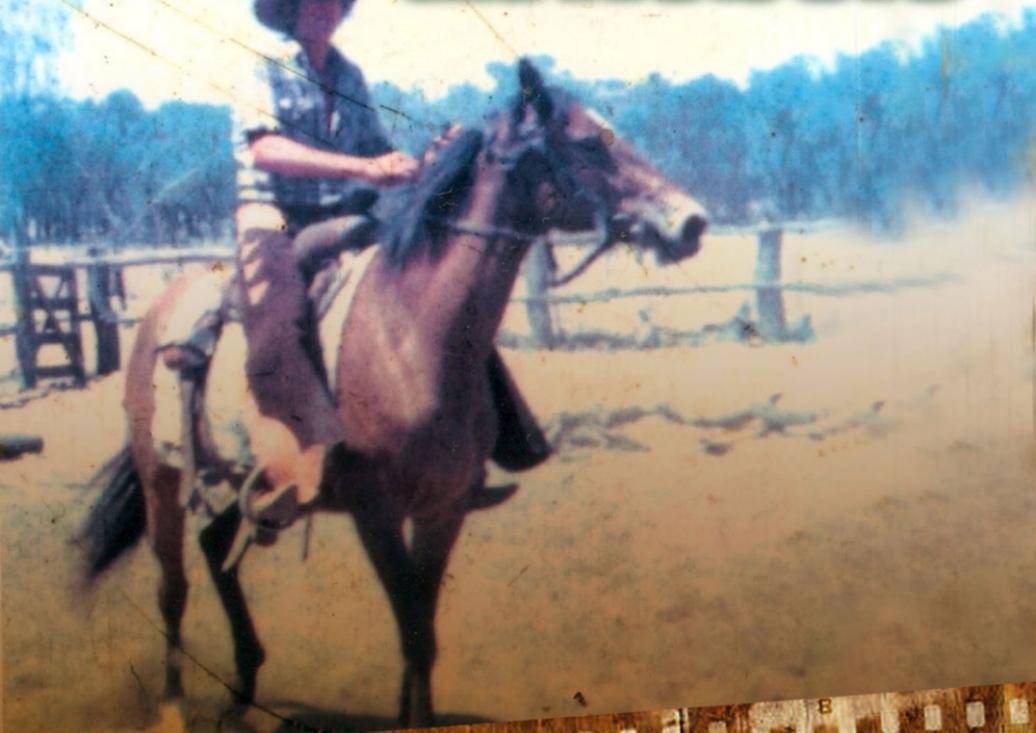


Aussie Rogues and Rebels



Raymond D Clements

AUSSIE ROGUES AND REBELS

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DEDICATION

In memory of my brother Noel (Chad). To my army mates and comrades, also my bushmates and all the other happy scoundrels I have met over the years. It was great to have known you all.

So come, all my hearties.
We'll climb the mountains high;
together we will plunder – together we will die.
We'll wander over valleys,
and gallop over plains,
for we scorn to live in slavery,
bound down with iron chains.

Extract from the ballad *The Wild Colonial Boy*
(*Anonymous*)

INTRODUCTION

All these stories are based on fact, with only some names changed to protect the guilty, It was certainly not to protect the innocents, as I never met many of those, though perhaps there could have been some about.

The people in these stories are your exceptional country people, and some were very colourful characters.

Most were hard workers and hard drinkers who would always stick by their friends. The north of Australia was a place for adventurers, stockmen, drovers from the big cattle stations, runaway husbands, general rogues and men on the dodge from the law.

Then you had gold and copper miners and construction workers who came from all over the world to start a new life in Australia.

Mostly they were single men who had to make their own entertainment. Women were very few and far between, meaning that the only choice left was the native women. I won't go into stories of the exploiting of native women. The women I met, black, white, and of mixed blood, came willingly to the party with the lonely man and shared his bed. Most of these stories are told as fiction to protect the people involved, and also to protect me from trouble. The stories are about many men and women who lived and worked in the north of Australia before it was opened up by the roads, railways, and communications. And before it came under the rule of law that controlled the rest of Australia. I'm telling like I remember it.

Raymond D. Clements

CHAPTER 1 - RECREATION MT. ISA STYLE

The Pluto bar and lounge at Boyd's hotel in Mt. Isa. was nicknamed the Snake Pit by the locals. This was because drunks, both black and white, congregated there to try to borrow money from anyone who walked through the door and stopped at the bar counter. Slang for borrowing money was "to bite you for a quid." There were so many folk "on the bite" that it became known as the Snake Pit. Most blokes who went to the Snake Pit were usually looking for a woman, for a 'root' or 'shag' from one of the coloured ladies or from one of the white tarts who frequented the dive. All you had to do was buy them beer and take them to your private party, no sweat mate. You had to be careful with some of these women as they were out to get as much as they could from you – and, if possible, give you nothing in return. You could be conned into buying them drinks and loaning them money to pay some false debt; they would tell you anything and promise anything, as long as you kept buying the drinks. When it was time to go, they, would refuse to go with you yell at you, accusing you of only wanting them for a fuck, or thinking she was just a moll. They really put on a show, trying to make you look small, these pissheads who had been at this same racket for years, and you soon woke up to them. It was what you sometimes had to go through to get a quick fuck. There were other times you might have to contend with a drunken prick who even wanted to defend the ladies good name. I never knew where their good name went It must have fallen off before they ever walked into that Snake Pit. Often the other guy was working on shagging the slut after you gave up and left? You could

stay, only to get into a punch-up, get yourself arrested and thrown into the jail cells on mosquito hill beside the police station. Then you'd have to pay your fine next morning at the court house after a wasted night, only a big sore head and a hangover to show for it. Not a fond memory to look back on, but that's life, you learned as you went along.

Norme and I were in the Snake Pit one weekday just after opening time. We both had raging hangovers from the night before and needed a quick reviver beer to fix it. So we were not interested in the local whores 'just yet'. But after the beer started to work and we felt human again, we then casually looked around the lounge tables. After a while Norme spotted a couple of likely prospects and wanted us to go over and chat them up. When we got to their table. I knew I had met the little dark one once before. Right here in the Snake Pit. Now when this little tinker bell gets pissed drunk she would start to swear quiet loud at anybody and everybody, and liked to curse other women something vile. She was a real party puster, a fucking crazy woman. Meanwhile, Norme was doing OK with the other woman. She was called Ethel, had lived in Mt. Isa for a couple of years, loved drinking and shagging, and did have an enemy in the world.

The little dark fuck knew I didn't want anything to do with her, and shifted to another table to cadge drinks. Norme said to me: 'Why don't we get some grog and tucker (food) and take Ethel out to Clem Walton dam and park for a picnic? We can take turns shagging Ethel; she likes to share it around. Maybe do a bit of fishing and swimming in between drinks and fucks? We can be "husbands-in-law"!' That sounded OK to me!