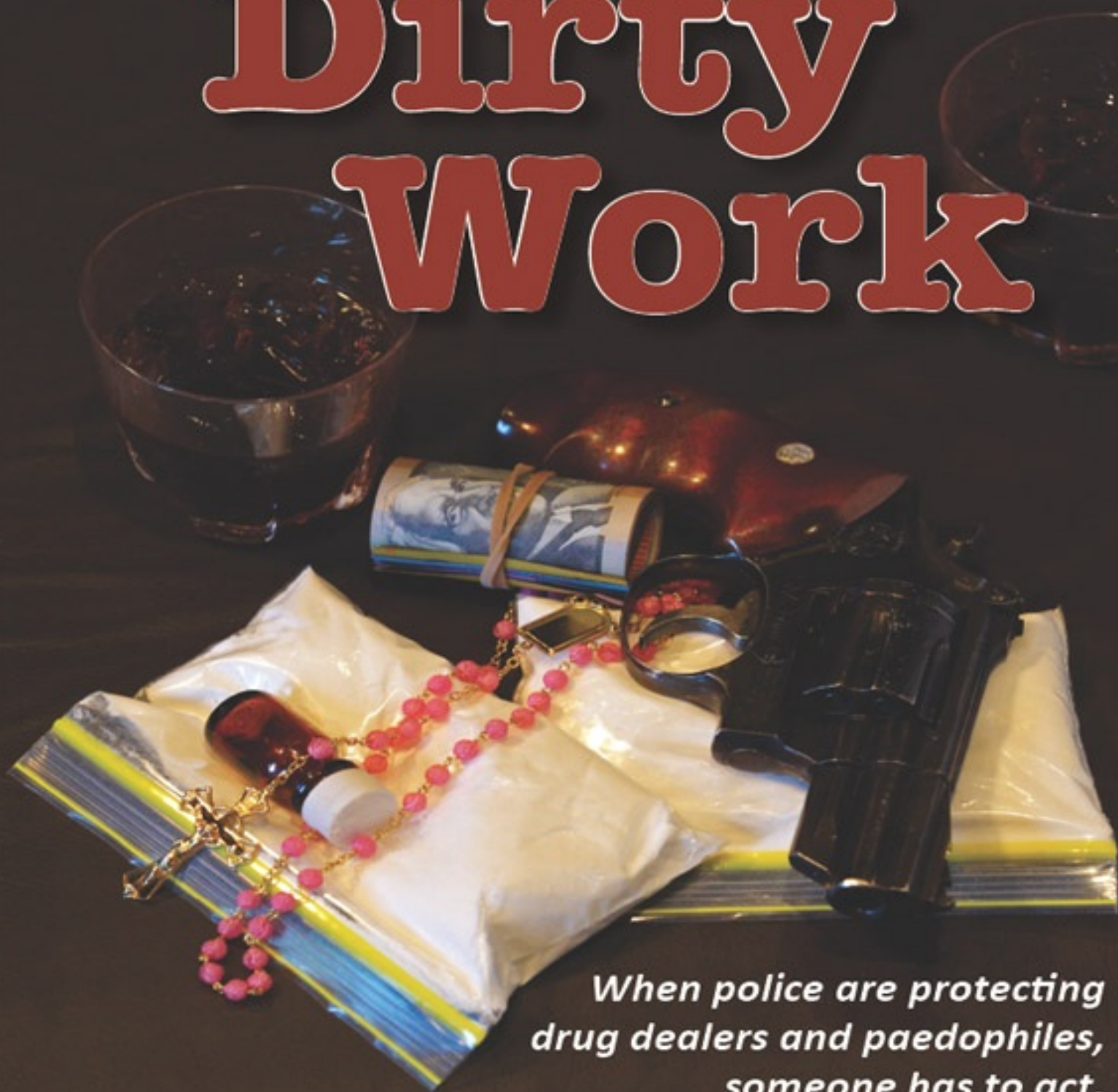


GLEN M^cNAMARA

Dirty Work



*When police are protecting
drug dealers and paedophiles,
someone has to act.
A true story.*

Dirty Work

Glen
McNamara



To Cheryl, Jessica and Lucy

In memoriam Patrick McNamara
3.2.1933–3.3.2007

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INTRODUCTION

‘Never worry about their size. Give it everything and you’ll be right.’

I have lived around the Cronulla area on the southern beaches of Sydney most of my life. How it’s changed. How I’ve changed. As kids we lived in a fibro house, played rugby league and went surfing whenever we got a chance. I loved the water. Dad had a boat and we spent a great deal of time on the beautiful Port Hacking River, usually fishing. His present to me for my tenth birthday was a fishing rod. This wasn’t any old rod, not some flimsy piece of string to just dangle off the wharf, but a real rod that could hook and hold big fish on the open ocean, or ‘outside’ as we nicknamed it.

The rod was only part of the deal, though. The real score was going outside the heads of the river on a big ocean fishing trip with my dad. It was then that I saw a vastly different side to him. He was no longer the man who was up and gone to work before

5.00am and home in the dark of night, exhausted. On the ocean he was relaxed and happy, energised in the company of his son.

When I was ten, I caught a shark with that new rod. I was petrified. It dived and death rolled on the line as I barely kept control. We couldn’t afford to lose the line or the rig, so Dad grabbed a gaff and swiftly brought the butt of it down hard across the shark’s gills. It stunned the animal instantly and Dad twirled the gaff again, driving its hook straight through the shark’s gills. It was violent, but quick.

I was awestruck; my father had just killed this shark single-handedly. In his dry tone, Dad turned to me and said, ‘Never worry about their size. Give it everything and you’ll be right.’ I learned there and then that a fierce and solid

attack would always give you the advantage.

My family always faced problems head on. Dad's father served in the RAAF in WWII. Then, during the Korean War, Dad was in the Army. Although he was lucky and didn't have to go to Korea, his best mate lost his legs under heavy artillery fire there. It's hard to say how this affected my father because he was a master at concealing pain, and in fact only mentioned the incident to me in passing as he lay on his own death bed.

My grandfather was killed two months before I came into the world, 'king hit' by a coward in a pub brawl. He'd been working with my father on the construction of the Snowy Mountains Hydro-electric Scheme at the time. As tough a slog as it was, Dad had done it to make enough money to build a house for his young family, but lost his own father in the process.

I was raised to stand up for myself and deal with problems as they arose, all the while moving forward. I learnt to be strong in who I was and not to look back.

I left school in 1976 and joined the cops. The notion that a kid from a working-class family could go into the cops and have the opportunity of a well-meaning career was very attractive to me. I guess I was like a lot of kids of my age who wanted to leave school and get straight into the workforce.

The Police Force became a logical step for me. At the time it seemed the police had a lot of military features about it. My dad and my grandfather had been in the military so I thought it might work for me. I was just 17 years old when I joined the New South Wales Police Force. I spent about 18 months as a Cadet before I was sworn in as a Constable on my nineteenth birthday. That led into three long years as a uniformed cop in the St George area and the Sutherland Shire, in the south of Sydney. After that I'd just about had a gutful of domestic violence calls and scraping dead people out of crashed cars. When my fists started to find the chins of some of these wife-bashing 'heroes' with increasing frequency I knew it would only be a matter of time before I did someone serious physical damage. I needed a job change.

Not long after my twenty-second birthday I got what I'd been waiting for—

the call up to be a plain-clothes Detective. I loved the work but hated the drinking culture that most Detectives were hooked on, in and out of work hours. Too many times I witnessed drunken police attempting to exert their alcohol-induced power over others, only to see the whole situation fall apart because they weren't following the procedures. I struggled with it, sometimes to the point where I considered throwing in the towel.

The fact I never signed a resignation letter at that point was due greatly to a man known as 'Schuey'. I was partnered with Detective Sergeant Geoff Schuberg early on in my career. He was the perfect mentor, thoroughly grounded. Schuey possessed one of the most perceptive intellects I've ever encountered. A Vietnam veteran, he had an abundance of courage, probably too much courage for one man. He was a fearless operator.

My father and Schuey influenced me in a hugely positive way. They provided me with the values and reasons why I had to make the judgements that I did when I came face to face with corrupt cops and paedophile rings, drug rings and police protection on the streets of Sydney's Kings Cross and Darlinghurst. They also provided me with the reasons why I needed to write this book, so that what they stood for wouldn't be lost and forgotten. I did what I had to do in honour of the values that they taught me. For doing what I had to, for hunting down drug dealers and paedophiles, I make no apologies.

CHAPTER 1

WELCOME TO THE NATIONAL CRIME AUTHORITY

Maybe it was who you knew, not what you knew, that would help you get ahead in the Force.

In the early 1980s in Sydney, drug dealing was big—it still is. In 1981, the infamous drug dealer and armed robber, Warren Lanfranchi, was wanted nationally for the attempted murder of a traffic cop in Sydney. When Lanfranchi aimed the shot, the firing pin jammed in the hammer of his revolver, which saved the life of the traffic cop that day. Lanfranchi became a prime target of the New South Wales Police Force.

My partner Schuey and I had information that Lanfranchi sold heroin on behalf of the notorious drug kingpin Neddy Smith to Aborigines who hung out at the Everleigh Hotel. The Everleigh was in the area called The Block in inner-city Redfern.

Warren Lanfranchi was a creature of habit. If he wasn't at The Block tormenting drug addicted Aborigines, he wouldn't be too far away. It was a matter of hitting the place a couple of times to catch him. So, dressed in jeans and T-shirts, Schuey and I bowled through the Everleigh Hotel searching for him. We were the only two white guys in the dump.

The locals did not welcome our arrival. In fact, they were hostile, shouting and mouthing threats under their breath, until the loudest loudmouth in the place accidentally fell from his barstool and landed on his arse. After that it was dead quiet.

Schuey and I searched the pub high and low for Lanfranchi. We didn't find him. Schuey's courage in going into the Everleigh Hotel, and physically controlling its violence-prone Aboriginal patronage, was very unusual for a

policeman. I didn't know of many others that would take the action Schuey did that day. Most cops were cowards and usually physically unfit to boot. They only became artificially tough when they were in a group, out and about on the drink. Not Schuey.

It was too bad for Lanfranchi that Schuey and I didn't find him that day. A couple of days later, Warren Lanfranchi fatally confused his wanna-be ambition as a drug lord with his real life capabilities and got involved in a gun fight with a cop named Roger Rogerson in Dangar Lane, Chippendale.

Poor, silly, overly ambitious, overly confident Warren believed in the legend of the Wild West—that he could shoot his way out of trouble.

This Redfern cowboy's fatal flaw was his heroin-induced misjudgement of the situation. Roger Rogerson blasted Warren out of this life, express style, with a couple of .38 rounds to his chest at close range. He died almost instantly. It was alleged in the media at the time by Sally Ann Huckstepp, Lanfranchi's heroin-addicted prostitute girlfriend, that Rogerson was actually protecting his role in a heroin-dealing syndicate that he had with Neddy Smith.

And so began my introduction to the New South Wales Police Force.

Schuey and I were partners between 1981 and 1983, and in 1986.

One of my big cases was the 1984 Milperra bikie massacre case. Drugs and turf ownership caused the war between the Commancheros and the Bandidos bikie gangs that led to that catastrophic shoot-out in Milperra. Delving into the bikie culture not only exposed me to unfettered violence, violence beyond comprehension to most people, but also how to deal with it and, more than anything it underlined to me the power of the drug trade.

It was no surprise to me that in 1986, soon after the formation of the National Crime Authority (NCA), Schuey was seconded to run an investigative group. He told me he wanted me there and so, true to his word, soon after I was working for Schuey at the NCA.

I had always believed that evidence was the only real measure of integrity. But I soon learned that was not always so. Machiavelli would have been right at home at the NCA with the power struggles between the cops from the various

forces, each accusing the other of being corrupt.

At the time, Australia was awash with heroin. Thugs had become drug dealers and were multimillionaires as a consequence. It was clear to me that the incidence of police being closely involved with drug dealers was increasing at an alarming rate. I also learnt that the drug trade had important political connections.

We chipped away at the heroin trade in Sydney's inner west. As we did, it became clear we needed to look deeper into the connections between the heroin dealers and members of the various inner-west branches of the Australian Labor Party (ALP).

Those were the same branches of the ALP that the MP Peter Baldwin originated from. Where drugs go, all crime follows. On July 16 1980 Baldwin was savagely beaten, reportedly over an internal preselection dispute. I didn't buy that. My gut told me Baldwin had uncovered the activities of the then Mayor of Marrickville George Savvas and his links to the drug trade. Noone was ever charged with the bashing.

George Savvas was the convivial host and publican of the popular Marrickville Hotel. He was a councillor in Marrickville in 1986 and ran a construction business and was a bright rising star of the ALP.

In the NCA investigations into the heroin trade, Savvas was mentioned consistently in covert recordings with crooks and cops. We broke into his home and businesses and fitted listening devices, including one inside a urinal on one of his construction sites. If you ever want the truth just listen to the chat between two friends taking a piss.

All through the Savvas job I was worried that our NCA work would be discredited or sidelined through political interference from higher up in NSW's Labor government. After all, George Savvas was a shining light of Sydney's ALP.

We managed to avoid it by keeping our mouths shut.

I learned a very valuable lesson from my involvement in the Savvas investigation: keep opinions to yourself and let evidence rule something in or

out.

I saw many New South Wales Police engaged in heroin importation and distribution at that time. The only aspect that truly shocked me was that the cops from Victoria and the Australian Federal Police (AFP) mainly believed, with a fervour akin to religious fundamentalism, that it was only the New South Wales cops who were in with the drug dealers.

I never ruled anything in or out until all the evidence was on the table. Instead of reacting to gossip and the constant flow of crap that came from the mouths of Victorian and AFP cops, I kept my mouth shut. Because we were from New South Wales, our team could have easily had our integrity questioned if we had opened our mouths and talked before we had hard evidence. It was easy to discredit an investigation by publicly removing investigators from cases and replacing them with others.

Leaks are a detective's nightmare. We kept our opinions to ourselves, not engaging in loose talk and most definitely not chatting over 15 to 20 beers in a bar full of drunken cops and media hacks.

After a long investigation, in March 1990 George Savvas was sentenced to 25 years in prison for conspiring to import 80 kilograms of heroin. A New South Wales Police taskforce led by the famously hard Detective Brian Harding, brought him down. It was done swiftly and without warning. The speed of the operation was ferocious.

Six years into his sentence, George Savvas escaped. Wearing a wig, fake moustache and beard, and having ditched his prison clothing, Savvas walked out of the visitor's entrance at Goulburn Correctional Centre.

After eight months on the run, he was recaptured and returned to prison and for his trouble copped extra time on top of the drug conviction. Soon after landing back behind bars, and just a day after authorities uncovered a new plot to escape yet again from prison, this time with notorious backpacker killer Ivan Milat, George Savvas hanged himself with a bed sheet in his cell.

My friend Schuey's career ascended spectacularly. He was promoted to the rank of Assistant Commissioner of Police. However, his rise came to an abrupt

halt. Mysteriously, and without warning, Schuey was offered a much lower position as an Inspector of Police under Commissioner Peter Ryan's new administration.

At that point Schuey resigned and the police service lost an extremely valuable and experienced policeman. I learnt from that about the politics and internal power plays that were alive in the Force. Maybe it was who you knew, not what you knew, that would help you get ahead in the Force.

CHAPTER 2

BETWEEN A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE

If people don't like me, well that's just stiff.

Towards the end of 1986 my secondment with the National Crime Authority (NCA) came to an end and I was looking around for some similar work.

I was made a promise by the former NCA Commander Detective Superintendent Bruce Gibson that I would be transferred into an intelligence-based position in the New South Wales Police Force.

It was exactly the sort of work that I was looking for but, unfortunately, it never happened. There was bitter internal bickering between the Federal Police and the New South Wales Police Force at the time. My transfer and career hopes were sidelined in New South Wales because I came from a national system that was exposing corruption in the Force, at the same time that New South Wales Police were engaged in counter allegations against their AFP colleagues.

I was seen as someone who had too much knowledge. What I didn't know at the time was that the impression of some of the guys in the New South Wales Police Force was that I couldn't be trusted with their own dirty laundry.

In fact, as it turned out, I was caught between a rock and a hard place. One event served to put me firmly in that place—the Michael Sayers murder case and in particular the search for shell casings at the murder scene.

In 1986, the NCA were investigating some gangland drug-dealing wars, which involved the double murders of the alleged gun-for-hire Christopher Flannery and the drug dealer Michael 'Flash Mick' Sayers.

Sayers, originally from Melbourne, was murdered in the driveway of his home in Hewlett Street, in the Sydney beachside suburb of Bronte. His murder was part of our investigative reference at the NCA.

It was alleged that Sayers was murdered by a former Australian light-heavyweight boxer and underworld figure Roy Thurgar. All of the intelligence reports claimed that Thurgar had stood on the opposite side of the road to Sayer's house and opened fire on him with an automatic weapon.

Aarne Tees, the veteran New South Wales Police Homicide Squad investigator, initially investigated the scene and could find no evidence of shell casings on the opposite side of the road, even though his team used metal detectors. A year later, when no-one had been charged with Sayers' murder, the NCA received a brief to investigate.

Amongst other NCA investigations being conducted at the time was the search of a farmhouse and property owned by Barry McCann at Denman in the Hunter Valley. McCann was shot to death in a drug-dealing feud amidst a hail of gunfire. There was no murder weapon or shell casing found at the scene in the first investigation.

Soon after this, the NCA conducted a search at Hewlett Street, Bronte. Police officers searched the scene by poking sticks into the ground near the surface. No metal detectors were used but amazingly the sticks found shells directly across the road from the house that matched a firearm used in the murder of Sayers. With ballistics, the NCA were able to match those shells to the ones that had been seized at McCann's farmhouse.

It wasn't long before the accusations flew. Claims by the NCA of a cover-up by the NSW cops were made because they didn't find the shells earlier and then the NSW cops made counter claims that the shells were planted to get a result to make the NCA look good. The claims stalled the case. Later, in 1988, several crooks including the corrupt cop Bill El Azzi were charged with conspiring to murder Sayers. Flannery was murdered, and while Tom Domican was charged with that murder he was later acquitted. In the end no-one was convicted of 'Flash Mick' Sayers' execution in Bronte.

In 1987 I was transferred back to a detective job on my home turf of Cronulla. It was a pleasant way to wait for an intelligence transfer, surfing before and after work and just chilling after the intense and hectic time I had with the NCA.

While I was waiting for the transfer, a Detective Sergeant approached me from the Armed Hold Up Squad. He had a reputation as a tough guy and believed that he was indestructible. We knew each other well enough to have the occasional beer together and we were doing just that one day when he said to me, 'Mate, why don't ya come to the 'Stick ups?'' That was his term for Armed Hold-Up Squad.

'All your little spy tricks would go real well with the hard bastards we have to lock up,' he laughed.

I knew him well enough to take the piss, so I said, 'If I worked at the hold-up squad I'd have to have a stroke like the rest of you have, so I could talk out the corner of my mouth. Anyway mate, I can't drink piss for twenty-five hours a day, so I don't think so.'

'Hmm,' he laughed. 'You're a cocky bastard.'

He took a sip of his beer and looked at me with a serious expression.

'Whisper is that you'll never get a go at being a spy because of all the shit you found out about our blokes when you were down at the NCA,' he said.

'Word is, you won't even run third or fourth in the current lot of applications for those jobs. The way I see it, you either work for me or get used to the shit end of the stick.'

'I appreciate the offer,' I said. 'I really do, but I'm going to take my chances. If people don't like me, well that's just fucking stiff. Tell the people who whispered this to you that I've done nothing to fuck up any of the NSW guys on purpose. Those cops are "suicide fish" mate, they'd have a bite at anything that's got a dollar in it—you know that, as well as I do. Anyone we had in our sights we had good reason to.'

'Besides' I said, 'I wouldn't worry because those soft cocks at the NCA, they're bureaucrats and lawyers, not investigators. They won't have a go. I can't see them ever locking up anybody much at all.'

He nodded. Message received. We finished our conversation by shaking hands.

Though the NCA was established after recommendations from the Costigan

Commission in 1984, there were many people who thought that it came into being largely because of the heroin addiction of the then Prime Minister Bob Hawke's daughter Roslyn.

Maybe that was true, maybe it wasn't, but that was the perception and the NCA was regarded with a fair amount of cynicism. It was the lawyers and bureaucrats who were the only ones to prosper from the NCA, and that was largely financial. I don't think many of us were surprised when the NCA began to flounder and was later disbanded.

The other thing that didn't really surprise me was that none of the corrupt cops who had been red flagged by the NCA were ever held accountable, and had ever spent one minute in gaol. I don't think they were ever even charged. This was probably another plausible reason to disband the gravy train that was the NCA.

Naively, I thought that the AFP and New South Wales Police feud would subside. I was wrong, but I couldn't do much about it.

Soon after my frank discussion with the Detective Sergeant from the Armed Hold Up Squad, I was transferred. It was a transfer that I came to regret almost instantly and still regret today. In August 1987 I began work at the Darlinghurst Police Station, Detectives' Office.

CHAPTER 3

THE KINGS OF GOLDENHURST

‘Be careful boy,’ a friend said to me. ‘Churchill’s into fucking everything bar a shit sandwich and that’s only ’cause he doesn’t like bread.’

Darlinghurst is smack bang in the middle of Sydney. It was the home of the razor gang wars of the 1920s and 30s, the birthplace of heroin sales in Australia and everything else of a criminal nature in between.

Darlinghurst had only ever operated in the way it had because of the tacit approval of most of the cops who had ever worked there. It had been long regarded as a home away from home for generations of rogue cops and was universally known by generations of very bent cops as ‘Goldenhurst’—an opportunity to profit out of the misery of the inhabitants and crime.

At Goldenhurst there was always a price for human suffering. The opportunists would say of Darlinghurst, with a chuckle, ‘It’s a place where every piece of human misery is laden with cash.’

I only spent a short time at the Darlinghurst Station under Detective Sergeant Keith Smith. Darlinghurst was the Head Station of 3 Division, which encompassed the Darlinghurst and Kings Cross areas and some of the surrounding suburbs such as Paddington, Elizabeth Bay and Woolloomooloo.

In 1989 I was transferred to the Detectives’ Office of Kings Cross Police Station, as Detective Senior Constable, just up the road from Darlinghurst Station. Kings Cross was the secondary station or the outpost if you like of the Darlinghurst Police district. So the transfer from Darlinghurst to Kings Cross was an internal transfer, which did not reflect a loss or gain of strength on the roster. There were a couple of us that moved from ‘Darlo’ to ‘the Cross’. I didn’t

see anything unusual in the move at the time, and I still don't.

The Kings Cross area had an even worse reputation than Darlo. Along with the Redfern Police Station jurisdiction, these three areas are known as the golden triangle of drug dealing, money laundering and prostitution and all of the social diseases that they bring. Redfern, Kings Cross and Darlinghurst were, and still are, an axis of criminal evil.

At Kings Cross Police Station my supervising Detective Sergeant was Detective Senior Sergeant Graham 'Chook' Fowler. He had been there for several years. His second-in-charge was Detective Sergeant Larry Churchill, who had recently been transferred from Redfern Police Station, where he had worked through the mid-1980s.

When I was sent to the Cross, an old time crook 'friend' of mine told me, 'Be careful boy, Churchill's into fucking everything bar a shit sandwich and that's only 'cause he doesn't like bread.' I appreciated the advice and I took it as a warning to keep a close eye on Churchill.

From the moment I walked into the place in January 1988 I noticed there was a complete lack of work being carried out. The hours of duty for a Detective on the day shift were between 8.30am and 5.00pm. At Kings Cross, morning coffee commenced about 9.00am and continued until around 11.30am, whereupon there was a discussion about a suitable luncheon venue, which lasted until about 12.15, then lunch commenced and usually concluded about 3.30pm. It was followed by an ale or dozen at the infamous Macleay Street drinking establishment, The Bourbon and Beefsteak Bar.

The Bourbon and Beefsteak Bar was made famous during the Vietnam war by the US soliders who went there during their leave. Mike Connors was the owner of the bar through the late 1980s to the 1990s. He was an American and it was said of him that he had once worked for the CIA. He played the debonair part well and was at the time the President of the Kings Cross Chamber of Commerce. Back then, the Bourbon had a large open bar downstairs with a dance floor on the opposite side of the room. There was a more intimate bar upstairs.

The Kings Cross Detectives flocked to the Bourbon for the daily ‘happy hour’ which ran between 5.00pm and 7.00pm. The Bourbon was a good place to meet in particular because you could always see the door and the street on Darlinghurst Road outside. You could see who was coming, which is always a good thing. I am not suggesting that the Bourbon was used as a drug-dealing den, rather it was a meeting place for cops and all types of people—including drug dealers.

Those long lazy lunches were not my idea of a day’s work. If I had wanted to drink piss all day at work I would have accepted the invitation into the Armed Hold Up Squad.

The question I couldn’t but ask myself was, how could the police officers, and their supervisors, afford to go on these long lunches every day, let alone go on to the pub for drinks afterwards? I knew very well that there was no such thing as a free lunch, or a free anything for that matter. Someone had to be paying and I was pretty sure it wasn’t the police officers themselves. While a police officer has a steady and reliable job, it’s not one you are in for the money.

My first sniff of where the money might be coming from came when Larry Churchill opened his mouth. We were eating in restaurants from the trendy back lanes of East Sydney to the posh brasseries of Elizabeth Bay. At the end of a meal his favourite line to the waiter was, ‘You don’t expect us to pay for this shit, do you? We’re doing you a fucking favour being here. While we’re here, you won’t have any crooks or drug dealers in here upsetting your business. You’re safe. We’re the police.’ And with that, Larry would pull out his New South Wales Police ID and flash it. He particularly loved doing this to newly recruited waiters. He never paid. His detective dining partners found this amusing.

While I was uncomfortable with Churchill’s restaurant antics, I went along with it to see what would happen. I was more concerned that the ‘whispers’ my friend in the ‘Stick Ups’ had heard about me being ‘a spy’ at the NCA (investigating misconduct by my fellow police colleagues) would also have been heard by Churchill.

It appeared to me from the start that Churchill was attempting to groom me into his way of thinking. He offered me plenty of advice.

‘See mate, all of this, it’s for free,’ he would say at one of the free lunches that he urged me to attend.

‘We pay for nothing, they’re all scared and that’s how it should be. When they’re not looking, take fucking everything,’ followed by a Churchill chuckle. I began to note his comments in writing.

‘Okie-dokie,’ I nodded and gave him one of my sheepish, confused smiles, the type I had used as a somewhat mischievous schoolboy who had not completed his homework. It was not long before I was able to turn this smile into an art form.

As I became familiar with the streets around Kings Cross, it was depressing though not really surprising to find that drug use, heroin in particular, was out of control. It wasn’t just the backstreets, it was in the main streets, the boarded-up doorways, alleyways, loading docks, roads and overpasses.

The Kings Cross junkie population was large and seemed to be expanding at a rapid rate. It was clear to see the chain on the street: the dealers, who were entrepreneurial local junkies supplying an area, and the runners for these dealers, easily visible, while the suppliers weren’t far away. Despite being so darn obvious, and such a wide range of drugs being sold on the streets, there were no arrests.

Nor were there any statistics or identifiable suspects being followed up. The drug dealers were more brazen than greedy seagulls fighting over hot chips at the beach. I was staggered.

Stevie Wright, singer with The Easybeats group was one of Australia’s original rock gods in the late 1960s and 1970s. Even after The Easybeats broke up, Stevie continued a solo career and appeared in the hit musical Jesus Christ Superstar in 1973. He had a collection of hits, not the least of which was The Evie Trilogy in 1974. Artists such as David Bowie have covered The Easybeats songs and better judges than me have preferred Stevie’s versions.

Stevie was the most heroin-affected person I have ever seen who has not

overdosed and died. When I was on the streets of Kings Cross, I regularly saw Stevie wandering mindlessly about the Cross looking to score heroin or any other drug he could get his hands on.

He rarely changed his clothes, seemingly unaffected by the changes in season throughout the year. The track marks from the intravenous injections were clearly visible. The scar tissue ran from the crease in the middle of his arm down to his wrist. Stevie was a harmless and polite mess.

He was often seen on the street, broke and begging for money. On more than one occasion I reached into my pocket but instead of giving him the cash I would buy him food and a cup of coffee.

He struggled desperately against drugs and alcohol but it was the heroin that had him in an iron grip. Nevertheless he continued to fight it. Stevie's substance-abuse problems spiralled out of control in the 1980s and 1990s and he came close to death on several occasions, but was pulled back from the brink by his partner Faye.

From the streets of Kings Cross, he seems to have pulled his life together. By 2002, Wright was well enough to perform as part of the all-star Long Way To The Top national concert tour.

On January 31, 2009 Wright closed the Legends of Rock festival in Byron Bay Australia. I am not able to say whether or not he has won his fight with heroin but I understand he now lives in a house and not on the streets of Kings Cross.

Cheryl Dimitroff and Steve Martin were a bit bigger than street-level drug dealers but they were also long-term drug addicts. Mostly their choice of drug was heroin but they also used and sold speed and cocaine.

Cheryl had been a street prostitute with a heroin habit which she erroneously believed was 'under control' when she met Steve Martin. He became addicted to drugs when he was living in the suburbs of Sydney. He realised that he spent so much time in Kings Cross scoring drugs that he might as well save himself the travel time. Romance through a common love of drugs is hardly romance, but they thought differently.

They began selling drugs to finance their own habits. Business grew. There were arrests, drugs charges and convictions, yet they persisted because their addiction to drugs was the only thing that drove their world. Nothing else mattered.

Cheryl and Steve were under surveillance and we decided to search a bedsit on the third floor of a building in Orwell Street, Kings Cross. I obtained a search warrant and armed with a small team of Detectives and a 12lb sledge hammer, we paid them a visit. Problems started when we arrived at the door and found it fortified. I announced our presence and sounds of activity and panic emanated from within.

Two judicious strikes of the sledgehammer on the door hinges nullified their fortified door. The door came down in a straight line and as it hit the filthy floor of the bedsit accumulated dust flew upwards much like a mini explosion.

I was first through the door, gun drawn. On the coffee table in front of us was a set of scales and unbagged heroin. There were half a dozen bags of heroin on the table and a couple of speed ball lines (a mixture of cocaine, heroin and speed), but the occupants seemed to have been disturbed and made a quick exit. As I looked through the unit I saw the bony arse of Cheryl Dimitroff as she climbed out of the window onto the third-floor ledge, with Steve Martin directly behind her.

Martin then jumped out of the window. I raced to the ledge and looked down. There had been a third person in the room with Dimitroff and Martin and she had taken the quick exit on the first smash of the sledgehammer. She lay motionless on the bitumen back lane where she had landed. Dimitroff had landed on the unknown woman and a second later Martin had used both women like a human fireman's blanket to break his fall. In doing so he had broken Dimitroff's back and as he was barefoot when he jumped he sustained multiple fractures in his feet. It did not stop him from getting up and running.

But he did not run to get help. He ran to a bank to get rid of five thousand dollars, the proceeds of his dealing, which he had shoved down his underpants just before jumping. The ability to think clearly in a crisis is always an

advantage.

I split the team into two. One team continued with the execution of the search warrant and evidence collection and collation and the second team assisted the injured women. We provided first aid until the paramedics arrived. It was only then that Martin casually turned up to inquire what all the fuss was about. He was promptly arrested.

Later both Martin and Dimitroff were charged with offences relating to supplying drugs. This was just one of many run ins with the law that they experienced. It never shook them out of their lifestyle. For me it illustrated the incredible power that the drug trade has. When people are prepared to jump from the third floor of an apartment building so that their drug dealing can continue one has to think deeply about alternative responses to curbing the drug trade. But that's another topic.

One lunchtime, I was walking back to the station from the Taylor Square court complex at Darlinghurst where I had just given evidence in a trial and so was dressed formally in a grey suit, white shirt and a blue tie. As I walked past the corner of Forbes Street on Darlinghurst Road, a scruffy, smelly young man approached me.

'Do you want to get on? I can get you on right now. I can get you on for a half-weight.' He was talking about half a weighted gram of heroin.

'OK,' I said, concealing a smile. 'Show me the gear.'

From inside his filthy jacket came a half-weight of heroin. I looked closely. It sure looked like heroin. I decided I better push this hard.

'Sweet, how much?' I asked.

'Eight hundred,' said the smelly one.

'OK, done.' I slid my hand into my pants pocket as if to retrieve my wallet to complete the deal. I placed my hands around my undercover issued Smith and Wesson five-shot revolver which, with a short barrel, easily fitted inside my fist for times when I needed it. Up close, where all undercover work happened, I would have backed my five-shot to kill over any other gun. Because of the small size, you always had the element of surprise if you kept your cool: a perfect

street weapon for a hole like Kings Cross.

So as I pulled my pretend wallet out of my right pocket, the five-shot wrapped in the inside of my fist, I said to my smelly drug dealer, 'I'm the police. You're under arrest, fuckwit.'

I took half a step back and pointed the five-shot at his upper torso. He started to cry and dropped to his knees. His smell suddenly became even more unbearable. I saw an expanding dark stain around the crotch area of his jeans. He had pissed and shat himself. This is one of the downsides to the element of surprise.

'Empty your pockets before your shit gets all over everything,' I said. 'Do it fucking quickly.'

Out came eight half-weights of heroin and \$3000 in cash.

Then he started to cry, 'I got told I'd be alright here.'

'What do you mean "alright?"' I said.

'We've been told that it's alright to sell gear here, that we won't get touched.'

'Who told you that bullshit?' The five-shot was still trained on the kneeling drug dealer. I kicked the heroin and cash back towards me.

'Just a bloke that supplies us told us that the cops were sweet.'

I shook my head.

'That's bullshit my friend. You're under arrest. Are you going to walk back properly or do I have to drag you back by the hair.'

The dealer knew when to behave. 'I'm sorry boss, no problems from me.'

I picked up the drugs and the money and we headed back to the station. Dressed as I was, I had to ask him: 'Mate, given the fact that it's broad daylight and I am in a suit, what on earth possessed you to try and sell a half weight of hammer to someone like me?'

The smelly dealer was clearly straining. 'Boss, you look like a lawyer or a doctor or a businessman. There's heaps of sick cunts in suits up here with The Wall, the courts and St Vinnies.'

He was, of course, referring to the courts I'd just testified at, St Vincent's Hospital and a Darlinghurst spot know as 'The Wall'.

The Wall is a historic convict-constructed sandstone wall which runs from Oxford Street, north along the western side of Darlinghurst Road for about 200 metres. Like most other beautiful things in the area, drugs have destroyed the reputation of the wall, and it is now a notorious location for male prostitution and drug dealing.

The dealer went on, 'And everything, they want everything and they're loaded. But boss, I got told that I'd be sweet up here. I got told I wouldn't get touched.'

'Who told you that?'

'Sir, just some friends, they know someone, they said it was sweet.'

This conversation triggered my suspicion that Kings Cross and Darlinghurst Police stations were deeply involved in the drug trade. It fitted perfectly: junkies everywhere, increasing incidence of overdoses, brazen daytime drug dealing and the cops in charge tearing up the town in a bad way.

The dealer who offered me the half-weight was charged, pleaded guilty and got 18 months. I didn't bother asking Churchill about the dealer's claims of immunity: he'd find out soon enough without me shouting it out from the rooftops as though I was pretending to be some sort of white knight.

That incident confirmed that dealers were selling large quantities of drugs to these junkies for them to sell on and reaping huge money from them. The drugs of choice in the marketplace were speed, heroin and cocaine. They were always available and a lot of the junkies were using 'speed balls'—an injection of a mixture of all three drugs.

Street-level crime was out of control and assault and robbery was the favoured method to finance drug habits. Junkies assaulted and robbed each other, local residents and tourists with great enthusiasm. Paul Hogan, Greg Norman and other celebrities that had been hired to trumpet the wonders of Australia, and in particular Sydney, at the time, never advertised this side of life. Several poor bastards would save their money and come to Sydney, only to be at considerable risk of being belted and robbed. I was amazed at the inaction.

It was clear to me that Churchill was the principal figure responsible for the

franchising of drug-dealing areas around the Cross and Darlo.

Drug dealing is linked to so much of the activity in Kings Cross, you can't really talk about it in isolation to the other criminal activities there. Prostitution and the sex trade walk hand in hand with the drug trade.

Roslyn Smith was a fair skinned and auburn haired woman. Ros's childhood was scarred by personal and domestic violence. She had been the victim of familial sexual abuse before she had even commenced menstruation.

Ros was a prostitute in a triangle roughly bordered by Darlinghurst Road, Lankelly Place and Orwell Street. A heroin-addict, Ros was well known for her economic vocabulary, explaining, 'I'm so fucked up, you wouldn't believe it.'

Ros was a bulky girl who through a combination of accident and planning made a unique niche for herself as a stripper and burlesque dancer. When we talk dancing in the Cross, we are not talking about the Can Can or the Moulin Rouge in Paris. Ros was a simple and uneducated creature who inhabited the dark world of seedy back lanes and bedsit brothels in Kings Cross. She knew nothing of the lavish musical adventure of the colourful European world of Toulouse-Lautrec.

Ros used the bedsit brothels above Abe Saffron's Venus Room in Orwell Street, Kings Cross for her prostitution work. She got into the habit of scoring heroin in the Venus Room nightclub between paid sexual engagements. She discovered that she loved a beer and the Venus Room rocked all of the time. That suited her. The Venus Room was desperado central.

The transvestites who worked at Les Girls would come into the Venus Room for a beer after their shows. There was a small stage directly opposite the bar and even though it was hard to see because of the bushfire-like effect of all of the cigarette smoke in the room, the trannies, ever the performers would get up on stage and have a dance.

Ros watched the trannies and their dance moves and had a go, dancing on the stage. The crowd was hooting and hollering. She loved the response. In a display that was designed to put the trannies in their place Ros stripped showing the increasingly raucous crowd that she was indeed, all woman or as she put it, 'See real tits and a real cunt! Not pretend.'

The dancing improved her confidence and helped in the cash department as well. After she finished dancing she had blokes lining up as clients. Cash was king for Ros as she edged towards her own 15 minutes of fame.

I remember one night in 1987 when Ros was doing her dance. She stripped and seemed to be having fun waving her genitalia at the boozed up Venus Room crowd. All of a sudden she stopped mid-pelvic thrust and picked up sheets of a newspaper which had been rolled up into a wick. She placed the wick horizontally up between her legs so that it half extended forwards from her vagina and the back half came out towards her arse. There was a train-wreck silence from the audience as they watched Ros take a cigarette lighter and set both ends of the newspaper wick alight. When on fire, the music started again and Ros twisted everything with great energy and she made the fire go front ways, sideways, backwards and seemingly inside out. It was the birth of Ros and the Dance of the Flaming A. The crowd went off.

The unbelievable aspect to it was that it became a regular feature of the Venus Room's entertainment. They never needed to employ a bill poster, everyone knew and no-one said a thing to the authorities, or so it seemed.

The cops never bothered about Ros and her dance or the Venus Room generally. It was subsequently alleged by James Anderson in the Wood Royal Commission into the New South Wales Police Service that monetary arrangements had been made with police to forget about the Venus Room. Ros continued her dance of the Flaming A. That is until her heroin addiction ended her life.

Although she was a heroin addict and prostitute it was clear that she never had one chance in her sad and short existence on this planet. Ros died of a heroin overdose in 1993. If anyone bothered to buy her a headstone the epitaph should have read 'No-one gave a fuck.'

Another prostitute was known as Rangi Kangi. The New Zealand All Blacks rugby team lost a potential world-beater when the six-and-a-half-feet tall Maori Rangi Kangi decided to bolt to the seediest of dives in Kings Cross, where in no particular order he became a transvestite prostitute addicted to heroin and

amphetamines.

During the day, Rangi was a polite person, which changed completely if you spoke to him at night. Addled by narcotics and alcohol, his manners went out the window after sunset.

Rangi was something of a minor legend in the Kings Cross area. When dressed in drag with full make-up he looked like a cross between the singer Grace Jones and an exotic beauty from deep in the Congo.

To my everlasting amusement I would see Rangi struggling home around 5am after a night of hooking unsuspecting dimwitted suburban boys who believe everything they see on their big trip to Kings Cross.

By 5am the lipstick had taken a few knocks and he took on the appearance of a crazy clown with the beginnings of his day stubble beginning to pierce the remnants of his make up. As he stumbled up the street heavily intoxicated by alcohol and narcotics I found his gait hilarious as he attempted to manoeuvre inch by inch to his dive whilst still wearing stilettos.

Although highly amusing, Rangi was also a dangerous assailant. He regularly combined his transvestite skills with violence which caused utter mayhem for his stupid clients and later for the hospitals and cops around the area.

Rangi was blessed with a physique usually allocated to the gods of sport. His arms, for instance, were much longer than usual and extended right down past his mid-thigh, almost to his knees. Sadly, 'Rangi the Trannie' was addicted to drugs and spent all of his income on them. This meant that he couldn't afford the body changes other transvestities had, such as hormone treatment and the big big snip—referred to in polite circles as gender reallocation. Both treatments cost a packet of dough.

His dilemma was that in his occupation of posing as a female prostitute, he lacked a pre-requisite functioning vagina. In a display of Da Vinci-like inventiveness he applied his physical gift of long arms in an unusual but ultimately money-making enterprise.

When he trapped a stupid, naïve and usually extremely drunk man into the paid sexual transactions he adopted the submissive missionary position. As

Rangi manoeuvred onto his back he pushed his penis and testes hard up between his legs thus hiding them from obvious view. Then with an Inspector Gadget style he positioned his arms and hands under his buttocks. He pushed his hands up from underneath and between his legs and, using his football-sized palms, he held his hands together, very efficiently mimicking the human vagina. The client would insert his penis into Rangi's faux vagina and Rangi would then contract the muscles in his hands, wrists and palms to mimic the contraction and expansion of the muscles of the vaginal wall. The guy thought he was having unprotected vaginal sex with an exotic female creature, when in reality all he received was a unique 'hand job' from a large Maori drug addict.

Most of Rangi's clients were lucky if that was all that happened.

If the man concluded that all was not what it seemed, violence inevitably occurred. In these instances, Rangi changed from a girlie whore to a thug and would ferociously beat up the complaining man. When the man was disabled by the ferocity of Rangi's violence, he would then be robbed.

One Saturday night in the heat of summer, in January 1989, I was in the night-shift Detectives car for the whole of the inner city. The Cross was full of partying drunks. One such group was some beefy footballers from Manly out on a buck's night drinking session. One of the men was due to be married to his sweetheart the following Saturday.

The Manly boys had been drinking all day and were highly intoxicated before they even considered crossing the harbour to party in the Cross. From the accounts some of them later gave me they just about drank The Steyne Hotel dry before causing trouble and being bounced out of the hotel by security. By the time they arrived at the Cross they were thirsty all over again, looking to party and looking for trouble.

The Manly boys, through their beer-goggled eyes, spotted Rangi the Trannie on the stroll in Darlinghurst Road. They all thought she was most exotic and beautiful creature they had ever seen—certainly nothing like Rangi existed in Manly.

The boys immediately decided to shout the buck a parting sexual shot with

Rangi the Trannie in celebration of his upcoming betrothal to his loved one. Rangi took the buck to his filthy boudoir above the Venus Room in Orwell Street, Kings Cross. The rest of the Manly boys continued drinking downstairs in the Venus Room nightclub.

Only half a schooner later the partying sounds of laughter and loud music were drowned out by screams of 'let me put it in, let me put it in you fucking black bitch' then there was the sound of smashing furniture and bodies. The Manly boys knew there were big problems and raced out of the bar. They found their buck lying on the footpath in Orwell Street in a mixture of pooled blood and vomit and for the trifecta he had pissed his pants.

One of the less intoxicated members of the group had the foresight to place the buck in the recovery position and clear his throat of the remnants of vomit. This prevented him from choking to death on his own vomit. What are mates for?

The buck was raced to St. Vincent's Hospital and I was called to interview him at his bedside a short time after. I found him lying in a bed, the nurses had removed his bloodied and piss stained clothes and put him in white surgical gown. He really needed fumigating not stitching but I was only the cop not the doctor.

His head was swollen to around the size of a football. I asked him what happened and he did not hold back. I wrote it down in my notebook. For a moment I wondered what life was like as an inspector from the Fair Trading Department because this victim in the bed had absolutely no clue that he had been given one of Sydney's most unique hand jobs immediately prior to complaining to Rangi about penetration problems.

Like most things that are very funny or very sad they are usually disclosed in circumstances where you are not able to laugh or cry out loud. This was one of those times. I arranged to have my victim make a formal statement of complaint upon his release from hospital. He was most indignant that the full force of the law was not weighing down on the 'fucking black bitch'.

Again I bit my tongue whilst marvelling at the naivety and arrogance of the

middle class. I assured the buck that we had a solid idea of the offender but I thought it was best to have his head injuries treated prior to making a statement. The buck was still very uppity but understood. I left St. Vincent's and set about tracking down one very large Maori transvestite.

My first port of call was the Cosmopolitan Coffee lounge in Darlinghurst Road. It was about 4.30am and the air was still hot from the radiant heat of the burning summer days that were piling up end on end. The Cosmo made the best espresso and it was fun to sit there because all of Bill Bayeh's street dealers suddenly decided not to come in. They were rightly scared of being searched and arrested.

Bill and Louis Bayeh owned and operated the strip clubs, Porky's and The Love Machine, and the Cosmopolitan Coffee lounge. The strip clubs were slimy affairs, cheaply put together with strippers who, more often than not, had drug habits which meant they had to supplement their exotic dancing income with prostitution.

Around 5.00am I spotted Rangi struggling down Darlinghurst Road in stilettos. He seemed heavily intoxicated by either drugs or alcohol but knowing Rangi it was probably both.

Quickly and very quietly we rounded Rangi up and took him back to the Detectives' Office at Kings Cross. Before I made a search of Rangi's handbag I sprayed Hexafoam disinfectant up and down my hands and arms and placed on two sets of rubber gloves. I searched his bag then and found the buck's wallet. A search of the wallet revealed there was no cash but the buck's personal documents such as his driver's licence and credit cards and a picture of him and sweetheart were still intact. Rangi had only knocked off the cash. He had a fair amount in common with some cops I knew.

Rangi spun me a line that he had found the wallet in a garbage bin in Orwell Street, just the near the Venus Room earlier in the evening. Once again I had to suppress my urge to smirk. We tagged and released Rangi on the unofficial undertaking that he would present himself to our office the next evening.

Our next shift started on Sunday night at 6.00pm. About ten past six the still

very indignant buck arrived with his father and a mate I recognised from the previous night. The buck was ready to make a statement so I could lock up ‘the fucking black bitch’.

For complaints of assault and robbery to proceed, the prosecution requires a statement from a complainant. As I sat the buck and his posse, including his dad, down in the Detectives’ Office, I ran through the court processes and what was required of him in the provision of a statement.

Then I began interviewing the buck. He confirmed his naivety to me when he denied that any sexual conduct had taken place with him and ‘the fucking black bitch.’ At this point I morphed into my big brother persona. I told the buck that I knew he had had sexual intercourse with the dark woman that had robbed him. He agreed and his dad began to shake his head.

Then I explained to the buck that I had evidence that he probably did not have vaginal intercourse with the black woman. The buck’s mouth was open and he was staring at me. I seemed to have his attention.

‘What, what are you saying, there’s no way I stuck it up her arse,’ he spluttered.

‘No mate you didn’t stick it anywhere. You were given hand masturbation by a large Maori man; he has a trick where he uses his long arms and sticks them under his arse then squeezes his hands together like a vagina. That’s where you stuck your dick.’

Dad gasped. The buck got up and ran to the toilet. For the second time in less than 24 hours he was vomiting with great velocity. When he returned to the interview it was clear that as well as the vomit, he had been crying.

I turned big brother again. ‘Mate we’ve got your wallet with all your stuff but no cash. We know who the offender is but we need you to understand that you have to make a statement that will be available to the public at some time into the future and you may well be required to give evidence during legal proceedings. In legal proceedings there is a distinct possibility that you will be cross-examined. Now what do you want to do?’

It was just too much for dad. ‘You fucking idiots. You couldn’t stay and have

a barbecue, you had to come into this shithole. You could have been killed.'

The poor buck was teary again. 'I don't want to continue with this. I'm sorry,' he said as he trailed off into more tears. I gave him back his wallet, which I had placed inside two sealed plastic bags.

'If I might just give you some advice,' I said. 'Go to your doctor and have a blood test and get some antibiotics. Best of luck for next week.'

The buck thanked me and put out his hand for me to shake. I declined saying, 'Knowing where you have had that hand let's have a raincheck on the handshake until after the blood tests.' With that I farewelled my now very contrite friends from Manly. That was the last time I saw them.

Rangi the Trannie got away with this type of assault and robbery often because of the shame associated with a man having a paid sexual encounter with a transvestite and also because the transvestite then physically dominated the man with violence.

Rangi led a wasted life. He was addicted to heroin and amphetamines. I wondered if he had ever scored from Churchill.

It was just a never-ending episode of calamity capers when it came to Rangi, the courts and the cops. It continued until 1998 when he overdosed on a heroin-based mixture that he had purchased in Cabramatta. His loving family took his body back to New Zealand. They alone mourned for him and for his wasted life.

The law could never help Rangi with his drug addicted life. The police who were involved in the heroin and cocaine trade were also holding up the sex trade that sucked in sad characters like Rangi and Ros.

Initially, I thought the best way to respond to what I was seeing would be to instigate a formal inquiry. I soon cooled on this idea after reflecting just how poorly I had fared at the hands of the New South Wales Police. Little things, like my transfer requests not being met, made me realise I was not in favour with anyone high up. So I decided that the only way to deal with this problem was by myself, at least up until the point where I knew I had a solid case and could act.

I knew that the formality of an internal police inquiry would only mean one thing—a leak. Even with the test of time I can say that I came to the right

conclusion on this point. I simply could not afford a leak early on because it would have worked against me and given Churchill even more ammunition to set me up.

For a time I thought that I shouldn't do anything, that it was too risky. But I also hated thinking about innocent victims who were physically injured or frightened out of their minds during robberies that had been committed by insane junkies.

I also felt for the innocent families of the junkies, the mums and dads sitting at home waiting for their daughter or son to come home and be normal again.

The truth was that most of them finished up dead after an overdose or being bashed doing some risky deal, or a combination of the two. There were hardly any witnesses or investigations or conclusions: a life was snuffed out and the parents were left to suffer grief, indignity and humiliation for the rest of their lives.

I decided the best way ahead was to just start chipping away, bit by bit, accumulating evidence and see where it would lead me.

The first thing I did was to investigate, arrest and charge a good part of the junkie population around the Kings Cross area with a range of criminal and drug offences. Most were sent straight to gaol so a lot of the junkies were off the streets not annoying anyone—an immediate payoff.

I was having a reasonable run with my plan, but I had been kicked around too many times to believe in fairies at the bottom of the garden, and knew Larry Churchill and Chook Fowler would not be pleased at all. Fewer junkies on the street meant lower drugs sales, which meant less cash for them.

Up until this point there had never been any opportunities to take street crime and drug dealing by the scruff of the neck and shake the hell out of it. The dealers had no fear. They had no need to fear because, I believed and it was later proved, they were franchise drug suppliers for Larry Churchill.

I never saw Churchill or Fowler arrest and charge anyone. For a police station with the most out of control drug crime in Australia, there was a considerable lack of Detectives from our office attending court on a regular basis.

In fact, it appeared that the Detectives from Kings Cross barely seemed to know where the courthouses in the city region were located. Most of them had difficulty in preparing briefs of evidence for Criminal Court proceedings—a sure sign that there was little if any investigative activity occurring in the Kings Cross and Darlinghurst area—even the relatively senior police, with 10 years and more experience on the job. I asked myself, why?

I suspected that there had to be some sort of police-backed arrangement in place which allowed drug dealers to operate in the area. Hence there was no reason for the Detectives under the command of Churchill and Fowler to make waves.

Why should they bother to work for the people of New South Wales when it was easier, and probably safer, to work for the King of Goldenhurst, Larry Churchill?

CHAPTER 4

LIFE IN THE RAT'S NEST

‘I’m plugged in all over the fucking place. No job eh? Looks like you’re stuck with us.’

It didn’t take long for me to sense an undercurrent of mistrust towards me by my fellow Detectives at the station. I soon learnt that rumours about me being a spy for the NCA were spreading in the station. I assumed Churchill was spreading them. The timing related neatly to the arrest and conviction of the smelly drug dealer and general upward spike in drug-dealing arrests, which I had made.

According to the gossip, I had been a sensational undercover operative at the NCA and now I’d been sent to Kings Cross to break open the corrupt and criminal activities of Kings Cross Detectives.

‘Mate we’ve just heard you’re working for Internal Security. We’re worried,’ said one of the Detectives at the station, Steve Pentland.

‘What a load of shit,’ I said and looked him in the eyeball. ‘Why would you get locked up? You don’t do anything except drink piss every day. You should be punted for laziness.’

Pentland was a heavy drinker, even though he was only in his mid-20s. I knew I had to be careful, however, and not get set up or be goaded into providing an opinion that would mark me as either one of ‘them’ or one of ‘us’. I had made a promise to myself that I would not allow my level of discipline to slip whereby I would be caught out. It was difficult though and I was increasingly uncomfortable in my role at work.

Churchill became paranoid quickly and that’s when I saw the bully in him come out. He started to test me to see where I stood. One morning, I walked back into the office at 11.30am after being out on a job when I saw Churchill

sitting at his desk drinking Moët & Chandon champagne.

He laughed at me and said, 'You silly cunt, you might have tried to lock up Tom Domican with your faggot mates at the NCA, but don't think we don't know what you're up to.' That sort of language was second nature to him. At times like this I hoped that the Kings Cross Detectives' Office was bugged. If it wasn't, it should have been, just for moments like this.

'Laz,' I said casually. 'You've thrown too much piss into yourself before lunchtime. I'm glad you know what's doing.'

Churchill laughed. I walked to my desk. On my desk was a note asking me to contact the investigative recruitment manager for the Independent Commission Against Corruption (ICAC).

The telephone number appeared to be genuine. I dialled it. The phone answered and I spoke to the recruitment manager for ICAC.

'My name is Glen McNamara. I'm from Kings Cross Detectives. I got a message to ring you.'

There was silence on the other end of the line. It was one of those awkward moments when you feel the eyes of the world are on you.

'I'm sorry Mr McNamara we didn't leave you a message. This is our private line. How did you get this number?'

Churchill and Nev Scullion watched eagerly for my reaction. I tried to play it as cool as I could.

'I'm unsure, I will call you back.' I put the phone down.

Churchill spluttered, 'I'm plugged in all over the fucking place. No job eh? Looks like you're stuck with us.'

My heart skipped a beat. I was shocked at how easily I'd been betrayed.

I decided to keep Nev Scullion at arms length from now on. It proved to be a wise choice.

Ten minutes later, I collared Scullion.

'Nev, what's the story with this bullshit message?'

Scullion smiled and said, 'Mate you want to be a spy don't you?'

'Nev, this'll finish in tears for you. You need to pull up.'

I knew now that some of the mud about me being a spy was sticking and that Churchill, using Scullion and Pentland, was getting back at me for the drop in his cash flow. Locking up drug users affected Churchill badly—he was losing his customer base, because when I was at work, they were all in gaol.

There was no doubt about the message I was receiving from Churchill, and I suspected also from Fowler: give up and fold in with us.

The fact that the telephone number which had been written in the message book was the direct telephone number for the manager at ICAC showed they had gone to some effort to carry out their little joke. The direct number was not a published telephone number in any law enforcement guides. The fact that Churchill was present, sipping on Moet and laughing when I got the little joke, was also a message that the odds were being stacked against me.

I was still hoping for a transfer and an offer did come one morning in early 1989. I was working in the office at King's Cross when I received a telephone call from a senior officer named Col Campbell. I had worked with Campbell at the NCA and he'd been transferred from there and was now a senior officer in the New South Wales Police Internal Security Unit (ISU), the so-called toe cutting section of Internal Affairs.

'I'm running a team here at ISU,' he said. 'And I'd love to have you come and work here. We could give you some undercover work, but a lot of it will be straight up investigative work. You know from your days at the NCA just how many crooked cops we've got in NSW. Do you want to think about coming down here and working with me?'

Col Campbell was and is a decent and hardworking man, honourable and truthful, a guy who could be trusted. But I had been burned by police politics and hated the way in which corruption was used as a political weapon to send careers to great heights or greater depths. I wanted to stay away from that nasty game. I had seen enough of it at the NCA.

'Col, I really will have to think about it.' I told him that I was very flattered and I'd consider it over the next few days, but that I was waiting for a placement at the Bureau of Crime Intelligence (BCI). I believed that our conversation and

the matters discussed had been private. How wrong I was. Churchill and Fowler somehow knew about the call from Campbell.

I was called into Fowler's office soon after. Fowler sat behind his desk. Unattended paperwork and crime reports sat untidily on top of it wedged between half filled coffee cups. Churchill sat next to him. They were smiling as I entered the office but their body language was more negative: their arms were folded and their foreheads were creased in frowns. I sat on the opposite side of the desk.

'What's doing boss?' I said to Fowler, trying to be casual.

Fowler got straight to the point.

'We've heard you just had a job offer from those cunts at ISU. Why don't the three of us go to lunch and have a talk?'

Edging back to the door I said, 'I've got a lot of work on at the moment. Can it be next week?'

Chook Fowler was almost always in a good mood. Suddenly the happy and carefree Chook disappeared and he stopped smiling.

'We know you've had those fuckin' weak dog cunts on the phone to you, wanting you to go work for them,' continued Chook. 'Let me tell you something smartarse. Nothing happens here without us knowing. We're plugged in at Internal Affairs.'

Churchill moved uncomfortably in his chair. He stared at Fowler, as if passing some secret message.

Then Churchill spoke up. 'Listen, let's talk at lunch. You'll either play it our way or it won't work at all for you. I can load you up at a moment's notice.'

A thousand thoughts passed through my head in what seemed a long time but was probably only a second or so. Fear was welling inside me, but the thought of 'fuck you' was also dominant. I'd never crossed the line, never done anything corrupt. They had me where they wanted me, though, and there was no use telling them my true feelings so I smiled and said, 'So where's lunch? I'm not paying. You blokes asked me.'

Relief swept across both their faces. Chook leaned back in the heavy-duty

leather bound 'boss' chair, his gut, grown from too many long lunches, was exposed and the chair groaned under the weight. He smiled and said, 'We've made a booking for the three of us at the Sebel. How does that sound to you?'

'Great,' I replied. They had booked the restaurant before they had even spoken to me.

We walked down the hill to the Sebel Townhouse in Kings Cross and into the restaurant. The maître d' fawned over Churchill like a mother of a long lost son. We were seated at a spacious table with views across the restaurant to its entry door and out onto Elizabeth Bay Road. No-one was seated nearby and very few people could see us—it was the perfect position, difficult for anyone to listen in or conduct surveillance.

'How do you know that Campbell cunt?' Churchill began immediately.

'He's not a cunt, you know. I worked with him, he's alright,' I offered casually.

Churchill was agitated, 'Where did you work with him?'

Sensing Churchill already knew the answer I replied, 'The NCA, but I thought you knew that.'

His glare intensified, 'The NCA are just like the dogs at ISU, they're cunts too.'

'Campbell's a good guy,' I said. 'What's your problem with him?'

Fowler moaned, 'It's not him exactly. It's all of those blokes at ISU. They're just fuckwits and he's one of them.'

In 1985 Larry Churchill had been recognised by his masters for his outstanding Detective work and was seconded to the Police Internal Affairs Unit, investigating corruption in the force.

There was never any inquiry into why Churchill received the Internal Affairs posting and learned the trade secrets of an internal Police investigation. It was akin to giving a monkey a loaded gun. What he learned was only ever used by him for his benefit.

Churchill loved working at Internal Affairs. He told me during his work there he developed a valuable network of highly ranked internal contacts and had

learned the weak points in Police management.

‘I can’t help having worked with him,’ I said. ‘Anyway, I am still waiting for a transfer to the BCI, so I won’t be working with Campbell.’ I was hoping they might back off after hearing this. They did.

The fact they got so hyped up the moment their little empire seemed threatened told me that I could control them by giving them the information they wanted to hear.

Churchill’s hostility wasn’t over. He glared at me, ‘What do you fucking mean? Why say that? Do you want someone to kill you? I just told you that anyone who locks up coppers are cunts. No exceptions. You don’t want to work with this Campbell cunt ... fine. Go to BCI but you’ll never have anyone looking out for you. You may be too stupid to know this but everyone thinks you’re a sleeper, a spy from Internal Security or the NCA or somewhere. They all think you’re here to lock them up.’

‘Well are you?’ Churchill said directly.

‘No, I’m not,’ I said.

Churchill kept at it. ‘What if you don’t go to the BCI?’

‘You’re stuck with me,’ I said. ‘I don’t know if I’ll ever get there so I’d like to make the Cross as comfortable as possible.’ This seemed to hit the right note with Churchill and Chook. ‘You can include me. I’m no threat.’

The lunch proved to be very productive for me. It seemed I had passed this nasty test and also learned how to operate Churchill and Chook. Both guys were now convinced that I would at least be silent about their ongoing rorts, suggesting that I might even be part of the action. The key to both guys seemed to be money. They didn’t like anyone standing between them and the opportunity for cash.

I wanted to find out exactly how and when Churchill and Fowler came to learn of the Campbell call even before I received it. Not only did they know about the call and its contents, they had formulated an intimidating plan to crush me. I wasn’t about to ask directly as I didn’t want to push my luck.

It turned out I didn’t have to ask, as Churchill’s ego was unable to control his

mouth.

‘I know everyone at ISU, I’ve got mates there and they let me know everything. How do you think we knew that you were going to get a phone call from Campbell? We control them from the inside so they don’t get anywhere with any job on us. Anyone who wants to lock up Police is a complete cunt. I’ve got plenty of mates that work there and they think the same.’

Churchill had spilled the contents of his wine glass, a Hunter River Chardonnay, on his tie and the front of his shirt. Wet with the wine, the cotton of his shirt stuck to his chest. It took a lot of self control from my end to keep it together, so I focused on his face and looked him directly in the eyes as I listened, pretending not to notice.

Churchill appeared to accept I was malleable and the mood settled as the lunch went on.

The lunch ended in The Bourbon and Beefsteak with a couple of palate cleansing Heinekens. When I left Chook and Larry soon after, they were in animated discussion, both laughing. I felt relieved and muttered to myself, ‘Thank fuck for that’. I’d passed the test.

CHAPTER 5

BAIT

‘Now we have an understanding. We work together.’

It took me a few months at ‘Goldenhurst’ to get familiar with the surroundings and the players.

I married my beautiful bride Cheryl in Sydney on 6 August 1988. None of my colleagues from Kings Cross Police got an invite. Although Cheryl knew the basics of the two years’ work I had been doing, the only person who knew in any reasonable amount of detail about the job was my father. Dad developed a particular dislike for Detective Sergeant Churchill. Even at the age Dad was when I married Cheryl, he could still more than hold his own physically and I had never forgotten his ability operating a gaff on a thrashing shark. It was probably a good thing that Churchill wasn’t invited.

By mid 1988 I was regularly arresting and charging dealers in the area. I was on a roll and the collars kept mounting into 1989.

You didn’t have to be blind to realise Churchill was the man in charge. He was unhappy. As his customer base vanished, so did his profits. I’d put a lot of them in Long Bay Gaol and they were out of his reach. The King of Goldenhurst had no rule at Long Bay and couldn’t green light his drug suppliers to sell there. Churchill was only as good as the street protection he could offer around the drug holes of Kings Cross, Darlinghurst and Redfern.

I could sense trouble brewing. On a few occasions when I came to work I noticed my desk drawer had been opened and \$50 notes placed on top, in plain view. Could it be that I had a secret admirer intent on spoiling me? No. It was Churchill.

The ‘drawer prank’ continued for a month and whenever I found it this way

Churchill and Fowler were in the office looking at me and grinning. My hot temper never needed a proper reason to blow and I was battling to control it. I needed to win the fight not just a round. So seeing the grinning thieves who pretended to be my bosses I grinned back and made a show of putting the fifties in my pocket. Immediately there was reciprocal smiling from the Goldenhurst lads. A win.

Crocodiles appear to smile immediately prior to attack. I always locked my desk drawer but the fifties were still able to make their night-time visits. I knew then I needed to be careful, very, very careful. Things were about to blow. I could smell it.

The provocation intensified. I came into work early. Larry Churchill was in the office. He was smiling. The same story. I saw my desk drawer open. The night before I had locked it and now a bundle of fifties were lying lazily in there.

Churchill, with his best crocodile grin said, 'Mate you're going well. Geez you're locking up some junkies. Why don't you relax and go and enjoy yourself. By the way, you should keep that drawer locked with all that money you've got stashed in there. I'd hate to see those low dogs from Internal Affairs make a surprise visit.'

Churchill spun a master key on a key ring. Boldly telling me he would open any lock of mine any time he felt like it.

Churchill smirked, 'You never know what sort of other rubbish someone might find in your locked drawer.'

Biting my tongue, I mumbled, 'Yeah thanks for the tip.'

Churchill waddled off, master key still spinning on his key ring as he rounded the corner and disappeared out of sight.

The game was definitely on. Overtaken by rage, I had to cool my hot head.

All of my instincts screamed at me to hit Churchill. If I had done that I would have lost the war. I had locked up men who had exploded in the way I felt like exploding. I could understand them, even feel sorry for them. They had bitten the ears and noses off of people, gouged out their eyes and tongues—people under pressure who go violently insane for a brief moment. Seconds later they

are back to normal but with an enormous trail of damage that leads straight to them.

No. I had to put the brakes on myself.

I blamed myself. I could be at the Stick Ups with my mate from the pub; I could have left and gone fishing up north on a trawler. I had to make the best of where I was. I had to be resilient. When Churchill made the right mistake I would take him. I would win, not Churchill. No other outcome was acceptable.

I felt a growing frustration with my situation. I was sure that Churchill was involved in drug dealing and the franchising of drug dealers around the inner city. However there was no evidence. I needed solid, admissible evidence. Imagination and gossip don't cut it. That's why collecting evidence is so tough. You cannot make someone give you evidence. Churchill's threat that something 'bad' might go into my locked desk drawer was a none too subtle hint that my desk would be loaded with gear which could be found in an IA sweep.

By not taking any action I was passing a 'can he be trusted?' test. The crude placement of money was designed to spook me; or to see me run off and complain to Internal Affairs only to have them report the complaint back before I got back to the office to find my desk loaded with drugs. My no-reaction strategy must have impressed Churchill.

My one advantage was that Churchill had spent very little time working on jobs to realise what constituted admissible evidence. He never considered that was what I was waiting for. He soon pushed on with his drug-dealing program.

I soon learned Churchill not only franchised drug dealing but he was a big supplier in his own right.

I looked closely at Chook Fowler. He appeared to be involved in the drug dealing franchising of the Kings Cross area, but I only had a strong suspicion, not direct evidence. Any search for direct evidence would bring me to the attention of Churchill and I could not afford that. Should I really talk to Chook about my concerns with Churchill? I looked at them together smashing beers and bourbons into themselves during happy hour at The Bourbon and Beefsteak. No.

I did nothing to Churchill. I fitted in. Soon enough, it was drinks after work at

The Bourbon and Beefsteak with the cool crowd. That drinking group consisted of Larry Churchill, Ricky Hazel, Chook Fowler, Steve Pentland and Alan Saunders.

Alan Saunders, Big Al to those who knew him, was the upper middle level drug dealer that Churchill had caught for himself on a night-time jaunt around the slums of Redfern.

Big Al was doing his best to fit in. I was amazed watching Churchill attempt to explain Saunders's presence amongst a group of cops socialising.

After a chat one day with Saunders I realised why Churchill kept him so close.

Saunders said, his tone seething, 'Fucking Larry, he snipped me for 10 grand and he took all of my gear and made me buy it back. Now we have an understanding. We work together.'

Sensing a new source, I probed. 'Larry hates sharing. Did he dud you much or was it fair?'

'The uniform bobbies grabbed me up. I had about 20 grand's worth of gear and a bit over ten in cash,' he countered. 'Larry sent me home with 200 bucks and a debt to buy back the gear he found. What do you reckon?'

'So, you are working this off or what?' I probed.

'Larry's hooked up everywhere. Me and my guys won't get touched. I have to pay him like rent but it's so worth it. He told me he had some big job on soon. I think he wants you and me to work together.'

This was good. I was getting the information I wanted. 'Sounds good. How much gear are we talking about?'

'Larry reckons plenty. It's speed. He's mates with some fag that's been cooking it and one of this guy's fag mates got caught. I told Larry that he should just rip the fag off but Larry said he can't because he's connected to this fag guy and the guy is also connected to all of these important legal people.'

I nearly swallowed my schooner glass listening as Saunders told me Churchill's drug-dealing connections.

'That sounds good. Sounds like there's proper cash involved,' I replied.

'You're right. Tons of cash,' he confirmed. Saunders began to laugh.

‘Some of Larry’s blokes are fuckwits. They can’t keep their mouths shut. Who else is involved?’ I asked.

Saunders appeared thoughtful, ‘Just us I think. I told him that I didn’t want that space cadet anywhere near it. He’d probably use all the gear and we’d never see a dollar’.

‘Space cadet, who?’ I asked.

‘You know young Steve, what’s his name. Pentland. He’s a space cadet mate, he’s not with us. I think he could be sampling Larry’s gear a bit much.’ Sanders laughed.

We made a deal to keep in touch, but only with and through Churchill.

In the life of an undercover detective, role-playing and contingency planning are vital. You have to act the part, and play along with the criminal so that they believe you are one of them. Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn’t work at all. Ask one of my best friends from my undercover days. He is the only cop in the history of the New South Wales Police to have been pensioned out of the cops because he was suffering a work related addiction to cocaine. He didn’t become addicted to coke because he was sitting behind a desk in a high ranking job at Police Headquarters.

Contingency planning is about knowing what to do when a job turns to shit—and sometimes you just have to wing it. The information that Larry Churchill was a major player in drug dealing was astounding although I had already suspected something was going on. I had to make sure to keep Saunders straight on the topic when we spoke. I’d convinced him that I was in, but I still couldn’t pull the trigger on their operation because apart from a drug dealer’s say so, at that stage, I still had no evidence of real value.

I was definitely ‘winging it’ from now on with Churchill. I had no assessors, planners, and no-one to turn to. I was undercover, but I was operating on my own. Mentioning Churchill’s scam to anyone in the police at this stage was too risky. It was a bad plan but the alternative was to be forced into being a drug mule and Schuey hadn’t taught me to do that.

I had told Saunders to make sure he told Churchill about our talk at The

Bourbon and Beefsteak and to highlight to Churchill that I was very keen.

Even though I knew he was a drug dealer, there was something about Alan Saunders that made him a reasonable guy. He never threatened me with any violence, he was easy to do business with. He worked at night, all night, every night and never saw the light of day. With his jet black hair and pale skin, I couldn't help but think of him as a drug-dealing vampire. Ironically, compared to Detective Sergeant Churchill, I found Saunders trustworthy. He did as I asked and passed on the details of our chat to Churchill. It worked like five magic blue pills on an old man's soft cock.

I walked into the office the next morning thinking I had done as much as possible to get Churchill to jump. When I got there he was more than jumping.

'Mate can I see you,' he said excitedly.

'Yeah, no worries.'

Churchill escorted me to the garage of the building, nicknamed the 'Bat Cave' because of the concrete slabs on the floor and in the ceiling and lots of space in between. You could talk without risk of being bugged. As soon as Churchill took me into the Bat Cave I knew had him interested in the bait.

Churchill smiled, 'Mate you and Al seemed to be having a good talk last night. What do you think of him?'

'Seemed like a good guy,' I replied.

Churchill was no virgin. I forced the pace.

'He mentioned you might have something you want me and him to do.' I continued, 'I told him I thought it would be good.'

Churchill's smile was wider now. 'Mate. Mate, that is fucking terrific. Are you around for lunch today?'

'I'm in the middle of a committal hearing of those bikies I charged after the shootout in William Street. Remember that one?' I replied.

'Oh fuck,' a look of disappointment swept briefly across his face.

'I'll get you picked up right at one o'clock; they'll bring you to lunch.'

Then Churchill laughed. 'You spend your life at court. Soon you'll learn you don't need to do that shit.'

‘I’m ready,’ I replied my mind ticking over at the thought of what I was on the verge of.

We walked back into the office and I got ready for court. I got there early. I had to get out of the office, away from Churchill. I needed to think.

CHAPTER 6

BITE

‘This gear is so fucking strong it’d kill a fucking horse. It’s like 110 per cent. We can put some legs in it and double our profit. Make two million bucks.’

The morning at court flew by and soon it was 1.00pm. I smelled the beery breath of Steve Pentland sitting behind me. ‘Mate, will this be finished soon? Lazza’s got lunch organised for you.’

Ten minutes later court was adjourned until 2.00pm.

‘Let’s go,’ I told Steve.

Around the block, then up William Street. Pentland made a right-hand turn over the top of the Kings Cross tunnel and then southbound into trendy Victoria Street, Darlinghurst. The car pulled up at the front of Bo Bo’s—a favourite retreat for Churchill.

Bo Bo’s was located up a set of stairs that must have been 45 degrees. The one way entrance was physically perfect to foil surveillance. On top of this, Churchill had pestered Bo Bo’s owner into accessing a key for the rear door for that quick escape.

I bounced up the stairs. I was inspecting Churchill and his lunch guests by the time a now breathless Steve shuffled into the dining area.

‘Glen, these are two of my best friends. I’ve been telling them how you might be able to help them,’ said Churchill. ‘They’ve got a problem. I’ve done all the work but I need your help. So mate this is Rob and this is Col.’

Before me sat Robert Joseph Dunn and Colin John Fisk. I didn’t realise then that Rob and Col were drug-dealing paedophiles. Graham Fowler was nowhere to be seen.

I extended my hand to both of them. Dunn's handshake betrayed a weak feminine man. Fisk's shone 'super gay' but with a menacing edge.

'Hi Glen so lovely to meet you,' Dunn moaned as he spoke. 'Larry's told us so much about you. I hope you can help.'

'Dolly' Dunn was a small but rotund. He was puffy under the eyes with a couple of chins and prominent jowl. He reminded me of the type of old queen you would find in the make-up department of an amateur theatre.

I only had an hour. Churchill knew this. I could push hard. 'What's the problem?' I said. 'How do you want me to help?'

Dunn blurted out, 'That new fucking DEA [Drug Enforcement Agency] hit my place. We've been cooking speed. They got about half a kilo in the house. My boyfriend was there. They grabbed him. Now he's in gaol. I had buried the bulk of the speed—about one kilo. It's buried in my backyard. The DEA didn't go in the backyard. I had dogs so they didn't search. I want to get my boyfriend out of gaol. Larry says I need to sell the speed. Larry reckons he can bribe the Judge to get him bail and then we can piss off. The speed's worth a lot of money. I'm prepared to pay well. Ask Larry I have paid well, very well, before. Can we do it?'

The DEA, the had taken over from the old State Drug Squad.

I looked at Churchill. I was serious. 'Looks like you've done some work on this mate.'

'That's right,' he replied. 'That fucking DEA. Too stupid to take a good look. You know Dolly; I would have just shot those dogs of yours and had a good look around. That's just me though. I've told Dolly about your background and that we can do this together. We need to get the rest of the gear. Sell it. We take our whack and I'll bribe the Judge. Dolly's boyfriend can get bail and piss off. Everyone's happy. It'll work.'

'Rob, I know that Larry can bribe the Judge, but we need to have this gear turned into cash,' I said to Dunn. 'Larry, what do you want me to do?'

'You make sure Dolly gets the gear to Alan Saunders who can sell it. Keep an eye on Al and his dealers. You collect all the cash. When I get back we'll whack

it up,' said Churchill.

Whack it up was the term for sharing out all the cash and making sure everyone gets their cut.

'What are you going to have Col do?' I queried.

Colin Fisk smiled and answered even though I had asked Churchill the question. 'I know everyone. I report to Larry. We've been friends for ever.'

Churchill was the true King of Goldenhurst. He had cut Fowler out of a lucrative loop.

I had a quick spaghetti, and delivered the preplanned excuse about getting back to court at 2.00pm. Pentland was going to drive me back.

I left Churchill, Dolly and Col armed with balloon-sized wine glasses filled with wine. I felt sorry for the bartender.

If I had been wired up over lunch Churchill, Dolly and Col would have been locked up by now. Evidence was still a problem, but I had progressed rapidly.

Back at court the afternoon whizzed by. Soon it was 4.00pm. I arrived back at the station just in time for a discussion about cocktail hour. Churchill had phoned in to check if I was there and to say he would meet us straight from his lunch date at Bo Bo's.

I wandered into The Bourbon and Beef about 5.00pm. Pentland shoved an icy Heineken into my hand, 'Larry is just over there.' Churchill, Fowler, and Scullion were huddled in a group. I walked over to them.

Churchill spotted me. He shoved a second icy Heineken into my spare hand. 'Have that mate. How did you go at court?'

He laughed and continued. 'Oh I don't really give a fuck about that. Come over here mate and we'll talk.'

Churchill put his arm around my shoulder. We walked.

Immediately the discussion was earnest. 'That little fag Dunn has been cooking this speed himself. He's made a fortune, the little cunt. Now he's got about one million dollars worth of gear. We need to get it and sell it. You and Al can do that bit. You have to make sure Al whacks it all up. You have to whack it all up for me.'

Earnestly I said, 'What about bribing a Judge Larry? A bit risky isn't it?'

'That's only what I told that little prick. He's got more money than sense,' said Churchill. 'Colin Fisk and I have done heaps of business before. Colin knows that's bullshit. Dolly's boyfriend can fucking rot in gaol. We'll tell Dolly the sad story when you've got all the cash from the gear. I want to keep him on side. I want him to keep cooking gear for us. I want this to go on and on. We can make a fortune.'

I said, 'How do you want me to control Al?'

'I've got him charged with possession from Redfern,' he explained. 'I've told him I can always make it supply instead. Al's sweet. You have to run the whole thing. Al only works for me. You have to make sure that he doesn't get pinched. You have to collect the money from Al each day. Make sure Al doesn't rip us off or siphon off some of the gear to sell privately. He's got a couple of other blokes going flat out selling for him. I reckon it'll take about two weeks to sell it all.'

'How much speed is there?'

Churchill said, 'Dolly reckons it's close to a kilo, maybe a bit more. A mate at the DEA told me this gear of Dolly's is so fucking strong it'd kill a fucking horse. It's like 110 per cent. We can put some legs in it and double our profit. Make it two million. Even cut, those 'dumb fuck' junkies will always come back for more.'

I had worked hard and copped shit to get to this. Churchill's disclosures were so outrageously candid.

'What are you going to do?'

'Mate it's not as if I don't trust you but Chook, 'Penty' and me are off to the Philippines tomorrow. If the wheel falls off this end you're fucked not me. You should know I've got eyes and ears everywhere. If anything happens I'll kill you.'

He's right I thought. His mate from the DEA would be all over me.

'How do I run it? Contact and stuff like that?' I said.

'I've worked it out. Can you run me out to the airport in the morning I'll tell you then?'

‘Sweet,’ I said casually.

For the rest of the evening, talk turned to us ribbing and joking about the ‘desperado Detectives’ heading off on their ‘sex holiday’ to the Philippines.

A few months earlier Churchill and Fowler had ventured to the Philippines. It was around that time Churchill had met Alan Saunders. I later learned Saunders paid for their trip from his drug money. Back at work Churchill entertained the staff with stories of their sexual exploits.

After a half-hour sculling session at The Bourbon and Beef, some of the less cultured Kings Cross Detectives serenaded Chook with mating sounds which seemed to relate to his sexual performance in the Philippines. Grunting noises reverberated through the Bourbon. I gave Churchill the nod and headed off.

I spent the night planning. I still needed admissible evidence. I needed Dolly Dunn, Colin Fisk and Al Saunders to drop Churchill into a criminal conspiracy during our coming meetings.

With Churchill in the Philippines my plan centred on running a ‘left hand drop’. Put simply, this is where co-conspirators talk about the involvement of another in their absence. The famous drug importation trials of the 1970s and 1980s used this method with great success.

I could get at Churchill with ‘the left hand drop’, but I would need to keep Dolly and Colin Fisk talking. Judging by what I had seen at Bo Bo’s that would be easy. Shutting them up seemed the problem. It was the opposite problem with Al Saunders.

I arrived at work around 8.00am the next morning; Chook and Steve were making their own way to the airport. Churchill arrived in the office two hours later.

‘Hello mate. Can you take me to the airport?’ Five minutes later Churchill’s bags were loaded into the car and we were off.

Churchill had always worn a pager. As we sat in the car he explained that he used it for coded contact with Saunders, Dolly and Fisk. He handed it to me to use in his absence.

At last, admissible evidence.

‘The gear’s ready to go. Al’s got some. He’s got to give you the cash tonight. They’ve got your numbers. Just run it. I’ve checked out all of the activity for the next few weeks around the city and the Cross, there’s no DEA jobs on anywhere near us. Al’s got Darren Riley and Ricky Campbell working for him. They sell gear like you wouldn’t believe. They report back to Al with all of the cash. You have to collect the cash off of him each day. He’s a fucking drug dealer. Don’t trust him. I want all the money.’

Then he added, ‘We’ll make a fucking fortune out of this.’

CHAPTER 7

DOLLY: LIFE BEHIND A MASK

‘Women do nothing for me. I must have young boys.’

To observe the life of Robert ‘Dolly’ Dunn is to see a series of contradictions fighting for survival in one human being.

Dunn wore a mask of respectability. He was a university educated science master at a private school and conversed with high ranking clergy of the Catholic Church. As a teacher in a Catholic school, he was in charge of marshalling the young boys to mass.

Dunn was a major player in Churchill’s drug-supply chain. I knew he’d give me more information to build my case and so I had to build a relationship with him so that he would trust me,

Of course my target was Churchill, but as Dunn spoke in the confines of what he believed was our mutual criminality, I sensed there was more to his homosexuality than just being gay. As he talked he disclosed a sexual lust for pre-pubescent boys.

More than that, he admitted that he was connected to a ‘circle of friends’ who were also devoted to the same desire. Dunn collected around him a group of men who referred to themselves as a ‘circle of friends’. What all these men had in common was that they lusted after young boys with the same fervour as Dunn. Many hid their obsession behind a cloak of respectability.

Dunn gave the circle access to the young boys he was with everyday. Colin Fisk was a member of this circle.

So infamous was the nickname ‘Dolly’ that it became an adjective for sexual perversion. ‘Doing a Dolly’ people would say of a paedophilic act.

Most of our meetings were held in cafés near Dunn’s home in Chippendale or

at nearby Redfern. As usual his conversation drifted off the drug business and into his lust for young boys.

‘Oh Glen, God I’ve got lots of friends who are members of the church,’ he said. ‘I thought about going into the priesthood. It would have been good for me. One of my very good friends gave me one of his robes. I absolutely cherish them.’

Dunn explained to me that one of his priest friends and he sexually assaulted young boys together at his home at Chippendale.

He said, ‘I like to have group sessions with boys, one of my friends—the priest who gave me his robes—he also enjoys having group sessions with young boys so he comes to my place and both of us wear robes and have sex with young boys. It is fantastic, I feel truly alive in the robes.’

His sick and perverted acts involved drugging the children with amyl nitrate and speed balls and then anally raping them. He wore a priest’s cassock, which he lifted up over his hips during the act.

With a naughty chuckle, Dunn said, ‘When I wear the priest’s robes it is the hardest and horniest I ever am, sometimes I have almost passed out when I have been fucking little boys, but it might have been that I just had too much amyl nitrate.’

What he said during these talks either made me want to be physically sick or flatten the pervert then and there. But it was so important that I appeared nonjudgemental. I had to suppress my feelings so I didn’t blow the undercover drug job and the chance of catching the much bigger fish—an organised gang of paedophiles operating under police noses.

‘You’re a nice person Glen. You don’t judge me for what I do. I do appreciate that really. These boys are really better off with me. I cannot see why I should be victimised because of having sex with boys. It’s so hypocritical.’ From the tone of his voice I could sense that Dunn was starting to trust me and reveal aspects of his personality

Dunn boasted that the same clergy, who gave him the cassocks for his depraved fantasy, also provided him with permanent employment and

respectability in his professional and church life. The Catholic Church and the Catholic Education Office never questioned Dunn's respectability. There was never any internal inquiry into Dunn's paedophilia and he retired early in 1987 in his mid-40s.

Dunn's curse was his lust. It was almost as if it made him schizophrenic. In the absence of lust he was an outwardly boring man. With it, Dunn was a demon and he would do anything to perpetuate the lifestyle—and that's where the drugs came into it. He needed to keep his lust for young boys under control which was an assignment that Dunn found easier said than done.

He explained to me in ghastly detail that his 'circle of friends' had begun to use drugs in order to numb their young victims and heighten their own sexual lust.

It was not an accident that Dunn was a science master. He was a clever scientist and had started making his own amyl nitrate. He explained to me that he had been the amphetamine cook in a drug distribution network operated by Larry Churchill for a number of years and that now, in order to leave no trail back to him, he made his own. He mixed a potent speed ball of amyl nitrate and amphetamine for the young boys.

Amyl nitrate had originally been invented as preventative for heart disease and as an antidote for cyanide poisoning. One of its nastier side effects was that it completely relaxed the smooth muscle system in the body—including the sphincter in the anus. It was used extensively in the gay community. A young boy full of amyl nitrate made for easy penetration by Dunn and his friends.

Without large doses of this drug there would have been a tearing of the tissue around the child's anus and they would have required suturing to stop the bleeding. Medical assistance would have alerted Police to the child abuse. This is why Dunn, at the urging of the group, plunged head-long, commando style into drugs. As he explained this in detail to me I was struggling to keep my face straight and away from utter shock and astonishment.

Of the innocent children he had drugged with his speed balls Dunn told me, 'I make the amyl nitrate myself rather than get caught buying it and then I decided

to combine it with the speed I was making. I gave it to some of the young boys and they seemed to really enjoy it. I know that it relaxed them, which was very good for me sexually. Sometimes they would lose their bowels because the combination was too strong but I never worried about it when I was going for it. It was just a mop up afterwards—better than blood and injuries.’

As he made more and more disclosures to me over our various meetings, I found myself gripping the underside of my chair very tightly with both of my hands so I could prevent myself from punching him. The tactic worked but only just.

One morning, at a meeting at a Redfern café just near his home, I noticed his eyes shifting and drifting everywhere as we spoke. It was about 10.00am when children should have been in school. However in Redfern, school attendance for Aboriginal children was low. When they played hooky, they congregated around the café and shopping areas of Redfern. Their presence had caught Dunn’s eye.

Shifting him back onto the drug conversation, he couldn’t help but also talk about his paedophilia. I didn’t mind because even though it was repulsive, the intelligence and evidence that I was gathering I hoped would form a formidable prosecution of Dunn and his associates from the ‘circle of friends.’

Dunn spoke about how he became associated with his group of drug dealers and Larry Churchill, during Churchill’s time at Redfern. Dunn’s house in Chippendale was right in the centre of the Redfern Station police patrol.

‘The reason I got into the business was firstly to have as much money as I needed to have all the boys I wanted. It costs a lot being decadent like me,’ he admitted. ‘But the drugs gave me more money than I thought. With Col we sold a lot of drugs and then Laz—he has been tied up with Col forever—there is no trace of my drugs for the authorities to track me back on because Laz has always protected me. I’ve made them all a lot of money, but I had to because I needed to live the way I wanted to.’

His decision to get into the drug business was of his own choosing, no-one had a put a gun to his head to become involved or to stay involved.

Dunn was almost gleeful as he disclosed to me the identities of the high

ranking members of his 'circle of friends'. The most powerful by far were two men at the very high end of the legal profession. This information destroyed any semblance of faith I had in the law and the principle of justice. As we sat drug dealing, it seemed to me that Dunn believed he was untouchable.

'You know I have paid Laz a lot of money over the past 10 years or so, on and off but more on than off,' he confessed. 'We are protected by the Police. Col set it up with Laz way back in the early 1970s.'

Dunn's method of operation was ritualistic in much the same way as that of a serial killer. The targeting of young boys from dysfunctional home lives, the donning of the priest's cassocks to present himself to the dysfunctional parents as a man of God, then obtaining the care and control of the child on the word of God.

He explained this conduct by saying, 'I pretend to the parents of young boys that I am a priest because I have this priestly cassock which I wear. The boys are better off with me, most of their parents are dreadful people, alcoholics and drug addicts. They're quite happy to have their boys come and stay with me.'

I had to play along and I was afraid that Dunn would notice that I was stonily silent when he mixed up his sexual acts with his drug dealing. So I said, 'The priest cassock you wear when you see the kid's parents. Is that the same one you wear when you fuck them?'

Dunn was excited, 'Oh yes Glen, I do. But I've only got the one set so it has to do for everything.' Dunn allowed himself a sly chuckle.

Once Dolly had the young boy with parental consent or in such a manner that they could not be traced to him, he systematically used drugs such as the speed ball, Ritalin or alcohol, or a combination of all, then sodomised, filmed and photographed his sexual conduct with them. Watching the films and looking at the photographs gave him almost the same satisfaction as the original deed. The final part of the ritual involved the sharing of the boy with members of the 'circle of friends'.

Dolly shared his young boys readily with his close friend Colin Fisk and Fisk reciprocated. Dolly and Fisk were in fact room mates at 4 Ivy Street for some

time in the late 1980s, and although Dolly later explained to Detective Ken Watson that he shared an affection for young boys with 'Col', he regarded him as 'a Jekyll and Hyde character'.

The sharing usually occurred with weeks of planning behind them when the 'circle of friends' would have parties at palatial homes.

Dolly's friends were a special group amongst paedophiles as they all loved pre-pubescent boys, the age range of around eight years to 14 years, and they also liked to video the underage sex and share the movies amongst themselves.

Churchill actively encouraged Dunn to produce the highest quality amphetamine. With hard work, they established and operated a distribution chain in which they unleashed their highly potent amphetamine products on the gay nightclub community. It was lucrative work which earned Dunn and his notorious friends Police protection.

Dunn believed Churchill regarded him as a friend. Dunn also believed I was his friend because of my apparent nonjudgemental attitude toward him.

This suited me. It helped my undercover persona gain credibility.

'Glen I really like you,' he said. 'You will make me a lot of money in the straight drug scene; I don't have any straight guys who I am friendly with.'

I invested in whiskey at every available opportunity. It was either whiskey or morning meetings in cafés around Dunn's Chippendale habitat. I preferred the afternoon and night time meetings when I was able to ply Dunn and Fisk with whiskey in much the same way as they would ply young boys full of alcohol and speed balls.

It loosened Dunn's mind and tongue, although it could be argued that his drug-induced lifestyle might well have been a major cause in his mind being unhinged, and so it was that I became his confessor.

Dolly confided that he had failed miserably with women despite having attempted to have heterosexual contact. 'Women do nothing for me. I must have young boys.'

Dunn told me through whiskey and tears he regarded himself as a failed heterosexual and a failed homosexual. He felt homeless, lacking a life mate or a

true soul mate. Even though he could get his rocks off homosexually he much preferred to masturbate alone and ultimately be alone.

‘I’ve tried to fuck women. I just can’t do it. Some of them are so strong. I need a thing that is weak and soft, it has to be a boy.’

After his fifth scotch and water while we were trying to agree on terms for a drug deal Dolly drifted into his sexual self-diagnosis. He’d had plenty of opportunities to stop, seek help and avoid the consequences of his actions, but he hadn’t.

Dolly swilled the whiskey down his throat as I placed another in his soft little right hand. He told me that a few years earlier he had consciously decided that this would be his life and there would be no turning back for him.

Dunn quit teaching at the age of 46 to manufacture drugs and continue the never-ending hunt for pre-pubescent boys.

He explained his early departure from working life by saying, ‘I had been making speed and amyl nitrate for a while then and I was making really good money. I had been involved in the scene for a long time, you know us peds we all know each other and that’s when I got together with Larry and I really started to make a lot of money.

‘I would never have sold drugs if it had not been for my thing about young boys, if not I probably would have still been teaching, probably married to some fat bitch and living in the suburbs. Fuck that.’

Before my time at Kings Cross, Dunn told Colin Fisk about a youngster who had vomited on his timber floor boards while he was being raped and the vomit was caught in between the boards even after Dunn’s cleaning efforts.

Dunn told Fisk that he was concerned that this could leave incriminating evidence. Fisk immediately told Churchill this story.

Later Dunn described to me how he’d ripped up the floor boards to clean away the vomit.

This interview with Dunn tested my professional and personal self-discipline to breaking point.

I felt ill myself at the revelations Dunn was confiding in me and sickened at

his sick life. But I had to stay and finish what I had started and get enough evidence to see them all in court.

I needed to keep Dunn under control and the best way was to meet with him regularly, until I had everything we needed evidence-wise for an arrest.

Little did I know that this interview about Larry Churchill's deals during my time at Kings Cross would affect the course of my career irreparably, and change my life forever.

CHAPTER 8

RAT EATS CAT

‘They’re both greedy bastards—Larry and Colin. The bastard came around and robbed me and we’re supposed to be partners in the drug business. Larry is despicable.’

Before 1986, when Colin took the story of the boy and the floorboards back to Churchill, ‘Dolly’ Dunn had been living a paedophile’s dream. Drugs and cash were flowing freely. He used the drugs and money to quieten those who would otherwise blow the whistle on him.

But Dolly Dunn’s life changed in 1986, when Larry Churchill went to 4 Ivy Street and found holes in Dolly’s lounge room floor where the remnants of vomit had once been. He searched the paedophile’s home and found \$5000 in cash which Dunn kept in his bedroom for a planned emergency exit. Sensing an opportunity, Churchill pocketed that cash.

When Dunn recounted what he called the ‘ripcoff’ to me, I listened intently.

‘Larry rang me out of the blue,’ said Dunn. ‘I had not been cooking any speed, there were no deliveries coming and he just says, “Col tells me you’ve been committing all types of depravity in your lounge room and you never bothered to pay me for the stay out of gaol card. What’s going on?”.’

‘Larry, you know what Colin’s like,’ Dunn had said.

Dunn told me that Churchill replied, ‘Yeah I know but I might just pop over to your place and pull up those floorboards in your lounge room. What if those timber boards show traces of some young boy’s stomach contents and what if in the stomach contents there are traces of drugs, and what if I find some blood and some of your cum? You are for the fucking high-jump my friend. Got me? I’ll see you in 10 minutes.’

Dunn continued angrily, 'That fucking Colin, he couldn't help giving me up. He is so greedy. They're both greedy bastards—Larry and Colin. Then the bastard came around and robbed me and we're supposed to be partners in the drug business. Larry is despicable.'

Dolly's whiskey-reddened face paled as he relived the extortion. He thought that Churchill was his friend. He learned that only money was his friend and that money could only come from drug dealing. Churchill was no friend to anyone.

Fisk was also bitterly disappointed that he did not get a cut of the \$5000 sting. There was no doubt Fisk was petrified of Churchill. He'd once complained to me that Churchill had head butted him in the face in a fit of rage, which had resulted in Fisk's nose being smashed.

Another cash extortion opportunity presented itself to Colin Fisk and Larry Churchill in 1987. In that year, when Churchill was still at Redfern Police Station, Dunn had welcomed the criminal Brian Wain as houseguest, knowing that Wain was wanted in Queensland for a whole bag of sexual offences against young boys. Wain had been charged by the Queensland Police with sexual offences, and was given bail. Instead he fled the state to avoid the criminal proceedings against him.

Fisk learnt about Wain and saw a new opportunity to extort money from Dunn. Fisk told Churchill that Dunn was harbouring a paedophile on the run from Queensland justice and that Dunn had boasted to him that he was minding \$40,000 of Wain's money, which was now sitting pretty in Dunn's bank account. Wain had put it in Dunn's Commonwealth Bank account so that his movements couldn't be traced.

Dunn was ripe for extortion by Churchill because he hated dealing with drug buyers, and yet he needed to sell it for cash to keep the cops quiet. Dunn's quandary was that he loved the excitement of living the decadent lifestyle of a paedophile and he needed to pay protection money, but he did not know from one moment to the next how much money Churchill would demand.

Dunn despised uncertainty in his dealings and was continually worried that Churchill would trump up a paedophile charge against him, just for the fun of it.

As he whined, I saw in my mind's eye the rat eating the cat.

Dunn had once told me that although he liked to keep a stock of marijuana on hand for his own use and to introduce young boys into drug-taking, he did not like having to deal with the more obnoxious of the criminal element in order to obtain marijuana. As Dunn put it, 'They're all spicks or big fat bikies and I don't like them.'

He said his dislike of dealing with 'those fat bikies' related to his fear of being assaulted and robbed. He was right. The violent rip-off is a common phenomenon in the drug world. Dunn was a clever man who possessed an incisive and perceptive mind. He also had a finely tuned sense of his own safety so, with a fear of being involved with other drug dealers he plunged headlong into drug manufacturing.

Dunn explained that it was this very expertise that had made him a constant target of Larry Churchill and his protection racket. He complained that although he and Churchill had agreed on equitable splits of the profit, Churchill always hovered around threatening to bring it all down by setting up Dunn on paedophilia charges.

When Churchill heard about the \$40,000, he designed a police raid on 4 Ivy Street on August 21, 1987.

Churchill needed to make the police raid on Dunn's home look real enough to frighten Dunn into believing that he would be sent to gaol for welcoming Wain into his home, when he knew Wain was a paedophile on the run.

It was an easy rort for Churchill to misrepresent to Dunn that the Queensland Police wanted money to keep off Wain's back and let him live in Sydney.

Churchill recruited Ricky 'Nugget' Hazel, a junior Detective at Redfern Police Station, for the raid.

Churchill instructed Hazel to 'arrest' Dunn and take him back to the Redfern Detectives' Office. No sooner was Dunn in the office than Churchill appeared and gave Dunn the choice of being locked up or paying \$40,000 for freedom. Later that day, Detective 'Nugget' Hazel took Dunn to the Commonwealth Bank on the corner of Pitt Street and Martin Place and he withdrew \$40,000. The cash

was left on the back seat of the unmarked police car and Dunn was dropped off at 4 Ivy Street, Chippendale.

Dunn realised at that point that he was just a cash cow for Churchill, and that unless he increased his drug manufacturing output, and satisfy Churchill's lust for cash, he would not be able to stay out of gaol. All the \$40,000 rip-off did for Dunn was to ensure that he spent even more time cooking up amphetamine.

Dunn told me later that by taking this action he would insulate himself from Churchill's unpredictable conduct and make himself in charge. As Dunn was to learn, greed has no boundaries.

So from 1987, Dunn graduated from mid-level supplier with Churchill to a huge manufacturer capable of churning out kilogram upon kilogram. More disturbing was the manner in which Churchill was able to source a highly protected drug distribution network. Dunn believed that his problems would be solved with regular cash flow back to Churchill.

Dunn's problems really only started when Churchill foolishly introduced him to me as a drug dealer on the make. If only Dunn had realised that I was not prepared to sell people out for money.

Cash is a terrific commodity but it will never beat the feeling of personal integrity and being able to sleep at night. Running your own life without bending to monetary compromise is a quality you keep long after the money is spent. Dunn was incapable of understanding these views. All he ever talked about was paedophilia, sex and money.

At a drug-dealing meeting with Colin Fisk and Dunn in 1989 at an Italian restaurant in Darlinghurst, they both laughed loudly with me as we drank white wine. The source of the mirth was a smart arse crack by Fisk about depraved bastards like them needing to be wealthy so that they could live their lives like decadent Roman emperors. Dunn laughed and said, 'I just want so much money that I can have small boys forever sucking grapes with me.'

My patience and undercover non-judgemental attitude toward Dunn and Fisk worked well. It was the key to their trust in me, and my weapon in undoing their paedophile world.

Once I had convinced Dunn to give me a shot as his drug dealer in the straight world, he and anyone associated with his drug dealing or 'circle of friends' were as good as gone.

CHAPTER 9

ALAN GETS EXCITED

‘Mate, we’re rolling. I’ve got heaps of cash with your name on it.’

So there I was at Kings Cross, getting deeper and deeper into the lives and dealings of the Kings of Goldenhurst. It was now 1989 and I was on my way to the airport to drop Churchill and his mates off for their trip to the Philippines.

As well as my undercover work investigating Dunn, Fisk and Churchill himself, I was also carrying out regular detective duties at the station. The week before it had been my turn to be on the call-out roster which had a starting time of 7.00am. The call-out roster also meant that if the night shift detectives needed help, you would get called first.

I was called out one morning about 4.00am. There had been a fight in a bar and knives and guns had been produced. As a consequence St Vincent’s Hospital had some new very drunk customers sporting stab wounds or gunshot wounds. A couple of the more intense participants scored the daily double, being treated for both knife and gunshot wounds.

It was about 11.00am when the last of the initial hospital interviews was concluded. I was very hungry. I popped into a delicatessen in Victoria Street, near the hospital. The Italian family who owned the deli had been serving food for generations in both Italy and now their new home in Australia. They were well known around Darlinghurst for the quality of their fare, one of which was the bacon and eggs which they artistically squashed into a panini. It was almost too good-looking to eat. I took one bite and then another and I realised I had eaten about half of it by the time I got back to the car. As I headed northbound along Victoria Street, at trawling pace toward the office I let the smell of the bacon and eggs permeate though the car. I intended to take the rest of the panini

back to the office and enjoy it slowly.

As luck would have it, a call came over the Police radio from the Kings Cross uniform cops requiring the assistance of Detectives at an apartment in Kings Cross. I was about 200 metres from the address so I responded. The uniform cops at the Cross were savvy and streetwise and it was the lack of detail in their request for assistance that got me thinking. I parked the car. I looked at the pannini perched on my notebook and I thought, 'You're coming with me.' Knowing my luck it would be cold by the time I got back. So with panini in hand I strolled into the apartment.

I saw two uniform guys I knew and kept walking. The panini got the better of me and I took a giant bite and was chewing madly. I saw there was only one bite left. As I entered the apartment I saw a very pale young man aged about 20. He was dressed in the uniform of a Real Estate agent, trendy dark suit, immaculate white shirt and smart tie with the real estate company logo. He seemed to be very red around the eyes. He looked at me in horror as I ate.

I looked further across the room and at the same time the smell hit me. Even the aroma of my bacon and eggs could not conceal the stench of human decomposition. I took in the scene, slowly. Sun washed in torrents through a large north facing window. In the middle of the room was a red velvet lounge chair.

In the red velvet lounge chair sat a once very attractive woman. She was aged about 35. She was dead and decomposing under the beautiful bright sunlight and her decomposition had been accelerated by days of exposure to this type of sunlight. Even in death the reason for her departure from this planet was plainly evident. In the crease of her left arm a defiant needle and syringe stood tall at right angles to her now rapidly decomposing arm. Just under and on the wrist side of the needle was a tourniquet still tied tight in place just under the needle.

I pushed the panini inside of its wrapping and slid it into my pocket. As I did so I finished chewing.

I turned to the young man and said, 'I bet this lady was a bit late in paying her rent?'

He started to cry and said, 'Yes. Yes she has always been a really good tenant always paid her rent most of the time in advance but for two weeks nothing. The boss sent me around to find out why. Can we please go outside. I don't feel very well.'

On the landing my interview continued. I obtained all of the deceased's details. As I did so I finished eating my panini. The young real estate agent was a bit more composed after he had been removed from the apartment. He said, 'How can you do that?' Looking at me polishing off the panini. I said, 'Breakfast is the most important meal of the day.'

My later inquiries established the dead tenant held down employment, paid her taxes and rent and enjoyed dabbling in drugs. The post-mortem concluded a drug overdose but no-one could say why that hit of drugs caused her to die. There was no evidence as to whether it was a hot shot or just shit luck.

This was the reality of Larry Churchill and his drug-dealing network, but I still had to get evidence in order to report them. The only way to do that would be to be bold, strike fast and act on a plan. It was critical that I did not lose any potential evidence from this point onwards. I thought long and hard about whom I could talk to.

Keith Smith, the boss of the Darlington Detectives, was a veteran investigator of the Homicide Squad who had been placed into the position at Darlington for a quiet retirement. He was a fatherly figure to his young charges. I thought about talking to Keith, but quickly realised that he would be unable to help because he was not in a position to conduct a wide-ranging criminal investigation into the conduct of the Police themselves.

After dropping Churchill at the airport where he met Fowler and the remaining travelling Detectives I reflected on my options over coffee at the Cosmopolitan. I kept coming back to the Internal Security Unit. They were the only choice, as they could obtain secret listening device warrants, and run the regime of electronic surveillance required to undo a large conspiracy.

My observations were confirmed when the phone rang. It was an excited Al Saunders. 'Mate we're rolling. I got a heap of cash with your name on it.'

‘That’s great. How about I see you at the North Cronulla Pub, do you know Northies? Around nine OK?’

Saunders was keen, ‘If I can see some beach girls that’d be good. See you at nine.’

I did not meet Saunders. Instead I arrived at 7.30pm. I set up surveillance points from the east and south of ‘Northies’ and watched. Saunders arrived about 8.55pm. He had no back-up. No-one followed him. I watched. He went into the bar. The pager buzzed and buzzed. It was Saunders. I ignored it. Around 9.20pm he walked out of the bar. His head swivelled. Was he looking for me or someone else? I looked. He met no-one. He got into his car and drove off. I recorded the number of the car he was driving.

The pager buzzed and buzzed more. It was Dunn and then Colin Fisk. Messages and contact details—an electronic record of admissible evidence. I wasn’t going to get any more without a listening device planted on me.

It was deep into Friday night. I knew that a Supreme Court Judge could issue a Listening Device Warrant on a Saturday. We had used this tactic when I was at the NCA. I was going to use it again. You must control what you can and the weekend would keep the gossip to a minimum, at least I hoped it would. I made the call.

A meeting was set at the Internal Security Unit at 8.00am the next morning. It was Saturday 11 March, 1989. Even though it was only March it seemed like summer had gone forever. It was raining.

I walked straight to the front door of the fortified IPS Unit. It had once been the old Regent Street Police station off Broadway. It was the arse end of the Sydney CBD. Typical of the cops, it was cheap and run-down. The door was fortified and I buzzed the electronic doorbell fitted with a camera and said who I was. Moments later the heavy door opened, and on the other side of the door stood the then Detective Sergeant Lola Scott. It was the first time I had ever met her.

She ushered me upstairs and introduced me to Detective Inspector Ken Watson. I knew neither personally. My first mission was to attempt to identify

someone in that building that I could trust and work with.

The good thing about coming in without warning is you control timing and information. The bad thing is the 'lucky dip' nature of those officers who are assigned to you.

I told Scott and Watson the story of my time at Kings Cross station, including the extent of the drug dealing I'd witnessed, and paedophile protection rackets that were operating without constraint.

Four eyes as big as dinner plates stared back at me. Scott and Watson seemed to be dazed as my story unfolded. Out rolled all the details of the players, the drugs and the money.

Scott then asked me what I considered a very odd question. 'What are you here for Glen? What have they got on you?'

I found Lola Scott's directness her most endearing and predictable quality. As an arrogant bastard, my bluntness was more than a match for anything that came out of her mouth. I had been working night and day like a dog. I knew I had a lot more work in front of me. I needed to jolt Scott and Watson into joining my program.

'What are you fucking talking about?' I said. 'What a stupid thing to say. I rang you up. I made an appointment. I walked in your front door. Unless you've got something you want to charge me on or you're tied up with Churchill yourselves we should get moving. I've arranged to do some drug deals tonight. I won't be doing any of them unless I've got all the right warrants in place. If I don't do some drug deals tonight these guys are going to give me up. Wasting time will cut my throat. I need you to get me these Listening Device Warrants quickly.'

Then to push Scott and Watson just a bit further I stood up and held my hands as if preparing to be hand cuffed. Then said. 'What are we doing? Are we working tonight or not? This drug dealer will ring Churchill and give me up.'

'Alright Glen, alright,' said Watson. 'We believe you. We have to ask. The warrants for Saunders, Dunn and Fisk are underway.'

'Good. Make sure we get a warrant for the wire for tonight.' Then I stood up

and said, 'I'll see you both back here at 5.00pm.'

Scott and Watson looked like they were going to stroke out. 'You can't go anywhere you ...'

Before she could finish I said, 'It's my nanna's 80th birthday today. We're having a party for her. She always tells me I am her favourite grandson. I'll be at my Nan's birthday party. See you at five.'

I walked out of the door and left Scott and Watson open mouthed.

Nan's party was good. It was held in my parent's backyard. The old man barbequed snapper we had caught the weekend before. He offered me some of his home brew, legendary for its taste and effect. I told him I had a job on and drank water. I left Nan drinking whiskey and singing earthy Irish ditties.

I arrived back at Internal Security Unit at 4.50m.

The warrants had arrived. The 'tech head' had wired the phone I was going to use. I had to do my thing. I sat in a room that resembled a radio station with Scott and Watson, with a landline wired to tape recorders.

First I rang Alan Saunders.

'Hi mate. Again, I'm sorry about last night. Now about tonight, how about a meeting in town. I'm at work. I'll turn up in an unmarked car so don't shit yourself it will only be me.'

Alan Saunders was relieved. I wanted him relaxed. 'Good Glen. I'm cool. Anywhere you want to meet—just you and me. Don't bring Larry's faggots with you.'

'No, it's just us. What about the golf course at Moore Park, the tee on the hill, it's the 11th halfway along Dacey Avenue. Do you know it? We can see everything but you can't be seen from the road. Sound OK?'

'Great. How does eight sound?'

'See you there,' I said.

Next it was that big mouth Colin Fisk. He must have been camping next to his phone, he answered it so quickly.

'Hi Glen. I was very worried about you. I thought something might have happened. Are you alright?'

‘I’m fine. I just got stuck on a job last night. It wasn’t cool to ring. I’m sorry. You haven’t told Laz about the hold-up have you?’

Fisk was relaxing, ‘I wouldn’t dream of it. I do have to report into him but I only want to tell him good news. Can I ring him tomorrow?’

‘Col, you can ring him about it tonight. I’ve got to meet our dealer a bit later and collect cash for three days. I’ll let you know how much.’

‘Glen that’s fantastic. Larry told me he had been grooming you to do this job. We can make lots of money,’ he trailed off into a high-pitched peal of laughter.

‘If I miss you tonight, I’ll give you a ring in the morning.’

Two down, one to go, now I had to ring Dunn.

‘Hi mate. It’s Glen. Just wanted to let you know everything is arranged. I’ll start collecting the cash tonight. Lucky you.’

‘Thank you Glen,’ said Dunn on the other end. ‘I don’t like that Big Al guy at all. I know he works for Larry but I just don’t trust him.’

‘Leave him to me. It’ll be OK. I’ll let you know how much I pick up.’

‘Thanks Glen. I really need quite a lot of this money quickly. Larry said you’d be a big help.’

Three phones calls. Three loads of admissions and big ‘left hand drops’ that hammered Churchill. We sat in the office and played the tapes again and again. Scott and Watson were grinning like kids at Christmas. Their crew had bought a big feed of Chinese. They offered me some but I was still full of Snapper and birthday cake.

After they finished with the Chinese I got their tech guy to wire me up. Down with the jeans, recorder in the groin, wire up the seams of my clothing. With duct tape everywhere, I was done and ready to go.

I had a coffee with Scott and Watson and then I said, ‘Have you thought about how we are going to positively identify this guy Alan Saunders?’

Scott said, ‘Our surveillance guys will follow him from your meeting and see where he goes.’

‘That’s a good idea, but we still don’t know who we’re dealing with here,’ I warned. ‘We need his fingerprints. I know how to do it. I need some cash. I need

one of your surveillance guys to be on the southern side of Dacey Avenue. He needs rubber gloves and a garbage bag. Tell him he needs to keep a look out for some empty beer bottles. He won't miss them. I'll make sure they roll towards him.'

With that, and cash in hand, I was out the door of the Internal Security Unit at 7.30pm. It was Saturday night and Sydney was just starting to party. I did some anti-surveillance driving just to throw off my ISU minders, but really I wanted to check if anyone else was following. ISU surveillance guys had an unshakable belief that no-one would ever follow them or interfere with their work. For people who were doing important and dangerous work, they were fervently naïve.

It seemed I was clear of my ISU minders and everyone else. I drove up to Riley Street, Surry Hills and I parked out the front of 'Touch of Class', Sydney's most famous brothel. Out of the car, I doubled back around the next block and walked through the saloon bar of the Forresters Hotel on the opposite corner. In their bottle shop I found a six pack of very frosted Heineken beers. I stood in the bar and just looked at my car in Riley Street. No-one near or approaching it. I was sweet. I was careful not to put my mitts all over the beers. I intended drinking them but they had a more important job than that. I carried the six-pack like a wine waiter back into the car. Five more minutes of anti-surveillance motoring and I pulled up at the Moore Park Golf course.

A few minutes later I was sitting on a comfortable seat on the 11th tee. It had a panoramic view over the Sydney parklands, Sydney Cricket Ground and football stadium. There was a five shot in the front of my jeans; my T-shirt covered the bulge of the grip. Underneath the gun I had a recorder with a tape and 'mic' running up under the barrel of the gun, along the seam of my T-shirt and under my arm. If I was frisked I would be in trouble. I was alone.

Offence is the best form of defence.

Saunders approached, I stood and pulled a beer out of the six pack with my left hand and shook his right hand with mine. The beer went into his left hand. Two seconds later, bottle tops were off. There was no frisking. Beer had averted

a possible crisis. We sat down and enjoyed the view.

The beers went down beautifully. Being drug dealers, a fine for littering was never of any concern. Empty beer bottles discarded under our seats rolled down the hill on the southern side of the tee straight toward Dacey Avenue.

‘Mate this is for you.’ Saunders handed me a wad of cash. I counted \$11,500 for two days’ work.

‘Not bad. How much gear did you sell?’

‘My guys haven’t told me the exact amount. We’re running short of gear. I need to have a better flow from Larry’s fag. Why did Larry let him become involved? I still don’t see why we just can’t rob him and do it ourselves.’

Sensing the advantage I said, ‘Al, that’s not the deal we struck. Is it easier for you if I deal with Dolly and just give you the gear direct?’

Alan Saunders was nodding and a smile appeared on his face.

‘Great, great. I usually don’t mind fags but this Dolly he’s got under my skin.’

‘No worries. I’ll look after it.’

Always press the advantage when able.

‘Al, can you do me a favour? I’m going to a party tonight. Could you give me a party bag of this gear?’

Alan Saunders smiled again. He placed his right hand in his jacket pocket and retrieved two bags of white powder.

‘Looks like you’re an animal after all. Just be careful with it. It’ll blow your fucking head off.’

‘OK. So, I’ll ring you Monday to collect more cash. By then I will be able to give you a smooth run on the flow of this gear.’

‘Great stuff.’

We shook hands and walked away from the 11th tee in different directions.

As I walked down the hill toward my car I noticed the empty beer bottles were missing. Good stuff.

Beer bottles scooped up. Alan John Saunders, outlaw bikie, electronic expert, drug dealer, boyfriend of the prostitute Christine Grant, associate of drug dealers

Ricki Campbell and Darren Riley, was identified 45 minutes later from fingerprints lifted from the frosty Heinekens.

My anti-surveillance motoring from the meet to the ISU offices got more radical. I had plenty of cash and two bags of speed. I didn't want to be a robbery victim myself.

When I got back to the office, Scott and Watson counted the cash. The two bags of speed were raced off to the analytical lab. We played the tape. Saunders conversation hammered Churchill.

Within 24 hours the lab scientists would chemically match the samples I got from Alan Saunders to the smaller batch found by the bumbling DEA at Dolly's cook-house.

Next trick? To tie everyone up in knots.

CHAPTER 10

GUYS AND DOLLS

Would I end up doing all the dirty work, like a broom cleaning up a floor? Would I end up being locked up in the broom closet, dispensable?

Drug dealing has the same processes and skills that many successful businesses use every day. Planning and the execution of the plan are vital to the success of the drug dealer. Most gaoled drug dealers have failed miserably when it comes to planning and execution of their business operation. Failure tends to revolve around errors in judgement regarding their co-conspirators. Failed drug dealers have usually trusted the untrustworthy and paid the price ... betrayal.

I was preoccupied with my planning. I wanted Dolly Dunn and Colin Fisk to believe I was a successful drug dealer. I knew that Dunn and Fisk were old hands in the drug world. I knew that they would be concentrating on the planning and execution of our drug deal. Dunn and Fisk were at a significant advantage compared to me. Churchill had provided Dunn and Fisk with a set of master plans. All of their plans treated me as being dispensable.

Churchill, who was the Mr Big of this deal, had told me as much when he described his plans to enjoy a sex holiday in the Philippines with Chook Fowler and the perpetually intoxicated Steve Pentland. He told me he would watch my progress from afar. My risk assessment was that Churchill told Saunders, Dunn and Fisk that I was dispensable; dispensable like a soiled disposable nappy.

Dolly Dunn and Colin Fisk were successful drug dealers and scammers. They operated drug deals and scams alone and together under Churchill's umbrella of the New South Wales Police.

They were both intelligent men who had shaped their futures by successfully

practicing various forms of illegality. Combining their knowledge with Churchill's gave them a significant advantage over me. My first task was to harden myself as a target for disposal. I had to make myself less dispensable. My big plan was to get rid of the middle man, Al Saunders.

I knew that having Dunn and Fisk blabbing their secrets and spilling Churchill's secrets to me was the only way forward. To increase my worth I had to build trust and turn the 'dispensable' gun on someone else. To do this I needed to create tension. Through tension I could play politics. I had learned this game well when I watched the AFP, New South Wales Police, Victoria Police and lawyers squabble incessantly at the National Crime Authority.

Lies and deceit were my allies. By carefully mixing them I would create a campaign of misinformation. I reasoned that misinformation directed at Dunn and Fisk should deliver a wedge between them.

Only Saunders was more exposed in this drug deal than I was. Saunders would be the scapegoat. I decided to target him for all the blame in the drug-dealing failures I intended to manufacture for Dunn and Fisk. The misinformation I would spin about Saunders would cause Fisk and Dunn to feel insecure, which they were not used to. The Police, in particular Larry Churchill and his stooges, had always protected them. The result would be an unexpected advantage. I doubted Dunn and Fisk planned for a manufactured wedge to be driven into the heart of their drug-dealing plans. The wedge would deliver Dunn and Fisk into my hands and under my control.

I knew now that even though Saunders had an affable exterior, in reality he was a drug-dealing homophobe who loved illicit cash.

Saunders was open in his displays of disdain toward Dunn and Fisk. He presented himself as a gift for me to use as a scapegoat.

Greed and fear would be the particular weapons I would turn on Dunn and Fisk.

For the first assault, I chose Dunn. Dunn was the weaker of the two. I constructed my call strategy, sitting quietly in the ISU office, with pen and paper. Then I phoned Dunn.

‘This Big Al is very unreliable. Where did Larry get him from?’

‘I don’t know. I’ll have to check with Colin,’ Dunn sighed.

The important aspect of my plan was to shovel tension upon tension on top of Dunn, pile him up with tension until he was blind to anything else but my suggestions.

‘Dolly are you saying you’ve never done business with this Al guy before this gig?’

‘Yes that’s right. Al was bought into this by Larry.’

I could sense a tone of quiet desperation in Dunn’s voice. It was time to ratchet up the tension.

‘Well he’s not handing over any money. He’s missed two days worth of drops. I reckon he owes us 15 grand. Don’t forget that’s your money. He fucking hates you. What have you done to him?’

It worked. Dunn’s quite desperation quickly matured into agitation and outright alarm.

‘What? No money, no money? I don’t trust him. He wanted me to hand over most of the gear, he said he could sell it quicker. I’ve kept all of the gear but I’m petrified he’ll give me up to Police we can’t bribe. I want my money.’

The pitch in Dunn’s voice had risen dramatically. I could almost hear the thud, thud, thud of his rising pulse bouncing between his neck and the middle of his throat. His mouth seemed dry, his voice raspy.

‘Well I could call it off but you’d be waiting for the cash a lot longer. There’s also the risk of some straight cop arresting you with the rest of the gear. Al reckons he needs a consistent flow of gear, not fits and starts of it. He reckons you’re fucking him around giving him small amounts of gear. Have you pissed him off on purpose or what?’

There was no answer. Dunn began to softly weep. The possibility of him losing a vast quantity of cash was too much for him. There was silence on the line. He was composing himself.

Suddenly, through the silence I heard a whirring sound. I looked around at Scott and Watson who were seated behind me. The whirring was getting louder. I

realised instantly it was the whirring of a defective recorder, which I was using to record my telephone conversation with Dunn. Typical of the third world public service attitude of the New South Wales Police. They were so hopeless that they didn't bother to check that their ancient equipment was working correctly.

The whole deal could have been blown by incompetence at that very moment. I had to think quickly. Amid the sporadic sounds of weeping from Dunn's end of the telephone I had to save the job before he heard the whirring recorder and worked out he was being recorded. I began to whistle into the phone. A long, slow, melodic whistle. It was a real Monty Python moment. Comical, had the stakes not been so high. Weeping and whistling at either end of the phone all being recorded by a defective whirring recorder. The whistling muffled the defective recorder. Then there was a sigh from Dunn, he was about to speak. He had not heard the recorder. The whistling had worked. The recorder had righted itself and I continued.

'Please help Glen. We need to control Al. You need to do that, I just can't. I'm going to ring Colin. Can you please control Alan?'

'I will try and control him but one of the problems is that we need a consistent flow of your speed,' I said to him. 'Without that, the cash will always be slow and we'll have to deal with a guy that is really pissed off with you. It always complicates things when drugs and cash don't move together. He's blaming you already. Don't blame yourself though mate, he just hates gay people. I can solve the problem. We have to control drug supply to control cash back to us.'

'I understand Glen, I really understand. I don't trust Alan.'

We were going around in circles. I looked at my notes. I had ticked off all of the push points that I had wanted to hit Dunn with. Making him cry was a bonus for me. I should have been satisfied, but undercover work has always been about pushing the boundaries and not being satisfied with the ordinary. I pushed him more.

'Dolly. Let's cut this bullshit. You give me the fucking drugs. Solves everything.'

‘Oh Glen that’d be great but I’d really have to talk to Colin.’

Dunn and I finished our call on friendly terms. I took off my headphones. I was furious with the techie who had set up the phones prior to me ringing Dunn.

Quickly I switched recorders to a machine I was assured was not defective. I was in a race. I needed to beat Dunn. I needed to be the first person to call Fisk. I won the phone race. In an instant I was spinning more manufactured drama to Colin Fisk.

‘Col, hi mate. We might have a problem. This fucking Al has missed two days of meetings with me and he’s whingeing about not having enough of Dolly’s gear to sell. Any ideas?’

Fisk reacted. A high pitched squeal betrayed any later attempt he made of trying to be calm. He was on the verge of being out of control.

‘My world is falling to pieces and now you ring and you can’t control some fucking drug-dealing scum. I’m going to ring Larry. He’ll know what to do. He should have stayed and did the job himself. He’s always run our deals.’

‘Col calm down. We’ve got a problem together. It’s getting the gear and selling it and keeping the money flow. I don’t give a fuck about anything else. Ringing Lazza won’t help anything here. I’ll stand over Saunders and get the cash but he’s got a point. If there’s no gear to sell why should he bother going out of his way? It runs two ways mate.’

‘I’m sorry Glen,’ said Colin more calmly. ‘What do you want me to do?’

I had to push hard. ‘Well you might want to think about how we can guarantee cash flow back to us. I see the only way is to control the flow of our drugs outwards. Dolly and Al are fucking this up because they hate each other.’

‘Glen I agree with you. I’ve got to ring a friend. He’ll know what to do. Then I’ll talk to Dolly. Will you be available later?’

‘Of course.’

Telephone calls finished and all recorded. There were some dynamic blows struck against Churchill, Dunn, Fisk and Saunders. I wondered who Fisk would be calling. Who was his unnamed friend?

Ken Watson and Lola Scott were seated behind me. They had been listening to

the calls, gobsmacked.

‘What do you want to do now?’ they said.

‘Ken, it’s really important that my involvement is kept completely secret. Fisk has got some friend he is calling. I need to know we’ve got no leaks this end. Is that the case?’

‘Glen I promise this job has absolute secrecy.’ said Ken Watson.

‘Ken, if there are leaks all the evidence stops. We’re starting to get deep now. I want you to make sure everyone here understands they have to keep their mouths shut. After all Ken, they’re coppers. They’re going to struggle to keep their mouths shut.’

I did not trust drug dealers or coppers from destroying something because of their big mouths. In this case, I was more worried about the cops. They simply could not keep their mouths shut.

I was hardening myself as a target with the drug dealers, but I was still at the mercy of the cops. I was very concerned that I would do all of the dirty work, like a broom cleaning up a floor and in the end I would get locked up in the broom closet. Dispensable.

‘I’ve got Fisk and Dunn steamed up. They might ring back. We’ll have to be ready.’

Fear and greed had weaved some magic on Dunn and Fisk. I had them thinking my way. I needed more weapons. Who were Dolly Dunn and Colin Fisk? Drugs dealers and paedophiles. The compelling characteristic of both men was lust. Lust would join fear and greed as I attempted to bring down these two men.

Dolly Dunn called first.

‘Glen, Colin’s being trying to speak to our friend, but he hasn’t been able to contact him. We’ll just have to wait.’

‘No problems. Do you want me to ring your friend?’

‘No, we’ll tell you about it later.’

Late night drifted in. I called it a day.

The next morning my message service was overfilled. They were all messages

from Dunn and Fisk. All about selling drugs. The messages sounded encouraging. I got to the office quickly and spent the drive planning how my conversations with Dunn and Fisk would unfold. If it rolled my way, I needed to introduce my new lust strategy into the equation. Soon enough I was driving through the grubby back streets of Redfern and before I knew it I was at the ISU office.

I briefed Scott and Watson. They nodded in approval but the information I was giving them did not seem to be going in. This time I made sure the recorder was functioning as it should. When I was satisfied, I dialled Fisk's number.

'Hi Col. Got your message. What's doing?'

'Glen you're on the right track with a smooth supply of drugs. Dolly's very nervous. Can the three of us meet? We might need to calm Dolly down?'

'Your friend agrees with us too does he?'

'Oh I have to tell you about him. Larry and me go way back with him. He's looked after us before. Do you know the Guys and Dolls pub; it's on Broadway at Chippendale? It's Dolly's local. How about 2.00pm?'

'Sounds great. See you guys there.'

I decided the best way to run the operation at Guys and Dolls was to suggest rather than order the things that I wanted. On this occasion it seemed to work well. A surveillance team was inside the hotel 15 minutes after I finished the phone call to Colin Fisk. The whole place was scoped out. It was an old pub diagonally opposite the old Carlton Brewery. Years ago it had been a brewery workers' haunt. Now it was a run-down, inner city, gay hang out.

When I say 'run-down' I do mean run-down. The outstanding gay pubs around Sydney would have had no concern about competition from Guys and Dolls affecting their bottom line. In publand, Guys and Dolls was a pub for the dregs and it just happened to be a habitat for gay dregs.

The surveillance team did a good job. Before the meeting, I got plans and photographs of the pub. I found all of the escape routes. I suggested the surveillance team be split, to be in the vicinity of the escape routes. If the job went to shit, I could run out, dive in a car and disappear.

This was the first time I had met with both Dunn and Fisk since the deal was set up. I had to carefully consider that Churchill may have advised them about the meeting and I knew that Fisk had sought counsel from a special friend of his. Worse still, he told me his special friend was friendly with Churchill. On balance, I was only meeting to discuss the possibility of getting Dolly Dunn's drugs. There was no suggestion I would be picking them up at the Guys and Dolls.

I would do the high wire act without a net inside Guys and Dolls. No-one there but me. The cops have always suffered from a macho overload. Surveillance cops are no different. Even though they had long hair, were unshaven and of various physical appearances, none of them looked remotely gay. I would be going in alone. It was the safest way.

I tucked my .38 Smith and Wesson five shot neatly inside a small glove holster and fitted the package inside the crease of my right groin. I pulled my black T-shirt out over the front of my jeans. I had worn my five shot like this many times. No-one knew you were armed until you had the barrel of the five shot resting on the end of their nose. It really was a great gun for an undercover job.

I strolled into the joint a couple of minutes past two. At a bar table on the left-hand side of the bar stood Colin Fisk and Dolly Dunn. They seemed to be alone. The nearest table was on the far right side of the bar and it was unoccupied. The whole bar stunk of stale beer and cigarette smoke. God only knows what was on the floor. As I walked across the carpet it felt like I was walking in glue. I arrived at the bar table.

'Hi guys. Been here long?'

'No, just got here. Glen can you follow us please?'

It wasn't a request. Fisk led off; I followed with Dunn behind me. We walked into the men's toilets behind the bar.

Fisk was apologetic when he said, 'I'm sorry to do this Glen but Larry suggested it and so did our other friend. We trust you, but we hope you understand.'

‘Understand what mate?’

‘We want to check you’re not wired up. You’re not worried about that are you?’

Every part of my risk assessments about Dunn and Fisk being professional drug dealers had come to fruition in that moment. They displayed an understanding of crime that was worrying.

‘No problems.’ I stood with my arms at right angles to my shoulders and moved my legs into a 45 degree position. ‘Check me. I’m not wired. I’m just trying to get rich.’

Dolly Dunn moved toward me and pat searched my chest, under my arms, my shoulder blades and down my spine. Dunn knew where wires went on a body. He got to my hips and he moved his hands either side of my groin. I knew he’d felt the five shot.

‘Dolly, I don’t need a hand job. Be careful where you’re feeling. I’m armed.’ At the same time I pulled the holster with the five shot still enclosed out of my jeans. ‘Go for your life Dolly.’

I had too much to lose to get caught with a wire this early on in the deal.

Dunn continued. He must have been feeling safe when he laughed, ‘That’s OK Glen, you’re not my type.’

Fisk was laughing and I could feel relief. ‘Oh no Glen, you’re way too old for us.’ More laughter and the search was over.

I was making a show of putting the five shot back from where it had come when I saw Dunn turn and face me. He held his arms at right angles and legs ajar. ‘Search me.’

This was a golden opportunity to build trust. ‘I won’t be searching you or Colin. Larry’s vouched for both of you. That’s good enough for me.’

As Dolly began to lower his arms I was alerted to sounds. The sounds came from a nearby cubicle. A low, deep-throated groan infused the stinking air inside the toilets. There was a second sound. A wet and sucking sound. The low groaning became louder drowning out the sounds of wetness and sucking.

It was just like watching a car crash, impossible to resist. I looked toward the

cubicle and the sounds. Instantaneously, the sight burned into my memory. An older, greying man was standing in the cubicle. He was naked from the waist down. The low groaning sounds had been coming from him. His hips were moving back and forth in a sick rhythm to the increasingly deep-throated groaning. Attached to his erect penis was a younger man performing a most vigorous blow job. The recipient's hips were driving with ever increasing force and this force had driven the recipient and his provider out of the privacy of their cubicle just as Dunn and Fisk had finished their little 'pat down' of me.

I recognised the older man and realised he was a solicitor at the Department of Public Prosecutions—Horny Bill. I was now keen to get out of there, in case he also recognised me.

Dunn looked at the scene. His eyes bulged. He began to laugh and looking at the recipient he pointed and said, 'Oh you're such a horny bugger.' The two men did not miss a beat. It was time to leave the gents toilet of the Guys and Dolls.

I put my arm around Dolly's shoulder and said, 'Let's leave these two lovebirds and try and make some cash.'

Laughing all together Dunn, Fisk and I left the gents toilets. Not a moment too soon, as far as I was concerned.

Dunn and Fisk were drinking double scotches. When in Rome. So, a couple of double scotches later, Dunn seemed more relaxed.

'What do you want to do about keeping the cash flowing?'

'Colin has rung our friend and Larry. We all think that the drugs would be better off with you. I don't want to have to deal with Alan. I'm scared of him.'

'OK. Is your friend in the deal?'

Fisk smiled. 'Oh Glen, we should tell you. You know the solicitor. He knows everyone. He works with the Police too. He knows what's going on. We've kept each others secrets for years.'

I was amazed but I needed to move forward. My plan was to secure the drugs.

'Dolly, the only way we can control cash flow is to control the drug flow. Our problem is that you're holding the drugs and Al is holding the cash. There's no movement of the cash and the drugs. If you give me the drugs, I will collect the

cash from Al and give him a steady supply of drugs. Does that make sense to you?’

‘I don’t trust Alan. Can you control him?’ Dolly countered.

‘I can control him if there’s a reason. Drugs and money are the best reasons. If I have the drugs I can control Al. It’s happy days then my friend.’

‘Everyone is telling me to give you the gear. I need to sleep on it,’ said Dunn.

‘OK. The other risk you’re running is that the cops will kick your door in and find the drugs. Then you’d be screwed.’

‘I agree. I still need to think about it.’

Fisk ever hungry for a dollar piped up. He applied his own version of pressure on Dunn.

‘Dolly. Let’s not be silly here. Glen can lift this burden off you. You’ll still get all your money. I have to pay everyone. You, Larry and Glen and my special friends.’

I was blown away by their openness. Dunn and Fisk believed I was trustworthy. I had passed the test on two counts. Their search of me yielded no wire. Instantly I was trustworthy in their eyes. When Dolly offered himself to be searched it was open slather for me to build trust by telling Dunn and Fisk that a search was not necessary, as I trusted Larry’s word regarding their integrity. Strong cards to play and it worked. There was no other logical reason why Dunn and Fisk would be so open about the involvement of their special friend, who was a respectable well-known senior lawyer.

‘I don’t care if it’s today or tomorrow. Just make up your mind. I can’t do much more if I don’t have the drugs,’ I chimed in.

I threw the double scotch down my throat to cut the meeting short. As I did I noticed the now relieved solicitor from the DPP back at the bar.

Dunn and Fisk were still sipping drinks so I had some lead time to get away. I shook their hands with promises of further meetings. In a second I was out the door and into the fresh air. I wanted Dunn and Fisk thinking of my closing comments to them as an ultimatum. A take it or leave it proposition.

CHAPTER 11

THE DONCASTER

‘It costs so much money to keep the vultures at bay. Lawyers and police are the worst. They’ve taken more than a million dollars from me.’

I passed a disturbing test when I met Dunn and Fisk amidst the gay sleaze of Guys and Dolls. Fear and greed were working on Dunn. Fisk, a money-hungry opportunist, was an entirely different proposition.

Dunn’s life was spent living in fear. Fear of a mask of veiled respectability falling to reveal a torn and depraved soul. Fear that his sexual failure, firstly with women and then with men, would expose him as a loser. Fear that his uncontrollable lust for the rape of young boys would threaten or even destroy the existence he cherished.

I had bent and twisted Dunn with as much force as I believed I could get away with. I had placed Alan Saunders right at the top of Dunn’s list of fears, with the notion that Saunders could destroy him. I planned to be the only one doing the destroying.

Greed was an emotion that ran deep and strong through the veins of Dunn. It was grafted to his sense of fear. The lifestyle of the drug-dealing paedophile had its own set of peculiar risks. For a start, your natural predators are immediately doubled. Being on guard at all times was key; for other drug dealers ready to rip you off to paying off cops, lawyers and victims driven to your door by a lifestyle of rape. Dunn needed to have piles of money to safely facilitate his perverted acts.

‘It costs so much money to hide,’ said Dunn. ‘It costs so much money to keep the vultures at bay. Lawyers and police are the worst. Fucking Larry Churchill

has taken more than a million dollars from me. They know I pay, so I have to keep cooking speed. They've ripped me off more than anyone. I'm glad you're doing this job Glen.'

As I got deeper and deeper into my undercover role, the more troublesome the story became. The pressure I had applied to Dunn was bending him, but I wanted him to snap. I could not forget the image of Dunn's shamelessly wicked, open mouth as he gazed at Horny Bill's nauseating sideshow in the men's toilets of the Guys and Dolls pub.

In spite of Dunn's legitimate complaints of extortion and being robbed by Larry Churchill, the truth was that Dunn lusted after very young boys. His sick lust was an addiction for him. It would join fear and greed in an unholy trinity to break Dunn's world.

Fisk was the opposite to Dunn. Blinded by greed, unknowingly he was my deputy sheriff. He devoted all of his time to influencing and badgering Dunn at every opportunity to give me the drugs. Only greed and lust could be effectively used as weapons on Fisk.

Fear and Fisk met only fleetingly when I was convincing him that he would not get paid if we were to let Alan Saunders control the drug flow. Satisfying Fisk of my drug-dealing credentials by suggesting the plan to control the supply of speed by cutting Saunders out of the loop saw Fear and Fisk depart each other's company in the blink of an eye. Fisk saw no need for worry if he was getting paid. A most dangerous beast is someone who would do anything for money. That was Fisk.

I was undercover, and on my own despite the support I had called on from Internal Security. I had to use all my communication and intuitive detective skills to deeply understand my targets. At first glance Dunn and Fisk were just two of a large group of perverted child rapists. To me, their dissimilarities seemed to overshadow that vile shared interest. As much as I did not wish to dwell on their characteristics, I needed to do so as an undercover detective. For example, I knew that when I was putting Fisk under pressure, the tone of his voice changed from a deep calmness, to a high-pitched panicked screech. I knew I could play

Dunn and Fisk as long as I could read them.

As we approached the point of no return in the drug deal, I spoke to the ever-optimistic Fisk.

‘Col, do you think Dolly’s thinking about letting me have the speed?’

‘Oh Glen. I met with Dolly until late last night with our lawyer friend. We all got so pissed. We both told him to let you keep the speed. If Alan gives us any more trouble our friend will speak to someone in Government about him. We’ll fix him up ourselves.’

I shuddered as I heard Fisk speak. I needed to keep control of the whole drug deal.

‘Col, we don’t need to overreact. We just need to take a step at a time. You need to keep Dolly calm. If I can control the supply of these drugs all problems will stop. When do you think we can meet?’

‘I’ll let you know. Have you caught up with Alan?’

‘I’m due to meet with him shortly,’ I retorted. ‘I’ve blasted him. He knows he has to pay up or get locked up. He owes us five grand. I’ll let you know when I collect.’

Every time I went to ISU, the number of people in the meetings was growing. This job was starting to get massive. I was worried about potential leaks and I didn’t think it was necessary to put so many officers onto the case. It was a sensitive time in an explosive investigation, and my own personal safety was on the line every time I sat down with the dealers.

Scott and Watson reassured me that the staff that had been recruited were trustworthy and that there would be no leaks. Regardless, this was most definitely overstaffing, in my opinion. Police politics was now poking its head in the case and there were a lot of people who wanted a slice of the action.

I was in way too deep to turn back now but my paranoia was working overtime. Paranoia is often mocked but in reality, it is a great defence mechanism. It will keep you alive. I had about 10 million reasons to be paranoid.

I needed to meet Dunn and Fisk to get the rest of the speed off Dunn and give them some cash. I wanted to deliver marked money so they could be identified

with it.

Scott and Watson came through with the goods. Five thousand dollars, which consisted of crisp 50-and 20-dollar notes. The serial numbers of the notes were recorded, but this was still not good enough. Once the cash was out of their possession the serial numbers would be useless. We needed a much better solution.

I knew the only way to show Fisk and Dunn had contact with the money was to mark the bills with invisible traceable dye. This would turn their hands purple under ultraviolet light. I learnt this trick on an investigation of armed robbers.

The wad of cash was wrapped tight. First in cling plastic, to give it that illegitimate authenticity, then it was placed in an envelope. This served the dual purpose of street credibility and helped keep the traceable dye intact for its intended recipients.

I was back on the ISU phone recording my conversation with Dunn.

‘Hi Dolly. Good news I’ve just picked up five grand. It’s for you and Col. Tell me where you want to meet?’

‘Glen, you’re fantastic. Colin was talking to a friend of ours in the Eastern Suburbs. Do you know the Doncaster Hotel at Kensington?’

‘Yeah. What time?’

There was a gap in the conversation from Dunn’s end. I could almost hear his brain ticking overtime ... money, money, money.

‘Say two this afternoon.’

‘See you there,’ and with that, I hung up.

Sitting in the briefing room, I turned to Scott and Watson.

‘I reckon I can get all the speed from Dolly.’

They scoffed. ‘Just see what happens. Don’t get too far ahead of yourself.’

‘Why do you think I write plans? It’s not to amuse myself,’ I fired back at them. ‘This time I need to be wired.’

‘I don’t think that’s very wise. They searched you last time.’

‘We need to have the receipt of the money recorded. If I get the gear, it needs to be recorded. It’s all or nothing here.’

The wire was fitted inside the seams of my jeans and running up the inside of my black T-shirt. For extra security, I fitted my five shot over the top of the recorder. It was sitting snugly in the upper crease of the right side of my groin. If things went haywire, I'd still be able to walk out backwards with the five shot in my hand.

Just before 2.00pm I pulled up in the car park of The Doncaster Hotel.

The Doncaster was a joint frequented by the horse racing fraternity. Its close proximity to the Royal Randwick Racecourse and respected horse trainers' stables meant that it was a professionally operated business. The Doncaster was clean and safe. Unlike my last meeting venue, there was no prospect of observing an old man getting a blow job in the men's toilet. For me, this was much more like a home ground advantage.

I knew I had done everything that I had to do and in some ways I was more relaxed than I expected to be in this kind of situation. I strolled into the Saloon Bar. Dunn and Fisk were perched at a table a couple of feet from the bar. As I approached I noticed they were drinking scotch and ice. I acknowledged them, but detoured to the bar. Two double scotches and a schooner of Toohey's New in hand, I plonked myself at the table.

'Hi boys. My shout. Cheers'

Glasses raised Dunn and Fisk drained the double scotches in quick time.

'I've got five grand for you guys,' I said, feigning joy.

I was sitting to the right of Dunn. I had the wrapped wad of cash in the front pocket of my jeans, but as I moved forward to pull it out the five shot had been forced up hard by the wire at its base and was pushing against my jeans. Glancing down, I realised the gun looked like an erect penis. Dunn stared at my groin.

My heart skipped. For a second I thought the wire must have been exposed. Urgency struck me, so quickly but gently I took hold of his right hand and moved it across the front of my torso and onto the top right side of my groin. Dunn's hand was soft and pudgy like a chubby old woman's. With even more tenderness, I placed his hand on the top of my five shot all the while holding it. I

moved it in faux caress. The lustful little bastard enjoyed it.

‘See Dolly. It’s my gun. It’s for us just in case anyone fucks with us.’

‘Oooh Glen, that’s so exciting.’

I released his hand and he moved it away from me. There’d be no more body searches of me in this drug deal.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Fisk, his eyes fixed on the wad of cash, which I had just given to Dunn.

‘Why don’t you guys go and do a count. I’ll get some more drinks.’

ISU had given me conduct money, ‘expenses’ for the job. I regarded it as a personal failure if I bought any change back to their office.

‘It’s my shout.’

I ordered two more double scotches for Dunn and Fisk.

When they came back from the toilets, they’d already opened the white envelope and the plastic wrap and counted every last bank note. They’d split the cash down the middle. Each had placed \$2500 in his pockets. If Dunn or Fisk were exposed to ultraviolet light those close by to them would have needed to be wearing block out goggles to avoid retina burn. There was no doubt the dye was all over their grubby little hands.

Their drug dealing was sophisticated, their criminal contacts in the legal and police world were of high quality but they had failed to execute caution in a process driven system. Their plans failed. They had failed. What remained was to get the drugs from Dunn and then mine them for everything else.

Dunn and Fisk were radiant as they walked toward me from the count. Better still, they had fresh drinks waiting.

‘How did you go?’

Dunn shone. ‘Fantastic, just fantastic. When will you get more money?’

‘We’re due for a couple more grand in two days, but Al has run out of your gear,’ I said. ‘Everyone loves it. It’s so strong. It’s up to you now to determine how much money you want to make in the next couple of weeks.’

‘I need more money. I need so much money. Fucking Colin here helped Larry rip me off for 40 grand. It was someone else’s money and I’m still paying for it.’

Fisk began to laugh. Appropriately reminiscent of a hyena.

‘Oh Dolly,’ he chuckled. ‘For fuck’s sake, Glen, this horny little bastard has made so much money from drugs, Larry and his mates got a bit and so did I.’

Then Dolly told me a story, which surprised even me about his obsession with sex and young boys. At a party in the west of Sydney, Dunn and another paedophile were with two prepubescent boys. They sandwiched the boys between them and a donkey.

‘The donkey got very excited as well and we were filmed in the act. Larry found the video at my place when he ripped me off for the \$40,000.’

I was in. Dunn and Fisk detailed the set-up. Unlike previous meetings where I had exercised a great deal of caution in not going in wired up, this time I had bet everything and got it all on tape. Despite having these damning disclosures recorded, I was never able to get a copy of the donkey film.

Fisk was still laughing. ‘Oh, we’ve made money. I’m Larry’s eyes and ears. We’ve been doing this for the past 20 years. You’re the first one we’ve let in.’

Dunn was very relaxed and said, ‘We need this money. It costs a lot to live like decadent Roman emperors. That’s what we are. We’ve turned the clock back to the Roman Empire. It costs money to shut people up.’

Their conversation of paedophile protection and extortion was flowing. I saw no need to stop.

‘So 20 years. What do you get?’ I said.

Dunn laughed; it was a gentle sigh of a laugh, ‘I get everything and keep it. Movies of boys. I keep them all so I can remember and relive every detail about them. Most of the boys we move after a little while so I need to look at the movies. They’re just little keepsakes. I like to keep things, little things from them.’

‘Where do you move the boys?’

‘Just on to other men in our little circle of friends. We don’t move the boys away, we send them to each other. That’s why I can have a lot of movies but it is also why it costs so much money. Without the help of Larry I couldn’t survive. It’s worth it even though he sucks money out of me.’

‘I’d be hiding those movies Dolly. If someone straight found them you’d be fucked,’ I said.

‘Oh I know. But that’s what I pay protection money for, Glen.’

I had gone far deeper than I had planned. I knew that my conversations meant that Dolly at least and any other playmates on the videos would be committing serious sexual offences against children. Dolly’s particular flavour was boys of 10 years old and under. Like a serial killer, Dolly kept souvenirs of his conquests. His need for souvenirs would be his undoing.

While I realised I needed to get copies of those movies if I could, I also needed to steer Dunn and Fisk back into the world of drug dealing because that’s where I was sure I could nail them.

‘What do you think about giving me the drugs?’ I suggested.

‘We’ve discussed it. I’ve got them in my car. Where are you going to keep them?’ said Dunn.

I had to think on my feet. I had not anticipated such a fast agreement and I did not have a planned answer. Straight off the top of my head, out it came. Lust helped me out.

‘I’ve been seeing this girl, she lives in Maroubra, her name is Mary. She’s unbelievable. She lets me do anything I want to her. Anyway, I’ve got a key to her unit. She’s got a big garage in the basement and in the back of the garage there’s a storeroom. She doesn’t use it. I put a padlock on it the other day; she doesn’t even know it’s there. That’s where the gear is going. Plus it’s out of our possession. We can’t get pinched for it. How does that sound to you guys?’

Fisk was laughing and nodding his head.

Dunn smiled, ‘Do you film yourself with her, you know, doing everything? Does she let you do that too? I bet she does.’

‘I haven’t filmed us yet. You’ve given me a good idea for it though. You never know I might give it to you as a present.’

A fish-eyed gaze seemed to paralyse Dunn as if he was reflecting on images he had already burned into his psyche. It seemed a long time, then he said, ‘I’d like to meet Mary sometime.’

More scotches were downed. I excused myself and left the Saloon Bar for the toilet. The gents toilet at The Doncaster had a door at either end accessing the Saloon Bar and the Public Bar. The Public Bar had a view of the car park. I scoped out the car park but I had to be quick. I used the phone and rang Scott.

‘I am going to get this gear. On the street. The surveillance team will have a clear view from about 30 metres away; they need to be on the eastern side of the road, opposite The Doncaster’s car park. Gotta go.’

By the time I got back from my ‘visit’ to the gents Dunn and Fisk had almost drained their scotches. I needed to buy more time so the surveillance team could get into position.

‘One more for the road before I slip down to Mary’s place?’

They never objected to more booze. The barmaid was painfully slow, but I wasn’t complaining. I had bought the surveillance team a vital 15 minutes.

Eventually Fisk upended the dregs of scotch down his throat. None too subtly he looked at his wristwatch. Fisk, ever hungry, ever greedy, was keen to make more money.

‘Well I suppose we should give you the speed now, Glen. Time is money as they say.’

The three of us walked out of The Doncaster through the public bar. In an instant we were in the car park. It was late afternoon and the weather was cooling but it was still broad daylight when we walked to the back of Dolly Dunn’s car. Dunn opened the boot.

Immediately, I had to stop my eyes from bulging as I spied the clothing in Dunn’s boot. There, lying in plain view, were the religious robes of a Catholic priest. It was the whole set; there was the white clerical collar and colourful green vestments detailed with gold stitching. Then I noticed something very disturbing on the black robe. Staring out at me from the black cloth of the robe, like tiny white eyes that made my stomach lurch, was the tell-tale signs of multiple semen stains. The salty white substance formed small but visible, almost fluid circles on the black cloth. The urge to maim filled me. Fisk, heaving a heavy knowing laugh, broke the urge.

‘Oh Dolly, you dirty little bastard. You’re still using that old priest line. You nearly got caught doing that. You dirty little bugger.’ Fisk continued to laugh.

Realising that I needed to talk I said, ‘Funny clothes for a drug dealer Dolly?’

Dunn seemed to be embarrassed, but before he could answer Fisk spoke.

‘He’s a dirty little bugger our Dolly. He wears the priest getup when he’s grooming a new little boy. He wears it to the boy’s home, charms the parents, they all think he’s a priest. Works like a charm.’

‘How did you get this gear Dolly?’

Fisk was revelling in his role as the narrator.

‘Dolly was a teacher in the Catholic system for years; he’s got a lot of priest friends. Where do you think he got the robes from?’

‘Dolly your boot stinks. Are they cum stains all over that thing?’

Dunn blushed. It was impossible to shut Fisk up.

‘Tell him Dolly, tell him. Oh I’ll tell you. The dirty little bastard, he wears the robes with no ‘undies’ so when he gets to the fucking part with boys, he just gets them to pull the robes up. You really should wash that thing though Dolly. It smells off.’

It was putrid. But none of these tales of priests robes and boy fucking were going to get my hands on the speed. My body wire was recording their every word. So for now I had to stay on plan.

‘Each to their own. Where’s the gear?’ I said.

‘Just in here Glen.’

I was horrified as he leaned into the boot.

‘Can you help me?’

So I did. Lifting the semen soiled priests robes while Dunn probed away underneath. I had an urge to wrap the filthy robes around Dunn’s neck so I could hang him while he stood. Then he rummaged a bit more and lifted himself and a green garbage bag out from under where the robes had been in the firewall between the boot and the rear seat of the car.

The garbage bag swung heavily in his hand. Dolly plopped it on the ground. I could see the load spread in the bag as it hit the bitumen.

‘It’s pure. Even cut two or three times it will give a big bang. There’s at least two million dollars there Glen. I’d like it turned over quickly.’

‘Dolly, I’ll turn this gear over like lighting.’

It was then I looked closely into the bag as I lifted it. The speed was loose wet speed. It had not been buried in the ground at all. This was freshly cooked speed still in the drying process. I could only conclude that the other batch the DEA had failed to find in his backyard, had been sold. I shook the bag and the speed reacted by fuming and bubbling. No wonder Dunn had hidden it under the firewall and covered it with his priest’s outfit. He needed to keep the fumes out of the cabin of his car.

I needed to do the same. I had no intention of being poisoned by a toxic mix of chemicals. So I twisted and then knotted the neck of the bag, lifted out the mat in the boot of my car and threw the bag in the spare wheel well. I replaced everything, making sure it was sealed tight.

This was wet and highly potent speed. Dried and cut with another substance just once, and sold to wholesalers, it would, as Dolly had said, yield around two million dollars.

Dunn was a master speed cook. He had cooked a number of batches producing one and two kilogram-loads from each cook-up. He used the same formula and he used the same vessels and utensils to do the cook.

Churchill, Dunn and Fisk had lied to me right from the very beginning. The story about the speed being buried in the ground was no more than bullshit, a ruse to involve me as their ‘one step beyond’ drug dealer.

My urge to harm Dunn and Fisk was returning. I suppressed it. Carrying out a theatrical handshake with both men, I left, hoping to hell that the surveillance team had us in shot. I had kept Dunn and Fisk in the car park and had the garbage bag of speed open on the ground for a few minutes. The surveillance guys had ample opportunity to film.

Back in my car, paranoia swept across me. This was a huge one-off sting. I was alone. I pulled the five shot out of my jeans and placed it on the console. I drove the car with only my right hand, my left hand rested on the gun.

I had three fears on this journey; being ripped off by other drug dealers, being arrested by other Police and being betrayed by the ISU. After all, I was driving around Sydney with two million dollars worth of speed in a garbage bag. Anyone and everyone would want to cut my throat.

CHAPTER 12

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

‘I’ve got something that blows the drugs away. Listen to these depraved bastards.’

I dropped the bag of fizzing, bubbling wet speed onto the concrete floor of ISU’s briefing room. It landed with a thump. The sudden stop exacerbated the speed’s fizzing and bubbling.

Scott and Watson stood nearby. Mouths agape.

I undid the button on my jeans and began pulling out the wire fitted inside the right crease of my groin.

‘Dolly says it’s so pure, even with two cuts it’s worth at least two million dollars. But I’ve got something that blows the drugs away. Listen to these depraved bastards.’

With that I pulled the device away from its taping, ripping out my body hairs in my haste.

As we listened to the tape, no-one in the room spoke. The impact of the admissions of Dunn and Fisk and their naming of paedophile Philip Bell, Larry Churchill and other senior members of the legal profession in Sydney as being members and protectors of their ‘circle of friends’ reduced Scott and Watson to head-shaking astonishment.

It was a truly shocking story to listen to.

The smugness of Dunn and Fisk was staunchly sinister. It was a smugness that only comes from the intimacy of a successful criminal act and exists only amongst those on the inside of the crime.

The Doncaster tapes were a piece of crucial evidence. More than that, they represented a major turning point in my investigation of the paedophile network,

its protectors and the nexus between organised crime and drug manufacture. Dunn and Fisk's admissions on the Doncaster tapes that day were first class in terms of evidence. Nobody could now deny that the King of Goldenhurst was deeply entrenched in organised crime.

I hoped that by listening to the tape Scott and Watson might start to understand the peril that I had personally lived through as a deep undercover operative. I was operating on three levels; as a supposed drug dealer, a corrupt cop and then my real role as a Detective.

It took some time for the two of them to understand the real implications of what they had just heard in the Doncaster tapes. Even so, I knew we still had work to do.

My strategy was to go to immediately to Dunn's home in Ivy Place and lock up him and then grab Fisk before they could rape any more young boys. Scott and Watson disagreed and said they needed to spend more time on the case before they acted.

I was angry and I felt that all of the risks I had taken in this work had been in vain. As a Detective who worked on the street, and was used to making my own decisions in a crisis, I disagreed strongly with their strategy, but was powerless to do anything about it.

I left Scott and Watson and the other Police in the briefing room and went home. I knew I had to play by the rules of the ISU. I had no other choice.

I drove south out of Regent Street, but instinct drove me back through the depressing rundown streets of Chippendale. Soon I was in Ivy Street. I drove slowly pass number 4, Dolly Dunn's house. The lights were on and I could see Dunn, Fisk and one of the named lawyers in his front room drinking. I could hear their voices. Raucous carnal laughter percolated above the hum of the traffic and the everyday noises of a busy city.

Coincidentally, I thought I saw two youths attempting to break into an expensive car parked right outside the front of Dunn's house. I parked a little distance away and like any law-abiding citizen I called the Police. I sat back and waited for the show to begin, and it soon did. Three marked Police cars arrived,

sirens wailing, blue lights flashing. They had arrived pronto in tiny Ivy Street. Doors were knocked on and parties disturbed. No trace was found of the youths and the cops left Ivy Street, as did Colin Fisk and his friend. The party was spoiled. No young boy was raped in Ivy Street that night. I headed home.

I got home around 1.00am, exhausted. My clothes reeked of whiskey, cigarettes and paedophiles. The same stink was on my skin and in my hair. I ripped my clothes off and stood under the hottest shower my skin could tolerate. I washed away what I had done and who I had been with. I overloaded my washing machine with laundry powder and put the clothes on a heavy duty cycle. The washing machine was still whirring and jumping when I fell into bed, clean. Only fitful sleep came.

I woke early, partly refreshed from sleep but once out of bed and on my feet I realised that I could have used more sleep. I shaved, dressed and readied for my day job as a Detective at the Kings Cross Police station. At least I still wouldn't have to deal with Larry Churchill, Chook Fowler and Steve Pentland who were still in the Philippines.

CHAPTER 13

BETRAYAL

‘McNamara is an ISU dog. You’re gone.’

Just when I’d convinced myself to be positive about the day ahead, I remembered that Neville Scullion would be on duty. Scullion was on my radar. His name was one of only five cops who appeared in the personal diary of the murdered anti police-corruption campaigner, heroin addict, Sally Ann Huckstepp. Huckstepp was a prostitute and girlfriend of murdered drug dealer Warren Lanfranchi.

Scullion admitted he used Huckstepp as an informant. However, the New South Wales Police never held any records of Detective Senior Constable Neville Scullion ever registering any informant, much less Sally Ann Huckstepp.

The use of unregistered informants was a breach of police operational guidelines and in real terms was frowned upon. In many instances ‘unregistered informant’ was code for engaging in criminal activity with that person. The most famous case of the unregistered informant ruse was the infamous relationship between criminal cop Roger Rogerson and drug king pin ‘Neddy’ Smith.

‘Scully’ was a force to be reckoned with and I found myself wishing he had gone to the Philippines with the others instead of hanging around Kings Cross.

I had no evidence that Scully was directly involved in Churchill’s drug dealing but he was too close to Churchill to make me comfortable in his presence.

I headed into the office and I kept my head down in paperwork until lunchtime. By making small talk and generally keeping out of the way, I could cruise through the day. Around midday Scully asked me if I wanted to go to lunch. I made an excuse that I had to finish a brief, which was true, just not the brief I put in Scully’s mind. Soon after that the Kings Cross Detectives, lead by

Scullion and my friend Kim Thompson, disappeared. I presumed it would be for a longish liquid lunch.

Lola Scott and myself had vastly different opinions of how we should run the job. There was one thing we both agreed on however, it could not be stopped.

Convinced I had already effectively partitioned Dunn, Fisk and their 'circle of friends' from Saunders, I thought we should have been able to pluck them like weeds independently of each other. As I now controlled the drug flow by obtaining Dunn's freshly cooked batch of speed, I also controlled Saunders and his drug-dealing underlings. Churchill and Fowler had separated themselves by holidaying in the Philippines.

Some more work needed to be done to put the icing on the cake in regard to Alan Saunders. I believed this could easily have been accomplished with Dunn and Fisk in custody. I had done such a good job in creating division amongst the rats, that they viewed me as the controller.

Saunders was expecting a steady flow of drugs. I needed to manufacture a delay so that I could obtain further evidence to be used against him. It is completely illegal in even the deepest undercover police operation to supply drugs. I had always remained on the legal side of the undercover world and I would not be supplying the gear to Saunders or anyone else. I needed to provide him with a compelling explanation about the delay in supply, otherwise he was going to be very pissed off and I did not need to have a pissed off drug dealer on my hands.

I needed to not only convince Saunders, but also have him repeat the same story to win over his drug dealers, the drug dealer Ricky 'Smiley' Campbell and the drug-dealing burglar Darren Riley.

Campbell and Riley had been working around the clock dealing cocaine, speed, heroin and marijuana on the streets of Kings Cross during the late 1980s and well into the 1990s. Thanks to Churchill, Saunders had, through the hard work of Campbell and Riley, sold vast quantities of drugs through the Kings Cross, Darlinghurst and inner city areas.

Campbell and Riley had become accustomed to an exorbitant cash flow from

their hard work, thanks in no small part to Churchill's franchising of the drug. My problem was not restricted to controlling Saunders but also by extension controlling and pacifying Smiley and Riley, who would be anxious for the drugs to keep flowing.

Smiley had a reputation on the street of being a 'give up'—of saying anything to anyone to get out of trouble if he was under any pressure at all.

Darren Riley, like Alan Saunders, was a Queenslander. Riley had served prison sentences in Queensland gaols for burglary. By all reports he had done his gaol time in Queensland under very demanding conditions. This made Riley a very tough cookie for drug dealers and cops alike. Riley had been recruited to drug dealing in Sydney by his mate, Alan Saunders.

Riley was the opposite of Campbell. Notwithstanding his toughness Riley had spent too much time testing the quality of the drugs he sold. Riley paid the usual price for this sin—he was a drug addict. He loved to inject a 'speedball'—a mix of heroin and Dolly Dunn's speed. Unlucky for Riley, his drug addiction was to become his Achilles heel. In the end, Riley would say or do anything to benefit himself.

I calculated that while the others were at lunch I had at least a couple of hours to do my real work. I made a coded call to ISU. Scott answered the phone.

'Yeah, we need to do those calls on Saunders,' she said. 'Can you sneak away?'

'No problems, everyone's at lunch here.'

I let our secretary know that I would be following up on an assault and robbery that had occurred at the toilets in Rushcutters Bay, which was a well-known gay meeting place. Gay men were constant targets of violence in the Kings Cross and Darlinghurst areas. I'd investigated a number of these cases and the staggering violence metered out to a victim, simply because the thugs perceived he was a gay man was truly horrifying.

It was an area of criminal investigation largely abandoned. Police seemed far more intent on chasing drug dealers and their cash. They consumed vast quantities of Police time in supervising the drug franchise. The result was that

the investigation of violent criminal offences not directly related to drugs or with a trail of cash attached to them was given very little focus, if any focus at all. You could get away with murder, just as long as you weren't a drug dealer or wealthy. Violent attacks on gay men continued unabated.

In this particular assault and robbery, a gay man had been beaten loitering around the public toilets at Rushcutters Bay Park. The offenders took his wallet, which contained a few hundred dollars and his ID. On either side of the Rushcutters Bay Park there were expensive residences. The occupants had long turned a blind eye to the goings-on around the gay beat at the toilets.

It was dangerous for anyone to be in the park after dark because of the poor lighting. To the cowardly hordes of homophobic thugs who enjoyed communal violence and robbery, it was a foolproof hunting ground for prey.

I grabbed a car and cruised out of the Kings Cross Police station. I turned left and headed toward the park at Rushcutters Bay. I parked the car and got out and went to the scene of the assault and robbery at the gent's toilets. The forensic Police had taped off the area when they had examined the scene in the early hours of the morning. Remnants of the tape remained. The council cleaners had washed away most of the blood, so now there was a mixture of blood and bleach. They'd missed splatters spiralling up the outer masonry wall of the toilet block.

I looked at the ground under the spiralling splatter and saw two teeth, which had formerly been attached to the jaw of our victim. I photographed the evidence and then collected it, placing the teeth in clear zip locked evidence bags.

I was disgusted to be a member of the Police and know that this brand of evil was a direct consequence of the cop's addiction to cash. Police often used the term 'poofter bashing' to play down the serious felony of assault and robbery. The offensive term trivialised both the victim and the crime. In a Crime Management meeting a month earlier I had brought up the increasing incidences of the serious assault and robberies at gay beats and proposed strategies to curb the violence. Churchill, who was the Acting Chair of the meeting chortled, 'What are you, a fuckin' poofter lover? How would you like to work at the

Poofter squad?’

As I stood looking at the site of the human destruction that had occurred a few hours earlier it occurred to me that there should be little surprise that the public, in particular gay men, held the Police in such low regard.

I imagined that if the gay community knew what I knew about the lack of interest in their plight there would be a revolution. Violence against gay men was the area of public policy that was screaming for a champion.

I made more notes at the scene and then I waited. No-one was following. The Kings Cross Detectives were indeed engaged in a liquid lunch and I was clear of any surveillance. I headed up through the back streets of Paddington and soon I was cutting through Redfern. As I drove, I thought about the innocent gay man in hospital and the men I was working on to snare, who used gayness to cloak their paedophilia and drug dealing.

Fifteen minutes later the car was parked inside the cavernous ground floor of ISU. The building had been a factory in a former life and the parking space on the ground floor did a fine job in hiding the comings and goings of people and cars to the offices.

Scott and Watson had left the office to buy a sandwich for lunch.

‘Go and make yourself a cup of coffee. The meal room is on the top floor,’ said one of the other officers.

It was mildly amusing that I was using the secret parking entrance of ISU. It seemed to me that I had the run of the place. I had only worked in the secrecy of the ISU briefing room. Now I was off to the top floor meal room. With the way I was going, soon I would have my own locker.

I arrived at the top floor and I walked into the meal room. I was totally astonished at what I saw. The pit of my stomach felt like a rock. Ahead of me on a rear wall, a prominently placed white board faced directly toward the open door of the meal room. My name appeared on the whiteboard in a flow chart linking all of my undercover targets, with details of the undercover operation. Explanatory notes on the sides and base of the whiteboard included my home address and home phone number. Red and green marks had been rubbed out,

forming a colourful mess in the central part of the whiteboard.

I wondered what secrets of mine the mess once contained. As if sent by fate to accentuate my astonishment, two cleaners rambled into the meal room and began mopping the floor.

I complained to Watson and Scott immediately and strongly that anyone could wander in and read the whiteboard, and give me up. I asked them why the room had not been locked, and they couldn't tell me who had been in that briefing nor why the briefing had been held in the common meal room. After all it was a meal room used by all the staff in the building during their breaks and recreation. It was not an operational room. Was no other room available at that time? Their lack of urgency in the recognising this major security breach was distressing.

Despite my anguish, I went back to the phones and phoned through an excuse on the slowdown in the drug supply to Saunders. Strategic symmetry had me offering Dunn as the reason our drug supply had slowed. I hoped the pair would never meet and swap notes.

Saunders got on his high horse. 'I should have got Smiley to take a bat to the old faggot, some deniability for us then, eh brother.'

'Yeah I know what you mean. We won't use Smiley though. Smiley would give us up. If anyone smashes Dunn I'll be doing it myself.'

Saunders appeared taken aback by my newfound propensity to violence.

'It won't come to that though. Will it?'

'Al, I've got Dolly under control. I should have all of the drugs in a couple of days,' I assured him. 'In the meantime have a couple of days off. Just think of all the cash we are going to make. All you need to do is keep your guys quiet. Is that alright?'

'Sounds like a plan brother. I've got another eight grand from the last batch of gear. Do you want to collect that? You know how hungry Larry is.'

'Yeah I can't have Larry blowing up over money. We'll both finish up knocked.'

'How about we meet at the Bourbon at nine?'

'Good. See you there.'

It was an important part of my undercover role that I imposed myself on the other participants in the drug dealing as the leader. As the leader it's more likely that they'll remain obedient to me. In that context my threats of violence to harm Dunn were simply to enhance my leadership role to Saunders.

Later that evening I met Saunders at the Bourbon in Kings Cross.

I decided not to wear a wire. Being in the Bourbon is like being under one of the boy wizard Harry Potter's 'cloaks of invisibility'. You can get away with anything. No-one batted an eyelid at my drug-dealing date. I did have my little five shot friend in the front pocket of my jeans. No-one cared about you carrying a gun at the Bourbon, which was the very reason why it was a good idea to carry a gun at the Bourbon. I had set up surveillance guys inside. Saunders and I were the star attractions.

Saunders fronted up with his drinking mate Smiley Campbell. Arriving with Campbell was a problem. I had some time for Alan Saunders because he could be trusted to keep his trade secrets. Smiley Campbell on the other hand was well known for his loose lips. I had no alternative. Saunders's laid-back attitude towards me meant that he trusted me and saw this drug-dealing meeting as just a social occasion. I had to maintain the credibility so reluctantly I tore into Campbell.

'Alan, piss your fat mate off. I don't talk to dogs.'

'Aw Mr McNamara I've been selling your gear. I just want to be in on it,' said Campbell.

'Fuck off Smiley. You're not the boss. I won't be talking to you. Just fuck off.'

Campbell got the message and left the Bourbon. It was true that I did not like Smiley Campbell but that was not the reason I was so hard on him. Now Saunders understood that when we met for business those meetings were only ever going to be one on one. Saunders was pleased that I had referred to him as the boss when I put shit on Smiley. It was a small bonus from what was a potentially ugly situation.

Saunders was now convinced that there was a strict process to our drug dealing. By using vulgar language and insulting his colleague I was doing

nothing more than reinforcing the order of our deal. The façade that I was in charge had to be maintained.

Saunders and I settled in and had a couple of drinks. He accepted my spin that Dunn's drugs would soon be in my control, all the while I ratcheted up Dunn as being the source of the hold-up.

'Dolly just doesn't trust you Al, that's all. He's scared of you as well. I've spent all my time convincing him that I'll control the drug flow, not you. He seems to have understood that now. It's just a matter of him getting hold of the gear and him giving it to me. I estimate three days before I get my hands on it.'

'That's great. It's much better if you control the drug flow. We can make a lot of money. I've got plenty of heroin and coke to sell to keep my guys busy. Dolly's speed is a big seller. It's just so strong. Oh by the way, here's the eight grand.'

The cameras were rolling. I counted out the cash in the envelope for the video. Saunders was none the wiser. We had one more drink and went our separate ways.

I hated carrying large amounts of cash around drug dens such as Kings Cross. Even though I was armed it was easy to be stabbed or shot in a rip-off. The bonus of getting rid of 'Smiley' Campbell from our meeting was that now he would not be sure if I had money, drugs or nothing at all. I didn't need him orchestrating a rip-off before I got the cash back to ISU.

I made it back to my car quickly. In an instant I took off and did anti-surveillance laps in ever increasing circles, first around Kings Cross, then Darlinghurst, then to Paddington. I arrived at ISU 15 minutes later. Money counted and signed off. It had been another staggeringly long day and I needed to sleep.

As I drove home I ran over in my mind which of my bunch of criminals had been placed into their boxes for the purpose of arrest. How much evidence did I really have now?

I was satisfied that sufficient evidence existed to convict Dunn, Fisk, Churchill and Saunders of commercial supply of drugs, extortion and many

hundreds of charges of sexual intercourse of a child under 10 years of age and sexual intercourse of a child aged between 10 and 16 years.

From the conversations taped at the Guys and Dolls and later at the Doncaster, at least two members of the legal fraternity could have been convicted of numerous charges of sexual depravity. The critical aspect to this was still to seize Dunn's movies of the sexual acts against young boys and the tapes involving sexual acts with a donkey.

To complete this prosecution we needed to keep the undercover job secret otherwise we risked losing vital evidence. I knew that Dunn would keep his movies close. The collection of home movies were Dunn's trophies, but he knew that they could also send him to prison.

The paedophilic video tapes needed to be seized by police in a lawful manner otherwise they would be deemed inadmissible as evidence. What we did not need was a leak that would allow Dunn sufficient time and opportunity to dispose of them.

I had two days off work. They were only days off from my 'regular' job. I was exhausted and anticipating a long restful sleep in. Almost as soon as my head hit the pillow I was out like a light. I was having the type of sleep you have when you've been deprived from it for too long when my telephone rang. The clock on the bedside table showed it was 4.45am. Luckily for me, Cheryl was away at this time.

I cleared my throat and picked up the phone.

'Hello.'

'Is that you Glen?' said the voice on the other end.

'Yes.'

'You dog. You're fucking dead meat.'

The caller hung up. The voice was a man's with an Australian accent, but whether it was sleep or tiredness fogging my brain I did not recognise the anonymous caller. All I could think of was the whiteboard in the meal room of ISU.

Unable to go back to sleep I watched the dawn of the new day from my

balcony. The streets near my home were like a ghost town. It reminded me of the old adage, 'Good from afar, but far from good.' Anonymous telephone callers lack the courage to confront their targets, which is the reason they are anonymous. No-one had arrived at my doorstep to turn me into dead meat. I wondered what I would tell Cheryl.

The anonymous caller had to be a cop. Firstly, my telephone number was silent and only recorded for contact purposes with work at Kings Cross. Secondly, the caller called me a 'dog' which meant they knew about my undercover work. In the police force, dog means both an informant and an undercover worker.

I reasoned that it could not have been the criminals who I was working with. Dunn, Fisk and Saunders loved me. They believed that I was going to make them all millionaires. The cops had everything to lose because of the work I was doing. I made myself an espresso and fantasised about head-butting the anonymous telephone caller if I caught up with him.

Detective Sergeant Kim Thompson was the most highly regarded of the cops at Kings Cross Detectives. He was quite a handsome bloke of muscular build. Raised in a rural family, his early years in the bush had hardened him physically. He was aware of his physical prowess, but in all of the time that I knew him I did not witness him take advantage of it to the detriment of the less advantaged. He had a dryness of tone akin to a bushman.

Kim was the type of man that woman loved; understated, quietly spoken but with an aura of calm toughness. Men liked Kim Thompson, too. A Vietnam veteran, he was a man who possessed many admirable masculine qualities that other men aspired to.

Thompson had worked at Kings Cross for about three years, having been transferred from the Consorting Squad of the old Criminal Investigation Branch (CIB). He possessed an encyclopaedic knowledge of criminals and their associates. This quality alone meant that he was often the first asked to participate in a serious or complex inquiry.

Thompson knew everyone there was to know in the criminal milieu around

Sydney. One either knew Thompson or feared Thompson. These qualities were invaluable possessions for the criminal investigator and Thompson applied the use of them judiciously taking care not to abuse people or his accumulated knowledge.

In all of the investigations I worked on with Thompson, I had never witnessed any type of conduct that could ever be referred to as misbehaviour, he never stepped out of line. It was the major reason that everyone respected and admired Thompson. He was the first person whose counsel was sought on most occasions and an extremely valuable colleague in the business of criminal investigation in the deep misery of Kings Cross.

Thompson was a devastating witness for the prosecution when required to give evidence in criminal prosecutions. His personality shone through. His coolness under pressure manifested itself into absolute certainty in the evidence he gave. Jurors believed everything that came out of his mouth. I felt sorry for crooks when Thompson gave evidence in a criminal trial where there were female members of the jury. In this setting I did not know a jury that had failed to convict an accused.

Thompson was dating an attractive young female detective. I was her workmate for a period of time. We became friends. I became friends with her and with Thompson and it was a natural progression for us to go out socially. Thompson and his partner and my wife and I made an even dining foursome who got along famously. My wife Cheryl was happy that I had 'nice people' to work with. I dared not spoil the image and tell her that Thompson and his girlfriend were the only 'nice people' in Kings Cross, instead I let it slide.

It was early in the morning of March 29, 1989 and Kim Thompson had arrived at work. The evening before Larry Churchill and Chook Fowler had flown from Manila to Sydney. Churchill was expecting me to shower him with good news and hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Thompson was running through the litany of the previous evening's human tragedies at Kings Cross. He studied the crime reports and quietly matched the most suitably skilled investigators to the various crimes. He enjoyed doing the

boss's job without the constant frivolous interruption of Chook Fowler and Larry Churchill. Thompson knew that the management of the office flowed smoothly when he ran it. The telephone rang and Thompson answered it. The call was short, the message abrupt but disturbing. Thompson knew he had to take action.

ISU had arranged for surveillance to be placed around the Kings Cross Police station and various favourite cop haunts in the Cross as crunch time approached. We needed eyes on the comings and goings of our suspects and anyone else who was sufficiently foolish to be in their company.

Soon after hanging up, Thompson left his office without warning. He walked briskly up the stairs, not saying one word and out of the door of the Police station into Kings Cross. The surveillance team picked him up immediately. Thompson scurried across Darlinghurst Road. No-one followed Thompson. He was alone. The surveillance continued. He walked straight to a public phone on Darlinghurst Road. Alarm bells started to ring.

Thompson picked up the phone, dropped coins in the slot and dialled a number. Curiosity was killing the surveillance guys but they kept the cameras trained on Thompson. As he finished dialling the last number a telephone on the northern beaches of Sydney began to ring.

Simultaneously, a telephone recording device locked in a briefing room at the ISU was activated as the line on the northern beaches took the call. It rang three times and Thompson waited impatiently. The tape was whirring, recording the communication. Surveillance Police continued to film Thompson.

At the end of the third ring, Larry Churchill picked up his home line in the lounge room of his palatial home in Collaroy.

'Hello,' he yawned. A combination of jet lag and alcohol had conspired to leave him feeling heavy headed.

'Larry. It's Kim. I've just been told McNamara's an ISU dog. You're gone.'

Churchill's voice was restrained.

'Oh thanks mate. I'll sort it out.'

Thompson put down the receiver on the public telephone. The filming of Thompson continued all the way back to the Kings Cross Police station until he

disappeared out of sight inside the building. Thompson's demeanour had not changed. He was just his usual cool but tough self.

Almost two years of my undercover operation, years of hard work, self-discipline, risk taking and danger was obliterated by Thompson's treachery in that instant. My secret was out and the tragedy of its publishing was that I regarded Thompson as my closest colleague. Thompson was the officer whom I would have staked my judgement on as being the most trustworthy individual. He was the last person I expected would betray me.

Clearly, Thompson had not dreamed up this information. There had been a leak and all leaks come from a source. It was instantly evident that Thompson was only able to deliver his betrayal of me because an unknown facilitator had chosen him to play the puppet whilst the facilitator played the puppeteer.

Whoever had their hand up Thompson's back must have had some strong power to make Thompson behave in the way he did. Thompson did not even concern himself with giving me a 'heads up.'

Thompson's betrayal was particularly humiliating for me because I prided myself on making correct assessments of people's characters. Thompson did not like Churchill and had expressed that to me in conversations, he thought Churchill was an idiot and had a low opinion of Churchill as a working Detective.

So the betrayal itself fell into two categories, the leak from ISU to Thompson and then Thompson's call to Churchill.

Thompson had the freedom of choice to either call or not call Churchill. He had choice about not disclosing the information or speaking to me about it. It is particularly sad that he did not bother speaking to me because I trusted him completely. He admitted to the Wood Royal Commission that he and the other Detective Sergeants at Kings Cross had been receiving regular protection payments from the Bayehs and other club operators since 1985.

When I later caught up with Thompson I only had one question for him.

'Who gave me up?'

'It came from ISU,' he admitted. 'I can't say who.'

That was all the information I needed.

Thompson is no longer my friend. After learning where the leak originated, I never spoke to him again.

Churchill effortlessly slithered into his Plan B. He made calls to Fisk, Dunn and Saunders and they made calls. Churchill made calls to cops. Then cops made calls to other cops and criminals and vice versa. The leak flew at supersonic speed. It was hard to tell who had more information, the cops or the criminals. It was a terrible outcome. Churchill was planning to murder me. It was a good plan, too. The absence of an accuser who introduces all of the evidence for the prosecution would significantly blow the odds right out if you were betting on a successful outcome.

Blissfully unaware of Thompson's treachery on that morning, I had taken advantage of my early morning telephone call threat and driven the five minutes from my apartment to Cronulla. I enjoyed a long run along the beach. It enlivened me.

Physical exertion is the best medicine for most ailments. After, I had a swim and then headed back to my place for breakfast. Working with criminals had taught me about looking for the unusual, which was particularly relevant given my current job.

As I neared my home I noticed surveillance vehicles with single male occupants. I recognised some of the occupants as being the ISU surveillance operatives. I thought to myself it is little wonder they ever caught corrupt cops when they are incapable of blending in during surveillance. I parked my car and headed into my place. The phone rang. It was Ken Watson.

'It leaked. They know. Get out.'

Flashing across my mind was the white board in the unguarded common meal room at ISU blaring all of the operational details of the job.

'I fucking told you,' I grunted as I slammed the receiver hard into the phone.

I changed quickly, grabbed a small training bag tucking the five shot into its open inside flap and I closed my front door behind me. I made my way to a pick up point I had pre-arranged with Watson in Miranda. Scott and Watson arrived

there with the car's rear door opened. I dived into the back seat quickly. Scott gunned the car and we took off away from unseen danger.

What ensued was an explosive, expletive ridden conversation between Scott, Watson and myself in which I directly accused the ISU of leaking like a sieve and specifically leaking the operational details of my undercover role. I do not suggest that either Scott or Watson were personally responsible for any leaking, and I have no evidence about any individual. To this day, my search for that information continues.

The surveillance teams remained placed in a perimeter around my home. Scott, Watson and I drove around for a while discussing possible outcomes. Eventually I got tired of their prevarication.

'Take me home. If anyone comes to my place I'll put a bullet in their head.'

Soon I was at home with Scott and Watson for company. Finally, plans were made for the immediate arrest of Churchill, Dunn, Fisk and Saunders as the drug supply conspirators.

I let Scott and Watson know in very explicit terms what I thought of their delay in arresting Dunn and Fisk after the 'Doncaster' deal. It was what placed me in the position I was now in. My concern turned to what Dunn might do with his video collection. I feared the mass of evidence against Dunn, Fisk, Bell, and their 'circle of friends' could be lost.

At the very front of my mind was the safety of my wife, Cheryl. We were married in August 1988, but had been together since December 1986. So for most of the time that I'd known Cheryl I had been in this undercover role. I would wait until she came home and tell her what the situation was.

Some people might consider that I was putting my relationship under strain because of the pressure associated with the work I was doing. I saw it another way. My relationship with Cheryl was the best thing I had. She allowed me to relax and see things in perspective.

I'd seen many Police lose relationships and marriages and the vast majority of that was rooted in their alcohol abuse. Cops affected by alcohol are like everyone else. Sexual propriety is the first thing to go out the window. The usual

partners in this drunken, misplaced lust were female Police officers who were drinking just as much alcohol as the men.

I had made my mind up that I was not going down that track. One of the best features about Cheryl was that she did not care if I was a cop or a brain surgeon. She wanted to be with me and I with her.

Cheryl has always been very independently minded. As well, she is a successful business person. She understood the nature of my work and knew that I was bound to secrecy but that secrecy only extended to my work.

Cheryl arrived home from work around 5.00pm. She kept pretty cool when she walked into our apartment and found a room full of cops and guns.

We had a distinct line between our professional and personal lives. In our personal lives there were no secrets about anything but particularly our financial affairs.

The undisputable evidence that the Police leaked the details of my undercover role meant that, like vulgar drug dealers, the Police had broken an honourable and long standing custom of not involving innocent family members. The Police, through the ISU leak, through Kim Thompson and Larry Churchill, had bought their illegal disputes with me to my home and involved my wife and my wider family—innocents, who had no involvement in any of their business.

When Cheryl was able to take a breath she was briefed on the job and the most recent developments. It was a lot to take in. Lola Scott was trying to connect with Cheryl on a woman to woman basis. I thought that was most decent of her.

In the meantime, reinforcements had arrived in the form of police officers John McHugh, Bob Campbell and Luke Fruedenstein. Luke was a young officer working at ISU at the time. We shook hands in my lounge room and he said, 'Glen it's good to meet you finally. We are all very proud of what you are doing.'

The three were armed with a variety of shotguns and handguns. They spent the night in my lounge room.

After dinner Cheryl and I got some time alone. We were chatting and she said,

‘Lola asked me the strangest thing.’

I was puzzled, ‘What do you mean?’

‘She asked me if you ever brought large amounts of money home and I told her that I did the accounts for my business and for home and I knew how much money you had virtually to the dollar at any one time. I told her that your pay went directly to our mortgage.’

After the betrayal by Thompson of my undercover work, I was suspicious of everyone in the New South Wales Police Force.

The difficulty was proving any of these suspicions and moreover finding someone who would listen to me. I had already tossed in my lot with ISU and it had unravelled on me. I found it very difficult to talk to anyone about it because of my fear of being betrayed or misrepresented.

My major concern at the time was the welfare of Cheryl and myself. The continuing pattern of leaks from the Police and threats to kill me kept me on toes to the point that I could not really concentrate on anything else. In one way it was good to be so intellectually involved with my survival because I recognise now that if I had of had any time on my hands and realised the situation I was in I might have wanted to jump off the notorious suicide cliff called The Gap in Watsons Bay.

Only guessing what could be in store for me in the coming days I tried to sleep. Only fitful sleep came.

CHAPTER 14

STRIPPED TO THE BONE

‘You’re a pariah. No-one will work with you. One of two things will happen. You will be lured to an isolated location by the bullshit report of a job and then shot or you’re locker will be loaded up with heroin and you’ll be locked up. Either way there’s no future for you.’

Larry Churchill arrived for work at the Detectives’ Office of the Kings Cross Police station early on the day of 31 March 1989. It was about 6.50am. Instead of being refreshed from his boys-only adventure to the Philippines, a sense of foreboding washed over him. He had not told Chook Fowler about the drug deal with Saunders, Dunn and Fisk that he had asked me to complete while he was away. He knew that if the deal blew up then Chook would know that Churchill had ripped Fowler off because he had not been a part of it. It would have brought the shit fight straight to Chook’s door, which is exactly what happened. Fowler was never charged criminally in relation to any aspect of this drug deal, even though it was the start of his unravelling.

The call from Kim Thompson warning Churchill that I was an undercover operative had rattled Larry. Nevertheless he still believed in his own corrupt systems. He possessed sufficient boldness to head into work early. He was certain that his contacts within Internal Affairs would warn him of any speed bumps in the road ahead.

Churchill thought that if I had been deep undercover investigating him, the timely warning from Thompson had allowed more than enough time to arrange a second wave response, which he thought would derail the investigation and turn the criminal focus onto me.

Churchill was also concerned about Thompson’s phone call because of

another issue. He was expecting me to deliver the proceeds of the drug sales. He was expecting the windfall to be in the vicinity of two million dollars with more to come. If Thompson was right about me, there would be no money and Larry's pay day was a no go.

Churchill hung around the office, waiting. One by one, all the Kings Cross Detectives arrived to work, except for me. The atmosphere in the office that morning was tense. One Detective, long addicted to nicotine, sat at his desk smoking. Smoking indoors was a long standing public service 'no-no' but universally unenforced in the macho world of the New South Wales Police.

As he took a long drag on his cigarette, he missed the sound of footsteps racing down the stairs to the basement Detectives' Office of the Kings Cross Police station.

When the footsteps became faster and louder, as if they were heading straight at him, he looked up. Cigarette in hand, his face was frozen in a mixture of fear and surprise. Simultaneously everyone's eyes followed his, even Churchill's. An imposing figure stood centre of the group who had just barged down the stairs and through the office doors.

Tall, grey and weather-beaten like an old stockman, Detective Superintendent Alan West held out a search warrant for the Kings Cross Detectives' Office in his right hand.

West's voice boomed, 'Stop what you are doing. Don't move from your desks. Don't use the phones. Where's Larry Churchill?'

The Detectives obeyed West.

They all appeared resigned and overwhelmed as a large posse of Detectives from ISU filed into the room. There was no way out.

Larry Churchill, joking under such intense pressure and looking directly at the now shocked but still smoking Detective, said in a loud voice, 'Put out that cigarette you idiot. I've told you before not to smoke in here. I'm sorry Alan, what can I say? He loves cigarettes.'

West was unimpressed. Larry Churchill was arrested on the spot.

A thorough search was made of the Kings Cross Detectives' Office, including

my desk. A number of items were seized. Some formed evidence in our current case and some would constitute the basis for further criminal inquiries against Kings Cross Detectives.

Churchill was driven back to ISU. The rest of them sat stunned as a secondary group of ISU Detectives continued the search. They were so thorough and by the book that they even ignored the requests of the Kings Cross guys to leave their desks to take a piss.

All the while, raids were also being conducted on the Helensburgh residence of Colin Fisk and a unit in Parramatta, where Alan Saunders lived. Almost two years after I first started work at Kings Cross Police Station, the house at number 4 Ivy Street, Chippendale, was finally legally entered and searched by police.

At Helensburgh, a rural area on the southern outskirts of Sydney, Fisk was arrested trying to hide his 'house boy', a Filipino lad aged about 13 years of age. The child was taken by Police and later reunited with frantic relatives who were concerned about his whereabouts and welfare. Evidence of Fisk's involvement in paedophilia over a long period of time was taken from his home, as well as evidence that implicated him in the drug business.

The mid-morning Parramatta raid found a sleeping Alan Saunders. He was in bed with his de facto wife, a known prostitute. Evidence seized at his apartment included papers relating to the drug dealing, freshly used needles and syringe kits. Saunders and his wife denied they were junkies, but the track marks inside their fingers, wrists and arms told a different story.

The whole time I was undercover I'd scrupulously avoided intimate contact with my targets. Sadly, some fellow undercover cops who did not impose such rigid self-regulation have suffered from hepatitis and other mystery illnesses for many years. Most of them have suffered debilitating illnesses for much longer than any of their targets ever served in prison. Undercover police have also passed on these horrible diseases to their own loved ones in the realm of their personal lives, as husbands and parents. The work may have its moments for the adrenaline junkie cowboys, but it is far from glamorous when reflected upon soberly.

At 4 Ivy Street, Chippendale, police entered the house but noone was home. Dunn was nowhere to be found. Somehow he had been tipped off and had fled the state. Perhaps turning to his 'circle of friends', Dunn 'disappeared'.

I later discovered that while his Chippendale residence was being torn apart by the Police, Dolly Dunn found solace with a young boy in an apartment in Melbourne. The apartment and the child had been provided to him by Melbourne based paedophiles from the 'circle of friends'. Dunn's escape and his continued sexual deviance with young boys was a bitter reminder of the effects of the betrayal of me by Thompson. For the time being Dunn was safe, harboured in Victoria by the same paedophile protection ring that operated with ruthless efficiency in New South Wales and Queensland.

The paedophiles in Dunn's 'circle of friends' group must have been laughing so hard that their cheekbones hurt when they learned that the ISU's brief ended at the New South Wales' border.

Even so, the search of Dunn's Chippendale house found some homemade films, although I suspected he had taken most of them with him. The films depicted Dunn anally raping a number of young boys, some as young as eight years old.

Tragically, Dunn's copy of the 'donkey tape' was not found at Chippendale. However, the location and seizure by Police of significant amounts of Dunn's paedophilia films and trophies enhanced the evidence I had collected when I was wearing a body wire during my Doncaster meetings with both men.

Fisk was interviewed intensely by police during April 1989 and then frequently throughout the rest of that year and into 1990. He made a full confession. The interrogations corroborated my entire undercover investigation.

Fisk readily admitted to his involvement in the drug supply. He also detailed his extensive knowledge of the paedophile connections of a senior legal practitioner and that person's close and direct involvement in the paedophilia practice and protection scene. It meant that the admissions Dunn and Fisk made about paedophilia and the players involved, as they basked in the afterglow of what they thought was my successful drug dealing, were absolutely true.

It burned me deeply that the arrests of Dunn and Fisk, at least, had not been made on the night after the Doncaster Hotel. If it had occurred that night, the 'Donkey Tapes' would have been found and the senior legal practitioner who I had observed in Dunn's home that night and who had been ready to party with Dunn and Fisk would have also been brought to justice.

At ISU, Churchill and Saunders were questioned about the drug-dealing conspiracy. The cops there couldn't get the two of them to shut up, particularly Churchill. It seemed that his arrest had caused his veil of toughness to collapse and reveal him to be much the same as a common criminal, prepared to do or say anything as long as it benefited him.

Churchill and Saunders directed their allegations against me. As they told it, I was the mastermind, the supplier and the principal drug dealer, not Churchill. I was Mr Everywhere. Churchill and Saunders were each charged with Conspiracy to Supply a Commercial quantity of drugs.

Fisk, who had made complete admissions regarding the drug supply, was charged with the same offence. He'd not made false allegations against me; he had been too occupied in providing details of the senior legal practitioner's paedophilia conduct in the vain hope the disclosures might free him.

Churchill was refused bail and broke down in tears. It was to be the first night of many that he would spend in a prison cell. Even locked up, though, he continued to attempt to thwart the authorities and conspired to do harm to me.

The newspaper headlines screamed, 'Kings Cross Police station raided' and 'Officers arrested'. Much was made of the fact that Churchill was a married man with young children. It was surely an attempt to portray him as some sort of victim and seek the sympathy vote. Sympathy for Churchill was a response that I never considered. I told him loud and clear that for him 'sympathy' could be found in any dictionary located between 'shit' and 'syphilis'.

In light of the threats Cheryl and I had already received, we decided to leave Sydney. It was better to be out of the spotlight and allow the media frenzy to die. I was also concerned about possible death threats. ISU swiftly told me that no assistance would be given to me by the New South Wales Police to relocate.

My father had just bought a new car; it was his pride and joy. I did not even have to ask him and he offered it up in a heartbeat. It meant I was able to leave town comfortable in the knowledge that I was travelling anonymously. Not only did I have to take care of myself, I had to ensure that Cheryl was safe and as happy as possible.

In a couple of hours Cheryl and I had cruised out of Sydney and were in relative safety on the south coast of New South Wales in the care and comfort of family. My brother-and sister-in-law, Peter and Sue Tuck, were holidaying on the South Coast of New South Wales in a beautiful spot a few kilometres south of Ulladulla. Their call had been short but the words were most comforting. 'We're here for you.'

The benefit of arranging travel in the absence of Police assistance was that no-one knew my exact location. With that in mind, I slept soundly for the first time in a long time.

Before I left, I promised Scott and Watson I would ring in and the next morning I kept my word. Calling them from an old public phone on the side of The Princes Highway about five kilometres south of Ulladulla. I was going for a run through a mixture of bush and beach when I spotted the phone, stopped and called ISU.

'Mate they're saying that you did a lot of badness. There are a lot of questions you'll need to answer,' Watson said.

My temper roared into action on auto-pilot. I found myself yelling down the phone, 'Ken, if your mob had of kept their mouths shut these blokes would not have had any time to think of anything. We should've locked up Dunn and Fisk after the Doncaster Hotel job. We had them fucking stone-cold.'

Watson did not answer. I finished the call grunting, 'I'll call you when I'm coming back.'

I punched the telephone back onto its cradle. Covered in sweat I started on the return leg back to the house. I'd only run about 100 metres when it began to thunder and then rain heavily. My temperament matched the thunderstorm unfurling. I could feel the thunder in me and I knew that Watson's call would be

the first of many missives directed at my integrity.

The aspect that blew me away the most was my strong suspicion that there was a Police Officer leaking information to Thompson. The delay in the arrest that had created this situation and the manufactured allegations against me.

On the run back in the rain I turned my mind to the possible lies Churchill and Saunders were telling. I knew well of the deadliness of manufactured allegations. Active criminal lawyers had, for years, fought lying Police valiantly on these practices, known as ‘verballing’. This is where police would fill in the interview sheets of suspects and not have them verified in the interview room.

I arrived back at the house, soaked to the skin from the rain. I was determined not to allow the phone call with Watson spoil our break from Sydney. This became more difficult, though. I had showered and changed. Peter gently pushed The Sun-Herald towards me across the breakfast table. The first four pages covered the raids, in particular the one on the Kings Cross Police station and the arrest of Larry Churchill, who was described as a long serving Detective Sergeant. What I couldn’t miss was the headline in large block letters ‘SUPERGRASS’ screaming off of the front page. It was clear from the article that the journalist was referring to me.

The term ‘supergrass’ originated in the East End of London where Police informants were referred to by their criminal cohorts as being a ‘grass’, someone completely untrustworthy. ‘Supergrass’ came from UK police turning members of the IRA to give evidence against the IRA in terrorist trials. So, to be actually compared to a murdering terrorist who had been caught and then turned over into giving evidence against his former associates was very poor form. I expected nothing else from Churchill.

What the journalist missed was that I was not a supergrass, in the sense that I was not working for the drug dealers—there was no mention of the paedophile networks. I had not committed any crimes, nor was it true that I’d been provided an indemnity from prosecution on the basis of assisting the prosecution. I had nothing to indemnify myself from.

The New South Wales Police Force, of which I was a member at the time and

had done the job for, did nothing either in court or by press release to correct the false impression that I was a criminal who had been somehow caught red-handed and to save myself had given everyone else up. I spent the next couple of days privately fuming. Mud does stick, even if it bullshit mud.

The true facts have always remained the same. I conducted a two-year undercover investigation building up Churchill's trust, identifying his connections to Dunn, Fisk and Saunders, and when the moment arrived I swooped and did the work I was trained to do.

While the practice of journalists being 'spoon-fed' crime stories by the cops continues to be a common practice, I despise the lack of journalistic investigative rigour that reduces such reports to propaganda. They were only after a story for the front page.

The fact that the whole Supergrass idea was a lie did not stop the myth moving rapidly. I had Police and Churchill verballing me in public. Cops everywhere, many of whom I would have once regarded as friends, denounced me and referred to me as a criminal and a 'dog'. I heard all of this on the 'bush telegraph'—it was never to my face. It was very difficult to control and defeat.

No-one came to my defence, championed my honourable behaviour in difficult circumstances and apart from my family, there was no-one I could trust or turn to. The police talk about a blue brotherhood and of looking after each other, but this is a fallacy in reality.

The gossip had me either as a drug dealer or an informant and my gullible and cowardly police colleagues conveniently chose to accept what was put to them, rather than search for the truth themselves.

I was violently angry about my isolation, but I turned my contempt for the police into the energy to pursue what I knew was the truth.

My colleagues at the ISU knew the truth, and had gathered the intelligence with me and had been an integral part in the investigation. They still did nothing to assist or support me.

The deluge of allegations, both privately and within the course of the Police investigations into the drug-dealing networks continued.

When conduct of this type occurs the notion of justice within a democracy fails. I felt a knot in my gut when I considered that I could be imprisoned because of Police leaking, betrayal and lies.

CHAPTER 15

SPARRING WITH DEATH

The smell of death ensnared my senses like a nightmare perfume.

I returned to Sydney the following Monday and met immediately with Scott and Watson at ISU. It was April 1989. The questioning started before I was even through the door. Allegations were put to me that I was a drug dealer, an extortionist gun-for-hire, a thief and an assailant.

I began answering questions on the Monday and continued to answer for days upon days. Claims that I had been actively involved in drug dealing were particularly offensive to me.

I was never provided with, nor even asked if I would prefer to have, the benefit of a lawyer or observer. The employment laws of the New South Wales Police require that all employees must answer questions at any time in the course of their employment.

After days of interrogation, I was shocked to hear Scott and Watson caution me, ‘From this point in time, you’re not obliged to answer any further questions. Anything you say will be recorded and may later be used in evidence against you in legal proceedings.’

It was a monstrous breach of my rights. Even so, I noted that even though recording devices were available, they were not used in any of the interviews in which I was involved. Procedural fairness apparently doesn’t apply if you’re a falsely accused ‘supergrass’.

I knew that my only chance to come through all of this was to outwit my opponents—it was clear to me now that they were ‘opponents’. I knew that I could wear down all those that stood before me with false accusations, I just wanted to avoid being falsely imprisoned before the process was completed.

It was very draining for me and after each day of interrogation I just looked forward to going home to Cheryl. There was that place between us where we could be normal and enjoy each other's company.

Cheryl is tenacious in character and she had decided the best thing for her to do would be to go back to work, back to her travel business. I knew she was enduring hardship with me and it hurt. Business people with whom she dealt were gossiping about me.

To her credit, Cheryl did not utter even a remote complaint. She is tough and resourceful and she knew I had done nothing wrong. Instead she suffered in silence, but a time bomb ticked within her.

After a few weeks, in May 1989, an envelope was hand delivered to Cheryl's office by a man aged in his early 30s. He was a white guy, with a sturdy build and an Aussie accent. Quite obviously a cop, he handed the envelope to one of Cheryl's staff and left.

It was addressed, attention to Cheryl. She opened the envelope and found a cartoon. Scribbled over in black ink, it referred to me as an animal about to be sliced and slaughtered in public. As Cheryl read the cartoon she began to cry. A faintness and weakness that she'd not ever experienced came over her. Fearing for me, she called ISU who immediately came to her business and collected the cartoon. It was taken away for examination. Cheryl was assured they would conduct an investigation, identify those responsible and prosecute them.

That evening she told me about what had happened. I wished she'd let me deal with it but as I saw the wells of tears clouding her eyes I didn't tell her. I knew that she had called the Police, because she was concerned that I had already been done over.

I felt a weak bastard for even thinking about questioning her motive in calling the ISU. Instead I told her it would be OK. She put her head on my chest and cried for a long time.

All I could feel was the all consuming rage as bits and pieces of Cheryl and me were stripped away. After a long time she stopped crying and I found myself in a wet shirt.

Cheryl is a physically strong woman, of a proud and strong-minded South African stock. However, even her tough genes couldn't handle the foul treatment that was meted out to her simply because she had the misfortune of being married to me.

We'd made a promise to each other after the betrayal that we would deal with our problems without the assistance of the Police. Neither of us trusted or believed in their systems of justice, and didn't know anyone in the Police that we could trust. I knew that had I called any of my former colleagues in the Force, they would not want to get involved or support me publically. So I didn't bother. Suffice to say, nobody came forward to offer support.

That night in bed I held Cheryl as if she was a scared child, frightened to sleep because of monsters in her nightmares. Eventually we both drifted off. My sleep was a hobbled together mish-mash of short naps rather than restful sleep. Cheryl did not fare any better. I could hear her gasps and cries as she slept. She was very scared.

In the dying hours of the day, around 3.00am, Cheryl stirred. I was awake. I heard her moan in pain and confusion, 'Glen, Glen, are you there? My chest, the pain, I can't breathe.'

My beautiful, fit, young wife was suffering a heart attack. There was no time to wait for ambulances, I bundled her into our car and drove like a maniac to the St. George Hospital. From my time in uniform, years before at the Kogarah Police station, I knew St. George Hospital had an outstanding cardiac care unit. I got her there at breakneck speed and when I arrived there was no need to convince the medical staff that Cheryl was gravely ill. She was immediately admitted to the ICU of Cardiac Care. By 9.00am that morning, thanks to heavy sedation, she was in a deep coma-like sleep.

I left her in that condition to go and weather another bout of interrogation by the ISU.

Even though I had been cautioned, the questioning continued. I told them Cheryl had suffered a heart attack. Still the relentless questioning continued. Someone, somewhere had hatched a plan to crack me. I gave them a couple of

hours of my time, answering all the ridiculous allegations before I stood up and said, 'Arrest me now if you want, if not I'm going back to the hospital.' Each of them looked at each other quizzically. I saw straight through their façade. They had no evidence to charge me with.

I stood up, my head held high and I walked out of ISU. The drive from where ISU was located in the CBD to the St. George Hospital took about twenty minutes but I made it a run of forty minutes as I deviated up wrong way streets, stopping at green traffic lights and driving through red lights and doubling back around my travel route in large arcs until I was convinced I was not being followed.

By the time I got back to the hospital in the late afternoon Cheryl's condition had worsened, but she had also been stabilised and moved into a High Dependency Cardiac Ward.

During the whole time I had worked in the cops I had been a regular visitor upon the dead and the dying. I had watched the last moments of life spurt out of car accident victims like a high pressure tap, seen it dangle slowly on a high wire and wondered what fearsome internal battles must have been waged as someone 'checked out'. I had picked up the bodies of the freshly murdered in vain attempts to administer resuscitation, only to have their still warm oxygenated blood flow from their fatal wounds and onto me.

All of those people had one thing in common: death, which has its own smell. Walking into a morgue you're initially struck by the overpowering smell of formaldehyde, then your skin is assaulted by the coldness of the refrigeration. After a little while though, your nostrils twist and curl and hiding under chemical preservative and the ice cold the smell of death presents itself.

As I walked into High Dependency Cardiac Ward looking for Cheryl, in the darkness of the quarter light of the ward, the smell of death ensnared my senses like a nightmare perfume. It triggered my memories of death, the dead and the dying and instantly I knew that I was standing in the middle of a place that was consumed by death on a daily basis.

I panicked. I could not see Cheryl in the darkness. The patients, the ones that

were lying in beds begging death to come, had long since lost their individuality. In the darkness they were merely lumps under coverings with red and green LED lights from cardiac monitors flashing irregularly above them. My search for Cheryl was compounded by the sounds of respirators. The pattern was irregular and the sounds made by the dying as the respirators exhaled on their behalf were like demented tubas playing an out of sync death march. It was petrifying. I felt like a very small, lost child.

I eventually found Cheryl. She was unconscious. Her complexion was like fine bone china. Prior to reading the cartoon, which had been delivered the day before, her skin had been its natural olive brown.

I sat in the darkness holding her limp hand, weeping quietly and continuously.

When I first met Cheryl, I had joked with her that her skin was so beautiful she could have passed herself off as an Italian movie star, except that her broad Cronulla beach-girl accent would have given her away. I touched her face and felt a chill from her. She was deeply sedated. The respirator taped to her face was assisting her breathing and it stopped me from kissing her. I just continued to hold her hand and sit in the darkness. Every once in a while I gently pushed my index finger above her hand and placed it inside her wrist. I drew comfort from feeling her weak but erratic pulse. I watched the progressing light show of red and green from the cardiac monitors. I quickly developed a deep rooted hatred for them.

As my vision settled in to the quarter light of the deathly ward I saw some of the lumps of bodies attached to wires around the room. I estimated that their average age was around 75 years. Cheryl lay in a bed, stupefied by drugs in the hope that her heart would settle, she was not even 30 years old. I could feel bits of me falling away as I watched her battle for her life.

I wanted to kill someone—but I just did not know who or where to start. The overriding problem was that Cheryl was gravely ill, she could die and so I put all of my energy into helping her survive.

The notion of the existence of an ‘esprit de corp.’ among Police is just that, a notion. I was left alone to care for my wife and then subjected to an ambivalent

attitude towards her serious physical reaction. This was coupled with a failure by the Police to conduct any investigation into the circumstances of this terrorising. Effectively, it was open season on me and sadly on my innocent wife Cheryl.

As well, I had to contend with a growing list of serious criminal allegations against me; or if you viewed it from my perspective an expansive attempt by the State to pervert the course of justice.

No other Police officer approached me, either formally or informally with any form of encouragement or assistance. I knew the Police were divided into two camps regarding their thoughts about me, they either loathed me for being a 'dog' or were scared of me because of the knowledge I had. The latter group was and remains by far the biggest concern. This group included the identified and unidentified Police who had done a lot of business in the Police protection of paedophiles.

When I discovered the extent of this protection racket it opened up a whole new world of unidentified cops who hated me. These were amongst the growing list of people I was anxious about death threats coming from.

While I was treated like a leper, by contrast I knew that Police were visiting Churchill whilst he was in prison. I abhor the thought of being mollycoddled but the irony of the situation was bitter. I did not care that the cops thought I was a 'dog'. I knew that I was not. It was just the level of cowardice and hypocrisy practised by the Police that made my stomach turn.

At the time I felt that almost all Police were cowards; a rule to which there appear few exceptions. Nothing in my life has happened to change that conclusion.

The ISU did eventually take some action with my personal contact details. I was told that they would arrange the assignment of a new private telephone number, which would prevent telephone threats coming directly to my home. I was comforted that at least this was one area of our lives where I believed we would achieve some relief. It was important for me to know this, but not as important as it was for Cheryl. The last thing she needed was to answer telephone calls from Police and their cohorts threatening to murder me.

I didn't have to wait long for more evidence of the lack of secure procedures, or possible corruption, when my so-called secure phone number was leaked. Two weeks after my new home number was assigned to me, in what can only be described as an act of extreme provocation, a fictional advertisement bearing my name as the seller appeared in the Classifieds for Sale section of the New South Wales Police Association 'News' magazine. It read: 'For Sale. N.E.C stereo video. Remote control. Brand new, won as prize in raffle, never been removed from original packaging usually priced \$999. Absolute bargain \$700—includes warranty. Ring Glen McNamara—Kings Cross Detectives' Office or 540-2790 (H).'

My short-lived privacy was blown and my secret home telephone number was revealed to all. It had been clearly known for weeks prior to the advertisement appearing in public, bearing in mind the Police News was only published on a monthly basis.

Once again the only other party that knew my new telephone number were ISU. Immediately I raised the security breach with Scott and Watson. If an investigation occurred in relation to the leaking, I was never briefed on its outcome. No Police officer was ever charged or convicted. I had been a member of the Police Association, which is the trade union for cops, for 14 years; it was their magazine and their staff who recorded details for the fictitious advertisement. No help came from them. It is little wonder that there's been such a decline in union membership over the years.

Because of the fictional advertisement in the Police News the anonymous telephone calls returned quickly. I took to leaving the telephone off the hook anytime Cheryl and I were at home.

The stripping of me had reached a point where I realised that the only person who could be responsible for me was me. I analysed the recent conduct of any others that was affecting me.

Kim Thompson had not been arrested and charged with a criminal offence in relation to leaking operational details of an undercover job directly to the criminal, in this case Churchill. It was clear from the response of Churchill at the

time the call was made, when he said: 'Thanks for that I will take care of that', that there was a relationship between the two of them that appeared to extend into criminal conduct.

Thompson was only convicted of a minor departmental infringement. Thompson's statement to the disciplinary panel in early 1990 was pathetic. He told them that when he told Churchill 'McNamara is an ISU dog and you are gone' he actually believed that the ISU investigation related to Churchill's 'inefficiency in the discharge of duties'. To this day I do not know why the information I had gathered with the co-operation of the ISU about the Kings Cross Police station and its role in drug dealing and paedophile protection was not presented at this hearing. So it is not surprising that the panel believed Kim Thompson's version.

I also learnt that the senior legal practitioner nominated by Fisk as being a paedophile, and the 'Donkey sex tape' were not being pursued. I'd been told the senior legal practitioner had the ear of the both sides of Government, that he was influential in the business of the government of the day despite the fact that he did not hold any elected public office. People everywhere were scared of him.

To top it off, Dolly Dunn was still at large.

As well as the affront to my own professional efforts in gathering direct and admissible evidence, these outstanding areas also represented unassessed and unknown risks to my personal wellbeing.

Information I obtained regarding Churchill's conduct in prison was that he was plotting my murder. He sent Colin Fisk letters within the prison walls in which he begged Fisk 'to stay solid'. It was a reference to me that Churchill believed a solution was at hand. The letters served a purpose, though. They proved the depth and length of the relationship between the two men. This would later work against Churchill.

Once again, I was operating on my own. I arranged a new telephone connection using a false name. I did not advise the Police of the new number. I used the account for years. Since making my own phone arrangements, I have never had another anonymous and threatening call.

Meanwhile the mountain of manufactured allegations against me continued unabated. I was so outraged, I struggled to maintain my temper during the interrogations.

The difficulty in manufactured allegations is that when you have no knowledge at all of an allegation you are unable to provide any detailed rebuttal, unless you also tell lies.

I had long ruled out lying as an option. An easy way for an accused to be convicted at trial is for them to be proven to have lied regarding facts. In those instances many of the convicted are actually innocent of the charges against them.

Eventually the Police provided me with access to my Detective's Duty Book. I was able to use the recordings to provide documented evidence rebutting some of the allegations being made against me. As I examined the allegations and cross referenced them against the details in my Duty Book, what emerged was that I was off duty and not in Kings Cross when the alleged offences of my own active drug dealing were said to have occurred.

Additionally I began to record the descriptions provided by the so-called witnesses. They varied greatly and didn't match my real physical description at all. At last I could see a ray of light.

Ricky Campbell provided an outstanding claim against me. He made a sworn statement to Police in which he alleged that on August 12, 1988, I went to his apartment in Woolloomooloo and robbed him of a large quantity of cocaine and \$20,000 in cash.

A sworn statement corroborating Campbell's allegation had been obtained from his prostitute girlfriend. I was presented with both and read them both very carefully, specifically noting the date.

I told the ISU that I would respond to the Campbell allegation but that I needed records, which I had at my home. I proposed to leave, retrieve the records and return. They agreed. Back at home, I read over the papers twice and then checked the dates again. I was grinning from ear to ear and I re-read them to make sure I was not hallucinating. The one thing about using junkies as

witnesses was that they were reliably unreliable. I placed the records into a white envelope and drove back to ISU. With my envelope in tow, I was as gleeful as one can be heading back to face more grilling at ISU.

My records were now next to me on the desk, still in the sealed white envelope.

I asked, 'These liars, Campbell and his girlfriend. Are they sure about the date this happened?'

'Yes, it's in the statement.'

'But they're liars. Everything in their statement is made up; surely they could make up some more dates. I mean they're drug addicts, maybe they got the date wrong?'

'No we've checked it. The dates are right.'

'Well I tell you what; there hasn't been too much fucking checking done about what these grubs say about me. Have a look at these.'

With that I removed my records from the white envelope and gently slid them across the table for Scott and Watson to inspect. The records were my Australian passport and Cathay Pacific airline ticket stubs in my name. My passport showed I departed Australia through Sydney Kingsford Smith Airport on August 7 and did not return until September 9. The airline ticket showed me travelling from Sydney to Hong Kong, to Rome and then onto Athens. Campbell's allegations were a fabrication from start to finish.

Scott and Watson stared at my Australian passport and the airline tickets without speaking. I said, 'As you can see when these stooges swore to you that I was robbing them of cocaine and cash, I was in Greece. What the documents don't say is that I was with Cheryl on our honeymoon. I'm good, but I'm not a magician. The only business I've ever done with Ricky Campbell has been in this job when I found out he was selling drugs for Saunders and we know that really means Campbell was selling drugs for Churchill.'

I had a longer discussion with Scott and Watson surrounding the possibility that I had been set up. I again pointed out to them that the leak of my undercover role came from ISU.

‘Have you charged Campbell and his girlfriend with supplying cocaine?’

No answer came. The drug issue could well have been a matter for the Drug Enforcement Agency, but neither Campbell nor his girlfriend were charged with supplying cocaine despite these admissions in their sworn statements.

For all the bluster and scare tactics applied, when facts were established I was able to refute the untruthful allegations. When you are sitting in the ‘hot’ seat there is an overwhelming instinct to just lie your way out of trouble, but this is just the response those who bait the hook with untruthful allegations are waiting for. Once it can be established you’ve lied even a Prosecutor on ‘L’ plates could obtain a conviction against you. Therein lies the real danger of the untruthful allegation.

During the course of my interrogation the other matter that I referred to with my inquisitors at some length was the lack of any evidence of any historical criminal conduct with any of the targets of my undercover work. The tape recordings of conversations I had engaged in with Saunders, Fisk and Dunn were relevant to my innocence.

It was not what was on the tapes, but what wasn’t, that is the comments that you would expect to be included if you had a history of criminal conduct with the likes of Saunders, Fisk and Dunn. When Fisk and Dunn spoke about their long standing criminal connection with Churchill and others, they implicated all of those people. By contrast, none of the targets spoke of any history with me.

They were revelling in the glory of their past criminal deeds they had gotten away with. There was not one word spoken about crimes involving me, not even in the afterglow of successful drug deals with Saunders, Fisk and Dunn where the trust level was at an all time high. There simply was no other evidence linking me to Churchill, Dunn, Fisk and Saunders and their associates.

In the end, I survived another day of interrogation at ISU without being thrown into the dock. The way some of the allegations were unravelling was a very poor reflection on Churchill’s skills. A Detective with only moderate competency levels should have just about had me locked up with properly constructed and believable allegations given the warning he had received from

Thompson which gave him some time to arrange the fixing.

The last hurdle came shortly after the failure of the Campbell 'cocaine and cash' allegation.

A tape was placed in front of me and then placed in a tape player. Scott and Watson explained that the tape was a telephone recording between Alan Saunders and myself in which I requested he make a payment of ten thousand dollars to me. However, on the recording the ten thousand dollars was replaced by the phrase 'ten shirts'.

As I listened to the recording a rage brewed in me.

'Can you show me the listening device warrant relating to this tape please?'

The reply came: 'No. There is no warrant. This came from Alan Saunders.'

'So the tape is both illegal and fictional,' I surmised.

A long interrogation ensued. I denied ever collecting money from Saunders, apart from my undercover work that was all covered by lawfully issued listening device warrants.

The questions kept coming. And as they did, it started to become clearer. Saunders gave the tape to ISU after his arrest, two days after Thompson betrayed me to Churchill. It was the same as the Campbell cocaine and cash allegations. No background checking ever occurred.

All of the allegations against me were failing. I was more and more hopeful that I would not be charged. Churchill was feeling the same way because from inside prison he'd reinvigorated his plan to murder me. The Police at ISU learned of Churchill's plans too. They received reports from the Corrective Services Intelligence, which operates throughout the prison system. I wondered about the Police who were visiting Churchill in prison. I was worried. Could they be messengers? I knew for certain that Detective Steve Pentland had visited Churchill in prison on more than one occasion.

I was summoned to a meeting at ISU and introduced to Detective Sergeant John O'Neil and his colleague Detective Graham Bateman. O'Neil and Bateman were from the New South Wales Police Special Weapons and Operations Squad, or SWOS.

The meeting signalled an end of the seemingly never ending criminal allegations against me and flagged the commencement of a new era; keeping me alive, at least until the trials of Churchill, Fisk and Saunders took place. All of a sudden, ISU remembered I was useful again.

I was now alone with O'Neil and Bateman. O'Neil told me that there were serious concerns regarding my safety and as a consequence I was to be placed into Witness Protection. Police officers, including Churchill, wanted me dead.

O'Neil explained that he and Bateman were my assigned Witness Protection officers. I immediately warmed to both men. John O'Neil was a legend in the New South Wales Police; he was not only known for his bravery, but also his communication capacity. He was a negotiator. He'd saved people from death more than once. Bateman, his offsider, was impressive, straight and solid. They were the type of high quality people that the cops loved to hold-up on show when they were on their recruitment drives. To solve their immediate problems the New South Wales Police could have used about ten thousand clones of O'Neil and Bateman.

We discussed my safety and how I would go about contact. I was provided with my own radio, which afforded me direct contact on the Police radio network. My call sign was 'Eden'. O'Neil stressed that he and Bateman would be available 24 hours a day, seven days a week. He provided direct pager contact numbers for both of them. They etched into my brain immediately: 215552 for O'Neil and 215553 for Bateman.

My next souvenir from SWOS was more chilling. O'Neil gave me a bullet-proof vest and his instructions were to wear it at all times in public. I had a problem. My time up to this point had been consumed by the ISU interrogations and my wife's health. Now I was keen to return to work, because having nothing to do was the worse possible outcome for me. I was still an employee of the New South Wales Police Force. How could I return to work and resume my career? Specifically, how would my undercover work affect my on-going safety and my ability to pursue my career?

John O'Neil looked me straight in the eye and said: 'You're a pariah. No-one

will work with you. One of two things will happen. You will be lured to an isolated location by the bullshit report of a job and then shot, or you're locker will be loaded up with heroin and you'll be locked up. Either way, there's no future for you.'

I knew from his tone of voice and his unblinking gaze into my eyes that O'Neil was genuine in his assessment of my situation. As the words resonated in my head, I could feel more pieces of who I thought I was tumble off of me.

About six years earlier, a New South Wales Police officer had been involved in the shooting of fellow undercover Detective, Michael Drury, in his home. The reason for that attempted murder was that the undercover had arrested, red-handed, a major heroin dealer who it appeared had links with the Police Officer.

Police had infiltrated every level of the drug world for their own profit. I was most apprehensive about my Cheryl's safety.

Clearly from the time of the Drury shooting until John O'Neil briefed me regarding potential for being the next undercover cop on the list to be shot by Police, the involvement of the cops in organised drug dealing had continued unabated. Churchill had risen through the ranks of extortion and 'green lighting' to become a principal drug dealer. The method of operation used by Churchill was very similar to other drug-dealing principals, both Police and non-Police. However, apart from name changes of players and the comings and goings into the drug trade, nothing had occurred to dent the enthusiastic participation of Police drug dealers.

Remaining unchanged was the ambivalent manner in which Police drug dealing was tolerated by high ranking Police and Politicians. The tolerance was founded on the fact that there was so much cash available. The cash earned from drug dealing by Police operated on the trickle down effect, meaning everyone got a taste and then if there was a complaint from a straight but stupid cop that person would, in the very least, be ostracised.

I intended to learn from the examples O'Neil and I discussed. There was no chance that the Police at large would do anything to prevent an attempt on my life. For those reasons I knew that I had to take O'Neil's advice.

As I sat in the meeting with O'Neil and Bateman I thought about the desire of Police to murder me simply because I caught drug dealers in the act and refused to take money to turn the other way. I sensed the stripping away of me was approaching its conclusion. The belief systems and views I now held, that were so different to those that I had brought with me to the Police Academy in the early days, had been forged from seeing the worst of people in the worst of situations. The systems I had believed in didn't really exist.

Next I had a meeting with Merv Schloffel, the Detective Chief Superintendent of the ISU and Detective Superintendent Alan West, who was his second in charge. In Schloffel's office, on the top floor of the ISU building, I asked Schloffel to approach the Police with a request that I be given more firearms to use in my own defence. Schloffel refused my request. He also advised me that Police budgets did not extend to the cost of relocating me and that if I wanted to move then I would have to do so at my own expense. The meeting finished quickly and I left the ISU building armed with my radio and bullet proof vest.

The next day, Watson came to our house. He was there on a mission. He'd been instructed to take possession of my Smith and Wesson five shot. I made the revolver safe and handed it to him. Watson left. I was alone and unarmed. The Police radio was the same dimension and weight of a house brick. I chuckled to myself when I thought if I was attacked I could use the radio as a weapon instead of calling the Police. It was beyond my imagination to see any cops racing to my assistance.

I sat in our lounge room drinking a cup of tea and thought about my options. My eyes were drawn to my telephone. I had not received any telephone threats of death since I had created a false account and obtained a new telephone number by myself and without advising the Police. I sat there shaking my head and castigating myself for my own stupidity. What possessed me to even consider the Police might want to give me more firearms? My protection was just something I would have to arrange myself.

I finished my cup of tea and drove to my Dad's. There we spoke about the firearm problems over a beer. My father had trained as a sniper with the

Australian Defence Force for the war in Korea. His family had lived on a farm and Dad, as the eldest boy of the large McNamara clan, had shot everything that moved so that the family could get a feed. He knew firearms backwards. An hour later, the gun problem had been solved. Without breaking any laws, I managed to always travel with loaded firearms and keep a stash of loaded firearms hidden throughout my house.

In the end when the stripping of me was done, it was always my responsibility to stand up and look after myself and my wife. This is exactly what I did.

CHAPTER 16

DEATH IN LA

‘We’ve discovered a plot to murder you in LA. Cops, mates of Churchill, they know where you are staying in LA and we think they’re on their way to kill you. I’ve contacted the AFP office in LA. They’ll look after you until we can get you back to Sydney. They’re waiting for your call.’

Cheryl had remained in the cardiac ward at St. George hospital for longer than expected, she recovered slowly but strongly. The removal of the stress meant that her heart was able to relax and heal. I was so happy to have her at home, with a relatively clean bill of health.

We sat in our lounge room now, just the two of us—and the elephant in the corner called ‘death threats’—and discussed our future. It had to be said, so I did: I told Cheryl that I wanted with all of my heart to guarantee her safety and a good life with me, but in truth I could guarantee her neither. I told her she was too important to me to be injured, unsafe or sad and if she chose to walk away from our marriage right then, she’d do so with my blessing. She looked at me and laughed, ‘You can’t get rid of me that easily Glen.’

We decided that day, together, we would live our lives how we wanted to and not be dictated to by bullies.

I had time to reflect on John O’ Neil’s appalling appraisal of my work prospects with the Police. It seemed that an ongoing career with them was highly unlikely and Police hierarchy seemed pleased with that outcome.

I had not received any Human Resources assessments or offers of immediate or medium term prospects for employment or career rehabilitation. The only return-to-work assessment I had was the murderously bleak, but factually true,

assessment from John O'Neil. The Police had no intention of assisting me with my career, as genuine as O'Neil's appraisal was, he was a Detective specialising in Security and Witness assessments, not a Human Resources specialist.

Now I had time on my hands. I was not on any type of leave and I had not been suspended over any of the criminal allegations made against me by Churchill and his co-conspirators. Rather, I was just persona non grata when it came to the Police. I filled in my time sheets anyway I chose and every pay day my salary was deposited into my bank account as usual. Sounds like a dream job, but in reality it was a nightmare.

I was in a process of change. Unlearning the lessons of a lifetime. I now knew that I could not rely on Police to help me in a time of need and I could not trust them with sensitive information.

Now that I had all of this time on my hands, I needed to give myself a job. I came up with a plan to do my own investigations and security assessments as the need arose. I decided that any detail I learned would not be shared with the Police. My most pressing task was to ensure the safety and security of Cheryl.

Cheryl had a thriving business, but as a lot of small business operators would attest, as the proprietor she was the heart and soul of it. The Government, through the Police, had advised us that they would not be offering Cheryl any financial assistance with her business, even in light of the alarming security breaches and the resultant detrimental affects on her business because of her ill health. In spite of the lack of help from the Police, I observed Cheryl's business premises everyday. I did so in an unobtrusive manner from nearby buildings and without Cheryl's knowledge.

There were three incidents which occurred where I was able to negate trouble before it began. On two sperate occasions I observed Detectives from the Kings Cross Police station hovering around the outside of Cheryl's office. These were located in Southern Sydney and not remotely connected in any way with Kings Cross. My sudden presence next to the Detectives caused them, both times, to make a hasty retreat. I knew that this would get straight back to their cohorts at Kings Cross. They were terrified of me when I confronted them. This was

excellent from my perspective, because it meant there was less chance of them returning to terrorise Cheryl.

The third occasion was funny in retrospect, but at the time a dangerous example of paranoia and misunderstanding. I was slotted into a building across the road from Cheryl's office when I saw a large man carry a bag and what appeared to be a long barrel firearm through her doors. The man was standing in the reception area of the office and gesticulating wildly with his hands.

I had seen enough. There was no way I was going to allow this type of conduct under my nose so I ran straight into the office. As I entered, the man picked up the long barrel firearm and swung it at me. It was only then that I discovered that it was not a gun but actually a length of four by two timber. It was still a dangerous weapon in the hands of a big strong man like the one who currently seemed to be having a large problem inside Cheryl's office. I ducked and heard the lump of wood whir heavily over my head and then I rose, twisted at the hips and punched the large man squarely on his chin with an exquisitely timed right upper cut.

The impact of the blow in the centre of the man's chin forced him backwards. I did not want a brawl on the floor with such a large man so as he bent backwards I grabbed him around the throat with my left hand and squeezed him as hard as I could. As I did this I heard the length of timber hit the wall and fall harmlessly to the floor behind me.

The large man was stunned.

Cheryl and her female staff were screaming. I heard a female voice say, 'Will I call the Police?'

I grunted, 'Don't bother.'

I threw the man's bag and the timber out of the office door. Both items landed in the street. All the while I maintained a strong grip on his throat. Then I dragged him out of the office. I raised my right fist to his eye level to show him he could have some more if he wanted to struggle. A slight trickle of blood was coming from his mouth. I did not want to belt him if I did not have to so I tried to push him away. My act of peace only served to enrage him and he picked up

the length of four by two and wound up, giving me the feeling that I was going to be the baseball in his home run.

He was too slow. I head butted him, landing dead centre on his nose with the top centre of my head. I heard and felt two loud cracks as my head smashed into his nose. He started to fall backwards for the second time in a minute. I grabbed hold of him again. Peace had gone out the window and I pulled him down onto my right knee face first, then again but this time my right knee struck him with considerable force in the abdomen. I heard the wind rush out of his torso with a loud 'Ooosh.' I held him at a comfortable distance to belt him again, but there was no more fight from the large man. I only heard him whimper. Gently, I let him flop onto the footpath out of harm's way.

The fighting had caused quite a disturbance in the street and some of the local shopkeepers had come out to see what the commotion was about. One, a jolly fat Serbian man who ran a delicatessen next to Cheryl's business, ran to me. He quickly told me that the man, who had twice attempted to remove my head with the length of four by two, was also a Serbian.

The delicatessen owner explained the Serbian man had been terrorising a number of businesses in the area, which were operated by Serbian immigrants. This was Rockdale. In the meantime, the large man got up rather sheepishly. Blood now flowing freely from his nose and mouth. The delicatessen owner stood behind me and gave the man a mouthful of Serbian vulgarity. The man retrieved his bag, forgetting about the four by two. Then he left. I have never seen him again. I looked up and saw Cheryl standing near the door of her office.

'Oh I just popped in to to see if I could take you to lunch,' I said casually. She smirked sarcastically.

The Serbian delicatessen gave Cheryl and her staff enough cuts of spiced meats for them to start their own delicatessens. The good thing about this little incident was that no-one was really hurt and I knew that the mad man in my wife's office represented a coincidence from a security perspective.

However, my actions on that day, as decisive as they turned out to be, were based on the mistaken belief that the large Serbian man was a Police officer

whom I thought was armed with a long armed firearm and intended to harm Cheryl. This was a reflection of the paranoia I was experiencing in trying to keep myself and my wife alive.

The irony of the whole incident was that the local Police station was about one hundred metres from Cheryl's office. We did not hear a peep from the local cops during the commotion. Knowing what I know, I'm fortunate the local cops weren't out and about buying donuts when this happened. If they had of seen it I would have been locked up instantly. After all, I was quickly learning first-hand that there is one law for the rich and powerful and another law for the rest of us.

Cheryl and I had been married for almost one year and what an eventful year it had been. We'd been planning to celebrate our first anniversary with a holiday to the USA. I was ecstatic. The trip away could not come around quick enough for me. The committal hearings for Churchill, Fisk and Saunders were due in late September. I met with the Police from ISU and with John O'Neil and Graham Bateman. I told them I was going to the States with Cheryl. After all, I was hardly needed or wanted at work, but I was the star witness for the prosecution and they wanted to know where I was going to be.

I provided them with copies of our itinerary. It consisted of departure and arrival dates, flight numbers and details of hotel accommodation in Los Angeles and New York. The provision of the itinerary was conditional on the basis that the information regarding our travel remained a secret. I had to trust them with it. I had no choice.

I was overjoyed to be getting out of Sydney for a couple of weeks. Just the release of pressure, of scrutiny and security was going to be a great relief. The destination was not that relevant, it was just going to be great to get away.

On July 27, 1989, Cheryl and I flew on a Qantas flight direct from Sydney to Los Angeles—a 14-hour flight. It's a heavily patronised flight and when we got off we suffered a serious jetlag punch.

Cheryl had arranged for us to stay in The Beverly Hills hotel made famous by Julia Roberts in the movie *Pretty Woman*. As for me, I was just glad to put my head down on a comfortable pillow. Over the next two days the jet-lag effects

wore off and for the first time in nearly a year, Cheryl and I relaxed, laughed and enjoyed our time and each other's company.

In LA I received a perfect surprise. Cheryl told me she was pregnant with our first child. It was magnificent news. We had each spoken many times about our love of children and the prospect of starting our own family. Finally, after a very tough year, something wonderful had come our way and it seemed to me that our lives might be tilting back toward normality. We spent time on LA's famous beaches. The weather was perfect for surfing and swimming.

Meanwhile in Sydney, Kimberly Charles Jones, strolled into the North Cronulla Hotel, a beachside establishment on the fringes of the sand at North Cronulla. It was a cold Sydney winter's afternoon on July 28, 1989. Jones was a native of the Cronulla area and was widely regarded as a colourful man about town. People called him Kim Jones.

The pub, universally known as 'Northies', has been a meeting point for generations of beach goers, beer drinkers and bikini babes. As Jones tells it he noticed a bar table where four men were in earnest discussion. Jones knew the men, they were all cops.

He sidled up next to them and soon after was drinking with them. Jones was staggered when he heard the subject of their conversation. Openly the cops were discussing the details of murdering me in my hotel room in Los Angeles.

The conspirators were organised to the extent that they knew the address and the telephone number of the hotel in which Cheryl and I were staying in LA, as well as the surrounding streets and route in which traffic flowed.

Additionally these cops had arranged for a fallback plan to murder me in New York if their planning for the LA hit on me failed. Just the same as their intelligence on my movements in LA, they knew the name and address of the hotel we were booked into in New York. So exact was the intelligence about my whereabouts in the USA, it was as if the cops had received a copy of my travel itinerary.

I had given Watson and Scott at the ISU a copy of my itinerary during our meeting. It seemed that I was betrayed, perhaps before I even left Sydney. There

had to be people higher up accessing information. It was just too obvious not to believe that the thugs who planned to murder me possessed the connections to obtain a copy of my travel itinerary.

The four cops told Jones that I needed to be murdered because many people in high places would be in 'deep shit' if I was allowed to live. If I was murdered then the status quo would be reinstated as if neither I nor my work had existed. Jones excused himself from the conversation and left the table of cops as soon as he was able, without attracting adverse attention from them.

He found another cop who was also drinking at 'Northies' at the same time, Greg Shirley. Jones interrupted Shirley, who was drinking with friends, and told him about a plan to murder me.

No evidence was ever sought or obtained from Shirley about whether or not he checked on the identity of the four cops sitting at the bar table discussing details of my proposed murder.

It wasn't until a few days later that Shirley told this all to John O'Neill.

The actual briefing document Greg Shirley prepared sent by facsimile to John O'Neill read like this:

John,

Regarding our conversation on 31.7.89.

Starting from the beginning. I was having a drink down at the local hotel with some friends. I was then approached by a feller I know fairly well, as more of a close associate than a mate. He is a knockabout type of bloke, been in a bit of strife for mainly serious assault matters. I am pretty sure that he does a bit of enforcing. *i.e.* standover type stuff.

I have done him a few favours over the past couple of months, as I guess we know each other well enough to trust each other. He wanted to speak to me privately, and we wandered outside and had a chat.

He first told me that he didn't know if he was doing the right thing or not, as it was in his words, 'fucking serious stuff' I know him well enough to know nothing generally scares him, but he did genuinely seem nervous.

He asked if I have ever heard of a copper called Greg Macnamara [sic], and I first told him that I didn't. He said that he had never heard of him either, but he knew that there 'was gonna be a job done on him.' I asked him whether he meant bashed up or what and he said, 'knocked off.' He also said he didn't really know what this guy had done, but that he had to go or some people would be in deep shit. I then twigged who he was talking about, and I said that I did know Macnamara, realising that it was obviously Glen. (As I said, I do know Glen, but not well. Actually I don't have much time for him.) He said he didn't want to know anything about it, except that he figured he should tell someone, as it was 'serious shit.'

I asked him what he actually knew, and it came out that he was in a conversation in which it was discussed 'Doing a job on this copper who is in the States.' He stressed to me that it was fair dinkum, that it was really gonna happen, and also that if anyone ever found out he had told he was in deep shit. He stressed that I could do what I wanted with the information, but he would not take it any further and speak to anyone else.

As far as I remember, he didn't say whether it was the guys he overheard, or someone else who was gonna do it. I sort of figured that he might have been asked to be involved, but something like this is a bit out of his league.

He definitely wasn't pissed and he is not the sort of guy to boast or to make something like this up. I do believe he was genuine.

This sort of thing is over my head, but I hope it helps someone out.

Greg Shirley, Cronulla.

Back in LA, Cheryl and I strolled into the foyer of my hotel holding hands. I was the most carefree I had been in a long time. The relief of just being away from the pressure I was under in Sydney was like being high all of the time and the prospect of having a baby with Cheryl had me walking on clouds. My euphoria had dulled my sense of foreboding.

As we walked through the foyer, I didn't see the maître d' waving a telephone. The security guard came up fast behind me saying, 'Sir we have a call for you.'

Sir we have a call for you.'

I turned in surprise to see the ruckus behind me. Still holding Cheryl's hand instinctively I said to her, 'It'll be nothing. You rest here.'

Cheryl relaxed on a sumptuous lounge in the foyer and I walked to the front desk where the maître d' was still waving the phone receiver madly above his head.

'Sir, it's a Mr O'Neil from Sydney. He's been waiting for some time. He says it is important.' I thanked him and took the phone.

'Hello. Glen McNamara speaking.'

Instantly I recognised O'Neill's voice.

'Glen we've got a huge problem.'

I detected the relief in his tone that he was actually speaking to me.

'What?' I said.

'We've discovered a plot to murder you in LA. Cops know where you are staying. We think they're on their way to kill you. I've contacted the AFP office in LA. They'll look after you until we can get you back to Sydney. They're waiting for your call.'

I have never fainted. As I listened to O' Neill's words spinning around the inside of my head, I found myself gripping the marble counter of the desk with my right hand, trying to steady myself so that I did not fall.

At the same time I experienced the sensation of a loss of balance in my hips. It was as if the bones in my legs had been removed and there was no structure holding me upright. Cold sweat appeared on my forehead. I had a pain in the pit of my stomach, down near my groin. It revolved and ascended like a fountain of pain. I knew soon that I would vomit. I took a deep breath. I made a decision. I let rip.

'I gave you fucking people my travel details on the basis that they would be secret. You can shove the fucking AFP up your arse.'

'Glen, Glen, please mate it wasn't me,' he pleaded, trying to calm me down.

'The Police are fucking dogs. I don't trust anyone.'

I slammed the phone back in its cradle. I grabbed Cheryl and we went back to

our hotel room. I locked the door and moved a lounge chair up against it on an angle so that the weight of the chair locked off the door handle.

I sat Cheryl down and explained to her that we had been betrayed. I told her that O'Neill had intelligence that Police from Sydney were planning to travel to Los Angeles, find me and murder me. Tears filled her beautiful eyes. The pain in my stomach had now become unbearable. I excused myself and went to the bathroom, barely reaching the toilet before my stomach involuntarily evacuated its contents. I stayed there until only bile came. Eventually it stopped. I brushed my teeth a couple of times and then washed my face in cold water. I had been in the toilet for fifteen minutes.

I came out of the bathroom to be confronted with the horrific sight of Cheryl hunched up on the bed lying in the foetal position, rolling back and forth. She was in agony, moaning softly.

She had stomach cramps.

Gently, I helped her from the bed to the bathroom. She walked bent over at the hips clutching her stomach. I helped her onto the toilet, leaving her for a few moments to go into the room and search for the details of a hotel doctor. As I walked to the bed I saw blood, blood everywhere. It was on the bedspread where Cheryl had been and went in a trail from the bed to the bathroom. I heard Cheryl scream. Abandoning the search for a doctor, I ran back into the bathroom.

The sight that confronted me still lives large in my nightmares. Blood flowed from Cheryl as she sat on the toilet, doubled over in pain. Blood flowed over her legs and covered them. Streams of blood flowed off her onto the marble floor of the bathroom. The streams then divided into tributaries and flowed helter skelter style across most of the bathroom floor.

The blood loss was as gruesome as I had ever witnessed. Cheryl was moaning in pain and crying in sadness.

The life of our first child was ending before it even had an opportunity to begin. It was ending on a cold floor of a LA hotel with no-one to help. I was under no misunderstanding that the events of the past, and the death threat, had directly contributed to this.

I felt so bad. I had failed to protect my family. Our child had died because of me. I was helpless to prevent that from happening. Our dreams of parenthood were shattered as Cheryl and I embarked on a journey through grief for which there is no finish line.

Cheryl had suffered what is medically referred to as an 'incomplete miscarriage.' This occurs when there is a uterine expulsion of the products of conception but some of the tissue remains attached to the uterus. A uterine curette is required to remove any immature pregnancy tissue remaining in the uterus. Without it, Cheryl had an ongoing risk of significant bleeding and uterine infection.

The decisions we made next were not difficult. I would not contact the AFP in LA for assistance. I regarded the Police as untrustworthy, with only a few exceptions. Cheryl shared my opinion.

We decided to delay seeking medical treatment for Cheryl in LA as we did not trust any identifying records of our whereabouts to be made available, either deliberately or inadvertently, to those who had sought to murder me.

I cleaned the blood of our child from the bathroom floor. After most of the blood was gone, I arranged for housekeeping to finish the job and bring fresh linen and towels and sanitary pads. When the room was finished, I got Cheryl freshened up.

In the meantime, I located a chemist and I headed out for some supplies. Sedatives and painkillers were my weapons of choice for Cheryl. Next to the chemist was a liquor store and I purchased bottle of Jack Daniel's whiskey for me.

Soon I was back in our room. Cheryl and I had a light meal from room service, which neither of us touched. She took some sedatives and climbed under the fresh covers of the bed. I watched as she drifted into sedated peaceful sleep belying the fact that Cheryl, through no fault of her own, had no peace in her life. As I stared at her I knew that I was the one that had brought this situation to her without her knowledge or consent. Right and wrong, the law, morality; they are just meaningless verbs compared to the suffering of and loss of loved ones

who are not involved in the fight.

Cheryl blamed me for the loss of the child and I blame myself as well. If I had not put myself in that situation, then the miscarriage would not have arisen. Even though I could pat myself on the head and rejoice in the fact that the Police connection between paedophiles and drug dealing was out, people were going to gaol, and the scourge of paedophilia was being exposed, it still cost Cheryl and I our child. It was not worth it.

It is difficult to become angry when you are concentrating on trying to save your life. If your judgement is clouded by anger or other emotions you won't be able to achieve your aim.

I was not feeling defeated. I was just very sad over the loss of our child, Cheryl's pain and the guilt I felt.

I shoved the lounge back under the door lock. Satisfied we were secure I opened the bottle of Jack Daniels. It seemed that I could have drunk forever and not been affected by the bourbon, such was the effects of shock that I was suffering. I enjoyed the Jack Daniels and started watching a boxing program.

There is an old joke in the USA, which goes something like this:

Q: How do you know when you have been out very late?

A: When you get home, switch on the boxing channel and see two white guys fighting

It was just before 4.00am LA time. I looked at the TV; my vision was blurred, more from tiredness than Jack Daniels, at least that's what I thought. I knew I was pissed when my eyes focussed on the TV. There were two white guys slugging it out. I realised that I'd had a big night and began loudly berating myself for being a 'fuckwit' for everything.

I rang my father at his home in Sydney. I told him what had happened to me over the last 16 or so hours. I warned him to be on alert if the cops came to him looking for me.

My father reassured me that anyone who came to see him about me would get nothing from him. I told him that Cheryl and I would be changing our travel plans and I would let him know the new plans when they had been made. Then I

had a few hours sleep on the lounge in our room. Cheryl looked so peaceful. I did not want to disturb her and, besides, I stunk of bourbon.

The next morning was like any first day after a loved one has died. Time moved around Cheryl and me as if in a slow motion dream. Pushing ourselves against stopping to grieve, we began to make arrangements to get out of LA. It was very difficult because of the loss of the baby, but I was also concerned about what other health implications the miscarriage might trigger in Cheryl. She had only recovered from the heart attack for a couple of months.

We believed that the miscarriage was caused by a high continuum of stress, which had reached new heights after Cheryl and I learnt of the conspiracy to murder me. As far as attempting to prove that assertion, at the time it was something that never entered my mind. Our time was consumed with sadness over the loss of our child and attention to increasing our security.

Cheryl and I dragged ourselves out of LA and flew directly to New York, changing airlines and then hotel accommodation in New York. New York became a transit point to get back to the safety of our home. Sydney was a pressure cooker for me, but at least in a home environment there were factors that I could easily control instead of being a blindfolded target thousands of miles from home.

I reasoned that if an attempt to kill me was made at home, at least I would go down swinging with direct access to my cache of weapons. In the USA I was a sitting duck.

The flights home, which Cheryl had planned and booked, prior to the leaking of our itinerary and uncovering of the murder conspiracy, had originally been direct. Now, instead, we used New York as a starting point on a weaving journey through the USA. We got to Honolulu unannounced. It was a clever move because as we inched closer to home, we were able to leave the danger of continental North America by flying domestically within the US. This meant that a passport check would still show we were in the USA.

The flight we took from Honolulu down to Sydney obviously required a departure stamp from USA Immigration officials at the embarkation point. It was

a calculated risk, but a risk I was comfortable with when compared to the alternatives of travel through Los Angeles and New York.

Cheryl and I flew out of Honolulu about midnight local time so the transmission to a central data recording area in US Immigration would not have occurred until business hours the next morning around 9.00am.

By that time, Cheryl and I had arrived in Sydney, cleared Immigration, Quarantine and Customs without so much as the bat of an eye lid from those federal agencies. I was back on home soil before any of the would-be murderers were aware that I had left America. I kept our movements so quiet that the first time my father knew Cheryl and I were back in Sydney was when I knocked on his front door that same afternoon. When I arrived at Dad's house, I was wearing my bullet proof vest and I was armed.

We took Cheryl to the local doctor and explained her health situation.

I learned quickly that an investigation into the conspiracy to murder me had been established and conducted by ISU. I was never briefed on any results relating to that inquiry. No-one has ever been arrested, charged or convicted over it.

I tracked down Kim Jones myself very soon after I arrived back in Sydney.

Jones is a tough man of imposing physical stature, but when he looked at me I could see fear in him. It was not a fear of my physicality, but a fear of seeing a dead man walking. The first thing I did was thank him for blowing the whistle, but he was in no mood for platitudes.

‘What the fuck are you doing! I can't be seen with you.’

‘I want to know what you know, now.’

Jones was exasperated, ‘Look, they were coppers. They're gonna kill you; they're talking about paedophiles and drug dealers that you know about and gave up. Are you a drug dealer, is that it?’

I did not bother to answer Jones' question.

‘Did the cops speak to you?’

‘A bloke named Watson came out from town. He showed me photos of the blokes; they were all the cops that I was drinking with that were planning to kill

you in the States. I don't need this shit. I lied and told Watson that I did not recognise anyone in the photos he showed me but I'm telling you they were the guys that want you dead; cops like you. I told Watson I would not make a statement and then I pissed off.'

I thanked Jones even though he rebuffed my genuine gratitude. I walked one way and Jones walked the other.

I continued investigating the paedophile aspect. The name Ricky Hazel came up again and again.

Years later, in 1997, my suspicions were confirmed. I asked Ricky Hazel about the death threat when I was in LA and the leaking of the itinerary.

I asked him straight up: 'Who was involved in trying to kill me?'

'I was at the meeting [at Northies] and there were some other cops there but you know someone will kill me.'

I looked at Hazel. 'How did you find out that I was in the States?'

Hazel said, 'Mate, I don't know who it was, but it came from high up in the cops, they gave you up.' Then he continued to cry and apologise.

Hazel admitted an unknown person had obtained a copy of my USA travel itinerary from the Police. I pressed him for the others involved but he didn't let on.

CHAPTER 17

FALLING

‘Hey, they got at Churchill inside. Belted him, stuck a pipe right up his arse and pushed barbed wire up through the pipe, then they pulled the pipe. They left the barbed wire up his arse, serves him right, the fucking dog.’

On the third of April 1989, Larry Churchill was assigned MIN Number 174781. A MIN is the NSW Department of Corrective Services innocent sounding acronym for Master Index Number. Churchill got his MIN as he was received into the Long Bay Gaol reception area.

Like most things supplied by the NSW Corrective Services direct to inmates, it was free of charge but not something that anyone really desired to possess. The MIN remains like an unwanted invisible tattoo linking the inmate to his incarceration for the rest of his life. Irrespective of the number of times an inmate returns to the prison system, it’s there, always ready to make his stay in prison a welcome one.

From Internal Affairs Investigator, to Detective of Kings Cross, King of Goldenhurst and general man about town, Larry Churchill was issued with a set of recycled Department of Corrective Services green track suit pants and green sloppy, and a MIN. All he could hope for was that he was placed in a cell by himself and did not have to endure the indignity of sharing a cell with another inmate who might want to use your body for all types of experiments during the night, when inmates are locked in their cells and Correctional officer supervision is minimal.

Larry Churchill had been so full of bravado, mocking the cigarette smoking Detective and attempting to rally some humour with the serious and unsmiling

Detective Superintendent West as the raid on the Detectives' Office at Kings Cross Police station had begun. His bravado had failed in the face of the evidence compiled against him. Dunn and Fisk had turned out to be Churchill's worst enemies, with their non-stop blab about Churchill on the wires I wore during my undercover job on their drug syndicate at the Doncaster Hotel.

The publicity surrounding the arrests, and their involvement in drug dealing was increasing on a daily basis. Interestingly, the media coverage was all positive as it related to the ISU and their 'White Knight' superior crime fighting abilities against corrupt cops. The media did not bother to report on the damage to the operation and me or the catastrophic leaks courtesy of Detective Sergeant Kim Thompson, which pitchforked the operation and my life into a dangerous chaos. Nor did they report on the leaking of my whereabouts in the USA, the conspiracy by New South Wales Police to murder me or the resultant miscarriage of our child.

It was baffling that the media would not choose to undertake their own investigative research into the propaganda being fed to them by the Police, given the complexity of the issues raised in the undercover operation. On balance, however, it would have been an uphill battle to expect the media to do any more than they actually did with the reporting, given that it was well established Police media practice that journos enjoyed the long standing benefit of a lap-dog relationship with the Police when it came to the reporting of crime in a small, dirty town such as Sydney.

Everyone seemed to know everyone else's secrets and no-one questioned the media reports. The only required ingredient in such reporting was tabloid sensationalism, and the more the better.

The Police ploughed on with their investigation into Churchill. Larry Churchill owned two BMWs and a palatial home at 8 Worchester Road, Collaroy, on Sydney's affluent northern beaches. The media made much of his extraordinary ability to acquire substantial assets on a mere Sergeant's salary of \$30,000 per annum. Despite all the noise about his assets, no action was taken to seize them.

The Wood Royal Commission auditors subsequently ran their eye over Churchill's spending. They came to the conclusion that he was living well beyond his means, with a complete failure to offer any explanation, lawful or otherwise, as to how he was able to pay for such a lifestyle.

He also owned two retail clothing stores on the Northern Beaches of Sydney.

The most distressing aspect of the hunt for Churchill's assets, was the fact that Churchill never faced any proceedings related to the freezing or seizure of those assets. So for Churchill, the consequences of being caught criminally 'red-handed' in a two-million-dollar amphetamine manufacture and supply scam were limited only to the confines of the direct evidence against him, which I had obtained during the conduct of the undercover operation.

From my enquiries, there was no investigation into the relationship between Churchill and members of the legal profession and their links to the 'circle of friends'.

An analysis of Churchill's assets could have revealed any of Churchill's financial associates but this was never conducted.

Dunn had complained to me during one of my undercover meetings with him that he had paid Churchill and others millions of dollars over the previous years from drug-dealing proceeds and from extortion in paedophile protection payments. These type of financial arrangements were hardly insignificant and, if researched, they would have been difficult to miss.

The Police continued to be buoyed by the excitement of the positive media coverage, which Churchill's arrest had generated.

The Police and the media were on the same frequency and the Police wanted to stay tuned for as long as possible. The media were being force fed the Police line that they were targeting suspect and corrupt officers with covert proactive investigations and the punch line was that the good guys were winning the fight.

For as long as it suited the Police and politicians, Larry Churchill would be hoisted up as the symbol of Police corruption. He would be vilified by all as the symbol of all things corrupt with the Police.

In the meantime, the public was reassured that even though Churchill was a

criminal, everything else was perfect because Churchill had been caught and there would be no more Police corruption because of his capture. This myth was perpetuated to stop people asking probing questions centred on obtaining a more detailed account of the truth.

Keeping this dubious honour of the symbol of all Police corruption amongst mates, only a few years later Churchill's drinking mate Chook Fowler would be hoisted up, vilified and displayed to the public as the new symbol of Police corruption at the Wood Royal Commission into the New South Wales Police Service.

The media sensation one minute, publishers of Police propaganda the next; not once did they let the facts get in the way of the truth. In sales and ratings salaciousness beats details every time, so the media ploughed on regardless of the truth.

The strategy applied meant that the Police ignored the established facts so that they could continue on with their 'in depth' investigation of Churchill's assets. This aspect of the investigation included a large-scale excavation of Churchill's backyard, apparently searching for hidden 'Tupperware' containers of cash and other buried treasure, allegedly accumulated by him during his reign as a 'King of Crime.'

The search of course was ridiculously conceived, given the fact that Detective Sergeant Kim Thompson had given him at least two days' notice. By the time the Police came-a-digging at the Churchill residence his cash and other assets were long gone. The Police found no trace of Churchill's assets at Collaroy that day or elsewhere, ever.

Visitor records show that Stephen Pentland, a workmate of Larry Churchill and one of Churchill's travelling companions to the Philippines, continued to visit Churchill in Long Bay Prison. Pentland's prison visits to Churchill continued despite the fact that, at the time of these visits, Pentland was working not only as a serving Police officer, but as a Detective at Kings Cross. What was discussed between Churchill and Pentland during those visits? Curiously at the time of Pentland's visits to Churchill in prison, the ISU Police continued

investigations into Pentland's alleged criminal conduct as it related to Churchill and Kings Cross.

Colin Fisk, also a first-time prisoner, was issued with a MIN. Fisk was first lodged in segregated protection cells. It was the same cell housing as Churchill's, but it was located within a separate part of the Long Bay Gaol Correctional Complex. Fisk's prison records show he was highly fearful of whom he might bump into in gaol and he expressed his concern about meeting some of the victims of his own paedophilia.

Russell Travis was an angry, young and violent paedophile serving a prison sentence. Travis was a victim of Fisk and his 'circle of friends' as a young boy and he did not take too long to materialise as a distinct physical threat to the increasingly fearful Colin Fisk. Fisk was wise to have been very fearful of Travis. It is difficult to argue against Travis being a violent paedophile given the treatment he received as a small, defenceless boy at the hands of Fisk, Dunn and the 'circle of friends'. Wisely, Fisk immediately sought active security separation from Russell Travis.

Fisk passed his initial time in prison, warily spending the first couple of weeks seeing ghosts and threats around every corner. When he had achieved a semblance of composure, if you ever can achieve composure in a maximum security prison when some of the inmates want to cut your head off, he decided he needed a deal.

Fisk had been a dealer, thief and extortionist, and now he fell back to what was natural to him. Most of his time was spent confessing and blabbing about the drug dealing and paedophile activities of Larry Churchill and others.

Fisk was out of circulation from his regular drug dealing and extortion rackets. It dawned on him that his existence related solely to his value as a money earner for the Churchill syndicate. Fisk had been instrumental in giving the enterprise up to me in the course of my undercover work. This had cost Fisk's criminal syndicate and the 'circle of friends' two million dollars up front on the drug deal that I had destroyed. It was a staggering loss and Fisk knew he was responsible for a lot of mistakes made by the group in trusting me.

Fisk was in serious trouble and out of his usual lucrative flow of cash sources and seemingly out of friends. He knew that these were the consequences when the cash flow stopped. Fisk had to take action and he did so in the only way he was capable. He scoured his memory and provided statements to Police about his dealings. Churchill and a senior legal practitioner were his predominant subjects for betrayal. He was looking to buy a way out of his predicament as quickly as possible.

In the meantime, Churchill was writing gaol-house letters to Fisk preaching solidarity whilst they dealt with the current legal problems. In one such letter Churchill wrote:

‘Col, old son, don’t listen to cops (ISU’s) deals. They’ll just fuck you over.’

Fisk read the letter. His response was two-fold. Firstly, he would actively seek out deals with anyone and everyone who could get him out of his bind. Secondly, he would ignore Churchill. The shift in the balance of power was seismic. Larry Churchill’s descent had commenced.

Alan Saunders had been arrested on the evidence I had gathered during my undercover operation at the Doncaster Hotel, from other taped phone conversation, the wire at the Moore Park Golf Course and obtaining fingerprints from the beer bottles. Saunders now also had a MIN.

Saunders was still coming to grips with the weight of evidence implicating him in a huge drug supply racket. He had been stripped bare by the speed of his fall from bullet-proof Police-protected drug dealer to inmate.

Saunders’ initial response to his situation was to attack. The betrayal of my undercover role in the job had given Saunders and his cohorts ample time to dream up a large quantity of allegations against me. The problem was that the Saunders allegations struck the same difficulties as the allegations of the drug dealer Campbell, they were fabrications and I was able to prove through a variety of sources that they were fictitious.

Saunders knew that it was not the first time he had lied to the authorities to directly benefit himself in relation to legal matters. He worried that his plans to implicate me in his drug-dealing activities might fail.

Saunders, just like a very nasty boy scout, decided it would be best for him to 'be prepared'. For Saunders, this meant he needed to devise another plan. After deep consideration, Saunders had sewn a new plan together. Now, he went about putting it into action.

I received an anonymous message. It was a request to contact a woman. I did so by using a public telephone miles away from my home. I dialled the number and a woman answered the telephone. She sounded sleepy when she answered the phone despite the fact that it was lunchtime. The proposition, like most things that start out as good ideas, seemed so simple.

'I got a message to ring you.' I was all business.

'Yes, I'm Alan's wife.'

It seemed I stuttered in my mind as I did not answer her immediately. I had no thoughts at all. I was experiencing a falling sensation as if I were about to collapse. I refocused and spat out the question.

'What do you want to talk to me about?'

'I've gotta go back home. Alan doesn't want me here with all this shit fight. He wants you to pay for my plane tickets. If you do they'll be no more trouble from us.'

'You can swim back for all I care. Tell Alan to fuck off.'

I slammed the phone into its receiver.

As a drug dealer, compromising people was an essential part of Saunders' modus operandi. Saunders error in his plan was that the usual drug dealing in which he was engaged was only ever with other drug dealers and junkies. His dealings with Police had been confined to criminal arrangements he made with bent cops such as Churchill where money meant everything.

Saunders had failed to realise, that when I had been dealing with him in my undercover role I was actually playing the part of a drug dealer, as opposed to being a drug dealer.

I have a lifetime of dislike for bullies and for those that want to impose their own prejudiced views on me or the defenceless. Because of who I am, I was prepared in the light of Saunders's proposition to take the heat from his

fabricated allegations rather than cave into a drug dealer's demands. The fabricated allegations about me kept coming from Saunders. I had to fight, and that's exactly what I did.

Saunders and Fisk were now bound together as the strangest of bedfellows. Alan Saunders, the staunch homophobe, had adopted the same betrayal strategy as Colin Fisk, the overtly gay paedophile. Talk about the odd couple.

On the surface Saunders was also sticking with Churchill, but that was only what Saunders wanted Churchill and the world to believe. The real game was that Saunders also searched for a deal. He provided statements to Police about how he became Larry Churchill's 'boy' when he was arrested in possession of drugs at Redfern.

Erroneously though, Saunders adopted the scattergun approach to his allegations. This was a good approach if you desired quantity of allegations but a poor approach if you wanted to elicit quality allegations. Saunders made allegations against me and many other Detectives who were stationed at Kings Cross. The nature of his scattergun approach ultimately failed and all the charges were thrown out.

Although Churchill, Fisk and Saunders were kept in separate sections of Long Bay Gaol, they were lawfully permitted to meet each other inside the gaol to discuss the preparation of their defences against the drug supply charges.

The meetings of the threesome were reinforced by Churchill who told the other two that they all needed to stick solidly together and not listen to any deals for immunity or early release being offered by Police or the Department of Public Prosecution officials. Behind Churchill's back, Fisk and Saunders were busy making as many deals as they possibly could to get a release.

The meetings continued. Fisk listened to Churchill and his plot of revenge against me and his urgings of solidarity. Fisk nodded dutifully. It convinced Churchill that he, Fisk and Saunders were united.

Duplicity suited Fisk. Fisk had learned a long time before this meeting that it was not a good idea to tell Churchill the truth when Churchill had decided that the truth was something else entirely.

So, as Fisk listened to Churchill imploring him to stick solid he made his decision. Fuck Larry Churchill, he thought. He was going to fish for deals and give up anyone he could to get himself out of Long Bay Gaol as soon as he could. Fisk's decision included a central theme of betraying his long-time paedophile protectors and extortion partners.

Fisk made numerous statements to the Police in gaol. One centred on the extortion of \$40,000 from Dolly Dunn by Churchill and Hazel. Fisk's plan was to seek an indemnity—a common practice amongst criminals looking for a way out. Fisk needed to have Dolly Dunn in custody and under the same pressure as he was, in order to corroborate the \$40,000 extortion, which would enable the police to firm up the charges against Churchill and Hazel, and be seen to be cleaning up corruption.

The problem for Fisk was that Dunn was unavailable, uncontactable and out of town. The all-important corroborating statement that he needed to make his deal fly could not be produced. For Fisk, ever the dealer and betrayer, it meant only one thing—Dunn had to be caught.

Fisk sent out the word from inside Long Bay Gaol to the other paedophiles to find and then give up Dolly Dunn's location.

In the meantime, it was time for me to give evidence against Churchill, Fisk and Saunders on the drug-dealing charges.

Taking charge of my own security had given me a sense of wellbeing and I was confident that my evidence, coupled with the exhibits and the recordings, would bury Churchill, Fisk and Saunders at their court hearings.

It came as a great surprise to me that on the eve of their committal hearings Churchill, Fisk and Saunders all entered pleas of guilty to all charges relating to the drug supplies arising out of my undercover work. The slanderous headlines referring to me as a 'supergrass' fizzled like a damp Roman candle.

The guilty pleas represented the ultimate corroboration of my honesty and the veracity of the allegations I had made regarding Police involvement in drug manufacture and supply, and paedophile protection rackets. It meant that every piece of information that I had gathered about Churchill, Fisk, Dunn, the 'circle

of friends' and Saunders in my undercover role was completely accurate.

The guilty pleas left me with a sense of distorted vindication, keeping in mind that nothing that happened then or ever since could come close to vindicating the blood of my first child splashing all over the floor of a hotel bathroom in Los Angeles.

Churchill, Fisk and Saunders were remanded in custody to appear before a Judge of the Sydney District Court for sentence.

In October 1989, Churchill was sentenced to a period of 12 years imprisonment with a seven-year non-parole period. During the legal proceedings, the sentencing Judge formally convicted Larry Churchill of Conspiracy to Supply a Prohibited Drug and of Supplying a Prohibited Drug.

Then it was Fisk and Saunders' turn. Fisk was formally convicted in the Sydney District Court of Conspiracy to Supply a Prohibited Drug and Supply a Prohibited Drug and sentenced to three years for the same offences as Churchill. Betrayal, whether it is factual or fabricated tends to pay handsomely. Fisk did his time in the relaxed atmosphere of Berrima Gaol, located in the Southern Highlands. Fisk did not even do close to the three years. He was quietly released on parole on 15 February 1991.

Saunders was formally convicted of Supplying a Prohibited Drug. He was sentenced to six years gaol with a non-parole period of four years.

As Churchill settled into his 12-year sentence, he faced a new problem. The allegations of a paedophile protection racket operated by Churchill in the Kings Cross area had been widely reported in media, sparked by the investigations into the extortion of \$40,000 from Dolly Dunn by Churchill. The allegations soon filtered through the inmate population and even through the 'protection' area of the gaol where 'dogs' such as Churchill lived. Many of the inmates had suffered at the hands of paedophiles as small children. It offers an explanation as to why they ended up incarcerated; their lives destroyed by paedophiles at a time when they had been defenceless children.

Inmates do not like cops and they absolutely hate cops who protect paedophiles. It became too much for some of Churchill's fellow inmates in the

‘protection’ area of Long Bay Gaol. They took matters into their own hands.

I received a message to contact an old time East Sydney criminal. His family had suffered at the hands of Churchill for reasons only related to money. I called the number and spoke to him.

He was gleeful when he said to me, ‘Hey they got at Churchill inside. Belted him, stuck a pipe right up his arse and pushed barbed wire up through the pipe, then they pulled the pipe. They left the barbed wire up his arse, serves him right, the fucking dog.’

His gravely voice shifted off into a nicotine laced laugh, before spluttering, ‘He got what was coming.’

CHAPTER 18

RUN DOLLY, RUN

He behaved like a frightened rabbit, barely lifting his head up above ground level.

Robert Joseph Dunn was still on the run in 1989. He carried a lot of his trophies with him. His homemade films were in the boot of his car. He had hurriedly packed up 4 Ivy Street, Chippendale as soon as he had received the news that I was an undercover operative and that he would soon be arrested. He took most of the homemade movies in which he co-starred with prepubescent boys, and which depicted him anally raping and otherwise sexually abusing the boys.

Paedophile cohorts had also removed incriminating items from 4 Ivy Street, Chippendale before the Police raids. When the raids did occur the Police found absolutely nothing. No Dolly Dunn and no films.

Dunn had fled to Melbourne.

His 'circle of friends' harboured him in an apartment located in inner Melbourne. As a welcoming present, they introduced him to the arms of a waiting young boy. For a little while, it seemed to Dunn that only the weather conditions had changed in his day-to-day life. Long Bay Gaol was another world away and a world that Dunn firmly believed from which he could escape.

Dunn had squirreled away a lot of cash from drug dealing. The money that Dunn had grabbed prior to leaving Sydney did seem like a lot, but Dunn had become accustomed to living a certain extravagant lifestyle. Colin Fisk had described it as the decadence of Roman Emperors. As the would-be Roman Emperor, Dunn was to learn his lifestyle cost was exorbitant. Coupled with the fact that he was paying his protectors to harbour him from the law, Dunn's cash levels fell rapidly.

Dunn had problems. They were nasty because they were invisible creeping problems that ambushed him. Only when the problems had completely surrounded Dunn did they expose themselves to him. A depressed Dunn looked at his problems from every corner and concluded they were insurmountable.

In Melbourne, Dunn was separated from his amphetamine cooking utensils and access to the ingredients. His manufacturing and distribution syndicates, which he had worked so hard on with Churchill, had been destroyed.

Worse, some of the main players in the 'circle of friends' syndicate, whom he regarded his closest friends, were in prison. He had no police protection.

Dunn could hardly visit Fisk and Churchill in gaol and seek advice from them about what to do next.

Dunn's cash flow quickly turned from credit to debit. His so-called friends and protectors deserted him. No money for Dunn meant that he experienced bad consequences. Firstly, he had no access to young boys; this was a crushing blow almost extinguishing his reason for living. Secondly, Dunn had no money and therefore no protection and no 'friends'. He was on his own. Any assistance Dunn received was an act of charity and facing the facts of who he really was, Dunn knew charity and paedophiles were mutually exclusive.

Depressed, sad and alone, Dunn flitted between various locations in and around suburban Melbourne. Due to his lack of protection he behaved like a frightened rabbit, barely lifting his head up above ground level.

Dunn decided to leave the city. His presence in an unknown city, he reasoned, represented too many opportunities for his betrayal. In his beaten up car, packed with his lifetime treasure of young boys, he headed to country Victoria. He found a place of safety in Mallacoota: 10 Bruce Street, Mallacoota, to be precise.

Dunn was unaware of Fisk's plan to sell out anyone and everyone in order to get out of gaol as quickly as possible. This meant that Dunn was unaware of Fisk's plot which required Dunn to be interviewed and then hopefully the two of them could then sell themselves to the Police and the Department of Public Prosecutions as a highly dubious double-date looking for an indemnity. Indemnified witnesses seemed to spend a lot less time locked up compared to the

rest of the inmate population.

At about 8.30am on Wednesday 18 October 1989, Detective Senior Sergeant Mick Donovan and his offsider, Detective Senior Constable Al Moore, of the New South Wales Drug Enforcement Agency, with Detectives Howell and Bradley of the Victorian Police went to Dolly Dunn's last place of refuge at 10 Bruce Street, Mallacoota, Victoria.

The Police knocked on the door in the way only a fugitive from justice knows. Dunn had had enough. He opened the door and the police flooded through. A search warrant was executed and Detectives Donovan and Moore seized three cartons of video tapes. The film titles related to phrases such as 'Young boys having fun', 'Holidays and animal husbandry' and 'Naughty boys need discipline'. Some the titling of these films had been completed in Dunn's own handwriting.

Dunn was arrested and placed before the court at Orbost, Victoria where consent was granted to extradite Dunn back to New South Wales. The three cartons of paedophilic video tapes which had Dolly Dunn in them also came back to New South Wales with the Detectives and Dunn.

Dunn was still being used as a commodity, except that this time, with no money or the likelihood of money, Dunn had become the commodity. Fisk's plan from within the walls of Long Bay Gaol of needing to have Dunn corroborate some of his allegations against paedophile protecting cops demolished Dunn's forlorn hope of freedom.

Soon Dunn's worst fears were realised. He was locked up in the notorious Long Bay Gaol. Fisk's plan for his ahead-of-time departure from custody was underway.

Dunn was a first-time prisoner and he was provided with MIN as well. The initial reception of a new prisoner into custody is always a disturbing experience for the new prisoner and for Dunn it was probably an even worse experience.

Dunn's lifestyle had made him accustomed to being in charge of the disrobing orders made on prepubescent boys immediately prior to him raping them. However, this time for new-inmate Dunn, the disrobing aspect meant that the

boot was very much on the other foot. Coming into the Long Bay Gaol reception area, Dunn was stripped of the neat street clothes he had been wearing and then in long established gaol order Dunn was required to stand legs akimbo, bend over parting his buttock cheeks, then remaining naked, stand up straight, extend his arms outwards at 90 degrees, and open his mouth. Finally, Dunn was ordered to lift his penis and scrotum upwards. All of these movements were required to detect whether or not new inmate Dunn was concealing contraband of any type on his body.

The search established that Dunn was not carrying contraband. Detective Senior Sergeant Mick Donovan and his partner Detective Senior Constable Al Moore had seized Dunn's contraband, his paedophile movies, when he was arrested in his refuge at 10 Bruce Street, Mallacoota. They were now held by ISU in their exhibit room. Dunn was issued with his new prison greens and told to dress.

Dunn's reception into gaol life continued, this time with questions. In the normal course of the reception of a new inmate Corrective Services staff record the expected height, weight, scars, tattoos and other descriptors. Information regarding next of kin, contact details and religious beliefs is also recorded. Dunn provided this and it was entered on his prison record.

The prison records reveal that Dunn advised that he had 'no religion'. This represents an amazing aboutface by a man who was completely absorbed by the rituals of the Catholic Church. This is the same man who boasted to me that his paedophiles cohorts included Catholic priests, the same man who was a Science Teacher and Discipline Master within the Catholic education system, the same man who dressed in the robes of a Catholic priest when he met the parents of the young boys he was grooming for anal rape so as to set the parents at ease about their child being in his care, and of course the same man who was the owner and donor of the grotesquely semen stained priest's robes.

Dunn's movies were packed into three boxes and entered into the evidence gathered by the police at ISU. I had a conversation shortly after Dunn's arrest with Lola Scott. Of the seized homemade films, Scott remarked to me that she

had viewed the movies in which Dunn starred and formed the opinion that they were 'disgusting'. At this time Dunn was an inmate in the NSW prison system and was remanded in custody on the same drug supply charges that Churchill, Fisk and Saunders faced. Dunn was going nowhere fast. He learned of Fisk's plan to buy his way out of custody as soon as possible, and he said that he also was quite prepared to participate in naming names on the proviso that he received a rapid exit from custody.

Fisk did not mention to Dunn that he caused his location to be betrayed and his subsequent arrest, and that Dunn only represented a small cog in Fisk's plans of getting the hell out of gaol as quickly as possible.

The evidence against Dunn that the Police possessed at the time they approached him to provide them with evidence against Churchill and Hazel was the homemade movies of Dunn that depicted him in various forms of sexual conduct with young boys. Each of these constituted a felony sex offence against Dunn. A felony is the most serious category of crime and is distinguished from other categories of crime because of the somewhat archaic description of its penalty of 'penal servitude'. Detective Mick Donovan delivered to the ISU Police a box full of Dunn's felonies in their exhibit room. Sadly the Donkey Tape was not recovered in Dunn's arrest.

Sub-section 1 of Section 352 of the Crimes Act (NSW) reads, 'Any constable or other person who apprehends a person in the act of committing or immediately after having committed any offence must take that person and any property found upon that person before a justice to be dealt with according to law.'

The legislation in this section is the power of arrest most usually used by police. The crucial aspect relevant to Dolly Dunn and his movies relates to the phrase 'any property found upon that person', which imposes an obligation on the Police to take property relevant to an offence along with the offender before the courts.

The law in this instance does not provide the Police with any discretion as regards its application. In other words, the courts were the only place that Dolly

Dunn and his three cartons of sexually depraved movies should have been directed to and it should have been up to the courts to make decisions regarding the guilt or innocence of Dunn.

Dolly Dunn was never taken before the courts with his collection of vile videos. Instead, he was interviewed as a witness by Scott and Watson to launch a prosecution against Churchill, Rick Hazel and another police officer for the \$40,000 extortion.

At that time there was no prosecution case being prepared in relation to the police protection of paedophiles. This is a mystery to this day, as to why the authorities did not pursue investigations into this racket, and yet pursued a one-off ripoff with such vigour. To this day, the protection of paedophiles by police in the inner-city areas of Sydney from approximately 1973 until Dunn's arrest in 1989 has never been put before the courts.

Justice James Wood, in his summing up at the Royal Commission, also criticised the police for 'not taking up the opportunity to deeply expunge corruption' at the time of my undercover work.

What followed for Dunn were a series of interviews with Lola Scott and Ken Watson of ISU. These interviews were conducted at Long Bay Gaol and occurred subsequent to Scott's viewing of Dunn's paedophile movies.

During an interview with Detective Chief Inspector Watson on 17 January 1990 at the Long Bay Gaol, Dunn made a signed statement in which he stated, amongst other things, 'That was because that particular tape contained explicit sexual acts between myself and the boy ... These (other) tapes also contained boy porn material and actually did show myself and other people in sexual situations with children.'

Dunn goes on to say how many experiences he had personally filmed: 'On 17 January 1990 I was shown by Detective Chief Inspector Watson and Detective Sergeant Scott three cardboard cartons containing a number of VHS video tapes. At the request of Mr Watson I examined those video tapes and selected 15 VHS tapes and two V8 tapes from the collection.'

Despite his admissions of sexually assaulting children in the company of

others, Dunn was not charged with any sexual felonies against children. Dunn's sexual offences against prepubescent boys were not just 'spur of the moment stuff' or a 'once off' mistake mitigated by alcohol abuse. The admissions by Dunn show year upon year of sexual abuse and at least 17 distinct tapes on which some of that abuse was filmed.

By the time he fronted a Judge in the Sydney District court and pleaded guilty to Conspiracy to Supply a Prohibited Drug and Supply a Prohibited Drug from which I had obtained all of the evidence, his credentials as a witness for the prosecution were building steadily.

Dunn was formally convicted and sentenced to only two years in prison, which in the light of his principal conduct in a two-million-dollar supply of one hundred per cent potent amphetamine, was a result that one could argue did not accurately reflect the gravity of the crimes.

In the past the DPP have appealed the leniency of sentences. In 1989, the DPP did not appeal Robert Joseph Dunn's drug supply sentence as being manifestly inadequate.

After the sentencing of Dunn and Fisk, the prosecution turned its attention toward Rick 'Nugget' Hazel, Larry Churchill and another Police officer. Their fall had begun. Of the three, only Hazel remained working as a Detective at Redfern for a period of time prior to his suspension. He continued to be partnered with the subsequently disgraced 'Tricky' Trevor Haken.

Churchill, the mastermind, was discovering the joys of the commencement of a lengthy prison sentence. Dunn, the clever scientist, had cooked up a deal, and was only setting his sights on an easier two years.

CHAPTER 19

WORD GAME

‘Don’t ever deal with the police They’ll use and then dump you.’

The year 1990 was an intense one for me professionally and personally. Cheryl was pregnant again and our first child was born in July that year. It was also the year in which the Dunn interviews finally began.

Scott and Watson interviewed Dunn on 15, 16 and 17 January 1990 at the Long Bay Gaol. During those interviews, Dunn was shown 17 home movies, which depicted him engaged in sexual conduct with boys. Dunn confirmed that he was both a participant and a filmmaker of these movies. These were the same movies seized by Detective Sergeant Michael Donovan when Dunn was arrested in country Victoria in October 1989. These were the movies that were of such value to Dunn that when he became a fugitive on the run in March 1989, he took them with him.

As the January 1990 interviews with Scott and Watson progressed, Dunn was shown photographs Churchill and another police officer. It is orthodox Police procedure to ask witnesses to identify offenders and it forms a crucial component in the identification of suspects. When Dunn viewed the photographs he was unable to distinguish another Police officer from Churchill.

There is no doubt that Dunn confused this officer for the real extortion bagman, Rick Hazel. At the very least, from an investigative perspective, much caution should have been applied because of Dunn’s failure to identify that officer. The Police interviewed that officer and he denied the allegations, specifically that he had any knowledge of the \$40,000 extortion.

There was no transactional evidence at all which linked that officer to ever having possession of any part of the \$40,000. It is interesting to note that the

officer was arrested and charged with extortion, despite there being no positive identification from Dunn at that point.

Nevertheless, with the evidence of Dunn and Fisk, the officer, Churchill and Hazel were all charged.

But for Dunn to give evidence against the three, he needed indemnity. In order to secure extortion charges, a deal was made that he would not be prosecuted for the sexual offences depicted on his home movies.

A deal was cut with Dunn to give this evidence but it took some doing. As part of this process, an application form known as P16 needed to be completed. Lola Scott put her name to the P16 application form in January 1990, days after she had interviewed Dunn in detail in Long Bay Gaol.

The P16 is a questionnaire-based document, which is presented to the Department of Public Prosecutions with recommendations and to the Attorney General for approval. It's an essential piece of police bureaucracy and it seeks information on two fronts. First, the outstanding criminal charges against the applicant, and second, whether or not an applicant is an associate of known felons. When a star prosecution witness has their own criminal or legal issues, the P16 can be used in the process of plea bargaining.

The P16 is designed to elicit direct information. There is no room for creativity on the P16 form, it simply is what it is. It demands Yes or No answers. Simplistic but direct, it is a foolproof document for cops to complete and to keep themselves out of trouble by using as little language as possible.

The P16 form was designed to be filled out by anyone, regardless of their education level or grasp of the English language. It was aimed at assisting any Police officer, ensuring he or she would be able to clearly understand and answer the questions honestly and provide correct factual information, thereby safely navigating away from enclosing the wrong information which could implicate or confuse. Success with the P16 was contingent on one factor only; the Police officer had to tell the truth about the background of the criminal.

From day one in the working life of every cop, the significance of correctly completing documents and reports is drummed into you. This is most especially

so when the documents require the signature and the name of the Police author. Once the documents have the name and signature of an officer they are forever linked to them, like it or not. This is why the Police Force drums into new recruits and seasoned veterans alike the importance of correctly completing reports and documentation in accordance with the facts. The threat of not doing so is dismissal and the possibility of criminal charges. This habit of bluntly reminding Police of the importance of this one aspect of Police work carries on all the way through the career of a cop. Could it be the Police just want to do the right thing with their reports?

Cops are notoriously pragmatic and most are less than gifted with a quite limited vocabulary.

One question on the P16 seeks information regarding the applicant in this respect: 'Is the applicant known at Criminal Records?'

In filling out the P16 on Dunn, Scott completed this question by answering 'No'.

A further question seeks information regarding the applicant in this respect: 'Is the applicant an associate of criminals?'

Scott completed this question by answering 'No'.

Both of these answers were wrong. The Police knew Dunn's paedophile activities and his association with the 'circle of friends' and in particular they were known to Scott and Watson from March 1989.

Specifically, there was a vast array of sexual offences visually depicted on his movies which Scott had watched, and which Dunn admitted ownership of during the interviews with Scott at Long Bay. As well, I had furiously argued with Scott and Watson about Dunn in 1989, after they had listened to the Doncaster Tapes and I had delivered the foaming plastic bag full of freshly cooked speed into their office.

At the time she completed the P16 application, Scott was a Detective Sergeant. The answers she provided in the P16 were false and misleading. Scott has never provided any explanation as to these errors.

The information which should have been entered in the P16 form should have

included signed off notations that Dunn was an associate of other criminals who were felons, that he had committed numerous drug supply and drug manufacture felonies and that 17 video tapes existed of Dunn in which he was depicted anally raping many boys under the age of 10 years. Had that information been included in the P16 application, it would have rendered that document as being factually correct and truthful.

Because of these misleading answers Dunn was granted indemnity from prosecution in relation to his sex crimes by the Attorney General of NSW, John Dowd. He served just two years in custody.

If the correct information had been included in the P16 application by Scott, then I seriously doubt that the indemnity would have been granted. The only question is why? The Wood Royal Commission had a crack at that question in 1996, and commented on it in its Final Report, Volume 4, Chapter 7, Paragraph 7.66:

‘The Attorney General and the Solicitor General were not however, informed that the Crown had in its possession video evidence of Mr Dunn having sexual intercourse with numerous pre-pubescent male children. Chief Inspector Watson agreed that by omission of this significant fact both the Solicitor General and the Attorney General were misled.’

The conduct is further described at 7.63 of the same report:

‘Chief Inspector Watson was aware that the videos which had been seized by the Victorian Police at the time of Mr Dunn’s arrest included footage of him having intercourse with pre-pubescent children. These videos were available to prosecuting authorities at the time of the Churchill committal on the extortion matter.’

In the Wood Royal Commission in 1996, Lola Scott was not questioned as to her reasons for completing the P16 form in the way that she did. However, later in the case R vs. Dunn Judge Davidson at the Sydney District Court questioned her actions. It was September 1999.

Judge Davidson made the following findings as they related to Scott’s evidence: ‘The Attorney General had been unaware of Dunn’s information.

Scott's evidence is that she believed she was justified by a lack of a recorded conviction against Dunn as it related to his conduct.'

Of Scott's explanation to the P16 form and her evidence in justification of her conduct, Judge Davidson reported with only one word: 'Unconvincing.'

Judge Davidson then stated: 'That it was the intention of Scott to represent to those who were to advise the Attorney General as to whether an indemnity should be extended to Dunn that he was a person who might appropriately be granted an indemnity.'

The comment by Judge Davidson pointed out that the Attorney General had been unaware of 'Dunn's information' relating to his criminal conduct as a paedophile or his extensive networks of criminal associates. The reason that the Attorney General was unaware of that information was because Scott had not disclosed it on the P16 form she prepared for Dunn's indemnity application.

Acting as a sentinel at the door of the Attorney General is an employed senior lawyer, the Solicitor General. A high ranking, well known senior lawyer, who has usually enjoyed an unblemished and distinguished legal career, always occupies the position of Solicitor General.

It would have been political suicide for any Attorney General to sign off on Dolly Dunn's indemnity if they had been made aware of the true state of Dunn's felonious lifestyle and connections, and his collection of videos.

For his part in a two-million-dollar drug supply conspiracy and actual drug supply, Dunn was sentenced to two years and three months in prison with an additional term of nine months, which was to be served concurrently. The plan hatched by Fisk and subsequently executed by Dunn had worked beautifully. Dunn received a substantial discount for his assistance in the extortion prosecution.

At Berrima Gaol, Fisk did not even do close to the three years his original sentence required. He was quietly released on parole on 15 February 1991—one year, 10 months, and 15 days for a two-million-dollar conspiracy to supply drugs.

Karma caught up with Fisk after his release from Berrima and he was

extradited to Victoria on outstanding sexual offences against young boys in 1992. He had sold out everyone and everything he could to the police, providing them with details of the members of the 'circle of friends'. When he called on that circle, he was told that he was on his own.

Fisk was convicted and served another sentence of 12 months in Victoria. Fisk was ropeable that the 'circle of friends' had abandoned him generally. His malevolence toward associates who failed to support him was well known. Fisk headed back to Sydney in 1993.

By the time the extortion trial of Churchill and Hazel rolled around in 1994, Dunn and Fisk were free men thanks to their indemnity deals and light sentences.

As I watched the extortion trial proceedings, I was shocked to read and observe the result. The jury in the trial acquitted Churchill, Hazel and the other police officer of all charges. Churchill's strategy of involving an innocent for human insurance seemed to have worked like a charm.

The defence was aided by the prosecution choosing to use the tainted indemnified paedophiles witnesses. Indeed statements from the bench during the committal and the subsequent trial related to the lack of credibility of Dunn and Fisk.

To this day, I have never been offered any explanation or reason, as to why I, a key undercover operator collecting the admissible evidence in this case, was never called to give evidence at this trial. I am certain that, had this been the case, the prosecution would have found in me a reliable, truthful, and credible witness, free of any criminal associations, networks or drug-dealing convictions. Perhaps there was a fear that my evidence would have been too shocking?

Instead of a rushing to the issuing of indemnities in order to secure witnesses, the best plan would have been one based on the weaknesses of Dunn and Fisk.

The plan should have been to prosecute both of them to the full extent of the law, and have them sentenced to terms of imprisonment appropriate to their conduct. Once locked into long sentences, in the general population in a maximum security gaol, Dunn and Fisk would have been more easily persuaded

to give evidence.

If that had occurred, the balance of power in relation to deals would have been firmly in favour of the investigation and prosecution side of the equation and not in favour of rouges such as Dunn and Fisk. At least then, Dunn and Fisk would have been inmate witnesses, free from the shackles of the lack of credibility brought by being presented as indemnified witnesses.

Dunn and Fisk would have been presented to the jury not as devious deal-making indemnified paedophiles who had got their just desserts, but witnesses who had decided to tell the truth about everything. This plan was never even proposed, let alone executed.

Dunn was never charged by Scott and Watson with any of rapes of pre-pubescent boys as depicted on the 17 video tapes containing those images. The reality of Dunn's actual length of time spent in gaol was even more laughable than the sentence imposed by the Judge. Dunn only served a total of two years, three months and 28 days in custody from 21 October 1989 to 18 January 1992 for the two-million-dollar drug supply racket. In dollar figures Dunn worked off his two million dollar drug deal at \$16,666.66 per week. Not bad going by anyone's standards.

Three years after his release in 1992, Dunn was actually issued with an Australian passport, which is an amazing failure of our nation's internal security. The 'circle of friends' were happy to see Dunn leave our sunny shores as they lived in fear of him revealing more of their secrets.

They knew that if Dunn's sex video tapes were subject of an investigation, then Dunn would be sought for prosecution and if caught again on the same matters, when having what he believed was a genuine indemnity from prosecution in his favour, would respond by betraying all of the paedophile group including the 'circle of friends' and of course himself.

Who knew about the 17 home movies locked away in an unknown police vault? Several members of the Police Force, including Scott and Watson, and the 'circle of friends'.

In 1991, Detective Sergeant Scott and Inspector Watson were promoted.

Inspector Scott and Chief Inspector Watson moved along to their next task force.

Operation Speedo, later to be known as Task Force Gull, was searching for paedophiles and evidence of police protection of paedophiles. Despite the smorgasbord of sexual felonies that had been committed by Dunn and which were known to the police as far back as 1989, the disturbing fact is that Dunn was never placed on Operation Speedo's suspect list. He was never a target and therefore he was never interviewed about the commission of any of the sexual felonies. By the time Dunn fled Australia in 1995, he had still not been interviewed about his paedophile activities.

The problem with leaving suspects off a suspect list is that subsequent investigators who come in to pick up the pieces a year or two later have no knowledge at all linking a suspect to any allegations and conversely they have no knowledge or reason to interrogate or target the individual.

Dolly Dunn was not the only paedophile who enjoyed the blessing and benefit of being left off the Operation 'Speedo' paedophile suspect list. The authorship of the suspect list and the conduct undertaken during Operation Speedo could cause a reasonable person to ask what actually happened inside Operation Speedo. Suspect lists by design and nature are wide so as to exhibit procedural fairness and investigative transparency. Failing to place a suspect on a list really is shitting in your own nest.

The only action the authorities took with Dunn after he was released from gaol was to arrange emergency housing for him and keep him out of the public spotlight. Then when Dunn fled Australia they waved him goodbye at Sydney Kingsford Smith Airport as he took off for the usual paedophile-exotic locations like Indonesia, Panama and with subsequent stops at equally suspect sleazy third world places in between.

Leopards do not change their spots and neither did Dolly Dunn. His two years in gaol on the drug conviction, locked away from young boys had only intensified his insatiable lust-filled demand for ten-year-old boys. White, yellow, brown or black. Dunn did not discriminate when it came to young boys.

Between his release from gaol in 1992, until his departure from Australia in

1995, he hunted young boys relentlessly. On the run during his sickening tour across the third world, Dunn ‘palled around’ with an eclectic group of travelling paedophiles and gorged himself sexually on innocent little boys whose only crime had been to be born into third world poverty.

Whilst Dunn became an international pervert, the disturbing fact is that he had been released without investigation or charge by the authorities in Australia when even a cursory glance of the images of sodomy on ten-year-old boys on his video tapes should have had him in a maximum security gaol cell for years. The only question is, ‘Why?’

Operation Speedo failed to ever convict one paedophile or anyone else of any criminal offence. A full list of all the nominated suspects was never created.

Scott ascended at vast speed, promotion after promotion, one day a Sergeant, then a Commander—eventually rising to the high office of Assistant Commissioner of Police.

The only people who were convicted of criminal offences in this whole piece of chaos were Churchill, Fisk, Dunn and Saunders. The four had pleaded guilty to all of the supplying drugs charges arising solely out of my undercover work on them, the same body of investigative work that almost got me killed.

John Ibrahim, the Kings Cross nightclub owner and new so-called ‘bad boy around town’, summed it up superbly when he was recorded recently on a listening device giving a ‘colourful character’ some salient advice regarding dealing with the police as a witness in a proposed criminal prosecution: ‘Don’t ever deal with the police. They’ll use and then dump you.’

In January 1993, Assistant Commissioner Cole sent a memorandum to the then Commander Lola Scott. The memorandum was in relation to the suspect list prepared or rather not prepared, for Operation Speedo. The memorandum was blunt: ‘Who was left off the [suspect] list?’

Scott’s answer to the memorandum was reported in 1996 at the Wood Royal Commission.

The lawyer assisting the commission, Patricia Burgin, asked Scott: ‘Well in January 1993, Assistant Commissioner Cole requested information from you and

you then provided a briefing note to him on 13 January 1993 and in that briefing note the question raised by Assistant Commissioner Cole was: “Who was left off the list and why?” Now, Mr Cole was referring to the list that you have referred to as having been prepared, the police and the civilians; do you understand that?’

Lola Scott answered: ‘Yes.’

Burgin continued: ‘And in the briefing note, in answer to the questions, “Who was left off the list and why?” you said, “Two persons”. And you described one, and then you said, “... and a member of the legal Fraternity was omitted from the list, the reasons being that the intelligence relating to them was unevaluated and of a very sensitive nature.” Now, that is what you told Mr Cole about people who had been left off the list? In a section 6 notice that you have been served with, you were asked of the identity of the member of the legal fraternity and you have given that name as Mr John Marsden; correct?’

Lola Scott answered: ‘I believe so, yes.’

Scott, under oath in the witness box of the Wood Royal Commission, admitted that she had left off the list the prominent solicitor John Marsden.

Later on during her cross examination of 7 August 1996 at the Wood Royal Commission, Commander Lola Scott was asked the following questions.

Q. Thank you. Now, you would, of course, now be aware of Mr Marsden having been, subsequent to 1990 a member of the Police Board?

A. Probably. I came across Mr Marsden in 1994 when I went for an interview before him.

Q. Was that when he was part of the Police Board?

A. Yes, and I’m not sure when he became a member.

Following the Royal Commission Operation Retz was set up. It was a secret internal affairs task force established to investigate 46 separate complaints about the conduct of Lola Scott in her duties, including her actions involving the prosecution of Dunn and Fisk, her filling in the P16 form, and other matters stretching back over a decade.

On 22 November 2002 an Internal Review Panel of the New South Wales Police’s most senior male and female officers determined that 15 complaints

from the Operation Retz internal inquiry into complaints against Scott were sustained. The Internal Review Panel's recommendation was that Scott be removed from office because of her misbehaviour.

On 9 December 2002 after further deliberation the Commissioner of Police removed Lola Ann Scott, Assistant Commissioner of Police, from her office by reason of her mis-behaviour pursuant to Section 51(1)(b) of the Police Act of 1990.

CHAPTER 20

SPIN UNTIL YOU DIE

When the jury acquitted Hazel and Churchill of extortion, the ‘circle of friends’ and the protectors were given the green light to get back to business.

I needed to find a way to pressure the authorities into taking another look at organised paedophilia and its criminal associations.

As I had done previously, I sat down and planned.

In 1993 our second daughter was born. We had been out of Sydney for four years and we decided to move back to Sydney. It seemed to me that if someone wanted to get at me and my family, they would find me anyway even if I was out of Sydney, so we may as well live the life that we wanted to live.

Cheryl has always worried about the children, as I had, but where do you draw the line between concern and paranoia? If anyone harmed the girls I would have no hesitation in shooting them, and then getting locked up forever. If anyone touched my children there would be trouble.

I couldn’t let the paedophiles get off scott free. My planning involved looking over the horizon and at what, in my opinion, was the real problem: How will such confronting information be dealt with by a flawed and incompetent bureaucracy such as the Police? In the end, I decided I had to speak to a politician.

The next dilemma was choice. My research led me to the Labor MP for the seat of Heffron, Deidre Grusovin. Grusovin had been a Minister in the Unsworth Labor Government and was now in opposition on the front bench. She was a well-respected and senior member of parliament. People tended to listen to Grusovin when she spoke. Whether this was because of her connections in the powerful right wing of the Labor party or with the fact her brother, Laurie Brereton, was a Member of the NSW Parliament and Federal Parliament

following that.

Grusovin's parliamentary success was due in part to her sharp intelligence and thorough methods. Her parliamentary advocacy was based on solid research, and when she had something in her sights, she did not misfire. In the periods of time in between, she wisely kept her own counsel so that when she did fire her argument was potent and not reduced to a shallow 'sound bite' which so many politicians and public figures resorted to.

Bob Carr was the Leader of the Opposition at the time. Labor was on the prowl in a big way, chasing down a Liberal government led by John Fahey that had been battered and bruised by political scandals including allegations of cover ups involving paedophiles and Police. It is more correct to say that law and order really became a political issue at the time and that the Liberals were doing it very badly.

It seemed that Carr might be a bonus to me in my push to initiate political action. Carr was also a friend of the Brereton political dynasty, of which Grusovin was a proud daughter. Carr held the parliamentary seat adjoining Grusovin's in Sydney's eastern suburbs.

From a strategic standpoint, my prospective approach to Grusovin was looking good. Her history of parliamentary speeches were characterised by attention to detail, courage and fairness.

Grusovin had been an interested and dismayed spectator at the extortion trial of Churchill and Hazel. She keenly observed the manner in which Dunn and Fisk were portrayed as witnesses. Her intellect told her that there was more to it, a lot more. At the time there was a buzz around the criminal legal circles that the trial had seemed to 'run dead' because defence counsel had been able to expose the lack of integrity of the Crown's star witnesses.

Grusovin began to do her own delving into the darkness. She found a trail that stopped at Dunn and Fisk. The information I gave Grusovin helped her through those dead ends and onto roads which she had not previously travelled. She was as riled as I was about the fact that I was not called as a prosecution witness in the ill-fated trial because it showed an abject lack of transparency in the process.

I detailed the drug dealing and paedophile protection rackets to her. I came to her wanting nothing from her apart from being able to give her information so that she could do the job for which she had been elected by voters to do. I wanted her to make her own decisions about how to pursue the information I gave her. That is all I wanted.

I knew Grusovin was heading for a storm, a big storm. I let her know what she should expect but she did not need me to paint a picture for her, she was sharp and perceptive. Grusovin knew what she was attacking. I braced myself for reactions and, as I did, I recognised that I was on the same journey that I had been on since I embarked on my undercover drug operation. Having travelled along this road for so long, I had developed an appreciation of how things could unravel.

I knew I would have to persevere until the end. I did not promise myself that I would seek a just end, for I had deduced that whatever the ending, it mattered little to the suffering of the defenceless. There were two possible endings: one bitter, one sweet. Neither was of any real consequence to me for when you have been stripped and shamed, what happens after that has no meaning.

Grusovin and I met in her Parliamentary office and we kept in touch through to the commencement of the Wood Royal Commission in 1994.

During her research and my investigations, a break came Grusovin's way, when, between gaol sentences, the recently paroled Colin Fisk approached Grusovin to talk.

This occurred in 1994 and it was a heartening development. Fisk's talk was all about Police protection of paedophiles. Fisk provided Grusovin with examples of this conduct and subsequently provided her with a signed statutory declaration in which he nominated John Marsden and Frank Arkell as paedophiles.

Grusovin is a cautious person, probably as a result of her life experiences in the Brereton family and her survival in the blood sport of politics. She made sure of her sources. She did all that she could do and then she did the only thing she could do: she stood up Parliament in December 1994 and delivered a mind bending speech on the police protection of paedophiles and in doing so named

John Marsden as a leading paedophile. She also named Frank Arkell as a paedophile.

All hell broke loose in the 'bear pit' of Parliament House. The TV and print media reported on Grusovin's statement and also named John Marsden and Frank Arkell as paedophiles. Although I had known for years about the membership of the 'circle of friends', I became increasingly concerned for Grusovin as the masters of spin set about to devour the truth.

Grusovin's speech was embarrassing for the Government and the establishment in general. At the time of Grusovin's speech, John Marsden had not only served as a board member of the Anti-Discrimination Board but he had also served on the New South Wales Police Board. For Grusovin, the pain was yet to begin.

The Premier of NSW John Fahey of the governing Liberal-National Coalition replied to Grusovin's speech in Parliament in December 1994. He was brutal in his condemnation of Grusovin and he called for her resignation. It was a reply that was to be expected because they were on opposite sides of the political landscape.

Bob Carr, the Labor leader, rose to his feet in the Parliament after Fahey had completed his speech. He condemned Grusovin for her statements regarding Marsden and Arkell. The ALP had been part of an extended family for Grusovin for as long as she could remember. A killing blow was delivered to her political career and she was defenceless. Grusovin was aghast, never believing that she would be turned over by her own. She did not see the killing blow coming. Her own political party perpetrated her political death in public.

The media focus from here on became about the end of the Grusovin's career, and shifted away from any attempt to properly investigate the criminal activity she had alleged.

From her front bench position as Opposition Spokesperson for Housing, Grusovin was demoted to the backbench. She sat on the backbench 'on ice' until 2002 when she failed to gain preselection for her seat of Kingsford.

Grusovin was accused of abuse of parliamentary privilege by the media and

the Law Society.

In 1995, Fisk admitted that at the time he made his original statement to Grusovin, he was under psychiatric care and unable to differentiate 'fact from fiction'. He also claimed that the original statutory declaration had been dictated by Mrs Grusovin and typed by her adviser, Mr Ron Hicks.

For me, the questions about Police protecting paedophiles and covering it up just would not go away. It came to me that Dunn was the key, as he had been in my undercover drug-dealing work. It would be Dunn's weaknesses and visible excesses that would bring the matter to public attention. Dunn was a stand-out amongst these villains as the lecherous weakest-link. I broke the plan down into simple little pieces that even I had little difficulty comprehending; get Dunn, watch him cave in and get everyone else.

I knew the indemnity must have had problems because Dunn had never been charged with any of the sexual offences against young boys. Not only did I harass lazy and unwilling public officials to take a close look at Dunn, I went back into the other world that I knew well.

I talked with criminals who I had worked on. Not all of them were glad to see me but we all had one thing in common, a mutual hatred for paedophilia. I pointed out to my crook friends in meetings that most of them were fathers and because they had been imprisoned themselves they were unable to protect their children from monsters such as Dunn. I focused them on our mutual self-interest in seeing Dunn locked up.

A couple of my criminal friends with a greater than average propensity to violence suggested that Dunn be murdered. I genuinely thanked them but I explained that there would be too much blow back and we would end up doing a lot of gaol. The real reason though, was because as a victim of a murder plot myself in which I lost my first child and my soul, I wanted to find the people responsible and make them pay.

It was my plan to bring them all down and I could not do that if they were dead. I had no qualms about seeing people die in gaol, but not before I had a shot at exposing them. My criminal friends sent word around the underworld that

Dunn was an informant and that he was a paedophile and that he was unsafe.

The constant pressure of the feeling of a criminal posse onto you is heavy indeed. The pressure worked on Dunn. A couple of weeks after spreading the word about Dunn through the criminal world, I received a telephone call for a meeting in a seedy café in Redfern, a favoured haunt of Dunn's.

The meeting was set for 10.00am on 2 April 1994. I arrived at 8.30am and watched from outside the comings and goings. At 9.50am Dunn walked toward the café. I watched him closely as he walked in, his head swivelling. It was the first time I had seen him since the drug dealing of five years before, he looked the same but a little older and a little heavier in jowl. No-one was following him. The café appeared to be empty. I calmly walked in. I was armed, but the weapon was hidden. Dunn must have been ready for me, but when he saw me he looked like he had seen a ghost. He seemed too shaky on his legs as he stood to greet me. I was all business.

‘What do you want?’

He was clearly nervous. ‘Glen, I thought we could talk. You’re making it very hard for me.’

Immediately I knew that I still had the mastery of Dunn. ‘Tell me, who was involved in trying to kill me over the drug deals?’

Dunn's face greyed.

‘We panicked, we thought that you were going to expose us, we’re sorry. We all want to do something to make that right for you.’

Dunn put his right hand in his trouser pocket and I quickly placed my hand on the weapon I had. I need not have worried. Dunn was not a physical man. He was armed with a white envelope bulging with cash.

‘There's twenty thousand there please take it and tell me how much it will be to make this right for you,’ he said.

I was having a hard time controlling my increasing fury.

‘I tell what you can do for me, you can tell me who was involved in trying to kill me and how they got the information about my whereabouts in the States. Let's start there.’

Dunn had no other option and so he spoke.

‘We panicked. They wanted you dead because of the drugs but they couldn’t do it and I was on the run and we had messengers and I spoke to some people high up in the Police.’

I had calmed down by now and was listening. I reflected on how close I had come to beating him up. I could feel my breath inhale and exhale.

‘Which cops?’

‘There were a few.’

I stared at Dunn and as I did I decided that my first instincts had been right. I was going to make him and everyone connected with the plot to murder me suffer. I now had a clear link between the paedophiles and the Police. I must have been quiet for too long because Dunn spoke again.

‘Do you want this money or do you want some more. I can get more. I just want you to stop. I can’t go back to prison.’

I had to reply. ‘Did you do some sort of deal to get out so quickly?’

Dunn said, ‘I’ve had to give evidence over that forty thousand. I’ve got an indemnity now so if you keep pushing with the stuff I’ve done with boys on my movies, I’ll pull out my piece of paper which says I don’t have to go to gaol.’

Dunn was becoming tearful.

‘Did you ever think to yourself that your indemnity might be a bullshit one? You will still be fucking little boys today, I bet you’re still doing the same thing. If I went to your joint there’d be movies of you fucking little boys everywhere. You’d be cooking speed again with all this cash. Dolly, leopards don’t change their spots mate. Who cooked up this bullshit indemnity for you?’

Dunn said, ‘The Police. But you can’t touch me on the old stuff and now I am a lot more careful. You’re right. I’ve got new films but I’m very careful. So what are we going to do? Can we have peace?’

I shook my head. ‘You fuckwits tried to kill me, how can there be peace? You tell them that. Oh, by the way, let them know I am still looking for some more tapes.’

I pushed Dunn’s envelope back to him, stood up and walked out. Over the

next few weeks after my meeting with Dunn, I reflected on the information I had obtained and its ramifications. I knew then that crossing paedophiles and Police was a life threatening sport.

It was sad to realise that the information I possessed could not be trusted with the very authorities who were charged with investigating such information.

What came out of the meeting, apart from Dunn's confession, was that other detectives were deeply involved, which made sense because they had worked with Larry Churchill at Redfern before they had spread their wings, so to speak, into Kings Cross and Darlinghurst. The main prize of the conversation was reinforcing in Dunn's mind the idea that he would always be a target. I wanted him to break and hopefully bring others down with him.

Bob Carr now led a Labor NSW Government. It really didn't matter who was in charge because the spin masters who ran the show behind the scenes on both sides knew each other and all used the same tricks. A change in government really made no difference as it related to the willingness to pursue paedophiles and their police protectors. The lack of willingness to do anything remained unchanged. Labor was just more of the same.

The questions about paedophile cover ups from me to politicians and journalists were relentless. My work behind the scenes feeding information and cajoling others to give of their time and skill was time consuming but bit by bit the wall was chipped away. I forced the issue for a couple of years after the demise of Grusovin.

I had not disclosed my meeting with Dunn because it simply did not serve any purpose. I did apply more pressure around the indemnity for Dunn because that was the weakest part of Dunn and he was the weakest link between the paedophiles and Police.

Ironically, some say because of political expediency, the Labor Party while still in opposition in 1994 aligned itself with the independent members of parliament lead by John Hatton and carried a vote to set up a Royal Commission into the stench of the New South Wales Police Force.

On 17 April 1996 the Police Minister, The Hon Paul Whelan, was fending off

questions regarding the whereabouts of the international disgrace that Dolly Dunn had become.

Whelan was from the same political party which had earlier eaten Grusovin alive for complaining about paedophiles and their protectors. I had force-fed the line that Dunn had been allowed to escape charges in 1989 and now he had escaped Australia just as the Wood Royal Commission was warming up.

The peculiar problem was that allegations surfaced in Parliament that stated that Dunn should have been charged with sexual offences against young boys but instead he had been allowed to leave Australia. Whelan was under pressure and he said amongst other things: 'A review of evidence which was available between 1989 and 1992, shamefully, was not acted upon.'

Pressure is like compound interest, it builds on its own blocks when there is enough of it.

The cops were feeling the pressure. Even though they failed to acknowledge the complaints publicly, they knew I had cited a failure of action on the investigation of paedophiles. Police investigations had been carried out for a number of years and despite the buzz about paedophiles being protected by the Police there was never any evidence presented.

The situation the Police found themselves in was a lose-lose one. The cops knew as well as I did that you could not have a situation where you punted on both outcomes. Someone somewhere deep in the Police hierarchy at the behest of their political masters decided to take out an insurance policy. They feared that trouble was brewing.

I maintained pressure on the exposure of Dunn and the search for him heated up in 1997. He had taken off from Australia in 1995 and hooked up with paedophiles in Indonesia, but then he disappeared.

I kept at it behind the scenes, grinding and pushing away to get anyone I could to look at the facts behind the issuing of Dunn's indemnity. The Wood Royal Commission wanted to talk to him about some of his home movies.

I maintained a deep sense of guilt over my ultimate failure of not stopping the 'circle of friends' in 1990. I had endured a lot of distractions along the way, and

the death of our first child was the most distracting, the rest I was able to hide away in my mind. However, the manner of the death of my first child in pools of blood in a lonely hotel bathroom in Los Angeles has always worked me over.

I was outraged that I was never called by the Prosecution as a witness in the extortion trials of Churchill and Hazel. If I had been called to give evidence, it would have been the evidence of a man free of deals and considerations who would have been able to put the statements of Dunn and Fisk into context.

One particular journalist I had been speaking to was Steve Barrett, a producer and reporter on 60 Minutes, together with journalist Liz Hayes. I had told Barrett the whole story of my undercover operations and work, and the existence of the drug-dealing operations and the Police protection racket.

Barret and Hayes used their journalist skills, and finally tracked down Dolly Dunn. He was masquerading as 'English Bob', in a hotel room in Honduras.

Barrett recalls the moment Dunn started talking to him.

'But Steve,' said Dunn. 'They knew all about me in Australia, what I had done, everything about me before I left.'

Dunn's admission to Barrett about the Police knowledge of his paedophilic lifestyle and history proved to be a critical slice of evidence in Dunn's subsequent legal hearings.

Liz Hayes' powerful presentation on 60 Minutes in November 1997 was a piece of incisive and provocative journalism. It spurred on the Australian authorities to publically initiate extradition proceedings against Dunn.

Dunn was soon back in Australia. He was charged with sexual offences against young boys and bail was refused. He headed back into the care and custody of the Department of Correctives Services on April Fool's Day 1998. Dunn knew that he faced a very long stretch if he was convicted of the sexual assaults.

After being charged with sexual offences, Dunn applied to the courts for a stay of proceedings based on his much-cherished indemnity. The application for the stay of proceedings was heard before Judge Davidson at the Sydney District Court in September 1999. Lola Scott was called to give evidence at the hearing.

Judge Davidson's summary of that hearing led to Dunn's indemnity being dismissed and opened the gate to his prosecution.

Dunn went down on the stay-of-proceedings application before Judge Davidson largely because of the evidence of the conversation Dunn had with Steve Barrett in Panama. The circumstances now confronting Dunn were to accept the findings of the court and get his head around a very long gaol sentence or to appeal the decision. It was really a situation that offered Dunn no viable choice at all. Dunn threw the dice and appealed through the Criminal Court of Appeal and eventually all the way up to the High Court of Australia.

Justice Gaudron of the High Court of Australia made the following remarks in her summing up of Dunn's stay application appeal: 'It was arguable that the indemnity was wrongly construed in the applicant's favour.'

Thanks to Steve Barrett and Liz Hayes' journalistic abilities to get Dunn yapping under pressure, Dunn went down, and this time he paid the full price for his crimes.

The indemnity he obtained in 1990, as a consequence of the sinister partnership with Colin Fisk to gain early release by turning 'informant-for-hire', detonated on Dunn as the High Court of Australia had in effect despatched Dunn to maximum security.

The prosecution of Dunn rolled around and this time he had nothing with which to bargain. Dolly Dunn was sentenced to 30 years prison for the rapes on film which was reduced on appeal to 20 years, this meant his earliest possible release from prison was 9 November 2015.

The rapes that Dunn did not film have never been the subject of any criminal prosecution and it is a correct assessment that in relation to those crimes, Dunn got off, scott free.

Dunn was convicted of multiple counts of: Homosexual Intercourse with a Male under the age of 10 years; Acts of indecency on a Male under the age of 16 years; Homosexual intercourse with a Male between 10 years and 18 years; Sexual intercourse with a person between 10 years and 16 years; Inciting a person under 16 years to commit an act of indecency; Act of indecency on a

person under 16 years; and Supplying Prohibited Drugs.

In the wake of Dunn's spectacular arrest, Frank Arkell's exposure as a paedophile by Grusovin and later at the Royal Commission, led to a new task force being established to investigate him.

Frank Neville Arkell was a long serving member for Labor in Wollongong in the State Parliament. Arkell had held high public offices, such as Mayor of Wollongong, when my undercover drug-dealing involvement with paedophiles was at its zenith.

Arkell was charged in 1997 with sexual offences against young boys. Unbelievably, Arkell received bail. The media reportage was not flattering.

If Arkell had been placed on the Operation Speedo list when it was developed, it might have saved his life. If he had been convicted at that time, he would have gone to prison under 'strict protection'. The NSW Department of Corrective Services have an excellent record of maintaining the physical safety of 'strictly protected' prisoners in their custody.

Gaol would have been the safest place for Arkell. He might have even emerged from gaol a better person if he had been exposed to the excellent sex offenders program designed and conducted by Corrective Services.

However, while on bail, Frank Arkell was murdered by a Satan worshipper in the back room of his home in Wollongong. As a sinister message, Arkell left this world with pins jammed into his eyes.

Later the Satan worshipper claimed the murder was in retribution for sexual abuse dished out by Arkell. For Arkell the falsehoods of spin were revealed in a tumult of torture as his life ended.

His murderer, Mark Valera was reported as stating that he was the victim of paedophiles and that Arkell's charging and the reportage triggered abuse memories for which Arkell needed to pay with his life. At his 2000 trial, Valera claimed that his father had sexually and physically assaulted him during his childhood, and that this led him to the two murders of Arkell and David O'Hearn. He claimed that O'Hearn, who was a shopkeeper, had sexually propositioned him and this had caused flashbacks of his troubled childhood.

Reality is always a much harsher taskmaster than hindsight.

Detective Ricky Hazel's sworn statements at the Wood Royal Commission corroborated and underlined the value of my undercover work on Dunn and Fisk. Hazel's demeanour was not improved when he saw the once imposing Larry Churchill hiding his head from view and identification from the gaze of the nightly news cameras. Hazel must have had a sense of foreboding about his chances of survival in this jurisdiction.

Hazel snapped under the pressure of a harsh cross-examination. 'Yes it was true. I did extort \$40,000 from Dolly Dunn to protect him from Police investigation. Yes I knew he was a paedophile. Yes Larry was involved.'

Then he broke down in tears.

CHAPTER 21

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

‘You won’t be getting a job here. I’ve got the Police report back. They say you are a known criminal.’

I left the New South Wales Police Force in July 1990. The betrayal of my undercover work by fellow officers, the threats on my life, and the bleak career prospects set out before me by John O’Neil was enough. Even though I was offered a lifetime of pay cheques, I was not the sort of person to take a salary week after week without doing anything. I did not count sitting in my lounge room watching television as doing something with my life.

The Police had investigated me, acting on allegations about my behaviour from drug dealers and corrupt police, and had found nothing. The Director of Public Prosecutions, Reg Blanch QC, wrote a letter to the Police in March 1990, advising them that no charges would be preferred against me. It was over. I had fought off the contrived criminal allegations.

I was given a Certificate of Service, which read in part: ‘Glen Patrick McNamara has serviced the people of New South Wales honourably and meritoriously.’

How nice? Not really. Fifteen years of my life had been wasted on the service of the people of New South Wales. Now my contemporaries were at mid-career and I had been sent back to the starting post through no fault of my own. I tucked the certificate away hoping that I would never have to look at it again.

The 15 years I had spent in the Police amounted to me denying myself the opportunity of a fruitful career elsewhere, but if I had to abandon a career by leaving the Police then so be it. I am glad I left the Police Force. I do not look back fondly and reminisce over the ‘good old days’ because being in the cops,

there are not many good days and not many good people.

Leaving was not difficult at all because I loathed the Police and what they stand for.

I did the very best I could to put the Police experience behind me. I found employment as an Investigator with the Tow Truck Industry Council of New South Wales. I sold my property and moved, and I never spoke about the Police, although I maintained an abiding interest in the conduct of the Police investigation of paedophiles and their various criminal enterprises.

It is true that I have a loathing for a number of people and the systems and process which revolve around the rustic term—‘justice’. But hate is counter productive at every turn. I enjoy a beer or a glass of wine at home with dinner but I rarely go to bars, pubs or clubs and do those ‘blokey’ things. I saw enough of that crap in the cops to steer clear of it. The other factor is that alcohol is a potent depressant and a large amount of it is of no value to anyone. Alcohol is involved in most instances of violence, so the last thing I wanted to do was to use alcohol as my crutch.

Freedom is most valuable of all human commodities. If you hate one, or a number of people, you give up your freedom because the people you hate own you. I have always concentrated on being free. I could think of nothing worse than being owned by others. Now, from my perspective it is perfectly fine if others hate me because then I own them.

In terms of releasing stressors, physical exertion of any type is good. I really like boxing and have enjoyed it for years as a physical and mental exercise that just sharpens you up.

Psychopaths do not have the ability to care or be compassionate. I have that ability. Through years of practice in the cops, such as looking at graphic and horrific scenes, and then later getting through the problems I had with this lot, I learned that I can switch off my ability to care about others or situations and can switch off my ability to be compassionate. This has proved to be a very handy skill for me—dispassionate yet focused.

The downside is I like it so much like this that I prefer not to switch back on.

But I do.

Some time after I left the cops two things happened. Both were out of my control. Somehow a journalist learned where I was working and I was approached on a couple of occasions for a story. I rebuffed the approaches, as I was concerned about involving my employer in my past life, which was something these journalists must have known because they kept approaching me when I was at work.

Eventually a story was run on The 7.30 Report by the ABC reporter David Margin. The story did not cast me in a good light and made innuendoes about an indemnity I may or may not have had. It alerted my employers. The pressure on me to explain myself to my employers increased. I had done nothing wrong but I knew the situation was untenable, so I resigned.

Not long after that, I received a letter from the Ombudsman of NSW advising me that an adverse finding had been made against me in relation to the tapes in which I was alleged to have discussed a ten-thousand-dollar extortion payment with Alan Saunders.

This was exactly the same set of facts that Reg Blanch QC had advised the Police that there was no evidence to charge me with. It seemed that while my certificate gave me a clean bill of health, someone in the Government was not letting the facts speak for themselves.

I responded to the Ombudsman with the information that he should already have had when he wrote to me advising me of the adverse finding. The Ombudsman wrote to me again apologising for any distress he had caused. The case seemed to be closed.

It was not case closed for me, however. I went on the attack.

In early 1991 I decided to sue the State of New South Wales for negligence in relation to all aspects of the undercover operation which led to the ruining of my career.

It took me a while to find lawyers who had the necessary skills and experience to work on my case. While I was doing my research, I thought about trying to fund my lawsuit through the Police Association of which I had been a member

from when I had first joined the Police Cadets at aged 17. It seemed a lifetime ago. In the first of many walls thrown in my face, the Police Association declined to fund me at all. I was on my own again. I wondered what functions trade unions actually perform for their membership and it is a question to which I am still waiting for an answer.

After a solid 12 months of research I found the lawyers. They were Monica Ross-Marinik, Peter Stephens and Robert Kirby of the firm EH Tebbut & Co of Pitt Street, Sydney.

Monica did most of the heavy lifting and she briefed Phillip Clay, Barrister. By 1994 my first letters to the State seeking an ex gratia payment for damages was rejected. In time honoured State tradition it had taken them almost 12 months to reject the offer. This time wasting and delaying is a tactic at which State sponsored defendants excel. The facts and the law matter little if you can grind out an individual plaintiff with spurious delays. It was shaping up as another endurance test.

As 1995 rolled around I spent my time pursuing the lawsuit. I diverted my energy into working on information for the Wood Royal Commission and the paedophile protection racket, and at a wider level I agitated where I could to expose these disgusting but secret practices.

I was looking forward to the possibility of my own lawyers cross-examining Lola Scott in a witness box.

It never happened. The Royal Commission finished and was eventually wrapped up in 1997 when it published its final report. We were advised that the Royal Commission could have been one of the reasons for the delay in my case.

I spent the period between late 1997 and early 1998 collecting statements and materials for my damages case. The Police had been served with subpoenas and responded that the information we were looking for was held in boxes at the Internal Office in the College Street Police Headquarters. With Monica I bolted into ISU as quickly as I could.

When I arrived at ISU I saw some old faces still hanging around. None of them could look me in the eye, so nothing had changed.

Monica and I started our search and we obtained many valuable documents. Of all of the documents we obtained that day one document perfectly encapsulates the duplicity of the State's defence that I was a criminal. It was a handwritten note from a man named Bill Fleming. He had formed part of a Selection Panel who had interviewed me for the job at the Tow Truck Council. Fleming was a former Assistant Commissioner of Traffic with the New South Wales Police, a bit old school and he knew his way around a story. When I arrived at the interview without a reference from the Police he wanted to know why. I skirted around the question because it really was none of his business. Fleming made his own inquiries and spoke to Lola Scott. He recorded notes of his conversation with Scott in writing. The notes say it all, 'McNamara—Uncovered high level corruption (in Police) and is very highly regarded.'

I read the note over and over. I wondered if I was the only person in this nightmare that understood what telling the truth was about.

After the search Monica took a couple of months and compiled a compelling list of documents. We were ready to go. I had been waiting for years to go on the attack in the witness box. We attended a couple of direction hearings before a Supreme Court Registrar in 1998.

In the last of these hearings, the Solicitor from the Crown got up and put to the Registrar that their defence would be that I was a criminal who had been injured in the conduct of criminality and not as a result of the negligence of the State. The shock value of this move was zero.

My barrister, Phillip Clay was on his feet. 'We wish to advise the court that Mr McNamara has never been charged with any criminal matter.' And then like in all great manoeuvres Phillip winged it.

'Mr McNamara wants to know why he was not charged when he was in the Police. He wants to know why the DPP did not prefer any criminal charges against him at the time. And we can advise the court that Mr McNamara is more than happy to go now directly to Court to be charged with the whole array of the criminal offences the Crown refers to. We can be there in ten minutes. I can advise the Court that Mr McNamara will be vigorously defending those

charges.'

Phillip's mocking tone destroyed the credibility of the State's argument once and for all. I was not going to be charged with anything. The Registrar was scathing in his comments of the delaying tactics of the State. Hearing finished, well almost.

As we left, Monica dropped a subpoena in the lap of the lawyer for the State. It requested that Lola Scott and Ken Watson be notified they would be required as witnesses. The lawyer sat in the chair at the Bar Table, reading and then rereading the document Monica had just provided. As I walked down the stairs I could have sworn I heard the State's case falling apart brick by brick.

I settled my lawsuit against the State out of court in 1999. The settlement represented a massive legal victory for me but it also meant that I would not get my day in court. Such a day represented to me my contribution to the art of activism and getting my voice heard about what I had seen and experienced. Despite this, I agreed to settle. We had won.

But the empire struck back. In 2007, I discovered that my police record had been doctored to the effect that I was supposed to have committed an armed robbery in 1989. Maybe this explains why employers were reluctant to use my investigative skills. In 2007 I sued the State of NSW for defamation and won. My record was changed to reflect the truth. But who knows, how much damage had already been done?

The evidence I obtained smashed Larry Churchill's drug operation insofar as his continued involvement in the drug trade. He was not physically able to control his drug empire whilst he was in gaol serving his twelve-year head sentence.

What had I achieved? It is naive in the extreme to believe a myth that all the bad men are locked away simply because a handful of paedophiles become notorious through tabloid sensationism. The recent case of released convicted paedophile Dennis Ferguson underlines the media's obsession with an individual. The real problem is that the paedophile network has quietly and ruthlessly evolved and has become intelligent, sophisticated and far less visible.

The 'circle of friends' is alive and well on a world-wide basis. If any proof were needed one simply should look at the internet and its spawning of the world-wide trade in child pornography, each of these acts constitutes an act of paedophilia against a defenceless child.

The clear conclusions I have reached through this evil is that all crime needs a financial powerhouse. For paedophiles, this is the drug trade. Drugs and paedophilia fit like a hand in a glove.

Drug dealing and paedophile networks are far too complicated to be dealt with by law enforcement authorities landlocked by jurisdiction. A war on drugs and paedophiles needs to be coordinated and properly funded by a suitably equipped and experienced investigative group, who has both contacts and experience on the ground and wider surveillance capacity.

At the same time, the New South Wales Police Force's own involvement in the drug trade has not been sufficiently investigated, despite several Royal Commissions over the past 40 years. There is a systemic structural failure in the investigative model currently operating in Australia that allows intelligent and talented police officers to operate undercover with little support. I have yet to see any changes that would stop a repeat of my experience in 1989.

In many ways, I think that in the end no-one won anything from this. But I can talk to my children about my experiences without blinking for a second. I can live my life without looking over my shoulder and each night I enjoy a sound night's sleep.

CHAPTER 22

THE WASH UP

‘Anyone that gives up the cops is a fucking weak fucking dog, that’s it.’

THE POLICE

DETECTIVE SERGEANT LARRY CHURCHILL

During the Wood Royal Commission, Churchill was exposed as duplicitous in light of the evidence of denial he gave the commission and the gaol letters Churchill had written to Fisk, urging him to be staunch against approaches of deals from the Police.

Churchill was grilled under cross-examination at the Royal Commission by Justice James Woods. Churchill’s denial of the protection of paedophiles was blown apart when Rick Hazel made his appearance at the Commission and admitted he and Churchill were guilty of extorting \$40,000 from Dolly Dunn.

Churchill is now a convicted drug dealer. He was never subject to prosecution in relation to Hazel’s admissions of paedophile protection.

After Larry Churchill had served a large part of his non-parole period, he was released from gaol in the mid 1990s.

I located Larry Churchill in January 2008 operating a ‘girlie’ bar in the back of the red light district in Phuket, Thailand.

DETECTIVE SENIOR SERGEANT GRAHAM FOWLER

Graham ‘Chook’ Fowler was the Detective Senior Sergeant in charge of Kings Cross Detectives in the late 1980s up to and including 1989 when my undercover drug operation blew the lid on drug dealing in Kings Cross.

Fowler was found guilty of breaches of Police regulations in 1990 but later received promotion to Detective Inspector. He was shifted from Kings Cross Detectives to head the Detectives at the Sydney Police Centre in 1992. In his new role Fowler had sole Detective responsibility over the operation of Kings Cross.

After Haken's evidence to the Wood Royal Commission about a regular payment schedule by drug dealers to Detectives at Kings Cross, and Haken was audio and video recorded making these payments to Fowler, Graham Fowler was charged and convicted of receiving these payments and sentenced to two years imprisonment in February 2000.

He was also convicted and sentenced at the same time for fraud. He was named as a disgrace to the Police in the New South Wales Parliament by the then Police Minister Paul Whelan. He was one of the first New South Wales Police to be sacked by the controversial Section 181D—Loss of Commissioners Confidence legislation. When he was sacked, Fowler lost around 30 years of employer contributions into his superannuation fund.

Fowler spent his incarceration at the NSW Corrective Services Berrima prison which a few years earlier had housed Colin Fisk during his first sentence, and Alan Saunders, the drug dealer.

Fowler's love of cash was a highlight of a long and rigorous cross-examination at the 1996 NSW Wood Royal Commission. The lawyer representing the commission asked him about the large quantities of cash found in shoe boxes and coat pockets inside his wardrobe at home. Fowler became very indignant and told them that all of it was earned by betting successes on the racecourses of Australia. Sadly for Fowler he was never able to provide betting receipts for the winnings and the money was later confiscated as being the proceeds of crime. Fowler was a terrible punter—he did not know one end of a horse from the other—but he was also terrible as a senior Detective and a poor role model for younger Detectives. It came as absolutely no surprise that he was later imprisoned for attempting to defraud an insurance company by faking an accident whereby he supposedly slipped on a spilt milkshake.

I will never forget Graham Fowler's one piece of advice to me: 'Anyone that gives up the cops is a fucking weak fucking dog, that's it.'

I am grateful of my own sense of caution that I kept my opinions to myself.

Fowler was released from prison in 2002.

DETECTIVE TREVOR HAKEN

Trevor Haken gave evidence to the Wood Royal Commission about a regular payment schedule by drug dealers to Detectives at Kings Cross. Haken was audio and video recorded making these payments to Fowler. Haken was given an indemnity through the Royal Commission for all the crimes he had committed and continues to live in hiding.

DETECTIVE RICKY HAZEL

Hazel's act of contrition at the Royal Commission had come way too late to make anything right ever again. He was portrayed in the press and through the Police as a mentally-ill alcoholic who had lost his mind.

I met with Hazel in September 1998 as he tried to pick up the pieces of a destroyed life. Hazel told me through fits of tears that it was a relief to finally be able to admit his part in the extortion.

'I'm telling you I'm so sorry about everything. I'm so sorry for the shit I've put you through with Churchill. I don't care what happens to me now.'

I said, 'You need to get off the piss and the drugs, and grow up; you've got your whole life in front of you. Go and see your wife and beg her to take you back. You've got a responsibility to her and your kids. Don't worry about apologising to me; you've fucked them over long enough. They're the only people that can help you.'

After the Wood Royal Commission I stayed in touch with Hazel intermittently, every six months or so, always with the aim of finding out more information about what had happened to me, who had been involved in the conspiracies around my career and whether those threats were still current.

He never changed. After he snapped at the Royal Commission, he never

snapped back. He was lucky to miss gaol, but maybe a bit of gaol would have toughened him up and allowed him to put a line through that part of his life. Every time I saw him, right until when he died in suspicious circumstance in 2002, he was worse than the time before.

Hazel made a lot of enemies in the Police and in the Dunn ‘circle of friends’ paedophile group with his admissions at the Royal Commission. These people are grinders, they wait, they plan, they wait some more, they plan some more and eventually, they execute.

Hazel died on the lounge room floor of his unit in 2002, wearing only his pyjama shorts and a bathrobe. A knife from his own kitchen had cut angrily through the layers of fat around his chest and gut before it made one fatal slice deep inside Hazel’s chest.

DETECTIVE DENNIS ‘KIM’ THOMPSON

Detective Kim Thompson, who had betrayed my undercover identity to Larry Churchill, admitted to the PRC he received payments from drug dealers and strip club operators from the time of his appointment in Kings Cross in 1985. He was sacked from the Police Force after making these admissions in evidence in 1996. Thompson was condemned in the NSW Parliament for his corrupt and criminal actions. Thompson was dismissed pursuant to the 181D—Loss of Commissioners Confidence. When I last bothered to research Thompson, I learned he was delivering parcels for a courier company in Sydney.

DETECTIVE STEPHEN PENTLAND

In the blow back from my undercover drug work Steve Pentland was charged by the Internal Security Unit with drug offences in 1990. Pentland was suspended from duty with the Police but a later hearing subsequently cleared Pentland. Pentland was directly reassigned to the Detectives’ Office of Kings Cross Police station.

Detective Stephen Pentland continued to visit Churchill in Long Bay Gaol. Pentland admitted in evidence at the Wood Royal Commission that he had

received cash payments from Bill and Louis Bayeh.

According to Pentland's sworn testimony at the Royal Commission he began accepting payments from the Bayehs after he had successfully beaten those original drug charges.

Pentland was dismissed from the New South Wales Police in 1997 under the Section 181D—Loss of the Commissioners Confidence provisions.

DETECTIVE NEVILLE SCULLION

Neville Scullion survived the whole of his Police employment in Darlinghurst and Kings Cross until his involvement with Sally Ann Huckstepp prior to her murder in Centennial Park, Sydney. He is extensively recorded in her biography *Huckstepp: A Dangerous Life* by John Dale.

At the Wood Royal Commission Scullion not only admitted to his involvement in Police drug dealing but did so through evidence punctuated by an emotional breakdown and tears. He broke down under cross examination about his role in collecting regular payments from drug dealers in Kings Cross in a scam operated by Detectives at Kings Cross known as 'the laugh'.

Scullion was sacked by the Police in disgrace in 1997 under 181D. The last time I bothered to check on Scullion I learnt he had been employed in a bowling club in southern Sydney but later had lost the job.

DETECTIVE SERGEANT LOLA SCOTT

Lola Scott lives somewhere on the NSW south coast.

CHIEF INSPECTOR WATSON

Chief Inspector Watson finished his police career and retired to the Wollongong District.

THE DRUG DEALERS

ALAN SAUNDERS

Alan Saunders returned to Queensland after he served his sentence for drug

dealing in the early 1990s.

THE PAEDOPHILES

COLIN FISK

Colin John Fisk, career paedophile, was released on parole in May 2009 from Long Bay Gaol, Sydney after serving over 12 years of his sentence for convictions relating to homosexual intercourse committed upon children. My research indicates that he is living in Waverton on the Lower North Shore of Sydney. He is on an Extended Supervision Order (ESO), administered by the Department of Corrective Services, and he is required to wear an electronic location anklet. Always the hunter, shortly after his release from prison in mid-2009, Fisk applied to the Supreme Court to have the ESO altered so that he could remove the electronic anklet. The judge refused his application out of court.

FRANK NEVILLE ARKELL

Frank Neville Arkell, politician and paedophile was murdered while on bail in June 1998 whilst on bail for sex crimes against little boys. His murderer, Mark Valera was reported as stating that he was the victim of paedophiles and Arkell's charging and the reportage triggered abuse memories, for which Arkell needed to pay with his life.

PHILIP HAROLD BELL

Philip Harold Bell, paedophile and the financial muscle behind the 'circle of friends', served 12 years of a 14-year gaol sentence for paedophile convictions against young boys when he died in Long Bay Gaol hospital on September 2005.

JUDGE DAVID ALBERT YELDHAM

David Albert Yeldham, a retired Judge, was identified as a paedophile by MLA Franca Arena in the NSW Parliament in 1996 and soon after took his own life.

ROBERT JOSEPH 'DOLLY' DUNN

As I finished writing this book, Robert Joseph Dunn, was sucked from this world by demons at 4.00am on Saturday 11 July 2009. He died in Long Bay Gaol from a fatal combination of multiple organ failure, heart disease, cancer, hepatitis C and HIV; the latter two fatal infections he collected as mementos of his life sentence at Long Bay.

Even up to his death, Dunn refused to admit to anyone that he had ever done anything wrong. Many of Dunn's crimes were never brought to light and for those crimes there is an argument that in death he escaped justice.

BRIAN WAIN

Brian Wain, Dunn's friend from Queensland, was last reported working as a cleaner in the Campbelltown district of Sydney.

THE POLITICIANS

DEIRDRE GRUSOVIN

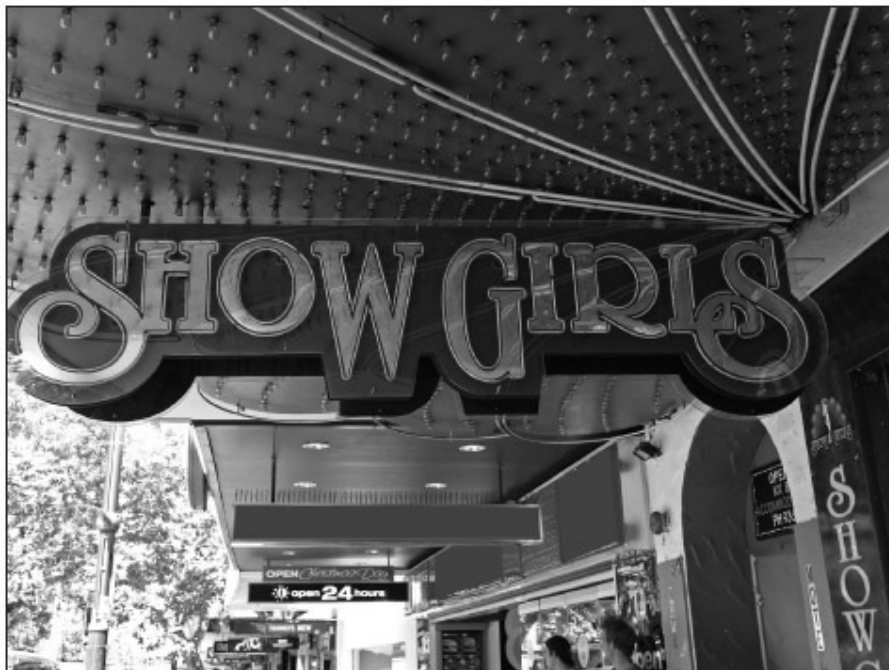
Deirdre Grusovin returned to the NSW Parliament House in 2007. This clever, incisive, once tough political animal, had been invited to the 'Stranger's Bar' to attend a book launch.

... AND GLEN MCNAMARA?

I'm working when I can in investigations, enjoying my children and my family life, and staying out of trouble. I hope this book opens your eyes to the reality of paedophile networks, their links to the drug trade and the danger they still pose today, as they organise themselves on a global scale using even more sophisticated technology than that available in the 1990s.



Kings Cross has many claims to fame, most of them to do with the sex and drug trade.





Kings Cross Police station, in the centre of the Cross.



The Bourbon and Beefsteak as it was in the early 1990s.



Disgraced former NSW policeman Larry Churchill on his way to the Royal Commission into the NSW Police Service, where he denied allegations that he provided police protection for paedophiles.



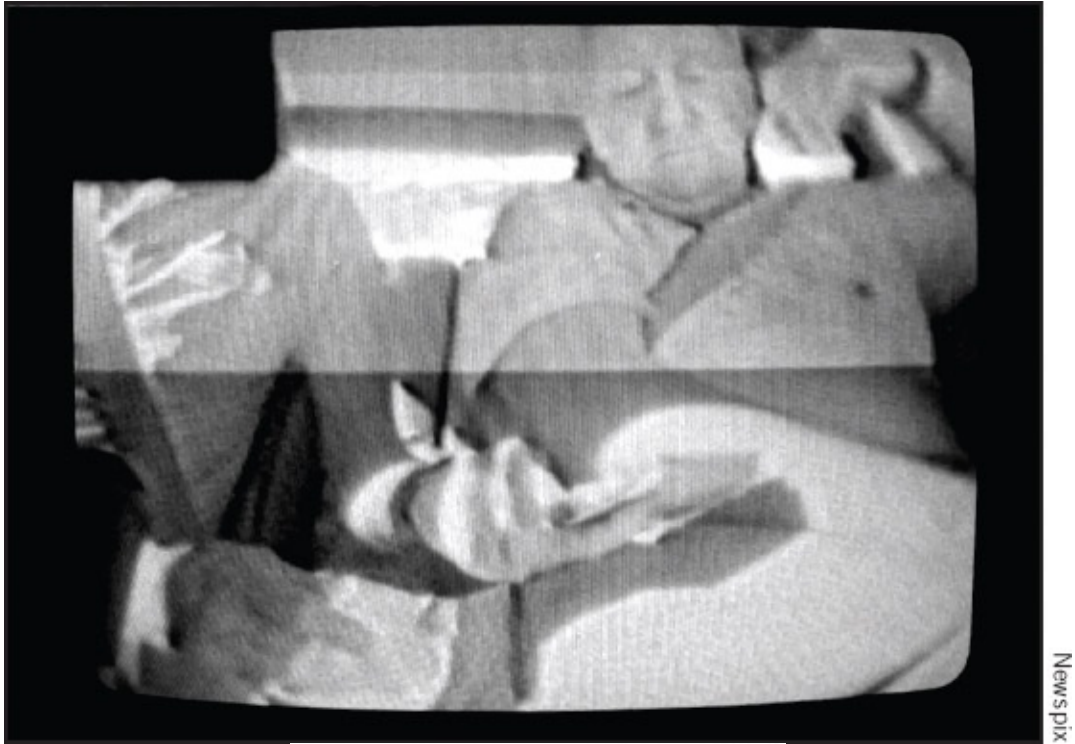
The former site of the Venus Room, which operated as a restaurant downstairs, and a brothel upstairs.



In the middle of my unfolding nightmare, I found an oasis with Cheryl and we were married on 6 August 1988. None of my police colleagues were invited.



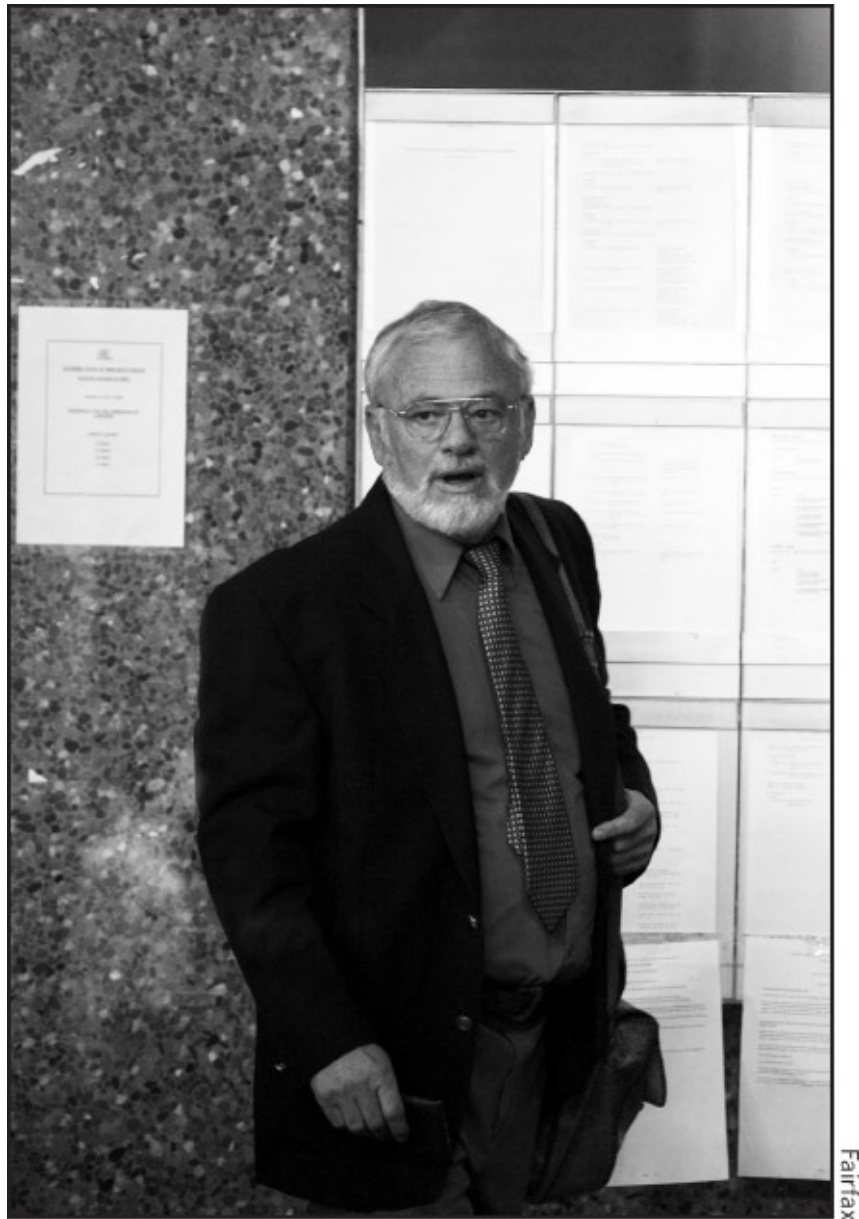
Our first child is born in 1990.



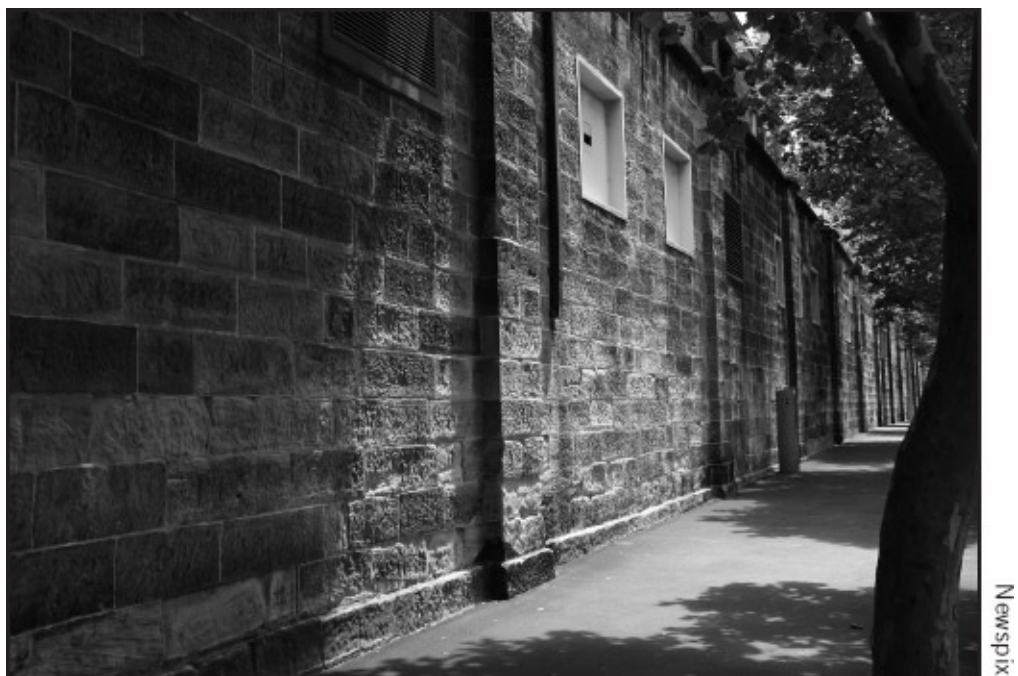
In June 1995 a surveillance videotape catches Detective Inspector Graham 'Chook' Fowler (left) in a car with policeman Trevor Haken dividing up cash payments made by criminals. Haken turned 'whistleblower' and then worked for the Wood Royal Commission supplying information.



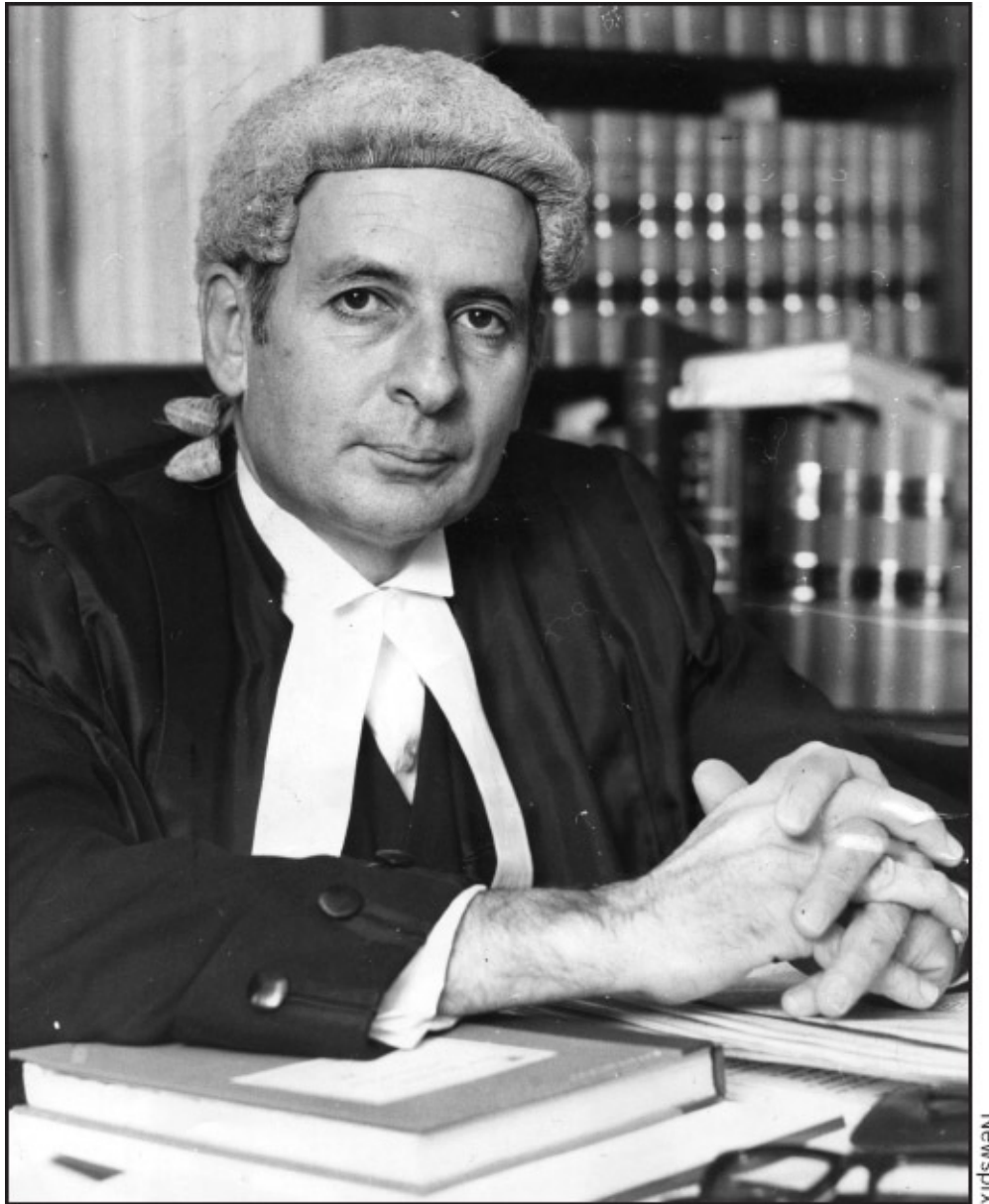
My former boss, Graham Fowler, arrives at the Downing Centre Court in 1999.



Colin Fisk arrives at the Supreme Court in Sydney, in July 2009.



The Wall in Darlington is a well-known site for prostitutes and rent boys.



Disgraced Justice David Yeldham of the NSW Supreme Court in 1975. He was a former Director of the National Association for the Prevention of Child Abuse and Neglect. He committed suicide in 1996.



4 Ivy Street in Chippendale, where Robert 'Dolly' Dunn lured young boys, plied them with drugs and raped them.



Newsphoto

Robert 'Dolly' Dunn is finally arrested in the USA and extradited to Sydney where he arrives at the police centre in 1998.

8

THE WEEKEND AUSTRALIAN — DECEMBER 14-15, 2002

Sacked cop to force the issue

Martin Chilver
Melissa Maleski

LOLA Scott, NSW's most senior female police officer, who was sacked this week for misbehaviour, will challenge her dismissal through the courts.

Ms Scott's supporters estimated they had contacted lawyers and were prepared to challenge her dismissal through the courts.

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Indemnity appeal for pedophile Dolly Dunn sparked police inquiry

Her later explanation for wanting to tell the truth about Dunn's criminal links was labelled "unconvincing" by NSW District Court Judge Thomas Davidson.

Ms Scott's handling of Dunn's indemnity was a key issue examined by the internal police inquiry that began following the criticism of her by Judge Davidson in 1996.

Ex-commander Scott was a detective sergeant in the NSW Internal Police Security Unit in 1990 when Dunn, a former teacher, was arrested in Melbourne after police found 17 pornographic videos in the boot of his car.

Extradited to Sydney, Dunn asked to speak to internal affairs officers.

He told Ms Scott and her boss, Detective Chief Inspector Ken Hudson, now retired, that three police officers had solicited a \$40,000 bribe from him after raiding his Sydney home in 1987 and finding a young boy in the house along with sex videos and photographs of other boys.

Watson and Scott were investigating the police protection of pedophiles, and Dunn agreed to become a witness.

Scott completed and signed a P16 form for Dunn, required by the Attorney-General before granting an indemnity.

In the form, she stated Dunn had no criminal record and was "not an associate of the criminal element".

Janel Pitt-Yeomans

NSW throughout this year of lost two senior officers are questioned.

"This is the same sort of thing that happened with Ryan," said one officer familiar with the NSW investigation.

"This decision is a setback not only for police officers in NSW but also for policing around the country."

Scott is dismissed after the details of the Dunn investigation are revealed.

Glen McNamara

Det Whelan:

- in his work need to speak to him regarding investigations
- personal friend - knows from school
- nothing further to add to reference

Peter Tuck

- fully supported written reference
- believes happy w. him

DET INSP. KEN WATSON on leave. him to
is per
ng hus

SPOKE WITH MA WATSON'S ASSISTANT.

DET. Sgt. LOLA SCOTT Police

INTERVIEW SECURITY UNIT - RECOMMENDS

MINIMUM IN THE BEST POSSIBLE

WIGHT. WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR

VARIOUS LEADERS CORRUPT CONDUCT.

ARMED POLICE OFFICER. VERY AGENT

RECOMMENDS. 20. 11. 96

he
to
company.

...ommendation to apply himself to
...doubts he would make a reliable and efficient

Handwritten notes from my potential employer, who interviewed Lola Scott in relation to my police record, reveal that I was highly regarded in my quest to expose police corruption, ironically by Scott herself.



In 1997, NSW Police Commissioner Peter Ryan appointed his new senior executive Lola Scott. Photographed here at a press conference.



I presented evidence to an official NSW Parliamentary inquiry into crime and corruption in February 2003.

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