

## **OLD TIME MEMORIES**

### **JOE FLICK, OUTLAW**

(Continued from last issue).

Again the scene changes. M.C. Stott and M.C. Martin were stationed at the Roper Bar, on the Roper. One day they are both lying in the house on stretchers, nothing to read, nothing to do, and Stott, for want of something to read, picked up an old Police Gazette. Glancing through it something caught his eye. He read the paragraph carefully and then threw it over to Martin saying, "Read that." Martin read, "Wanted, a halfcaste, name Joe Flick, about 20 years of age, five feet eleven in height weighing about eleven stone, for shooting at Jim Cashman and breaking out of Normanton gaol. Believed to be somewhere in the Territory." "What do you think of it Martin?" "Why," answered Martin, "that fits the description of the halfcaste who is stock-keeping for Crawford at Hodson Downs." "It's him alright," answered Stott. "Let's go and get him." Next day saw Stott and Martin on their road to Hodson Downs. Arriving at Hodson Downs they passed Joe standing at his hut door, said a casual good day to him and dismounted at the store where Crawford was standing. "Good day," said Stott to Crawford. "We've got bad news.

to Crawford. "We've got bad news. All hands have been killed by the blacks at Newcastle Waters and we came to see if you and your stockman will come out with us." He spoke in a loud voice, and Joe hearing same, walked over. Martin edged behind him and Stott standing in front of him poked the smoke wagon in his face and said, "We want you Flick, come quiet, or I'll drill a hole through you." Crawford was greatly upset, and told Flick that if he wanted any monetary assistance to call on him and he would go the limit. He told Stott that they had robbed him of the finest stockman in the Territory. Proceeding back to the Roper Bar Martin was detailed to take Flick to Pine Creek and entrain from there to Darwin.

On the road in to Pine Creek they camped at the Ferguson River. It was late when they got into camp and whilst Martin was busy with the packs Flick made a bolt handcuffs and all. Martin drew his gun and fired four shots at him, the fourth taking effect, hitting

Flick in the shoulder. Martin proceeded then with the wounded man to Darwin and he was placed in the hospital. After being cured of the wound he was shipped back to Normanton, to stand his trial for breaking gaol. Arriving at Normanton he was placed in a cell with a bullock driver named Ted Bell who was in for murdering an old Ger-

was in for murdering an old German shanty keeper on the Saxby River, burning down his place and rasing his wife.

A few nights after both got away sawing a hole in the cell floor, brace and bit, and saw being smuggled into Flick by one of the leading Station owners near Normanston, since dead, so I cannot mention his name. Bell got cold feet and returned giving himself up. To the best of my belief he got life.

Flick soon got himself a horse, saddle, bridle, rifle and revolver and steered for his old stamping ground, the Nicholson Rivre. The "Turn Off Lagoon" pub was kept by a man named Tom Anderson and Flick made for there. Sitting on the bar counter one day talking to Mrs. Anderson she happened to walk to the door, looked down the road and turning quickly to Flick said, "Look out Joe, here comes Alf Weavil and his four black trachers."

Joe jumped off the counter, out through the back and down the bank into the river where his horse was tied up, jumped on to him and rode to the police camp seven miles down. (Weavil's camp). Weavil rode up to the pub and said, "Good day. Mrs. Anderson, have you seen anything of Joe Flick? He's got out of Normanston gaol again." Mrs. Anderson said, "No, I have not." Weavil said, "I'm after him and not only me but the whole Burketown police are after him." (Joe rode to the Police Camp and stounded up

## **The Police Camp and rounded up**

all Weavil's horses and shot them). Alf Weavil stopped that day at the "Turn Off Lagoon." Next morning at breakfast Mrs. Anderson said, "I had a funny dream about you Alf. I dreamt that you were hanging out a lot of print for lubras dresses on a line, and Joe Flick came up and shot you dead." "Funny," remarked Weavil, "I've got a lot of print in my pack bags for the wife of the manager at Bannockburn." It passed off at that. When Weavil returned to his camp it was to find all police horses lying dead around the camp. Hurriedly they got on Joe's tracks and tracked him to the Wedallion, found where he had yarded a mob of bush horses and caught a fresh one, then heading for Lawn Hill Station. On they went and when they got to the horse paddock gate Weavil stopped at the gate and sent his boys into the paddock to locate Flick. Presently he heard firing and Flick. (A page of the contribution was missing here, we failing to notice it until the remainder was in print). The story goes on: They tried to burn him out, but it was too green. After firing in to the pandanus nearly all that day they plucked up courage and went into the scrub next day, and found Flick lying dead with fourteen bullets in him. He died lying on his belly with the number 10 in his hand as if

with the revolver in his hand as if taking aim.

On the bank of Lawa Hill Creek, if you ever should pass that way, you'll see, first the grave of a lubra fenced and a headstone, on which is "Here lies (?) who did her work in life nobly and was faithful." Next is a white trooper who died doing his duty and lastly if the seasons haven't obliterated the mound, the grave of the outlaw, Joe Flick.

A short time after Tom Perry, manager of Creswell Downs, Anthony's Lagoon (who was shot dead in bed by his own boy) stole Kitty (the same gin that Joe got into trouble over) from Old Flick and he, Flick, followed him to Anthony's Lagoon and died one night in his bed on the trail.

C. E. GAUNT.

Pine Creek.

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