

In Terror of Dying Alone

NEMALUK'S JOURNEY OF PAIN

Tribesmen Tell of Native's Remarkable Escape

DARWIN, Saturday.

Lame, and bleeding from bullet wounds, Nemaluk, the giant aboriginal murderer who escaped on Tuesday from a police party after a fierce struggle, is making a desperate attempt to win his way to his own country, 150 miles away.

ALTHOUGH Nemaluk showed savage courage in winning free, he is haunted by a great fear as he fights his way on—the fear of dying alone.

Constable McNab yesterday raided the camp at Talc Head, near Delissaville, where Nemaluk had been sheltered since his escape from Fanny Bay gaol, by six of the Fitzmaurice River tribesmen, of whom he is overlord.

Bribed with tobacco to loosen their tongues, the tribesmen recounted details of Nemaluk's amazing escape.

In his duel with the police boy, Smiler, the black desperado had his side laid open by a bullet which lodged in one arm. His forehead was cut open by a blow from the police boy's revolver, and he was severely

shaken and lamed when he was flung over a 50ft. cliff.

ESCAPED CORDON

Despite his battering, Nemaluk dragged himself through seven miles of mangroves, doubled back behind the police cordon, and waded across the tidal creek that separates Delissaville from Talc Head.

Constable McNab thinks his quarry, in the grip of the blacks' superstitious dread of dying alone, is following the beaten path to Finnis River, hoping to find a camp of the Daly River blacks, with whom his tribe is friendly. In the company of others, his courage will return.

HERO WORSHIP

Swift pursuit has commenced. It is realised that if Nemaluk gets back to his own country and regains his strength, he will become a great hero among the blacks.

In that event, every white man venturing into Nemaluk's territory will carry his life in his hands.