
OLD TIME MEMORIES

JOE FLICK, OUTLAW

In the early eighties there was a man named Harry Flick prospecting for a silver lode at Lawn Hill cattle station; with him was his son a halfcaste named Joe, about 20 years of age. He was one of the smartest of the few halfcastes in the north at that time, could ride anything on four legs, a dead shot with rifle or revolver, and a first class tracker and bushman, neither drank nor smoked; in fact, was one

of the cleanest living halfcastes in the north.

One day his father sent him in to Burketown with several pack-horses for rations and Kitty, the old man's gin, accompanied him, they having no blackboys. On arriving at the Brook, eighteen miles from Burketown, where there was a pub and store, owned by Jim Cashman, Joe asked Cashman if he could leave the gin there till he came back from Burketown and Cashman said, "Certainly. She'll be alright until you come back. I'll keep her at the place and feed her."

She wont have to go into the black's camp."

Joe proceeded into Burketown, got his load of rations, did his business and came back to the Brook to find Kitty in the blacks camp and Cashman's boy in possession of her. Joe promptly gave the boy a hiding and took the gin to his camp. Next day on riding by with his packs and gin he passed the front of the pub and Cashman was standing at the door, Mrs. Cashman standing right behind him. When Cashman saw Joe passing he called him all the yellow — he could think of—the air was blue with the

language he used. Joe pulled up his horse, drew his revolver and fired at Cashman, hitting the door plate a few inches above Cashman's head. Mrs. Cashman dropped like a wet pocket handkerchief behind Cashman, and Joe rode on after his packs.

On arriving at the camp Joe told the old man the whole affair adding, "I did not intend to kill Cashman only to scare him, but the bullet glanced off the door plate and killed Mrs. Cashman." The old man said, "Go into Burketown at once and give yourself up; you may get out of it."

Next morning Joe saddled a horse and rode towards Burketown, but on the way met Harry Hazen-

camp, M.C., and two black troopers coming out to arrest him. Harry said, "I've come out for you Joe but if you had laid low for a week or two it would have all blown over, but as you've given yourself up to me I've got to take you." Joe said, "Didn't I shoot Mrs. Cashman?" The trooper laughed and said, "No you did not; Cashman only laid information that you fired at him. (Mrs. Cashman fell down with fright)."

Flick was taken to Burketown and sent from there to stand his trial at Normanton. Whilst in gaol there were one or two in company with him one day in the gaol yard and they asked him what was he charged with. Flick replied, "Shooting at Cashman." "Ten years," said one. Another said, "You'll be lucky if you get off with 15 years."

This got Flick thinking and seeing a chance he scaled the iron fence when a chance offered and made for the scrub. As soon as he was found to be missing the police were out in all directions but could not find any trace of him. (Flick was lying behind a fallen tree not three hundred yards away all the time).

That night he sneaked back, wrenched the staple off the police saddle room door got out a saddle and bridle, and then looked for a horse. An opportunity offered. A racehorse named Marathon belonging to Hazen used to wander at

ing to Hayden used to wander at times around the street, come home for a feed when hungry; had carte blanche of the town. Flick dropped on to the horse, saddled and bridled it and set sail for Magoura Station, 18 miles out. Arriving at Magoura, Flick dismounted and walked up to the house. All hands were out mustering only Mrs. Trimble being at home. She was the wife of George Trimble, owner and manager of the place. Joe knocked at the door and Mrs. Trimble came out. "It's all right Mrs. Trimble, it's me, Joe Flick." "My Gcd, Joe, I thought you were in gaol." "So I was," he answered, "but I've broken out. Can you let me have a pack and horse." "Sure," replied Mrs. Trimble, "go in the paddock, bring a bunch of horses into the yard and pick a horse out, and I'll get busy and get a pack ready for you." Joe went down into the paddock, ran a bunch of horses into the yard, selected one, the most suitable he could, it being dark and led it up to the house. Mrs. Trimble in the meantime had a good pack ready, plenty of tucker and Joe after

thanking her packed up and steered a course for the Territory.

The scene now changes. I was stationed ten miles up Corella Creek at a hut and yard looking after cattle for Brunette, the old

Brunette being then on Corella Creek at the big hole, Harry Readford at that time being manager. (Readford was supposed to be the character "Starlight" in the well known book "Robbery Under Arms," he being one of the principals in the lifting of a 1000 head of bullocks from Bowen Downs Station and overlanding them to Adelaide). My cook was old Ned Mulligan. Just about sundown I happened to be smoking and leaning at the hut door, when I saw a lone horseman coming across the plain heading for the hut. As he came closer I could see that the horse was about all in and the rider was swaying in the saddle like a drunken man. Hello, what's up, I thought. When he got close I could see it was Joe Flick. "Hell," I said, "Is that you Joe?" "That's me all right and I'm all in. I'm speared in the foot and have had no tucker for five days." I helped him into the hut, cook got him a good feed and I got hot water and bathed an ugly looking spear wound in the foot. After a good feed and being made comfortable he said that after leaving Magoura he headed for the Nicholson River, struck it and followed it up to the head. In a gorge near the head a mob of blacks surrounded him killed his packhorse which he was leading, but he managed to break through them after getting a spear in the foot, but, he

getting a spear in the foot, but, he said, he shot three of them dead and wounded a couple more before he got clear.

After eight days rest and the wound healing nicely Joe hit farther out, I giving him two good horses and pack, a Snider rifle and cartridges and a load of tucker
(To be continued next issue).