of "Rum Jungle", there is little extensive jungle in the Rum Jungle area, most of which is covered by rocky outcrops and sparse scrub. According to local legend, the word "Rum" entered its name during the rugged, pioneering days of the 1880's, when two bands of bullockys, the transport drivers of those days, battled for possession of several casks of rum which were being taken to a cattle station inland. It is believed that in the end common sense prevailed and the fighting was stopped, harmonious relations being quickly restored with possibly a little assistance from the rum in most of the kegs.

Many amenities have been provided for the T.E.P. employees and their families to offset the isolation of the area and the oppressive heat of the tropics (13 degrees South of the Equator).

The Batchelor township, which is seven miles from Rum Jungle, is a modern self-contained community of some 550 people. It has 98 modern, all-electric houses for families and single quarters for some 300 persons.

Other facilities available to members of the community are 3 churches of various denominations, a swimming pool, a sports oval (where hockey, cricket and soccer are played in seasons off-season to Southern seasons, owing to climatic conditions), a bowling green, two concrete tennis courts, cinema-cum-dance hall, a Higher Primary School, Pre-School Centre, badminton court, clay target shooting range and shopping facilities for the ladies at the Community Centre store. (Last, but not least, the Wet Canteen for the use of the employees of the project).

The township of Batchelor and the site of Rum Jungle lie within the "Hundred of Goyder", which has been declared to be a Prohibited Area, owing to the nature of works being carried out, under the Defence (Special Undertakings) Act, 1952. Persons entering the area are bound by the Act and its Regulations.

The Police Station at Batchelor is situated on the Western side of the township, and is staffed by a married Constable. There is one Native Tracker attached to the station.

The Station was first established on 3rd December, 1954, when it was opened up by Constable (now Sergeant) A. W. Lake. This was during the time of Superintendent Littlejohn (now retired from the Service). To people new to the tropics the houses will seem unusual — many being

6 - 7 feet from the ground. The Police Station however, is situated underneath the Police residence and is surrounded by lawns and a number of different types of shrubs, etc. (hibiscus, azaleas, gardenias, frangipani, coconut trees, gum trees, banana plants, paw-paw, mango, mulberry and lemon trees and, at the moment, a flourishing vegetable garden).

The Police residence at Batchelor is a six-roomed house, built on pillars. The underneath portion at one side of the office has been cemented and is an ideal playing area for the children or an ideal place to sit and escape from the heat during the Wet.

Duties of the Officer-in-Charge of Police, Batchelor, include liaison with the Management of Territory Enterprises Pty. Ltd., patrols of the mines and surrounding districts, enquiries for and assistance to other Departmental Branches, and registrations for the Motor Vehicle Department. Also, the patrol of the outlying areas ("Shooting Patrols") for detection of indiscriminate shooters and unlicensed firearms, and for the protection of the native animals and birds.

At the present time at Batchelor there is another open cut in operation and that is the A.M. & S. Copper open cut being worked by Davis Contractors at Rum Jungle Creek. This is believed to be of approximately 18 months to 2 years duration and will add greatly to the life of the process and treatment plant at Rum Jungle and also to the satellite township of Batchelor.

— Kevin Smith.

LAKE NASH

The Lake Nash Police Station is located just seven miles west of the Queensland-Northern Territory border and about a hundred miles south of the Barkly Highway.

The Police Station is situated on the Lake Nash Cattle Station which is owned by Queensland and Northern Territory Pastoral Company (Swifts) and covers an area



of 3,450 square miles. This company owns several properties in western Queensland.

In September, 1964, they purchased Georgina Downs Station, an adjoining property, area of 1,450 square miles. Mr. Charlie Paine, well known in pastoral industry, now manages both properties from Lake Nash.

About a mile north-west of the station is an almost year round water hole or lake, which provides a good supply of fish to all residents.

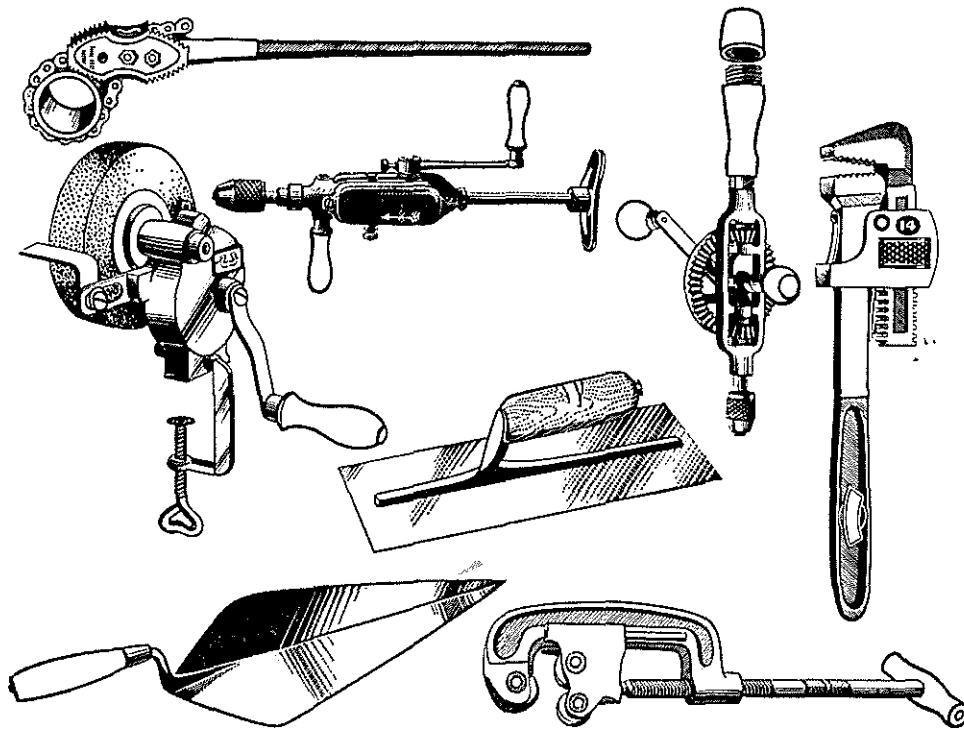
There are about a hundred natives camped at Lake Nash. Their thirty-five children attend a Welfare School, completed in January, 1965. The teacher is George Lee, quite well known in the Alice Springs area.

The total area of the Lake Nash Police District is 18,000 square miles; the Officer-in-Charge is Constable J. Taylor, married with one daughter.

**YOU NAME IT!
WE'VE GOT IT!**

DALGETY-N.Z.L.

TOOLS for every purpose



Whether you're working with wood or steel
you'll find the tools you need readily available
at Dalgety-N.Z.L.

DALGETY-N.Z.L.

TODD ST., ALICE SPRINGS Phone 661

RIVERSIDE HOTEL

ALICE SPRINGS

COOL IN SUMMER



GLORIOUS SUNSHINE IN WINTER

- *Excellent Accommodation with shower and toilet to every room.*
- *A home away from home with every amenity and comfort.*
- *Excellent food.*
- *Room Service.*

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.

***DANCING EVERY NIGHT**