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# QUARTATION

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE NORTHERN TERRITORY POLICE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## HATCHES CREEK POLICE STATION 1948

### A Wife's View

by

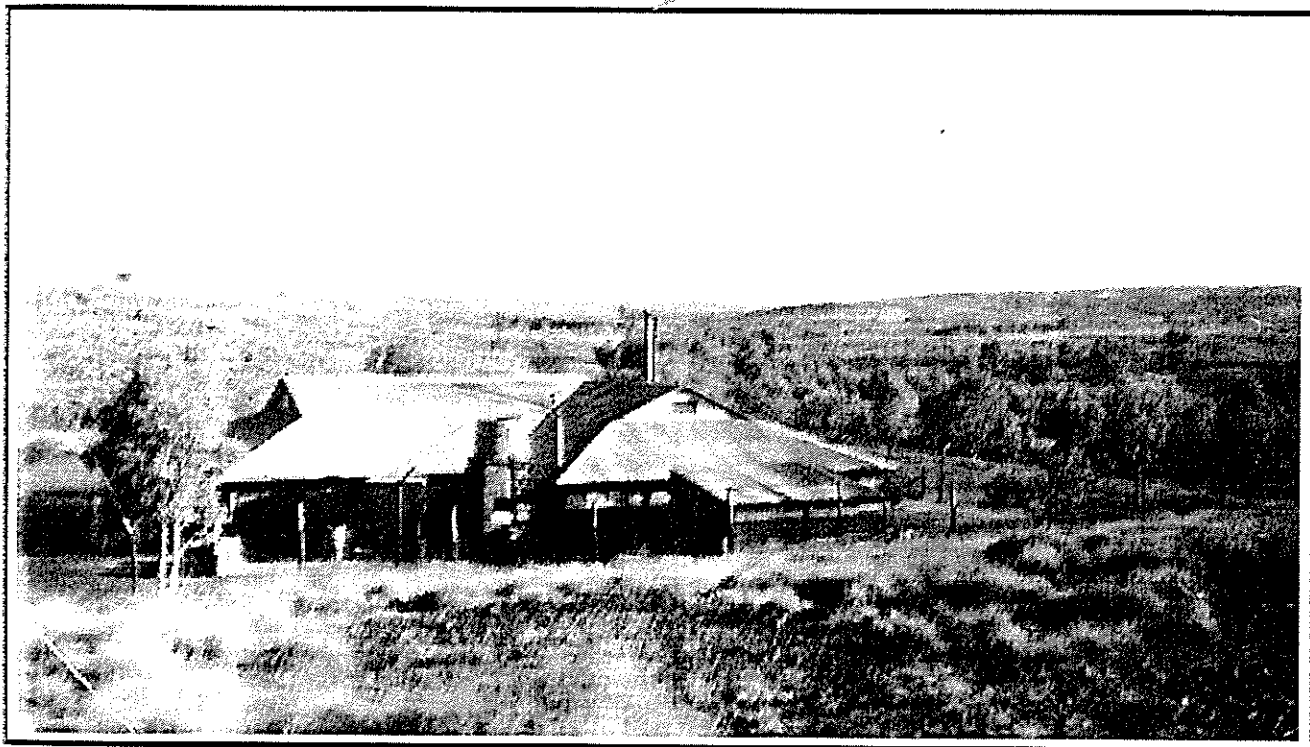
Joan Deans

I first went to Hatches Creek just before Christmas 1946. I had been in Australia for 18 months serving with the British Navy as a Sister in Sydney at Bonegilla near Albury. I then took my discharge and went to Victor Harbour and then to Alice Springs, where I was married.

I really did not know what to expect at Hatches Creek. All I knew was that it was a mining field and my experience of mining villages was the Yarle Sling or Welsh coal fields. I could not see how there could be mines in the Red Centre, but my husband told me all sorts of tales of his days in the Police camp at Hatches Creek before the war. Did I have to live in a camp? Oh no, there was a house and other white women there.

## HATCHES CREEK POLICE STATION 1949

*(Rear View)*



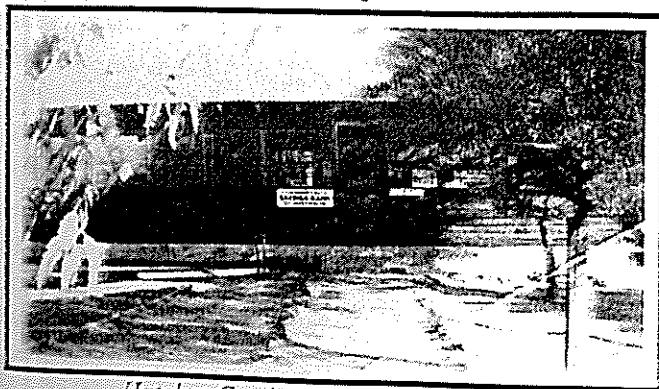


So we set out in a borrowed ute with all our worldly possessions in the back, our swags, the wedding presents, plus a few cartons of groceries and one suitcase each.

The first night after the wedding, we camped under the old telegraph line just past Aileron. Next day it was stifling hot and we had a flattie just before Barrow Creek. The jack sank through the hot bitumen and I was detailed off to find flat stones to stand the jack on. We crawled on to Barrow creek - I should add that 'Tiny' never drove above 40 mph in his life. There, thank goodness, we decided to get a cup of tea and stay till it was cooler. Mrs Lovie, Lil Lovegrove, wife of ex Sergeant Lovegrove, fussed over us and made us very welcome. We made it to Murray Downs that night and had a welcome swim in the water hole and a meal. 'Spider' (Alf) Harris had Murray Downs and I had met him while he was a patient in Alice Springs Hospital. Tiny wanted to push on and so we camped further along the track.

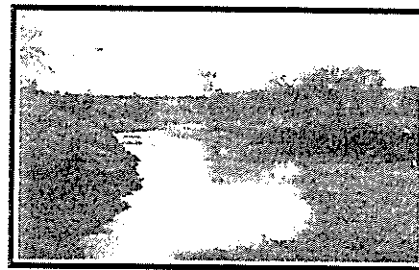
I really can't remember what I thought of that Hatches Creek track-it is much the same to this day. I remember Coulthard's Hole and the beautiful Eight Mile Water Hole but then Tiny said we were coming to Hatches Creek.

Certainly it did not look like any mining place to me. I looked in vain for a poppet head or slag heaps till all of a sudden we came upon some big tin sheds - the Pioneer Mine and near to it the aerodrome. To my eyes, that just looked like a flattish piece of cleared land. But my bewilderment was dispelled by the welcome of 'Mac' and Mrs MacKenzie and their two boys. As Mrs Mac was making tea, I suddenly remembered - we had no tea pot! So she lent me one and provided a batch of scones, cake and a pie.



Hatches Creek Police Station 1949  
(Front view).

But there was only one house at the pioneer. Oh, our house was five miles further on - five miles! Then as we drove on, I was introduced to the field. Up there is Wolfram Hill and there are several mines round at Windy Point. Farther on still, and this is Treasure Gully and up there live Simon and Mrs Pieff (only Mrs Pieff has gone to live in Alice with the children), Mr and Mrs Bailey and Bluey and Joan Henderson. Over the ridge are more mines - Fred and Roy Klan, Topsy and Arthur Ballingall, Jack Shaw and his wife, Tilly Gardiner and Charlie and old Nello Brocardo. Oh, and Ted Brady.



Kangaroo Water Hole  
The windmill pumped  
water to the  
Police Station

Soon we were at Goat Hole with the remains of the old underground butcher's shop and then Tim and Mrs Hampton's across the creek and there was the Police Station. Here at last.

Constable and Mrs Jack Kennett came firstly out and made us very welcome, but they did not forget to check us over, the time we'd taken getting there.

...*'I sent Bridgie a wire in Alice'*, ...said Jack Kennett and Jack Stokes replied, ...*'If Dean's not yet arrived, suggest you search'* ...The cheek of him!

Mrs Kennett made us most welcome with a batch of hot 'drop' scones (I had never heard of scones cooked on top of the oven) and a big pot of lovely hot tea. But they were anxious to be off back to Alice - our tardy arrival had set their plans back a day or two. So she just contented herself with a quick run around the house and a warning, ...*'if it rains take the broly to bed as the roof leaks'*....She wasn't wrong.

So they were soon off and I was introduced to the 'staff' Tracker Mick and his wife Helda and daughter Betty and another tracker with a very pregnant wife. As Helda was far too shy to venture near the house, the boss suggested that maybe Mick could find a 'single' girl to help missus in the



house. He found a single girl all right - Polly. Polly must have been all of 10 years old, but she was a delight - pert quick and eager to learn. That is when it suited her to learn. Some days she was just the little girl she really was and only interested in playing. We had a lot of fun together and life would have been very lonely for me without Polly and her younger sister, Lucy. When 'Boss' was away on patrol, by horse, they brought their swags and slept on the verandah. The wireless fascinated them, especially music, and we played ludo and snakes and ladders and dressed up old bottles as dolls, Polly and I went for walks and she taught me to see tracks of animals and the names of bushes and trees. It might sound daft in this more sophisticated age, but we really had a lot of fun and a few alarms. One evening, there was a fearful commotion ... 'Missus, Missus, snake walk across Lucy bed' ... I very diffidently took a light to investigate - no electricity - a storm lantern and found to my relief it was a large centipede that had crawled across Lucy's swag. As I had been ironing, I seized Mrs Potts' iron from the stove and flicked the handle so that hot iron descended 'plonk' on that centipede. Ugh, have you ever smelt roast centipede? Its a revolting stench.

Later still, Clubbity arrived as second tracker with his wife Jemimah. Jemimah is still my very good friend and I was delighted to meet her again on McLaren Downs Station through the courtesy of Sergeant Mitchell. She hasn't changed a bit. Always cheerful, clean and eternally optimistic. I knew nothing about running a house but Jemimah had been reared by 'Old Lou' Riley on Elkedra Station and bless her, she steered me in the right direction, without being in the least bossy or self-righteous. Every morning she had the fire lit, the goats milked and breakfast on the way before she came softly into our bedroom with a cup of tea, ... 'Good morning Boss, Missus' ....

Outback Police Stations now have every 'mod con'. and deserve to have, but I am glad I had no amenities and Jemimah.

The Police Station at Hatches Creek had been built by Chinese who were evacuated from, I think, the Andaman Islands during the war. The Police Station was used as the hospital and had very wide verandahs, wide enough to take a bed with head to the wall and still leave space to walk past. It was

made of ant bed - puddled like cement and poured into forms - adobe. This had a cement wash over it and was cool in summer and warm in winter. Unfortunately the roof and room partitions were of tarred paper with many, many roof struts and batons of wood. As it had a huge open fireplace, it is not hard to see how the roof caught fire and the house burned down. So sad to see the ruin now, and remember what happy times there were there. Two of my boys, Bruce and Harry, were babies there and after us, Cath McLean increased her family by two more while she was there.

It was a lovely place for the lads with the wide flywired verandahs, the 'flat' to run on when they were bigger and Kangaroo Water Hole to swim in. There was always an adoring Polly or Jemimah to 'tail' them, Mick and Clubbity to take them to see the horse yards and if they were very good, to lift them on to a horse's back. Mick was very taciturn and did not tolerate cheeky kids, but Clubbity was a born comedian and also played the mouth organ and would dance and caper for the children. Besides the children of the staff, Norgali, Daphne, Betty, Polly and Lucy, there were the Bailey children, not too far away, about 3 miles, and once a week or so they came to us, or we went there. In fact, Jack Bailey (Junior) and Bruce Deans had a joint christening when 'Skipper' Partridge came through.

The two mothers had the boys beautifully clean and dressed waiting for the Padre's arrival, but Coulthards Hole was down and Skipper arrived hours late, by which time the two boys, aged about 18 months, had wiggled out of the house and were blissfully playing in the dust outside. Skipper refused to have them cleaned up, so they were Christened dirt and all.

The people at Hatches Creek made me feel accepted and wanted - me, a greenhorn Pommy. I must admit we had an extraordinary amount of visitors that first week, 'come to look over that Pommy bride'. I was ex officio, Post Mistress. The mail came fortnightly by Connellan's plane so everyone knew when the mail was in, as they saw the plane fly over. The mail arrived at the airstrip, five miles the other end of the field. So on mail day, we set out in good time and had a wonderful morning tea at Mrs McKenzie's while awaiting the plane. Mrs Mac was a superb cook and always had



hot rolls and cakes of every description, as the pilot also took his morning tea there too. The mail bags then were taken back to the Post Office for sorting and all the miners came in to get their mail, another morning tea but alas, not of Mrs Mac's standard. But if Tiny were away with the only vehicle, I either had to ask someone else to fetch the mail bags, or Clubbity with a pack horse. From plane to pack horse, what a contrast! Mail days were real social occasions and if anyone failed to appear, one of the trackers was sent to check up, as it probably meant that the miner was sick or in trouble. Before I arrived at Hatches, there had been a tragedy.

One miner failed to appear and on checking his mine, it was found very quiet, apart from an ominous buzzing of blow flies coming from the top of the shaft. Constable Deans wired Alice Springs and got permission to hold the service over the shaft. No one was keen to exhume the body in over 100°F heat.

I was often asked to send away for mail orders for the men. Most were only semi-literate and we had a lot of fun deciding on right sizes, colour, etc. I once had to order a double bed mattress and linen for one lovesick miner. Alas, Ruby, the barmaid, turned him down, so he called his mine, 'The Lost Ruby'. Another agitated old Irishman came rushing in one day, ...*'stop her, stop. For Gods sake, stop her'.... ... 'Stop who, Paddy'?.... ... 'Me cousin, she's coming from Ireland to keep house for me'....* So I had to write and point out that our cousin Paddy lived in a bough shelter on Windy Point in a very primitive bachelor camp. Forgot to point out that he was also drunk nine tenths of the time.

Telegrams were also my province, I had to listen in to every session on the Flying Doctor transceiver - no telephone. One soon realised that messages sent this way were very public as everyone with a set listened avidly to each and every session. One poor jackeroo was subjected to a series of telegrams from an irate 'mum' who wanted him home for Christmas. Her telegrams, which got terser and terser, all went unanswered until the thunderbolt., ...*'George, be on Thursday's train - or else. Mum'....*

Disputes with the Alice Springs stores were very public, prompting this reply from one store-

keeper, ...*'As everyone in Central Australia heard your yesterday's tirade let me point out, you still owe me 120 pounds'.... The best value for money I ever heard was this gem. 'Hit bullock, damaged truck, injured myself. In hospital, Don'....* Sent by our mailman. The progress of many romances were entertaining, listening to the unseen audiences and it was useless for Tony Chisholm to say, *'I will reply to that one at the end of session Graham'....* Everyone stayed listening to the bitter end that day. Would he go and meet her or not?

The transceiver was our shopping list, gossip monger, doctor and friend. The 'Galah Sessions' in which all the women for a hundred miles around got 'on the air' and talked to their neighbours, was the highlight of our week. We swapped recipes, talked about our kids and our husbands, everything, including of course, the weather. Even held CWA meetings. As a trained nurse, I was, of course, in charge of the medical calls. But I was doubly lucky in that Mrs Bailey was an ex AIM. Sister and as she said when I arrived, 'it's so nice to have someone else to talk the case over with'. She had been quite alone there in dealing with emergencies till I came. She was a power of strength and common sense. She had even pulled out one of her own teeth as she was such a bad traveller., that the thought of that road was worse than the pain of pulling it out. Also she had three small children and no one to leave them with.

But, of course, trouble always happened when the doctor could not be contacted. In those days, there were three daily sessions, 8.30am, 11.00am and 5.00pm and nothing between 5.00pm Friday and 8.30am Monday. I stitched up a hand on Saturday morning and opened a badly infected hand on Sunday evening. That poor man now lives near me in Sterling. 'Look up there Aldo'. He looked up and I nicked the gathered hand with a new razor blade - gushes of pus and much relief, but he still complains about how he was tricked.

Poor old Roy Klan arrived just after lunch one day, three hours before the next doctor's session in agony from what I thought was a kidney stone. So, with great trepidation I gave him an injection of morphia and put him to bed. Then I told Dr. Paddy Riley over the air all about him and my presumption in diagnosing and giving the



morphia. To my relief, he was pleased with me. When Roy felt better, I set about stoking the wood stove and making him some tea. But my comments on the quality of the wood must have floated out to Roy, because on his return from a trip to Alice for kidney x-rays, he arrived one morning with a load of firewood.

His vehicle was called 'Tin Lizzie', a T model Ford Buckboard. All the vehicles on the field had names, 'The flyer', 'Sandfly', they were all hybrid makes - an old chassis somehow welded on to another body and all so individual and idiosyncratic that no one but their owners could drive them. It made a lot of trouble at registration time. ... 'What make is she, Jack'?... ... 'Well, Tiny, I don't rightly know. The chassis was up behind Windy Point and I got the engine block off Sam Irving, so she's half Chev, half Ford'.... ... 'Oh well, what's the engine number?'... They then departed outside to scratch and rub until they could come up with some number to write on the form.

Census time was quite unreal. The forms for all, black and white were identical and really there were, only three houses on the field, Police Station, Bailey's and Mckenzie's. All the rest of the population lived in camps of bough sheds, tin huts and wurlies. So 'how many bedrooms?', 'Is there an inside toilet?', 'means of heating'?... etc, were a little bit academic. Anyway census day was a gala day by our standards. The Boss issued orders via the trackers that everyone was to bring his whole family and line up on the 'flat' outside the Police Station. So with much giggling and shoving, everyone arrived in their very best clothes. We set up two tables with all the forms and I had one and Tiny the other.

... 'Name?' 'Activity', Married or single boy?' ... ... 'Married'... What is your wifes name?'... Much head scratching then he consulted his mate, ... 'What name that old women of mine?' ... ... 'How old is she?' ... ... 'Little bit middle-aged'.... I have often wondered what Canberra thought of the answers. Good job it was before computers.

There was a big halfcaste family across the creek from us, Sarah and Tim Hampton and their 10 sons. Poor old Tim was bewildered but Sarah knew all their names and they had three each and

dates of birth. This was hard as none of them were called by their given names - all by nicknames.

Sarah was a wonderful neighbour and I will never forget my first 'official' duty. The administrator together with the Minister for the Interior and their retinue - six shiny cars - arrived one day on tour of outback Police Stations. There was a knock at the door and there was a Hampton boy with a batch of 'just out of the oven' bread rolls. ... 'Mum thought you might be able to use these'....

Neighbours such as these, Mrs Bailey, Mrs Mac, Sarah and Jemimah, made life happy and pleasant. We had lots of get-togethers, even a sports day one year and though many have since died, I still try to keep in touch with anyone from Hatches Creek. After all, that's where I became an 'Aussie'.

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### **LETTER TO THE EDITOR**

*By Peter Riley; 10th November 1999.*

In the September issue of the Citation Newsletter you reproduced Peter Forrest's article, Eileen, Gordon; NT. Royalty, from NT. News June 29th 1999, which was prompted by the recent death of Eileen Stott, a member of the pioneer O'Shea family. Included was a group photograph of police, including Gordon Stott, taken in Darwin, date not stated. An identical photograph was featured in the Timber Creek Police Centenary 1998 booklet. In both, there are common mistakes of incorrect surname spelling, identity, and wrong initial..

In the Citation photograph, I.W Nicholls should be J.W. Nichols; Tom K.Hemming should be Hemmings; R Bridgeland should be Bridgland, the fifth in the back row not identified, is J.J. Lyons according to the Timber Creek photograph. In the front row, Bob Hood is Wood, Alf Stretten is Stretton, third is Major G.V. Dudley, then follow Jack Lovegrove, Gordon Stott, Jack Sargeant, all correct. I mention these corrections as the errors listed have also appeared in other Police publications such as N.T. Police News.

Now for some details of service by those pictured. Joseph Wesley Nichols is shown in the Commonwealth Gazette No. 74 of 3rd September, 1931, a copy of which was published in N.T. Police News, March 1983, born 4th April 1900, appointed



2nd May 1925 with the rank Clerk-Mounted Constable, hence his civilian dress. His uniform allowance was five pound per annum which seemed to indicate that he was not required to be in uniform very often. Other mounted constables' allowance was fifteen pound. When I arrived in Darwin in January, 1935, he was then Clerk of Courts, Bailiff of the Local Court of Darwin, Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages, Chief Electoral Officer and in all, was said to have 42 different Jobs. As Secretary of the Police Mess for a time, I had a lot of contact with Mr. Nichols in the serving of Local Court Summonses, the fee for which was paid to the mess. We saw him every day in Court cases, the Court House adjoining the Police Station.

Vic Hall appointed 5th November 1924, served at a number of stations but eventually resigned and joined the Native Affairs. He was in charge at the Jay Creek Settlement near Alice Springs for a period. He was an author and in his book, *'Bad Medicine'* featured himself as Trooper John Vincent Hales and mentioned Sargeant Bob Wood and Constable Frank Deans.

He was also a water colour artist, had a fine singing voice and with Constable Tas Fitzer, similarly gifted, used to perform at Darwin concerts.

A favourite number being *'The Bold Gendarme'* with its lines ...*'We run them in, we run them in, We run them in'*...

Tom Hemmings, appointed 20th October 1920, was originally working in the Katherine Post Office. He is recorded in Charlie Schultz and Darrel Lewis's Book, *'Beyond the Big Run'*, while stationed in the Timber Creek district, of telling Charlie that his ambition was to save enough money to buy a farm in South Australia. The list of officers serving at Borroloola records that he was there from 20th October 1920 to December 1929. I doubt the correctness of this period, nine years. He is again listed from 2nd June 1931 to March 1932. When I arrived in Darwin, January 1935, Tom had already resigned and bought his farm. Sergeant Bridgland often talked about Tom and his farm.

Ray Bridgland, appointed 1st January 1911 saw service at many stations including Roper River, Borroloola, Anthony Lagoon, Alice Springs. He was promoted Inspector by 1944 in charge of

Alice Springs and retired in 1948. He was a great lover of horses and could talk at length about those he had known at bush stations and give their names, Roper Reece, being one of his favourites, the Reece being his own second Christian name. He was something of a human psychologist in that when he wanted a job done he was in the habit of saying, ... *'now you're a good man, you go out and serve this summons'...*, or *do so and so*. All liked 'Bridgie' and got on well with him.

John Joseph Lyons, fifth in the back row of the photograph, according to the list, commenced duty at Borroloola on the 18th September 1925, died there on 13th April 1927 from an internal haemorrhage. His death, something of a mystery as regards cause, as there was no doctor at Borroloola to give such a post mortem decision. The date of his commencement at Borroloola is important in identifying the date when the group photograph was taken.

Robert (Bob) Wood appointed 21 June 1913, was for many years Sergeant in Charge at Katherine where I met him on a number of occasions when travelling on train escort duty. He was Scottish born, had a broad accent, had been a champion wrestler and before joining the Force a gaol guard at Fannie Bay. Ted Morey in his article in the former Citation Police Magazine, December 1967 issue titled *Katherine To Katherine Via Emulgalan* says, ...*'Mounted Constable later Sergeant Bob Wood was Officer-in-Charge at the Old Crossing'*. He used to drive into town in the morning in an old buggy drawn by two horses, and return at night. Bob Wood was first to occupy the new two-story Police Residence. Bob is Sergeant Goode in Vic Hall's Book and described as, ...*'The bull-like sergeant with his horse-laugh and boisterous humour'*... and; ...*'The famous mustachois bristled like the horns of a bull'*....Bob, his wife and son Bobby, left the Territory when he retired to Adelaide.

Alfred Victor Stretton, born at Borroloola 13 July 1890 and appointed as Mounted Constable 23 October 1911, served at numerous places in the Territory including Rankine River where he was Acting Sergeant in 1923 and was present at Borroloola in April that year when the cattle duffing cases were heard before Justices P. Watson and Broadbridge who had been brought down by him in



his car. He wrote a very neat hand and kept very good records. He was known to some old Territorians as 'Borrooloola Alf'. When I arrived in Darwin, January 1935, he was Superintendent. He retired in 1948, with his wife, settled at St. Lucia, Brisbane suburb. He had a job in Brisbane as cashier for Red Comb, a big poultry supply business, for some years.

Major G.V. Dudley, a British Army officer came from one of the African colonies. He succeeded Inspector Nicholas Waters who had retired. In Citation, December 1967, in the article '*Police Honoured in the Territory*', 'Nomenclature', the editor, Inspector Jim Mannion, G.M. recorded the following: '*Dudley, G.V. Dudley, Appointed Commissioner of Police in March, 1924, after Police service in Africa, Canada and Ireland. He remained commissioner and Chief Protector of Aborigines until December 1927. His position was then abolished following the split up of the N.T., and was subsequently employed with a geological expedition in 1928 and died prior to 1949*'. Records show he signed the Annual Police Reports for 1924, 1925 and 1926, but not in 1927.

Further on Major Dudley, who on 5th January 1935, when Reg McCaffery, John Fitzgerald and I were on a Sydney wharf waiting to board the Burns Philp boat S.S. '*Marella*' for our trip to Darwin, he came and introduced himself, Superintendent Stretton, then on leave, also with us at the same time, probably to look us over. The '*Marella*', then BP's flag-ship, was the main means of travel in those days for anyone going on, or returning from leave.

Jack Lovegrove appointed, 1 October 1910, was at Rankine River in 1924 when M.C. Bridgland who had been in Arnham Land searching for two white women, said to be survivors from the wreck of the Douglas Mawson, had been put ashore near the mouth of the McArthur River and subsequently made his way on foot to Borrooloola and then on to Rankine River. He relieved M.C. Lovegrove who came to Darwin with Bridgland's report on the search. Jack Lovegrove is shown in Commonwealth Gazette No. 74 as a Sergeant 3 September 1931. A position of an Inspector in Darwin was created about November 1937 and Jack Lovegrove was appointed to it and remained in that position until his retirement. He was highly

regarded and well liked by all members.

Gordon Stott appointed 18th December 1924 has his career fairly well covered in Peter Forrest's article. I was on duty with him in my early days in Darwin when we both lived in the Mitchell Street Barracks. In November 1940, he and Eileen, newly married, come to Timber Creek on transfer and took over that station house from me. Gordon was a keen gardener and planted trees at Timber Creek which were still there on my visit in 1998. He transferred the station from Newcastle Waters to Elliott in 1951.

Jack Sargeant had left the Force by 1931 and I have no record as to when he was appointed. When I was going to Borrooloola in August/September 1935 I came to Newcastle Waters, by train, Darwin to Birdum, and then on the Overland Mail which ran monthly, Alice Springs - Birdum and return. Jack Sargeant and his wife were then running the Junction Hotel, Newcastle Waters. I can remember his wife being in Darwin to consult Sergeant Koop, Licencing Inspector, on hotel matters. In the 1950's he and his wife were living at Redcliffe, a seaside town not far north of Brisbane.

The date of the group photograph can be fixed as between March 1924 when Dudley arrived and before M.C. Lyons commenced duty at Borrooloola on 18th September 1925. It was taken at the Darwin Police Station, The Esplanade, with the group seated on the footpath. The station verandah railing can be seen above and to the back of them.

An interesting aspect of the photograph is that three different styles of uniforms are being worn. Hemmings and Sargeant are wearing a tunic buttoned up to the neck; Hall, Bridgland, Lyons and Stott have long sleeved shirts and ties; Wood, Stretton and Lovegrove in the white uniform, which in my time, we wore for Supreme Court or some ceremonial occasions such as the visit of a Governor - General. Major Dudley is wearing the usual white civilian suit common in Darwin then and also in my time. Such suits kept the Chinese Laundress busy. It seems that about the time of the photograph, there was a uniform change from tunic to shirt.

My thanks to Bob Darken for his complimentary remarks. There is some history in this record which is not known to many now.



## VALE

### JIM BERRY

**31.5.30 - 28.1.00**

It was with regret we learned of the death of Jim Berry who passed away in Alice Springs aged 69 years. He was born in Sydney 31st May 1930.

Jim was one of 6 brothers and 2 sisters. Not much is known of his childhood or parents but he lived for a time in Burnside Children's Home.

As a lad, Jim showed great skill as a cricketer and during seven innings in the Intermediate Schools Competition, his scores were: 107 not out, 75 not out, 43 not out, 116, 128 not out, 108 not out and 143 not out. This amounts to an average of 720 runs.

Jim left school shortly afterwards and became an apprentice carpenter. Later landing a job in Mt Isa where he was foreman during the construction of Boyd's Hotel. Upon completion of the hotel, he travelled to Darwin in a model A Ford truck. He didn't stay long and travelled to England hoping to improve his cricketing career but found it was tough playing cricket and holding down a job at the same time. He soon returned to the Northern Territory and joined the police force in 1957.

Jim served at Darwin, Pine Creek (as Officer in Charge), Katherine, Tennant Creek, Alice Springs and Kulgera.

Whilst at Kulgera, it has been reported that he was on a census patrol when he was attacked by a group of five aboriginals and received a spear wound to the thigh. As a result of his exploits, Jim received mention in two books, "Patrol Indefinite" and "Green Eyes are the Buffalo". In 1966, Jim left the police force and bought the Threeways Hotel, building it up to a much larger establishment, finally selling it to the Shell company in 1979. Jim retired to the Gold Coast for 15 years where he enjoyed among other activities, a regular game of golf. Jim was barred from his golf club at one stage after showing resentment at a group of Japanese playing golf at his club. He removed the Japanese flag, folded it and placed it on the bar. He could not forget that the Japanese, during World War II had killed his brother. Jim married twice and had two daughters, Karen and Michelle from his second marriage. Tragically, Michelle died in a motor accident while still a child. Jim returned to

Alice Springs in 1994 to be with Karen and her husband, Paul and children Roy and Elley.

*So far, the year 2000 has not been a happy one for the Alice Springs police. We have also buried two of our current-serving members:*

### **Shane KAPPLER**

**15.1.64 To 11.1.00 Registered number 1292**

Shane Robert Kappler joined the Northern Territory Police Force from Tennant Creek on 2.2.81 as a cadet then was sworn in as a Constable on 7.2.83. He served in the Darwin area in General Duties, Communications, Traffic and CIB before transferring to CIB Katherine in 1993 and later, worked General Duties in Katherine. He returned to CIB Darwin in 1996. Following his promotion to Sergeant on 26.5.97, Shane was transferred to Nhulunbuy where he also acted as Officer in Charge for 10 months. Shortly after his transfer to Alice Springs in late 1999, Shane died in what only can be described as tragic circumstances in the early hours of 11.1.00. He is survived by his wife Trish.

### **Arthur DELLAR**

**26.11.43 to 14.1.00 Registered number 714**

Arthur William Dellar was born in England and served in the Thames Valley Police before migrating to Australia. He settled in Darwin and after a while joined the Northern Territory Police force on 23.9.74. Following his training, Arthur was gazetted to the Darwin Traffic section until 1982 when he went to the Police College as an instructor. In 1984 he was back on the bikes, being promoted to Senior Constable later that same year. In mid 1986 Arthur was transferred to Alice Springs traffic, also serving in Community Relations and General Duties. Arthur was very interested and involved in activities outside the police force. He was instrumental in launching the first Bougainvillia Festival in Darwin, which is a regular annual event. He was also heavily involved with the Canine Club and Kiwanis Service Club for many years, attaining high office.

He had been suffering from health problems for several years and related complications were significant at the time of his death on 14.1.00. Arthur is survived by his sons, David and Mathew.