# INTERNATIONAL POLICE Association

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**Covers:**
Front:
Southland Police Dog Mako with "appointments"
waiting for handler
Constable Warren Johnston.

Back.
Mako among the daffodils

(Photos from Southland Police Dog Calendar)

**Oh, To Breed A Police Dog**
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# From the Editor to You

**It is with real delight that I am able to greet you through the Journal**



Our last Journal was published in July 1997, and since then we have had frustration and disappointment - and periods when we were confident that a new Journal was on the way, only to have our hopes dashed. Our President describes me as the *Phantom Editor;* whereas I see myself as a sprinter down on the starting blocks, at the ready, rearing for the gun that never goes off. (Of course this is purely symbolic, as those knowing my prowess at sport will realise). At last the starter's gun has fired and the Journal has taken off. We hope we have a long and fruitful association with our new Publisher, Barry Daniels of Transpacific Media.

As our President, John Coomber, has explained, this June Journal is being paid for out of IPA funds, and therefore it is somewhat restricted - limited in size, no colour pages (and of course no advertisements). For this reason many of the excellent articles and photos sent to me since the July issue can't be included. Please be assured that they are still on hand and will be printed in future Journals, which will be back to normal.

We like to read news from the Regions, and for this reason I am including all the "Off the Wire" reports, although some are *slightly* out of date. I would urge you to send regional news (hatched and matched, transfers, new staff, IPA functions, 'gaffs' etc) to your Regional Editors whose names appear on the "Regional Committees" pages.

A lot of you will now be on-line via the Internet, and this may lead to another way I receive copy. Whether by 'snail mail' (preferably on disk if you have a computer), fax or e-mail, please continue to send in copy (don't forget to send photos). This is your magazine and, we hope, read by the whole family. (The closing date for the next issue will be printed in each Journal).

It has been my great pleasure to attend our Editorial Seminar in Hervey Bay, Queensland, and various meetings in other Regions of New Zealand, the most recent being the Annual General Meeting and NEB in Cambridge/Hamilton. This was a productive weekend, and the accompanying social functions arranged were great fun. Congratulations go to Region 2 for their superb planning. These events prove that IPA is in good heart, and I would urge you all to become involved in events organised by your own region, and also consider attending AGMs where possible. This way you will get to know members outside your region.

Now - onwards and upwards!

Elaine

| Journal articles are always welcome. | |
|---|---|
| Maximum word length: | Feature Articles 2500 |
| | Regular Columns 1200 |
| | Off The Wire 500 |
| **Closing date for contributions:** | **17 July (September Issue)** |



# President's Report

**Our Magazine is held in very high regard both internationally and here in New Zealand mainly because of the very dedicated team which has continued to produce our flagship magazine on a regular basis for the benefit of all members. Through no fault of our own conditions in the market place has meant that the publisher, and subsequently two other publishers, have withdraw their services in the production of the Journal.**



At the Annual General Meeting the team under Elaine O'Hara's chair successfully negotiated a new contract for the next five years so that our magazine will once again become a regular item in your letterbox. The contract has been signed in Auckland for Barry Daniels once more to promote and sell advertising to help produce our magazine. Barry, when Carole was editor, produced the Journal for a good number of years and admits that in today's climate it will not be easy, but he is confident that he will fulfil the terms of the contract.

This means that this current Journal has been printed under Barry's guidance but paid for out of existing IPA funds. You will notice the difference through lack of advertising funding but this will change with the publication of the September Journal.

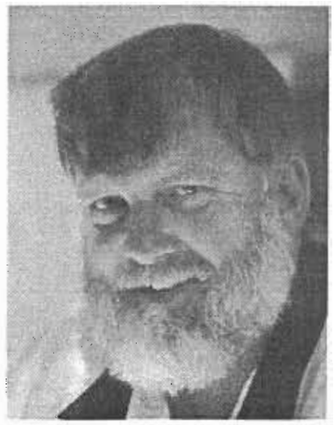
The Annual General Meeting was held at Cambridge. A great weekend of social events centred around Hamilton and Cambridge was a tribute to the thoughtful planning of Tracey Haynes and Brian Husband and a great time was had by all. Without doubt there was something for everyone and even the delegates were happy that we finished the N.E.B. meeting by 1.00pm Saturday. The novel sports-type weekend went well, and even those older members enjoyed rolling a ball at the ten pin bowling centre. *(This "older member" didn't enjoy having most of her bowling attempts scoreless. Next time can we play marbles? - Ed)*

I am very hopeful that this year will be one of great profit and pleasure to all.

Yours in friendship

John Coomber

# From the Secretary General's Desk



Our successful Annual General Meeting is past and thanks to all those that attended and supported the weekend. A special thanks to the team in Hamilton for a great weekend planned and delivered.

Ross Pinkham finally produced the new constitution which was put to the vote and accepted. Regions need to read the constitution as there are a number of new procedures that need to be followed. The most important is the need to bring our Annual General Meetings forward to September so that Regions will then comply with the new constitution. As the next Annual General Meeting will include the tri-annual elections, nominations to positions will be called for later in the year, and posted for voting on before Christmas.

A number of our members have indicated that they will be standing down from their current elected office, and this means that new blood will hopefully be injected into our organisation.

With Arthur Mahan acting as an assistant to the Secretary General, the membership list will be moving to the South Island but we will still need you to send any changes to P O Box 50 588 Porirua and they will then be actioned. We have had problems when people have not been using the official box number resulting in mail not being correctly received.

With the re-emergence of the Journal, it looks as this year will be a good one for our Organisation.

Best wishes

Bruce Hutton

# National Treasurer's Report



For many years the finances of our Section have been boosted by honorariums received from the publishers of our Journal. Income from this source has been thousands of dollars per year on average.

As you are all too well aware we have had problems getting a Journal published in recent times. For almost a year now we have not received any honorarium and it will be some time before we can expect to receive any in future. Also any we do receive are unlikely to be as generous as the amount received in the past.

A review of our finances clearly showed that without any honorarium we were living beyond our means. I therefore explained to our National Executive the need to increase our income. At our A.G.M. in April I put forward a remit that our annual subscription should be increased to $36.00 inclusive of G.S.T.. This remit was passed with only two members voting against it. The annual subscription with effect from 1st January 1999 will therefore be $36.00. On current membership this will generate an increase in funds to the National Executive of around $4500.

The last time subs were increased was in 1989 nearly ten years ago. From the majority of you who pay their subs through the Police and Families Credit Union the increase amounts to an extra 26 cents a fortnight.

Those members who are paying their subs by automatic bank transfer, could you please contact your bank and change the amount to $36.00. Your co-operation in this exercise will be very much appreciated.

Greg McManus

# Off the Wire

## News and Views from the Regions

### NORTHLAND



Greetings from hot, warm sticky Northland, where people have settled down again after an extremely busy holiday season. I swear the rest of New Zealand must have been empty over those Christmas/New Year days.

Gliding seems to be becoming an increasingly popular pastime in Northland and with our own gliding enthusiast Peter Mulhare promoting it from the cockpit, it's hardly surprising. Peter and the Whangarei Districts Gliding Club organised a barby for IPA members in December. Unfortunately (or fortunately for one who would rather be on terra firma) we couldn't attend, but it was a very enjoyable family day out. The last we heard of Peter's gliding exploits was when he run out of 'puff' and landed in a hay paddock in Kaikohe. Apparently it goes in his log book as a 'Brownie Point'.

Waipu Fire Station was the venue for Bream Bay staff's annual Christmas function. The function was also used to recognise Senior Constable Ron McFarlane's 25 years of service to the NZ Police and Traffic Departments.

Another December function took place at Dargaville to mark some of the staff changes over the previous few months. Manu Taitoko left the one-person Ruawai station to work at Paeroa. Craig Kennedy is due to take over that posting. Jack Dudley was promoted to Sergeant in Dargaville. Andy Thompson has transferred from Station Constable to Traffic Sergeant in Lower Hutt. Jonathon Tier left Dargaville as Station Constable and is filling a position at Detective Constable at Whangarei on a trial basis. Bruce Taplin has transferred to Station Supervisor in Wellington Central.

Maria Nordstrom gave birth to a 10 lb (whew) baby girl in December. There will be an addition to Brian and May Seager's family later in the year (which will help swell the population of Maungatoroto).

Les Lilley made the back page of the Northern Advocate in full colour, while playing in a bowling tourney.

Luke Smiley frequents a certain booze shop in Waipu, seems to enjoy a tickle behind the ear as much as he does the liquid refreshment. Luke is O/C George Smiley's four-legged companion.

Those who attended the Champagne Breakfast at Pickett's house in May thoroughly enjoyed the occasion. A contingent of Aucklanders came up (champagne, we wouldn't miss it). We will be able to make use of the tips and warnings in Peter Mulhare's descriptive account of Peter and Margaret's visit to Perth and vast areas of Western Australia.

Please keep in touch Northlanders - let us know where you are and what you're doing. It would make our job just so much easier.

*Anne and Tony*

### AUCKLAND

PHOTO PLEASE SCOTT

Hi from the darkest depths of Auckland. Well our power is back on after a long spell in the Central City without it. It has been a busy time for all our serving members with the extra staff required to Police the central city during the blackout.

Prior to that we had a departure from the norm with our Christmas luncheon being held at Soljans Vinyard with approximately 110 members and friends attending. It was a great success with a lot of fine wines drunk and good company shared.

We in South Auckland (now Counties/Manukau) have had far too many comings and goings to list them all, but a few notable ones have been: our associate secretary to Germany Wayne Wright has perfed and is now running his own travel company (good luck Wayne). Jacqui Whittaker who we welcomed as a new Senior Sergeant on our Emergency Response Unit in December 1997 has decided that from Taupaki to Manukau every day was too much of a hike so she has gone back to her roots at Henderson. (Manukau's loss is Henderson's gain).

Counties/Manukau have been very busy this year with a number of homicides being investigated and brought to a successful conclusion, however staff are once again stretched with the Hills Homicide currently under investigation. Everyone has been working very hard in the district which has 41% of its staff with under two years service. Just lucky in the quality of its staff.

In February of this year, I hosted Johan Van Greunen and Mark Cresswell from Port Elizabeth South Africa. Johan was over trying to defend his gold medals in the Beach Flags and Beach Sprint at the World Lifesaving Championships. Unfortunately he was unable to hang onto his gold in the Beach Flags when he tripped whilst competing, however, he did manage a silver in the Beach Sprint.

The Auckland Committee had an unexpected visitor at a Committee Meeting when Rossano Sera, a colleague from the Gar do Finance in Milan, Italy turned up. He had arrived in Auckland to attend a two week English language course and just thought he would see if he could contact someone by turning up at the Auckland Police Station. He was in luck, and we ended up showing Rossano the sights of Auckland. He also managed to travel to Cape Rienga and the Bay of Islands.

Well it is time to sign off, however with the review of the Police having just been announced who knows what will have happened by the time this is printed, hopefully we'll still have some seniority in the ranks.

*Scott McGill*

## HAWKES BAY



Do you really know what it is like to live in an area that is so short of rain even the pot plants squeal when the sun comes out; when the temperatures reach 30 degrees centigrade the boss at the Police Station gives permission for the staff to go without ties; that the grass is so short the teeth of grazing sheep are worn to the gums; that there is so much water in the aquafed that it comes to the surface 12 miles out to sea?

This must be some sort of quiz. No - it's the Hawkes Bay. Okay the latest 100 year drought has hit the area, the pastures are parched, the grape growers are rubbing their hands with glee and members of the Hawkes Bay Nature Club are relieved they don't have to wrap up too much. Summer in the Bay is again living up to its well-earned reputation as one of the hottest places in New Zealand.

Do you remember the article about the Hawkes Bay in the last copy of the Journal? The wide photo of the Tuki Tuki Valley from atop Te Mata Peak - lush green pastures alongside the Tuki Tuki River. The latest photo shows an arid, and burnt grass reflecting an orange glow. This is a drought stricken farm land.

By the time you read this article maybe the 100 year floods will have rushed through the river valleys and we are coping with another El Nino problem. Summer already has been quiet, staff having the opportunity to relish the holiday season and make the most of the numerous visitors to the Bay. As usual February welcomes many visitors to Napier and Hastings. Even Ace O'Hara was here - visiting his sister - creator of Napier's top garden. Elaine and Ace were here for the wine Weekend in early February. The following weekend saw the Mission concert packed again with romanticism. After the big names of Te Kanawa, Warwick, Charles, Bassey and Rodgers - Julio Iglesias wooed the crown on Valentines Day with his many famous hits. Tragedy struck the organisers of the concert with the death of John Denver in late 1997 and Julio was a great replacement.

1998 Art Deco weekend was a warm up for the 1999 World Convention for the Art Deco fans. Napier Art Deco enthusiasts attended the USA annual meeting and offered to hold the World Convention right here in Napier. Although the 1931 earthquake can be thanked for the new building design of the 1930s being introduced into Napier, the thought of celebrating an earthquake through the medium of architecture leaves one with a few scary thoughts.

Welcome to the Bay to new staff - mainly from the College. Nigel Hurley from Invercargill on promotion, Jay Thorpe and Guy Pittar from Auckland along with Dale Raitt. Kevin Riordan headed back to Wellington, Lynley Aldrigde to Auckland to pursue a CIB career, Paul Johnson to Hunterville, and John Winter too on the move. George Murray recently retired after many years in the MOT as a Traffic Sergeant.

Isn't this e-mail great? Yeah right! Have you ever received a string of Christmas literature posing as Christmas cards? Thanks to Robin Chester my inward mail box is now full of one line stories and jokes. There's nearly a ban on receiving them!!!!! Well done to Anne Picketts and many others who have their e-mail up and running. The IPA pages throughout the world make interesting reading.

All for now

*Ross Pinkham*

## WELLINGTON



It has now been some nine months I think since I have had to write the happenings in our area. It has been difficult to recall what has happened over that time. Fortunately Laurie Philpott and Glenys Walker have better memories (or records) than I do so they have helped immensely.

The big news I guess is the 1999 National Annual General Meeting which will be held in Wellington. The proposed weekend at this stage will be 17 to 19 April 1999. By the time you read this a sub-committee will have been set up to organise an Absolutely Positively weekend which will include time to visit Te Papa Museum, the view from the windmill at Brooklyn and the many other attractions Wellington has to offer. Remember that this will be the last opportunity this Century to attend a National AGM of IPA in New Zealand.

We had our own AGM this year at the Wellington Central Police Station. The guest speakers were Tony and Veronica Allum who had spent five or six months in Bhutan; most interesting and recommended as after dinner speakers if you need one . One of the new committee members elected is Steve Hinds.

Our Christmas party was held at the James Cook Centra Hotel. A good turnout and everyone seemed to enjoy the meal and the drinks before and after the meal.

As I recall we have had some interesting visitors, David Judson and his wife from Homer Alaska. He is a State Trooper there. He was hosted by Dave Couling and a group of us managed to have dinner with them which was most enjoyable.

Another two visitors were father and son Charles and Chuck Rosales from Ventnor in the Los Angeles area. They came to the Police Station to look at the Communications Centre. They were of special interest to me. Charles was a US Marine here during the Second World War (as was my Dad) and Chuck was a Police Officer (as am I). Charles recalled that he used to get on the train to McKay's Crossing where the camp was with fish and chips and a bottle of beer. He had also gone out with a young lady from Island Bay and had lost track of her. Fortunately he remembered the address which we visited only to find she had died in 1947 which was very sad. He later went to the church they had attended together and lit a candle for her. Who said our parents weren't romantic.

While on a sad note, Neville Trendle's father in law recently died. Many would remember Sergeant Claude Harvey who had been the District Clerk at Wellington Central for many years.

There have been some notable retirements too. Inspector Keith Knox and Inspector Maurie Malone have both retired. Irmgard Barrowman from Porirua Police Station has also retired. I guess there are others and we would like to wish them all a long and enjoyable retirement.

Peter and June Dawe have recently returned with their camper van from six months touring Australia. Rumour has it that they are moving from our area to Hawkes Bay.

And it was good to see Peter Weirsma who made a quick visit from Hawkes Bay to check out the Wellington Retired Police Club and friends at the Police College.

Lawrie and Rita Philpott have moved from their house that has been "home" to so many IPA visitors over the years. They want their friends to know they are now at 21 Rodney Street Lower Hutt, (phone 04 566 0669)

That is all the news and the comings and goings in this area that I and others have recalled.

Until the next magazine - take care.

*Regards Clint*

## NELSON

PHOTO PLEASE PENNY

Hello from sunny Nelson. Lots to catch up on since the last Journal so I'll have to make it "to the point" to get it all in .

Nelson's had a bit of a shuffle around since becoming a part of the Tasman District and consequently we've had quite a few additions to the staff. We would like to extend a very warm welcome to the following people: Chris Stringer, Rodger Ewers, Andrew (Waz) Curtis, Steve Hopkinson, Barry Scotson, David Swaney, Chris Baillie, Paul Thompson, Todd Kerker and David Lauer. Karl Reid, Chris Maitland, Simon Mapp and Jane Stuart have recently shifted to Motueka.

Chris Burbery has shifted on promotion to Levin and Inspector Malcolm Burgess has gone to Hamilton. Detective Derek Milne is now at Stoke and Raquel Hibbs and Mike Breen have moved to CIB.

Terry Milton has returned to Nelson also to join the CIB.

Nigel Scott has taken early retirement to go into business with his father in law having had his farewell function at the Suter Gallery which overlooks Queens Gardens in the middle of Nelson. I can recommend it to anyone who is visiting Nelson. We had a lovely evening there but are very sorry to see Nigel go, he will be sorely missed.

Another 'old seed' who has gone to the private sector is John "Oaks" Oakley. John is well known and respected by all that worked with him both in Nelson and Christchurch where he started his career. John's wit and good nature will be missed around the Police Station, but it is good to see that he still frequents the Police bar on the odd Friday night.

Carl Cheeseman has left and is having a complete change of direction and is studying horticulture full time. We wish him well in his future endeavours.

In November 1997 Graeme Wilkes organised Awards Nights at the Police Club when the long service medals were presented by the Mayor of Nelson. Sergeant Wood read out a bit of the history of the long service medal before they were presented. It was a very good night and it was great to have a 'formal' air to the presentation. Hopefully it will be a regular event. Following the presentation we had Inspector "Bugs" Burgess's farewell that carried on to the early hours of the morning. An excellent night over all.

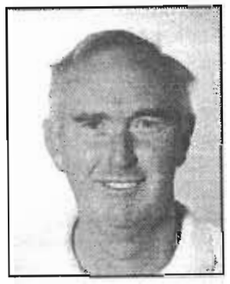
Congratulations to Annette and Garry Dunn on the birth of Georgia Nicole on 9 May 1998. You'll get used to those sleepless nights Garry.

Well folks, I think I've used all the space I'm allowed. Don't forget to look your fellow members up when you're in Nelson.

Cheers

*Pen*

## CHRISTCHURCH



Hello from the windy Region 5. The amount of hot air coming from the North this year has been unbelievable. Who says that things don't go South of the Bombay Hills. Have I become cynical? Anyway, I trust that you all had a very Merry Xmas and New Year Break. I did type up my Xmas platitudes for you, but was rejected by my Editor and publisher. It is a good thing I'm not a SNAG.

I recently went to a model train show: showing how small minded one may be and there I saw a model of the NZR circa 1950-60. It made me think of the costs and effort of the old days when we did the escort of Borstal in-

mates from Auckland to Invercargill. For those who don't know, the old days are those that you talk of when you have nothing else to talk about. Anyway, I relived those days whilst looking at the train set. See the cunning way I am getting around the point.

You were especially chosen by the Staff Senior, usually because you were single, or had upset him. You would leave, say, on Monday at 1900hrs. (7pm for the oldies) You would get a cuppa at Taumaranui and get to Wellington 0700hrs Tuesday. The full day was spent looking at the wonders of the capital, as you struggle not to fall asleep in public. That night, it was onto the Inter-Island ferry for the overnight trip to Lyttelton, then onto the train to spend all day on the trip to Invercargill. You lost your prisoner there, if in fact he hadn't scarpered earlier. After spending the night in Invercargill, you did the reverse procedure Thursday and Friday, getting home on Saturday morning.

Social Welfare used to fly their charges around the country BUT we had a second class rail pass, so it didn't cost the Department anything... except five or six days lost policing. Just think, you young ones think you have it good.

The visiting has slacked off in the past few months, but with our dollar hitting the bottom we should see more later in the New Year. Recently we entertained two Austrian policemen, who had stayed with Brett Leask. I took them to Akaroa, and found enroute that Ernst Reisz had been serving in Cyprus with the UN and we knew (mutually) a few cops in Australia. He wished to be remembered to those who served in Cyprus at the same time. The other visitor was Otto Winklebauer, who was "Radio Police". His English was not as fluent as Ernst's so I never really fathomed out just what he had done before retirement. Ernst said that he saw a trip to Australia advertised for 400 schillings. He rang an confirmed that was the price. His previous trip had cost 1400 schillings, so he thought he was getting a bargain. When he went to pay, he was asked for 800 schillings. When he asked why, the travel clerk said "You want to come back to Austria don't you"?. Now that shows great logic!!! If only we could get such cheap trips.

I am pleased that the IPA Journal is again in production, even if for the purpose of my making Region 5 contribution. See, if it wasn't for that, the people of the North might not know we still exist. *(We know you still exist when we see the cold weather report on TV – Ed)*

Cheers

***Blue***

## OTAGO



Greetings from the Deep South Region. Since the last Journal, Region Six has been quiet. We have had a couple from USA who intended coming to the Region who at the last minute cancelled due to a family sickness.

However, on Friday the 26th of December 1997, Bruce and Sue Duncan were pleased to greet and welcome Elizabeth and Douglas Morgan from the United Kingdom.

The Morgans were travelling New Zealand after visiting their son who is living here at present.

Douglas is a Dog Handler with the London Metropolitan Police and is also Vice President to the British Section.

A quiet evening dinner was topped off with the obligatory discussion comparing departments.

While both Douglas and Bruce experience the same highs and lows of the job, Douglas was more than a little surprised at the salaries paid to New Zealand officers and commented that they were certainly on the low side compared to the "Met"

On Saturday, 31 January 1998, 32 members and their families met at Valentines Restaurant at the refurbished Dunedin Railway Station for a luncheon where the Region subsidised the meal.

This was held in place of the Christmas Function which, due to the many other functions held prior to Christmas, was decided to be held to welcome in the new year. Those members who attended enjoyed the large meal.

The early part of 1998 was a busy time in Region Six with the 150th Anniversary of Otago and Southland. There were a large number of events planned throughout the year. The Otago Daily Times published excerpts from the diaries of those settlers who travelled to settle in Dunedin on the *Phillip Laing* and the *John Wickliffe*. From reading these diaries the conditions on board were less than marvellous with both ships encountering storms and gales in the first few weeks of their voyages.

The *John Wickliffe* with 97 passengers on board arrived at Port Chalmers on 23 March 1848, and the *Phillip Laing* with 247 passengers including my family arriving on 15 April 1848.

The Settlers Museum has opened a display of which in part replicates a small area of the cramped living and sleeping quarters that the steerage passengers travelled in. Very cramped, and we can only imagine the discomfort and smell that the immigrants suffered.

The next function for Region Six is to be held in South Dunedin and this time will be a meal at a Chinese Restaurant. For those members who wish to attend from out of Dunedin, there can be some home hosting. Closer to the time, we will send out a note about the dinner.

That's it from the Deep South this time.

*Trevor*



# Winechat with Ace

## Icewine and Other Just Desserts

**One of the rarest and most sought after wines in the world is ice wine or 'eiswein' as it is known in Germany where it was first made, according to records, in Rheingau about 1858.**



True "Ice Wine" is wine made from grapes that have been left to ripen on the vines far into the winter months. At this stage the berries are shrivelled by a special mould (botrytis) and when the bunches of grapes have achieved maximum sugar content, they are picked on a sharp frosty night usually between 3am and 6am and transported immediately to the wine presses for crushing while the juice within the berry is still frozen. The only liquid that can be pressed out is that which has such a high concentration of grape sugar that it will not freeze. Wine that is made from this precious liquid has a very special character, and commands a very high price. With the moderate climate that prevails in most of the wine growing areas of Rhineland Germany, Eiswein is only made in very cold winters. Even then it is something of a gamble to leave the grapes on the vines, for if there is a lot of rain there is a risk of losing the grapes to bunch rot or mildew which can wipe out the entire crop.

Recently however winemakers in two areas of Canada, the Okanagan Valley in British Columbia, and Niagara-on-the-Lake in Ontario, have discovered that the severe winter climate in both areas, coupled with a very low rainfall, enables them to make true icewine every year. It is always something of a gamble leaving the grapes on the vines long after the normal dates of harvest in September or October, for the bunches of grapes can fall prey to sugar-hungry birds and wild animals, or can be severely damaged by weather conditions. Hail and wind can strip the grapes off the vines or the crop suffers rot caused by rain. However growers prepared to take the risk can reap both the satisfaction and monetary rewards if their final product measures up. A half bottle (375ml) can sell for as high as $60, and even at that price demand usually outstrips supply.

Only since the early 1980s has icewine been made in Canada, and winemakers' efforts have since been rewarded with a number of prestigious international awards. In 1991 Canadian ice wine burst into the international scene with spectacular success, and that year all 12 Ontario wineries who entered icewine in the Intervin International Wine Competition in New York won gold medals for their entries. No icewine from any other country won a gold medal that year, which demonstrated the pre-eminence of the Canadian product.

Some wines made in New Zealand are labelled "ice wine" but these are not true ice wines, because in most cases the juice has been artificially concentrated by freezing the grape juice after crushing and lifting out the frozen content, leaving behind grape juice which has a heavy concentration of natural grape sugar, because the sugar will not freeze. Wine made by this method should be labelled "freeze-concentrated" to describe the way it was made. While the freeze-concentration of grape juice does give it a more intense and sweeter flavour, it can never approach the unique concentration and character of true ice wine.

Occasionally some New Zealand winemakers produce some very special dessert wines. Rongapai from Te Kawhata and Te Whare Ra from Blenheim have been particularly successful especially with dessert wines based on the Riesling grape.

At a recent tasting of Merlen wines, I was fortunate to taste a very special dessert wine made from Chardonnay. This had an intense preserved orange peel taste and a rich golden syrup colour with the acid to balance the sweetness. Only one barrel of this wine (Merlen Magic) was made in 1995 and it was well worth the $28 price tag. (A wine of this quality in Germany would fetch three times that price.)

Selaks make a very reasonably priced freeze-concentrated wine which they label Icewine, and Seifried Estate and Lincoln also make some very good dessert wine from gewurztraminer. Montana and Matua have also produced some very tasty desert wines either based on Muscat or Riesling.

Some Dessert wines from across the Tasman are also worth a try, and perhaps the best of these is the De Bertoli Noble One. But the acknowledged premium dessert wine in the world which stands head and shoulders above all others is Chateau Yquem. Currently a 750ml bottle of 1988 Chateau Yquem will cost $495 but you could get the 1987 vintage for just $395, with a 1990 375ml available for $190. Expensive - but it is poetry in motion; once tasted, never forgotten.

## Wine Tattle

The American wine guru Robert Parker probably has the most expensive palate in the world. Certainly his wine evaluations have more influence in the wine trade than any other single individual living. So highly is his palate regarded that Lloyds of London refused to insure it so he found insurance cover elsewhere and now pays an annual premium of $9000(US) for cover of $1,000,000(US).

Parker, a qualified lawyer has a freakish memory for wine and he initiated a radical scoring system for assessing wines, which first appeared in The Wine Advocate. Wines are marked out of 100 and get 50 for starters, (i.e. just for being put up for assessment) Then they are marked for (a) colour and general appearance - maximum 5; (b) aroma and bouquet - maximum 15; (c) flavour and finish - maximum 20; (d) aging potential - maximum 10. Any wine scoring between 90 and 100 is in the top (gold medal) category, 80 to 89 (silver) and 70 to 79 (bronze) - below that: ??

His scoring system is very easy for the average wine drinker to understand, though some critics claim that his bald numerical judgement takes some of the colour, romance and poetry out of
the tasting of wine. Anyone who can simplify the description of wine and dispense with a lot of the pretentious drivel used by some writers to describe what they have tasted is fine by me.

Parker himself is remarkably modest, and is often quoted as saying, "There can never be any substitute for your own palate, not any better education than tasting the wine yourself." I'm sure readers will agree. He goes on to say: "Anyone with a pen, notebook and a few bottles of wine can become a wine critic. That is the way I started."

***Bon appetite!***

# Where Did We Go Wrong?

*Sometimes when we're honest with each other,*
*We wonder where the old days have gone,*
*And from somewhere inside comes the question,*
*What happened? Where did we go wrong?*
*What has happened to our beautiful country*

*When we lock every window, every door,*
*Where's our freedom and pride, when we're locked up inside,*
*It's not safe to be on the streets anymore.*

*Now our country once more is in agony,*
*Two precious loved ones are missing - again.*
*Full of youth, full of fun, a precious daughter, precious son,*
*What has happened to Olivia and Ben?*

*The pioneers, the old timers, those hard-working miners,*
*Who brought to our land so much hope,*
*Those hills that were once filled with music,*
*Now yield, so many fields, of dope.*

*We fought wars side by side, as one people,*
*We shared life, we stood upright and strong,*
*With adversity we could cope, we had faith, we had hope.*
*What happened, where did we go wrong?*

*There was a time when we had full employment,*
*They were trouble-free days, looking back,*
*Why is it today, they draw such high pay,*
*By throwing souls on the dole, and the wrack.*

*Our hospitals with all their technology,*
*Should treat patients who come to the door,*
*But we've got managers and teams, in shining limousines,*
*And waiting lists as never before.*

*Where on earth did we lose our objectives?*
*When did greed and its breed raise its head?*
*When did gambling and cheating and shocking wife beating*
*Send a warning of what lies ahead.*

*Is this the price for a thing they call progress?*
*Is this what is called 'The New Age'?*
*Have the ideals of life become bitterness and strife?*
*Has the pass word of life become 'Rage'?*

*There was a time when politicians could be trusted*
*To honour what was said on their placards,*
*But the promises today, of what politicians say,*
*Are as reliable, as a house made of cards.*

*Our politicians who should set an example.*
*Are now held in contempt by the throng.*
*We were promised a decent society*
*What a joke: Where did that one go wrong?*

*The news media thrive on negatives*
*When dangerous criminals have escaped,*
*Another eighty workers made redundant,*
*An eighty year old grandmother raped.*

*And where are our precious Ben and Olivia?*
*It's a nightmare the way they've disappeared.*
*Is it one of those crimes, just a sign of the times,*
*We all hope, it is not, what is feared.*

*Maybe some day when our country hits rock-bottom,*
*We'll emerge, bruised and battered, but strong.*
*And the future we'll face, as one united race.*
*Having learned, from where we went wrong.*

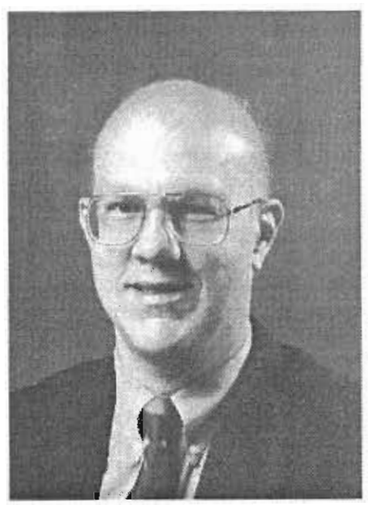
***Kind permission of the author, Trevor Rowe, Box 3, Stratford.***

# Suicide By Cop

## Victim-Precipitated Homicide: Police Use Of Deadly Force In British Columbia, Canada

*By Richard B. Parent*
*Canadian Region*

**The term victim-precipitated homicide refers to those killings in which the victim is a direct, positive precipitator of the incident.**



Victim-precipitated homicide that is a result of suicidal behaviour refers to those incidents in which an individual, determined on self-destruction, engages in a calculated life-threatening criminal incident in order to force a police officer or another individual to kill him or her self.

One of the most startling findings of a recent study (Parent, 1996) concerns the frequency and degree of victim-precipitated acts that have constituted lethal threats to police officers within British Columbia. The characteristics associated with victim-precipitated homicide, appear to be a significant factor in roughly half (48%) of the 58 cases that were analysed.

In 28 separate cases, the victim caused or contributed to the lethal-threat of a police officer by intentionally or unintentionally provoking the officer to use deadly force. In the majority of these cases, the individual's statements and actions clearly reflect their intent to commit suicide.

In a smaller number of cases the individual did not make a suicidal statement. In these cases, the conclusion is drawn that the individual was suicidal, on the basis of analysing his or her actions and bizarre behaviour. The actions and behaviour documented with the case studies is consistent with the behaviour and characteristics most frequently associated with suicide.

Also noteworthy is the fact that, in several of the 28 cases examined, the perpetrator of a lethal threat had a documented history of mental illness and/or suicidal tendencies. In addition, documentation in several of the cases indicate that the victim had a high blood alcohol reading at the time of his or her death. In some instances, alcohol, substance abuse and mental illness were added to the complex picture of suicidal tendencies.

Based upon these findings, this study suggests that the phenomenon of "suicide by cop" is a significant factor in the police use of deadly force and potential deadly force within British Columbia. Individuals predisposed to suicide have, in many instances, confronted armed police in an attempt to escalate the situation in which they have placed themselves.

### Deadly Force In British Columbia

The province of British Columbia has a population base of roughly 3.5 million people. Policing in large urban areas such as Vancouver and Victoria is primarily conducted by municipal police agencies while suburban and rural areas contract the services of the federally based Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Since 1980 there have been approximately 45 separate shooting incidents that resulted in death by legal intervention within the province of British Columbia. The municipal police departments were responsible for 16 of these shooting deaths. Members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police were responsible for the remainder of the fatal shootings. An analysis of the 16 fatal municipal police shooting incidents revealed that, in roughly half of these cases, characteristics consistent with that of victim-precipitated homicide were displayed by the deceased prior to being shot and killed. (An analysis of R.C.M.P. fatal shooting incidents also revealed findings that were consistent with roughly 50% of the cases being victim-precipitated). The following excerpt from one of the documented cases illustrates the complexities and rapid sequence of events that can occur as police officers arrive at a call.

Case Three – Police officers were summoned to attend a residence in which there was a telephone report of

a male who had stabbed himself with a knife. The caller had advised the police that the individual in question was a "psychiatric case" and everyone inside the residence was "freaking out".

Two uniformed police officers arrived at the residence, simultaneously, in separate police vehicles. As the two officers approached the doorway of the residence, they were beckoned in by a woman. Before they could enter, a 23-year-old man suddenly left the residence with a large butcher-type knife in his left hand. The knife was held in a threatening position, approximately at ear-level. Upon seeing the individual and his act of aggression, the police officers separated in the yard and drew their firearms. The subject was ordered to drop his knife by both officers. In response to their commands, the individual continued to hold the knife in an upright striking motion, stating: "Shoot me, go ahead...shoot me" to the two officers.

Upon stating "Shoot me, go ahead...shoot me", the individual then began to advance towards one of the police officers, his knife still raised in a striking motion. Once again, he was instructed to drop the knife; however, he refused and continued to advance upon the officer. When he was within approximately six feet of the officer, both police officers discharged their firearms. The bullets struck the individual and he collapsed to the ground and died. A total of 21 seconds had elapsed from the time that the two police officers had initially arrived at the scene until the shots were fired (and an ambulance requested).

One of the two police officers stated: "I was on the stand in the Coroner's Court [giving evidence] for five and a half hours on something that happened in 21 seconds."

During the Coroner's Inquest, it was learned that the deceased individual was depressed, suicidal and extremely agitated moments before his death. He had been drinking for almost 12 hours prior to his death. It was revealed that at the time of the incident, he possessed a blood alcohol reading of .238 per cent, almost three times the legal impairment limit.

While inside the residence, the deceased had inflicted approximately 12 knife wounds to the inside of his left wrist. Although these wounds were superficial, they demonstrated his state of mind immediately before the police had arrived. The occupants of the residence testified that they recognised that he required help but that they were not capable of providing the help that he needed. In response, the family members summoned the police.

Further evidence heard during the Coroner's Inquest included testimony from an expert witness who testified that an attacker with a knife enters a danger zone when he gets within 39 feet of an individual. It was stated that a person with a knife can travel 30 feet in 1.5 seconds but that it takes a police officer 1.5 to 3 seconds to respond to an attacker by drawing, and firing, a gun. The expert witness concluded that the two police officers should have fired their weapons sooner than they did.

**Why Suicide By Cop?**

Committing suicide by "traditional methods" that include jumping from a high structure, crashing a speeding vehicle into a stationary object or by self-inflicted wound requires a decision and commitment on the part of the victim. In victim-precipitated homicides that are born out of suicide, the difficult decision to end one's life is made by someone else.

Van Zandt (1993) states that the police are specifically singled out by suicidal individuals as they are the only community agency equipped with firearms and the training to react to potentially life-threatening situations with accurate and deadly force. Van Zandt adds that, in most instances, the police are only a phone call away.

In addition, the stigma and social taboos associated with suicide can be absolved upon being terminated by an external mechanism such as the police. As agents of the state, the police officer truly represents a faceless means of ending one's life in a somewhat dignified manner.

Gerberth (1993) elaborates on this position by asserting that the police can symbolically represent the social conscience. Gerberth notes that, at times, suicidal individuals feel guilty about things that are real or imagined. Police officers traditionally and symbolically represent law and order within society. A guilt-ridden, suicidal individual may enter into an interaction with the police in an attempt to seek punishment that may include death.

In other instances, the suicidal individual may not have the determination to end his or her own life. In these cases, the suicidal individual cannot "pull the trigger" and, therefore, must seek assistance in accomplishing his or her death. Gerberth cites instances in which apparently armed individuals have confronted police and were killed. The subsequent police investigations revealed that the assailants knowingly confronted the police with an unloaded or inoperable weapon.

Gerberth adds that suicidal individuals may use hostage-taking incidents to bring about their demise. In these situations, the suicidal individual will adopt a posture of confrontational negotiation with the police. They will often announce their intention to die or make biblical references, particularly the Book of Revelations and the resurrection. In addition, these individuals may set a deadline for their own death or begin talking about people who are dead, as if they are still alive. In following this course of action the individual accomplishes his or her own self destruction while going out in a "blaze of glory". In some instances, this may also serve to mitigate the actions of the suicidal individual while placing the police officer's decision to use deadly force under scrutiny and possibly, public contempt.

**Conclusion**

In today's contemporary society, factors promoting suicide may include a general state of community demoralisation or fragmentation, permissive social attitudes towards suicide and even media attention to celebrity suicides. Additional facilitating factors include isolation from a supportive network, the suicide of role models or peers (television and film icons), unemployment, and an environment that facilitates suicide such as the availability of firearms (Suicide, 1994:12).





In this regard, the government and the media share a key role in shaping public attitudes and in facilitating public education. There is a need for further education regarding the pitfalls of substance abuse and a need to reduce the stigma attached to seeking treatment for depression and suicidal tendencies. This study has revealed that a significant portion of suicidal individuals had been under the influence of alcohol or drugs which likely further intensified their negative interaction with the police.

In addition, there must be a greater awareness placed upon the training of both police recruits and in-service personnel regarding those verbal and tactical skills associated with suicide intervention. Non-lethal compliance tools such as the net gun, glue gun and the bean-bag projectile should also be considered for deployment in the field. Finally, police personnel must be made aware of the dynamics and frequency of victim-precipitated events and the phenomenon of suicide by cop.

Nonetheless, the findings of this study illustrate the complexities that surround police use of deadly force and how individual officers are given seconds to decide how to resolve a potentially lethal conflict. In many instances, police officers will have no other option but to resort to the use of deadly force.

Richard B. Parent (M.A.) is a 18-year serving police officer with the Delta Municipal Police Department, presently seconded as an instructor at the Justice Institute of British Columbia - Police Academy. He is currently completing his Ph.D. at Simon Fraser University in the area of police use of deadly force in Canada. He is seeking to exchange data and academic information regarding police use of deadly force, and potentially deadly force, occurring in New Zealand, Australia and the U.K.

*Address correspondence to:*
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*B.C. V4K 3E1 Canada.*
*E-mail: rbrian@bc.sympatico.ca.*

**VACANCIES**

**Associate Secretaries**

Applications are called for the positions of Associate Secretaries to represent:

1. **Cyprus, Greece, Israel and Malta**

2. **Italy and San Marino**

A Job description is available from the National Travel Secretary.
Interested persons are invited to apply for these positions by 31 July 1998 to:

**The Secretary General**
**International Police Association**
**P. O. Box 50 588, Porirua**

# Oh, to breed a Police Dog



*By Shirley Morton*

**I was introduced to the German Shepherd dog breed in the early 1960s. It was the start of a new era, an era of trials and tribulations, the joys of success, and of course, inevitable heartbreak. Yet it was an era I shall always hold dearly in my heart.**

At this time, the breed was engaged in a public hate blitz. The 'Alsatian' as it was more commonly known, was accused of such heinous crimes as terrorising people, biting children and savaging sheep. Sadly, any large dog with a pointed nose and prick-ears was dubbed an Alsatian. Such adverse publicity found the breed's reputation plummeting to the depths.

My resolve to challenge the problem was inspired from an unexpected source. It so happened that Sergeant Graeme Bracey and Auckland's first police dog, Duke, lived in our neighbourhood. The attainments of this clever and good-natured dog influenced my long association with German Shepherds, as I quickly realised such dogs needed to be well under control, fully occupied and seen to be respectable.

Along with many other enthusiasts, I set out to achieve a goal. It was important to 'select' puppy buyers as potentially responsible owners; there was a need to make clear the breed's dual capacity – these people were not just taking on a thing of beauty with which to win accolades in the show ring. Guidance was also offered in the right direction through the German Shepherd Leagues. Not too many years went by before the breed at last enjoyed the recognition it deserved.

Amongst some of my favourably remembered progeny are: the 9-month-old pup that rescued its owner's child from certain drowning; the dog who was his deaf owner's 'ears'; the farm dwellers doing an honest day's work; the expert tracker called upon to help in a police chase; Shilo, the first New Zealand dog to achieve the title 'Endurance Dog' – the canine version of a marathon runner; not to mention the several who gained Show Championship status.

Perhaps the most gratifying success though, came from those who entered the field of policing. A youngster from my very first litter was resold to a security guard for night patrol work. I was not so sure I liked the idea, but at least the dog was occupied and well disciplined.



**Zeus through the hoop**





The next experience hit me rather suddenly. I had been keeping in close touch with a new owner in Wellington whose puppy was a headstrong beastie. She phoned one night, and before I could say a word, announced abruptly: "Rick's gone to the Police!" My heart skipped a beat. What had he done? Mauled the neighbour's cat? My friend calmed down a little, then informed me she had given up on her boy and offered him to the Police Dog School at Trentham to see if they could do anything with him. They did. Rick was soon to qualify, and according to reports, did his job well.

Imagine my surprise when as a result of this, I was approached by the police to purchase a puppy. A proud moment, but not for long, as unfortunately the little fellow did not get past the 'puppy-walking' stage before being run over. How? I thought indignantly. Why?

Other youngsters with suitable temperaments wound up in the force, and there were a few who met the long-suffering demands of police work at the RNZAF base in Hobsonville, boots and all!

But whatever the outcome of the puppies I bred, I can now look back with satisfaction at having played even the smallest role in the promotion of the German Shepherd dog. I follow with profound interest the pursuits of the now large team of police dogs, and feel privileged to have been associated with such an intelligent, beautiful and noble breed.

*(Well known pianist, Shirley Morton, has been a longtime breeder of dogs. She and husband Ian have now retired to Omokoroa in the Bay of Plenty).*



**Zeus over the wall**

**1998 SOUTHLAND POLICE DOG CALENDARS AVAILABLE**

Donation of not less than $5.00 plus $2.00 postage to the
**Southland Police Charitable Trust, P O Box 808, Invercargill,**
will secure a calendar. Not many left, so be quick for this collectable.

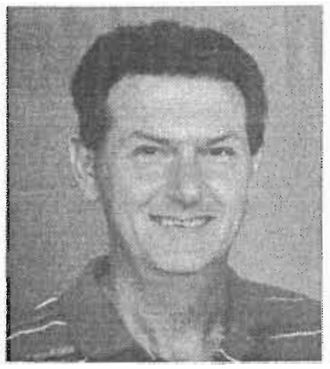
## Congratulations...

**to the following who were awarded the I.P.A. Behavioural Science Prizes for their wing at the Royal New Zealand College:**

- Constable Michael John Brooklands, of No. 168 (Peter Coster) Wing.
  *Richard will be stationed in Auckland.*
- Constable Lesley Winnifred Warren, of No. 169 (Brian Williams) Wing.
  *Lesley will be stationed in Rotorua.*
- Constable Clinton Allan Drake, of No. 169 (Brian Williams) Wing.
  *Clinton will be stationed in Auckland.*
- Constable Kim Ellen Robertson, of No. 170 (Richard McDonald) Wing.
  *Kim will be stationed in Wellington.*
- Constable Stephen Colin McCormick, of No. 171 (Dave Painter) Wing.
  *Stephen will be stationed in Porirua.*
- Constable Don van Onselen, of No. 172 (Ray Whatmough) Wing.
  *Don will be stationed in Christchurch.*
- Sharyn Tumataroa, of No. 173 (Brian Daw) Wing.
  *Sharyn will be stationed in Auckland Metro.*
- Constable Jason Raymond Hillgrove, of No. 174 (Patsy Wong) Wing.
  *Jason will be stationed in Auckland Metro.*
- Constable Nicola Jan Johns, of No. 175 (Whetu Tirakatene-Sullivan) Wing.
  *Nicola will be stationed in Counties - Manukau.*

# Hobbies Desk

*Tony Picketts*



Getting back into serious work mode (work as in Hobbies Sec retary) has been somewhat of an effort after an extremely busy holiday season. However let's hope I've not missed any of the many letters and Email requests received over the past few months.

First off, do please remember that any requests for contacts to exchange patches etc., must also be accompanies with proof of IPA Membership.

Computers are now confirmed to be part of our lives, and Email communication is now considered to be a 'norm', therefore it seems fitting that an Email address data base be made available to members as is done in America. We sent a message out to all known Email addressees requesting permission to publish Email addresses. Following is a list of those from whom replies have already been received. Perhaps at some future date, this list will be published on the Computer page rather than the Hobbies Section. If you wish your Email address printed, Email me your details The Magazine for collectors of Embroidered Badges, PO Box 132 Waratah, NSW 2298, Australia, and *Australian Badge Collector Magazine* (P O Box 56, Forestville, NSW, 2087, Australia).

## From my counterpart in England, the following has been received:

*Bibba Burama (40, married) of P.O. Box 2581, Seffakunda, The Gambia, seeks* ***penfriends worldwide****. Interests: reading, travel, sports, music. He offers free board and lodgings to any IPA member visiting the Gambia between 1 January and 30 June, 1998*

*Brian James, (53, married) of 146 Romsey Avenue, Fareham, Hants, P016 9SZ, seeks contact with anyone who shares his interest in collecting* ***Super 8 or Standard 8 cine-film*** *(he would also consider 16mm)*

*Salayman Dramneh (37, married) of Criminal Intelligence & Interpol Bureau, Police Headquarters, Banjul, The Gambia, seeks* ***penfriends*** *"all over the world". Interests: sports, movies, reading, music.*

*Brian Walsh (49) of 20 Towcester Street, Litherland, Liverpool, L21 8JA, is a collector of* ***Police Insignia.***

*Gail Pamela Whiteoak of 23 Accrington Road, Whalley, Clitheroe, Lancs., BB7 9TD, seeks* ***penfriends in different countries.*** *Her interests are: reading, good food & wine, charity work and pub quizzes.*

*Debbie Hutchison, (age 25, single) of 36 Chichester House, Cootes Road, Exeter, Devon, EX2 5RP, who is a Special Constable and the daughter of the Chairman of the Exeter Branch of IPA. She is a member in her own right. Her interests are: gym, music and attending concerts.*

*Lawrence J. Martines, a 24 year IPA/USA member is in need of establishing pen pal(s) in New Zealand, preferably in or around Auckland. He is conducting research for a Law Enforcement class he teaches at a community college. He is willing to trade police patches upon request.*

Tapesponding seems to be on the way out as far as hobbies go. With the advent of the computer, CD, Email and other forms of electronic communication, it seems there is little need for investment in good quality tape recorders. However, there are a few stalwarts around still, including yours truly. If you're interested, give me a call.

Another once all engrossing hobby, operating Fidonet Bulletin Boards is also on the way out for reasons mentioned above - we have all moved on to "new" toys. In some respects, the demise of Bulletin Boards is a pity - they were a great learning tool for keyboard communication and "netiquette". With Internet, one must put up with a considerable amount of garbage as well as the occasional 'intelligent' message. Fidonet was a much more orderly and "governed" system of communication.

Opus North - Northland's last remaining fully functioning Fidonet BBS closed down of February 28th.

Anyway - time and all that goes with it, moves on.

You can contact me at 09 432 0225 (day) or 09 432 0045 (home), or Email anpicket@igrin.co.nz. Don't forget our IPA www page:

http:// www.igrin.co.nz/~ipa/

Keep in touch

*Tony*





## Email and ICQ Register

| Name | Email Address | ICQ |
|---|---|---|
| Roly Hermans | roly.hermans@xtra.co.nz | 7145473 |
| Audrey & Jim McCarthy | jim-aud@ihug.co.nz | |
| Graham & Carol Morrell | grim@xtra.co.nz | |
| Peter Muthare | peter@igrin.co.nz | 4122666 |
| Peter Williams | williamsp@fish.govt.nz | |
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| Ross Pinkham | ross.pinkham@xtra.co.nz | |
| Kay & Lindsay Hunter | lhunter@actrix.gen.nz | |
| Tom Penrose | penrose@ihug.co.nz | |
| Carole Tipler | caroletipler.alyaman@clear.net.nz | |
| Scotty Gagen | scottg_hwtrotorua@atlasmail.com | |
| Anne & Tony Picketts | anpicket@igrin.co.nz | 3277902 |
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| John Coomber | coomber@xtra.co.nz | |
| Keith Knox | kk200941@actrix.gen.nz | |
| Barry Thackwell | thackwell.br@netaccess.co.nz | |
| Arthur Mahan | arthurm@es.co.nz | |
| Brian Lissette | brian.lissette@clear.co.nz | |
| Doug Geraghty | geraghty@clear.co.nz | |
| Maarten Kleintjes | maarten@clear.net.nz | |

James W. Berg, a member of Region 44 IPA USA wishes to exchange email.
He is a "retired American detective 70 years young".
His email address is: jwberg21@aol.com

# Obituary

## William "Bill" Gibb

Bill passed away on 25 October 1997 after a short illness. He joined the Police after a short career in the merchant navy. After working in New Plymouth and Invercargill as a dog handler he transferred to his home town, Picton in 1983. Bill was an active yachty and very involved with the coastguard. His hometown truths and philosophies will be sadly missed. He is survived by his wife Trish and daughters Jacqueline and Elizabeth to whom we send our deepest condolences.

# Just Released .....

## Zero-Alpha

**(The New Zealand Police Armed Offenders Squad Official History) by Ray Van Beynen. $29.95 from good bookshops**

This is a meticulously researched book that gives detailed chronological coverage of a number of incidents (from 1949 to the present day) in which the Police were called to deal with offenders who were armed. Some early incidents highlighted the inadequacy of police tactical training to deal effectively with the situation, and led to the formation of Armed Offenders Squads with regular training and exercises.

The author's AOS experience shows in the methodical and logical way he assembles facts and presents them. He rarely passes judgement himself but is content to let the facts speak for themselves and to allow the reader to decide. Many of the cases covered are described in the words of AOS members directly involved, giving them the ring of authenticity.

Profits from the sale of this book will be used to assist the work of Victim Support nationally.

*(A more comprehensive review will appear in the next issue of the Journal.)*

# A shakedown cruise with a difference (Part one)

*By Wally Brown*

**As a young boy, growing up on a farm at Ruakokopatuna under the stern guidance of depression-and-second-world-war-education parents, we seemed to inherit qualities of saving valuable and useful items.**

My wife and I decided to invest in a motorhome with the intention of travelling extensively in Australia and New Zealand. Should we purchase in Aussie or NZ? Enquiries made with the authorities in each country revealed amazing differences. In Australia, the gas and electrical certification would be unsuitable and these would have to be done again which, together with an engineers certification costing $3000, made the exercise rather expensive, as no allowance for depreciation - and 97% duty is required. New Zealand however allowed depreciation and applied only 40% duty, the question was decided. Anne and I made a number of trips to Australia and checked out the various manufacturers. Winnebago, in Sydney, made a Class A Blaxland - a 25 foot unit using an Isuzu 4.3 litre automatic truck chassis which we believed was the best buy, however the price new at over A$100.000 was daunting.

In Brisbane we found a one year old Winnebago Freeway with low mileage for sale, inspected it and made an offer, without even starting the motor or taking it for a drive. On our arrival back in NZ a fax advised us that our offer had been accepted, so we made arrangements to visit and use the motorhome.

Cups, plates, pots, pans, TV, bedding and linen etc. had to be taken with us. At the airport we paid the $360 for excess baggage and set off. Our friends were waiting with a van so getting our gear to Helensvale near Surfers was simple and it was with anticipated delight we sat down that evening to make a cuppa. Good heavens, a vehicle of this nature without Piazzo ignition on the stove. Cuppa's made, Yuk! Coughing and spluttering we throw the tea out! On investigation we discover the van is plumbed with garden hose. Further checking revealed the water is from an aluminium tank, which had bore water in it. The chemical reaction caused corrosion, the salts falling out of solution leave a large deposit. The filter clogged with crystals and any new element would similarly become clogged. A cleanup and stainless steel tank necessary.

A phone was desired. How odd, only Australian residents are allowed to own phones. There the manager of a Optus beat the computer!

The trip to Brisbane had revealed one fault, all Australians are over seven feet tall. The seat is too low, and the stone guard across the windscreen is too high. Fit some nuts under the seat, lower the stone guard, great, now a tiny six foot Kiwi can see the road.

We left for Sydney to visit our son a couple of days later than anticipated. His offer to make a new stainless tank would solve the problem. A couple of days later whilst sitting at Myall Lakes, I phone Optus and ask why no answerphone messages, only to find that system hasn't been activated. Never mind it's done while I wait. Next, I can't hear it over the noise of the motor when it rings - can it be altered? "Certainly, what make is it?" I look at the phone in front of me and quote the model etc. "Sorry sir, but we don't sell that model. You'll have to ring the manufacturer in Victoria!" Urn, we have a problem, I tell him, that's not quite right. Your company sold me the article, if it doesn't work or whatever, the phone call should be made by Optus. "But we couldn't have sold it to you!' Now I have to explain that I'm using it to speak to him!

Later when I phoned in Sydney, the difficulty continued, and was directed to take it to one of their branches where it would be fixed while I waited. Need I say that it wasn't. They wouldn't. If I left it there they would send it to Melbourne. Another Optus agency in Sydney was more obliging, two minutes later I was out the door a happy man.

Shake rattle and crash. The motion of a campervan has something in common with a boat. Strangely the manufacturer had not made any provision for the securing of plates cups etc. As this feature was standard in NZ models we hadn't thought to check, but by the time we arrived at Newcastle, I couldn't stand the racket any longer.

Our friends, were prevailed upon to take me to a hardware; timber glue plywood nails and fastenings were purchased, racks etc. were fitted. If only this had been the end of it. Another day behind schedule, we now find that the whole cabinet is vibrating and a tap-dancer has taken up residence. Never mind the manufacturer in Sydney will sort that out. Silly me!





Monday., Sydney is a big place, we'll sort out everything here. Wanting 200mm of 32mm ID stainless steel and a 12mm spigot for the tank, 32mm food grade non-toxic plastic hose and a two position 'Y'-tap to fill it, we let the fingers do the walking. "Yes, we have S.S., you can have a six metre length, no we won't cut it". Well, where can I get it then please. "Don't know", slam. I can't believe this! Phone the next one, same questions, the response not much different. Try Whitworths, Chatswood branch, one of the largest Ship's Chandlers in Sydney, for the Y-tap and 32mm hose. "No, can't help you. Never heard of 32mm non-toxic hose. Don't know who might", the line goes dead! I don't even have the satisfaction of hanging up on them, very frustrating. We realise we're in another country.

Tuesday; As necessary plastic plumbing fittings (imported from Canada), are only available at Winnebago, Weatherall Park, a two hour drive is necessary, the foreman will help out. Our troubles with the aluminium tank are pointed out, and a report is finished, which does nothing to solve the problem, merely informs us as owners, that its a fault well known to the manufacturer. Why on earth aren't they fitting stainless steel. "Too dear mate". I ask that they show me where the framing is so that I might secure the troublesome cabinet and kill the tap-dancer, or better still, will they fix it? "Don't worry about it mate. That's easy fixed - turn up the stereo". Unbelievable!

The vehicle is 24 volt, with a house system 12V, 240V exterior supply, and a generator, eleven 240 volt outlets, a switchboard without any labels, a number of' switches, some fitted upside down while others sideways, understandably there were difficulties getting anything to work, I ask if we can be supplied with a Wiring Diagram. "No. There isn't one. You'll have to go around to the Electrician who wired it. He'll sort it out." It's pointless to ask about the garden hose!

Wednesday; As we wished to have cruise control fitted, Cruise Control Specialities at Auburn were contacted; Nigel the manager was most obliging. I stressed that it was a diesel truck and having received his assurance that it was possible, (he had fitted them to trucks before), we arranged to have the work done. It failed the following day. The company was asked to rectify whatever the fault was, but couldn't until the following Monday.

Thursday; Still needing parts to make the water tank, I find an obliging Ships Chandler in Parramatta. It will mean another hour's drive, but at least they have a Y-tap. It's just gone 4 pm when we arrive, and strange you might think, but all the shops are closed as we approach. I run the last hundred metres after parking the beast, and yes, the tap is there, and a roll of non-toxic hose. Pity, in desperation I had accepted swimming pool hose the day before. "Yes, all businesses over here close at 4 or 4.30 pm. We are unusual, closing at 5 pm! " No time to go to the local business that might help with stainless pipe. Having phoned Austeel earlier it's too late to go there, another two hour trip in the morning would be necessary.

Friday; At Austeel as soon as they open, amazing, they were so helpful. "No problem mate, what else do you



want?" 200mm of pipe, he removes the burrs, great! I'm so struck with the service, I comment, this is the first helpful outfit I've found. "Company policy mate. Actually this comes from head office in NZ, we're a division of NZ Steel & Fasteners!" Need I say more!

With all the necessary bits, we're off, 50 km south to Narellan where Garth works to make the tank. To fit it, we need to move the spare wheel that has been left over a metre back under the body by the builders. No matter, it makes the whole issue a lot easier, and weight distribution, when the tank is full, will be ideal. We are under the canopy of a disused service station, it's raining cats and dogs, but they are too clever to be out in this. Sydney's weather can be very like NZ. Finally at 0630 on Friday morning we are finished, what a night! Time for some sleep and a bit of R & R.

Saturday; A birthday party tonight, so we just work at repositioning the pumps and making the locker twice as big Another surprise. No there isn't any isolation switch on the pumps. For the second time we find the wiring has just been bared back twisted together, then wrapped in insulation tape. We are now wondering just what we had let ourselves into when we accept, "Well Made Australia". If something is repeated often enough, anyone will believe it. What a con advertising is!Sunday.- What's up now? Lettuces and tomatoes in the fridge are frozen. The fridge is not functioning properly! No problem, Electrolux Service Centre is in Sydney.

Monday; Without a fridge we aren't going to Cairns. The man at Electrolux is most helpful. "Have you got it booked in?' No. "Well, if you take it out and bring it in Wednesday and we'll have a look at it." I'll try speaking their language. No problem mate. It's in a 25 foot motorhome outside. We'll just sit outside and wait until Wednesday. "Oh well, we'll see what we can do then." I knew they could be more helpful! A couple of hours later, with lighter pockets, and a new thermostat fitted, we leave. We've got to wait until 4 pm when Darren can check out the cruise control. He does, we're up and down the motorway, each time it appears to function correctly, and is declared A.O.K.

Tuesday; Back to Garth's workplace under the canopy again to make and fit an additional fuel tank. A few kilometres down the motorway ( you get only one guess!) cruise control gone again. What else can happen? Another phone call, yes they will have another go at it at 1700 hours. My enthusiasm for crawling around under the body to fit a tank has gone. We spend the day trying to make the generator a little quieter. A big hole has been left under the gen set from which a lot of noise is emanating. We fit a baffle over the hole and it's much better, but the silencer is useless, hung below and behind the vehicle so low it gets bashed on the kerb and gutters as the van is manoeuvred . That has to be changed, but to do so "will require an extension of the truck's exhaust pipe. Leave it for another day. It's 50 km back to Cruise Control Specialities. Another motor is fitted and at 1815 hours, following testing, we relax with a beer. In good working order'?

Wednesday; For some inexplicable reason I can't wait to get away from Sydney. There is a better Australia out there somewhere, with clean air and maybe some fish. We leave behind a disappointed son who would have liked us to stay longer. On the trip south we'd sorted out the crockery, which leaves that bloody tap-dancer to murder. The grog cabinet calls us. The manufacturer hadn't allowed for crockery, apparently Aussie's don't drink! Kiwis do! One glass broken, heaven forbid if the bottles go too.

Thursday, Back with our friends in Newcastle, we wonder how far we can stretch their hospitality? With the grog cabinet sorted, we are ready for the road.

Friday; What's this. A grey water tank under the port side is leaking. For some reason the outlet of this had been positioned with the operating handle fore and aft. Great. A constant source of entertainment for Anne. To empty it, first lie on your side, then with two hands pull the lever. Without the drain pipe connected, where does a 100mm gate valve empty? You guessed it. Maybe the designers were having a joke. Anyway there is a dribble, the embarrassment is not something we wish, so off with the tank. What, some bright spark glued the pipes in, and it has to be cut out/off.

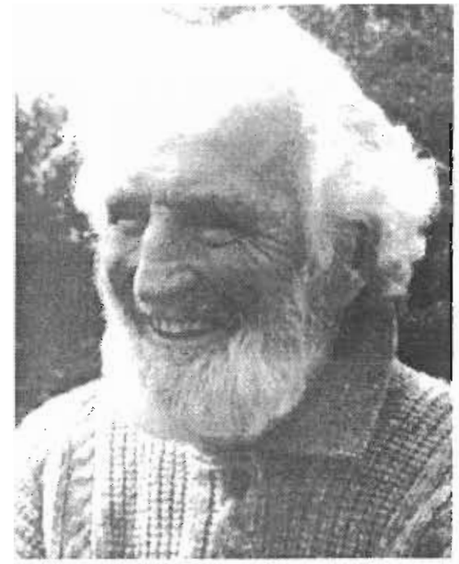
A 50 mm piece of 40 mm waste pipe is called for. I guess it'll be a five metre length I have to buy! The base fitting to which the gate valve is bolted, was never welded to the bottom of the tank, yes, welding had been intended, and the welding rod is there but, no fusion. What does their advertising say about made in Australia?

Never mind, the yellow pages reveal Newcastle Precision Plastics & Fibreglass. A quick phone call and Craig says he would he happy to sort it out, bring it down. Silly me. I still believe anything an Aussie says. Off we go, my mate in Newcastle is getting sick of this. "The twerp who did this didn't know what he was doing. I'm surprised the manufacturer fitted it." Never mind will you fix it. 'Well, I don't know what the plastic is, it could take some time to find out, there is a thousand plastics, and unless I use the right one, it'll not fuse together. You would be better to fit a new one. Take it back to the manufacturer in Sydney" I explain, his last suggestion is not an option, that I had already tried a new one from the caravan place down the road but it doesn't have any fittings. Please will he give it a go. "OK, leave it here then, I should be able to look at it on Monday afternoon." I'm getting sick of this. Once again I explain, it's a campervan, a mobile home we are living in, and we want to get to Cairns. So, back into the boot of my mate's car, and it's off to the Ships Chandler for stainless bolts, mastic and then the hardware for some marine ply to make spacers, then home to use the jigsaw again. An hour or so later, with an additional spacer in place, the handle is now operated crosswise, no more unpleasant drenchings, a vast improvement on the original. Now Anne can operate it!

*(To be continued in the next issue)*



# Heartbeat
## (Part Two)



*By Bill Roughan*

**I left the hotel and quietly walked home thinking I was a failure. I had come to like the easy life. I had been a labourer all my life and this I thought, was going to be easy - I reckoned I could live easily on £295 a year.**

I had survived on a lot less. At the rear of the Waverly Hotel where I was billeted, Charles Luney had an office and builders yard. I went to his office early next morning and sought a job. I was in the pink of health and top condition and ready to take on the world. Mr Luny looked me up and down and asked could I smash up concrete. I replied "I have laid the stuff but never saw any reason to smash it up." With a smile, he said, "will you give it a go?" Returning the smile, I said "I will give anything a go." I was hired. I was to report to the yard the next morning at 7.30am, with my lunch.

I was there with my boots polished, a pair of palmer nap trousers and a red and white football jersey. We drove out to Avondale with other workmen in an old battered van. The job site was the burned out skeleton of Greens Bacon Factory. The whole foundation was in concrete. My job was to break up that foundation with a 10 pound hammer and gad. I don't see a description in my Oxford dictionary, but a gad is a wedge or ingot of steel, you could see among the tools of a miner in those days. Those things and methods of operation went out with the blade shears, brown sugar and the bowyangs. It was the other young labourers who had to hold the gad between two pieces of wood like cricket bats linked with a piece of leather like the tongue of a boot. I did the striking.

Soon I had blisters and cracks on my hands, broken finger nails, bruises and abrasions. As I continued at this work, the blisters turned to corns. I let my whiskers grow and I became a pretty rugged sight. In no time I was absorbed into the labour patrons of the hotels and had no problem in laying a few bets. Barmen, publicans and race going bookings accepted by betting slips with the code name Bill Thomas. All pleaded guilty and i never had to appear in court. I had almost become a professional undercover man, if there is such a profession.

On one occasion, I was sent into the inner circle of the Riccarton racecourse to lay bets with a bookie operating in there with numerous shady characters who for various reasons were not allowed on the course proper. Like pick pockets, habitual criminals and down and outs. My signal to the CIB officer on the course proper was to take my handkerchief out of my pocket, shake it and pretend to blow my nose, when I got a bet on. On picking up the signal, he would come across the track, walk past me and without looking at me, would say "Make yourself scarce." He would pick up his man and I would head back to the trams. On one occasion when I had reached the street where the trams were waiting, a big V8 car pulled alongside the kerb and three huge men jumped out and said this is the "B" and rushed at me. There was a railing fence behind me and I backed up to it, spread my arms along

rail and called out in my most commanding voice "Come on, I'll take the three of you on." As I spoke, they all stopped, turned turtle, jumped into the car and off. I boarded a tram and back to the city. We were given a tram pass and made full use of it in those days. Became well known and friendly with the conductors and drivers. Grand fellows and later when war broke out, we had the lady conductors. What was the only threat made on me while on special. Got a conviction in a billiard saloon for book making. I liked billiards but could rarely get a game. Snooker was all the rage - now it seems to be pool. One of my special duty assignments was to find out if a person using the title of Doctor was genuine or not. He called himself Doctor Bender of Bender Engineering Co. Ltd., Manchester Street, Christchurch. I was to make an application for a position with the firm. I did this and he was such a kindly old gentleman that he had me feeling pretty shameful in trying to get a signature from him claiming he was a doctor. That was one instance that did not result in a conviction. It was about this time that song came out, "Home on the Range". When the job with Luny ran out, I applied for a labouring job with a Mr Beansland, who like Charles Luny, became mayor of Christchurch. With others ..... and shovel..... we excavated a piece out of the Cashmere Hills where we built the Karitane Home for babies. When that finished I got a job weeding onions in the market gardens of Marshlands. Being a labourer all my young life, I liked work as we knew it then. I was able to do my Police work and betting etc. in the evenings and weekends. I had no personal interest with horse racing or gambling of any kind. I did get to know some horses like Safety Pin and Sergeant Dallas and later in Auckland, I was on Ellerslie raceway during the war when Billy Peach came in and paid £400.00 for a win. In Christchurch I came to know the owner of Safety Pin and a great friend of the Police, Claire Rhodes and his brothers-in-law, the Holmes. The Holmes were trainers and jockeys. My work in the service of dealing with the law breakers brought me close to what I was beginning to think the idle rich. The freedom I was experiencing was beyond anything I have ever imagined. The man under whom I worked by way of the detective branch was good to me and never asked the ridiculous of me. I was to learn later he only had me catching the 'rats and mice', while he was protecting the Big Guns. Because of this he fell to his doom and was dismissed for his intrigue. About this time I was called into central station to report to Inspector Henry Martin. A room was allocated to me upstairs in the barracks. It was similar to army and training schools. The measurement was about 15' by 15' in the form of cubicle, with a barrack box and a curtained area for a wardrobe, a stretcher and mattress. I was to remain in plain clothes and I was dying to get into uniform. I was put on barrack duty cleaning toilets, filling coal buckets sweeping the back yard, which was extensive, with a stable broom. Horses were on their way out. There was only a couple left, used mostly for races and special parades. That reminds me, we still had a cabbie on the corner of Cashel and High Streets at this time. He was a fantastic source of information to us at that time. He missed nothing from his high perch. Kit Roughan, a cousin, was manageress of the Fescati Tea Rooms upstairs in Cashel Street, whom I found helpful...

*Here endeth Part two...*

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## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Surname ..... Full Christian Name .....

IPA Number: NZ .....

Old Address .....

New Address (Full address including house/flat/unit number, street, suburb/rural area, town/city):

.....

Phone Number (home): ( ) ..... Region (1 to 6) .....

*Please forward details to: I.P.A., P O Box 500558 Porirua*





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