



the CITATION

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NORTHERN TERRITORY POLICE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

In the Citation Newsletters of March 1999 you have reprinted my letter of 28/4/87 to Peter Young in which I drew attention to the leaning headstone of Mounted Constable Matthew Francis Dowdy's grave at Arltunga.

Peter wrote a prompt reply dated 14th May, 1987, in which he said: "Thank you for your letter and the enclosed cutting relating to Mounted Constable Matthew Francis Dowdy. I intend to get in touch with the fellows down at Alice Springs and see what can be done about restoring the grave to an acceptable standard. I wasn't aware of the grave and I thank you for bringing it to my attention". The March 1999 Citation reproduced the Centralian advocate's photo of the grave and details of Dowdy and his service in the issue of 1/8/86.

In the issue No 2 of Citation Glenys Simpson was asking for details on any police graves. By letter dated 24/4/96 I gave her the above information. Whether or not Dowdy's grave has been restored, I do not know. Restoration of Police Graves was then in progress. The unmarked grave of former member, Thomas Cameron Brasch White (Tom), in the Alice Springs cemetery was recently marked with concrete slab and plaque by Alice Springs Police members.

In the first issue of the former Citation. The Northern Territory Police Magazine Committee of Management, Inspector J. J. Mannion G.M. Editor and Sergeants F. Cranshaw and L. J. Mc Farland, Southern Division Representative: Inspector G. L. Rydall, December 1964, page four, is the article "Bridgie" by former member F.D. (Frank) Deans. Included, is a group picture of eight police officers, two of whom are William (Bill) Mc Cann and Henry Allen, the photo titled "Police in Darwin, 1923, just before the Arnhemland Patrols to search for Douglas Mawson 'survivors'. A third in the group is L. H. (Harry) Hoffman who, when I first came to Darwin in January 1935, was then

stationed at Maranboy. I met him several times later in Darwin. He was in the first police party to go out into Arnhemland to search for two white women rumoured to be survivors of the wreck of the "Douglas Mawson" 1924, in the Gulf of Carpentaria and said to be living with the natives. The rumour was unfounded as Frank records in his article.

The Northern Territory Police News of March 1983 is Peter Hamon's letter to the Editor Police History, and included with it and also published, a copy of Commonwealth Gazette No 74 of 3rd September 1931 which gave details of officers than on strength, salaries, conditions etc. In this record, L. H. Hoffman is shown as being appointed 24/3/24 which means that the year 1923 on the group photo is wrong - it should be 1924. Bill Mc Cann is shown as born 3/11/79, appointed 6/3/22 at 42 years of age which seems somewhat extraordinary. He must have come from some other Police Force but I have no record on this aspect. He was then the oldest member of the Force and up until September 1934, had been stationed at Wave Hill. When I arrived in Darwin, January 1935, he was then out of the Force. I met him several times.

In the Northern Territory Police News of December 1992 is a list - "Officers who were killed on duty or died whilst serving" in which Henry Allen is shown as deceased 1930, day and month not stated. I was stationed at Lake Nash in 1941 and 1942 and the journals there recorded that Allen had also been there some years before me. I remember reading his journal entry, I think in 1928, that he had made a trip in his private car to Alice Springs via the Sandover, something of a feat for that time with no defined roads, only tracks. There would have been a bore maintenance road of sorts to Argadargada bore on Lake Nash Station's western boundary and from there on, it would have been from station to station. I have no record of when Allen was appointed but since he was at Lake Nash prior to his



death 1930, he may have died at Alice Springs.

The question is, where is he buried and if at Alice Springs, in an unmarked or marked grave? Perhaps this could be investigated by those restoring graves. In the group photo he looks elderly and likewise in one of him and Bill Mc Cann taken on the front verandah of the Darwin Police Station 25/9/24, sent to me by Mrs. Hazel Southwell, daughter of former member, her father, Robert ("Jock") Reid, for identification purposes.

Another grave shown in the March issue is that of Arthur Robinson Clapp, Mounted Constable, Daly Waters. The epitaph on his headstone is as follows:-

Sacred
To The Memory Of
Mounted Constable Arthur Robinson Clapp,
who was accidentally shot on
Katherine-Daly Waters Railway Construction
on 5th November 1927,
whilst on execution of his duty.

The flower receptacle at the base of the headstone partly reads:

Mother
Dolly.

M. C. Clapp's grave - headstone are in the Katherine Cemetery, not at Daly Waters. I saw them on various occasions when I was Officer-in-Charge Katherine 1950-51. Ted Morey in his historical article "Katherine to Katherine - Via Emungalan" published in Citation 1967 under heading Police Tragedy, confirms the Katherine location.

His account reads as follows:

POLICE TRAGEDY

Buried in Katherine in those wild early years was fine young policeman, Mounted Constable Arthur Clapp. He was stationed at Maranboy and horse-patrolled the construction camps from King River to Mataranka.... before Tas Fitzer came down and erected two tents as a base from which to keep law and order along the Mataranka section.

At pistol point Arthur Clapp bailed up a couple of rum-boat runners peddling their rot-gut on the line formation. Replacing his pistol it was accidentally discharged. Clapp was shot through the leg, a main artery severed. He received little help - medical attention was far off - and he bled to death.

The railway struggled past Katherine, Matanboy, Mataranka but never did seem to know how to find its way to Alice Springs. The fore-shadow of the great Depression closed down the construction almost overnight. Many workers were caught penniless and had to have their passages paid back south, east or west.

The railway had by then reached swamp-bound Birdum. A railhead was established and Tim O'Shea built a hotel and during the last War the railhead was moved back a few miles to Larrimah, on the Stuart Highway. So the southern end of the line is now even nearer to Darwin than it was when construction ceased nearly forty years ago!

When I was at Katherine, graves were marked with numbered pegs on some, others had lost their pegs, some even eaten away by white ants. The Register of Graves was at the Police Station kept in a school exercise book. I remember the location of one was recorded as "near bloodwood street." A supply of plain wooden coffins was on hand at the Police Station and police had to act virtually as the local undertakers. I can remember acting in that capacity on at least two occasions for deceased children and on another time for an exhumation.

Ted's account of the two Katherines, Emungalan and the railway construction is some history worth repeating and which is as follows:

Emungalan! "place by the Big River". Once it was the end of the North Australian Railway, running southward from Darwin; but today there is hardly a speck on the ground or a faint line on the map to recall its brief but lively existence between the two Katherines

KATHERINE started off at The Crossing - the Old Crossing, or Nott's, or Nixon's according to your particular period of history. This was the Katherine of "We of the Never Never", and that is where the first Police Station was established - tucked away in amongst those huge granite and limestone boulders above the Crossing.

The first phase of the North Australian Railway was the 146 miles from Darwin to Pine Creek, completed in 1889 mainly by Chinese coolie labour. The second phase was some 53 ½ miles from Pine Creek to the Katherine River - to Emungalan. The third was to meet a contemporaneous north-bound movement from Oodnadatta, S.A., thus



spanning the country completely from north to south. But never the trains shall meet, it seems.

There is still a gap of more than 620 miles between the northern and southern rail heads.

The Crossing at Katherine River was a couple of miles off the surveyed rail route, so a new town site was laid out north of the river, at Emungalan. In the nineteen-twenties the settlement consisted of the station-master's residence, a Chinese store, another owned by Jack Bernhard, a few houses and shanties and the camp-town of the bridge-builders.

From the South came men and materials to build a railway bridge across the Katherine River. The steel quarter-mile bridge, eighty feet above the clear water, has stood the test of time and flood and remains a substantial monument to the hardy toilers and efficient engineers who produced it. When it was nearing completion the rough and ready bridge workers were added to or replaced by even tougher characters who assembled at Emungalan to work on the southward railway construction.

The railway had come north from Oodnadatta and reached Alice Springs in 1928 while from Katherine, it eventually reached Birdum, 316 miles south of Darwin. Ted mentions the gap of 620 miles, but with the closing down of the north Australia section the gap is now some 936 miles. I can remember visiting Darwin in the late 1970's when the line was then closed. Under the Northern Territory Acceptance Act 1911 when the Commonwealth took over control of the Northern Territory from South Australia, one of the conditions was the completion of the line. Since about 1928, 71 years, nothing more has been done, except talk every now and then, some quite recently.

The weekly train in 1935 and years later left Darwin on Wednesday mornings at eight o'clock, with dinner stop at the Adelaide River refreshment rooms run by Charlie Sack and his wife, over-night stop at Pine Creek and Dowling's Pine Creek Hotel. On Thursday, dinner at Mrs. Fisher's Mataranka Hotel and night stop at the Birdum Hotel where May O'Shea and Jack O'Keefe provided accommodation. The return journey on Friday morning was to Katherine for dinner at Tim O'Shea's Katherine Hotel and then over-night at Pine Creek. The train arrived Darwin Saturday afternoon. If Bob Murray was the engine driver and

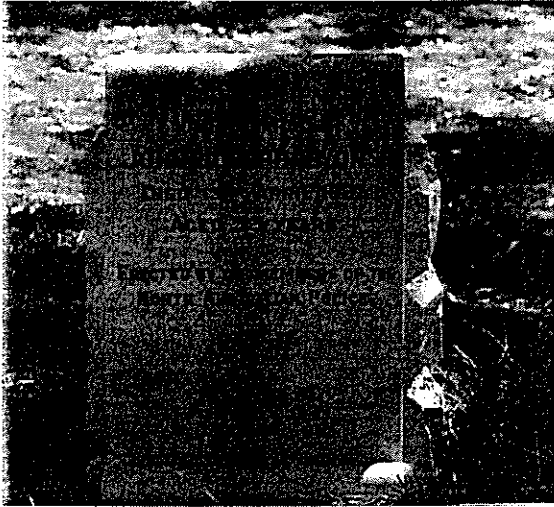
there was a football match on in which the team he supported was playing, the train was bound to be early so that Bob could get to the match before starting time. The train was somewhat derisively known by names of "The Spirit of Protest" and "Leaping Lena". I travelled on it on a number of occasions on prisoner and leper escort duty, the later thoroughly detested by all of us.

Now to return to Katherine and the matter of graves, the list of those killed on duty or died whilst serving, records Charles Patrick Johnston died 4/12/1907. In February 1997 my wife and I were at Mundaring, W.A. and while there, saw former member John Gordon who showed me a photo of the tombstone on the grave of Johnston which he said was located above the Top Crossing at Katherine. The inscription, has after the name, the letters M.T. Which would stand for Mounted Trooper. I think also there was "erected by his comrades" or something similar. I understood from John that he had already sent Glenys Simpson a copy of the photo or was going to send one. I gave this information to Glenys by letter dated 26/5/97. Restoration of this grave could be looked into.

Now to Boorooloola where is located the grave of M.C. John Joseph Lyons, died 13/4/1927 and pictured in Citation of March.

I was stationed at Borrooloola from September 1935 to April 1936 and again from April to August 1937 and saw the grave on numerous occasions at its original location, down river from Borrooloola, at the One Mile, the site in the published photo. In June 1988 my wife and I, on our way home from the opening of the old Timber Creek Police Station as a museum, came to Borrooloola via the back road through Roper Bar and Limmen River. At Borrooloola, I found that Lyon's headstone had been shifted from its original position nearer the river to the present cemetery site. I made some enquiries of the local police but they did not know if Lyon's remains had been moved to the new site. The epitaph on the headstone reads:

Sacred To The Memory Of
Our Comrade
John Joseph Lyons
Died 13th April, 1927.
Aged 33 Years
Erected by the members of the
North Australian Police
R.I.P.



The term "north Australian Police" has reference to the fact that from 1927 to 1931 the Territory was divided into two parts - North Australia and Central Australia with Lt. Col. R. H Weddell (Government Resident, North Australia) and V.G. Carrington (Government Resident, Central Australia). It was reunited under Administrator R. H. Weddell (Darwin) and V.G. Carrington (Alice Springs) Deputy Administrator, in 1931. These references from Appendix, "The territory" by Ernestine Hill, first published 1951.

What did Lyons die of at the early age of 33 years? Was it fever like M.C. Frank Keting at Bow Hills 5/11/1916? The Bow Hills journal of that date recorded "fever" (malaria) as the cause of Keating's death. Borroloola journal of 13/4/1927 should have something similar about Lyons as to cause of death. Lyons probably lived in one room of the old Court House situated some short distance from the Police Station on the bank of Rocky Creek. It was the quarters for the 'second man' and when I arrived there on Friday 13th September, 1935 it was infested with bats. I recorded in my diary a few days later 'bats in this room are bad'. Out the back of the Court House was the remains of a once large bottle heap, mainly of 'square gin', so called because of the square-shaped bottles and Dr. Stangeman's Fever Mixture. Others who used this room were M.C's Joe Davies, Ted Morey, Wally Langdon, Gordon Stott, Wally Greville and lastly, Frank Deans in 1936- 37. Later, a cyclone more or less demolished the building and ending the famous library of the Mc Arthur River Institute.

In my possession is a photocopy titled: "Extract from the "Report of the Inspector of Police for

1912" contained in the Annual Report for the year 1912 of the Northern Territory of Australia" which would have been made by Inspector Nicolas Waters. It lists murders and other crimes back to 1884. Other items were; "Police Stations were opened at Borroloola and Katherine, November, 1886. "September, 1888 - Constable Wheatley died at Borroloola". He is shown on the previously mentioned list as died 5/9/1888, the cause of death said to be suicide recorded in other reports. In my time at Borroloola, I never saw Wheatley's grave, heard any mention of it or of him. He must be there somewhere in an unmarked grave. The journal of that date, if still in existence, would or should have some record of the grave's location. It would seem strange if it had not been marked in some way. I have no record as to where Wheatley came from but most likely from the South Australian Force as did others at that time.

Apart from the Wheatley tragedy, there is that of the two Campbell children, Alice Annie and Alfred Thomas, daughter and son of Henry and Emma Campbell, storekeeper of Borroloola.



The Epitaph for Alice is:

In Loving Memory
of Alice Annie
Campbell
Born December 12 1901
Died May 18th 1903
She was a flower too fair
on earth,
Sent here but for a while,
God marked her when he
gave her birth,
And took her with a smile.



For Alfred it is:

Alfred Thomas
Campbell

Born Decr 1908
Died Jany 1909

Dearly Beloved Son of
Henry & Emma Campbell.

The wrought iron fence most unusual for a place like Borrooloola.

The small headstone in the graves' photo, between the Campbell children and M.C. Lyons, is that of William Sayle "who died on the Wirien in 1883 from eating these palm nuts (zamia) not properly soaked in the time-honoured Aboriginal way.



The grave was brought in from the wilderness by Charlie Havey in 1940, and remade in Borrooloola with a tombstone sent up from Melbourne by Tom Sayle nearly sixty years after his young brother's death. "This quote from Ernestine Hill's book, "The Territory". Brother Tom, Fred - William Sayle were drovers in the 1880's. I believe that the statement that Charlie Havey brought the grave in is not correct. In 1940 Havey was then about 69 years of age and there was no road to the Wearyan River, only a track not trafficable for a motor vehicle. It is possible he sent out his Aborigines who brought in the remains but this was discounted by long time Borrooloola publican, Jack Mulholland, many years ago.

The photos in this Borrooloola record were taken for me by Tony Roberts of Canberra who was visiting Borrooloola in 1997 researching the life and times of his great - uncle. Charles Havey (Charley) (1871-1950) J.P., pastoralist, and storekeeper at Borrooloola from about 1905 to 1950. I knew Charley well during my two periods there.

He was widely known as "Two Bob Charley" as nothing in the store was under two shillings.

Back to Katherine and M.C. Arthur Robinson Clapp whose mother came from England in 1936 to view her sons grave, the headstone for which she had apparently previously had made and erected in Katherine Cemetery. The words on the urn "Mother Dolly", others obscured, but may have been "Fondly remembered by his loving" then followed as above.

In June 1936, I was Police Mess Secretary at the Mitchell Street Barracks and engaged Mrs. Clapp as our Mess cook. Dengue fever was rampant at the time. Here are some of my diary entries of that time: "Sunday 21 st : Have a bad headache which seems to indicate dengue fever.

Monday 22nd -Saturday 27th : In bed with dengue fever.

Sunday 28th : Not feeling too good today but have got rid of the fever. Mc Caffery & Fitzgerald are down with it now, also Bruun.

Monday 29th : On duty again today. Mrs. Clapp is now a victim of dengue so we are without a cook for the present.

Tuesday 30th : Jack Mahony cooked breakfast this morning beacon and eggs. Had dinner at Blue Bird Cafe'. Hollins, Mannion and self cooked our own tea. Engaged a new cook" Hollins, and Works Department engineer, was living at the Barracks. The foregoing, something of our life and times almost 63 years ago. I think Mrs. Clapp returned to England.

Peter Riley 13/5/99

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Letter received from Peter Dunham

No doubt you will get a few letters to correct your article about Arthur Robinson Clapp in your edition of "Citation" Vol. 1 No 15 March 1999. Here is my version.

Page 6

M/C A.R. Clapp Grave (and headstone) is in the Katherine Cemetery closest to river. The Daly Waters mistake can be attributed to part engraving on headstone - "Katherine to Daly Waters Railway Construction."

Page 8

M/C A.R. Clapp - November 27th is misleading.



Headstone shows above died on 5/11/1927. Clapp joined the Northern Territory Force on 14th September 1925. Headstone shows above died on 5/11/1927.

Clapp joined the Northern Territory Force on 14th September 1925. In 1926 in Darwin Harbour put out fire on board ketch "John Alice" after swimming some distance.

He restored peace to Maranboy tinfield, after a lot of antisocial behaviour and personal threats subsequent charges against Clapp were dismissed.

The force lost a very fine officer in his premature death.

Regarding the article on Bill Condon's death - my own personal recollections.

Towards evening on Monday 9th June 1952 four of us (Des O'Calligan, Pat Leonard, Col Plane and myself, Peter Durham) went to Mrs. Peterson's Green and Cream Cafe' for a meal. This was the only cafe' in town and was crowded due to the race and the rodeo weekend. We eventually got a table. As we were finishing our meal Terry Stapleton walked in with a rifle looking for someone. He left within a minute as we did soon after, commenting that he shouldn't have the rifle.

Des and Pat headed for Des's ute across the road while Col and I jumped on his motorbike and set off for an evening ride - we had only gone one hundred yards or so when shots sounded behind us. We kept going arriving back at the Post Office about thirty minutes later. Des and Pat did not have time to leave and crouched behind the ute when the firing started. One spent bullet from Terry Stapleton's rifle made a hole in the side of the ute. Luckily it did not go right through.

When we arrived back Sgt. Jim Mannion was forming search parties to look for Stapleton. As Pat Leonard and I arrived with our rifles and it was getting dark Mannion picked us out to accompany him immediately to the old abattoirs building south of town and about three hundred yards off the road, where Katherine East is now situated. He thought Stapleton was hiding there.

We left the vehicle on the roadside and walked towards the building about fifty yards apart, Mannion in the middle. He walked straight towards the closed door of the building. I don't know about Pat but I could hardly hold the rifle for sweat.

For a big and overweight and - not young - person Mannion kicked the door and sprang inside quick as a cat.

I expected to hear gunshots ala Billy the Kid and Pat Garrett. Thank God - only silence. Mannion came out and we returned to the station.

Some of the story I heard afterwards was that: Terry and his girl friend, a very pretty girl named Sheila Peckham had gone to Mrs. Peterson's cafe' for a meal. Just as Sheila was about to sit down someone had taken the chair and she fell heavily to the floor. No one said it was deliberate but that is what people said started Terry looking for Ron Brown.

I have a photo somewhere of the spent bullet and the hole in the Ute.

Best wishes

Peter Dunham.

Excerpt from "The Never Never Country" by Max Cartwright ABORIGINAL NEIGHBOUR AWARDED AN ALBERT MEDAL FOR BRAVERY.

An article printed in the Sydney "Daily Telegraph" dated 25th February, 1911 states, in part: "Four Aboriginal prisoners were brought into Pine Creek this week from Hodgson Downs, a distance of 230 miles, for trial on a charge of raiding a fencer's hut. Three were convicted but the fourth, a boy named Neighbour, was discharged in recognition of an act of bravery under circumstances which rendered the deed unique and heroic ... The Bench, in giving Neighbour his liberty, thanked him for his brave deed, and said that deeds such as this, his King was delighted to honour. He therefore, to mark his appreciation, gave Neighbour his liberty."

In recognition of his gallantry and bravery under unusual circumstances, Neighbour was awarded an "Albert Medal". An Albert Medal is described in the Oxford dictionary as "an award for bravery in saving life, (originally at seas)." In a quiet ceremony in the Government Resident's drawing room, Darwin, the medal was presented to Neighbour and witnessed by Judge Bevan, Professor Baldwin Spencer and Bishop Gilbert White of Carpentaria.

The act of bravery occurred when Mounted Constable W. F. Johns of Roper River received a complaint that Aborigines had raided a white fencers's camp and had been killing cattle nearby.



Johns followed up the complaints and arrested four Aboriginals, one of whom was Neighbour. On crossing the flooded Wilton River with the prisoners, Johns' horse floundered and he was thrown into the swollen waters and rendered unconscious by a kick from his horse.

As the unconscious Johns was being swept down river, Neighbour immediately swam out to his rescue and after a struggle, brought him to the river bank. Neighbour then ran five miles to the Police Station for assistance, all of which saved Mounted Constable Johns' life.

This was the first medal for bravery awarded to an Aboriginal person, and I believe that in recent years, the medal had been on display at Parliament House in Canberra. A.C.T.

In later life, Neighbour had a "name change" and became known as "Nipper". Nipper lived at the Roper River Police Station for the remaining years of his life and was a great help to Mounted Constable Mahony during the devastating floods of 1940.

ANYONE FOR SPEAR FISHING?

By Ed Ferrier (Formerly Constable No 63)

I relieved the late and legendary Senior Constable Jack Mahony at Anthony Lagoon in 1952.

Borrooloola was part of my huge bailiwick of 80,000 square miles - about the same size as Victoria - and when I first visited that centre the OIC Native Affairs was Bert Ellis, who kindly put me up for a few days in the old Police Station which was then his residence and is now a museum.

He told me there as a native (let's call him Toby) who had put it about that he was going to kill the next policeman to go there, and I was it!

Apparently there was nothing personal about it - it was simply that Toby felt he had lost face by failing in an attempt to despatch one of my predecessors, and the only way to restore his honour was to terminate my career.

During an evening meal a house-girl entered and told Ellis that Toby was outside, offering to take me spear-fishing in a dugout canoe. Ellis said, "This will be it. He'll have a go at you."

Although I have always enjoyed fishing, this was one invitation I'd rather not have accepted. However, I didn't want Toby and his tribe to think I was frightened of him (which of course I was) so I

accepted and after the meal went to the boat landing on the Mc Arthur River and boarded a canoe, in front as indicated by Toby.

At that time the Mc Arthur was heavily infested with crocodile, as I understand it is again today. When we were well out of sight of the landing Toby started rocking the boat in a most alarming manner. A dugout canoe is a very heavy craft with little freeboard at the best of times and when it is being rocked from side to side by an expert handler there is little sensation of stability or security - I recalled the late W. S. Gilberts' words about a Policeman's lot being not a happy one. My lot certainly wasn't too happy just then.

The narrowness of the canoe made it necessary for me to sit facing ahead but I kept watching Toby out of the corner of my eye, whilst pretending to be looking for fish attracted by the Tilley lamp at the bow.

When Toby began rocking the boat I realised I was being softened up for the main attack, which I expected would come from the paddle he was using to propel the boat. (I had the fish spear.)

I imagined that Toby's wish to be chomped by a crocodile would be no greater than mine, so I figured if he did sink the canoe he would do so in a position from which he could quickly swim ashore.

My plan was to swim with him and, the moment we were on firm ground to administer some summary justice, subsequently tying him up with this own trousers, which I would have torn into strips for the purpose, to await the arrival in due course of Ellis with the motor boat.

The idea of being stalked all night by a black man on a dark night on unknown terrain held little appeal to me - hence my resolve to settle the issue immediately.

However, to my immense relief, after a good hour of this cat and mouse game Toby announced there were no fish that night and we might as well go home. I offered no evidence in rebuttal and we returned in silence to the boat landing.

All around were thirty or forty impassive faces - presumably puzzled by my safe return.

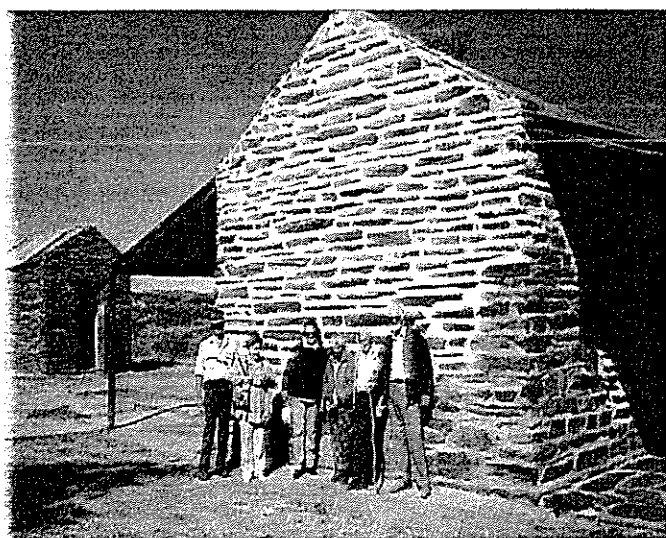
I suspect there is a bit of the ham actor in most of us and I thought this would be an ideal opportunity to really make poor old Toby's night - so I sprang out of the canoe and clapped him soundly on the



back whilst thanking him for the boat ride. As I got into my truck to return to the house Toby's face was a mixture of humiliation and dejection - I don't know what he told his friends and 'lations but he never bothered me again.

ARLTUNGA CENTENARY

By Garth Macpherson



Aritunga Police Station 1/5/99

Garry Fischer-Head Ranger Aritunga Peggy Nelson
Olive Purdie (Verebrante) Josie Petrick -Historian, Alice Springs
Hughie Hillham Bob Darken -ex NT Mounted Police

On Saturday 1st May 1999, the centenary celebrations for the Post Office were conducted at Aritunga. To mark the occasion, a special stamp was recreated and visitors were able to send a special card to family and friends showing the Aritunga postmark.

Apart from the old post office, visitors were also able to inspect mine sites, cemetery and police station. A police display was erected in the confines of the old police offices and attracted a fair amount of attention and comment.

Gold was initially discovered at Aritunga / White Range in 1887. Mounted Constable Charles Johnson accompanied by two trackers originally established the Police Station at Kangaroo Creek in 1899. This camp consisted of a large tent. It seems the main problem was cattle stealing by the miners and Aborigines and they had to assist in the prevention of sly grog sales.

Soon afterwards, Gerhardt Johannesen erected two buildings at the present site. Of these buildings, only the floor slab and chimney remain. There was no lockup in those days and in 1911, the Officer in Charge of Alice Springs reported:

"There is no lockup at Aritunga and the last time I saw a European prisoner in custody there, he was tied up by a chain to the leg of the Constable's bed."

In 1912, on the advice of Constable Dow, a new police residence and lockup was erected that remained until 1942 when the station was closed and moved to Harts Range.

In 1945, Bob Darken was transferred to Harts Range and carried out regular mounted patrols of the Harts Range goldfield. Bob accompanied me on the day and proved to be a great attraction to visitors who had an interest in the early days. A number of visitors who had been in the district during those bygone days also attended and renewed acquaintances with Bob. By and large, it was a very interesting and enjoyable day that did not conclude until midnight where visitors were entertained by a folk band and meals at the Aritunga Pub. All proceeds went towards the Royal Flying Doctor Service, a very worthy cause.

BOOROLOOLA

Janet Leather and Eddie Webber of the National Trust Gulf Branch are preparing a room at the old Boorooloola Police Station to dedicate to ex members who served in the district.

If you think you can help, please contact either:

Ms. Jannet Leather or Mr. Eddie Webber
National Trust Gulf Branch
PMB 133
Katherine N.T. 0851

Phone : 8975 9940
Fax: 8975 9761 (not very reliable)

Any assistance would be greatly appreciated.