

WHAT GOES DOWN MUST COME UP



Platypus gratefully acknowledges this contribution from Cyprus. It would appear there's a lot more to serving with AUSTCIVPOL than most people would think. Above: some of our lads undertake night diving training. Readers will note that the Mediterranean would appear to be out-of-bounds. Instead, our men have the run of the Ledra Palace Hotel pool, poor chaps! Afterwards it was back to the hard grind of mess routine. (From left): Garry Noble, John Davidson, Ted Luscombe, Bob McLeod and Martin Dare.





Our recently-retired Deputy Commissioner, Mr R.E. Kennedy, received the Order of the British Empire from the Governor-General, Sir Zelman Cowen, at a Government House investiture ceremony on Friday, March 20. The OBE was recognition of Mr Kennedy's 35 years as a distinguished police officer, adding to his previous decorations of a Queen's Commendation for Brave Conduct in October 1974 for his part in the apprehension of a mentally unbalanced and armed man, and the Queen's Police

Medal in June 1976. Another member of the AFP, Detective Superintendent R.J. Dillon, was among 60 other Australians presented at the ceremony with the insignia of honours awarded in the New Years and Australia Day lists. Mr Dillon received the Queen's Police Medal for distinguished service. Platypus offers both men its congratulations and wishes Mr Kennedy a long and happy retirement on behalf of all AFP members. From left: Supt. Dillon, The Governor-General, Mr Kennedy. *Canberra Times photo.*

A Soft-spoken policeman leaves the force

Mr Kennedy received widespread tributes upon his retirement on May 7, despite his desire to depart as quietly as possible. **Platypus** gratefully acknowledges the permission of the **Canberra Times** to reprint the following item from their May 9 edition.

"Now, would all those who want to go to jail just sit there quietly for a while, but would the rest of you please get off the roadway."

It was back in May, 1968, and the speaker addressing the crowd through a megaphone was Inspector Reg Kennedy, of the ACT Police.

His audience was sitting in the roadway on Adelaide Avenue outside The Lodge. Representatives of a considerable number of organisations, they were protesting about conscription in the days before demonstrations had become regular and professionally-organised events.

It was, as it turned out, a reasonable enough sort of request because

a fair number of the 100 or so sitting in the roadway (traffic had already been diverted around them) moved off to the sides of the road while police got busy replacing the rest in paddy wagons and chartered buses.

Sixty-seven of them were fined \$10 apiece the following day, the only complaint about the ACT Police being from one chap who rang to complain that the sausages they got for breakfast in the lockup were awful.

On Thursday Reg Kennedy retired from the Australian Federal Police, of which he was Deputy Commissioner, after a stint as Commissioner of the ACT Police, which he had joined as a war-experienced rookie in 1946. He rose through the ranks, collecting on the way the Queen's commendation for brave conduct, the Queen's Police Medal, and an OBE.

But throughout it all he was known not only as a policeman's policeman but as one who always tried to understand the community among which he and his men moved.

It was largely through his efforts and some clever intelligence work that Canberra was able to avoid most of the violence of the demonstrations of the 60s and 70s.

A soft-spoken man, he was never heard to raise his voice in public though, according to those who have known him, he could produce a decibel or two more when something — usually a piece of ineptitude or plain stupidity — aroused him.

He was a stickler about his men knowing their patch. Anything that moved was of interest to him. It was the sort of knowledge which enabled him to cut through problems which might have taken a lot longer to solve by formal methods.

It was probably characteristic of him that when he retired on Thursday he preferred to go out quietly and not give interviews, even to journalists who had known him way back in the days when his quiet manner had defused events which were causing his colleagues all sorts of worry in other capitals.