

Citation

*The Newsletter of the Northern Territory
Police Museum and Historical Society Inc.*

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Citation Brings Back the BIFF!



CHIT CHAT

Vince Kelly and American Caesar

Mention of the legendary Sydney police reporter and crime fiction writer with the same name as the NT Police Association President, Vince Kelly, (Citation, May 2009), brought an interesting response. Veteran journalist Warner Russell, who worked with the writer on The Sun newspaper back in the 1950s, said Kelly had served in General Douglas MacArthur's Pacific headquarters staff during WW11. Vince Kelly had shown him a baton General MacArthur had given him. After fleeing the Philippines, General MacArthur landed at Batchelor, one colourful account quoting him as saying they had been pursued all the way by Japanese fighter aircraft. From the Top End, the party made their way south to Alice Springs, then went overland by train to South Australia, where a plaque on Terowrie railway station proclaims the general made his famous "I shall return" vow to newshounds. A young man, Bernie Kilgariff, later a politician, now a life member of the NT Police Museum and Historical Society, saw MacArthur and his entourage arrive in the Centre, and stated that there was a dog in the party. The suggestion that a pet dog may have been flown to Australia with General and Mrs. MacArthur has been strongly denied by American sources.

Strange Crocodile Adventures

Kiwi journalist/author Ross Annabell who provided Citation with the articles about Vic Hall's motorbike involvement in the Northern Territory uranium rush and the Darwin Airport Petrov drama has come up with another entertaining anecdote. A keen hunter who wrote and illustrated feature articles for newspapers and magazines, Ross once arranged to go crocodile shooting with "Ginger" Palmer, the rum loving rascal, known to pay taxi fares with a roll of crocodile skins, eventually found hanging in a Darwin police cell.

The rendezvous point was a Darwin pub, and Ross turned up ready to do battle, a knife in a scabbard on his belt. Ginger did not front; a police officer, however, walked up and asked Ross what he was doing with a large hunting knife. Informed that he was waiting for a guy to go on a croc hunting trip, the officer told him he could be charged with carrying an offensive weapon in public. Ross responded by placing the knife inside his shirt, and was promptly told he could be charged with concealing a dangerous weapon.

After that episode, Ross arranged another croc safari with a group, and apart from taking along his knife, he also went armed with his own .303 Enfield rifle. Out of that trip came a feature article that ran in People magazine. One of the croc shooters, a deserter from the Royal Australian Navy, with a bogus name, took a shine to the rifle and offered to buy it from Ross when he (Annabell) was about to leave town by motorbike for Sydney. As the man did not have the money at the time, he promised to send Ross a cheque, which is still in the mail, more than 50 years after the transaction.

Ross doubts if there was any change of ownership recorded in respect of the rifle and in the event of it being used in a homicide, he wonders if he could find himself called in to assist police in their investigations.

NOTE: More details of Vic Hall's involvement with motorbikes came to light in the Anthony's Lagoon Police Station Archives. In March 1929 he fell off a bike and needed hospital treatment. Later, mounted on his mechanical steed, he made trips and patrols to Camooweal, Brunette, Alexandria and Rankine. Bouncing about on a motorbike may have been the cause for him seeking dental attention during the same period.

Champion Boxer Trained in Darwin Police & Citizen's Youth Club

By Peter Simon

A FORMER NT champion boxer is now a piper in the Canberra City Pipes and Drums and the Australian Federal Police Pipes and Drums. He is Tommy McDonald ,70, who fought professionally under the name Rocky Mack, a name plucked out of the air by a Brisbane trainer. Arriving in Darwin from Scotland with his family in 1948, Tommy, along with other young boys, fought three round fights, before main bouts, in the Stadium which fronted Cavenagh Street on what is now the RSL site.

The boys received ten shillings (\$1) a round and the proceeds of the shower – money thrown into the ring by the fans. Another youngster to pull on the gloves was Kerry Mutch, son of policeman Verdon Joseph “Joe” Mutch. Also keen to swap leather was Roger Steele, later an NT politician.

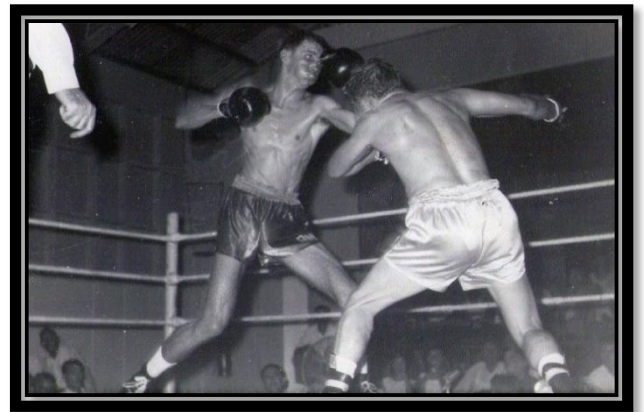
McDonald’s father had trained a top amateur fighter in Scotland and had boxed when serving in the army during WW11. He played in the Darwin Caledonian Pipe Band, taught Tommy the art of fisticuffs and how to play bagpipes.



Piping, not punching

Young Tommy worked as a paperboy when the Northern Territory News building was in Smith Street, where his older brother, David,

was a compositor. Later, Tommy worked in the Department of Housing and Construction.



Rocky Mack v Frank Martin

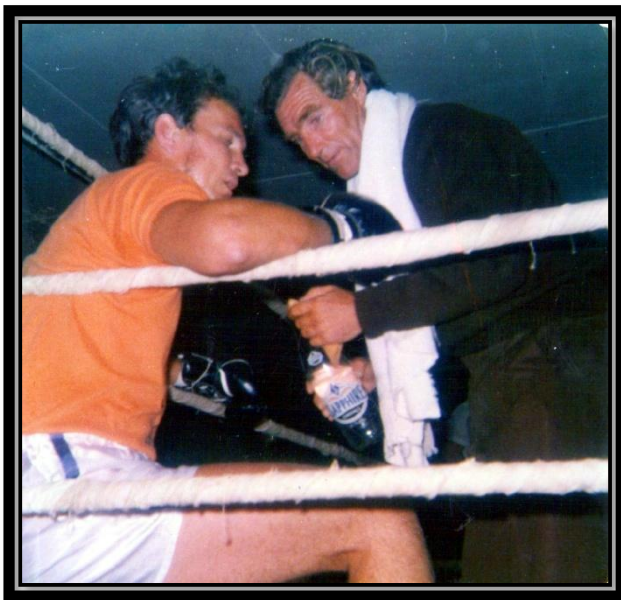
Tommy started his professional career when he beat Ron Christensen in an eight rounder on the Darwin Oval in November 1959. He trained for the fight in the Darwin Police Boys’ Club in Smith Street, which he and other volunteers rebuilt, and served there as a boxing instructor. New Zealander Terry Alderton was the chief instructor at the club and promoted a number of professional bouts with local and imported boxers.

Between fights, Tommy played several sports such as baseball, basketball (the Darwin Chinese Recreation Club first grade side in which the late Don “ Ducky” Chin was a top player) and footie for St Mary’s.

McDonald had 21 professional fights with local and imported pugs in and around Darwin, and became the welterweight and

middleweight champion of the Territory. In 1962, he had four fights in Darwin with Frank Martin, Manfred Gassdorf, George Takach and Carl Wagner, the latter a German from Melbourne. Wagner was taken to Darwin Hospital after the fight and said he had double vision from round six on and could see two of McDonald coming at him. That double vision lasted for nearly six days. Heavyweights he sparred included the popular Johnny Hunter, tragically shot in a magpie goose hunt, the boxing waiter, Young Stanko, and well known stock inspector, Dave Napier.

Continuing his career in Brisbane, Tommy trained with Snowy Hill who gave him the name Rocky Mack, probably inspired by the American Rocky Marciano. In a torrid fight with Vern La Buddy, he won on points, but sustained a badly gashed eye which prevented him from fighting for four weeks. So off to Sydney he went and trained with Billy McConnell, running up 44 fights there and in NSW country towns-places like Dubbo, Wagga Wagga, Bathurst, Young and Walgett .



Returning to Darwin, he had a return bout with Ron Christensen, a 12 round middleweight title fight, which he won on points. Next week he kayoed Ritchie Reynolds at a ring set up in the St. Mary's basketball courts.

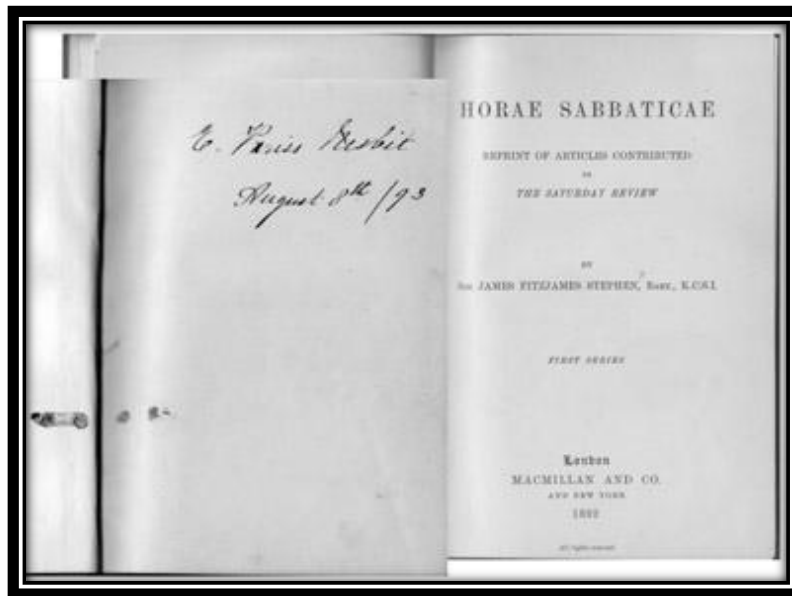
Back to Sydney for more tussles, he found himself in the cavernous Rushcutters Bay Stadium where his opponent asked him to take a dive after three rounds for a payment of \$40. Tommy refused. In the first round, the fighter head-butted him breaking his nose and cheek bone. Responding, Tommy inflicted cuts on the eyes and nose of his challenger, then hit him with a right cross that sent him to the canvas for the full count. The next day, Tommy went to Sydney airport to meet his sister, Rosemary, who had flown down from Darwin for a holiday. She did not recognize the battered individual who claimed to be her brother. To add insult to the obvious injury, she told him he looked more like the loser than the winner.

One of his toughest fights in Sydney Stadium, which he lost on points, he did not remember much of after the first round. His trainer informed him he and his opponent had each decked the other five times.

In 1970, Tommy and his family transferred to Canberra with the Department of Navy and he became actively involved in the Police and Citizen's Youth Club as a boxing instructor for decades. At the age of 63, his position made redundant at the Defence Department, Tommy went off to Ireland with his wife who had secured a position in the library at Trinity College, Dublin. There he embarked on a most unusual new career-repairing and tuning church organs, which took him to many fine old churches in fascinating places, meeting diverse and entertaining characters. As his boss was a Protestant and he a Catholic, Tommy, tongue in cheek, said they could not understand each other. However, his employer knew Tommy could play the bagpipes, so evidently thought he could be trusted to tune a pipe organ correctly. A life member of the Canberra Police Citizen's and Youth Club, Tommy is still actively involved in its activities. Last year he and brother David came to Darwin and spent time at the parliamentary library seeking newspaper write ups about Tommy's boxing career.

Unusual Mementoes of a Lunatic Lawyer

EARLY SOUTH AUSTRALIAN legislation applicable in the Northern Territory was drafted by a certified lunatic, Edward Pariss Nesbit, Q.C. While locked up in Adelaide's Parkside Lunatic Asylum in 1898, he prepared amendments to the Crown Lands Act. A skilled legislative draftsman, he also played a major part in drawing up other South Australian legislation such as the Succession Duties Act (1885), Real Property Act (1886) and the Insolvency Act (1886), later incorporated into the Federal Bankruptcy Act.



Unusual items connected with Nesbit are in Darwin. These include a bound volume of the 1892 *Horae Sabbaticae*, a reprint of articles contributed to the *Saturday Review* by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Bart., K.C.S.I., which belonged to Nesbit. It bears his signature, dated August 8, 1893.

A Nesbit oddity, also possibly more than 100 years old, is a game, *Revelations of My Friends*, in which the reader was invited to fill in spaces with seemingly unconnected words and provide a drawing of oneself. In a space for the name of a well known person is the inked in name Pariss Nesbit. When the upper leaf was torn from the page it revealed a zany story. It said the person who filled in the spaces had long dreamed of being mistaken for Pariss Nesbit and had suffered much discomfit for nearly three years, costing more than 100 pounds (\$200) in beauty treatment.

Born Edward Pariss Nesbit, he bore the same name as a brother who had died; Pariss was his mother's maiden name, the spelling of which he later changed, also dropping Edward, so that he became known as Paris Nesbit. His religious father, Edward Planta Nesbit, wrote poetry and ran a highly regarded school at Angaston. Paris subsequently rejected Christianity.

An English cousin, Edith Nesbit, with her husband, Hubert Bland, were leading lights in the Fabian Society, mixing with Havelock Ellis, Eleanor Marx, Annie Besant, George Bernard Shaw and Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Apart from writing and lecturing on socialism, Edith became famous for penning many children's novels. She also wrote a collection of political poetry, *Ballads and Lyrics of Socialism*.

One of Paris Nesbit's sisters- Agnes Mary Matilda-also a socialist, an early feminist and campaigner for sex reform, wrote for the *Weekly Herald*, a Labour newspaper. Her views, like those of her notorious brother, shocked the Adelaide establishment in 1904 when her book *Love's Way to Perfect Humanhood* was published. The *Australian Dictionary of Biography* said the book contained elements of transcendentalist, evolutionary and early psychological thinking and was a challenge to patriarchy and a rationale for women's improved education and political rights as well as control of their sexuality. No doubt the city of churches had an outbreak of vapours as a result.

She and her husband strongly contemplated sailing to Paraguay with William Lane's "New Australia" utopian socialist settlement. The suggestion is that they were ready to go in 1893, but were put off by the poor condition of the *Royal Tar* when it sailed into Adelaide to pick up passengers.

Tall, handsome, brilliant, multi-lingual, a free thinker, poet and bohemian, Paris Nesbit scandalised Adelaide and openly jostled with the judiciary, implying one judge did not know a basic tenet of law. Separated from his wife, in 1885 he was arrested for willful trespass after stalking a woman of whom he was enamoured. He was placed in Melbourne Gaol, certified a lunatic, and sent to Kew Lunatic Asylum. On his release, he was put aboard a ship for Adelaide, but jumped overboard and swam back to Melbourne. Once more he was committed to the asylum.

While there he drafted a letter to Matthew Arnold, the American general who wrote *Culture and Anarchy*. The letter was later issued as a pamphlet in Adelaide. He also wrote articles which were re-issued as a pamphlet *Lunacy Laws and Procedure in Victoria*. After a spell in the Adelaide Lunatic Asylum in 1896, Nesbit decided to stand for parliament to amend lunacy laws.

Two years later he was again certified and during this time he prepared the amendments to the Crown Lands Act. Attempts by him to be freed were thwarted by the Kingston government which Nesbit had verbally flayed during his campaign to be elected to parliament. The Supreme Court freed Nesbit.

In 1900 he launched a weekly newspaper, *Morning*, in which he attacked the Victorian lunacy laws and defamed Kingston. His liberated sister Agnes contributed to the publication. Nesbit promoted many social reforms well ahead of the times. These included divorce law changes, legal aid for the poor, decriminalisation of drunkenness and equal employment opportunity. After failing to gain preselection for a Federal seat with the United Labor Party, he helped to combine the Liberal and Democratic Union into the Liberal Union but, inevitably, fell out with them. By the age of 63 he was again certified and locked up. He died on March 31, 1927.

Nesbit was by no means the only controversial figure in Adelaide's colonial legal fraternity. South Australia's first judge, Sir John Jeffcott, who had been Chief Justice of Sierra Leone, killed a doctor in a duel in Exeter. He only took up the Adelaide post because he was short of money. Judge Henry Jickling was a comical figure. So short sighted was he, he reportedly trotted about Adelaide "upbraiding tree stumps" for failure to return a civil answer when he politely asked the way. When cheese was placed before him at the end of a dinner, Judge Jickling put a dash of mustard on it, covered it with vinegar and ate the lot.

The Advocate-General, the former Clerk of the Supreme Court in Van Diemen's Land, George Milner Stephen - was a slight chap who wore size four ladies boots and had a pet monkey, which made him the talk of the town. The monkey was tied up outside his office and attracted crowds .

Angry Actress Attacked Territory Police Author

SIDNEY DOWNER, author of Patrol Indefinite, the story of the Northern Territory Police Force, was a man of many talents. An Adelaide theatre critic, he was a cricket authority (100 Years of Cricket at Adelaide Oval), and a political reporter, all areas which can generate fierce emotions and responses. Strong criticism of a play staged in Adelaide by lawyer/actress Patricia Hackett, in her own theatre, The Torch, landed him in trouble in September 1934. His short review said the performance had failed to raise any sort of enthusiasm in the audience, due to weakness in the play and its interpretation. Miss Hackett had not been happily cast as the leading woman actor, he wrote.

Angered, Hackett threw a bottle of ink over Downer in the vestibule of the Legislative Council, inflicting a cut above his left eye in the process, after accusing him of allowing personal prejudice to influence his private judgment. Earlier in the day she had gone to the *Adelaide Advertiser* office seeking Downer and had been told he was in the parliamentary Press gallery. Downer had gripped her wrists to prevent any further attack. Charged with assault, court was told she regretted having, in a "sudden accession of anger," resorted to a course which almost immediately she repented. She had made an "honourable reparation" to the aggrieved person, and he had responded with the magnanimity associated with his name. The column long court report in the *Advertiser* said she was fined 20 pound (\$40) with costs of four pound three shillings (\$8. 30 cents).

A letter of apology for her action was read out in the Legislative Council in which she said the episode was not without provocation; one politician said debate on the issue was turning her into a hero. A few days before the incident her sister, Deborah, wearing her mother's diamond tiara, attended by eight bridesmaids, had married William Macpherson Knox in a dazzling high society ceremony attended by many prominent guests, including some from WA and Victoria. The couple sped off on their honeymoon in a car, the gift of Lady Moulden, to live in leafy Toorak, Melbourne.

Patricia Hackett was clearly no shrinking violet and obviously took after her adventurous mother, Deborah Vernon

Brockman, from a distinguished West Australian family. Talented and strong willed, at the age of 18, mother married Sir John Hackett, 40 years her senior. A politician and editor of the West Australian newspaper, he was also a benefactor of the WA University. They had five children, four daughters and a son.

After Sir John died in 1916, his widow met barrister Frank Beaumont Moulden, later knighted, on a Mt. Kosciusko skiing holiday, and they married in Adelaide on April 10,1918. She became the Lady Mayoress of Adelaide and a lavish, patriotic hostess. Her second husband's father, Beaumont Arnold Moulden, also a prominent SA lawyer and politician, is the man after whom the Darwin suburb of Moulden is named, he once having a land holding here.

He was also chairman of the Broken Hill South Silver Mining Company, director of the Electrolytic Zinc Company and had other mining interests. This seems to explain why his daughter-in-law, Lady Moulden, became interested in mining ventures, especially rare earth minerals such as tantalite in the Northern Territory and WA. Her enthusiasm for tantalite was such that she flew to America and Britain to try and stitch up deals with processing companies. Returning to Australia, she formed a syndicate to mine wolfram in Central Australia. In 1932 the University of Western Australia honoured her when the Winthrop Hall was opened by conferring on her the degree of Doctor of Laws, in absentia, because of the recent death of her second husband, Sir Frank Moulden.

In September 1935 Lady Moulden arrived in Darwin in a chartered Fokker monoplane with a mining engineer, Mr. Oswald, to look at Top End mining prospects. She flew across West Arm and from the air viewed the Hang Gong tin mine. The next morning she left by launch for West Arm to examine the tin mine and was also reportedly interested in several tantalite properties. She married Basil Buller Murphy, a Melbourne barrister nine years her junior, on June 27, 1936 and thus she became known as Dr Buller Murphy.

Her theatrical daughter, Patricia, who doused Downer with ink, was just as spirited and adventurous. Adelaide University expelled her because she sat for a sister's Latin examination. So off she went to London to study law; in 1930 she was admitted to the bar at the Inner Temple. Returning to Adelaide, she mixed with the arty theatrical establishment which included painter Hans Heysen and Robert Helpmann who became a leading world ballet dancer.

It seems many slings and arrows were used in the Adelaide theatrical world and they

were not props. She was reported as establishing an idiosyncratic repertoire, gliding about the stage snake-like. In 1936 Hackett went to the Solomon Islands where for four months of each year she carried out legal work from an island in Tulagi Harbour. The pleasant surroundings encouraged her to write a clutch of poems. However, the tropical idyll ended during WW11 when she was evacuated back to Australia.

Once again she took to the stage, directing and acting with the Adelaide University Theatre Guild. While she may have escaped the Japanese, another theatre critic, Max Harris, strafed her with a lengthy and acerbic review of a play. As a result, she banned all critics from reviewing her plays and sued Harris. After a long and bitter case, Harris issued an apology in all the Adelaide papers.

In the 1950s she shared an office with Don Dunstan who later became South Australia's theatrical premier. Hackett died from colon cancer, the pain supposedly ameliorated by opiates, according to an article in the *Adelaide Review*.

Disappearing Police Editors

Editors of various publications often have a short shelf life. In the case of the Northern Territory Police Association Journal it was a recurring problem. The Journal of November 1958 carried a positions vacant item saying it was "once again" looking for a new editor. Through pressure of social activities, Phil McLaughlin, was unable to continue the "rather spasmodic" publication, which he "so eagerly undertook" a short time previously.

If the Journal was to continue and not just be the "Diary of a Trooper", the cooperation of a journalistic-minded policeman was required. As an inducement, it suggested great credit would be given to anybody applying for the job who could say they were once the editor of the Journal.

Phil McLaughlin evidently did not lose his passion for police publications, or else his social activities reduced, as he later assisted Greg Ryall of Alice Springs supply material for the Citation. Incidentally, the Journal knew how to attract the attention of police officers. In the same edition it ran a heading "SEX IN THE NORTHERN TERRITORY POLICE FORCE" which listed members who had not paid their 1958 subscriptions and levies.

Changes Planned For Citation In 2010



ON AND OFF, Citation has spanned nearly 45 years. The first edition was launched in December 1964, inspired by the Rhodesian police magazine Outpost in British South Africa. Citation's founding editor was Inspector J.J. "Jim" Mannion ,G.M. (centre), assisted by Sergeants Frank Cronshaw (right) and Lionel McFarland ; the southern representative was Inspector Greg Ryall.

Keen to record the history of the NT Police Force, Mannion worked on the idea of starting a magazine. There is a suggestion he produced a dummy run of what may have been a forerunner to *Citation* consisting of about 50 roneod pages/copies? Anybody having a copy or knowing anything about this please contact us. He had been connected with the production of a small, duplicated publication for the NT Police Association which was gradually improved and increasingly welcomed by the force.

The first *Citation* edition, selling for 50 cents, was published by the Darwin printer, J.R.Coleman, and printed by the Courier-Mail Printing Service, Bowen Hills, Brisbane. The cover illustration was of Constable W.J. Jacobs mounted on a horse, taken from a Mannion colour slide, blown up by Jim Dewey. Included in the publication was an article OUTBACK COURTS I

HAVE KNOWN by *Melbourne Herald* Darwin based journalist and author Doug Lockwood. Mannion described the piece thus: A generous splash from the most famous pen in the Territory. Lockwood provided subsequent articles. There was also a feature about the first NT Commissioner of Police appointed from the ranks, Clive Graham.

The second edition carried a congratulatory message from former Darwin journalist /author, three time Walkley Award winner, Keith Willey, who in his book, *Eaters of the Lotus*, about the Northern Territory and the Kimberley region, stated that Tennant Creek was regarded by police as "Siberia". He mentioned a number of officers, including Jim Mannion, Tony Kelly, Sandy McNab, "Camel Bill" McKinnon, Hugh Deviney and Jack Mahoney. One of the people pictured in the book, posing with a beer and mopping his

brow, was sweaty and thirsty *NT News* journalist, Jim Kelly, the rotund scribe Superintendent Littlejohn physically ejected from his office in the Bennett Street Police Station (See *Citation*, November 2008,p22)

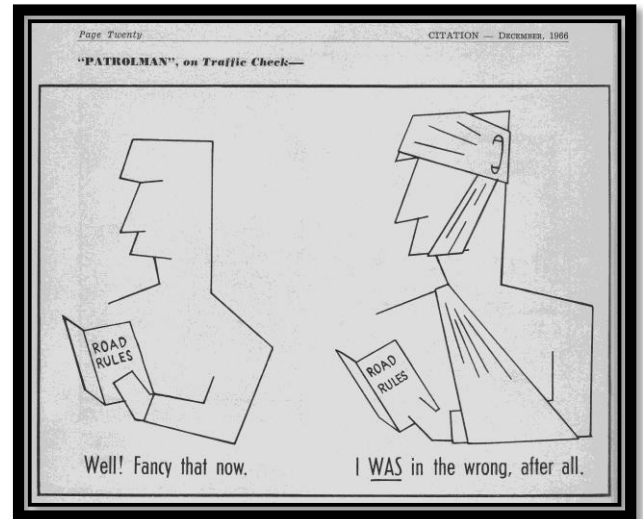
Willey praised *Citation*, saying the copy he saw was better than a national magazine then on sale, and declared that if he were still in the Territory (he had worked at the *NT News*) he would be stealing some of the magazine's contributors. Willey had recently finished writing another book, *Assignment New Guinea*.

In another of his books, *Ghosts of the Big Country*, Rigby, 1975, by which time he had published 14, Willey said Chief Inspector Jim Mannion, distantly related to his wife, was one of the finest men he had ever met. He and Mannion had spent many hours together discussing the outback, early police work and Mannion's hobby of photography.



In the book is a photograph of Mannion in a relaxed stance in a hangar near a light aircraft. This was taken after Inspector Mannion had returned from a flight to Robinson River with Frank Cronshaw to “solve the mystery” of Sergeant Bill Dunn’s four month outback cattle duffing chase. A person in the foreground of the photograph with his back to the camera is almost

certainly the late Jim Bowditch, editor of the *NT News*. These two had been key players in blowing the lid off the Darwin SP gambling racket which saw Mannion “banished” to Tennant Creek - Siberia – for telling the truth.

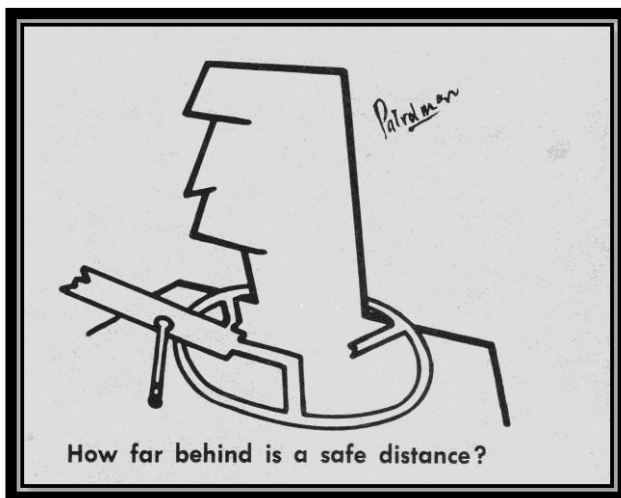


Willey had hoped Mannion would write his memoirs but this failed to eventuate because he died suddenly of a heart attack on September 18, 1968 at the age of 56. Another prominent police officer Willey wrote about was Inspector Bill McKinnon, whom he met when he (Willey) was editor of the *Centralian Advocate* in the early 1950s. *Ghosts of the Big Country* revealed that in 1955 McKinnon had tipped Willey off about an episode in which four Aborigines on the Barkly Tableland property of Eva Downs Station had been flogged with stock-whips by part owners Jack and Colin Chambers .

The preliminary hearing had been held on the station to hush up the matter, but McKinnon had been so offended by the case he had given Willey full details, risking his career. There was a national and international outcry. Mr Justice Kriewaldt sentenced the Chambers to six months’ jail and fined them 400 pound (\$800). Willey wrote that while McKinnon had been the subject of criticism over the years about his attitude to Aborigines, he was “a damned sight” more enlightened than other white Territorians, most of whom were “genuinely puzzled that

such a fuss should be made over the whipping of a few Aborigines”.

Another well known Territory journalist to praise the magazine was Alan Wauchope of Alice Springs who had a regular feature in the *Australasian Post* called *Straight from the Heart* and also wrote for the British publication *News of the World*. Other journalists to write for *Citation* were *NT News* court reporter, Peter Murphy, another *News* scribe, Bob Howarth who became involved with rodeos, went on to become editor of the *South Pacific Post*, Port Moresby, and as a tutor in journalism at the Gold Coast campus of Griffiths University, went to East Timor with the Australia Press Council to help the fledgling media set up there.



Citation's official photographer in the early days was Constable Denzil McManus, a self taught enthusiast who had taken up photography when he was a teenager in Victoria. In those days he had a Praktica camera with which he took shots and had them developed by a friend, Charlie Clarence, an experienced cameraman in the Navy, who gave him many tips.

Denzil built his own darkroom in a woodshed at Geelong in which the water was provided in buckets and billycans. The same Praktica camera was used by him when he set up the Fingerprint Branch in Darwin, a converted bathroom in a duplex building at the corner of Smith and Daly Street serving as his

darkroom. Constable Denver Marchant of the Fingerprint Section also helped out with photos.

Lively cartoons in *Citation* were provided by Mick Palmer, later the NT Police Commissioner, who practiced as a barrister at the Queensland bar, went on to head the Australian Federal Police in Canberra.



Palmer, who joined the NT Police in 1963 as a constable, had completed a commercial artists course by correspondence in his late teens and, as he put it, enjoyed “doodling”. Over the years he drew many caricatures and his cartooning skills are plain to see in his *Citation* contributions.



Cartoon by Commissioner Palmer

To promote the magazine, Palmer drew a cartoon of an aggressive officer, seemingly suffering mango madness, armed with a baton, demanding to know who had his copy of *Citation*. If you will excuse the pun, some of Palmer's cartoons took the mickey out of judicial rulings, social trends and highlighted the problems faced by officers on the beat out there in what looked like the wild west. Recalling his connection with *Citation*, Palmer recently said Jim Mannion had been a committed editor who strongly promoted the magazine, which he had even seen for sale on Sydney's Central Railway Station. Copies of the magazine made it to troops serving in Vietnam.

Palmer said another talented artist who had contributed to *Citation* was a good mate, Slim Rogers, a popular member of the force. In recent years, Palmer carried out the inquiry into the detention of Cornelia Rau.



Citation went into a long, seeming demise after Mannion's death. In August 1995 it resurfaced under the banner of the Northern Territory Police Historical Society, its president being Bill Wilson, the secretary, Glenys Simpson. Simpson, who played a leading part in launching the Police Historical Society, became the official Police Historian after Peter Young retired.

Glenys became *Citation's* editor and on retirement on May 15, 1997 had been the

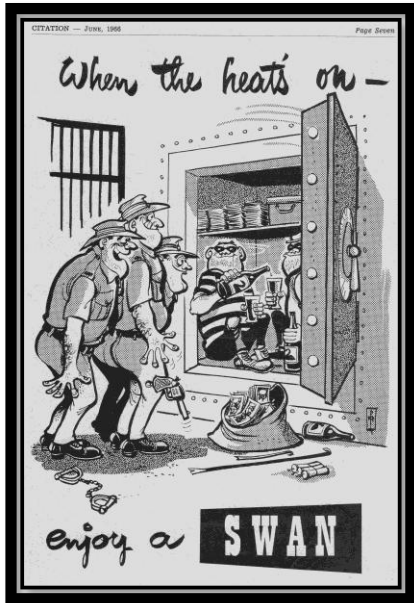
longest serving Territory policewoman-nearly 30 years. After her departure Garth Macpherson carried on with the editorship of the journal for a time. A special edition was produced in June 1999 covering the highly charged debate over the call for Willshire Street, Alice Springs, named after Mounted Constable William Henry Willshire, to be changed to something that does not "honour a murderer". In part, the editorial said

It is over 100 years since M.C. Willshire patrolled the Northern Territory and in that time, the manner, ideals and progress have changed dramatically – no doubt for the better. One hundred years ago, the Northern Territory was a wild, untamed land with M.C. Willshire taking up his post at "the springs" just ten years after the explorer Ernest Giles passed through the region. In those times, laws were fairly basic in contrast to what is required today and, unfortunately, some of the public in favour of changing the name seem to lose track of this fact.

A large amount of settlers owed their very existence and survival to the likes of William Henry Willshire and many others that followed him. He does not deserve to be villified in this manner. Indeed, what can be said of the streets named in Darwin honouring Tuckiar and Namarluk – were they not murderers? It can also be said their atrocities were committed at a much later time (in the 1930-40s) compared to an era fifty years before.

This matter is still the subject of strong debate. It is similar to the ongoing argument over Captain Towns, after whom Townsville, North Queensland, was named, when there was a move to erect a statue as a memorial to him. Vessels owned by Towns were used by "blackbirders" who raided South Pacific islands and brought back Kanakas to work in canefields. That statue has been erected on one side of the Victoria Bridge across the Ross River and there is a memorial to Eddie Mabo on the other. *Citation* was again revived in October 2005 by Saus Grant. The

magazine is undergoing a gradual revamp and will come out in a different format next year.



Metal printing blocs from early editions of *Citation* are in the NT Police Museum and

Historical Society archives. These include the masthead and cover photographs from early shots taken by Jim Mannion. One block is of Alice Springs Constable John White and his wife at Kulgera Police Station which illustrated a story about a missing man written by Alice Springs journalist Lindsay Ellis.

The June 1968 cover photograph was a close up of an Aboriginal man's head, the caption reading : This dour, dusty, desert walker hardly knew what a policeman was when caught by the editor's camera 17 years ago – but future planning is to cover all Aboriginal settlements with police stations in or near them. Another 1966 cover shot of an elderly Aboriginal man on a bark canoe had been taken 28 years previously.

Citation Finds “Missing” Gold Mining Plaque

The NT Police Museum and Historical Society has tracked down a plaque highlighting the gold mining history of the Pine Creek area which had been reported “missing” at Pine Creek. The plaque was part of a memorial to the Pine Creek goldrush of 1872-74 and all NT mining pioneers, erected by author / publisher/journalist Glenville Pike who was featured in Citation, November 2008.

He asked us to try and locate the plaque as in recent years two visitors to the town had told him they had been unable to find it. The plaque, installed on a stone -the golden boulder- in 1974, was paid for by the late Pine Creek identity, hotel keeper and author, Mayse Young. With the help of her daughter, Leonie, we were able to confirm that the plaque is still in Pine Creek.

Pike, now residing in a retirement home at Atherton, North Queensland, is helping the Herberton mining museum expand its displays. Twenty of his paintings have been put on display there and he has completed the history of Herberton. Recently he painted a large acrylic landscape to raise funds for the nursing home. He believes the NT should do more to commemorate its colourful mining past which would be of interest to tourists.

He said Herberton not only has a mining museum but a camera museum and another attraction which is a collection of old buildings gathered from all over Queensland. Called the Tin Panniken, it had closed down, partly because of the rising cost of insurance. Bought by a Victorian and refurbished, the place is now a popular place to visit.

NOTE: The early editions of *Citation* carried a round-up of police news from all over. It was illustrated by an exceedingly flatfooted policeman with an extended arm holding up a globe of the world and boasted of "pinches" from the world's Press showing police in their infinite variety.

Tribute To Founding Editor Mannion And Family

BORN AT BROKEN HILL, NSW, on August 1, 1912, James Joseph Mannion was two and a half when his mother died, so he was brought up by a maiden aunt and a bachelor uncle. As a schoolboy, Mannion learned boxing and received the Intermediate Certificate. Then he went to work on his uncle's wheat farm for 10/- a week and keep. By studying at night he passed the Leaving Certificate through correspondence. With a strong desire to be a journalist, he wrote sporting items for various publications, and at the age of 18, during the Depression, was the Australian correspondent for the American international boxing magazine, The Ring, edited by the great Nat Fleischer. If Mannion had landed a full time position as a reporter the Territory would probably not have been graced by his presence.

As he was not paid for his boxing articles, he stopped writing. When the editor asked why and was told because of non-payment, he paid up. In the years leading up to WW11, editor Fleischer held that German heavyweight boxing champion Max Schmeling should not be given a crack at the world title, because of his Nazi sympathies. Mannion disagreed, and wrote saying Schmeling should not be penalised for Hitler's aggression. The editor told Mannion his view was supported by a majority of the magazine's readers. The epic 1936 battle between Schmeling and Negro Joe Louis, won by the German, was seen as a clash between the Aryan race Nazis and the rest of the world. Louis knocked out the German in 124 seconds in an 1938 rematch. It was later claimed Schmeling, who became a postwar friend of Joe Louis had helped several Jews escape Nazi oppression.

Mannion applied to join the NT Police Force and, after a wait, was accepted on March 29 1936. Armed with a movie and still camera, he sailed north on the *Merkur* and when he arrived in Darwin had ten pence (ten cents) in his pocket. Obtaining credit from Chinese businesses, the Darwin way of life, he resided in the barracks, was not taught much, learning by trial and error. His ring skills came in handy when he boxed on with a gang of sailors in Darwin who attacked police while trying to free a prisoner from custody. After a short time, he was posted to Tennant Creek, riding all the way with two horses and a swag. There he met an adventurous Adelaide girl, Nancy Gwennyth Collins, who

had recently arrived in Tennant and was working as a waitress. One of only three women in town, she was a friend of Peg Nelson, wife of Jock Nelson who became the Territory Labor MHR and later Administrator of the NT .

Jim and Nancy married on February 26, 1938 in the Catholic Church Jim had helped relocate in Tennant Creek. A mixed religion marriage, their children were brought up as Catholics, Mrs Mannion not being a churchgoer.

Mrs Mannion painted an interesting word picture of life in Tennant and other parts of the Territory. Although a pretty rough town, men did not swear in front of women. Many people lived in tents with antbed floors and bits of matting. Harold and Zena Williams ran a drapery store. Mrs Williams had a good singing voice and performed at town concerts. There were catalogues from which orders could be placed down south. There was no refrigeration and the fruit shop, run by Mr Griggs, was rushed whenever a truck arrived, all goods snapped up within five minutes.

An Irish born police officer, John "Bulldog" Fitzgerald, who never smiled and always looked fierce, shot a man dead. Fitzgerald's daughter was bitten by a redback. Jim believed in walking the beat, not riding in a car, saying you saw more walking around. The use of Aboriginal women in Tennant was hushed up. Mail was brought through from Alice to Tennant Creek by Sam Irvine

about whom there are many amusing stories. An example of the lack of community services taken for granted in more settled areas was the time Mrs Mannion had a bad tooth causing her great pain and Jim reluctantly pulled it out with pliers, worried that he might damage her jaw.

From Tennant Creek they were posted to Darwin, which Mrs Mannion said looked like Hong Kong with fairy lights. There everybody dressed up on Saturday night and went to the pictures. Chinese caused no problems, but there many others who drank a lot and wanted to fight. After 12 months in Darwin they next went to Brock's Creek where Mrs Mannion was the postmistress. Fanny Haynes, with a collection of fine china, ran the pub which did a roaring trade. Her one - legged husband still rode horses, having to be helped up into the saddle.

On one patrol, Jim rode from Brock's Creek to Oenpelli with two trackers and 12 horses and came back skinny. A spell at Mataranka followed where the police station was a rough building made from iron with an antbed floor. At the old Mataranka Hotel snakes slithered about in the unlined walls. Mrs Mannion made her own soap from fat and caustic soda. There were weevils in the flour which could be seen evacuating when it was placed in the sun. Her first attempt at making bread was so bad even goats would not eat it. With some tips from the woman at the hotel, she became a good breadmaker.

Mrs Mannion had to be evacuated by air from Mataranka to Darwin Hospital for the emergency caesarian birth of their daughter, Nancy. Their second child, Robert, was also born by caesarian section.

Jim was sent to look for lepers who hid in the bush, frightened to be sent to Darwin and never be returned. The lepers were sent north on the back of the train "like cattle", tied together because they would otherwise run away. Jim would burn all his clothes and never came into the house in attire worn rounding up the unfortunate lepers. At distant, dusty, fly blown Lake Nash, where

the dipping of livestock was policed, Mrs Mannion made her husband's home brew from hops and other ingredients. Ginger beer was also produced.

While there, Jim decided to join up and go to war; the family moved to Adelaide. During his war service with the Second Seventh Battalion in the Middle East and New Guinea he took part in several boxing matches, some against state boxing champions. Like so many others, he came down with malaria.

Returning from war service, he rejoined the force and was posted to Hart's Range, then Roper River. There Aboriginal girls taught Nancy how to swim and told her about their legends. Gradually, Nancy began to speak their language. Young Robert nearly died after catching diphtheria from the child of a visiting missionary. The flying doctor flew him to Darwin, where Nancy was taken as well because it was feared she might have the disease. Mrs Mannion went through another ordeal when a lavender bug crawled under the mosquito net into her ear.

While Sergeant in charge at Katherine in June 1952, Mannion was wounded and Constable Condon shot dead by a man, later found to be insane, who ran amok shooting at people. Because of shooting incidents, Mrs Mannion expressed the nagging fear of a "policeman's wife" that "something might go wrong."

Mannion was commended for bravery due to his part in the affray. On December 3, 1956, a massive explosion took place at Campbell's Garage Tennant Creek, killing one and injuring more than 40. Mannion rushed into the building to see if anybody was trapped inside. As a result, he received the George Medal, the then second highest civilian decoration for gallantry. Daughter Nancy recalled her father's acts of bravery had featured in a British comic, Eagle.

By July 1957 he was back in Darwin as Acting Inspector and made head of the Criminal Investigation Bureau the next year. He took an active part in the Police and

Citizens Boys Club, which had opened in July 1955, and trained some of the lads. After working in Immigration, Adelaide, for a year, Nancy obtained a position in the Darwin Court office.

In June 1959, her father was appointed Inspector Administration and awarded long service and good conduct medals for 24 years' service.

A series of talks delivered by Jim Mannion while attending the NSW Police Academy at Manly in 1965 give an unusual insight into his personality, writing style and views on many topical issues of the day. By modern standards, some of his comments would be judged as not being politically correct. Nevertheless, they show he was thoughtful, well-read, politically aware, observant and enjoyed a joke.

One talk, of 10 minutes duration, titled TOP END TITBITS, covered the history of the NT, including the period as part of South Australia, the impact of Chinese, the "murderous methods" used to shoot buffaloes for their hides, the Vestey's meatworks in Darwin, railway building, gold and uranium mining and the high hopes for bauxite and manganese at Gove and Groote Eylandt. In the talk he said that when he first went to Darwin, in 1936, it was a frontier town of 2300 people, including 500 half-castes, 500 Chinese. There were plenty of "blacks"- but they were not counted. Houses at the two and a half mile, or Parap, were right out in the bush. Today Parap was just another inner suburb in a sprawling city spreading some eight or nine miles from the old town area.

Although modern Darwin only had a population of 16,000 in 1965, it was officially designated a city, was still growing, and had become a nice, clean, modern place. It even had a small equivalent of southern parliaments, the NT Legislative Council, which had power to legislate on nearly everything, although Canberra retained its hold on finance and also had the power of veto. There was great "agitation" for completely responsible government in the

Territory. "Some think this is undesirable because of our rather irresponsible legislators –but it will no doubt become a reality one day."

Nearing the end of his speech, Mannion said he purposefully did not cover police activities because - to get in a plug - these could be read about in the official *Citation*, which was in the Academy library. "I might say that there are many pleasant features about police work in the Territory - not so much now as in the older, more rough and ready days, but still acceptable. We used to be Protectors of Aboriginals at one time - a bit of a paradox, really, where you hunted them as policemen and looked after them and defended them as protectors."

AUSTRALIA'S EMPTY NORTH was the subject of a 20 minute talk which he commenced by saying that when his wife first travelled overland from Adelaide to Tennant Creek in 1936 she was fascinated by the vast areas of nothingness - no population, no habitation - in any direction. Now, after 30 years, although there had been some progress in the Territory, it was still regrettably true that as far as you could see in any direction there was really nothing substantial.

In 1965, 100 years after the north had first been settled, it was "alarmingly true" just how far south you could go (from Darwin) and still be in the empty north. There was nothing much in the far north of South Australia. In Western Australia there was at least 1500 miles between the good, populated southern part of the state and its share of the empty north. In Queensland, he asked what was north of Cairns, or west of the Great Dividing Range.

The position was "even more alarming" when a short distance from our empty north there were millions of people being crowded out of their living areas. These countries must eventually move some of their people somewhere else and the empty north of Australia was the nearest vacant land. While these people had different beliefs and could

not speak simple English, they were human beings, of exactly the same mould as us. "Either all men are created in God's image or none are," he stated. Continuing, he said he did not think it the right of any man to deliberately lock out his neighbour from shelter, or deliberately let him starve to death. "On a purely human basis, then, whether we like it or not, we are morally bound to let these people share a reasonable portion of our great mass of empty, virtually unused land."

The straight talking covered Australia's White Australia policy which involved bringing in European migrants. "The swarms of white Europeans may not be any better to us than those suspect off-white Asiatics, anyhow," he told his audience. We were kidding ourselves if we felt the European migrants were more civilized as history showed they were steeped in traditions and the expertise of warmongering, genocide and slaughter.

The quickly shrinking world would have to live together. In one of several political comments, he said Immigration Minister Hubert Opperman could not push back the Yellow Peril beliefs of Australia with only an Immigration Act and an old Malvern Star bicycle any more than Canute could hold back waves. The Malvern Star reference was a reference to the fact that Opperman had been an early cycling champion.

What should Australia do about the matter? "Do we just sit around the southern and eastern seaboard waiting for the sky to fall on us? Or will we send a battalion of Diggers to Peking to force 700 million Chinese to stay where they are?" He only asked the questions, because he had no answers. Prime Minister Bob Menzies had been the "boss" of the country for a long time, and had not shown that he knew what to do. However, Menzies did turn a "watercock" and set part of the Ord River Irrigation Scheme in motion, although it now looked as if the rest would not eventuate. "But even in the face of the Asiatic threat, as it is so often called, our Ming can calmly contemplate his navel on

the shores of Lake Burley Griffin and let this one realistic attempt at northern development go phut."

Darwin, the Territory's biggest town, was an economic mystery. It had no industry, apart from a couple of small breweries, a new, small meatworks and a fairly active waterfront. With a population of only 16,000, more and more people were coming in, more houses were spreading out into what not long ago had been bush country. Apart from government clerks and officials, the most thriving industry activity was the building trade.

In another 20 minute talk which asked if Australians were too sport minded, Mannion said every now and again some "irate wowser" complained to newspapers about too much sport being played, resulting in a nasty retort from a sporting enthusiast. Then the issue died down for a while. All community and commercial organisations and the armed forces did their utmost to foster sport. He had read in a newspaper that the widespread fostering of involvement in sport had broken up the old-time larrikin pushes (gangs). While this may have been true, he felt that the break up may have been due to the presence and activity of too many un-sportminded policemen.

While criticism by the odd wowser had seemed restricted to Sunday sport, nowadays there appeared little objection to it taking part on the Sabbath. His study of the Oxford Dictionary meaning of sport had turned up some interesting meanings. One meaning had been an "amorous dalliance or intercourse." Another meaning referred to taking or killing wild animals. This had raised the issue of the old English "blood sports", copied in Australia. While fox hunting was still carried out in this country, he doubted if a real fox was used. Live hare coursing, however, "luckily", was fast dying out.

The Northern Territory had its share of blood-sports, or blood-letting enthusiasts. Thousands of people poured into the NT each year from the south and 80 per cent of the

males came loaded with shotguns, high powered rifles –determined to shoot as many harmless water buffalo, and many beautiful and graceful native birds and animals, as possible. “This is called sport, and these people insist that they are sportsmen,” Mannion stated. He added,, “There’s no sport in that savage caper”

Since coming to Sydney to attend the academy, Mannion said he had noticed that the principal local sport was playing poker machines. Mentioning two up as a peculiar Australian sport, he referred to the “idoltrous worship of twin pennies”

For the purpose of debate on the subject, he suggested discussion should be confined to physical sporting games such as cricket, football, tennis, even horseracing. “I don’t think any or all of these in themselves could be said to illustrate a state of too much sportsmindedness on the part of the Australian people” Mannion added. On the other hand, he admitted that these sports could provoke a far too intense partisanship and some “hopelessly” unsporting attitudes.

While Australians believed Jack was as good as his master, they did not apply the same rule when an appropriate law was applied to one of our sporting idols. Instead, we got on our hind legs and “hysterically” screamed the opposite.

Conversely, the sporting community could turn on a sporting idol and hang him. One “terrible example” of this was the treatment of the Australian world champion boxer, Les Darcy, idolised throughout the land. During WW1, however, he was vilified for not going

away to fight, despite the nation having twice rejected conscription. There were probably one million men who did not volunteer for military service, yet the nation of sportsminded people picked on “poor Les Darcy”. Denied the opportunity to fight in Australia, he went to America to get away from his countrymen and died soon after. The same sporting mob cried to have Darcy’s body brought back to Australia for burial. It was a bit late to think of fair play. “When I think of the hysteria we show over duly-punished sports offenders (Olympic swimmers) -and particularly when I think of how we put the boot on the other foot to attack the unfortunate Darcy, I feel certain that the Australian people are not too sportminded. I wonder if they are sportminded at all”

He held the rank of Chief Inspector when he died on September 18, 1968, aged 56.

Mrs Mannion was always happy to live in Darwin until Cyclone Tracy, which destroyed her home. With her son, Robert, who had come home for Christmas, they sheltered in a hall cupboard, plastic buckets on their heads, as the residence was torn apart. After three months, the block of land was sold and she moved to a small unit in Adelaide.

REFERENCES NOTE: Compiled from NTPMHS archives, recent correspondence with Nancy and Robert Mannion, the Dictionary of Northern Territory Biography and NT Archives, namely NTRS 317 and NTRS 226.

Denzil on a downer

Here is a message for all mature age scholars and handymen: do not get up on the roof. Unfortunately, our popular, fountain of knowledge committee member, Denzil McManus, had an accident while repairing his roof. Stepping back to admire his handywork-replacement of a sheet of iron- he fell through the skylight, sustaining various injuries. Denzil is now back home and permanently grounded.

Frisking Wicked Nuns And Priests

IT IS NOT often that nuns and priests get arrested for drug running. One such rare event, however, came to light when NT Police Museum and Historical Society committee member, Denzil McManus, produced a cardboard box filled with copies of the British Police Journal, a quarterly review for Police Forces of the Empire, a broken run from the late 1930s to the 1950s. Flicking through the volumes we came upon a 1939 report, The Pseudo Priests and Nuns, written by the head of the Central Narcotics Bureau, Cairo, Egypt, which could be converted into the plot for a modern TV crime series or film.

It told of a sting in which a female officer disguised as a nun helped catch drug traffickers. Tipped off that dealers were seeking a girl, “not too fat”, as part of a gang to pick up drugs from ships and bring them ashore, the police arranged for an agent to get the job. She got on so well with the crooks, one of them fell in love with her and proposed marriage. The group, disguised as two priests and two nuns of the Franciscan order, complete with crucifixes, went to a first class cabin on a French steamer and were given a suitcase by a baggage master. The drugs, opium and hashish, were strapped to their bodies with surgical gauze bandages. Another quantity of drugs was to be smuggled off another ship.

Arrested, the “holy party” was forced to disrobe and be searched. A genuine nun who happened to be aboard ship was also taken into custody. The article does not say if the kosher nun had been forced to strip, but she was eventually released. The bogus nun escaped being charged because she was pregnant and was said to be acting under duress from her husband. The gang rounded up included Italians, a Britisher, Egyptians and a Lebanese

Advertisements in the same issue of the *Journal* showed that at the time police in England were driving about in a variety of vehicles including sporty, low slung MGs, Wolseleys (recommended for Chief Constables) and Sunbeam –Talbots.

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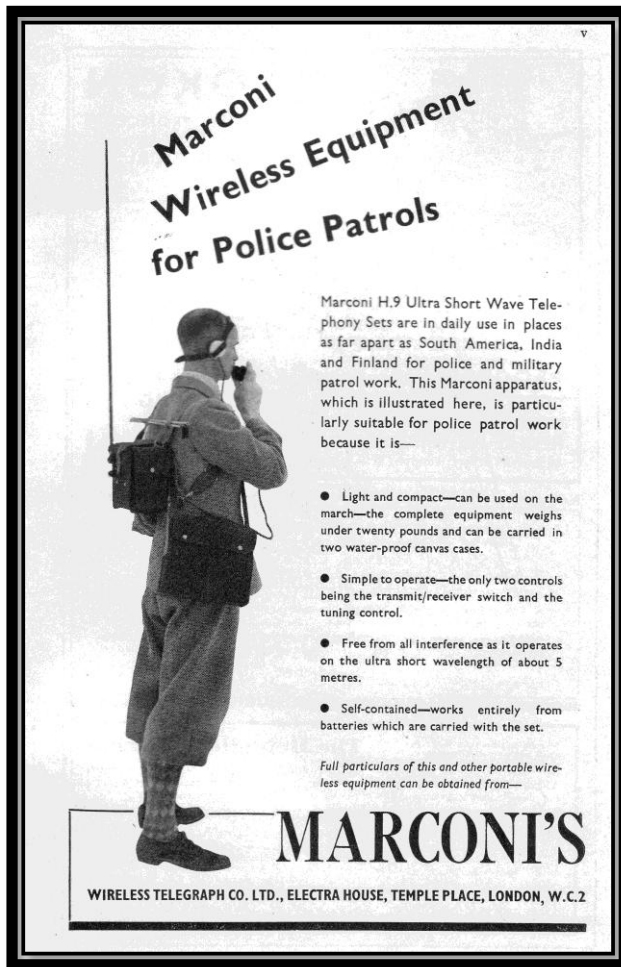
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Police officers who did a man's job - like the North West Mounted Police - demanded and smoked a man's tobacco, Ogden's St. Bruno. Sporting plus fours and golf socks, an officer demonstrated the latest in Marconi wireless equipment for police foot patrols. On his back was an instrument pack with a long aerial. A battery haversack hung at the side made it easy to check and adjust the set; a canvas strap attached the earphones to the head. Weighing less than 20 lb, the set could be used "on the march". This same set was used on the North -West Frontier of India, no doubt without the plus fours and lairy socks.

Included in the same issue is the first part of an article, *Juvenile Crime Its Causes and Treatment*, by policewomen Jessie J. Carey of the Melbourne City Police. It had been the winning essay in the 1938 King's Gold Medal Essay Competition.

The journals contain numerous articles about the progress of police procedures, the latest court rulings, wartime comments and news from the colonies.

Museum Site Talks

A possible location for a permanent public police museum is under discussion. The site is in the CBD, near parliament house. The current NT Police Museum, situated in a two storey former Myilly Point government house in the grounds of the Peter McAulay Centre, is not open to the public and has a wide range of items in storage. A permanent public museum would be an added tourist attraction for the city. NTPMHS president Mark McAdie mentioned the latest development in the long running efforts to obtain a facility. Included in the archives are early photographs of the police force, including horse and camel patrols, manhunts and tragedies. A permanent museum site has been under investigation, on and off for at least 10 years.

Patron departs for South Australia

Northern Territory Police Commissioner Paul White has resigned to take up a new post in South Australia. Commissioner and Mrs White were farewelled at the combined annual general meetings of the Society and the Retired Police Association NT.

The Commissioner presented NT Police Association president Vince Kelly with a broad brimmed hat in a gesture sparked by their differences over uniform items. Vince pointed out he had earlier presented the Commissioner with a police cap as a going away present

Saving Old Technology

Police use a wide variety of equipment and the makes and models are frequently changing as new technology emerges. Unfortunately many items that become obsolete or no longer fit or operational service are discarded well before their historical significance becomes apparent. To help prevent the loss of equipment a drive has commenced to encourage those who administer inventory or storage to give some thought to passing this equipment on to the police museum so that it can be preserved.



The shelf unit above is the start of a mini collection temporarily housed at the Operational Intelligence Section. The intention is to collect any type of equipment, space permitting including any manuals or information about its use, products from it or photographs showing the equipment in operation. Gradually the equipment is being gathered together under themes and subcategories until it reaches a point whereby a mini display might be considered for a prominent location. The last Citation featured a Bristol Bomb Suit that is one of the early additions to this collection.

Originally the collection began to gather items related to the intelligence field but it was soon apparent that there are many other items that should be preserved now to avoid them being lost in the long term. It is amazing how quickly an item can become

hard to find. Anyone who served in the 80's will remember the Adler typewriter but finding one now is a far more difficult proposition. No doubt they are out there somewhere but to date a suitable example has proven difficult to locate.

Some of the categories that are being sought are;

- Communication Equipment -
- Computers and software
- Encryption Equipment
- Surveillance Equipment
- Video Cameras and Recorders
- Operational Safety Equipment
- Traffic Operations Equipment
- Other items and sub-categories



A DVP (Digital Voice Protection) code inverter by Motorola – used to provide secure voice communications over radio.



Pentax ME Super Camera

These are broad categories and not exclusive. If it was used by police to carry out or support their functions then it is fair game.

For example storage media for computers and digital devices will be one theme area that while not specifically police related has had quite an impact on how policing is carried out.

The recently decommissioned Criminal Intelligence Section server has been saved minus all of its data and in the future may serve to display information about the range of police technology that has been collected or researched. Any items, notes or images that extend the collection are gratefully received.



MiniMax CDMA Broadband Modem



An IPNDe (Integrated Public Number Database enquiry) 'calculator' by RACAL was used by Intelligence Officers to authenticate or 'sign in' to the database.

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