CITATION

The NORTHERN TERRITORY POLICE MAGAZINE / 5/-

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The Northern Territory Police Magazine

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Our Cover

A recent recruit, John Lincoln, looks seriously ahead.

(Photo by Constable Denver Marchant, Fingerprint Section, Darwin)

IN THIS ISSUE :

And the Editor says . . . . .

POOR NED — DEAD AND FORGOTTEN: OR IS HE?

The news item clearly stated that Ned Kelly's armour had been utterly banished from display in the National Museum, Melbourne, to a place of permanent oblivion in the basement.

Here, surely, is an excuse to quote Avon Billy: "O what a fall was there my countrymen".

For more than eighty years Australians have been busy weaving a veil of ersatz glamour and romance around the memory of a heady bush lout who, with three assistants, courageously shot and killed Policemen from ambush; held up at gunpoint, robbed and unlawfully imprisoned scores of citizens; conspired and actually attempted to murder a trainload of Police and Trackers going about their lawful purposes; who vanished into the darkness of the Glenrowan night, leaving his mates behind without their leader, only to be ignominiously shot down himself when the neutral dawn revealed him; and finally died a felon on the scaffold.

Here is one, you would surely think, who should have been quickly forgotten — except in his true criminal likeness — by his countrymen. Kennedy, Scanlon and the others — the murdered — are forgotten, but Kelly, the murderer, is kindly remembered in literature and art and even in the minds of a large section of the population.

The armour-banishing incident was a headline story in every prominent Australian newspaper, and provoked a lively follow-up correspondence, mostly in Ned's favour. Dorothy Drain, in the "Australian Women's Weekly", was inspired to a burst of poesy on the strength of what she calls the "magic name", concluding thus:—

"Affection, too, has kept your name alive,
Because there lurks, concealed most times by jest,
An outlaw in each law-abiding breast".

She might even be right, too. How else explain the complete anonymity of most victims of crime and the fabulous flood of legends surrounding so many of the most vicious and blood-thirsty criminals? How else explain the age-old phenomenon of willing aid to the fleeing or resisting lawbreaker and the refusal of aid, and even outright hostility, to the guardians of the law? It is not a sudden, modern development. It is not, unfortunately, only past history, either. Perhaps Dorothy Drain expressed it neatly in a one-line nutshell, after all.

POLICE IN ENEMY COUNTRY

It is because of outside help rather than any all-conquering personal greatness, that the Kellys and criminals before and since them have had any success — however transient — in eluding capture by the Police. In the "100 Years Ago" section, of its issue of 6th March, 1965, "PIX" Magazine provides a graphic picture of the extent to which public support for public enemies can develop. It is based on reports of the time, and the time was 100 years ago; but just look at those present-day headlines and consider whether we have any greater regard for the law to-day, or any greater desire to uphold it or assist in upholding it.

The "PIX" item reads:—

"Difficulties facing the police in apprehending the bushrangers in N.S.W. were discussed sympathetically in the Press. The conclusion was that 'the outrages

that have so long disgraced the colony owe their continued impunity not to the cowardice, or the incompetency, of individual constables, or to the inefficiency of the system under which they operate, but to the secret support of a resident population'. The Government would be forced to adopt the principle of a local police tax unless there was rapid improvement, one paper suggested, and 'districts with an evil reputation must be made to pay for their character. At present there are districts where we might almost divide the population into two classes, those who give active assistance to the bushrangers and those who look on with cold and sneering criticism at the laborious toil of the perplexed and unsuccessful police. Referring to recent encounters between the bushrangers and the police a report stated that there were scores of police in the neighbourhood constantly patrolling not only the highways but the byways, yet the bushrangers had been able to thread their way among them with perfect accuracy, to get comfortable beds while the police camped out, to find victuals while the police had to carry rations, and to get information as often as they wanted. The police have practically had to operate in an enemy's country'."

This priceless element of public assistance is a well-accepted part of the Kelly Gang story; and the Police were, only too truly, in enemy country.

For all that, the Kellys' reign was a short one. It was a bare two years from the awful day of the murders at Stringybark Creek to the day of Ned's fatal drop in Melbourne Gaol. Looking back cold-bloodedly (how fitting) at the storied derring-do of Ned Kelly one is tempted to think of that age-old sling-off at every pug that ever was: "Ar — who did he ever beat?".

EDITOR BADGERED !

When it looked as though the first "Citation" and the new badge issue would coincide — they finally reached Darwin only a day apart! — we cooked up a short item to cover the event. But we're properly sorry, now!

Records are scarce and memories deceptive. We referred to the bronze badge which preceded the Commonwealth Police-type badge, but all we had to work on was an old photograph on which the lettering on the bottom scroll was indecipherable. By the space available and the few marks visible we scientifically calculated that the lettering must have been "POLICE".

Unfortunately, a copy of "Citation" landed in the Fraud Squad Office in Adelaide and F.C.C. Tony Howlin instantly detected our false representation. He has one of the old badges and politely intimated that the lettering was simply "N.T.P.", and set along a rubbing to prove it. Other badge owners, or former wearers, confirm this, so should now be able to take the record as having been satisfactorily straightened out. Vic Hall, by the way, designed this particular badge and was given a quid by Commissioner Dudley for his trouble!

On this subject, Gordon Stott drew attention to a still earlier badge which he describes as "brass, oval-shaped, with bars down and across and the words 'N.T. POLICE'."

The Commonwealth Police-type badge, according to Gordon Stott, was introduced late in 1929. Originally, it was identical in every way with that worn by Commonwealth Police Officers all over Australia, and there were regular suggestions from the troops to bring in something different. As Peter Riley has reminded us, there was a slight change — in about 1948 — by the addition of the words "Northern Territory" on a scroll under the general wording "Commonwealth of Australia Police".

ABOUT THAT FIRST EDITION

By Frank Deans

To the Editor and his assistants I send my cordial wishes for a Happy New Year and also my review of—

"CITATION"

The official magazine of the Northern Territory Police Force has now been published. The first number contains well written articles and stories illustrated with clear, interesting photographs. Obviously a lot of thought and pains have gone into the layout and makeup of this little magazine which should prove very popular with both serving and ex-members.

The life stories of Commissioner Graham — the first member of the Force to rise from the ranks to this office, and "Bridgie", alias ex-Inspector Bridgland, surely illustrate the remarkable change from early Police methods to the present day. To ride 400 miles with 2 fractured ribs, twisted knee, sprained ankle and damaged kidney, as did the redoubtable "Jock" Reid, proves the toughness of the early Northern Territory Police. But if the reader thinks there are no tough men left in the Force, let him turn the pages and read of courageous rescues effected at Alice Springs and King's Canyon, to say nothing of the exploits of Peter Berrill in Cyprus.

The bevy of beautiful Policewomen should cause a rush of re-enlistments from the "Old Timers" — things were nothing like this in my day, when I flogged the beat (or perhaps resting beneath the wooden verandah of Bell's Tea Rooms). Anne Olerenshaw also proves they have brains as well as beauty, and mean what they say.

The clever pens of Vic Hall and Ted Morey (not Morely surely!) have produced two good yarns with a chuckle at the finish. But the tale of "Paddy's Three Loves", by comparison, contains more than a few hall-marks of the male of the bovine species.

(But, Frank, we can't tell the poor blasted author THAT! — Ed.)

Altogether, this issue will only whet the readers' appetite for more and the Editor and his assistants deserve the highest praise for their efforts.

★ ★ ★

Frank is not the only one who was good enough to write and let us know what he thought of "Citation". Surprisingly enough, there has been no drastically detrimental criticism at all. We hope this is really a gauge of the magazine's quality, and not just a sop to the pioneers who launched it! We are quite human, anyhow, and have lapped it all up regardless, and hasten to set it all out here before your eyes before somebody thinks up something less complimentary!

From Brisbane:

"Your first issue of The Northern Territory Police Magazine 'Citation' has been perused by me and I wish to offer my congratulations on this splendid first issue.

This magazine is an excellent production containing a comprehensive coverage of material, which I have read with great interest.

Wishing your Magazine every success for the future"

. . . F. E. Bischof, Commissioner of Police.

From Perth:

"I have recently had the pleasure of perusing the first issue of your publication 'Citation' and desire to congratulate you on this very splendid effort.

I realise your job as Editor is no sinecure but if you can keep up the standard of your first edition I feel sure

Commissioner's Message

The resounding success of the first issue of "Citation", in December, 1964, has been most heartening. Such great interest was shown by the public, not only in the Northern Territory but elsewhere, that the initial order had to be doubled, then doubled again.

It is, therefore, with confidence enhanced that the Editor and Staff have embarked upon this second issue.

I share their confidence and once again have the greatest pleasure in wishing the Magazine every success.

I take this opportunity, also, to extend hearty Christmas and New Year greetings to all members of the Northern Territory Police Force and their families and friends.

C. GRAHAM,
Commissioner of Police.

it will rank with, and even above, most others in Australia.

I look forward to receiving future issues".

. . . J. M. O'Brien, Commissioner of Police.

From Hobart (from the Acting Secretary of the Police Association of Tasmania to the Secretary, Northern Territory Police Association):—

"On behalf of the Executive of the Police Association of Tasmania, I wish to thank you for the copy of the first issue of CITATION, the Northern Territory Police Force Magazine, and offer our congratulations.

I feel that the fears stated by the Editor in the front of the Magazine are quite ungrounded, as the main problem was overcome with the actual publication of the first issue. The first step in any venture I feel takes the most courage; this hurdle has obviously been overcome by the quality of the magazine.

We will naturally follow the magazine's development with great interest".

From Melbourne (extract from the Victoria Police Force Monthly News-Magazine, "Police Life"):—

"'Citation' got off to a fine start with its first issue last December, carrying a number of constributions from serving N.T. policemen, some good photographs and cartoons, and an article by that staunch Territorian writer, Douglas Lockwood.

It is to be hoped that this successful first issue influences the powers that be into publishing it more than once a year, as at present.

Webster's defines 'citation' as . . . . 'a summons; an official notice to appear in a court and answer to a demand!'

There must be a demand, surely, for a journal of the quality of 'Citation'?"

From Adelaide:

"It's wonderful! It must have been a mighty amount of work, and as you said in the editorial, a bit worrying before the launching, but it's really a *champagne* job. Best wishes towards further success". . . . Pat Bruun.

"Only laziness has prevented me from writing to let you know how much I enjoyed reading the first issue of the Northern Territory Police Magazine 'Citation'. I may be prejudiced but I thought it far superior to other Police magazines I have read. I ran into 'Bridgie' in King William Street recently and we talked for about an hour. He was greatly pleased with 'Citation'."

. . . Gordon Birt.

"Hearty congratulations your first edition all concerned are to be gratulated".

. . . Rechner (South Australian Manager, T.A.A.).

From Darwin:

"Policemen made history on at least two fronts today. Gordon Stott completed 40 years with the N.T. Force and with his father bundled up 86 years. And in Darwin to-day the first-ever N.T. Police magazine 'Citation' saw the light of day. We'll review it next week when more copies are available for sale. Meanwhile sufficient to say the magazine is well produced and full of interesting and enlightening yarns. Should prove a winner".

. . . N.T. News. — 18/12/64.

From Alice Springs:

"A slim little fifty-page, blue and grey magazine arrived in the mail a week or so ago, adorned with the emblem of the N.T. Police Force, and featuring a magnificent study of Constable W. J. Jacobs, mounted, on its cover.

It is 'Citation' — the magazine of the Northern Territory Police Force, and one of the best 'five-bob's worth' ever to hit Alice Springs' book-shelves.

Edited by well known Jim Mannion, G.M., now Inspector at Force Headquarters in Darwin, this newcomer looks like being a winner in the field of Territory literature, and we don't think the Editorial Staff need have any qualms or doubts of its success.

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

'Citation' deserves an enthusiastic welcome. There's something for everyone in this bright little magazine, but to eulogise further would only detract from the enjoyment of a very worthwhile publication".

. . . Centralian Advocate.

From Canberra:

"I have read the first copy of the Northern Territory Police Magazine 'Citation' with very considerable interest, and may I offer you my personal congratulations on a thoroughly professional and interesting magazine. I hope that it will have a long and distinguished future. I particularly enjoyed the articles by Mr. D. Lockwood, Mr. R. Reid, and Mr. F. D. Deans which, in their own way, gave me a much better picture of the work of the Force and some of its problems".

. . . M. G. O'Brien, Editor of
"Australian Territories".

From Cyprus:

"My congratulations to the Editor and Staff of 'Citation'. I found it contained stories of interest, well put together. All the boys have read it from cover to cover. Comments very favourable. Glen Hallahan said: 'It's not a bad effort for a bloke from Tennant Creek!'"

. . . Peter Berrill
(Australian U.N. Police Contingent).

(Well, wouldn't that Famagusta! — Ed.)

From Nambour, Qld.:

"I would like to congratulate you and your editorial staff on the excellence of the first copy and hope that there will be others of similar merit to follow in due course. I found the whole magazine most interesting and particularly liked your editorial which seemed to me a very well-worded piece of journalism and most appropriate for the launching of the first edition.

The famous old 'Ply — you PLY' story would appeal to those who knew it from the beginning. You have certainly dressed it up in great detail, and the reference to the Superintendent's ever-present cherrywood pipe and irrepressible guffaw brought back vivid memories of the late A. V. Stretton. Regarding the pipe, I think at one stage Bert Koop complained bitterly to Alf about the stink of the thing and the clouds of smoke which drifted into his (Koop's) office, but I don't think the complaint had any effect".

. . . Peter Riley.

From Byron Bay, N.S.W.:

"A note to say how much I enjoyed 'Citation'. I had a copy of the Christmas issue of *——— and it's far inferior to your effort. In fact if I was still in Darwin, I would be trying to steal a couple of those correspondents of yours. I liked the editorial. You seem to have a good cross-section of old-time veterans writing for you and of course to an outsider these are the best parts of the magazine. There seems to be no reason why you should ever run out of this sort of material, provided it does not come out too often. The Swan cartoon also was a beauty.

The more current stuff, policewomen, etc., is not so readable to a non-policeman like myself, but of course it is vitally necessary in such a publication.

It is a good thing to see a magazine of this type out. If it circulates around the public a bit, it will remind them of a few things the police have done in the Northern Territory. It must have been a good force to be a member of before the war, though it is getting far more run-of-the-mill these days of course".

. . . Keith Willey.

(* Ahem! A very well known publication! — Ed.)

From a pioneer of 4 year's standing:

"Aw! You blokes are all the same up here. You just harp on and on on the old Nostalgia, and nothing else".

From a pioneer of 40 year's standing:

"The new badge is terrible — nothing traditional about it, and Bill Jacobs would have looked much better on 'Citation' in our hat".

(Yes — but on the 4-year-old chestnut mare "Lady" he looked alright even in a cap. Anyhow, hats are trumps this time — see cover — Ed.)

From an angry young man away out at Timber Creek:

"Four copies 'Citation' received this Station Stop No good Stop Pages missing Stop".

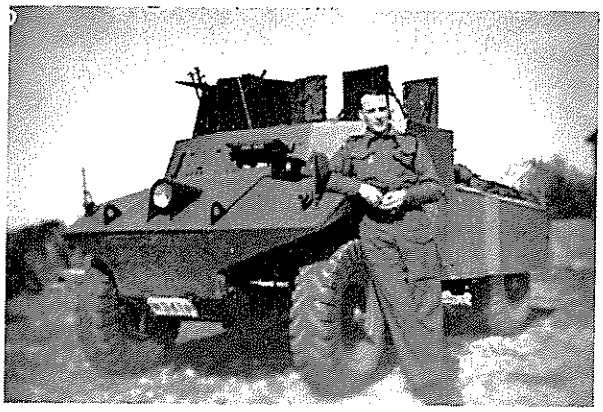
From an unbeliever:

"Ar — you're wastin' yer flamin' time, mate. They'll finish up using them like newspapers anyhow".

From a Darwin Policeman (since reported missing, thank goodness) — "Police Magazine? What ruddy Police Magazine?"

From a Racist (?):

"Bit of a Yank enthusiast, aren't you? Citation, indeed! What's wrong with Phar Lap, or even old Carbine?"



The late plain clothes Constable Ron Corbin, in his Palestine days.

Death of Det. Const. 1/c RON CORBIN

Members and their families were deeply shocked at the death in Melbourne on 29th May, 1965, of Ron Corbin, after a comparatively short illness. The sympathy of all is extended to his widow, Margaret, and young son and daughter.

Ron became ill shortly after returning to Darwin from recreation leave, and had to be flown to Melbourne for specialist attention, but it proved to be of no avail. He was only 39 years of age, and was in his 13th year of service in this Force.

Ronald Frank Harold Corbin was born in Winchester, England, on 4th April, 1926. In the last War he saw service in the Mediterranean and other theatres with the Royal Navy. He served from August, 1943, to April, 1947. After the War he spent a period with the Palestine Police, and later migrated to Australia.

Whilst working in an electrical establishment in Melbourne he became interested in the Northern Territory Police, and joined up on 28th July, 1952. After his recruit training he was transferred to Alice Springs. Whilst there he was one of the investigating Officers in the unusual case in which a thief, fiddling about in front of a mirror with a stolen camera, unwittingly took his own photograph, thus helping to convict himself. (See story "Tracked, Tricked and Trapped", in this issue).

Ron next put in three years at Anthony's Lagoon, where he had the unpleasant job of investigating an extraordinary case concerning the vicious whipping of natives by white men. From late 1957 onwards he served in Darwin and in recent years has been a Detective 1/C Constable in the Special Branch.

He was a good, clean living citizen, and was interested and active as a member of the Darwin Sub-Branch of the R.S.S. & A.I.L.A., and took an active interest as an instructor to Sea Cadets of T.S. "Warramunga".

Tracking as a Fine Art

BY arrangement with the Commonwealth International Training Centre, Canberra, I was taken to a settlement known as Hooker's Creek, in the Northern Territory. I was accompanied from Darwin to Hooker's Creek by Mr. Dennis Daniels, a Welfare Officer of the Northern Territory Administration. We worked together at Hooker's Creek, and he was most helpful in explaining to the Aboriginal Trackers the points which I wanted to be elucidated while gaining an understanding of their tracking techniques.

Prior to departing from Darwin, I was given a preliminary "run-through" on tracking with the aid of Sergeant McFarland, of the Northern Territory Police Force, Dennis Daniels and Tracker Thompson Tithanboy.

But Hooker's Creek, some 400 air miles South-west of Darwin, offered infinite possibilities for studying native tracking in an environment where it is still very much part of the life of the Aboriginals. Away from the settlement the country is semi-desert and game is scarce. Tracking skill is an essential part of the bush native's existence in these parts.

At Hooker's Creek there are approximately 280 men, women and children of the Wailbri tribe. The settlement is in charge of Mr. John Cooke, a former Member of the Northern Territory Police Force. I was there for twenty-four days and I found both Mr. and Mrs. Cooke extremely helpful and kind to me during my stay.

I was introduced to two Trackers of this settlement named Peter Jabananga and Henry Jagamara.

Peter had had several successful trackings recently, and in one of these exploits he tracked several cattle thieves over a long track and led the Police to the place where the thieves were camping with the stolen cattle. Henry had been a Police Tracker at Tennant Creek and Hatches Creek — some three hundred air miles to the South-east of Hooker's Creek — for about eight years, and he has a vast wealth of experience in tracking (although, now, he works as a cook in the settlement).

I found these two Trackers to be uncanny in their observation and subsequent deduction. Throughout my association with them I was conscious of their perfect co-ordination of mind and eye when they were following tracks. What impressed me most was their ability in apparently searching out small marks of a part of a foot-print (where there was nothing, according to our eyes) over hard, gravelled surfaces, or bare rocks, or grassy ground. I can very well express my opinion that Indian Trackers fail to track on hard, rocky surfaces, though they are equally efficient on sandy and dusty ground. But Australian Aboriginal Trackers have apparently found out the observable marks over hard, rocky surfaces and over hard or soft grassy ground.

This vastly superior type of tracking technique is probably due to the fact that they have had to survive by tracking insects, lizards, beetles, snakes, etc., which formed their diet during their nomadic existence.

Tracking Technique

I found very little difference in the tracking technique of the Aborigines in Australia to that of our Indian Trackers ("Khojis"), especially over soft ground, like dusty and sandy surfaces. The observations and subsequent deductions are more or less on the same lines. But, as I have already said that the Aborigines have perfected their techniques of tracking over hard, rocky surfaces and over thick vegetation and grassy surfaces, I will deal with these matters rather than the preliminary techniques which are explained in the book, "The Art of Tracking".

Trackers at Hooker's Creek (Peter Jahananga and Henry Jagamara) showing footprints in dusty ground.

Tracking Over Bare Rock Surfaces

While moving over such surfaces I asked Henry whether he could track, step by step, any footprints on them. He at once obliged me by offering demonstration. I then segregated Henry under close watch and asked two Aborigines to walk over the surface bare-footed, and subsequently with riding boots on. To me (after my long experience in tracking with Indian Trackers) there appeared to be no "observable mark" (no footprint outlines or outlines of a part of a footprint) on those rough, hard boulders.

The stick's end points to the dislodgment of a pebble from its seat by the foot of an individual while walking over it.

On being called, Henry methodically tracked the barefoot prints almost step by step, and the shoe prints similarly, and later on correctly named the two Aborigines. (He was not previously aware that these Aborigines had walked over the boulders nor was he aware that they had been in or departed from the area).

This almost uncanny power left me thunderstruck, and I cross-examined Henry for over a week to find out what he saw on the boulders. Now, as I see, I feel that his contentions are reasonable, and can be well explained into cogent hypotheses in tracking — but to understand these hypotheses one would require constant practice, clear observation and quick deduction.

It is reasonable to say that when a man (say, 150 lbs. in weight) walks on a rocky surface which has not been polished like marble, the movement and the weight in motion act like two forces, scratching and dragging and thumping at regular intervals by the two feet, with the toes as claws, and the heels as hammers. These movements in their turn make certain marks on these rocky surfaces. The toes in motion, with their nails, make scratch marks, drag marks and kicking marks in their forward march, showing the direction of travel. And when these obvious marks are found (of course, by a master Tracker), a close scrutiny shows the smoothing of the surfaces; and, in some cases, faint ridge marks of the heels over moss or thin dust could be seen.

Where rocky surfaces are covered with small pebbles embedded either slightly or deeply on the thin covering of moss or dust, in addition to the more obvious marks of the scratching and smoothing as described above, one finds the dislodgment of pebbles from their seats. And these, while being dislodged from their original seats (by the toes or by the planter surfaces of the foot) bare a slight trail up to the place where they lie. These slight trails are the deciding factors in tracking over such surfaces.

Smooth Rocky Surfaces

Where the surface does not show the type of clues described above, Trackers here have special observation techniques. They look for spitting marks, or marks of animal or human excreta or of urination, etc., which attracts ants and other insects. The presence of such insects and ants around the excreta, spittle, urine, etc., give them, sometimes, an idea of the type of animal concerned and the number of human beings around those animals.

Grassy Ground

Tracking over grassy ground interspersed with light dusty surfaces involves two separate types of observations: one — noting the inclination of some grass stumps against the surrounding grass stumps, and the other — noting the foot impressions on the soft dust, either interspersed with the grassy growths or on clearer dusty ground. It is rather curious to note that a Tracker working on these types of ground can almost accurately say the time elapsed since the footprints were made by the difference in the angles of inclination made on a particular type of growth of grassy stump. I tested this observation myself by pressing upon a particular type of growth and comparing its inclination with that of the untrodden stumps immediately, at the end of an hour, and at the end of twelve hours. Unless the stump is trodden several times, it attains its original position (i.e., before it was trodden) in about twenty-four hours; but during the rainy season and winter they attain their original position much earlier.

Thick Vegetation in Dusty Areas

The technique of tracking over thick vegetation and grass, with a layer of soft dust below the vegetation, is rather difficult to follow. The stumps are not overgrown and the surface appears thickly and smoothly covered with grass or vegetation. (Imagine a coarse but thick lawn). Nevertheless the Tracker follows the tracks correctly, as I verified it myself. What baffles me is that such thick lawn-type ground acts like a cushion to one's tread, and does not leave any visible mark of a depression a few minutes after treading over it. While asking a man to walk over this type of ground I found rather obvious depressions over the places where he set his feet, and could distinguish them for a few minutes. Yet when I wanted to back-track the same steps, I was lost — but not the Tracker. He correctly followed apparently undisturbed surfaces till he came to the place where the tracks originally started. I brooded over this matter all the time I was at Hooker's Creek, and persisted in my questioning of Tracker Henry — yet I am still in the dark. I can only give a vague idea of what the Tracker sees over such ground.

The vegetation receives the weight of the man but cushions his tread inasmuch as the vegetation itself retains its original appearance, but not so the soft dusty ground below the vegetation. The outlines of the footprints may not appear on the vegetation but the ground underneath could reveal, by feeling with a finger, that its level is lower than the level of the ground below the untrodden vegetation. I was observing the Tracker prodding the earth below some vegetation with his fingers, and subsequently feeling the vegetation around by pressing his palm. These actions of the Tracker gave me this idea, though vaguely, and I have thereby come to the above conclusion.

In Bushy, Sandhill Country

Tracking is rather easy in bush country where the terrain is sandy, with innumerable sandhills, and small shrubs interspersed with grass and other growths. There would be very few human tracks other than the ones actually being tracked, and therefore would present little difficulty. The Trackers could say where a person stopped and looked behind by noting the two footprints of the same person impressed abreast, and not one after the other. The two footprints would show definite twisting movements, showing that an individual was looking behind, turning either towards his left side or right.

On a sandy track the Tracker also suggests the time elapsed since the prints were made. This is not a very difficult problem provided there has not been much breeze or rain. When an impression is fresh, the border lines show sharp edges, and a few lumps of sand may be found around the impression, lying at the sides where they were displaced during walking. This means that the prints are fresh (any time between a few minutes to six hours or so). After the night and early morning dews, etc., obliterate the sharp outlines, numerous criss-cross marks appear, suggesting the time since an individual walked over the area to be overnight, i.e., during the previous day. If an impression is made during the night time, but towards early morning, wet clods of earth with dry sand inside the impression may be found, and the Trackers are very observant in noting these.

In Gibber Country

In very rough and hard ground covered with fairly large-sized stones, or gibbers, as the Aborigines call them—they may be up to five or ten pounds in weight — tracking has its own problems. Here the Trackers look for places where the planter surface has smoothed the rocky surface's light dust by the walker either dragging his foot or occasionally kicking the ground. These marks, if seen, even minutely, are indicative of an individual's tread over such ground. As the pieces of rock are heavier to kick forward, these are not so obvious except in some cases where, due to a good kick during walking, a heavy rock may roll forward on account of the downward gradient of a particular surface. Here the Tracker cannot always find each footprint mark on the hard rocky surface, but for a stretch of, say, one hundred yards, he may easily mark at least fifty footprints.

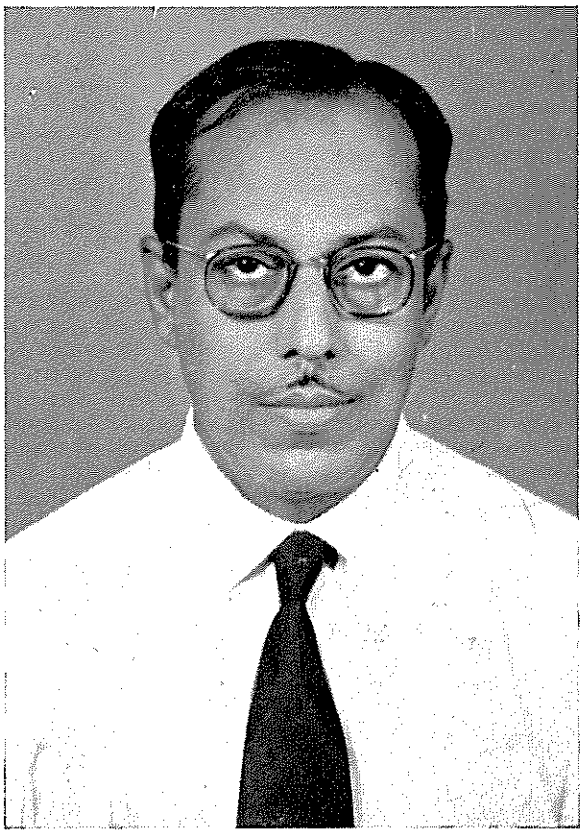
A master Tracker never fails, and acquires the ability to track very quickly. On one occasion I pitted my skill with Henry while tracking an unknown person's footprints over a stretch of about fifty yards. I took about fifteen minutes to cover this distance, while Henry could find it in about three minutes, almost running along the tracks.

The Trackers' ability in finding out sex and height from foot impressions is really wonderful. While realising that they adopt the same technique in such deductions as our Indian Khojis, yet they are rather quicker and more pertinent in their views.

Over to Beswick

Before returning to India I was fortunate to be able to see Trackers at work in a quite different type of bush country on Beswick Settlement — some 260 miles south of Darwin. Here I had the services of Don Bununjoa, who had been a Police Tracker at Mataranka Police Station for about four and a half years.

Don was able to demonstrate some further worthwhile points on the subject of tracking on hard, rocky surfaces. When a human being walks on hard surfaces covered with a light layer of dust, he lifts on his sole some of the dust, and may impart dust, or vegetation (small particles of pebbles, etc., clods of dust, small torn pieces of grass or other vegetation), on the prints made by him. This extraneous matter on the print is also observed over hard surfaces where there remains no appreciable dust to show a print. Thus such matters sometimes lead the Tracker through the correct route. Small marks made by boomerangs, spears or sticks while walking are also observed during tracking.



Indian Police Inspector T. K. Lahiri, of Calcutta.

Don also demonstrated and explained his tracking technique in thick grass. From this, I understand that the toes and the heel make two fulcrums during a man's walk. The heel, having more pad and being much flatter than the toes, actually depresses the grass over a bigger area than the short individual depressions of the toes. The heel depresses the grass in rather an even manner, without any petal of grass being either scratched or torn or smoothed, whereas these types of marks are inevitably made by the toes on the grass.

The toes, in addition to the above marks, bend the tips of the petals in such a manner that these tips point towards the ground below, while the heels simply depress and smooth the grass over which this part of the foot is pressed.

Another point to determine the marks of the soles of shoes or the planter surface of bare feet on grass is to observe clods or small particles of sand or dust which the soles carry from the sandy and dusty surfaces over which an individual walks while passing through thick, grassy vegetation. The individual walks through such sandy and dusty grounds in and around the grassy grounds, and carries sand, etc., in his soles and imparts it on the grass petals.

Tracking Animals

This is rather easy and need not claim much attention here. However, it is interesting to note that a Tracker knows whether the horse he is tracking has a rider or not. When a horse is being ridden, it scratches the ground more noticeably with its hoofs than when it is running free. Such marks are distinct and obvious to a Tracker. Whether the horse canters, gallops or trots the tracks that it makes have distinct direction, and curves, and

TRACKING STORY WRITTEN BY EXPERT

The story " Tracking as a Fine Art ", is the work of a man who is himself an expert in the art of tracking. In fact, in conjunction with Sudarshan Singh, he has written a book with that very title, " The Art of Tracking ". It deals comprehensively and scientifically with tracking in India. While an expert used to working with experts, it can be seen that Mr. Lahiri was very favourably impressed by the skill of the justifiably famous Northern Territory Black Trackers.

Tarakumar Lahiri is an Indian, born in 1910, and his short but intense study of the Trackers at work was made possible by the Colombo Plan.

He is at present Instructor at the Government of India's Central Detective Training School in Calcutta. From 1940 to 1948 he was with the Criminal Investigation Department, Patna, as Senior Fingerprint and Footprint Expert; from 1948 to 1956 he was Instructor on scientific aids to the detection of crime at the Central Police Training College, Mt. Abu; and from 1956 until his Australian visit, last summer, he was attached to the Intelligence Bureau, New Delhi, and was Instructor (Deputy Central Intelligence Officer) in Forensic Science at the Central Detective Training School, Calcutta.

Whilst in Darwin he was mainly attached to Sergeants Lionel McFarland and Denzil McManus. This was not a particularly scientific or expert liaison, perhaps, but there are other things than mere science in Darwin, and Mr. Lahiri thoroughly enjoyed himself.

show a straight pattern of travel. But when a horse simply grazes, or trots or gallops by itself, it does not make a regular pattern of direction or a straight trail mark. No sooner is it caught and led than it again makes a distinct trail pattern by its hoofmarks. Moreover, the human footprints would show where the horse was caught and led by the walking man. Similarly, the marks made by a ridden horse would show where a stray horse was caught and lassoed.

Horses can also be identified by their hoofmarks. When a horse is broken from its wild nature, and subsequently harnessed for riding, it attains an individuality in its trot, canter and gallop. Though some other horses may have the same general shape of hoof, yet the individuality in its walk, trot, canter and gallop shows a distinct pattern of treads and other distinctive features in its hoofmarks on the ground. As a horse is quite a heavy animal, tracking its hoofmarks, even on hard, rocky surfaces and thick grassy grounds, presents no problem to the Trackers.

Cattle, etc.

Cows, pigs and the like are not at all difficult to track. The Trackers take some of their first lessons in tracking cows, pigs, etc., and master this in their infancy. First, they distinguish the type of cattle by their distinctive hoofmarks, and then they observe each beast's individual gait so as to identify the particular cattle and it is an everyday affair for an Aboriginal Tracker to find and bring in absentee cattle and horses that have strayed from camp, paddock or yard.

Life-Saving by Tracking

As a diversion from the technicalities of tracking, I would like to conclude this article with a reference to a tracking feat performed by Don Bununjoa shortly before I met him at Beswick. He was largely instrumental in saving the life of a white man, Gary Hall, who became lost in arid country around Western Creek, some three hundred miles south of Darwin. Hall became separated from a cattle mustering party and was missing for several days before the matter was reported to the Police. Efforts by his companions had failed to find any trace of him. It was in the middle of the Dry season — and in the middle of a dry area at best of times.

Eventually the Police were called to the area, and Tracker Don and other Aboriginals accompanied Sergeant Knight, and Constables Browning and Kain, in a search that lasted several days before Hall was found, barely alive, some fifteen days after his disappearance. He was without food for the whole time, and had no recollection of when he may have last had water. In desperation he had cut the throat of his horse, a couple of days before he was found, and had drunk some of its blood. Don located the tracks of Hall's horse eventually and the tracks were followed for a full day. The tracks led Don through a bushfire, over ground that had previously been burnt out, over rocky surfaces, grass and rough black-soil country. After the dead horse was found, Don followed the boot tracks of Hall until the party at last rescued him.

SHE was only a Bushranger's daughter but, she never bailed up!

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE CREEK !

There was a time when every Journalist worth his salt made a point of writing at least one hair-raising story about the wild and woolly doings of Tennant Creek. To the scribblers it was Australia's " Wild West " town, and was played up accordingly. Historians of the future, trying to read between the lines, will find it even harder to read between the bottles, bullets and bull-dust. Yes, Sir! Men were really men, then, though too few women appreciated it (there were too few women).

But just take a look at this extract from the report of a 1965 meeting of Tennant Creek citizens:—

> **" BICYCLES — The District Officer will discuss with the Police and the School Headmaster the matter of children** *riding their bicycles on the footpaths* ".

STOP EVERYTHING

The hot, dusty township of Tennant Creek and the chancy game of mining on which it survives combine to mould a population noted for great thirst, enthusiastic gambling and a casual view of the props of the more effete civilization elsewhere in the Commonwealth. Under the prevailing local influences, even the long arm of the law seems at times to get noticeably shorter, and the eyes half closed, till some brand new broom comes along (and takes a different kind of " dim " view).

Years ago one of our keen Sergeants struck Tennant on top of one of its waves of happy — er, prosperity? — and set about pricking the champagne bubbles with pieces of Ordinance. As a result, there was great lamentation amongst the populace and everywhere he moved he heard the constant moans: " No two-up ", " No Sunday drinking ", " No grog at dances ", " No Ins-and-Outs ", " No this ", " No that ", and so on and so on. In the midst of it all, he turned up late for Church one Sunday and had just started to walk down the aisle — with all heads religiously (?) turned to see who the latecomer might be — when the Priest turned round to face the congregation to make the usual announcements. Out came the first announcement, in a tone of sheer despair: " There'll be no Mass next Sunday! "

Joyce Richardson, new Principal of the South Australian Women Police.

JOYCE RICHARDSON

Top Woman in S.A.

An appointment of special interest to Northern Territory Policemen (and Women) was made in Adelaide in July last, when Miss Joyce Richardson became Principal of the South Australian Women Police, succeeding Miss C. C. McGrath.

When this Force was suddenly presented with five brand-new Policewomen — our very first — in 1961, there immediately arose the problem of training them and guiding them safely on to the Darwin beat. The solution was quickly provided by Commissioner McKinna, of South Australia, who loaned us a most competent and acceptable member of his Force — Miss Joyce Richardson.

She put in twelve months in Darwin, as head of our Women Police Section, and gave our girls a first-class indoctrination. Her confident and level-headed approach to her work, coupled with a pleasing personality, made her a distinct asset to our C.I.B. men, and proved invaluable in successfully grafting our Women Police on to the male-slanted world of the Northern Territory.

Miss Richardson has been a member of the South Australian Police Force since September, 1944. Most of her service has been in Adelaide, although she has also been stationed at Whyalla, Port Pirie, and Port Adelaide.

In taking up this high position she carries the best wishes of all of her old associates in the N.T. Police.

Boadicea's chariot had blades upon each wheel—
Spinning, shining, cutting blades of finest British steel.
But what annoyed the Romans most and caused them greatest fright,
Was when she put her left hand out and then turned to the right.

— "*Trafficus*".

Watch out for NEXT ISSUE

1966 will see the introduction of our twice-a-year programme for "Citation", and the next issue should be on sale on 1st June.

There will be a good selection of photos, old and new, and, we hope, of cartoons, plus a new feature — "Policemen the World Over".

One of our stories will deal with the Roper as a watering place for Policemen, with a special coverage of Jack Mahoney's famous 1940 Flood.

"Hamoneggs a L'arrimah" is a tasty dish cooked up on those red hot rails at the end of the line.

That Fabulous Fictioneer, Vic Hall, will entertain with another of his breezily readable stories on Inspector Namalitja. It's guaranteed safe and free of lead, but is full of interest nevertheless.

Ted Morey will prove that regardless of all risks, the Northern Territory Mountie of old always got his woman.

And, of course, there will be yards of other good, interesting reading, too. When you want something to read or something to send to a distant friend, remember "Citation" — "the best five bob's worth in the bookshop".

COMMISSIONER GOES TO INTERPOL

The Force was honoured this year by the selection of our Commissioner, Mr. C. W. Graham, as one of the two Australian representatives at the Interpol Conference at Rio de Janiero, Brazil. His fellow representative was the South Australian Commissioner, Mr. J. McKinna. This is the first time on record that a Northern Territory Police Commissioner has attended an Interpol Conference.

IT is generally known that there is a world-wide organization called "Interpol" whose full name is The International Criminal Police organization. The Headquarters of Interpol, termed the General Secretariat, is Paris, the staff of which is controlled by the Secretary-General, Monsieur Jean Nepote.

Interpol has been in existence for over forty years and its present membership includes more than sixty different countries of the world. Member countries represented by their Police or Law Enforcement Authorities meet at a General Assembly or Conference annually. The General Assembly is held in a different country each year at the invitation of one of its members.

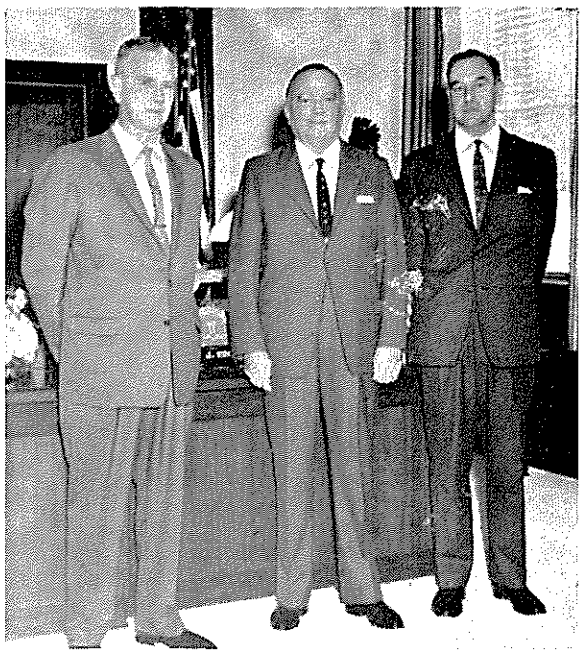
Australia has been a member of Interpol for quite a number of years and current representation at the General Assemblies is made by two Commissioners of Police. The Delegates to the 34th Session of the General Assembly, held at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, from 16th to 23rd June this year, were Mr. J. G. McKinna, Commissioner of Police for South Australia, and Mr. C. W. Graham, Commissioner of Police for the Northern Territory.

Having in mind that the main objective of I.C.P.O.—Interpol is to foster the co-operation of Law Enforcement Authorities of all the member Nations to combat international crime, the Agenda for this Conference was a rather large and comprehensive one.

At the conclusion of the Conference in Rio de Janeiro, Mr. McKinna and Mr. Graham visited various other cities on their return journey to Australia. The first of these was Washington, where they visited the Headquarters of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. They were shown the various facilities of that world renowned organization, used in the prevention and detection of serious crime. They had the opportunity of meeting the Director, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, and of discussing a few matters with him. Acquaintance was also made with Mr. R. Murray the Chief of Police and other members of the Washington City Police, before they went on to New York.

Here, again, they met many of the Executive Officers of the New York City Police and Mr. Graham speaks very highly of American Police methods and is full of praise for American hospitality. While in New York they visited the New York World's Fair and were deeply impressed with the number and magnitude of the various exhibits. They feel sorry that their itinerary did not permit them to spend more than one day at this magnificent exhibition.

Journeying on to London they paid a visit to New Scotland Yard and met the Acting Commissioner of Police, Mr. D. E. Webb, and many other Senior Officers of the famous Metropolitan Police Force. (Regrettably the Commissioner of Police, Sir Joseph Simpson, was ill in hospital during their stay in London). More than a week was spent as the guests of Mr. Webb and his Officers,



Commissioners Graham (N.T.) McKinna (South Australia) and F.B.I. Chief, J. Edgar Hoover, in Washington, U.S.A.

during which time they visited many Departments in Scotland Yard, as well as several Police Training Establishments, including the well known Bramshill Police College. They were overwhelmed with the warm-hearted hospitality extended to them.

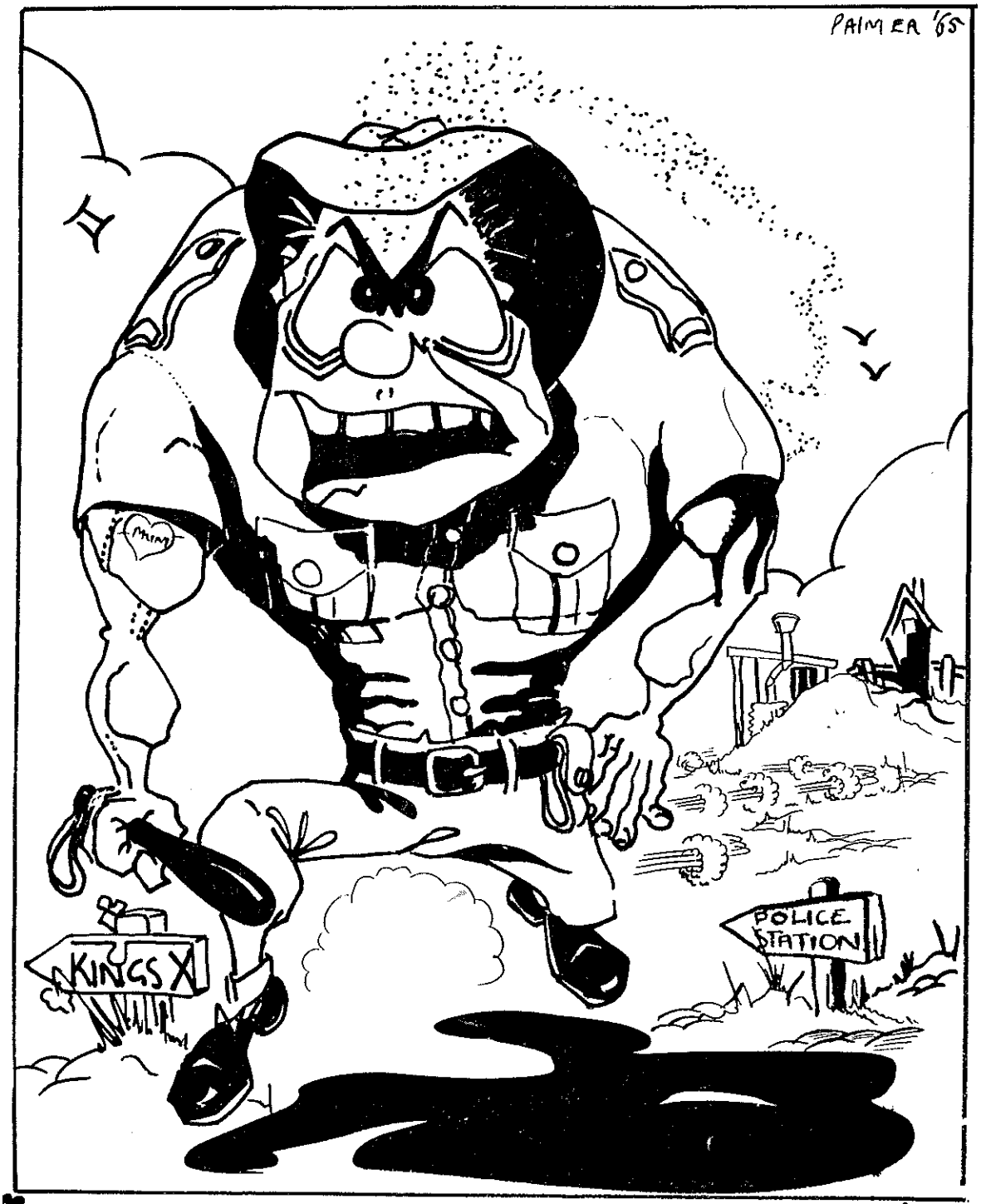
Mr. Graham took the opportunity of going over to Paris and calling upon Monsieur Nepote at I.C.P.O.—Interpol Headquarters.

On the last night of their 14 days stay in London Mr. McKinna and Mr. Graham had the good fortune of being able to attend the opening night of the 1965 Royal Tournament. The displays and exercises performed by the various branches of the Armed Services were most spectacular and extremely interesting.

The next place of interest on their journey homewards was Hong Kong, where they spent 3 days with Mr. E. Tyrer, Acting Commissioner of Police, and members of his staff. Besides visiting various Departments and various Sections of Hong Kong Police administration, they were entertained rather lavishly at a most enjoyable dinner and were conducted on several sight-seeing tours, including a cruise on the harbour and a visit to various Police Posts along the border with Communist China. Another highlight was their introduction by Mr. Tyrer to His Excellency The Governor, Sir David Trench, K.C.M.G., M.C., and Lady Trench, for morning tea at Fanling Lodge, the Governor's country residence.

While both Mr. McKinna and Mr. Graham departed from Hong Kong on the same evening, Mr. McKinna planned to call at Manila and Sydney on his way home to Adelaide. Mr. Graham went on to Singapore, where he was met by Superintendent Koh, and the next morning met Mr. John Le Cain, the Commissioner of Police. Mr. Graham speaks very highly of the hospitality he received at Singapore, where he visited most of the Branches of the Police Administration. He found the trip by a Police

(*Continued on page* 14)



"WHO THE HELL'S GOT MY COPY OF "CITATION"!"

PRICE OF "CITATION"

Some readers have complained about the price of "Citation" while those who really know reckon that it's the best five bob's worth about the place. We are sorry we have had to slug you a "dollar", but after February, 1966, it will be only half a dollar!

1st Rookie, deep and struggling in post-lecture study: "Hey, Bill, what's a cubic foot?"

2nd Rookie, in ditto condition: "I dunno — but she's worth a try for a couple of days' 'sickie'."

SHE was only a Policeman's daughter but, boy, was she arresting!

At the 1965 Interpol Conference in Rio de Janeiro — Commissioners McKinna and Graham are, respectively, third and fourth from left in front row.

launch on the Singapore harbour very interesting and was rather intrigued by the close proximity of some neighbouring islands. On a sight-seeing tour he was afforded a close view of the famous Wartime Prison at Changi. At the Training School, where he was introduced to the Commandant and other members of the teaching staff by Mr. Koh, he also met the Band Master of the Singapore Police Brass Band. The Band's rendition of " Waltzing Matilda " was superb.

At all the places where he had the opportunity of studying the various Police methods, he found there was a somewhat common outlook and approach to police methods of suppression of crime; he found, too, that Police the world over have a welcoming hand to other Policemen. He also adds that he is deeply indebted to all those Officials of the various Police Forces he met for the many kindnesses shown him and the great hospitality he enjoyed.

Commissioner Graham bids farewell to the Superintendent Marine after Singapore Harbour cruise. Superintendent Koh, of the Singapore Police, is on the Commissioner's right.

Commissioner Le Cain, of Singapore Police, and our Commissioner, Mr. C. W. Graham.

OLD TIMERS' MUSTER

The discovery of a twenty-year-old Commissioners' Conference photo prompted us to give a special slice of this " Citation " to three old timers — Alf Stretton, Jock Reid and Bill Johns.

With regard to two other former members, Sergeants Tony Lynch and Jim McLean, we regret to have to announce that each suffered a bereavement. Tony Lynch's wife (formerly Sheila Elliott, of Horseshoe Bend) and Jim McLean's father both died in Adelaide early this year.

A letter from Pat Dillon indicates that she and Cec. and their family are all thriving over on the New South Wales Coast.

We also had a letter from the former Mayor of Finke, Ronald Agnew Brown. We can safely tell you that Brownie and his mob are doing very well indeed since he got away from those Finkeing camels. His son, Sydney, has gone to the other extreme — he's heading for the Navy! We'd like to tell you more about Ron, but his address took up nearly two pages and left only a few lines for him to say what he wanted to say. Murwillumbah is only part of it!

A couple of breezy letters arrived from Woodside, S.A., from Doug and Joyce Johnson. They were looking forward to reading the first " Citation ", then. (We haven't heard a word since!) Their two boys, Perry and Kym, are doing apprenticeships and daughter Sharon is still at school.

Bill McKinnon is still enjoying his retirement in the Buderim area of Queensland. He must be enjoying it quietly, though — we never hear from him!

Two former members, Ivan Cutler and Alan Anstee, are doing well in the Hong Kong Police. They have both married since leaving us — Alan fairly recently, but Ivan is an old hand, with two children.

Interesting news from South Australia reveals that one of our former members, Kevin Gregg, now a Detective Senior Constable, has taken over as Officer-in-Charge of the Criminal Investigation Branch at the industrial city of Whyalla. Kevin was a well-liked young man when serving in Darwin and got his first taste of C.I.B. work in our old Information and Enquiry Section. (Probably his most difficult local problem was the case of the Missing Barracks Stairs!)

CAPTURING A KILLER

By Peter Riley

IT was March, 1936. I had been stationed as "second man" at Borroloola, that isolated outpost on the west bank of the McArthur River in the Territory Gulf country, since September the previous year. Our rank on joining the Force in those days was that of Mounted Constable, and since my arrival I had my share of horsepatrol work.

Eight days after first sighting Borroloola I was off on a general patrol to Wollogorang, in a south-easterly direction and on the Queensland-Territory border, a trip of 434 miles there and back. Following that a trip to Birdum and back from 18th November to 15th December, distance 551 miles, to take in a sick gin, so that she could go up to Darwin by train for treatment. Then in the following January, a patrol to Rosy Creek and on to Maria Lagoon, just below the junction of the Limmen and Cox Rivers, after two boys who were alleged to have stolen some of the rations which they had been sent to bring back from Borroloola to Rosy Creek for their employer. This was just a nice little jaunt of 270-odd miles, but the weather was just as hot and humid as it could be in those parts in January and, to add to that discomfort, March flies and mosquitoes in swarms attacked man and beast most of the day. The former were so bad that smoke fires had to be lit to keep the horses and mules on camp while we packed up in the mornings.

This patrol took from 9th to 20th January. At the end of the month I had a short patrol down the river to a peanut farmer's camp and back, just a two-day trip. The Wet season had not set in yet; just a few scattered storms, and the heat and humidity were just about as much as one could bear.

At Tattersall's Hotel — yes, indeed, Tattersall's, but without the marble bar of another by that name which I know — just up the track half a miles or so from the Police Station, the thermometer went up to 115; in the shade and then stopped; because, as the publican said, that was the limit of its registration. Here at the back of the pub was a large shady mango tree under which the patrons reclined with their various drinks, cooled off, in the case of beer, with wet bags.

It was around to March, 1936, as I said at the beginning, and still no Wet season of any consequence. I noted in my diary of 29th February — "Sometimes I wish I was out of this bloody place, it's so infernally dull and uneventful". Then another entry of 1st March — "Sunday, 1st. The day of rest when the populace of Borroloola lapses more into oblivion than perhaps on week days". It's nearly 30 years since I made these observations and perhaps I was a bit hasty in my judgment; but that's how things looked to me at the time — no doubt influenced largely by the climate, isolation and general boredom.

But things were to take on a brighter note only a few days later, for on 4th March I wrote: "Rain again this afternoon and still raining at 10 p.m. In this last week the dried-up appearance of Borroloola has been transformed to one of verdant green. Even the tempers of the local inhabitants seem to be less sour than in the days before rain came". There was no doubt about it that in such a place as the "Loo", and at such a time, a good fall of rain did clear the atmosphere and make the inhabitants feel somewhat happier.

Constable Peter Riley, snapped in Darwin at the time he brought the murderer Wearyan George in for trial, in 1936.

Around to 11th March and word arrived that morning by native runner from Dick D'Archy, the Manager of McArthur River Station, that a blackfellow named George had speared his lubra in the back. "According to D'Archy, the lubra isn't too healthy", I noted in my diary; and neither she was, as I found out a few days later. There was activity at the Police Station soon after receipt of the news, as the Officer-in-Charge, Mounted Constable Frank Sheridan, known far and wide as "Sherry", got the trackers on to shoeing horses while I saw to the saddlery, rations and my own gear.

The next morning, Thursday, 12th March, with two trackers, I was on my way to McArthur River Station to investigate. "Road very boggy in parts. Arrived well after dark. About 35 miles." — I noted in my diary.

The next morning I was up bright and early making enquiries as to the whereabouts of George, but he wasn't to be found about the station. The trackers were out riding about looking for his tracks in the morning, without success, and I joined them in the afternoon. Heavy rain since we had received the news at Borroloola had washed out any tracks, so we had no luck in that regard.

When making my enquiries in the morning, I had seen and spoken with the victim, Jenny, who was aged about 18-20. In the words of my diary — "Had a look

at the gin. She has a nasty wound in the back which has gone right into the inside". It *was* a nasty wound too, about the middle of the right side of the back, about two inches from the backbone and about two inches long and consistent with one inflicted with a shovel-nosed spear. Jenny, although in her camp, was under the care of a trained nurse who was staying at the homestead at the time. She told me a story of how she and her boy George, "Wearyan George" — to give him his correct title, a fairly elderly aboriginal, had gone out from the station in the morning into the bush to look for "sugar bag". Jenny had found one which she cut out of the tree in the usual manner and was having a "tuck out" of the honey when George came up from behind and gave her what must have been a fairly vigorous jab in the back with one of the shovel-nosed spears he was carrying. She fell and George pulled out the spear, and when she asked why he had speared her, he accused her of playing about with one of the local bucks who had a great reputation as a philanderer. So here was the eternal triangle cropping up, although, according to Jenny, she was guiltless of this accusation. Following the pulling out of the spear, she got up and made off, but George followed up and dropped her a couple of times with a "waddy", and finally made off, leaving her alone in the bush. She camped out that night and next morning managed to get back to her camp at the station homestead.

George had another gin, Mabel, Jenny's sister — so she claimed — who was also at McArthur at the time, and she told me how George had come up to her on the morning of the incident with a story of how a branch of a tree had fallen on Jenny. He took her out to look for Jenny and, according to Mabel, they looked about without finding her. George sent her back then, saying he would look about himself and perhaps wouldn't come back.

Another witness, Ned, related how he had found Jenny under a tree near the station, seen the spear wound and told a white stockman about it and he, in turn, reported to the Manager.

Well this was the story as best I could get it and my job now was to find Wearyan George. I spent another day at McArthur River Station getting statements and making further enquiries as to the whereabouts of George, but drew a blank in that regard. There was a radio at Borroloola, one of the very first type, which transmitted morse by medium of a keyboard arrangement similar to that of a typewriter, but as there wasn't a set at McArthur, I couldn't even send a telegram to report the result of investigations up to that time. I was now in something of a quandary wondering what was the right thing to do next. I had a statement from Jenny, which was alright if she could be produced as a witness, but, with a wound such as she had, it was my opinion that she might not survive, although she repeatedly affirmed "can't finish". Then there was the question of getting medical assistance for her, which at that time of the year would have to be by aerial ambulance. The Manager, Dick D'Archy, was hurriedly making a landing strip on a bit of open flat black soil country near the homestead, in anticipation of the plane's arrival. I decided to return to Borroloola and arrived back next night at 9.30, reporting events to "Sherry"

Telegrams had to be sent the next day to arrange for the Flying Doctor. Dr. Fenton was away on holiday, so we had to try for the one from Cloncurry. Meantime there was talk of taking a Dying Declaration and getting a Justice to go up. The local resident J.P. was a bit too

Shovel spears get an honourable mention in this, as in many N.T. Police stories. Here is one at the instant of rocketing from the woomera or "throwing stick". They are a deadly weapon in an expert's hands — or even as a stabbing instrument.

old to make the trip, which would have been by horse. The other was camped out some miles away and perhaps wasn't too keen either. Anyhow it was decided that, as Jenny didn't have "the hopeless expectancy of impending death", a Dying Declaration couldn't be taken.

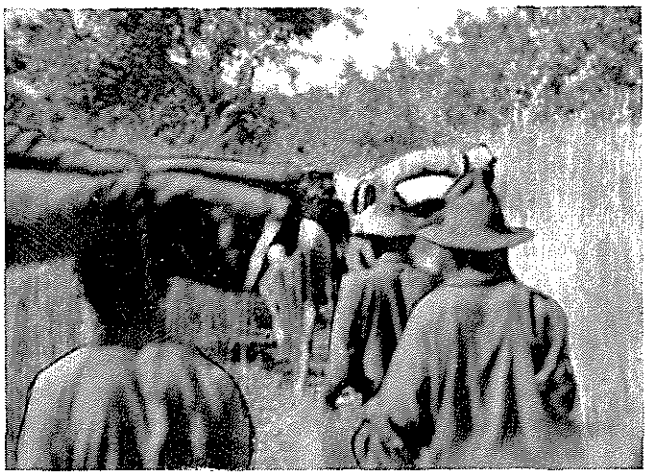
When all this had been satisfactorily sorted out, I was on my way back to McArthur River Station again and got there just after mid-day the following day, to find the Manager and his team of boys still hard at it clearing the landing strip, but the plane didn't turn up until early afternoon of the next day. The Doctor, after examining the wound Jenny, said she had a chance and decided to take her to Cloncurry. The plane with patient aboard took off soon afterwards.

A further search around the station area by the two trackers failed to reveal any sign of Wearyan George or his tracks. The problem was now — where would he go? According to the trackers, he wouldn't be likely to go back to his usual beat, which was down on the Wearyan River in the vicinity of Foster's camp. If he turned up there without his gins, he might be asked some awkward questions by his or their countrymen. Perhaps he might go over to Robinson River Station. I must admit I didn't have much of an idea where he would go and had to rely largely on the trackers' ideas on the subject. It seemed a bit like looking for a needle in a haystack, as he had thousands of square miles over which to roam.

The decision was made to go bush towards Robinson River in the hope of cutting George's tracks and late the next morning off we set in an easterly direction. There was a bit of a hitch before we left as I found out that trackers, Publican Charlie and Paddy, didn't know the first part of the country ahead, so a local guide had to be found and he piloted us out to our night camp and then on to our dinner camp the next day. A diary entry of 21st March says — "Riding all day through rough, broken country. Had dinner near Clyde River". It was sandstone country with many outcrops of rock which had been eroded into queer shapes and holes by the action of wind and water. Great boulders supported by slender columns looked as if they would topple over at any moment. We were riding in and out of these rock formations all day long.

The next day was the same: more broken country with poor sandy soil, thick scrub and spinifex grass. We got to the Wearyan River that afternoon and camped.

The next day we followed the Wearyan River up and kept a lookout for tracks or George himself, but not a



Before the days of motor transport both prisoners and witnesses usually had to be footwalked through the bush to the place of trial, as shown here. (The man at the rear, right, is on his way in to face a double-murder charge).

sign of either did we see. Things weren't too bright, or so I thought when I wrote — "At present time are out of beef, horses have sore backs, and feeling disgusted with everything". I remember getting Paddy to make a damper when we camped that afternoon. It came out of the fire a blackened, elongated-looking thing which, when cut open, was still uncooked in parts and a faint greenish colour — due to too much bicarbonate of soda. With a liberal application of golden syrup, this "sod" of a damper went down fairly well; indeed, was even relished by the trackers who reckoned it "good tucker".

On again the next day up the Wearyan and then through some very scrubby country eastwards to the Foelsche River, which I believe was named after Inspector Foelsche of the South Australian Police Force who was stationed in the Territory in the days when it was under the control of the South Australian Government. On the east bank was the track which ran to Robinson River and when we got to it the question was — do we follow it down or up? The trackers didn't know. They were bushed. As luck would have it, we had crossed the river right at the spot where a large cod-fish head was impaled on the dead limb of a tree, evidently put there some time previously by blacks who had speared the fish in the river. What's the importance of a fish head on a limb, you might ask? It was just that when making my patrol to Wollogorang the previous September, I had noticed it when travelling towards Robinson River and I now knew that we had to follow the track up the river. Incidentally, neither of the trackers with me now had been on the Wollogorang patrol.

Up the river we rode and pulled up for the night at Turn Off Yard where the track left the river and continued on to Robinson River Station. At Turn Off Yard the Robinson mustering plant was camped and here we got some heartening news. While out mustering some of the stockmen had seen George crossing the Foelsche, high up and making for a pocket on the Robinson River above the Station.

The next morning we went on the 15 miles to the station. The homstead, on the western bank of the Robinson River, was a rough place, built mostly of bush timber, with walls of paper bark and ant-bed floors. The Manager, Archie McIntyre, was there and he told me that he had seen Wearyan George while mustering on the Foelsche some days after he, George, had cleared out from McArthur River. The trackers were still of the opinion that George would make for the pocket up the river. It was supposed to be a great place for watermelons this time of the year and a favourite haunt of walkabout blacks. They didn't know the country, so another guide was needed. Broken Arm Billy was the man for the job, they said, but at the time he was out hunting for kangaroo. Towards sundown Billy arrived back at the station carrying a large kangaroo over his back and when approached about acting as guide, agreed to go with us the next day. As well as having had a broken arm, a leg had been broken too, I think as the result of a fall from a horse. He didn't look as if he would be much of a walker and, if I remember correctly, he wasn't at all keen on a suggestion that we borrow a saddle so that he could ride. He said he would walk.

The idea was that the next morning we would go up and camp at a rock hole about five miles from the pocket on the river, and early the following morning would walk up to the pocket and raid any camp there before sunrise.

We set off for the rock hole, Billy leading the way at a smart pace in spite of his broken leg. The sun was hot and it wasn't too long before Billy began to perspire fairly freely. His own particular brand of B.O., combined with the smell of the kangaroo which still seemed to be clinging to him, was almost overpowering to me and I was forced to get a bit up wind from him. We eventually got up to the rock hole and camped for the night.

The next morning all hands were up at an early hour and, after a light meal, we were off on our walk up to the pocket on the river, supposed to be five miles away but which turned out to be a few miles more than that. It was dark, the country rough and stony and progress was anything but quiet or fast. It was sunrise by the time we got there, but no camp was to be seen. We walked all over the valley, which was deserted, and only saw a camp which had been vacated a week or more. We got back to camp about 3 p.m., after a round trip of about 20 miles — enough for one day as far as I was concerned.

At this stage, things weren't looking too bright. I must have been feeling confident that we would catch up with George at the river pocket and, having had no success here, wasn't feeling too happy with the turn of events. Another bother was that some of our rations were getting low. We needed more supplies of beef, salt and tea to carry us on, so the next morning the trackers were sent back to Robinson River with a note asking the Manager to let us have what he could spare. At this time of the year station supplies were generally a bit low, especially of such things as tea and tobacco. Beef often was a problem too, as cattle had a great scatter on during the Wet season and quite a bit of riding had to be done to muster a killer, for paddocks were almost unknown. I remember that before we left the Robinson for the trip to the rock-hole, beef supplies there were exhausted and the stockmen were going out for a killer next day. We couldn't afford to waste time waiting for beef for it was possible that if George was up at the pocket, some of the blacks at the station might go up and tip him off that we would be coming that way.

The trackers arrived back late that night with the

supplies and the next day we were on the move again towards Gundy Spring, as this was supposed to be a likely place for George to lie low for a time. By this time we were travelling roughly in a southerly direction through poor semi-desert country and, although it was just at the end of the Wet season, water was scarce. One of the horses went lame and had to be dropped with a mate so that he wouldn't stray too far. I was starting to get a bit fed up — I didn't have much of an idea of just where we were going as the trackers were unable to explain and couldn't draw a rough map to illustrate. It seemed to me that we would finish up on the Barkly Tablelands before long.

The next day we were on our way again in a southerly direction through the same semi-desert country as the day before. The weather was hot, the flies were bad and the horses kicked up clouds of dust. It was anything but pleasant riding along and, worst of all, there was neither hair nor hide of the elusive George to be found anywhere. About 4 p.m. we came on a pad with a lot of blacks' tracks going more or less in the direction we were taking. Following this along until almost sundown, we suddenly sighted a mob of blacks who had just camped for the night. It was too late to avoid being seen, so we covered the last few hundred yards at a gallop and there, in the camp, sitting over his own little fire, was Wearyan George. He had a reputation of being a " head " among his own tribe and something of a dangerous man, from what I had been told. I had pictured him as a powerful fellow who would launch a spear at one without the slightest provocation. But here he was, an elderly aboriginal of medium height, with wrinkled face and long, matted greasy hair, and he certainly had a villainous, crafty look that was in keeping with his attack on Jenny. We lost no time in seeing that he didn't make off. I thought it was a sheer piece of luck that we had been able to catch up with him in this particular area which was really out of his own beat.

During the course of the usual preliminary questioning, George readily admitted the spearing of Jenny, giving as an excuse " that boy too much humbug my lubra; him humbug all day ". He demonstrated how he had held the spear by the blade and said he had come up behind her and " put him half-way. Me pullem out quick fella now. Me sorry fella belongta my lubra. Me too much cranky ". This seemd to tie up with Jenny's story, although, from a few things which were said by both during my questioning of them, the whole incident seemed to have been touched off by Jenny refusing to give George some of the " sugar bag " she had cut out of the tree. This aroused his anger and the spearing was really meant as a stern reminder that she was supposed to share the " sugar bag " and keep away from the " too much humbug " boy. I duly arrested George there and then and took good care that he couldn't gallop during the night. He was hobbled with handcuffs, as well as chained, but in such a way that he wasn't caused any great discomfort.

The other blacks in the camp were a walkabout mob from about the Rankine and Alexandria. George had joined up with them apparently soon after he had been seen crossing the Foelsche. One of them, a big strapping fellow who said he was a tracker from the Rankine, seeing the turn of events and hoping to turn it to some advantage, came over to me a little later on and said, " I been keep him for you ". There's no doubt about it that he expected to be suitably rewarded with a good issue of tobacco, but his luck was out as the trackers had got the last of my supply that day.

The next day we were on our way back to Robinson River Station with the prisoner travelling on foot. The horses we had dropped on the way up were picked up. " Riding through spinifex country all day — very desolate looking. Out of beef again, which means johnny cake and golden syrup for supper ", ran part of the diary entry for 31st March; then followed some remarks about seeing I had more and better provisions next time I went out.

On again the next day through more spinifex country where the flies were almost unbearable. After lunch we got out of the spinifex into better country and late in the afternoon we shot a killer near our night camp. I wrote, " All had a great feed of fresh beef which tasted wonderful after having no beef for days ".

Another day's travelling with one horse lame, and the prisoner not going too fast, so progress was slow and then the next morning we arrived back at Robinson River where Archie McIntyre told me that Jenny had died after reaching Cloncurry. I heard afterwards when Dr. Alberry of Cloncurry gave his evidence in the Supreme Court at Darwin that the spear had entered her liver.

A day's spell at Robinson River and then four days travelling back to Borroloola with the prisoner on foot all the way, the biggest distance for one day being 25 miles which didn't seem to worry George much. The whole trip occupied 23 days and about 390-odd miles.

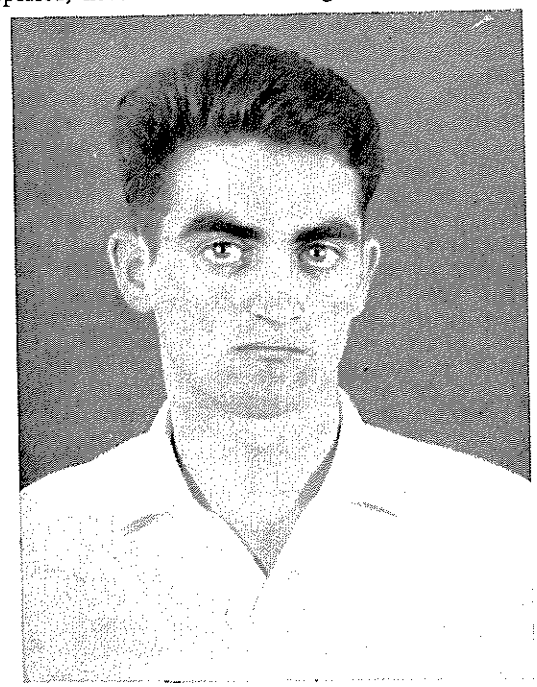
It was 8th April when we arrived back at Borroloola and a little over a week later I went up to McArthur River with the mail and brought back witnesses by horse. Then

(*Continued overleaf*)

followed the Court. George was committed for trial at the next Supreme Court sitting in Darwin. Two days later, with the prisoner, two witnesses and a tracker, I was on my way by horse plant to Birdum, about 260-odd miles distant, to catch the train for Darwin, arriving there two weeks later. The trip was uneventful, except for the fact that rain held us up for three days near Tanumbirini Station, which meant travelling long hours during the following days, so that we wouldn't miss the train which departed from Birdum every Friday morning. However, we managed to get there on the Thursday evening by making a big stage of 45 miles the day before. The prisoner, by the way, was making the trip on horseback and not having a very comfortable time when mounted. It was something he wasn't accustomed to and at times I noticed him sitting very lightly in the saddle, which caused a great deal of amusement to the other blacks in the party. His new blue dungaree trousers were chafing him, he complained to me, so he was given some dripping to rub on the affected parts — the only thing on hand suitable for such a misfortune.

Then followed the two day train trip to Darwin and on 25th May Wearyan George appeared in the Supreme Court charged with murder. The evidence was over by 12.15 p.m., but then came something of a surprise — the Jury couldn't agree. Three times they returned to the Court, still without agreement, the last somewhere about 11 p.m., whereupon the Judge ordered that they be locked up for the night. This did cause some consternation for the Police who had to find beds, bedding, mosquito nets and other things for the Jurors who were finally bedded down for the night in a long room in the rear of the old Court House building. The next morning, when Court resumed, the Jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty".

George was taken out to the Kahlin Compound, which was situated in the area now occupied by Darwin Hospital buildings, to await transport back to his own country. He had other ideas, however, and soon afterwards disappeared, never to be heard of again so far as I know.



"Finke Flash" — Constable Charlie Taylor.

BANGTAIL MUSTER DAY

By Tim Egan

One of the most famous carnivals in Australia these days is the Bangtail Muster held in Alice Springs. It is generally held on the first Monday in May, when the weather in the Centre is at its most superb. This year was no exception and crowds were gathering early at the starting and finishing areas for the best possible view.

The Muster was first held in 1960. The Police had a mounted display in one of the earliest parades, when several members were decked out in the uniform of the old South Australian Mounted Troopers. This year we were represented by Sgt. George Simpson, Constable Don Burgess and Constable John White, in present-day uniform. These three led the parade which started some quarter of a mile from the start of the town area proper. They were followed by a pilot car and 48 floats.

The Department of Works float was one of the leaders and kept up the high standard we have come to expect of them. They had two trucks labelled "PAST" and "PRESENT". On the "PAST" truck they had the original steam-driven lighting plant from the Lake Nash station together with an old cart used for transporting water at the early day mining settlement of Arltunga. On the "PRESENT" truck they had the latest in portable lighting plants and bore pumps — an excellent comparison.

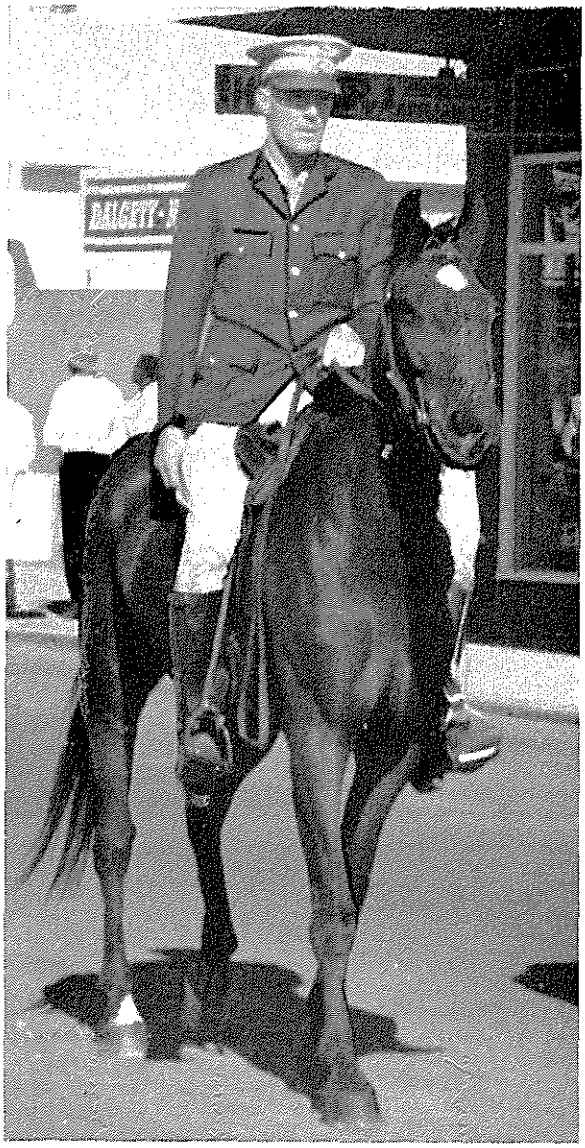
The Apex float, which was topical, both International-situation-wise and James Bond-wise, had several down-at-heel, unkempt "soldiers" performing some sloppy drill in front of their armoured section — an old Army tyre-type tank which had been suitably doctored and bore the label "From Alice to Asia With Love". This carried a pre-Cape Kennedy rocket which resembled a fire-breathing dragon more than a weapon of war. The cumbersome vehicle came to a halt right on the intersection where the writer was performing traffic duty. With a malicious gleam in his eye, the Tank Commander revved the motor to its full extent at the same time as the Rocket Controller prepared to blast off, complete with smoke and flames and roars. The result was one still-earth-bound rocket and one badly begrimed Constable.

A section which unintentionally drew laughs (mainly from the organisers and those in the know) was the Papunya produce float. Entered by the Welfare Settlement it was intended to show off the talents of the natives as gentlemen-farmers. The truck was heavily laden with vegetables of all descriptions, a cow, some goats, and pigs with piglets. The only trouble was that well before the truck got into the procession the pigs and goats had made very short work of the green delicacies and were all snoring blissfully, out-of-view, on the floor of the truck. This left one large truck with one medium size cow in the back as the exhibit. Many heads were scratched in an attempt to interpret the meaning of it all.

Judging took place after all of the floats had completed the course, about one mile along Todd Street and around Anzac Oval, where they finally parked. The Police entry got a special commendation from the judges, but was not eligible for any prizes.

FINKE FLASH!

In the afternoon the annual May Day sports took place on Anzac Oval. A fairly comprehensive programme flowed smoothly through the afternoon until the event for which all the Police were waiting. Charlie Taylor,



Const. Don Burgess, B.E.M.

currently the Officer-in-Charge at Finke, had won the May Day Mile in 1962, 1963 and 1964. He had come up from the Finke for the event and was, of course, the man to beat. With a record field of 23, the pressure was once again on Charlie. Shortly after the start the field had strung well out over 70 or 80 yards, with two early pacemakers going to a 30 yard lead. At the end of the second lap, however, it was obvious that the race had become a contest between five of the starters — including Taylor. There were some worried frowns on the faces of the watching Police in the third lap when our man seemed to be really distressed. One of our ranks who had seen the previous two races assured us, though, that this was Charlie's modus operandi. His words were borne out when with three quarters of a lap to go, the Finke Flier's stride lengthened and he sped past the field to take the lead. It was all over then, with every extra yards seeing an increase in Charlie's lead. To the applause of the crowd of 3,000, Taylor burst through the tape to maintain an unblemished record in this race.

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Routine Patrol

A DINGO howled into the black void of the night to be answered by a plaintive reply from the dimly seen range merging into the blacker background formed by the scrub surrounding the camp.

The sleeper stirred and turned over with a groan of discomfort from the pressure of hard ground into the more tender parts of his anatomy.

This was the darkest hour, that time before dawn when the world seems to stand still, watching and waiting for the light to break (like waves upon a silvery shore, perhaps only the light, when it breaks in this part of the world, has none of the soft gentle transition from pale blues and greens to a gentle peeping of the sun over the lip of the horizon).

The sun comes up here in a blaze of red hell, a forerunner of the day in front of man and beast, a burning, searing heat which bakes the already dry land and sends the wild animals to the shade of the timber to pant and yearn for the cool of the evening. Constable Langley groaned once again and sat up in his swag, that feather bed of the bushman, a sheet of canvas with a couple of blankets on top.

He ran his hand over his sparsely thatched skull and gazed around the little camp, over to where a form could be dimly seen gently rising and falling under its canopy of blankets, pitched dangerously close to the glowing camp fire.

Here reposed his native Tracker, one Handlebar, an aged native, skilled in the use of four-legged transport, horses or camels, and well used to the vagaries and varied ideas of a succession of Policemen who had used his services over the years with the Northern Territory Police Force. He was a superb tracker, like many of his race.

In the first stirrings of the dawn breeze the Policeman gave a shiver and reached for his riding boots and pulled them on. He stood up and stretched and then strolled across to the recumbent form of Tracker Handlebar. He toed him gently in the ribs and said, " What's the matter with you old man, you want to sleep all day? "

Instantly there was a minor volcano of heaving blankets and black body, and Handlebar stood up blinking the sleep from his eyes. " Alright, boss, I got to get those camels. All night I hearim bell, too much he bin walkabout that camel, he can't sleep ".

He moved back to where a pile of camel saddles and pack bags were leaning against a tree and selected a grimy khaki shirt and his proudest possession, a battered khaki felt hat with its gleaming silver badge proudly denoting the fact that he was a Tracker in a Service that is famous for men of his ability: The Black Tracker.

Now girded for battle he moved into the light of dawn and could be heard crashing his way out into the ironwood belt where he had hobbled the camels on making camp last evening. He paused, ear cocked, to listen for the clinking of a hobble chain and gave a grunt of satisfaction as the faintest of sounds borne on the breeze reached him.

He strode off with purposeful step in the direction of the sound. Back at the camp Langley moved about and kicked the embers of the fire into a blaze, on which he put two quart pots of water and pulled from a packbag a heavy looking damper and a cloth-wrapped chunk of cooked corned beef. This was breakfast for these two. Not for them the niceties of bacon and eggs, cafe au lait and similar refinements, for soon that flaming ball of a sun would rouse the millions of flies and turn every movement into a sweating, annoying exercise, not conducive to eating or anything else for that matter.

Langley lifted his head as the sound of hobble chains smote his ears. He heard Handlebar's booted feet clattering over the iron stone shale and in the fast lightening morning the snaky heads and necks of the camel string appeared on the edge of the clearing. One by one Handlebar removed the hobbles and at his command the beasts sat down, head to tail, in a crescent around the edge of the camp. Gently chewing the cud, the plant gazed around with that supercilious air that only a camel can achieve. A lofty, disdainful look which seems to speak of tolerance for the unfortunate two-legged animals who use him as a beast of burden.

Constable and Tracker now sat down to eat their frugal breakfast. These two did not converse, for that is not the way of a Policeman with his Tracker. There exists a mutual trust and recognition of ability which needs no words with men such as these. Small talk has no place in their lives while they are on patrol. There is a job to be done and when the time comes to do it, each knows what his own part will be.

Breakfast completed, the camp became a bustle of orderly activity and as Langley reached for his hat the first blinding rays of the sun peeped over the horizon.

Pack bags were packed and swags rolled, the heavy four gallon water canteens placed in position for loading on the patient pack camels.

The camels stirred and the low gurgle of their gentle regurgitation sounded in the clearing, as if to say, " Get on with it, we're waiting ".

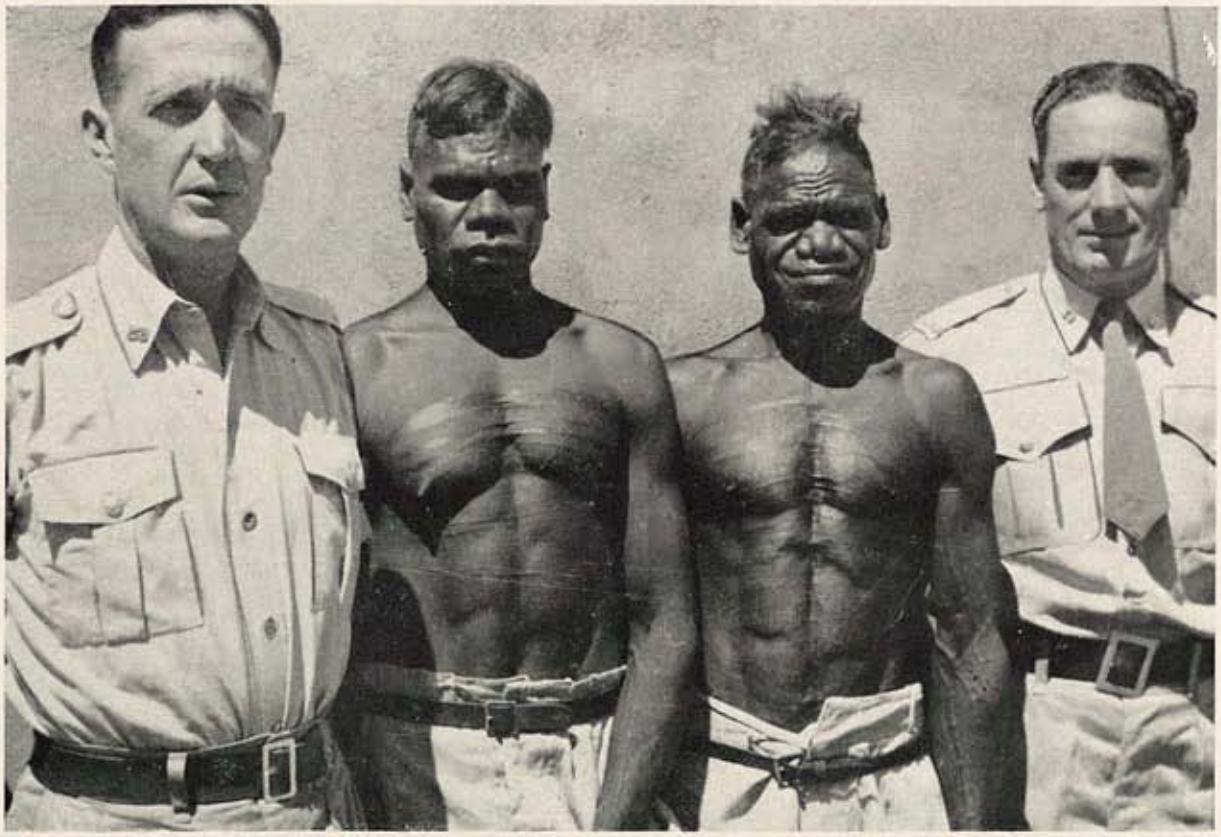
Langley and Handlebar heaved the first pack saddle into position, neatly fitting the hump of a cow camel, and proceeded to tighten the girths. Then the heavy pack bags were slung one on either side. So it went on until eight camels were loaded with the paraphernalia of a police patrol on the move in country where there is no room for error regarding distance, direction or water supplies.

Langley gazed around the camp, noted that Handlebar had extinguished the fire and prepared to commence another blistering day.

The sun by now was in full view over the horizon and commencing to pour its first rays on to the countryside and with it came the end of the cool dawn breeze. Flies in their thousands now commenced their attack on man and beast and the camels shook their heads in annoyance as if imploring the humans to get moving and leave the camp to the flies and heat.

Langley walked to the head of the camel string and, taking the nose line of his riding camel in his hand, gently tugged at it and the camel rose to its feet with that peculiar undulating motion, head down, stern up, stern down, head up and finally the whole animal stood erect on four feet as big as soup plates.

Langley strode off and one by one, at the instigation of Handlebar, the little cavalcade got under way, heading into the west along the great McDonnell Range, now glowing in the morning sun with the unbelievable colours so typical of these ranges.



They were not all just "routine patrols". Here are two customers brought in from the desert country on murder charges by Constable (now Inspector) Lou Hook, right and Constable Doug Johnson (since resigned).

The dust rose from the camels' feet and there was no sound but the steady flop, flop of their big soft pads flattening the dusty earth. It was fascinating to watch the catlike grace with which these big animals were able to avoid the flinty rocks without seeming to make any visible effort to do so, for a camel's feet are soft and they do not like rocky ground.

Langley stopped in the shade of a giant ironwood tree and said to Handlebar, "Packs alright, now we ride", and at his command the riding camel sank to his belly.

The Policeman threw the nose line over the camel's neck, placed his foot in the stirrup and with lithe grace hit the saddle as the camel rose to meet him. Soon man and beast were plodding their way westwards. With a gentle pressure on the nose line he turned the camel in towards the foothills and ruminated on the lot of Policemen on patrol in Central Australia.

He rolled a cigarette and lit it, then spat it out in disgust as the biting hot smoke hit his throat. "Cripes, what a life, too damn hot even to enjoy a smoke", he growled. He turned in the saddle and at the back of the plant saw his imperturbable black assistant puffing out acrid clouds of smoke from a battered old pipe with evident enjoyment.

Langley permitted himself a little grin and gently shook his head.

As the morning wore on the sun beat down relentlessly, and the woolly tufts on the camels' heads gave off shimmering heat rays. Langley's feet burnt as the stirrup irons absorbed the heat, and the heavy smell, characteristic of camels, added nothing to the comfort of the sweating Policeman and his Tracker.

As the patrol moved steadily westward, small mobs of cattle were seen clustered around the odd clumps of mulga scrub, heads hanging and tails swishing at the myriads of flies trying to obtain moisture from their eyes and mouths.

A hard country this, with survival only to the fittest. These same cattle had to drink from the trough at the bore in the distance, the windmill high above the ground shimmering in the clear heat of the morning. They would not drink again until the cool of evening when walking became less of a trial, and the cool shadows moved over the land. For water is life. A feed can be picked up. There are pickings to be had; but no water is certain death.

Langley eased his aching frame in the saddle and squinted at the silvery disc of the windmill some six miles distant and mentally calculated another two hours riding before dinner camp. He cast a glance at the forbidding rocks of the range on his left and noted that small pockets of green nestling against the base of the towering cliffs gave an indication of top feed of some description, but it would take more than that if the cattle were to survive the remaining summer months.

He sighed gently and thought of the miracle permanent water could bring to this country. A 10" rainfall (when it fell, and it had not done so for the past three years!) is little help to a land parched dry by the merciless heat of a Central Australian summer.

As the patrol drew near to the windmill, a huge galvanized iron tank could be seen with a gleaming trickle of water coming from the overflow pipe on to the ground. In the background against the foot of the hills stood the station homestead. A square structure with a wide cool verandah around it. Drooping acacia trees provided an inviting shade in contrast to the saddle room and bare

dusty stockyards where a couple of horses stood, heads hanging and tails swishing at the ever present flies.

Langley turned the riding camel towards a stockyard sheltering in the shade of a big ironwood tree and the remainder of the plant followed, urged on by Handlebar, who had straightened himself in the saddle and now exuded an air of efficiency which had been entirely lacking in his bearing for the past few hours. The prospect of a spell, with his belly full and his back propped against a saddle in the shade, had cheered him up immensely.

Langley dismounted and turned towards the homestead. In the shade of the verandah stood a khaki-clad figure gazing towards him.

"Gooday, Jack", Langley yelled. "Cripes, where did you hail from", said the wiry looking Jack Dalton, owner and master of all he surveyed from the verandah. He was the station owner of Grilling Downs, over which the Constable had just ridden so many miles.

"What's wrong, you out here to pinch a man or something?"

"No", said Langley, "Just a routine look about; what's doing, Jack?"

"Nothing much, Wal, except that the ground is blowing away and the cattle are dying; if we don't get rain, I reckon I've had it".

"Yes", replied Langley, "she's pretty crook".

"Where are you bound for, Wal?" said Jack.

"Just the usual, wet nursing you blokes, showing the flag, listening to your whinges; you know how it goes". Langley laughed and inwardly sympathised with the station owner, living out here in the hell of heat and desolation of a drought, such as had never been known in the history of The Centre.

A routine patrol, thought the Constable. There's nothing I can do to help these poor blighters and after

A camel patrol about to break dinner camp. (The man nearest the camera is Constable — now Commissioner — C. W. Graham).

another three weeks I'll be back in the town drinking a cool beer.

" Anything I can do for you Jack? — registrations, licences, dingo scalps ", he said.

" No, Wal, she's jake. But you can come in and we'll boil the billy and have a feed; you can't push on in this heat. Put 'em up for a while and we'll have a yarn ".

" O.K." said Langley, " I'll just give old Handlebar a feed and push on later in the day ".

This done, he and Jack walked into the homestead kitchen.

Lunch over, the pair fell to discussing the state of the country, cattle markets, and all those subjects dear to the heart of the bushman. Jack cast a glance at Langley. He said, " Do you know, Wal, I can't figure you blokes out; you come to this God foresaken country as young blokes, you learn the hard way, dust, flies, heat and weeks away on what you call a routine patrol ".

" I don't know about that ", said Langley, " what about yourself — hardly enough to buy a bag of flour, cattle starving and perishing, banks yelling for overdrafts, stock and station agents after you; you should talk ".

" Oh, it's not bad ", said the station owner.

Both fell silent and Langley brooded for a while on the recent expression of opinion — the opinion of two men who loved this sunburnt country — and thought to himself, " It's got me licked, too ".

So the long afternoon wore on and the shadows lengthened over the homestead.

Langley stretched and said, " Well, I think I'll put a few miles behind me, Jack, and get an early start in the morning ".

Jack replied, " You won't stay the night, Wal? " I might be able to find a drop of the doings " — This with a cunning leer.

" No, I'll kick along, thanks all the same "; and Langley strode towards the stockyard where Handlebar, ever alert to routine, had the camels ready to move off.

Langley swung aboard the lead riding camel and the plant plodded off into the western sun now low on the horizon.

So this would go on until the completion of the routine patrol, hundreds of miles of sameness, heat, desolation. The same hardy characters to meet, and in some cases their wives, on isolated cattle stations far from the hurly burly of cities. Their only contact with civilization, the radio, and their only personal contact, the patrolling Policeman and the odd traveller, rare in these parts.

In the course of his patrol, the Policeman would listen to personal troubles, wrongs and fancied wrongs of people living in a world apart; a harsh forbidding world.

He would fill in forms, issue licences, and often turn to and help to repair windmills, or shoot cattle bogged down around a leaking trough, too weak to move or save themselves.

He would see the kangaroos, lolling in the shade, competing with the cattle for what little feed was available and through it all would never cease to wonder why men would continue to do battle with a country as hard and remorseless as this one.

It was just on dark when Langley stopped the plant, and the orderly bustle of unloading the camels, hobbling them out in a patch of ironwood to feed, stacking the saddles and preparing a meal commenced.

All these chores accomplished, he pulled out his tobacco and rolled a cigarette. He lay there smoking and gazing out over the haze of the distant plain.

Tracker Handlebar by this time had unrolled his swag and was gently snoring. Langley thought: " Another day gone and another to follow ", and as the fire commenced to die down he kicked off his riding boots and lay back on his swag, just as the first stars winked out over the little camp.

A Northern Territory Policeman and a routine patrol. Somewhere a dingo howled and the gentle clink of the hobble chains sounded on the still night air mingled with the melodious clang of the camel bells. The little camp slept.

— " Hooshtah "

NEW YEAR'S HEAVE

Christmas at the Workhouse and other places was over. At the hotel they were garrulously guzzling as they set about dragging the New Year in. The two young Policewomen were on patrol, purposely to do their share in suppressing any really over-the-fence activities, but they discreetly walked on the side of the street opposite to the hotel. It was then about a quarter to 1965, and all seemed well.

But a couple of merry customers tacked across the street from the bar and, on sighting the two apparently free and unescorted girls, they zoomed quickly in on the target. They must have been on an amorous brew, as their passes were made with more than just seasonal warmth. The girls were in a quandary as to how to shake them off without creating a lot of fuss. Sharp suggestions to get away were evidently mistaken for a special kind of New Year "come on". The males were too big and cheeky to handle, and the females just couldn't see a friendly face anywhere. The situation had become somewhat deadlocked — and the girls, too! — when one youth suddenly pulled a bottle of whisky from his hip pocket.

"Look", he coaxed, "if you come with us, we can knock this off between us — and it didn't cost me anything, either. I knocked it off from the end of the bar as I was coming out".

That jogged the memory of his mate, who gave a wicked grin and said — "Yeah, but look what I got when the barmaid wasn't looking" — and pulled from inside his shirt one of those long towels used as sopper-uppers on bar counters.

The girls looked quickly at each other, then turned their best smiles loose on their beery admirers.

"Oh well", said one, "it's not New Year's Eve every night — we'll go out with you for a while".

The thrilled Casanovas grabbed a female arm each and headed off down Smith Street.

"Oh, no — not down there in the crowd", said the girls. "Let's go around this other way. It's nice and quiet down there".

That was a brilliant suggestion, and the youths only too gladly changed course and headed around into Bennett Street. As they passed by the side of the Bank a uniformed Constable, just commencing his beat, strode by. The youths cunningly backed into the shadows and kept their stolen good out of sight. The Constable nodded politely, but with a huge question mark in each eye, at the girls and their escorts. When the enemy had gone, the youths heaved giggling sighs of relief, and started bragging about their cleverness as they reclaimed the arms of their promising prospects.

A few steps further on the party passed in front of a brightly-lit building with a wide open door and a bar stretching across just inside.

"Let's go in here first", suggested the girls, sweetly, and swung sharply on to the arms of their escorts to guide them through the door to the bar. But the barman, alas, was a uniformed duty Constable. In fact, the place seemed to be full of Policemen. The Darwin Police Station usually is.

The Tiger Embalmed Traveller

The Chinese spell it "Haw", when they mean "How"; and amongst the most famous of Singapore's tourist attractions in HAW (i.e., "How", to you) PAR VILLA, with its Tiger Balm Gardens. But this was, at one time, all unknown to a stray Darwinian member of the Force. Having flown North-west to get to the East, he found himself slewed right from the start. Constantly getting himself lost in the wilds, he decided that the safest way to see the place was to ride various buses to their termini and back.

The first time he tried it he caught a bus outside the Singapore Railway Station, heading away from the City proper. The conductor pounced on him with an all-knowing grin, started tearing off a ticket, and said:

"How Par you going, eh?"

Our Darwinian, kindly meeting him halfway in the English pronunciation battle, replied:

"Well, how par YOU going?"

"How Par 25 cents", said the Conductor.

"I dunno how par or how much", retorted the Darwinian. "I want to go all the way — as par as the bus goes — have a look round, and come back again".

This stupidity set the conductor back a bit, but after a long, stunned look, he carefully handed over the ticket and said, succinctly: "Twenty-five cents".

The debt was paid, the bus jetted off as only Singapore buses can jet, orbited around corners with gyroscopic wizardry (there are no gravity laws on the island yet — the Government is only a new one) and eventually halted at a busy looking spot some miles out. Quite a number of passengers got off, but several — all Chinese and Malays — remained seated, obviously headed for more distant parts. Ditto the Darwinian. The conductor looked at him, hopefully at first, then with real consternation.

"How Par now", he said.

"Just the same", replied our Darwinian, "as par as the bus goes — right to the end of the run".

The conductor stared, clearly stung to the quick. The driver glared, clearly not going to be willingly held up again by this quarrelsome pest. All the other inscrutable Orientals ceased to be inscrutable — they just became irrepressible, in a Colgate-Palmolvie-Ipana sort of way.

"How Par now! How Par now!" insisted the conductor.

Our Darwinian muttered a crude but quite definitely superior White Australian phrase and doggedly repeated —

"As par as the bus goes — that's how par!"

This provoked vigorous dialogue between conductor and driver, and near hysteria amongst the passengers — but our solid Darwinian clung, sweating but determined, to his seat. Truly, a stern siege.

For relief he glanced out through the bus window. There, before his eyes, was a sign in letters that then looked as big as the side of a house: "HAW PAR".

Much, much later, a defeated Darwinian was found wandering around the Gardens muttering repetitive gibberish that could only doubtfully be interpreted as: "Owpar, owpar, owpar, owpar . . . . ."

Now in Cyprus — Constable Neil Plumb

POLICE CHANGEOVER IN CYPRUS

The term of the first Australian Police Contingent in Cyprus has ended and Constable Peter Berrill has now been relieved by P.C. Constable Neil Plumb. Neil has been a very busy and successful performer in the Criminal Investigation Branch and on the rugby field. The peace and quiet of Cyprus might be a bit of a let down?

As a result of his year amongst the Cypriots and others, Peter Berrill is now entitled to wear the United Nations Medal— the first one to appear in Darwin as a result of the Cyprus situation.

Another unique experience for Peter was to be a guest of the Turkish Government at the 50th Anzac Anniversary celebrations at Gallipoli.

Const. John Haywood and wife leaving Christ Church, Church of England, Darwin, after their wedding.

Constable John Haywood MARRIED

Attractive Faye Foley proudly wore the bridal gown her mother made and sent from Perth for her marriage to Policeman John Haywood, shortly after we last went to press.

Lois, Faye's sister, came from Perth to be bridesmaid and she also wore a lovely frock made by Mrs. Foley.

Cannon Hamish Jamieson officiated at the Christ Church of England ceremony.

Faye is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Foley of Perth and John's parents are Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Haywood, Wirrabara, South Australia.

Best man was Ian Faux, a colleague of John's in the Police Force.

Lois and John spent six weeks' honeymoon in South Australia.

SOLVING IT BY SCIENCE

By Peter Hughes

IN the South Australian Supreme Court this week Mr. Justice Travers hailed the efforts of Adelaide C.I.B. officers for their painstaking work in establishing, by scientific evidence, the "undoubted guilt" of a defendant.

The verdict was guilty on seven charges denied in a case which S.A. police a few years ago would have found almost impossible to prove.

For the past decade has seen a quiet revolution in the history of law enforcement in South Australia — the application of scientific crime detection to everyday cases with astounding success.

Now, with the completion of the new police building, a scientific room 12 x 12 has become a scientific bureau with laboratories and equipment as modern as any other, and a step ahead of most, in the Commonwealth.

And the men who focus their microscopes on a shoe imprint, a tiny particle of paint, a tool mark, or the soil clinging to a common and garden onion, will tell you that scientific crime detection is a tool more valuable than any they ever had before.

PIONEERS

Dective Sergeant I. Patterson, who established ballistics as a science in this State, and Detective Sergeant F. B. Cocks were the pioneers of this new arm of the law in S.A.

It was 10 years ago that Detective Sergeant Cocks began to use the various fields of science in his normal investigations as a detective.

It was something new and not quite trusted, but success soon led to the appointment of a liaison officer between the Police Department and the many Government departments which could assist in the solving of crime.

When the Government scientists found the snowballing police enquiries seriously affecting their own work they began to train police officers in field investigations and initial laboratory tests — to act as field and laboratory technicians.

IDENTICAL

To-day, Detective Sergeants Patterson and Cocks, their staff Constables J. Ramsden, A. Humphrys and G. Field, have become experts themselves in many spheres of science, and because of the value of their work the scientific section is expected soon to be increased in numbers.

At least a dozen Government departments are assisting them and it was the Australian Mineral Development Laboratories at Parkside, providing assistance almost every week, which produced the finest flower for the scientific bouquet which won the Supreme Court case this week.

From a £30,000 electron probe micro-analyser, unique in the Commonwealth, laboratory mineralogist Mr. H. W. Fander was able to prove that three tiny particles of paint were identical.

The Police Scientific Section had been called in to investigations on a series of hotel breakings, gathered together items some so small that the thief could not have helped leave them behind, analysed their material and reached their conclusion in the case.

Then they sought an outside opinion.

One by one, the three particles of paint, the first which had fallen from a safe as it was taken from the Woodville Hotel, the second and third taken from the man police were holding and his car, were placed in the micro-analyser and bombarded by a stream of electrons.

ELECTRONS

As the paint was bombarded by the electrons the elements in each sample produced a series of X-rays and the machine went on to compute three deductions from each test:—

Picture signals were transmitted on to cathode tubes which were read by the operator; signals were also passed to a type of computer which gave in figures the quantitive analysis of elements present in the paint particle; a graph was produced showing the type of elements present in each layer of paint.

When the machine's answers on the three pieces of paint were compared they were the same, proving — at 1,800M. to one odds — that the three particles were identical and from the same source.

In this same case a second machine at the Australian Mineral Developmental Laboratories, the Spectograph, was used to burn two samples of paint, one from a door of the Flagstaff Hotel and the second gleaned from clothing of the defendant.

EXPERTS

Light rays from the burning particles, were broken up into identical rainbows to show that the specimens were identical and must have come from the same batch of paint.

When police presented this evidence to the jury, together with charts and diagrams prepared in the new scientific laboratories the answer was guilty beyond any reasonable doubt.

It was one of the biggest scientific cases in South Australia and the first time multiple charges have been laid as a result of scientific evidence.

The police team which worked dozens of hours of overtime to produce so much from "a few invisible specks" is proud of the result, but the daily drama in their laboratories has taught them a greater lesson.

Science in crime detection can provide not only the missing link in a difficult case. It can, and has here in South Australia even in its infancy, remove the suspicion of guilt from the innocent where the evidence seems conclusive.

(By Courtesy "The Advertiser", Adelaide)

Universal Fingerprinting?

A SAD COMMENTARY

Facing, is reproduced a newspaper clipping that recently arrived at the Institute of Applied Science. It is a sad commentary on what we consider civilized life in the world today. Here we are with wondrous drugs of modern medicine, the lightning swift communication of radio and television, the nuclear power to blow the globe to bits — yet we lacked the wherewithal to return this unfortunate man to his family — and the same thing happens many times each year.

It is true that had the man died to-day his chances of being identified would be many times greater than they were in 1929 because so many law abiding people have been finger printed for non-criminal identification purposes in the interim. In the gigantic finger print files of the F.B.I. in Washington, containing over 170,000,000 finger print cards, the vast majority of them, about 75%, are the prints of non-criminal people. So, if "Eugene" had died to-day his chances of being identified would have been much better than they were 35 years ago.

However, there is still some selling to be done because 125,000,000 civilian finger print cards on file in the F.B.I.

do not represent that many people. There is some duplication of records because some of the subjects have been printed more than once. It cannot be denied that of all the civilians that have been finger printed, only a small percentage have submitted their prints voluntarily. The rest have been military personnel, federal, state and local government employees, and defence plant workers who were compelled to submit to finger printing. There are still millions of people who have not been "sold" on the value of having their prints on file for civilian identification purposes. They, like "Eugene", are apt to wind up in unmarked graves.

The identification profession, therefore, should constantly strive for complete finger print registration of the entire population.

Here is an excellent work project for local ID groups and bureaus. Civic organizations, schools, societies, clubs, plants, companies, and other associations could be contacted and the value of a universal finger printing program explained to them.

Most of them would be found to be receptive to the idea, if it were explained to them that finger printing carries no stigma, but, on the contrary, that it can be of great service to humanity.

— "TOO MUCH HARASSMENT" —
EUGENE BURIED AFTER 35 YEARS

Special to The Daily News.

SABINA, Oct. 21 — Eugene was laid to rest to-day.

After 35 years, the Negro man was buried in Sabina cemetery at services conducted by Dr. F. M. Wentz.

IDENTIFICATION of the man was never learned after he was found June 6, 1929, by highway workers on U.S. Route 22. He was leaning against a fence post.

His age at the time was estimated at 55-60 and the coroner said he died of natural causes. He was taken to the Littleton funeral home and embalmed.

SOMEONE gave him the name of Eugene.

Efforts to identify the man were fruitless. Weeks stretched into months and the funeral home kept the body ready for burial.

The body remained in perfect form and it was placed in a small building in back of the funeral home.

IN THE 35 years, over a million persons stopped at Sabina to see Eugene.

He was given a new suit each spring.

Eugene became the object of pranksters. He was stolen several times, but the body was always found and returned.

THREE YEARS ago, a group of Ohio State university students swiped Eugene and placed him on the front steps of the OSU student union on High Street.

Three of the four students were kicked out of the university. The fourth was suspended for a semester.

Barth Littleton, owner of the funeral home, said he decided to bury Eugene "because the harassment has become too great".

"IT'S TIME he had a dignified burial", he said.

Eugene was placed into the ground in a modest wooden casket.

Universal finger printing might prevent occurrences such as the one described in the above newspaper clipping. Too many people still are laid to their final rest in unmarked graves because they could not be identified.

— *The above is published with permission of the "Finger Print and Identification" Magazine, Published by The Institute of Applied Science — Chicago, Illinois.*

The late Sgt. Robert Stott.

86 YEARS' POLICE SERVICE

Amazing Stott Record

At about the time " Citation " was struggling to make its first appearance, in December, 1964, Senior Constable Gordon Stott was casually beginning his forty-first year of service in the Northern Territory Police Force.

Gordon joined up on 18th December, 1924, commencing his service in Darwin. That was before the days of Police motor vehicles. The vehicular pride of the Force then was a four-wheeled buggy drawn by a pair of horses named Judge and Jury.

In 1928 Gordon's father, Robert Stott, retired after forty-six years of service. *This 86 years of service in one Police Force by a father and son is quite probably a world record.*

It is remarkable, too, that, except for the first twelve years of its history, there has always been a Stott in the Northern Territory Police Force.

Robert Stott served at Borroloola, Roper River and other isolated bush Stations when the bush was really wild and woolly. He went to Alice Springs as a Sergeant in 1912 and served as Officer-in-Charge there until his retirement. Shortly before his retirement the Territory was temporarily divided into two sections, North Australia and Central Australia, with a separate Police Force in each. Robert Stott was the first Officer-in-Charge of the Central Australian Police Force.

He had built up a tremendous reputation in his long and varied service throughout the Northern Territory, but was particularly widely known in his Alice Springs days and was universally referred to as " The Uncrowned King of Central Australia ". They even tell the story of the visit to the tiny Alice Springs school, in the early twenties, of a High Southern Dignitary (not just one of your modern, run of the mill V.I.P.'s). The High Southern Dignitary went through the usual session of telling the children suitable anecdotes and asking them simple every day questions that they could not help but answer correctly and quickly.

" And what is the name of our King? " he finally asked — to be met by a spontaneous, full-throated roar from the whole school: " Bob Stott! "

Stott Terrace, in Alice Springs, and Mt. Stott, about 150 miles north-east of Alice Springs, were both named after him. Not long after his retirement he was accidentally killed when struck by a train in Adelaide.

Gordon Stott is not due to retire for another five years, having joined when the 65-year retirement age was in force. There is no hope of his passing his father's tally, even so, but he has done remarkably well. You have to go back many, many years to find anyone who has served longer. The late Inspectors Foelsche and Waters served 44 and 42 years respectively in the Northern Territory Police after several years in South Australia, but, so far, we have been unable to trace anyone else who topped the 40-year mark in this Force.

Upon reaching this memorable milestone Gordon Stott was suitably commended by the Commissioner. He was amongst the first Northern Territory Police group to be awarded the Police Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, in 1959. He has served at practically every Police Station in the Northern Territory at one time or another. For the past several years he has been stationed at Daly River, once a nice, peaceful haven for Territorians, but now fast becoming a busy tourist centre. His wife, Eileen, was a member of the well-known O'Shea family of Katherine.

A Douglas Lockwood story on Gordon Stott appears in this issue.

The outback radio system of the Northern Territory has proved invaluable in saving life and an effective counter to crime. S/Const. Gordon Stott, now in his 41st year of a service that began long before the radio system came, is seen here operating the set at Daly River Police Station.

Revolution for the N.T. Mounties

By DOUGLAS LOCKWOOD

AT the small N.T. settlement of Daly River the other day I sat beside Senior Constable Gordon Stott as he switched on his radio transceiver and dictated a short message to headquarters in Darwin, about 150 miles away.

From the time he gave his call until he signed off not more than two minutes had elapsed.

Then he turned to me and said, "When I first joined the Force as a Mounted Constable it would have taken six weeks, sometimes longer, to get that message through".

Gordon Stott is now approaching retiring age after 40 years in the N.T. Police Force. He is its oldest serving member. His father, Robert Stott, served it for 46 years before him.

Stott is a tall, heavy man, with a shock of grey hair and the quiet manner typical of men who live in the bush.

He might now have been an Inspector except that to become one it would have been necessary to live in a comparatively big town like Darwin or Alice Springs.

"I preferred the outback to promotion and I never persevered with exams. I'll probably stay in the bush until I retire", he said.

The wireless set with which his Station — like all remote Police Posts — is now equipped has brought a revolution to his life. But it is only one of them.

When he joined in 1924 there was one car in Darwin and none elsewhere in the Northern Territory. The Police Force used buggies. In the outback they had only camels and horses.

Now there is a modern fleet of radio-equipped vehicles.

When Stott went to his first country station at Rankine River, on the Barkly Tableland, in 1925, he arrived on horseback. He left it in the same way three years later.

A packhorse mail arrived once every six weeks from Camooweal. A regular air service hadn't been thought of.

In the years that followed Gordon Stott rode thousands of miles on patrols through the never-never lands, perhaps in search of a native murderer, perhaps looking for a lost traveller, or perhaps simply collecting data for the latest census — at places like Timber Creek, Roper River, Borroloola, Newcastle Waters and others that are little more than a name to most Australians.

He rode for days — often for weeks — with native prisoners and witnesses, some of them chained, others not.

He had to swim rivers, cross deserts and scale mountains, many of them nameless. Prisoners had to be freed while they crossed the larger streams and he had nothing more than their word for it that they wouldn't escape.

One horse patrol from Newcastle Waters to Wave Hill went on for 300 miles. Another on camels covered 1,400 miles in three months through the inhospitable country north-west from Alice Springs.

In 1934 Stott became the first Policeman on the recently-opened Tennant Creek goldfield. His bed was a swag beneath a tent-fly.

The Police Station was a bough shed.

His kitchen was an open fire behind a windbreak of mulga bushes. There were no refrigerators in the 112 degrees heat and no iced water. Ordinary bore water, in fact, cost 3/- for an 8-gallon tin.

On his long patrols Stott had to carry enough food for three months — six 50 lb. bags of flour, two 70 lb. bags of sugar, 20 lbs. of tea, and a few tins of fruit and meat.

"I liked camel patrols better than horses because I could live in comfort", he recalled. "I could carry saucepans on a camel and make stews and puddings: that wasn't possible with horses".

Luxury, indeed!

To-day, few travellers go far in the N.T. without a car-fridj. filled with iced beer and fresh food.

Stott's water generally came from muddy billabongs, often polluted by animals. "I used salts as a distilling agent", he said. "Once I was forced to eat a dead emu I found".

Remember, too, that in most of the country Stott patrolled there were no roads, and seldom even a bush pad.

His bushman's instinct told him which way to go, and how far. Or his aboriginal Trackers led the way.

The natives he encountered were often naked, sometimes half-clad, but generally wild and occasionally dangerous. There were times when he rode his camels to the limit of endurance to put as much distance as possible between him and what he describes as "the bad blacks".

"I was often forced to secure prisoners so they wouldn't run away.

"With modern means of transport that is not allowed.

"But there was no option in the days when we were Mounties and were weeks getting back to civilization".

An era will have passed when Gordon Stott retires. The camels and the horses have gone. So have the black people who threw spears to kill white people.

MUCH BINDING DOWN THE TRACK!

Ian Faux, Basil Courts and John Maley Commended for good work in Exciting Manhunt

EARLY in the year Ian Faux went off down the track to do a nice quiet spot of relieving as Constable-in-charge of Elliott. Before he got back to Darwin he had been shot at in the bush by a recalcitrant criminal and shot on to the front page by a boost from the Supreme Court Bench; and we would not be surprised if he didn't celebrate it all by getting shot all over with Swan and Vic. at the first convenient convivial opportunity.

This all arose because at Tennant Creek, some 150 miles south of Elliott, two visiting Southern criminals broke and entered the DCA radio room at Tennant Creek aerodrome and stole a large quantity of radio and electronic gear and a large tape recorder. The matter was reported to the Police at about 6 o'clock on the morning of 6th March, 1965. Our C.I.B. man at Tennant, First Class Constable Basil Courts, immediately went to the scene with Tracker Peter Peterson. Their observations led to the conclusion that the job had been done by two men travelling in a narrow wheel base motor vehicle. Tracks of two different sets of footprints were found near the point of entry to the building and followed for some considerable distance until they were lost on the bitumen roadway. The tracks were again picked up outside the DCA area and led to a dirt roadway which runs around the base of the DCA Hill and up to the town water tank. There the tracks stopped beside two sets of motor vehicle tracks, both of which were made by the same narrow wheel based vehicle. The vehicle tracks were followed to a group of hills outside the aerodrome and, near a point where the vehicle had turned round, some of the stolen property was discovered.

While these operations were in progress, William Green came along and reported that he had left his car in the main street the night before and in the morning noticed that the car radio had disappeared, and that several gallons of petrol had been milked from the tank. Investigations here showed clearly that one of the men who had left his footprints near the DCA had also helped himself to Green's property.

After some further inquiries Sergeant Peter Haag, Constable Courts and Constable John Maley drove to the 27-Mile, north, on the Stuart Highway and interviewed a man named Allan James Carlson. Carlson was driving a maroon-coloured Austin utility, registered number NSW-ADG-171. He was questioned and his vehicle was searched; but he denied any knowledge of the offences and no stolen property was found in the vehicle. He continued on his way north, with Katherine as his nominated destination. There were no further developments that day — just unproductive searching, questioning and fruitlessly calculating the thisses and thats.

On the following morning Ian Tuxworth added to their problems with a report that his vehicle, a Ford Falcon " Squire " Station Sedan No. NT 12-807, had been stolen from where he had left it in Paterson Street the previous night. An unsuccessful search and inquiry was carried out, and all Stations were alerted to look out for this car.

It transpired later that the thief had driven about fifty miles north from Tennant Creek, to where the Highway was cut by the flooded Morphett Creek. He had then selected a spot to drive off the Highway into the bush, but after a couple of hundred yards he became bogged, and sat down there for two days. He finally persuaded a travelling bus driver to tow him out, and got himself towed over the Morphett by a Works Department vehicle. He then continued north about ten miles to Banka Banka Station, where the manageress, Mrs. Mary Ward, gave him a job. For this kindness she discovered, on the following morning, that the Station office had been broken and entered, a number of thefts had occurred, and the new hand had disappeared.

Mrs. Ward passed this information on to Constable Faux at Elliott, and then to Tennant Creek Police. The man had been driving a Ford Falcon Station Sedan loaded with radio equipment. Constables Courts and Maley left Tennant Creek per Landrover and headed north, only to be stopped by the flooded Morphett. Shortly afterwards Sgt. Haag caught up to them and advised that he had been notified by telephone from Elliott that Constable Faux was heading south down the Highway in pursuit of a vehicle similar to the one stolen at Tennant Creek. Once again the Department of Works came to the rescue and the Landrover was towed over the creek. The three policemen then headed north. Upon arrival at Renner Springs they met Constable Faux, who had an exciting story to tell.

(*continued overleaf*)

Const. John Maley of Tennant Creek.

Following Mrs. Ward's call, he and his Tracker, Clancy Mananin, got out on to the Highway in the Elliott Police vehicle, and soon afterwards spotted the wanted car heading rapidly towards them. Constable Faux tried to wave the driver down but, instead of obliging, the driver swung around and headed back in the direction from which he had come. This manoeuvre caught Constable Faux on the hop, and by the time he, too, had turned around the stolen car had something of a start. It had some "toe", as well, as the chase developed into a 90 miles-an-hour burn without the Police vehicle being able to gain on the Falcon. At the Powell Creek turn-off, the Falcon turned off the Highway and raced along the bush track, crashed through a fence without stopping and continued its wild dash, with Faux racing behind, until within sight of the old Powell Creek Telegraph Station. Here the heavy going slowed him down and finally the car bogged down in the mud. Faux tearing hopefully up behind him was within sixty yards of the Falcon when the Police vehicle also bogged down!

Pursued and pursuers leapt from their vehicles to carry on their necessary business. Faux unfortunately left his rifle behind in the car, but the Falcon driver took no chances. He was armed with a rifle with a telescopic sight and took up a position behind a clump of rocks. Faux and Clancy had raced up to the Falcon and noted the driver's bare foot tracks leading off to where he had planted himself, but when they attempted to follow the tracks of the driver the latter bobbed up and aimed the rifle at Faux. Faux dodged behind a rock. The driver eased out into the open again, and again aimed at Faux, who again ducked behind a protective rock. The driver was only about forty yards away when he first halted Faux by aiming the rifle at him. He was moving further away all the time, but not taking his attention off the Constable. He gradually moved to such a position that Faux could not make any further use of his rock, and he again put the rifle to his shoulder and aimed at Faux. Faux then got up and ran in a crouching position, weaving from side to side, for a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards until he found what he thought was a safe position behind a hill, where Clancy joined him. They lay down behind a couple of rocks waiting for the driver to show himself. After about twenty minutes with no results, Faux decided to make a dash for the Police vehicle to get his rifle. He made a wide circle, running from tree to tree. At one stage, while stopped, he heard the whine of a bullet as it hit the ground about three feet behind him and ricochetted off into the distance. It had passed between his legs!

Faux turned and ran back to join Clancy behind the hill, and Clancy then pointed out the driver on another large hill across the creek. After a couple of moments he disappeared over the top. Faux and Clancy realised that assistance was needed, and they walked back to the Stuart Highway, about four miles away, and got a lift to Renner Springs.

After the arrival of the Tennant Creek Police, and a discussion of the situation, the entire Police party, suitably armed, proceeded by Landrover to the old Powell Creek Telegraph Station. A check showed that the Falcon was the one stolen at Tennant, and was loaded with stolen DCA equipment, Green's radio, and numerous other items, apparently stolen from Banka Banka. Clancy located the offender's tracks, which were barefoot, and they were followed for about two miles before they cut out. The police party then walked a further five miles through mud and stony ground alternately, hoping to cut the tracks again, but with no result. They then returned to the Landrover and got the Elliott vehicle out of the bog. Sergeant Haag despatched Constables Faux and Maley to set up a road block several miles north of the Powell Creek turnoff. Haag, Courts and Tracker Clancy then walked along the Telegraph Line until sundown trying to cut the tracks of the escapee. They had no success, so returned and picked up the Landrover and drove to Renner Springs.

P.C. Const. 1/C Basil Courts of Tennant Creek.

On arrival there the roadhouse proprietor, Mr. Chambers, came out and informed them that the man they were looking for had been picked up beside the road a short while previously by Walter Atkinson and Allan Hagan. They had taken his rifle from him. (It was a Beretta .22, fully automatic, with a three to seven power telescope and full adjustments for elevation and wind). Its owner, Ronald Ifield Armstrong alias Williamson was then having supper in the roadhouse, and was immediately interviewed by the Police. He was arrested by Constable Courts on a charge of illegal use of a motor vehicle — Ian Tuxworth's Falcon, which, with all the stolen equipment, was driven by other Police into Renner Springs, and then on to Tennant Creek by Constable Maley. The prisoner returned to Tennant in the Police Landrover. On 11th March he appeared in the Police Court there on five charges of stealing, two of break enter and steal, and one of shooting with intent to resist lawful apprehension, and was remanded in custody until 17th March.

Armstrong made a full confession regarding all these offences, and named Allan James Carlson as his accomplice. Carlson was arrested on warrant by Sergeant Ivor Waywood, at Katherine, and later conveyed to Tennant Creek. He made certain admissions, but denied committing any of the offences. He was committed for trial on one charge of break, enter and steal. Armstrong was committed for trial on the shooting charge, and for sentence on all of the others, to which he pleaded guilty in the Police Court. Both were taken to Alice Springs and later appeared in the Supreme Court there. Carlson was acquitted. Armstrong received 6 months on each of the larceny charges, to be served concurrently with two years and 18 months for the break and enter charges. For shooting with intent to resist lawful apprehension he was sentenced to three years' hard labour cumulative upon the other sentences. So he has the best part of five years to think over the fact that on one day he had something like £2,400 worth of property in his possession, and the next day he had nothing but what he stood up in in the cells.

In this matter the public co-operated fully with the Police, especially after the Banka Banka incident, and the calm commonsense used by Walter Atkinson and Allan Hagan may well have prevented a great deal of unpleasantness. Armstrong boasted of his marksmanship, he had a high-class firearm, and had shown that he was quite prepared to use it against the Police. Perhaps a full day's barefoot walking through the bush in the Wet season heat and mud was much more size-reducing than he had expected.

From a Police point of view the incident came to a highly pleasing conclusion when, in the Supreme Court at Alice Springs, Mr. Justice Bridge publicly commended the Police who took part in the investigations and arrest, with particular reference to I/C Constable Courts and Constables Maley and Faux. The Judge's statement made during the Jury's absence included the following:—

> "Whatever verdict is reached by the Jury in this trial I consider that the Police Constables* who gave Crown evidence in it deserve to be commended for the thoroughness and fairness of their investigating work and also for the fairness with which they related it in evidence. Their investigations were spread over a wide area and were complex in nature. They were conducted throughout in a sound team spirit, and, like their evidence, showed a scrupulous regard for the interests of both the public and the accused. I feel no doubt that the character of both their investigations and their testimony contributed appreciably to the fair trial which I know the accused have had.
>
> "I also wish to mention the courageous conduct of another Policeman, Constable Faux, in pursuing the prisoner Armstrong who was sentenced by this Court early this month for a number of offences, including one of breaking, entering and stealing, now alleged to involve the accused Carlson as an accomplice. One of many articles stolen by Armstrong was a telescopic rifle with which he fired a shot at Constable Faux, as his Police pursuer in a lonely area. Although the firing range was considerable, Armstrong's use of the weapon was accurate enough for the discharged bullet to pass between the Constable's legs. Only good fortune saved both the Constable and a native Tracker accompanying him from death or serious injury. Both the Constable and the Tracker were unarmed.
>
> "I mention these matters because I feel that they should not pass unnoticed. The tasks of the Police are usually thankless, if not unpopular, and are often irksome even to themselves. Insofar as I believe each item of conduct I have mentioned to bring credit to the Northern Territory Police Force and to three individual Constables in particular, I should be obliged if the Crown Prosecutor would be good enough to convey my remarks to the appropriate Police authorities".
>
> (* *Courts and Maley*)

Constable Ian Faux with his bride, the former Lila Klinginberg, after their Darwin wedding.

"A Force in Football"

The Police team more than holds its own in the N.T. Rugby League Competition in Darwin. Here we see Mick Palmer on the receiving end of a pass from Wayne Cubis, while Bob Crowell races around the extreme right of the picture to keep the traffic moving properly.

Nightcliff won the 1965 premiership of the N.T. (Aussie Rules) Football League, and we had two rugged Police representatives in the winning team. Here, Constable Peter Young is racing for the ball but it looks as though a team mate has the matter well in hand. Our other rep., Constable Alan Price, modestly kept out of sight of the photographer, so we are unable to show him off.

THE LAW AND AN ASS

She was an obstreperous and vocal drunk the night before, but such a demure and neatly dressed and made-up piece of feminity at Court the next morning.

The Sarge was prosecuting — quite a big fellow he was, too, in some ways, but she wasn't the least bit impressed. Last night she had been quite rough with the poor man in the course of his duty — spitting and scratching and rudely vociferous. At one stage she'd even given him a hefty push and shouted: "Shift your bloody big fat . . . . over there!" All in the presence of the embarrassed young Constable who had arrested her, too!

But this morning there was an air of forgiveness on all sides. The Sarge could almost see her framing her lips around the word "Guilty", and making some easily believable explanation that would delight the Magistrate up there on the bench. He wouldn't be surprised if the old boy had not already written (mentally, of course) the verdict — "Guilty — convicted without penalty".

The Sarge took up his position as Prosecutor. The Constable called on the defendant to stand while the charge was read. In his mind the Sarge was well ahead of his reading, giving the Magistrate the facts — "Just a bit under the weather, Your Worship — had to be arrested more or less for her own protection — very repentant now, I am sure, and . . . "

But what awful words are these now issuing from those pretty, red lips? "Not Guilty!" — "NOT GUILTY?" Has she forgotten last night altogether? Oh, well — call the Constable to give his evidence and get it over with. The Constable gave a gentle account of the previous night's doings — merely enough, as he and the Sarge had previously agreed would suit the circumstances, to leave no doubt in the Magistrate's mind that she had been really and truly drunk in a public place as charged. The evidence was given, and there was no query or cross-examination by the defendant.

"Can I give my evidence now?" she asked.

Evidence! thought the Sarge. What evidence can she possibly give after her previous night's performance!

The Magistrate looked surprised, too.

"Well", he said, "there certainly is a case for you to answer. Yes — you will have to give evidence to refute that already given by the Prosecution".

She click-clicked smartly on her high-heels to the witness stand, took the Oath in a most respectful manner, and stood waiting with a truly angelic expression.

After a long silence, the Sarge got to his feet and said—

"Er — Your Worship — er — the evidence".

"Yes", replied His Worship. "The evidence. Defendant, what about your evidence?"

"Oh", she said, "I've got no evidence to give. I just want to say that I was not drunk or troublesome last night. I behaved myself just like any other lady would. That's all".

The Sarge didn't think this would outweight the Prosecution's evidence in the eyes of the Bench, but, just in case, he thought he'd better cut her down completely with a few pointed questions.

"You say you acted just like a lady last night?"

"Yes", she said briskly. "I certainly did. I always act like a lady".

"But don't you remember pushing me out of the way and shouting — 'Shift your bloody big fat . . . . over there'?"

Dead silence. She looked straight ahead. Then she glanced briefly over the Sarge's physique and crisply said: "Well, it is rather big isn't it!"

And then, and then, in an instant, did the ancient glory and majesty of the processes of British Justice shrink to nothingness under the force of gales of irrepressible human laughter.

BILL CONDON REMEMBERED AT KATH.

Just after dark on the last evening of Katherine's Annual Racing Carnival in 1952, Constable William Bryan Condon, unarmed, was faced with the job of tackling a dangerous man armed with a heavy Mauser rifle, similar in calibre to our Army .303. Apart from his Police experience, Bill Condon was an old 7th Division (A.I.F.) man, and knew exactly what his chances were in such a situation. He did not falter. He approached the gunman with hands open, clearly showing that he was not carrying a weapon. He was fatally shot before he could achieve his purpose.

His murderer escaped in the darkness and an unsuccessful search was carried out throughout the night, with some fifty to sixty civilians joining willingly with the Police. Early next morning Constable Tom Hollow located and arrested the killer, still armed with the rifle and, as it transpired, with a revolver stuck in his belt under his shirt.

Constable Condon was posthumously awarded the Queen's Police Medal for Gallantry and the Citation for the award tells the whole cruel story in a few short words. It reads:—

> "In recognition of Constable Condon's courage, gallantry and outstanding devotion to duty at Katherine, Northern Territory, on 9th June, 1952.
>
> Being fully aware of the personal risk involved, this Officer fearlessly and without hesitation approached an armed and dangerous man with a view to arresting him and thus preserving the peace and safeguarding the lives of citizens.
>
> He was shot down at close quarters, endeavoured to rise to close with his assailant and was shot again. He died shortly afterwards".

This is the only occasion on which this high award has been made to a Northern Territory Policeman, and that it was justly earned there can be no doubt. Bill Condon was only 29, his Police career was increasingly promising, and he had been married only fifteen months. He had everything to lose — but took the deadly chance without hesitation.

This is a wedding day snap of Constable and Mrs. Bill Condon. A memorial plaque at Katherine Police Station records Bill's heroic but fatal attempt to disarm an armed man in Katherine's main street in June, 1952.

Marie Condon at the unveiled plaque.

Perhaps one of the most pleasing features in this sad story is that his widow had the honour and pleasure of having Bill's medal presented to her by the young Queen Elizabeth herself, on her first visit to Australia. We know, from her description of the event, how much Marie Condon appreciated that neat little ceremony.

The tragedy, and the heroism of Constable Condon, were recalled at this year's Katherine Race Carnival, with the unveiling of a plaque to his memory. The Northern Territory Police Association is to be commended for its fine gesture in erecting this Memorial Plaque, and for making it possible for Mrs. Condon to fly from Sydney to be present at the unveiling. We are grateful to T.A.A. for a generous helping hand in this, too, and to the Cilli Bros. of Katherine for their voluntary work on the erection of the column to support the Plaque.

The unveiling took place in front of the Katherine Police Station at 11 a.m. on Sunday, 13th June. Sergeant Tim Tisdell, Officer-in-Charge at Katherine, introduced the speakers, and apologised on behalf of the Commissioner, Mr. Graham, who had been prevented from attending by having to depart a few days earlier to attend the Interpol Conference at Rio de Janeiro. One of Katherine's best known citizens, Bill Roper — who was himself threatened on the fatal night in 1952 — spoke on behalf of the townspeople, and Sergeant Roger Textor, of Darwin, on behalf of the Northern Territory Police Association. Sergeant Grant then introduced Inspector J. J. Mannion, who was Sergeant in Charge at Katherine at the time of the shooting. The Inspector gave a short address covering the general story — very much as related here — then unveiled the impressive little memorial by folding

(*continued foot next page*)

Jack Stokes on Police Horse "Midnight" in his Maranboy days.

COORAPINNI

By Jack Stokes

MARANBOY is a tin-mining centre about 250 miles by road south of Darwin. There is a Government battery there and also a police station. Previously, the police station had been the Australian Inland Mission Hospital. When the Hospital closed down, the Police took over the building.

From 1940 — when I took over from Vic Hall — to the end of the War I was, off and on, the constable in charge of Maranboy. A large part of Arnhem Land was included in it and patrols to Mainoru Station were a regular thing. During a lot of the War, it also included the Mataranka Police District.

It was my practice, whilst at the police station, to ride round the mining field each Sunday morning. In the normal course of official duties I often visited the individual mines at other times but on Sunday I liked to go round all of them and have a yarn with the miners. There was nothing in the nature of surveillance about it, it was more a form of recreation and it probably helped the miners as they used not infrequently tell me their troubles and get some sympathy or action as a result. In those days — as I suppose it still is — a bush policeman tried to be a friend to those in his District, a good listener, an adviser and often a Father Confessor too. At all events, I used to enjoy my Sunday ride on Midnight — the black Police gelding featured by Vic Hall in "Bad Medicine" — and for the last few hundred yards home I used to let him have his head. He could really run.

One Sunday morning in 1941 I was riding round the field and came to the "show", as the mines were known, owned by Jack Fotinos, a Greek. Whilst I was nattering to him he said, "I saw that Murdering Dick going past here this morning". From the way he said it, I knew I should have known all about "Murdering Dick" but actually the name didn't mean a thing to me. I said, "Oh yes" and left it at that. However, after leaving Jack, instead of going round the other mines, I rode back to the Station. There I looked up the C.O.R. (Criminal Offence Report) file — they were known as C.O.R's. in those days — and very soon knew all about Dick (Coorapinni). I should have, too, for I had typed out the C.O.R. about him myself not long before I left Darwin, but he was just a name to me then.

He was an Arnhem Land aborigine who murdered a white man somewhere in the region of the Wilton River and was caught by Const. Hoffman, brought to Darwin, convicted and sent to Darwin Gaol — we always knew it as Fanny Bay Gaol. He escaped and was not recaptured — hence the C.O.R. It was known he had got back to Arnhem Land but nothing had been heard of him since. From what Jack Fotinos said, it looked as though he had got a bit cocky after a spell of freedom and had come back to civilisation — such as it was.

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back the Australian flag that had been draped over it.

It was a weekend of mixed emotions for Marie Condon —but not all concerned with memories of sad things. She was made warmly welcome by the people of Katherine, and on the first day of the Races she had the pleasure of presenting the winner's trophy in the Bill Condon Memorial Handicap, run especially in honour of this unique occasion.

Const. Hoffman, by the way, created the vacancy in the Force which I filled. I had to wait for him to resign before I could get in. Nothing like that these days when all Police Forces are under strength. In those days, though, the authorised establishment of the Force was only 40 men to deal with the same area of over half a million square miles and its inhabitants, and vacancies were rare.

But to return to the story. As soon as I realised who " Murdering Dick " was, I called the tracker — an aborigine named Paddy Laffan who got his name from Dick Laffan, a famous horseman of the old days in the Territory — and asked him if he had seen Coorapinni. He said he had and that he was heading towards Roper Creek, about five miles to the west of the police station on the back track to Katherine.

I told him to bring up Midnight for me and get a horse for himself, which he did. We left almost at once taking only a torch — as I reckoned we would not be back before dark — a revolver and some handcuffs. It was a clear, sunny afternoon with no sign of rain.

When we got to Roper Creek, Paddy went across it and reported back that Coorapinni's tracks were on the other side and that he was walking towards King River— some miles further on still on the track to Katherine.

We rode on but it was night before we got to the King. Again I sent Paddy across the other side but he reported there were no tracks there, having looked by the aid of the torch. I decided that Coorapinni must have gone to the Chinese garden, up the King a couple of miles. (This was a garden run by two elderly Chinese who grew almost everything — and magnificently. I remember particularly their navel oranges — large, thin-skinned with very little yellow in the skin and full of juice — which were as good as any I have ever eaten. Incidentally, one of the Chinese died later and the other had to bury him before I got there, some days after, as the latter's message to me was somewhat delayed due to the aboriginal motto, " There's always tomorrow ").

It seemed to me the best thing we could do was to stay where we were till about 3 a.m. and then go to the garden and raid the aboriginal camp — which I hoped we would be able to find by the light from the camp-fires. It was probably not much use raiding it before dawn — and it could have been risky — whilst if we rode in before the aborigines were properly asleep our quarry might depart hastily and like a shadow at the sound of the horses. So we tied up the horses, used the saddles as a pillow and went to sleep on the ground.

At some time after midnight, I woke — being steadily soaked by heavy rain. I decided the rain was good cover for a raid and as we had no protection from it, we saddled up and set off along a bridle track headed towards the garden and running roughly parallel to the King. Paddy was in the lead and some time later he stopped and got off his horse. I couldn't see him, but I knew he had stopped because I bumped into him. I asked him what was the matter and he said he didn't know where he was. I didn't blame him, for it was one of the blackest nights I have ever known and it was raining steadily all the time. I clearly remember that I put my hand before my face, and I could not see it. However, at that moment, there was a flash of lightning and I saw we were still on the bridle track and close to a rivulet which ran into the King. I had been there some time before, and recognized the spot. I thereupon went in the lead on Midnight, told Paddy to follow and gave Midnight his head. I couldn't see but Midnight didn't miss a beat and Paddy's horse

followed Midnight. The upshot of it was that we eventually came out at the garden some time later. It was still some hours to dawn.

The garden was in a small valley with a plateau above. The drop into the garden from the plateau, although not high, was very steep and the house in which the Chinese lived was just at the foot of the drop. Immediately above, on the plateau, was a shed in which they kept their truck, implements and other things. Paddy and I got the horses up on to the plateau and tied them up some distance away. Then we came back and tried to get what shelter we could from the rain by leaning up against the shed. It was locked and there was no overhang so there we stayed—wretched, cold and wet — till we could at last discern in the east a suggestion of lightening of the blackness. Then we descended to the Chinese quarters.

In front of these, on the same level, was a small shed. I thought we would have a look at this first as there was no sign of an aboriginal camp. Later we could wake the Chinese and make some inquiries. I whispered to Paddy to open the door of the shed quietly, see if there was anyone inside, and let me know the result. He did this and then whispered to me that Coorapinni was in there, asleep. I then told him to open the door, let me in, and shine the torch. He did so.

Upon entering, I saw what looked like the form of a human being under a blanket. The blanket, however, completely covered the figure. I thought that I could pick out where the head was and dropped full length flat on the figure and grabbed it by the throat with both hands. Naturally there was a violent convulsion under the blanket — having 14 stone of human being drop on one and then being grabbed by the throat is probably not the most gentle way of being wakened.

I said, " Policeman — quiet now. You savvy — quiet, lie still ". The convulsions subsided. I said, " You pullem out your right hand now, slow fella ". The hand and arm came out from under the blanket, Paddy gave me the handcuffs and I put one on the wrist. Then I said, " Pullem out nother one hand now ". The left hand came out and the other handcuff was put on that wrist. Then, holding the chain between the cuffs, I pulled back the blanket.

It was Coorapinni all right — and lying alongside his right side was a shovel spear. We knocked up the Chinese, told them the story, had a feed and a cup of tea and left for Maranboy. By then the rain had stopped and we had a pleasant ride home to Maranboy. Coorapinni walked at the side of Midnight handcuffed to the stirrup iron as the handcuffs we had were those with a length of about two feet of chain between the cuffs. He was quite happy by then, smoked my cigarettes and seemed unconcerned by his capture.

He went back to Darwin and to gaol again. When he came out I made him my tracker and he was a good one. It was always the way — the aborigine who had what it took to kill a man also had what it took to be a good tracker. Probably it is the same to-day.

One can be lucky. I was! Firstly, with the remark of Jack Fotinos, then Paddy Laffan's having seen Coorapinni, then Coorapinni's having gone to the Chinese garden, then that he had camped in the shed instead of the aboriginal camp and last but by no means least, that I had, quite unwittingly, given him no opportunity to use the spear he had under the blanket.

But how Paddy Laffan knew it was Coorapinni under that blanket is beyond me. Still, as I said, one can be lucky.

TRACKED, TRICKED AND TRAPPED

Fate dealt cruelly with a confident Alice Springs thief a few years ago. A competent operator from the South, he found the easy-going, bushy atmosphere of Alice most attractive, and wasted no time in performing several good jobs.

In one of these he broke and entered a shop known as the Kayell Agency, in Todd Street, and stole a number of watches, a radio and a lady's brush and comb set. In another he went into a room at the Stuart Arms Hotel, broke open a locked cupboard and stole an expensive camera owned by a visiting professional photographer. The workings of this extensively gadgeted camera intrigued him and, on returning to his room, he set about finding out how to operate it.

The Kayell job was reported to the Police on the night of 19th January, 1953. Constables Ron Corbin and Kevin Smith went to the scene at once, in company with Tracker Charlie. The ground in the vicinity was hard-packed, with only a scanty layer of dust, and was not at all helpful for tracking. Darkness had set in, and Charlie had only a torchlight to assist him in his search for tracks. In time he managed to pick up a shoe mark about a sixteenth of an inch in depth and not more than two inches long. Eventually he was able to pick out enough similar markings to lead the party into and along Parsons Street and down to a spot in the bed of the Todd River. There, buried in the sand, were found two stands of a type used for displaying watches. These were identified by the owner of Kayell as his property.

Early the following morning, as Constable Corbin, with Constable Goeff Millgate and Tracker Charlie were setting off for the Todd to continue the investigation, a report was received of the camera theft at the Stuart Arms. Constable Basil Courts went off on this inquiry and his investigations led him to a man who had recently arrived from the South and was boarding at the Alice Springs Hotel. His suspicions were soon strong enough to cause him to search the man's room and property. He found a camera answering the description of that stolen from the Stuart Arms and contacted Sergeant Hughes, who then collected the Todd group and brought them to the hotel room. An exposed film was found behind a wardrobe and, purely "on spec", was handed in to a photographic processor.

A further search in the vicinity of the man's room led to the discovery, in an unused refrigerator, of the watches and other property stolen from Kayell. But the man was definitely innocent. He kept on saying so. A further check of his effects produced a pair of crepe-soled shoes with an uncommonly large heel and a ridge at the toe formed by the binding on the edge of the sole. Of course, they were not stolen shoes — they were his very own. Yes, he would be willing to put them on and walk around in them. He put them on and walked out into the yard and back. Charlie looked at the indentations and immediately exclaimed, "That that same track now, Boss".

The party moved off to the Kayell scene and on down to the Todd. Charlie clearly demonstrated that the man's tracks were identical with the suspect's followed by him the previous night. But the suspect, good man that he was, would have none of it — not even when brought back to the hotel and faced with a barmaid who identified one of the recovered watches as one which he had offered to her as a present.

While he was still being interviewed and still protesting his innocence, the processed film was returned to the Police. The suspect was shown one of the photos and an immediate confession followed. The photo clearly showed him taking his own photo — quite unwittingly — while experimenting in his room with the camera. The mirror on the dressing table revealed all! (Even another camera, sitting up on the dressing table and not known, up to that stage, to have also been stolen).

During his ensuing twenty-four months in Phil Muldoon's famous Alice Springs Gaol he no doubt lamented exceedingly over being so skilfully tracked by an Old Australian, so foolishly tricked by a new camera, and so completely trapped by those high brick walls.

RECRUIT NOTES

There's been many a good yarn spun about the old Hermits of Borroloola, but if our recruits continue to withdraw silently into the distant background at "Citation" time, we just won't be able to nut out a good recruit story. We have managed to force out a few voluntary confessions, and hope that, for future issues, the recruits will step forward gallantly and make themselves known to their scattered fellow members. There's nothing to worry about — we don't send "Citation" to the C.I.B. or to any debt-collecting or divorce or matrimonial agencies.

We give top place to the man who topped the last Recruit Training Course — Johnny Clift, depicted here in non-Territory rig. J. W. Clift was born in England, and educated at Gillingham County Grammar School. At 17 he left school and became a Clerical Officer in the Accounts Section of the G.P.O. At 19 he started his two years' National Service with the Army, and after eight months' cypher training he was sent to Malaya. There he transferred to the Ghurka Signals. He remained in Malaya for fifteen months, eventually taking charge of 99 Brigade Cypher Office at Sembawang, Singapore.

In 1959 he returned to the Civil Service, but found he no longer liked it, so went off to the Northern Rhodesia Police Force as an Assistant Inspector, in October, 1960. He had five months' training at Lilayi Police School, and was then posted to Ndola. Life at Ndola followed the "Old Colonial" style, but this ended abruptly in 1963 when the African majority took over the Government. John Clift returned to the U.K. on six months retirement leave, and in May, 1964, came to Australia determined to get into one of the various Police Forces here. With unerring insight and beginner's luck, he naturally aimed at and was accepted by the Northern Territory Police! Following the usual training course in Darwin he was posted to Katherine. There, he says, "I have been very fortunate and have covered a large part of this and other Police districts, doing the work that I enjoy and meeting people that I like".

DUX of the second 1964 Recruit School, John William Clift, before Katherine snared him.

Also at Katherine is John Francis, who was born in South Caulfield, Victoria, on 7th February, 1941. He was educated by the De La Salle Brothers at De La Salle College, Malvern. At 17 he left school and went to the Department of Social Service, Melbourne, as a Clerical Assistant, and remained there for six years. He then worked as a spare parts salesman with Southern Motors, a Holden distributor in Melbourne. His next step was to join the Northern Territory Police (" which is the life for me ", he says), and his luck was to be posted to Katherine. That Katherine! " A great place ", says John.

From West Maitland, N.S.W.— same as Les Darcy, eh? — comes Peter Malcolm Scott Gricks. Peter is 30 years of age, and was educated at various Sydney schools and Waverley College, then at Christian Brothers College, Adelaide, in which beautiful City he lived from 1948 onwards. He has been about a bit since then! He studied accountancy and his first jobs were in a Public Accountancy Practice; advertising; Company Accounting for a large wholesaler/retailer; and specialising in statistics, costing and machine accountancy. He spent a little over three years with the British Phosphate Commission at Ocean Island, and on a tropic isle paradise (!) just below the equator in the Gilberts, Central Pacific. He also saw some of the life (!) on Nauru. (The exclamation marks are Peter's, and we dare not amend them or pry into their origins!)

He then went to Woomera, in Northern South Australia, for fifteen months. Whilst there he saw firings of several missiles, including the Black Knight; the first firing of the E.L.D.O. Blue Streak, and several firings of the guided pilotless Jindivik.

Peter's main sporting interests are swimming, water polo and judo. He was dead unlucky to be sent to Tennant Creek, where swimming and water polo are mainly restricted to mirages, and we never ever did hear what finally became of Judyo.

Tony Stenhouse comes from Beaumaris, a seaside suburb of Melbourne. He was educated at Mentone Grammar School. He is our largest recruit in Alice Springs and can be described as " massive ". Prior to joining the Force he was a Clerk with the repatriation Department in Melbourne, where he had been working for six years. Tony has recently become engaged to Jan Johanson, also from Beaumaris. We had the pleasure of meeting Jan earlier in the year. Tony provides transport for most of

Tony Goodwin topped the first 1964 Recruit Training Course but his photo slipped through our fingers or something. We now hasten to do him justice. We also congratulate him and his wife Lesley on the birth of a son.

the other recruits, being the owner of a utility which General Motors would be interested to know is still running. Tony plays all sports, with the accent on Australian Rules. (It's nice to see the accent on *Football* in Alice Springs, isn't it!)

Alvin Wardstrom, a Canadian, whose accent is a decided asset, is pursuing his favourite sport of winning the ladies. He was born at Alberta, Canada. He spent some time in the logging camps of British Colombia and in 1957 he joined the Royal Canadian Air Force and received a commission. Al was posted to all-weather fighters and was a Flying Officer (Navigator). He was transferred to Marville, France, and there obtained his release from the Air Force. He then travelled around the world a little and arrived in Sydney in March, 1964. Al is keen on team sports and is at present instructing the young ones at the Alice Springs Youth Centre.

Graham Daly was born at Broken Hill, and completed his education at Broken Hill High School. He commenced work with the New South Wales Railways and stayed there until joining the Northern Territory Police Force. Graham is interested in motor cars and cycles. He plays soccer and rugby and will play for United in Alice Springs in the coming season. He has put a lot of work into the lawns and garden at the Police Barracks and they are a credit to him and his fellow gardener John Oldfield.

(The 1965 Recruit Training Course was still in progress when we went to Press, and its members will be covered in the next issue).

AVON DOWNS POLICE DISTRICT

By J. D. L. Wilson

UNTIL 2nd October, 1963, Avon Downs Police District was known as the "Rankine River Police District". On 2nd October, 1963, the buildings at Rankine River, which had served as a Police Station since the early part of this century, were handed over to the Animal Industry Branch for a Stock Inspector's residence, and the Police moved into one of the most modern and up to date one-man Police Stations in Australia, situated approximately 100 yards off the Barkly Highway, at Avon Downs.

Avon Downs Police Station is constructed of brick and concrete, the three-bedroom residence is about 70 feet from the Police Office, Cells and Tracker's Quarters.

About one mile South of the Police Station is situated the Avon Downs Station Homestead, which is another very up to date and modern building. About twenty whites and forty-odd Aboriginals reside and work at Avon Downs Cattle Station. The area of Avon Downs is 1,536 square miles with about 18,000 head of cattle.

The Avon Downs Police District embraces a number of cattle stations which are mainly situated on the Barkly Tablelands, the biggest being Alexandria Downs Station which is 11,500 square miles, the biggest cattle station in the world. (Alexandria Downs has over 66,000 cattle on its books, and 20,000 calves were branded in one recent year). Other cattle stations are Alroy Downs, which is about 2,963 square miles; Rockhampton Downs, 1,996 square miles, and portion of Rocklands cattle station of about 1,389 square miles. The main part of Rocklands Station lies inside Queensland, and Rocklands Homestead is situated about five miles from Camooweal. Gallipoli Station, near the Queensland border, and Soudan Station, situated next to the Barkly Highway, are included in the Alexandria Downs Station area as these two are out-stations of Alexandria Downs.

In conjunction with Anthony's Lagoon Police Station, Avon Downs Police also patrol and attend to matters in the proposed Wollogorang Police District. A Police Station is to be built at Wollogorang in the near future. Until this Police Station is built, both Anthony's Lagoon and Avon Downs Police attend to any matters which may and do arise in this area, where a number of small cattle stations are situated. The largest of the cattle stations in the new Police District is Wollogorang Station, which runs cattle only and is worked by a handful of whites and aboriginals. About fifty-five miles North-west of Wollogorang Station is situated Calvert Hills Station, which is also run by a handful of whites and a large number of aboriginals. Another sixty-odd miles further North-west is situated Robinson River Station. This is considered the best of all the stations in the Wollogorang Police District and is by far the most beautiful, as far as the surrounding scenery is concerned. At Robinson River can be found a variety of large trees, beautiful hills covered in growth and numerous fresh water streams. In fact, the Robinson River Station site is the pick of the Wollogorang Police District, insofar as living conditions for the area are concerned.

Heading North from Robinson River you come to two small stations, Manangoora and Greenbanks. Both Manangoora and Greenbanks Stations are mainly covered in sandy soil and just about all the water holes, apart from the flowing rivers, contain brackish water. Seven Emus Station, which lies East of Greenbanks Station, is comparable with Manangoora and Greenbanks.

Situated in the heart of the Wollogorang Police District is a lease called Seigal's Creek. This lease has not been worked for the past four years, although formerly there was quite a lot of stock activity in this area. Seigal's Creek lease is situated in very rough country and few cattle roam this particular area. Still further South from Seigal's Creek is situated another very small cattle lease named Springvale. To reach Springvale a four-wheel drive vehicle is required, or horses. Springvale is about 70 miles North from Gallipoli Station and the only good areas for cattle breeding are the many " pockets " which are located along most of the various streams running through the Springvale Lease. These pockets are usually about a mile to two miles square with a stream running down one side and hills on the other three sides. Fresh water is in ample supply on the Springvale Lease all the year round and some of the canyons and water courses are a photographer's dream. The only way to approach the Springvale Lease is by a track which travels over very rough but beautiful hills.

Going to the Northern Territory — Queensland Border in the Wollogorang Police District a rough track, which starts from well inside Queensland, leads to an area which is renowned for various minerals and very high hills. In the hills have been found uranium, tin, gold and copper. Until recently a large amount of uranium was obtained from this particular area. On the recent Census in 1961, I found four women working alone on a tin mine. These women — three quarter-caste Aboriginals and one half-caste Egyptian — were miles from any other place of habitation and their only contact with the outside world was on very infrequent occasions when they visited a Native Mission some 100 miles away in Queensland for rations and to dispose of their hard-won ore. The women's ages ranged from 19 years to 35 years.

After the rough approaches in the Wollogorang Police District, it is a blessing to return to the black soil tracks of the Avon Downs District. At Gallipoli Station — the top North-eastern part of the Avon Downs District — to reach Avon Downs Police Station, there are two short routes — and for the " tourist " there is the long way round through Alexandria Downs Station and Rankine River. The shortest route is the one which takes one into Queensland and for about 50 miles the Northern Territory-Queensland Border fence is followed. Camooweal is reached 75 miles South of Gallipoli Station. Camooweal is situated eight miles inside the Queensland State on the Barkly Highway, and it is only 43 miles from Camooweal to Avon Downs Police Station. The other short trip from Gallipoli to Avon Downs Police Station has the traveller going West from Gallipoli Station towards Alexandria Downs Station. Half way between Gallipoli and Alexandria Downs the track turns South and for forty-odd miles to Rankine River is sighted the best cattle-raising country on Alexandria Downs Station — vast plains with very few trees, and a bore every ten miles attended to by an Aboriginal pumper. Unless the traveller knows this part of the country, he could very easily take the wrong turn, and possibly perish, as there are countless tracks all over Alexandria Downs. Each year the Station grades over 2,000 miles of tracks.

RANKINE RIVER

Rankine River, the former residence of many Northern Territory Policemen and their families, lies 38 miles from the Barkly Highway and 42 miles from Alexandria Downs Station in the North. Many travellers refer to the Rankine River as "the little oasis on the Tablelands", as to the South of Rankine River on the vast open plains there is not a tree for 18 miles; going north across another vast plain towards Alexandria Downs Station a tree will not be sighted for 30 miles; and to the West and East of Rankine River, apart from a few trees growing along the dry river bed, there is nothing but vast emptiness. In the real dry season Rankine River looks like something forgotten, but within days of good heavy rain the Rankine appears to receive new life and green grass springs up everywhere and anywhere; and, with the river in flow, the Rankine looks like something out of a tourist guide book to the small group of residents who see it each and every day of the year.

I am unable to trace the date when the Rankine was founded as a Police Station, but it was early in this century, and, until the war years of the early 1940's, the main road from Queensland to Tennant Creek — Darwin — passed through the Rankine River, making the Rankine a place of importance. But now with the bitumen roadway some 38 miles South, and very few Drovers using the stock route, Rankine River is all but forgotten. During the peak droving seasons, something like 80,000 head of cattle would be dipped at the dip yards at Rankine River. To-day only about 20,000 head are dipped at Rankine. Road trains take the majority of cattle from the various Stations.

Apart from the old Police Station buildings — now a Stock Inspector's residence — there is only one other building, this being the "store" with a liquor licence. The present store was built in 1952, replacing the old building which had stood out the years since about 1910 or before. The store started recording the rain results in 1910 and in 1944 this task was passed on to the Police Constable.

The Licencee of the Rankine Store is Dick Carter, who took over the store in 1952. "Old Dick", as he is universally known, has been a resident of the Northern Territory since before the first world war and his actual age is unknown. In fact, Dick has been "73" years of age for so long that any other figure is pure guess work. Some old residents put his age down as about 97 and this could be about right. He is still a very robust chap and is an expert on pipe smoking and can tell you the name of any drink just by taste. He is well remembered by Policemen who have been stationed at Rankine River and he can relate numerous stories about the past Policemen. Although "Old Dick" has only held the Licence at Rankine River since 1952, he has roamed the Barkly Tablelands since the first World War, working as a carrier and later with the Department of Works. He built the present Dip Yard at Rankine River, a feat which took him well over six months and, unless the whiteants eat it away, the yards will remain forever as a monument to him.

There are two licensed premises in the Avon Downs District — Rankine River Store and the Barry Caves Motel, situated at the 177-Mile mark on the Barkly Highway. At present both premises hold Storekeeper's Licences.

The Frewena Roadhouse, although gazetted to Tennant Creek Police, is inspected by the Avon Downs Police each three weeks when Road Patrol duties are performed between Avon Downs Station and Tennant Creek. Usually the Annual Licensing Inspection is also carried out by the Avon Downs Police.

The Avon Downs Police Station is responsible for 200 miles of the Barkly Highway in regard to accidents or other incidents in which Police become involved. The total area of the District is about 23,000 square miles and, with Wollogorang Police District added, the total area is about 40,000 square miles. In that area there are about 145 whites and 350 aboriginals. On the whole, it is a very quiet area and the biggest business for the Police is the registering of Motor Vehicles and the issuing of Firearm Licences to tourists and locals.

The Police Station is equipped with a large two-way radio set in the office and a smaller two-way radio set in the Police Landrover. The Police Station is also connected with the telephone.

The Police Landrover is required to do about 24,000 miles each year, which mainly consists of Road Patrol Duties on the bitumen and general patrols to the various cattle stations for registrations and other routine matters.

Avon Downs District is supposed to have an annual rainfall of 14 inches and in most years this figure is very closely obtained, with the rain falling in about 12 days. Avon Downs Police Station is approximately 800 feet above sea level.

BRUNETTE DOWNS RACES

The highlight of duties at Avon Downs comes during the month of June each year when the A.B.C. Races are held at Brunette Downs Station. This Race Meeting, reputed to be the biggest Picnic Race Meeting in Australia, lasts for three days and nights, officially; but anyone attending the Meeting usually puts aside a full week, as

it takes about four days to get over the effects of the Meeting. Something like 500 whites and 800 aboriginals attend the Meeting and visitors come from all over Australia to attend it. Usually the Anthony's Lagoon, Lake Nash and Avon Downs Police Constables attend the Race Meeting for duty, with Inspector Greg Ryall of Alice Springs in attendance to watch over the three Constables. Actually, the Police in attendance at the A.B.C. Races have very little work to perform as the crowds are usually very well behaved, and the Club's Committee Members are always on hand when trouble arises. During the course of the Meeting about 1,100 dozen cans and bottles of beer are consumed, plus dozens of cases of spirits. Every Station on the Barkly Tablelands sets up its own camp on the outskirts of the Racecourse.

Although they are mostly vast, open areas, with an odd growth of trees here and there, and the climate is too hot in the summer and too cold in the winter, the Barkly Tablelands captivate everybody who comes into contact with them, and after a spell away from the vast plains, a longing to get back to the Tablelands again soon becomes irresistible in most old residents. To be on the Tablelands at sunset brings a sight never to be equalled in any city.

Long Service Medals to Five Members

Five members of the Northern Territory Police Force have had their many years of service recognised by the award, in March of this year, of the Police Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.

These are Chief Inspector Sydney James Bowie (joined 1939), Inspector Gregory Leonard Ryall (1938), Inspector Louis Clandon Hook (1941), Sergeant 2nd Class Alfred Charles (" Dave ") Mofflin (1941), and Sergeant 3rd Class Lionel Joseph McFarland (1937).

All recipients have had very wide experience in various branches of the Force and in many different Stations around the Territory.

A special presentation ceremony is to be arranged after the medals are received from the Royal Mint in London.

This is the second occasion on which a group of Northern Territory Police has been awarded this highly-prized award. In December, 1959, the medal was awarded to Superintendent (now Commissioner) C. W. Graham, Senior Inspector (now retired) W. McKinnon, Inspector J. J. Mannion and Senior Constables G. C. H. Stott (still active, after more than 40 years' service), H. P. Deviney (now retired) and E. A. McNab (now retired).

In the quick-changing, high-tension, world of to-day, it is becoming rare to find men sticking to a particular job for very long. To equal Gordon Stott's 40 years, it is necessary to go back to a long time before the last War. But we hope to see many of our present group of young men eventually lined up on parade to receive their Long Service and Good Conduct Medals.

THE LOG By Edward Herbert

HARDENED as he was to bush life, Dan Banning's long legs straightened in the stirrups as he reined his horse on the sky-line of the red-pebbled ridge. His drooping moustaches rose like hawk's wings on the upward sweep, crinkling the crow's feet around his grey eyes and softening the ruggedness of his lean face as he viewed the scene below.

" First time I've seen the place from up here . . . it looks mighty pretty ".

In the clear Northern Territory air, green timbers seemed to stride along the banks of the Yacaman and Aluha rivers. They wove their ways through the broad valley, gradually creeping closer to each other like two lovers to meet at a trysting place where they would merge as one. Ringing bird calls echoed along the river as gay, variegated colours darted over the waters and flashed through the trees. Sleek horses and fat cattle grazed contentedly in the paddocks as foals and calves, like clockwork toys, bucked and frisked about them. A red-roofed homestead, outbuildings, native camps and stockyards nestled in an open forest of huge white gum trees, in extended order, like gallant lancers with pennants flying, prepared to charge any hostile invaders. In the background, the expressive ramparts of the Yacaman and Aluha Ranges, with their play of mauves, yellows, blues, russets, purples and greys, brocaded then in new intricate patterns with each passing cloud. The pleasant hours of the late afternoon sun lingered benevolently, endowing the whole countryside with lavish splendour, bringing a fairy-like charm to the scene.

Puzzled, Dan Banning tapered a moustache between thumb and forefinger. " Sumpin' wrong here somewhere ", he muttered. " Now what could it be? "

Shaggy brows frown as he searched the majestic panorama . . . narrowed eyes swivelled from the paddocks along the rivers, up to the high ranges . . . sweeping back to the homestead and native camps.

" Ha! You won't see what you're lookin' for, because it ain't there ", he grunted. " No smoke! Well, what do you expect, you myall, there's nobody at the homestead, an' bein' Sunday, Bigfoot an' all the blacks have gone huntin' down the river ".

Fumbling at his belt of plaited kangaroo, he squinted down at an open-faced watch.

" S'truth! Close up five o'clock — that blasted windmill took longer'n I thought. Got a damper to knock

up an' cook a feed before Bob Clayfield an' his nipper get back from the City. Lemme see . . . must be a coupla months since Bob's wife died so sudden like, an' him an' his lad went away for a break. Gawd! Time slithers past faster'n a whip snake on a claypan!"

Spurring his horse down the steep ridge, Dan Banning galloped across the smooth frontage of the river and climbed the rise to the homestead. Dismissing his mount with a parting slap on the broad rump, he walked around the long building and entered the roomy kitchen.

He scowled at the empty wood-box. "Them flamin' lubras . . . cleared out an' no wood again! I'll flay 'em alive, by Gawd, I will!"

Grumbling, Dan stalked outside to the woodheap. Except for a scattering of small chips it was bare. As he rambled around searching his temper increased with every stride. "Them blasted blacks has picked up every bit o' wood around here for their own fires . . . there ain't enough to boil a flamin' quartpot!"

Down at the river he saw an old fallen tree resting at the foot of a huge white gum. Drowsing in the shade, two hefty broncho-horses, hips down, long tails swishing languidly, eyed the approaching man lazily. Moving more purposefully, Dan hurried to the harness-shed and returned with two pairs of winkers concealed behind his back. Casually sauntering to the unsuspecting animals he caught them and slipped the winkers on their heads. At the harness-shed Dan dressed them with collars, hames and traces and drove them back to the river. The powerful beasts stood quietly as Dan looped a chain around the fallen tree and attached the traces. To a spoken word and a slap of the reins, the horse's heads lowered, legs extended and braced with strain as the big log slowly followed them . . .

With his almost naked body patterned with red and white hunting camouflage, Bigfoot eased the heavy kangaroo on his bare shoulders as he strode in the lead of the home-coming tribe. Passing between the homestead and native camp, his questing eyes skimmed over the woodheap. Startled and unbelieving, he stood motionless . . . an effigy of rigid disbelief; his face a mask of incredulity. Mechanically, his head clicked around to the following natives. Arrested in mid-stride, they gazed wide-eyed with the fixity of immovable puppets . . .

Smoke wreathed and flames flickered as Old Wongoo crouched cross-legged beside his small fire. The wrinkles and folds in his shrivelled flesh showed like cracks in a burnt stump. Encircled around him, the members of the tribe waited in hushed expectancy; their painted bodies oddly distorted in the dancing firelight. High overhead, the darkness of the heavens made the stars appear like a million daisies broadcast on a curving, velvet field. From the big trees came the aromatic scent of the gum leaves, as if they had been slumbering during the warmth of the day and now awaken to the dew-laden air.

Slowly the old man's rheumy eyes roved around the silent circle. His taloned fingers raked through his long, grey beard. Bare haunches squirmed in the red earth . . . bodies leaned forward with elbows crossed over angular knees as they listened to the deep voice of their leader.

"To-day has brought us sorrow. Whilst we hunted the kangaroo and emu, this stranger, called Dan Banning by the white men, and Jabiru, by our people — because of his long legs and the slow stride of the big black and white bird — has moved our Sacred Tree from its time-honoured

resting place at the river to our master's woodheap. However, our master Clayfield and his son have now returned from the far away place of the white people. Our master Clayfield sat for many, many hours on our Sacred Tree with his arms around his woman . . . she who now lies buried on the ridge among the big white trees. So, we have no fears that on the morrow our Sacred Tree shall be returned from whence it came. But this Jabiru knows us not and might use the white man's axe. Thus, our warriors will stand guard over our Sacred Tree and protect it from any harm".

The old man's fingers flicked around the tribesmen. Bare feet whispered as strong bucks clutching their spears, disappeared silently into the night.

"Gather your children to you. As I grow older and more feeble, the time must come when I shall be unable to tell you the story of our Sacred Tree . . . those who hear now will have the respect in the retelling in years yet to come . . . "

The patriach's hoary beard drooped to his scarified chest and his aged eyes closed. Mothers hushed their piccaninnies to their breasts; fawning dogs were impartially cuffed as the tribe waited.

With a voice which had grown stronger, Old Wongoo seemed to belong to the mystic dreamtime as his sonorous monotone reached every ear . . .

"Long, long ago, even before I was born, our Sacred Tree grew and flourished on the river bank close to the big white gum. My father was old and wise and he showed me the place where it stood and told me the story of Yacaman, the brave leader of our people, who, at that time was powerful and had many members. Yacaman was greatly loved by his people . . . his equal with the boomerang, spear and nulla-nulla could not be found, he was by far, the greatest hunter and warrior of them all.

"Now, there was another tribe who hunted over the country near to our people. They were friendly, exchanged greetings and feasted together, but many seasons had passed since they had roamed close to the borders of Yacaman.

"Laboona, who was the leader of these people, had an unmarried daughter, Aluha, who was as his life to him. Many were the young warriors who tried to woo her, but all she scorned. Laboona with his great love for his daughter, did not force her to marriage as is the manner of our people. However, there came a time when she favoured Mardu. Mardu was brave and strong, a great hunter and warrior and for many moons had ardently wooed Aluha . . . and so, anon, they were betrothed.

"One day Yacaman, when hunting along the river, saw Aluha searching for wild honey. Unobserved, he quietly approached as a hunter might and studied the girl's remarkable beauty and grace. There and then Yacaman resolved to make her his wife. She heard him not until he spoke. Startled, she wheeled and faced him, her eyes wide with fear, which, as she gazed, gradually vanished.

"And said Yacaman, 'O, daughter of the river and trees, your face and form I know not . . . to whom do you belong?' And Aluha answered, 'O, mighty hunter, I am the daughter of Laboona, who, with our people, have made a resting place by the big lagoon, where the kangaroos abound in plenty, the yams for the digging, the nardoo-seeds for the plucking and the witchetty grubs for the finding'.

"And spoke Yacaman again, 'I now recall you . . . you were but a child at the last meeting of our peoples'. Aluha smiled and replied, 'And I, too, recall you as the great hunter and warrior'.

"Said Yacaman, 'Give this message to your honoured father, 'ere tomorrow's sun goes down, I, Yacaman, and my people, will make camp with him. We come in friendly spirit, and I shall seek you, his daughter, for wife'. Yacaman turned and disappeared through the trees like a true hunter. Aluha watched him go with shining eyes and admired the wonderful strength of him.

"To Laboona, her father, Aluha spoke of Yacaman and told his words. Her father replied, 'My daughter, the time has come when you must take a husband unto you . . . to whom do you wish to give yourself? . . . Mardu or Yacaman?' Aluha answered, 'O father, I know not! I am sadly troubled and do not know whom to choose!'

"With firm decision her father spoke, 'My daughter, if Mardu or Yacaman . . . who are of different peoples . . . wish to take you for wife, then they must fight with the giant nulla-nulla which takes the two hands to hold. The victor shall claim you! Be it so!'

"Came the morrow, when Yacaman and his people made camp with the people of Laboona. They were greeted with much joy and happiness and made great feast and corroboree.

"When the bold sun rose the following morning, the people of Laboona and the people of Yacaman formed a large circle. High was the excitement when the two warriors entered within to make battle with the killing fighting sticks . . . made from wood so hard and treated over the fires they would bend the white man's iron.

"Mardu was big, with powerful shoulders, his neck thick like the boab tree. Yacaman was lithe, quick and graceful . . . there was but little to choose between them. Each was fighting for a prize supremely dear to him and the gratifying prestige and homage due to the conqueror.

"They parried the shrewd blows with such quickness and sureness it was long ere Mardu grazed Yacaman's shoulder. The heat at noon found them still at combat . . . blood ran and sweat glistened on their naked bodies. When the sun had almost completed its arc, when both warriors were weak from blows and loss of blood, with breathes coming in agonising gasps, Yacaman crashed his fighting-stick down on the head of Mardu. Mardu fell to the ground. With weapon raised, Yacaman stood above Mardu . . . but Mardu was unable to rise.

"Then, into the arena cam Laboona leading Aluha by the hand . . . 'People of Yacaman . . . people of Laboona', he cried, 'you have witnessed a great and noble fight for the hand of my daughter . . . the greatest fight we have ever looked upon. It shall be relived around our fires and in corroborees for long, long years to come. Yacaman is the victor! I now give him my daughter, Aluha. May our peoples always meet in peace and friendship and the seasons bring happiness and plenty . . . '

"Now, Mardu was evil. His defeat by Yacaman and the loss of Aluha flooded his heart with hate. 'Ere two moons had shed their light, Mardu left the camp of Laboona and set out for the country of Yacaman . . .

(*continued on page* 52)

" Down near the big white gum by the river he saw Yacaman and Aluha turn the bend. Unseen by them, he climbed our tree, our Sacred Tree, and with his spears, concealed himself in the leafy branches.

" Yacaman and Aluha approached and rested in the shade beneath the tree. With all his jealous hate and power, Mardu hurled his spear into the breast of Yacaman. Yacaman fell back dead. Aluha cried out, and looking upwards saw Mardu laughing down at her. Springing to her feet, Aluha quickly grasped a spear of Yacaman's and pointed it at the bare body of Mardu. Mardu gave a laugh of contempt. With the light of triumph in his eyes, he jumped to claim her . . . she whom he had always desired . . .

" But Aluha, with the strength of despair, thrust with all her might . . . the sharp, stone-pointed spear-head tore into the treacherous heart of him. Mardu fell with the glaze of death filming his eyes . . .

" Aluha crouched beside the body of Yacaman . . . crooning and sobbing, she fondled the proud head as if to waken him. At last, dry-eyed, she rose to her feet. Tenderly she removed the spear from the bloodied body of her loved one. Breaking the shaft to a required length, she set it in the ground across the body of Yacaman. Aluha flung herself downward . . . 'I'm coming, Yacaman! . . . '

" So, on the morrow, the people of Yacaman found them. Reading the story so plainly told, they were stilled with awe and wonder. Those who loved so dearly were reverently embalmed in the bark of the river trees. Their bodies were placed, side by side, on the branches of our Sacred Tree . . . so the noble spirits of Yacaman and Aluha should forever ward away the evil spirit of Mardu.

" There came a time when a mighty fire raged along the river and the heart of our Sacred Tree was killed. It slowly withered and died and fell at the foot of the big white tree . . . which now watches over it and guards it like a vigilant sentinel . . . "

Old Wongoo's voice faded to stillness. His head, which had been gradually sinking, suddenly lifted. His age-old eyes gleamed in challenge to his kinsmen as his tired voice firmed in a supreme effort . . . " It is the solemn heritage of all to guard and protect our Sacred Tree for evermore . . . "

After his sixth or seventh rum in either of the Township's two hotels, Dan Banning was fond of cornering an audience to indulge in his favourite hobby as a spinner of tales and anecdotist. He towered over his listeners and was as difficult to get free from as a tangle of barbed-wire. He had an air of repressed excitement as if he had a new tale to tell. He wagged a gnarled finger at the two bushman he had herded against the mud-dobed wall in the Land o' Promise.

" You blokes can talk about bein' in the horrors an' lookin' over your shoulders at the funny little fellas geekin' at you, but I thought I had 'em proper out at Yacaman River a few days ago ".

Fingering a moustache, Dan cocked a rum brightened eye at the nearest of his listeners. " You got death-adders in your pockets, Mulga? " Mulga's brown hand delved deeply into his moleskins and slammed a handful of silver on the counter.

Dan nodded approval. " As I was sayin', I was out at Yacaman River doin a trick for Bob Clayfield after his wife died an' him an' his nipper went South for a couple o' months break. An' what a real lovely woman Bob's missus was . . . Lor', sweet as honey an' as pretty as a bunch o' parrots an' she goes out so sudden like you ain't even got time to ask why ".

With an arm like a draught horse's leg, the hefty publican reached for the black bottle. Dan's narrowed scrutiny compelled him to be liberal with his measure.

Dan drew his glass towards him. " Anyways, I'm on me own an' Bob an' his boy is due back that night. It's a Sunday, see, an' all the blacks has gone out huntin'. I want to make a good slap-up feed for Bob an' the little tacker but can't find enough wood around the place to even grill a mustkeeter. I goes moochin' around for some wood but it's as scarce as gold teeth in them myall blacks way out in the desert. Down near the river I sight a hefty old log near a big white gum. I snare a couple o' broncho horses an' snig the log up to the woodheap ".

Twiddling his glass, Dan eyed the rum with benign anticipation. " I just done unharnessin' an' turned the horses loose, when I sees Bigfoot comin' back from huntin' with a big old man kangaroo wrapped around his neck. I calls to him to cut some wood off the log an' bring it to the kitchen. He'd been lookin' at that tough timber an' his eyes was bulgin' out like two fried eggs on a hunk o' steak grilled on mulga coals. I grins to mesself, thinkin' he don't like the notion of tacklin' that gnarly old log. I tells him to get crackin' an' goes inside. The rest o' the blacks were behind. I hears a lot o' yabberin' goin' on but don't take no notice. Bimeby, the lubras come up carryin' all the wood they could stack on their heads an' dump it at the woodheap. I cooks up a slashin' good feed for Bob an' the little fella but it kinda got spoilt like on account they didn't get home 'til real late that night ".

Dan gave his glass a swirl and tipped his head back. His Adam's apple bobbed like a fishing float on a billabong as he gulped the rum in one shuddering swallow. He drew the back of his hand across his moustaches and placed the glass on the bar. He eyed his companions speculatively as he resumed his yarn.

" Next mornin' I'm pokin' about an' see Bob an' his boy over at the woodheap. They are lookin' down at that old log an' all the blacks are grouped around lookin' an' standin' quiet like. I thinks to mesself, this is a funny sorta turn-out, what's goin' on there? Bob sees me and sings out for me to bring up the broncho-horses. When I gets them there he tells me to snig the log back to the river. Takes awhile an' all the blacks, lubras an' piccaninnies trailin' behind. I'm all for draggin' the log any old where but Bob says it's got to go back to the same place. I get it pretty near to where it was before an' was goin' to unhook the chains, but Bob says real sharp like, 'It's not right yet!' Them blacks was wavin' their arms like windmills an' pointin' to where the log has gotta go. I'm gittin' jack o' this cranky business an' jest ready to let fly, when the log sorta gits about its right place.

" All the blacks an' Bob, heave an shove . . . even bend down and look at the track where the log had laid before an' move it an inch or two. At last they're all satisfied an' they stand back gazin' at it quiet like. I remember then, I'd heard tell that Bob had done all his courtin' on the log an' there was some native legend about it ".

Looking from his glass to the tallest of his listeners Dan's lean face took on a patient look. " Seein' as I did the honours on the last bountiful occasion, I reckon it must be your turn to thump your fist on the bar, Stoney ". Stoney fished a bank note from his shirt pocket and waved it resignedly under the publican's nose.

Satisfied, Dan spread his hands, " Well, there was Bob an' his nipper, an' all them blacks standin' there so goggle-eyed, I feels like burstin' out laughin' . . . but, somehow, all at once I get a funny feelin' an' don't feel like laughin'! I'm standing in a bit of a hole, like where a tree had been growin' one time, see, when all o' bluddy sudden I get the smell of natives behind me! I reckons they've snuck up on me! I buck around real smart like and swing up me dooks. But, s'whip me, there ain't anybody there! This gives me a nasty jolt, an' me shapin' up to the breeze makes me feel kinda silly . . . but there was nothin' silly the way me hair stood up on the back o' me flamin' neck like an emu's feathers caught in a willy-willy! Anyway, none of 'em seems to notice, thank Gawd! When I looks around them quiet faces they got such a funny, solemn look on 'em, I starts to thinkin' they's just laid the foundation-stone for a church, an' was all set to do a bit o' whorshippin' . . . or sumpin' . . . "

Dan Banning's hand rose as if to brush a spider's web from his face. Grasping his glass he held it before his eyes . . . eyes that saw visions in the dark brown fluid shining mysteriously in the light from the open doorway. Brushing his drooping moustaches upwards with his free hand, he swallowed his drink in a gulp. Blinking like a tortoise, he carefully placed his glass on the counter and weaved out on long, bowed legs. Dan had forgotten to add water to his overproof spirit!

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* *DANCING EVERY NIGHT*