

## COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA

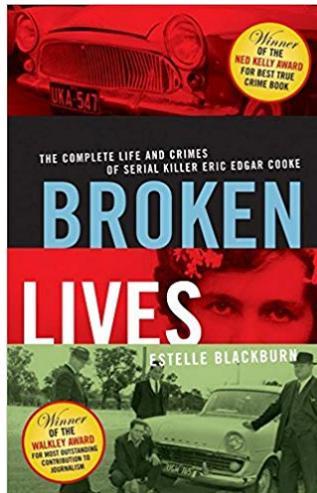
Copyright Regulations 1969

### WARNING

This material has been reproduced and communicated to you by or on behalf of Methodist Ladies' College under Part VB of the Copyright Act 1968 (the Act).

The material in this communication may be subject to copyright under the Act. Any further reproduction or communication of this material by you may be the subject of copyright protection under the Act.

**Do not remove this notice.**



Blackburn, E. (2005). *Broken lives*. Melbourne: Hardie Grant Books.

of his Vespa, which helped to make him popular as only a few boys in the area had one. Now the Pommie Camp was a good escape route. When he felt safe, he went back into Alfred Road and, seeing the coast was clear, he kept going. He arrived home at 45 Mengler Avenue, Graylands, shaken by the incomprehensible experience.

Cooke saw the scooter turn towards the Claremont Mental Hospital. He thought they disappeared up Davies Road, two streets beyond Mimosa Avenue. Whichever it was, he'd lost them. He felt cheated. He'd already given up on a target a bit earlier, when he noticed a little girl walking between a couple he planned to run down. As he looked at the girl in the white dress, he thought of his children at home. He loved his kids, and wouldn't want anything to happen to them. He was good to the other children in the street, too, sometimes taking them to the shops and buying them ice-creams.

He drove on towards Swanbourne. He saw a woman walking on the footpath in Narla Road. Yes. He drove around the block to come up behind her and get a good hit, but when he got back, she was just walking into the Lakeway Drive-in. He drove closer and saw her talking to the ticket collector. He'd missed that one. He drove back towards Mt Claremont, looking for someone else he could run down.

 John was distraught. Rosemary was striding away from him, down Redfern Street and across the road, insisting on walking home. John couldn't believe his birthday could end this

way over a silly mistake. And it was all his fault. To have snapped like that without looking, thinking it was his brother who was taking his piece of fish. To have so badly hurt Rosemary of all people, and over such a silly thing. If only she had given him the chance to explain that he'd thought it was Jimmy being cheeky. He felt guilty and remorseful, as well as desperate at the thought that he could lose her. His stomach was in a knot as he watched her go, about to disappear out of his sight, turning past the corner butcher's shop and away along Hensman Road.

Or maybe, just maybe, he could still manage to convince her to make up. He had to try. His heart was torn apart by the thought of losing Rosemary and he wouldn't be able to sleep till he was sure this silly mistake wasn't going to cost him the only thing that really mattered to him.

He ran inside, grabbed his car keys, told Jimmy not to wait for him, started the Simca and drove after her. Turning into Hensman Road, he saw her walking on the footpath a few houses past the corner. He pulled alongside her, wound down the passenger's window and called to her, begging her to forgive him and pleading with her to get in. She looked as miserable as he was, crying as she walked, but walking purposefully. He had to crawl along the road beside her to finish his plea. There was no response. It wasn't working. John stopped, desperate about what else he could do. He just sat there, dismal, his head slumped on to his hands clutching the steering wheel. How could such a silly little mistake ruin

such a beautiful day? He had to try again; he couldn't let it end like this.

He drove on slowly, peering down the dark street to keep her in sight. Towards Nicholson Road he caught up with her again, and begged her to get into the car so they could talk about it. No. Driving slowly alongside her he kept pleading, explaining again that he'd thought it was Jimmy. But no, the damage was done – she kept walking.

He gave up, slumping over the wheel again. What more could he say or do? He couldn't do anything but keep trying to talk her around, hanging on to the hope elicited by her mention of his returning her stockings the next day.

He started up again, turning into Nicholson Road and cruising slowly along till he came to her. 'Come on, Rosemary, I'm sorry, just let me drive you home.' She was still crying and ignoring him. He continued alongside her.

'Please, Rosemary, please.' She strode on, tears streaming down her face, trying to sniff them away. This time he wouldn't give up and he kept alongside her, matching her pace. But nothing would work, his words didn't seem to be making any impact at all.

John stopped the car. He wasn't going to give up, but he'd decided that his only hope was to let her walk a little way to cool down. They were nearly at the end of Nicholson Road close to the subway under the railway line. John turned off the engine just before the small road by the petrol station on

the corner of Nicholson and Railway roads, 150 to 200 yards from the subway. He would have a cigarette while he waited there for a few minutes. It was dark and isolated on the other side, so hopefully she'd relent. John took a cigarette from the packet on the dashboard and lit up. He watched Rosemary continue under the subway and turn left, disappearing up Stubbs Terrace towards Mt Claremont. As they drove along Nicholson Road after a night at the trots, the three men were still recounting their wins. They weren't big punters, in it for the entertainment rather than the money, but that made it no less a thrill when their chosen horse was first to get its spider and driver over the line. It was a great atmosphere at Gloucester Park on a hot night and the three single young men, long-time mates from the Graylands/Mt Claremont area, went often to enjoy the colour, the action, the beer and the thrill of an occasional win. They'd had a good night and they were still enjoying themselves as they made their way home after the final race at 10.30 p.m.

Twenty-one-year-old storeman Barry Hansen had enjoyed a few wins on the tote. Twice his selections had managed to pull out of seemingly impossible positions to come home. His friends Wilson White and Nigel Phillips had seen it for themselves and had relived the wins through Barry's descriptions, but it had been exciting, and as passengers in Barry's car, they had no choice but to hear it again.

There was much merriment among them, Phillips loudly reminding Hansen from the back seat of the Volkswagen that

he'd still made more on his 12/1 Brandy Lad coming in second than on the 5/4 Mighty Service, despite the win Hansen was crowing about. Once they were through the Nicholson Road subway, they turned left and entered the home stretch, the three mates starting to think about the final beer they would have at White's place when they dropped him off in Alfred Road.

John stared straight ahead at the darkness while he smoked. He noticed three cars pass across the subway on the other side along Stubbs Terrace. Drawing in deeply and exhaling slowly, he reflected on that time before, when Rosemary had set off to walk home from Pete's because he wouldn't stop playing the pinball machine. No amount of persuasion could change her mind as she set off down the road.

John felt terrible; he had let her down a bit, but it didn't really call for her marching off like that. That time, too, he'd offered to take her home and she had refused. But after waiting five minutes, he'd driven up alongside her and she was OK; she'd got in and they had made up. Why did she react so strongly to little upsets like this? He knew she was stubborn and headstrong, and she always made it very clear when he'd done something she didn't like. But there must be more to her taking it so badly. Had something else gone wrong that he hadn't realised? Had he really misunderstood her needs? Was she so upset about not getting a friendship ring for her

birthday? Did she feel insecure about his love and his plans for their future?

He remembered how a few weeks previously they'd been driving past Karrakatta Cemetery and she'd said she would die if he ever left her. What a strange thing for her to say out of the blue like that, when the last thing he'd want in the world was to leave her. He had to get to her and explain again the mistake and how much he loved her and needed her. Maybe he would have the chance now.

Hopefully, like last time, she'd have cooled down a little and would listen to reason, especially since Stubbs Terrace was dark and deserted. It was a sudden change from Subiaco's built-up streets, which would now be hidden from her view by the steep railway embankment. On the northern side of the railway line there were no houses in the direction she was walking. There were a few industrial premises on the left alongside the railway line, and just bush on her right. And then further up past the Shenton Park Railway Station there was nothing at all on the left, only the long entrance driveway to Lemnos Hospital on the right. John knew it wouldn't be pleasant walking along that long dark road alone at night, with no sign of human life except for those occasional passing cars.

The Volkswagen with the three young men from the trots was moving along Stubbs Terrace. Then out of the corner of his eye Hansen saw something odd on the left, over in the

sand at the edge of his headlight range. His first thought was that it was a bundle of clothes, about three yards off the side of the road. Then he started to realise that it was maybe something more worrying.

'Did you see that?' he asked them.

'No.' Neither of them had seen anything.

'It looks like a body.' He wasn't sure. He decided to go back for a better look and drove on more slowly, looking for an easy spot to turn around.

Three or four minutes after he'd stopped near the petrol station, John finished his cigarette and started the car. Moving slowly over the intersection to the subway, he was filled with anxiety and anticipation. As he drove under the railway line, he focused on the image of Rosemary walking along the road on the other side. He tried to imagine her making her way up the slight hill towards the railway station, walking a little slower, her shoulders a little more relaxed, her face softer as she thought about what she was giving up. Turning left into Stubbs Terrace, nervously wondering how far she had walked and how she would react to his next plea, he peered up the road ahead. There was no sign of her. Surprised that she'd made it all the way up the hill past the railway station and out of sight, he sped up, now in a hurry to catch up with her. Straining his eyes, he searched the darkness ahead, wishing he'd had the front of his car fixed. The left headlight was skewed, limiting his vision – he could see only seven-and-a-

half feet ahead with the left light, compared with the right light's correct low beam range of 80 feet. His eyes were straining to the left, but there was no footpath along this stretch, so he swept both sides of the road in case she'd crossed over. He leaned forward over the steering wheel and peered ahead as he raced along, anxious for the first glimpse of her.

He sped up past Floreat Iron Works, Smit's Splicing Service and Howe and Cruikshank Builders. Still further, she wasn't to be seen as he passed the building yard and Kando Engineering Service. He drove on towards Shenton Park station. Nothing. He was amazed at how far she'd managed to walk in those delicate high-heeled Italian sandals.

As he drove by the station something caught his eye, in the sand over to the left. He had driven past by the time it sunk in. He slammed on the brakes and reversed till he was level, stopping with his left wheels just off the road. Looking directly over, his sudden fear was confirmed – it was Rosemary, lying in the sand near a tree stump, about three yards off the road towards the station. He sat there stunned for a second or two, trying to believe that in her misery she had hurled herself sobbing on to the sand. He knew she wouldn't do a thing like that, but his brain would not accept anything but the easy solution to why Rosemary was lying eerily still.

He lurched into action to get to her so he could fling his arms around her, pick her up and tell her everything was all right. He slid across the seat to the door nearer to her, leav-

ing it open as he ran across the sand, desperate to hear her call his name, or even to speak angrily to him. But there was no sound. He found her lying on her left side, her legs sprawled, her left arm raised, half her face in the sand, her eyes open but unseeing. Not a flicker of recognition as he cried her name.

And there was the blood. Blood on her face, her legs, her clothes. Blood on her forehead, a big wound had bled into the sand under her head, where there was a patch of blood. It was just oozing now, as was the wound on her big toe.

John's head and stomach were awhirl. He felt sick and confused.

'Rosemary, Rosemary,' he shrieked in desperation. He couldn't tell whether she was alive, but refused to allow the alternative to enter his mind. He was desperate and couldn't think of anything but getting her away from there, away to safety.

None of his knowledge of first-aid and never moving injured people could get past the deep shock, panic and fear of losing Rosemary forever. There was only one thought. Get her to her doctor. He knew Dr Quinlivan, whose house was on his lawn-mowing round. He knew the surgery was next to the house, just two miles away, almost opposite the Andersons' home in Alfred Road. John had to get her to Dr Quinlivan.

He bent to pick her up. There was no reaction as he struggled to get her limp, blood-covered body out of the sand. Straining, he got to his feet, Rosemary in his arms. Cradling her head on his right elbow, he staggered as fast as he could back to the car. She didn't carry any excess fat, but she was a big girl, weighing ten stone. John was slight, five-feet nine-inches and nine-and-a-half stone, and it wasn't easy for him to carry her the distance across the sand to the car. But his desperation gave him strength and he made it – just. As he reached it his strength gave out and he dropped her a bit, her head falling on to his leg, the blood from her wound smudging his trousers before he could hoist her up again. He didn't care about the blood on his trousers. It was on his hands and body, anyway. Lucky he had left the door open. Still struggling, he managed to get her on to the front seat, her head lolling as he reclined the seat a little to keep her in place. He had trouble getting her left leg in, unsuccessfully trying to shut the door several times before it fell out. He opened the back door and tried to lean over and hold her leg in place, again unsuccessfully. Finally he opened the front window and held her leg with his right hand while he closed the door with his left.

John rushed around the car to the driver's side, pulling himself around the front of the car by his right hand as he wheeled around the two headlights. Slamming the door shut, he started up and sped away on his horror mercy dash, hold-

ing Rosemary's hand and listening to the terrible sound of her laboured breathing.

Barry Hansen and his two mates found a place to turn at Lemnos Hospital, 50 or 60 yards further on. Turning into the driveway and back into Stubbs Terrace, they drove slowly back to have a closer look at what Hansen had first thought was a bundle of clothes and then maybe a body. When they got back, Hansen saw someone at the wheel of a car stopped on the road in line with whatever it was.

They passed the car and drove on a little way further towards the subway before doing another U-turn and pulling up behind it. The three occupants of the Volkswagen were subdued. It was exactly a fortnight since five people were shot in this area, two killed outright and another one in a coma fighting for his life. They were fearful and curious as Hansen pulled up about ten yards behind the car that had stopped. Hansen told them not to get out, because this might be the killer. He turned off the headlights to avoid being noticed and the three sat and watched. Hansen saw the driver leave the car and dash across the sand to the body, pick it up and struggle with it to the car. He saw in the headlights as the youth ran around the front of the car that he had a bare chest. He thought his rolled-up trousers were shorts.

The Volkswagen wasn't alone for long. Another car soon pulled up in front of the parked car and four people in that Morris sat and watched. Lynas Motors mechanic Stanley

Rogers and his wife had also been at the trots with their friends Wilfred Rynn and his wife. Not long arrived in Australia, they were all living at the Graylands Migrant Hostel and were on their way back there when Wilfred Rynn, in the front passenger seat, saw up ahead a man about three yards away from a car, carrying a limp body.

'There's something funny going on here,' he said to the others, and as they slowly passed by, they saw the man putting the body into the car.

They stopped 20 or 30 yards ahead and turned back to watch, Stanley Rogers starting to get out of his Morris Major sedan but deciding better of it. When the car sped past them and down Alfred Road, they started up and went on home. Rogers rang police headquarters from the hostel to report the matter.

In the Volkswagen the young men watched the drama, hushed apart from some brief discussion about whether it was a body or an unconscious girl; but anyway, the victim was a girl and she was limp. They saw a shirtless young man carrying the girl in his arms, trying to run towards the parked car and partly dropping her as he struggled to get her inside. He was having a lot of trouble, but Hansen wasn't going to offer to help someone who could well be the Australia Day weekend killer. No, he would watch quietly and maybe what he was witnessing would help bring him in and return Perth to safety and peace.

The suspected killer put the girl in the car. It was enough for Hansen. He took off, continuing the way he was going towards Wilson White's house. He had travelled 300 or 400 yards when the Simca sped past, going about 70 mph. Looking as the car passed, he saw a girl lolling in the front passenger seat. He pushed the pedal hard to follow and managed to keep the red tail lights in sight. Just past Rochdale Road, almost opposite White's house, the Simca suddenly turned left and stopped outside a big house. White said it was Dr Quinlivan's surgery and the driver had parked in its small off-road parking area, next to the doctor's Morris 850.

They stopped in the little side street outside the surgery and watched as the young man ran from the car to the front door of the doctor's house. White then broke the silence with a gasp of astonishment, his eyes wide with the realisation from a closer look, 'That's John! Rosemary's boyfriend!'

The car was abuzz. White knew Rosemary Anderson, the girl from four doors away, quite well – they had gone to the same school and although she was two grades below him, all the kids of the area knew each other.

White had seen Rosemary with John over the past few months and it was generally known around the area that she had a boyfriend from Subiaco. Just a week or so back, White had been hitching at the side of the road in an effort to get to the beach on a hot night, and John had given him a lift. He'd been in that very Simca with John and Rosemary. They had stayed together at Cottesloe Beach, so he'd been lucky

enough to get a ride home, too, and had got to know John a little – though only a little, because he was a quiet guy and totally engrossed in Rosemary.

Now safe in the knowledge that he wasn't going to be gunned down by a trigger-happy murderer, White felt able to help.

'Do you want a hand?' he called out to John as he returned to the car and opened the front passenger door.

'No, it's all right,' came the quick, breathless reply.

A light went on in the back of the surgery. It was a relieved but amazed trio who watched as John pulled the girl from the front passenger seat, losing his grip and having to heave her up. White had guessed it must have been Rosemary and now he could see for sure. John had to half put her down, still supporting her, as he closed the car door. He picked her up again and carried her down the path towards the surgery door. Just as he got to the door, Dr Joseph Quinlivan appeared. Dr Quinlivan examined Rosemary on the path outside his surgery for a few minutes then helped John carry her inside.

Hansen and his friends left the doctor's place for White's house across the street, at 153 Alfred Road. There they mulled over the night's weird events as they downed several beers. The horses were quite forgotten as they tried to come up with theories about what could have happened to Rose-

mary. Their night ended with the sound of an ambulance heading towards the city.

'I have a girl in the car with a bad cut over her eye, it's bleeding badly,' John blurted out as Dr Quinlivan answered the fast knocking on the glass door at the front of his house. He was used to being called out in the middle of the night for emergencies, but it was usually the shrill of the phone that woke him up. This knocking was so urgent that he acted instinctively, answering immediately without stopping to throw his dressing gown over his pyjamas.

'Who is it?'

'It's Rosemary Anderson.'

'Take her to the surgery, I'll turn the lights on.'

The doctor reached for his dressing gown on the way through to the other end of the house, where he turned on the surgery and entrance lights, getting to the door as John was struggling to carry Rosemary in, the unconscious, gagging girl slipping from his arms. He'd made a heroic effort carrying her as far as he had, but he wasn't able to make it all the way to the surgery, half dropping her and finally laying her down on the cement porch, where the doctor examined her briefly. He could see she was critically injured and thought she had obviously been hit by a car. He could immediately diagnose a head injury, from her unequal pupils and the laceration above her right eye which had bled heavily and was still oozing blood. He thought that she had internal

injuries to the chest as well. Her pulse was very fast and was quickening, and examination of her chest showed him it was dull on the right side. Her breathing was made more difficult by the large amount of sand in her mouth. There were abrasions on her thighs, knees and hips, which were also oozing blood.

John stood anxiously over Rosemary as Dr Quinlivan went back into the surgery to call an ambulance, returning with a pillow for her and doing a quick spinal examination. Deciding it was safe to move her, he asked John to help him carry her into the surgery and place her on the examination couch, where he had a stronger light. There he cleaned out her mouth to help her breathing and put a pad over the cut above her eye. Her injuries fitted John's explanation to him that it must have been a hit-run, and because the injuries were critical, the police had to be advised. He asked John to hold her head up while he went to make a second phone call. John held her head, speaking desperately to her, trying to encourage her breathing and willing her to open her eyes.

Back from the phone and unable to do anything more for the girl, the doctor was able to tend to John, seeing that the quiet young man with blood smudged on his chest was looking a bit faint and rather upset. Dr Quinlivan gave him a glass of Dexsal. The ambulance arrived quickly, and as John watched Rosemary being carried out on a stretcher, Dr Quinlivan asked him to wait at the surgery until the police came. John desperately wanted to go with her, and couldn't bear the

thought of being torn away from her as the back doors slammed shut, the light started flashing and Rosemary was speeding away from him, to the sickening, urgent sound of the siren.

But he was obedient, doing what the doctor asked. He had been so relieved to hand Rosemary over to his expert care.

Cooke drove into Kings Park. It was dark and isolated at night, a favourite place for lovers to park anywhere off the road or along the front overlooking the river. It was a favourite place for Cooke, too, to sneak up and watch them. But tonight he wasn't interested in watching lovers. He wanted to dump a stolen car. He just went in a little way, far enough to get away from any cars or people along the main roads.

He drove in on the western side, along Saw Avenue. There wasn't anyone around. Turning left into May Drive he selected a commemorative tree on the right, seven up from the intersection, and drove the stolen Holden straight into it. He drove at low speed, just enough to nudge the tree and hide damage caused by his activities of the night. Then he left it, opening both doors to make it look as if there had been two joyriders who'd crashed into a tree, damaging the front.

No-one could guess that Holden UKN 547 could have been used for anything more sinister.

John was sitting in the doctor's surgery, anxious about Rosemary and devastated by the night's events. He'd been told to wait for the police, so he did, even though he'd desperately wanted to go in the ambulance with Rosemary. He sat there meekly, waiting.

Constables Ron Wilson and Ivan Martinovich were on duty in the Accident Inquiry Section of the Perth Traffic Office when Dr Quinlivan's call was received at 11.05 p.m. There was a second call about the same time, from Central Police, passing on a report from someone seeing a girl being placed in a car, registration number UKA 547. Wilson called for a check on the owner of the vehicle, and was given the name John Button. The two constables left for the doctor's surgery, pulling out of Accident Inquiry on the corner of Adelaide Terrace and Plain Street, and manoeuvring their motorbikes beside John's car in Mt Claremont about 11.30.

John was so relieved to see them. Like the doctor, here at last were people of authority who could help. Even though he wanted to be with Rosemary in hospital, he wanted to help the police, too, to tell them everything he knew. He easily answered Wilson's questions, giving his name and address and confirming it was he who had brought his girlfriend to the surgery. But then his shock and misery accentuated his stutter as he told them what had happened.

He stumbled his way through the events of the night: 'Rosemary had tea at my house. We had an argument. She

started to walk home along Nicholson Road. I got in my car and I followed her. I stopped a couple of times and spoke to her. The last time being in Nicholson Road, the Subiaco side of the subway. I then sat in my car and waited about four minutes. I saw Rosemary walk under the subway and turn left into Stubbs Terrace. I followed her. I then found her lying unconscious on the side of the road near the Shenton Park Railway Station. I put her in the car and took her to the doctor's surgery.'

Wilson assessed John with an experienced policeman's eye. The 34-year-old former carpenter had been a constable for nearly thirteen years and his initial period of service had been in Kalgoorlie, where brawls and domestics were common. His assessment of John wasn't good. The youth's story wasn't believable and he looked extremely nervous, as though he had something to hide. The officer knew he had to keep an open mind and not go jumping to conclusions, but in this case he just had a gut feeling that something was wrong.

He went out to John's car, parked next to the doctor's car in the small carpark just off the road. He walked around it, looking for any clues. He found them at the front. The front of the car was damaged, on the left-hand side. His suspicions deepened and he went back in to ask John how his car had been damaged. The youth stammered that he'd been involved in an accident in Perth a few weeks previously. Wilson was suspicious, even when John said he had reported the previous accident to the Subiaco Traffic Police.

'None of this jells, Marty,' he said to his colleague. 'It's not right.' It was time to bring the CIB in on this one.

Dr Quinlivan had to leave to deliver a baby, giving the police the use of the surgery. Wilson used the doctor's phone to call the Perth CIB, speaking to Detective Bob Crowe. While he waited for a detective to arrive, he called the Subiaco Traffic Office. It was confirmed that John Button had reported an accident in St Georges Terrace a month before, on 7 January, reporting running into the back of another vehicle and sustaining £25 damage to the grille and park light. But this information did not change Wilson's feelings. Nor did the fact that the damage was nothing like the broken grille and badly dented bonnet of the Chrysler Royal stolen and used in the Queens Park hit-run he'd investigated three years previously. He was still suspicious of this youth standing there bare-chested, stuttering and looking uneasy.

Detective Jack Deering was on wireless patrol in the manhunt for the Belmont murderer when he got the call to switch to Mt Claremont. He arrived in an unmarked police car at 12.30 a.m., looking at the Simca as he walked towards the surgery and noticing damage to the left front. Wilson was pleased that an ace detective had been sent on the job. He went briefly through the facts, mentioning that the damage to the front of John's Simca was consistent with the accident reported a few weeks previously.

The tall, lean 34-year-old detective with the dark wavy hair went through the same questions with John and got the same

answers, stammered out anxiously. Deering was unconvinced. He had been in the police force for twelve years, half of those as a detective. He too, had served in Kalgoorlie, four-and-a-half years in the Gold Stealing Detection Squad. He'd handled some tough cases.

He asked again, and John noticed a different tone of voice. Realisation of the subtle change in attitude slowly came over him. He felt a distinct unfriendliness as the detective asked him if he was sure it wasn't his car that had hit Rosemary. He discerned a change in the expression on the detective's face and the way he stood, looking down on him. Realisation slowly dawned that these policemen weren't seeing him as someone who was helping them. John couldn't comprehend it. He'd grown up with the understanding that policemen were people you could turn to in times of trouble. They were the protectors, security, authority. He needed them now to help him make sense of the horror and confusion. His whole sense of reality was based on order and safety, a world in which you walked along a road and got to where you were going. Being run down while you walked just wasn't comprehensible – it didn't happen in the world he knew. He needed their help.

But he wasn't getting it. Instead, his world was being turned even more awry as he felt them making him a part of the disorder. He felt they weren't there for him, they were against him! He couldn't believe it – he was trying desperately to make sense of it all, that this couldn't be happening

as he tried to fight against the feelings of hostility and oppression.

Wilson came back into the surgery from having another look at the Simca and noting that the damage was consistent with a tail-end collision. Deering asked John to take them to the scene.

John was pleased to get out of the surgery. He was happy to help, still trying hard not to believe they could take him as anything but also a victim of the madman who had run down Rosemary. But his mind's efforts to fight the obvious were shattered when his presumption of driving his car to the scene was met with a stern voice of authority that he would be accompanying them in the back of the police car. Deering took a .303 rifle off the back seat of the police Chrysler, needed during the manhunt for his colleague's killer. The way he picked it up and put it in the boot was seen by John as a menacing warning to him. He sat in the back seat with Wilson, his mind awl from this perceived threat and the shock of it all, as he was driven back the two miles he'd sped along a few hours earlier.

Charlie and Lilly Button arrived home from their friends' place between 10.30 and 11 p.m. They noticed John's car wasn't parked on the verge and presumed he must be dropping Rosemary back and would be home soon. Jimmy was asleep in his room at the back. Lilly turned on the front light

for John and prepared for bed while Charlie watched a bit of wrestling on television.

Just after the Andersons arrived home from the surf club barbecue, a policeman knocked at their door. It was Constable Martinovich, who'd been standing by John's car at the surgery and had seen the Andersons' lights go on. The news that their daughter had been injured in an accident and was in hospital was hard to grasp. What could have happened, and where was John? They couldn't work it out. The only thing that was clear was that they had to get a taxi to the hospital to see Rosemary. Jack walked over the road and looked at John's car while he was waiting. He didn't notice any extra damage.

John was back beside Shenton Park Railway Station with Deering and Wilson. A strong easterly breeze was blowing as they stood in the sand by the road. He pointed to the blood-stained sand to show Deering and Wilson where he had found Rosemary. Wilson took his yellow chalk and made a mark on the road to indicate the position of the moist patch. He wrote blood and drew an arrow. He didn't mark the actual position in the sand where John said she'd been lying.

John told them that she hadn't been wearing any shoes when he took her to the doctor's, so they started a search, using Wilson's torch. They drove as far as the subway, searching the road and verge with the car's mobile spotlights.

John's heart sank even lower when a taxi stopped at the scene while they were standing around on the sand. Rosemary's father got out of the taxi and ignored him. Mr Anderson spoke only to the detective, totally disregarding John. John desperately wanted to talk to him, but Mr Anderson quickly got back into the taxi, which left immediately. John felt sick as he carried on searching around in the sand with the policemen.

He didn't know that Jack Anderson wasn't ignoring him at all. He hadn't seen him. On his way to RPH he was shocked to see the police outside Shenton Park Railway Station and stopped the taxi, hoping to have some of his many questions answered and find out what had happened. He saw only the detective near the edge of the road, not aware that John was further over in the dark with Wilson. He didn't get any answers. He was told he was needed at RPH. He obeyed and returned to the taxi to resume his mission, not realising that John, the person he so wanted to sort this out with, had been right there, wanting to talk to him.

They continued the search, finding some of Rosemary's belongings scattered over quite some distance – eerie reminders of an innocent girl's tragic walk home. They found one of her sandals lying on the road opposite the traffic island and the other one across the road twelve feet further up. Then there were things that had been thrown out of her handbag – her brush, comb, lipstick and bottle of perfume, scattered along the road over 50 feet. Wilson marked their

positions on the road with his yellow chalk. Search as they did, they found no sign of her handbag. It was all a sickening blur to John, standing there seeing her walking, carrying her bag with those things in it. Then the horrific vision of someone hitting her and driving off leaving her there like that. His beautiful Rosemary, so full of life, left lying there, broken. How could somebody do that? Who?

The ambulance screeched to a halt on the tarmac outside Casualty at 11.35 p.m. The unconscious girl was wheeled straight past the triage nurse into a cubicle. Her bloodstained dress and pyjama panties were quickly hacked off and the registrar assessed her. She was deeply comatose, with fixed dilated pupils, one turned up and one down, and total absence of reflexes. She did not respond to painful stimuli in any way at all.

Needing help on that busy night in Casualty, the registrar called for the orthopaedic resident. Dr Alister Turner went down from Ward 62 and checked the Registrar's assessment. From her severe internal injuries, it was decided the patient was unlikely to survive. There was a laceration to the right forehead and generalised abrasions and lacerations to the front part of her body. Her left leg was externally rotated. There were no other signs of bone injury and there was no indication of brain damage. Dr Turner worked fast to put a tube down her throat, clearing her airway and helping her breathe more easily.

She was quickly X-rayed. The X-rays of her chest and hip showed no apparent fractures and a skull X-ray showed only a questionable small fracture in the occipital region.

Dr Turner was asked to attempt resuscitation. He started intravenous therapy, pumping two pints each of blood and serum into her within the hour. A nurse cleaned up her head wound and bandaged it while Dr Turner kept a constant check on all her vital signs.

John's sad images of Rosemary being hit were interrupted by the two policemen. Deering told him he wanted him to accompany him to CIB headquarters. The tone of the officer's voice led John to believe he had no choice. And at just nineteen and completely ignorant of his rights, he didn't know that he had a choice. He didn't know he was free to go at any time and he wasn't told.

There was no suggestion of the detective ringing his parents to let them know where he was; John didn't know he could ask. He did know he wanted to get dressed, though, before going somewhere as ominous as police headquarters. He felt awkward just wearing the trousers he was left with after the strip jack naked games. He sat in the back of the car again, remembering the gun that had been where he sat and now in the boot. They returned to the surgery for Wilson to collect his bike and go on to RPH.

The trip into the city was a numb haze for John. At least it was a break from the interrogation. Deering had another

quick inspection of John's Simca at the surgery then drove it to police headquarters, reversing it into the police garage beside a Goggomobil and a Consul. There was a lot of activity in the police yard with these cars coming in from the Belmont murders. Deering's driver pulled into Roe Street and John was led up the jarrah staircase of the imposing stone court building, to the CIB offices. There was a lot of activity there, too, the officers relieved of the manhunt at 9 p.m. having been told to report back by 3 a.m. for its resumption at daybreak. They were now coming and going, reporting for duty and collecting guns, ready to get back out to the Gnan-gara Pine Plantation to get the man who had killed one of their own.

Deering took John into the muster room, a room with a table and some chairs, and a typewriter by the big window looking out on to the street. He sat him at the table. Through the numbness, John felt exhausted and cold, and his throat was dry. He badly wanted a cup of tea and needed a smoke, and how he wished he'd been able to collect his shirt and a jacket from home.

Deering asked John again about the damage to the front of his car. He told him again about the previous accident. The detective asked him to explain how the blood spots had got on the front of his car. Surprised at the question – which did not inform John that the spots were very small – and through his confusion, unable to think of the possibility of a spattering as he swung around the front of the car or flicking from

her hair as he carried her to the surgery, John just said 'no'. The reply increased Deering's suspicion of him, even though all the usual signs on a car of a collision between a vehicle and a body at the front were missing – the glass wasn't smashed, the bumper wasn't bent, the number plate wasn't knocked off.

At 2.15 a.m. Deering asked if John wanted to make a statement, saying he was not obliged to do so. John agreed – after all, he had nothing to hide. Deering cautioned him, sat at the typewriter and typed out the answers to the same questions.

I have been cautioned by Detective Deering that I am not obliged to make a statement unless I desire to do so and that anything I do say may be taken down and given in evidence. I am 19 years of age, single, a bricklayer's labourer and I reside at 8 Redfern Street, Subiaco. I know a girl by the name of Rosemary Anderson who is 17 years of age and lives at 145 Alfred Road, Mount Claremont. I have known Rosemary for about six months. I met her on a blind date and I have been going with her ever since.

On 9/2/63 at about 12 noon I went to her home. Her sister and brother were home. I had my lunch with the three of them. I stayed there until six o'clock then I drove with Rosemary to my place at 8 Redfern Street, Subiaco. My mother and father were home with my brother. Rosemary and I had tea with my parents and my brother. My parents went out at about 8.30 p.m. Then Rosemary and I stayed home with my brother. At about 9.30 p.m. Rosemary and I went out in my Simca Sedan motor car to the fish shop in Shenton Park and we bought some fish and chips. We took the fish and chips home and ate them with my brother.

At about 10.30 p.m. Rosemary and I had an argument over the fish. The argument was over Rosemary wanting my piece of fish. She wanted it and I would not let her have it. She got up and said that she was going home. My brother was present. She went out to my car and got her make-up, which was in a bag together with her shoes. She then started to walk home. I asked her to stay. By this time I had come out of my home. We were standing by the

side of my car. Rosemary picked up her things and started to walk home. She was wearing her shoes and carrying her small cloth bag.

I got in my car and followed her stopping occasionally to ask her if I could take her home. She refused. She was in a bad mood but I was not. She walked down Redfern Street to Hensman Street and walked down Hensman Street to Nicholson Road. I stopped her three times before she got to the subway at the Nicholson Road and Railway Street. On each occasion I would pull the car up and ask her but I did not get out. She refused on each occasion. I would ask her if I could take her home, she would say 'no' and keep walking on. I stopped my car and turned off the ignition at the Nicholson Road Subway. I sat there and watched her walk under the subway. I saw her turn left under the subway. I waited there for three or four minutes then went after her.

I drove my car under the subway, turned left and drove up Stubbs Terrace. I drove my car up to the Shenton Park Railway Station where I saw her lying on the side of the road. It was on the left hand side of the road. I stopped my car and got out and went around to where she was lying. I saw that she was bleeding rather heavily from the head. I picked her up and put her in my car. I put her on the front seat. I folded the front seat half way down and she was lying on the back seat. I then drove down to Doctor Quinlivan's Surgery and knocked on his front door and he came out. I helped him carry her into the surgery.

When I stopped my car where Rosemary was lying I did not see any other vehicles at the time. One passed me when I stopped. I got out of my car and put her in just as another car came towards me turned around and stopped in front of me. Just as he stopped I drove off. From the time that I picked Rosemary up to the last time I saw her at the Doctor's Surgery she was unconscious. When I put her into my car I put her in the front left hand door. I shut the door then walked around the front of the car and entered the driver's door. Rosemary did not move but lay perfectly still the whole time. She bled a lot and I got blood over myself, over the seat of my car.

I have read this statement. It is true and correct given on my own free will without threats, promises or inducements.

Surely it would be over now. He'd given the detective the statement he had asked for. It might not have been totally

accurate – he was at Rosemary's place much earlier than noon and he hadn't thought it important to say he'd mistaken Rosemary for Jimmy with the fish, but he was too disturbed to worry about little things. The important parts were right.

Jack Anderson dug into his pocket for the £7 taxi fare and hurried into Casualty. He was led into Rosemary's cubicle straight away. He got a shock to see his daughter lying there unconscious with tubes in her mouth and a bandaged head. As he held her hand and talked to her he noticed how distended her stomach was. He decided she must have been hit front on. But she seemed to be breathing easily enough and the doctor was giving her his full attention. Her father tried to make sense of it all, but he couldn't understand what could possibly have happened to her. If only she would wake up and tell him all about it, or if he could talk to John.

Dr Turner checked her breathing and all her vital signs again. All OK. He walked up the aisle with her father, explaining what he had done and that he needn't worry, she was fine and he would soon be taking her up to the ward to recover. Jack had seen his baby and would be seeing her again in the morning on the ward, so he told the doctor he'd get out of his way. Asking Dr Turner to notify his mother-in-law and squeezing his daughter's hand, he left Casualty, found a taxi at the entrance and headed home.

Deering did not believe the statement he'd just typed out. He showed it to Detective Sergeant John Wiley, the head of the Fatal Accidents Squad, who came in as it was being completed. At 2.45 a.m. Deering told his superior about his suspicions, that he believed John was the driver of the car that hit her. He told the sergeant there were blood spots on the front of John's car, but he didn't think to tell the sergeant that the usual signs of a collision between a vehicle and a body were missing.

Wiley had joined the police force in 1946 and become a detective after five years, being promoted to sergeant in 1959. He'd been in charge of the Fatal Accidents Squad for the previous two-and-a-half years, and had investigated around 40 motor vehicle fatalities over that time. He was a big man of five-feet-eleven inches, nicknamed Whopper Wiley, born 37 years earlier in the mining town of Yalgoo, playing football in Norseman and serving the war years in the Navy. He'd seen three years' active service during the war, and regarded joining the police force as continuing his service to the community through faithful and diligent police work. He too had worked in Kalgoorlie, in the Gold Stealing Detection Squad.

Wiley had been in the office most of the night organising the Gnangara manhunt. He'd been home for a short break at 10 p.m., had something to eat and changed out of his suit into more appropriate clothes. He looked at John, read the statement and left.

He went out to look at the car, examining it for damage to the front. Looking at it with his torch, he found the left headlamp rim was bent and there was some damage to the grille. He'd been told there'd been damage caused some weeks earlier but not exactly what. From his check now, he thought the car could have hit a body. The bent headlight rim, particularly, could have been consistent with that. All in all, he believed this was the vehicle that had hit the girl. Certainly the story about having an argument over fish and chips was very strange and highly suspicious. Shining his torch through the car windows, he saw a girdle and stockings on the back seat.

About seven minutes later he was back, demanding to know what the stockings and suspender were doing there. Worried about the shame of the game and to protect Rosemary's honour, John lied, saying that Rosemary always took her stockings off in his car for fear of laddering them. John, unpractised at telling lies, didn't do very well. Wiley thought he was lying.

The interrogation continued. John wasn't told he had the right to contact his parents, or to get any advice, or about any other rights. Sitting in the chair by the table, he was faced with a big detective exuding authority. He felt at a terrible disadvantage, being small and slim, and sitting there half undressed. To John, the questions from Wiley seemed more like accusations than questions. He couldn't understand. He'd waited for the police, he'd helped them, he'd answered

the questions truthfully, he'd given a statement. Why did he feel such menace from the way this detective was questioning him?

He hated aggression. At school he left through the back gate rather than face bullies wanting to fight at the front gate. Now there was no back gate.

John cowered and stuttered out again his request for news of Rosemary. Wiley told him she was still unconscious. If only she'd come to, and could tell them who hit her. She would be able to explain everything and this interrogation would end.

The same questions continued; John stuttered and stumbled through the same responses. He was frightened, tired and miserable. It was 3.15 a.m. So many questions over so long – his mouth was dry, he felt sick, cold and exhausted. He asked after Rosemary, wishing he could be with her and not asking about her from worlds away. Wiley went out and asked Constable Martinovich to phone the hospital. John so badly wanted to get out of the room too, run out the door, away from this madness, to the hospital just a mile up the road. But he sat there dutifully, his head bowed, waiting for the next round of the same questions.

After a couple of hours working on Rosemary, Dr Turner was confident she was stable. She was breathing OK. The last pint of serum had gone in at 1.15 a.m. but her blood pressure, 80 systolic on admission with an unrecordable diastolic,

had not responded. She would be transferred to a ward for continuation of treatment.

Five weeks into his working life as a doctor and the new medical graduate had discovered the truth of all those stories about interns' long hard shifts. But it was the start of his dream. He'd always wanted to be a doctor, following in the footsteps of his great grandfathers, grandfathers and his late father, who'd been killed at Dunkirk.

Neil Alister Turner had enrolled in the University of Western Australia's first medical school and done well, gaining a distinction in surgery in his final exams. He had chosen to do orthopaedics in his first intern term, and as one of two orthopaedic residents alternating night shifts, he was often called to help the casualty registrar. And what a time it had been – those three shooting victims a fortnight ago and the expectation of more coming in from the manhunt tonight. They were on alert for any number of casualties to come in from Gnangara, with so many armed police and curious onlookers out there.

It had been a long and busy night and the doctor was pleased to have another emergency resolved, with the patient going up to the ward for continuing treatment. He called a nurse to help him escort the unconscious girl to Ward 62. Making sure the bottles and tubes were secure, they pushed the bed into the lift. The doors closed and there was a slight hum as they started ascending. Dr Turner kept his eyes on his charge while he slumped his shoulders a little, glad of a

slight respite from the long, busy shift. He wondered how busy his girlfriend Diane had been on her nursing shift at the Perth Chest Hospital.

Dr Turner looked at Rosemary's face, noting again how pretty she was. Suddenly, to his horror, the girl's breathing stopped. No! Dr Turner immediately started pounding her chest in a desperate attempt to bring her around. Breathe!

He was stunned. How could this happen when all the indications were that everything was fine? How could she die now in the lift, with just the nurse and him? The lift arrived at the sixth floor, the nurse calling for help as the doors opened, Dr Turner still trying desperately to resuscitate her. A sister and nurse on the ward joined him in his efforts. It was in vain. Rosemary Anderson was dead on arrival at Ward 62.

'10.2.63. 2.30am. Respirations stopped. Heart beat absent. Life extinct.' The shattered 23-year-old doctor wrote the final entry on her case notes, signed it 'N. A. Turner', called the police and steeled himself for the terrible task of informing her family.

John looked up as the door opened, hoping to hear that Rosemary was awake and telling them who did it. Martinovich had been given the news by the casualty clerk.

Wiley said, 'I have to inform you that Rosemary is dead.'

John's stomach lurched into his throat. 'I'm going to be sick.'

He was led to the toilet. His stomach convulsed as he retched in his shock and emotional agony. Rosemary dead! He didn't care what he said or what happened to him. Life was worthless without her. He didn't care what they did to him now, he just wanted to be left alone. And he felt he wouldn't be left alone until he gave them what they wanted.

Rosemary gone! Never to feel her touch, to smell her hair, never to make up that stupid argument. He had snapped at her. How could he have spoken so harshly, breaking her heart, never to be able to mend it? He felt distraught and guilty. He believed he was responsible for her death. If he hadn't upset her she wouldn't have been walking home. He hadn't hit her, but he led her to her death. He killed her, and now she was gone forever. He didn't care what happened to him any more. Nothing mattered. If only he'd looked after her as he should have, as he wanted to. He wanted to be punished.

He came back from the toilet and made a confession.

# Death and Defeat

3.40–4.30 A.M.

John Button states:

I have been cautioned by Detective Deering that I am not obliged to make a statement unless I desire to do so and that anything I do say may be taken down and given in evidence.

I now wish to say that the statement that I gave to Detective Deering earlier this date is not the truth and I now wish to state:

I have now been informed that Rosemary Anderson is now dead and I now wish to tell the truth about what happened.

On the 9/2/63 at about 12 noon I went to Rosemary's home at 145 Alfred Road, Mount Claremont. I stayed there until about 6 o'clock. During this time I watched television and had lunch with Rosemary and her brother and sister.

At 6 o'clock in the evening Rosemary and I drove to my home in my Simca sedan. We intended to have tea at my home. When we arrived at my home at 8 Redfern Street, Subiaco, my mother and father and brother were home. We all had tea together at about 7 p.m.

My parents went out at about 7.30 p.m. and left Rosemary, my brother and I, home. The three of us sat around and played cards. We played strip poker. This means that the loser of each game had to take off one article of clothing at a time.

We played quite a few games and my brother and I won most of the games. Rosemary took off her jumper, then both stockings and then her suspender belt. My brother walked out of the room and I tried to get fresh with Rosemary. I kissed her and I tried to play with her breasts. She would not be in it and said that she was going to walk home.

Before we started to play cards we had gone down to the Shenton Park fish shop and got some fish and chips. We were eating them while we were playing cards.

Rosemary got in a lousy mood because I tried to play with her breasts and said that she was going to walk home. She picked up her make-up from my car which was parked out the front of my home.

I followed her out of the house and when I saw her walk off down the street I went back into the house and got my car keys. I also picked up her suspender belt and stockings and put them in my car. I decided to follow Rosemary and see if I could make it up with her.

By the time I got into my car she was at the corner of Hensman and Redfern Streets. I got going and caught up with her when she got into Hensman Street. I pulled up alongside her and asked if I could make it up. I told her that I was sorry for what I did.

She told me that she did not want to make it up and kept on walking. I kept on driving slowly alongside her and followed her along Hensman Street into Nicholson Road. Twice along Nicholson Road I pulled up alongside her and asked her if I could take her home and make it up. She refused and kept on walking.

When we got near Railway Street and Nicholson Road I pulled up and Rosemary walked through the subway and turned left. I sat in my car for a few minutes; then started my car up and went after her.

I went through the subway and turned left into Stubbs Terrace and drove up Stubbs Terrace. I was then pretty wild because she would not get into my car with me and I caught up to her when she was nearly opposite the Shenton Park railway station.

I decided to scare her by driving the car at her and as close as possible. At the time I was doing about 35 miles per hour.

Rosemary was walking on the left hand side of the road close to the edge of the bitumen. Before I realised what had happened I had hit her with the left

hand side of the front of my car. When I hit her I felt a loud crunch and I carried her a few yards on the front of my vehicle. I stopped my car and got out. I saw Rosemary lying on the left hand side of the road level with the front door. She had a cut over the right eye and was bleeding. She was unconscious and not moving. I opened the passenger's side front door and laid the back of the front seat back, and then picked up Rosemary and laid her in the car.

I then got in my car and drove to Dr Quinlivan's surgery in Alfred Road, Mount Claremont. I helped the Doctor carry Rosemary into the surgery and then waited for the arrival of the police.

I stayed at the surgery until the police arrived.

I have read this statement and it is true and correct given of my own free will without threats, promises or inducement.

Deering typed it out. John Button signed it, with Deering as witness.

John got what he wanted: the interrogation stopped.

Wiley informed him he would be charged with wilful murder. John could be hanged. He didn't care. Right then, nothing mattered.

## Tears on My Pillow

10 FEBRUARY 1963

Jack Anderson sat in the taxi looking out into the blackness as he was driven home from the hospital. He was relieved. His girl was going to be all right. But his mind was still awlirl. He couldn't come to grips with his daughter being run down and how it could possibly have happened. And where was John? Why wasn't he with Rosemary?

The taxi passed the railway station and he looked out at the spot where his girl had been hurt. His thoughts were interrupted a few moments later as they passed Hobbs artillery park. The taxi's radio was sputtering out a message to the driver. He was deep in thought and it was just incoherent background noise until two words were suddenly distinguishable – his name. The driver was being asked if he had a passenger for Mt Claremont by that name. Mr Anderson should contact RPH. The driver stopped at a nearby phone