

# Beating Big Brother



**IAN WISHART'S BESTSELLING  
NEW BOOK IS JUST OUT**

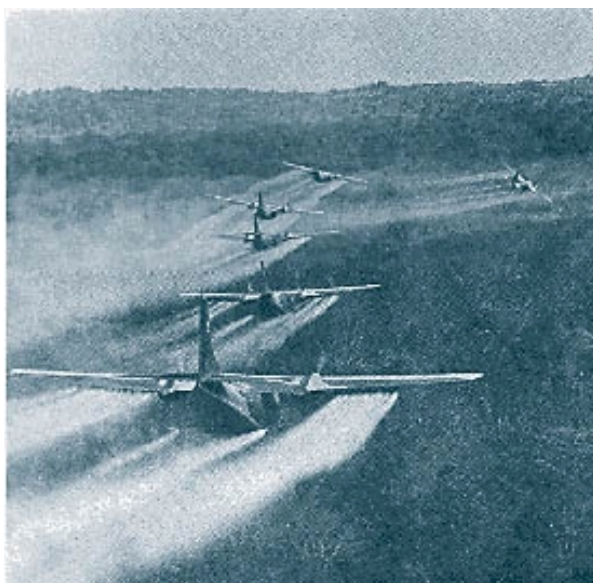
and PS, it's about abolishing tax, and a fish



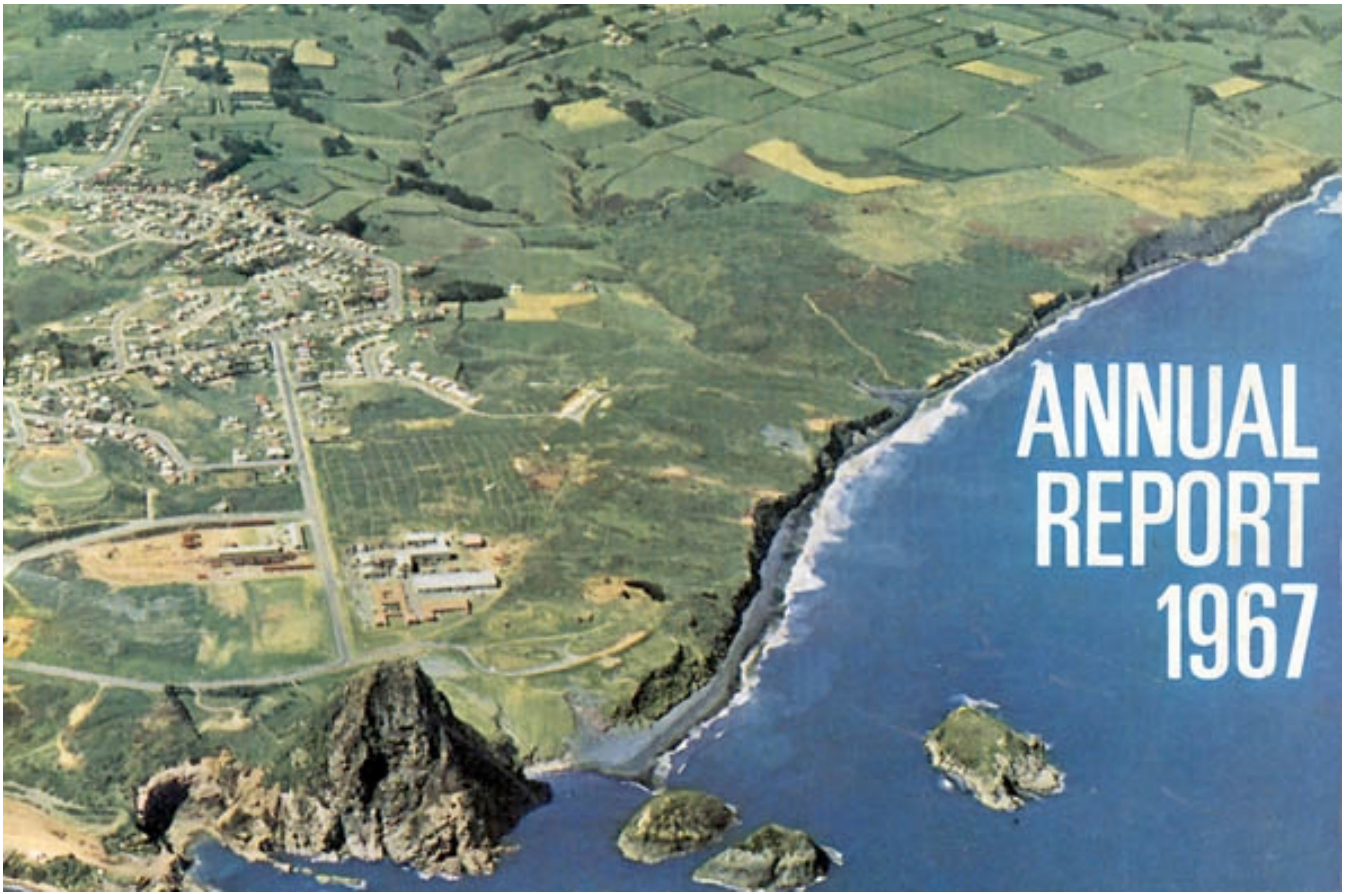
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# AGENT ORANGE:

**“WE BURIED IT UNDER NEW PLYMOUTH”**



As Investigate closes in on New Zealand's biggest-ever toxic waste scandal, we now have hard evidence that a deadly herbicide used in the Vietnam War is buried under part of New Plymouth city. **IAN WISHART** and **SIMON JONES** provide team coverage:



former top official at New Plymouth's Ivon Watkins Dow chemical factory has confirmed the worst fears of residents – part of the town may be sitting on a secret toxic waste dump containing the deadly Vietnam War defoliant Agent Orange.

The official, who has proven his identity and executive ranking in documents provided to *Investigate*, says the company owned a large piece of land “very close to the chemical plant, which we called ‘the Experimental Farm’”. We bulldozed big pits and dumped thousands of tonnes of chemicals there.”

And what did the chemical cocktail include?

“There have been rumours circulating for some time, never proven, that IWD was supplying the defoliant Agent Orange to be used in the Vietnam War. The allegation is true. I was on the management committee of Ivon Watkins Dow, and I supported the plan to export Agent Orange. In fact, it went ahead on my casting vote.

“People who’d served in the armed forces made a strong

case for the need to defoliate the jungle, because of the risk to servicemen from ambush or sniper fire from the undergrowth.

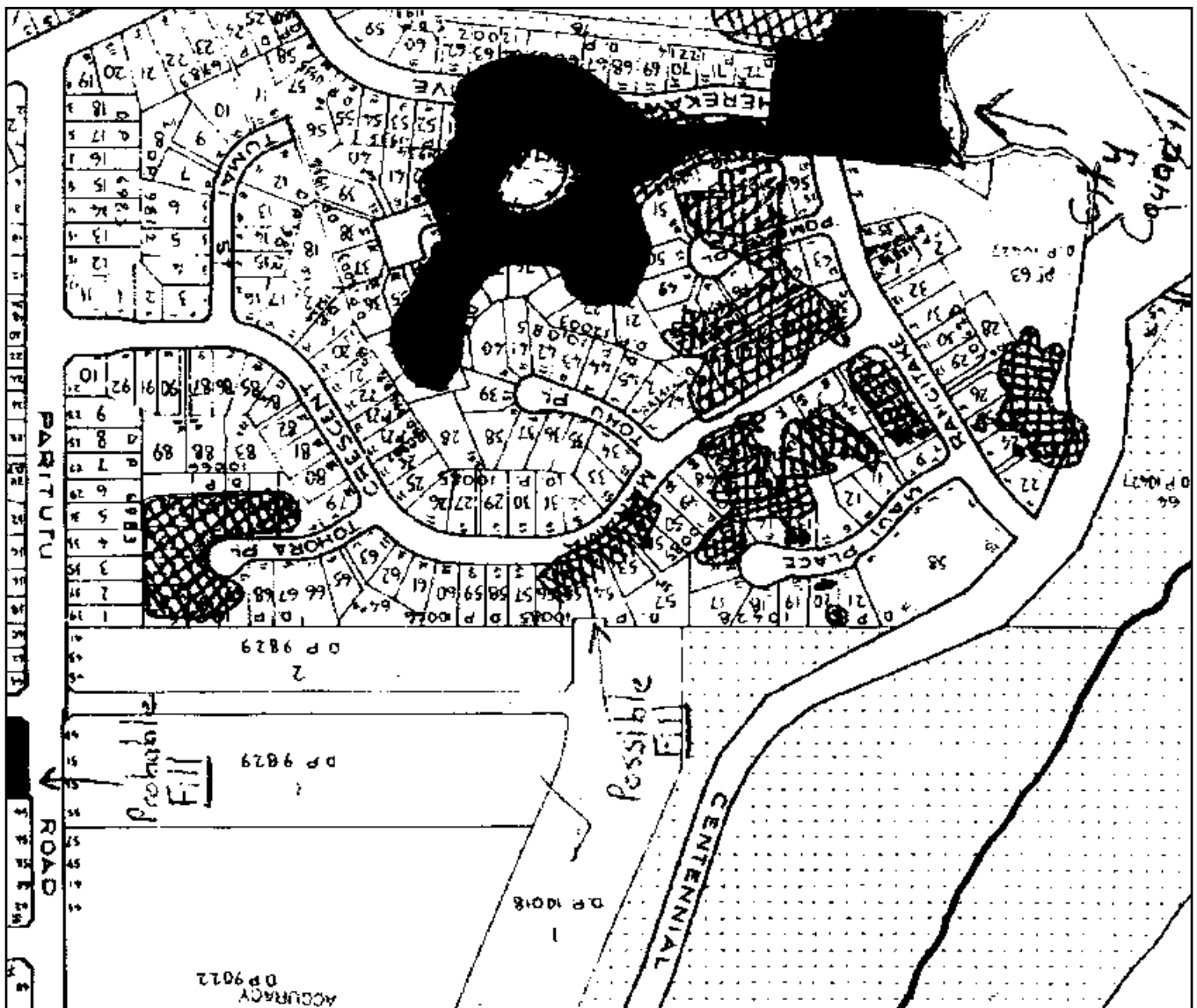
“So we began manufacturing this Agent Orange, but it didn’t meet the international specifications and probably had an excess of ‘nasties’ in it. The problem was, we didn’t consider the product was harmful to humans at the time.

“Our scientists relied on assurances and technical data provided to them by Dow Chemicals in the USA. We were led to believe it was safe. The whole reason I supported Agent Orange is because we thought we were giving our boys on the ground a hand.

“To avoid detection, we shipped the Agent Orange to South America – Mexico if I recall correctly – and it was onshipped to its final destination from there.”

The former IWD boss’ confessions will come as a bombshell – not just to the company which for more than 30 years has managed to avoid admitting to it, but also to the credibility of the last Labour Government, which ar

**LEFT: Agent Orange being sprayed over Vietnam, 1970. ABOVE: an aerial view of the Ivon Watkins Dow factory and land that is now an adjacent housing subdivision, taken in 1967 for the company’s annual report.**



**ABOVE:** Part of New Plymouth’s district plan for the area in 1977, to be compared with the 1967 photo on the opposite page. The chemical factory’s grid testing area - seen clearly in the picture opposite - begins in the blank space in the lower left corner of the district plan, and the factory itself extends beyond the lower border of the image. Areas of black fill or hatched fill on the image correspond to areas residents suspect are contaminated.

ranged a Parliamentary Select Committee Inquiry in 1990 into the matter.

That Inquiry’s findings were that “No conclusive facts or evidence were provided to the Committee to substantiate the claim that IWD manufactured the formation of Agent Orange in New Zealand during the Vietnam War.”

At the time, the Select Committee’s terms of reference were attacked as being too narrow, and the Labour dominated committee did not call any former executives of Ivon Watkins Dow to give evidence. It is now easy to see why.

“Agent Orange was made from two chemicals,” our source explained in an exclusive interview, “2,4-D and 2,4,5,T. When they’re apart, they’re herbicides. Mixed

together, they become Agent Orange. Now at this time, in the late 1960s and early seventies, the Government had given IWD the exclusive licence to manufacture those chemicals. We made all of the 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T that was produced in New Zealand. No one else was allowed to. Technically, we shipped the chemicals unmixed, so technically they weren’t Agent Orange until somebody mixed them at the final destination.”

IWD’s role in manufacturing the deadly herbicide resulted from a US approach to the New Zealand Government, and the Defence Ministry had sounded out whether IWD could provide 500,000 gallons of it, quickly. Although news of the plan later leaked out, the National Govern-



**The IWD plant in 1967. Much of the pasture toward the middle and top of the picture was used for housing in the 1970s. The smaller circle shows an area subsequently built on where homeowners saw “foamy liquid” bubbling from the ground, but were told “not to worry” by IWD. The larger circle is an area subsequently filled in for housing purposes, now suspected to contain Agent Orange and where residents have dug up 44 gallon drums of chemicals in their gardens. Areas of ground discolouration may indicate the presence of chemicals.**

ment tried to distance itself and the impression was left that the Agent Orange deal never went ahead.

Given that official US reports record that around 9 million gallons of Agent Orange were dumped on Vietnam, the size of the NZ contract was reasonably substantial.

The official's evidence is likely to open the way for New Zealand Vietnam Veterans to sue both Dow Agrosiences, which now operates the IWD plant, and the New Zealand Government for compensation. Vietnam veterans and their families have, in many cases, suffered major health problems and birth defects as a result of alleged exposure to Agent Orange in Vietnam, but up until now there's been no proof that IWD was definitely involved.

The revelations get worse, however. The official says leftover Agent Orange chemicals, complete with “excess nasties” were re-worked into the 2,4,5-T herbicide for use on farms within New Zealand, and surplus chemicals were dumped at the Experimental Farm, which is now believed to lie underneath the New Plymouth suburb of Paritutu.

Which may explain why the suburb has the highest levels of the deadly chemical dioxin – an ingredient of Agent Orange – ever recorded in a New Zealand urban area, according to a Ministry for the Environment report in 1998. If the official's testimony is correct, it is highly likely that leachate from 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T dumped in the ground would eventually mix – assuming they hadn't been



Photo: 1967 IWD Annual Report

**L to R: Earle Barnes, Dow USA director of corporate manufacturing; Herbert Doan, Dow USA President; and Dan Watkins, IWD managing director. Doan and Barnes certainly knew how deadly their chemicals were. Watkins probably knew.**

tossed in to the same pit together already - creating a lethal Agent Orange mix under the soil.

"I remember at one meeting," says the former IWD top executive, "that there was some real concern expressed about the chemical dump. 'If it leaches down onto the beach, we're going to be in real trouble'," one IWD scientist had warned. The dumping operation was described by our source as "surreptitious".

And if any further proof were needed that surplus Agent

Orange had been dumped at New Plymouth, local residents found a drum of the chemical on the beach near Waireka Stream.

But a local newspaper report in the mid-seventies sheds more light on the situation:

"Drums of chemical waste buried under Ivon Watkins Dow Ltd's proposed housing subdivision are not considered a hazard by its management," the *Taranaki Herald* newspaper begins.

"The Managing Director, Mr R M Bellen, confirmed that drums of waste had been buried in the land, but said none of the material was dioxin and all was expected to degrade in the ground without any harmful effects.

"They were also buried in a remote part of the proposed subdivision where they would not cause problems to development.

"The existence of the drums was brought to the public's attention by a letter to the editor of the Herald, signed by 'Concerned'. He said large quantities of drums containing chemicals were buried in trenches over a period of years. Five years ago [1972] one of the Taranaki newspapers ran a picture of the work in progress.

" 'By now the soil will be contaminated and the fitting of underground services will further spread the chemicals,' he said. 'Dioxin and other unwanted chemicals are now destroyed in an incinerator. About 12 years ago IWD dumped drums of chemicals in the city dump. The chemical seeped into the Mangaetuku Stream and the city council spent days collecting the dead eels and burying them'."

The chemicals being dumped in 1972, after the US decided to stop using Agent Orange in Vietnam, were highly likely to have been Agent Orange or its ingredients. Having boosted production to meet the US orders, IWD was left with tens of thousands of gallons of the deadly poison.

And there's documentary evidence to support the claims by the former IWD boss that Agent Orange, complete with some of the most lethal toxins known to man, was reworked into ordinary farm herbicides for use within New Zealand.

A 1987 Ministry of Agriculture report notes the use of a "scrub dessicant" on our farms, made up in equal measure by combining 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D. In other words: Agent Orange.

Our executive source's wife also recalls the "hush hush" nature of the Agent Orange programme: "My husband came home one night when all the fuss was going on

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**“Drums of chemical waste buried under Ivon Watkins Dow Ltd's proposed housing subdivision are not considered a hazard by its management,” the *Taranaki Herald* reported in 1977, before continuing: “About 12 years ago IWD dumped drums of chemicals in the city dump. The chemical seeped into the Mangaetuku Stream and the city council spent days collecting the dead eels and burying them”**

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A Vietnamese baby with a deformed ear and mouth resulting from Agent Orange exposure, and skin lesions on another. Photos: BBC

# GOOD MORNING, NEW PLYMOUTH!

SIMON JONES

A BBC documentary on the ongoing effects of Agent Orange in Vietnam shows horrific, startling pictures of children with deformed ears and faces.

It shows sickening images of skin abnormalities which look like third degree burns.

These are not just a handful of cases: in the worst affected areas it is hard to find people who haven't got cancer, whose children aren't blighted by birth defects.

It's a gut wrenching show that highlights the ignorance and stupidity of an American government blinded by the poisoned chalice it handed a country in a moment of madness.

Now look at some of these pictures over the page. A baby, now 15 years old, born with a deformed ear. Another woman

with blisters that look like major burns, but she has never been scalded.

These aren't images from Vietnam, but the working class suburb of Paritutu in New Plymouth. Coincidentally, as we now know following extensive investigations by this magazine – investigations which the so-called 'mainstream media' are only now daring to take notice of – that's where they made Agent Orange. And that's where they secretly buried it beneath the ground and built houses on the site.

A 58 year old woman, who has asked not to be named, lived in the area between 1969 and 1976.

When foamy liquid bubbled out from the ground in her garden she was told by Ivon Watkins Dow "not to worry"

about Agent Orange, and I remember him saying to me 'We must never breathe a word of this to anyone. No one must ever find out.'

Time, and a realisation that the chemical was more deadly than he or his colleagues at IWD realised, have changed his opinion. "It is time for the truth to emerge. Something needs to be done," he says.

*Investigate* approached Health Minister Annette King who has so far proved reluctant to dig into the matter, and asked if she would be prepared to consider granting the former official immunity if he testified at a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the matter. So far, the Minister has failed to respond.

At stake for the government could be massive compensation payments: these are the same herbicides used on most farms throughout New Zealand, chemicals which may explain a sudden explosion in birth defects and chronic illnesses in children and adults from the 1960s onward. The cost in health bills to the country over the past 30 years may far exceed what the Government spends on tobacco related illnesses or car crashes, which may also explain the expensive TV advertising campaigns - a distraction from the bigger issue.

The former IWD boss says he and his colleagues all had shareholdings in the company, something he believes was an effective means of buying silence and loyalty.



**LEFT & BELOW: Compare these pictures from New Plymouth with the Vietnamese Agent Orange photos**



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“It would come up out of the soil and reminded me of dishwashing liquid. And it stunk. We just didn’t know what it was but were told to forget about it”

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Photos: supplied by residents

about it...it was just a harmless phenomenon. But this isn’t Rotorua and this ain’t no tourist attraction.

“This happened for a long time,” she says. “It would come up out of the soil and reminded me of dishwashing liquid. And it stunk. We just didn’t know what it was but were told to forget about it.”

The woman suffers from blisters in her feet, hand, legs and arms. She also suffered from cervical cancer and other nasty illnesses, like many of the residents in Paritutu. Residents like Ross Lawrence, 43, who lived within a stone’s throw of the plants and worked there as a storeman between 1980 and 1985. He contracted non-Hodgkins lymphoma and Hepatitis C in 1998 – one year after his wife, Patricia, was diagnosed with breast cancer. Even their family dog, Ena, died of cancer last

year and both Ross’s children suffer from a mixture of skin complaints.

Another two families in the area have given birth to babies born with no brain - a proven Agent Orange condition in Vietnam.

A recent public meeting in New Plymouth turned into a roll call of disease and desperate stories. People who until now suffered in silence, unaware that their illness was linked to the biggest environmental scandal in our country’s history. A scandal which slowly, but surely, is being exposed.

Helen Clark, now Prime Minister, was Minister of Health in the last Labour Government. How much did she know when Labour set laughable terms of reference for an inquiry that called no meaningful witnesses, and found “no evidence”?

Among the documents provided by the official is a copy of IWD’s 1967 Annual Report, which discloses that the company purchased 400 acres of land to use for experimenting with herbicides and pesticides. This included a 300 acre dairy farm stretching south from the main chemical factory, a 90 acre “research farm” at Waireka Stream, and a 12 acre research farm at Junction Rd in New Plymouth. This was in addition to the 29 acres that the factory originally sat on in Paritutu.

“Possession of the new research station,” wrote IWD Managing Director Dan Watkins in his report to shareholders in 1967, “and the developed area at Junction Rd, as well as the 300 acre Beach Road Dairy Farm helps

materially in keeping us close to all types of farming and to all means of production from the soil. Thus we are able to evaluate critically new methods of pasture and crop protection with insecticides and weed control with herbicides, as well as means of raising production by the use of fertilisers.”

But while Prime Minister Helen Clark’s colonial government continues to duck for cover, it’s been revealed dying Vietnam War veterans are threatening to “do a Timothy McVeigh” - a reference to the American anti-government protestor allegedly responsible for blowing up the federal building in Oklahoma City several years ago.

Vietnam Veterans Association chief, John Moller, says



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NZ Vietnam War veterans are threatening to “do a Timothy McVeigh” - a reference to the American anti-government protestor allegedly responsible for **blowing up** the federal building in Oklahoma City several years ago

passions are running so high that he and his colleagues have had to work “damned hard” recently to persuade dying veterans whose children have also been affected by dioxin-related deformities, “not to take the law into their own hands. These guys have had enough. They’re being cheated and lied to by the politicians and the bureaucrats.”

US health authorities have recently added diabetes to the list of diseases caused by dioxin, and Moller points out that the massive rate of diabetes in the Maori community may be a direct result of exposure to the 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T herbicides.

“Go back two or three decades and a lot of Maori people were working outside, as farmhands, labourers, railway workers, soldiers, forestry workers - all of them in areas where they came into contact with chemicals containing dioxin.”

And the point about dioxin is that it doesn’t just affect the person originally exposed, it affects their children through several generations as well.

There is evidence, still being collated by *Investigate*, of politicians having financial links to chemical manufacturers in the past, which may also be a factor in why successive governments have either been reluctant to investigate, or they’ve set up dodgy, *Yes Minister* type inquiries designed to prolong the cover-up.



Meanwhile, environmental campaigner and Paritutu resident Andrew Gibbs, whose investigations brought the disaster to light, is researching the involvement of Broadbank Corporation as the developer of Paritutu subdivision, and whether it knew or should have known it was building houses on a toxic dump. Broadbank was managed at the time by Don Brash, the man who is now Governor of the Reserve Bank.

**RIGHT: The chemical plant as it is today. The factory has been extended towards the town. TOP RIGHT: Andrew Gibbs**



Photos: Pip Guthrie



## did the attorney-general know of fay richwhite cash?

**A**ttorney-General Margaret Wilson is refusing to declare a conflict of interest and back out of any further involvement with the Winebox, despite being part of a Labour fundraising team that accepted hundreds of thousands of dollars in political donations organised by millionaire banker David Richwhite.

Richwhite was, at the time, Chairman of European Pacific Group, the company the Government's law enforcement agencies are refusing to prosecute for fraud, despite advice from Crown lawyers and the Court that there's enough evidence to lay criminal charges.

It is not known if Richwhite was one of those considered in the Crown Prosecutor's opinion, but as Chairman of EP he was not directly involved in the Magnum transaction at the centre of the controversy.

*Investigate* has confirmed that Richwhite - acting as a so-called "bagman" - collected campaign donations for Labour from prominent businesspeople prior to the 1987 election that returned David Lange's Labour Government to power.

Business leaders, including the then Equiticorp boss Alan Hawkins, gave up to quarter of a million dollars each after being approached by Richwhite. In Hawkins' case, the cheque was made out to the Labour Party but hand delivered to Sir Roger Douglas.

Wilson was President of the Labour Party at the time, and the question is: how much did she know?

According to former Prime Minister David Lange, Wilson "almost certainly knew the source of the donations. Even I knew, although I didn't know how much, nor did I care to know."

Former finance minister Sir Roger Douglas was much more reticent, however, when questioned over how much

Wilson knew of the donations Richwhite had organised.

"What donations was David Richwhite organising?" challenged Douglas, before continuing "did he?" and then adding "I'm not sure, it's all a long time ago."

"If people wanted to make it known, the headquarters would obviously have known because the cheques would have gone to [party secretary] Tony Timms and been banked."

"There may have been people who, for one reason or another, just sent a bank draft or something."

But did Douglas discuss the source of the donations with Margaret Wilson?

"She was the President, there would have been a committee where there were discussions on those matters."

The then Labour Party secretary, Tony Timms, now works as an advisor to Prime Minister Helen Clark, in her office. When *Investigate* pointed out that he and Wilson would both have known of Richwhite's involvement, Timms' reaction was one of surprise:

"I beg your pardon. What's it got to do with you?"

Timms played down Wilson's role, describing it as "stuff all".

"Nine times out of ten, when we sent out the begging letters they would come back addressed to me and I would handle them, that's basically it," he explained.

"But this wasn't so much a 'begging letter'," we pointed out, "Alan Hawkins donated \$250,000, and he has said David Richwhite approached him on behalf of the Labour Party and he was instructed to hand his cheque to Roger Douglas, but made out to the Party."

"Yes, and that in turn was handed to me," confirmed Timms.

But we continued to probe:

“Roger Douglas says there was a Party Committee which included Margaret Wilson and yourself who would have been up to speed on a regular basis as to the funding.”

“Oh, I was, but I don’t recall Margaret being involved. I think myself, and probably a couple of others from the executive at the time.”

Tony Timms couldn’t recall who the “others” might have been.

But when we pointed out that David Lange had said he knew that Richwhite was organising donations and that Margaret Wilson “almost certainly knew” of the source of the donations, Timms agreed.

“Oh, whether one has knowledge of donations - yeah, sure, I mean the NZ Council knew because we had published accounts, but in terms of actual collecting of money, I used to pick them up.

“I was aware that we were getting substantial cheques from a variety of individuals.”

Which brings us to Attorney-General Margaret Wilson’s strange activities in regard to the Winebox investigation.

When Serious Fraud Office director David Bradshaw made his controversial decision not to prosecute over the Winebox despite three Courts ruling that a prima facie fraud existed, he was called to appear for questioning before Parliament’s Law and Order Select Committee.

While being grilled by MPs on the Committee, particularly NZ First leader Winston Peters, TV3’s sensitive and well-placed microphone caught the Attorney-General whispering answers to Bradshaw so surreptitiously you could barely see her lips move on camera.

Why would the supposedly objective Attorney-General choose to bridge the constitutional gap that is supposed to exist and whisper answers to the SFO director?

It is a question even Wilson’s staff can’t answer.

But the situation becomes even murkier. Winston Peters believes Bradshaw may have misled the Select Committee by suggesting that he received legal advice not to prosecute.

The Crown Prosecutor in Auckland, Simon Moore, in fact gave the Serious Fraud Office a legal opinion recommending prosecution over the Winebox, and Peters challenged Bradshaw to put up or shut up by releasing the legal opinions he received on the case.

Bradshaw has refused to do so, threatening to resign as SFO director if he was forced to by the Select Committee.

Attorney-General Margaret Wilson has publicly backed Bradshaw over the issue, again raising questions over whether she has an undeclared conflict of interest and should step aside.

As a precedent, the National Government’s previous Attorney-General Paul East declared a conflict of interest over the Winebox and Russell McVeagh’s film and bloodstock deals, when TVNZ asked whether it was true that John Lusk of Russell McVeagh was his cousin.

A spokesman for Margaret Wilson says the Minister has only one comment to the public: “There is no conflict of interest” in helping raise political campaign funds from David Richwhite on the one hand, and refusing to prosecute over the Winebox deals.



The Independent

### SFO Director David Bradshaw: threatened to resign if forced to reveal legal opinions

Why is there no conflict of interest?

“Because the Minister says there isn’t”, explained her advisor.

It’s been revealed, meanwhile, that an official complaint filed with police over the Winebox last year was never investigated by Police. And despite allegations of corruption within the Serious Fraud Office, police refused to investigate that either, on the basis that “there was no evidence of such practices” - this despite testimony to the contrary by former SFO staff at the Winebox Inquiry.

It also goes without saying that normally you don’t find evidence *until* you have investigated something.

“If an investigation of corruption of the Serious Fraud Office was to be instigated at all then it should be at the direction of the Solicitor-General or the Attorney-General, and might well be conducted by persons independent of the police,” wrote Detective Superintendent Bill Bishop.

Police National Headquarters, already accused in a Parliamentary report of “contemptuous” behaviour and of mysteriously losing crucial evidence in a case that made police look bad, has joined the IRD, SFO and the Labour Government in refusing to prosecute over the Winebox, despite overwhelming legal advice and Court opinion to the contrary.

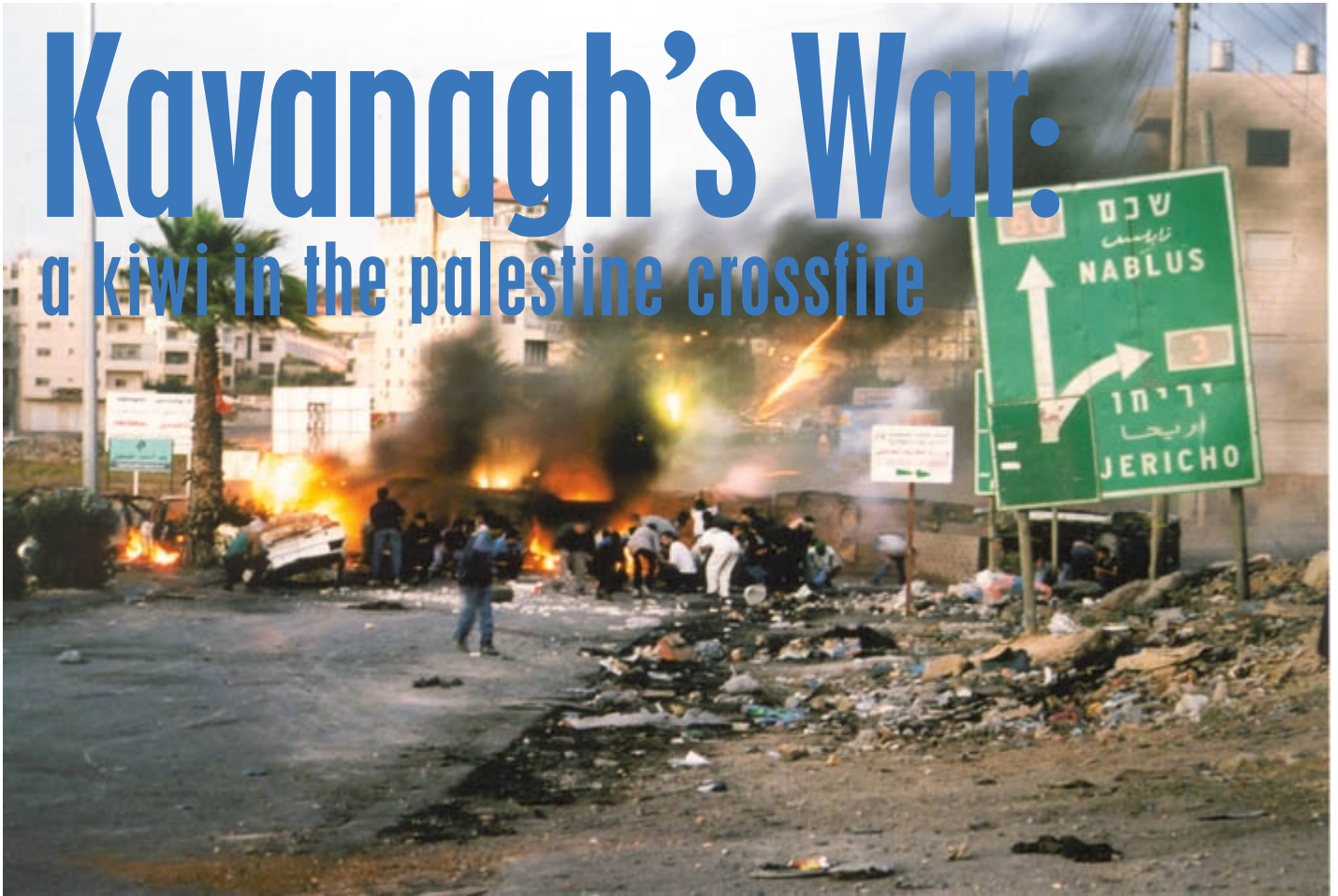
Meanwhile, another storm is brewing under Police Headquarters with a number of media organisations quietly investigating reports that some of the police involved in the Waitara shooting incident may have been under the influence of alcohol at the time.

IAN WISHART



# Kavanagh's War:

a kiwi in the palestine crossfire



As violence rages through Palestine, New Zealander **SHAYNE KAVANAGH** finds himself caught in the crossfire. This is his remarkable story:

guess the question on many lips is simple: what the hell is a guy from Christchurch doing in the middle of the world's most tempestuous war zone? Sitting in a London office, watching this appetiser to Armageddon unfold on the TV screens, it became increasingly difficult to maintain a level of disinterest. Such a complex war between two hard done by nations - the Palestinians receiving support

from Arab neighbours, Saddam Hussein upping the ante by positioning troops near Jordan and making alliance overtures to Iran, Egypt handing Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat \$1 billion, Syria's massive weapons stockpile. And then there's Lebanon.

On the other side of the picket fence is Israel - receiving funds from every Jewish corner of the world, dedicated to peace and agreeing not to develop new settlements. So why did Ariel Sharon take 1000 soldiers with him when he visited the Dome of the Rock?

It is a long war, in an ancient land with ancient griev-

ances. So when Arafat called the Day of Rage I dropped the tools, and told the boss I was off to the beach for the weekend. Bought a new lens for the camera, booked a flight on the visa card, shaved my hair and grabbed my Bangkok press pass, and flew to Tel Aviv.

It is a long war, in an ancient land with ancient griev-

rubber-coated bullets. By Wednesday, nearly every tourist had left and the situation was getting worse. Extending my airline ticket, I purchased an American army helmet and painted it white.

In a hospital in the Palestinian town of Ramallah, a 12 year old boy lay in critical condition. Nearby were three Palestinian soldiers who'd all been shot in the head the previous night.

After taking their photos, I was standing in the hallway talking to their grieving families when two bearded men approached me with outstretched hands.

"Hi, we're a team from Hamas," one whispered in my ear, sending my pulse racing with thoughts of becoming a freedom-fighter's prisoner. Should I tell these guys I'm a tourist, I wondered, before giving up the idea as unconvincing.

They wanted me to take pictures of them presenting the soldiers - who were just minutes away from meeting Allah - with the highest Hamas awards. They told me it



**RIGHT: Shayne Kavanagh**

represented their courage and bravery, and that their deaths would be avenged.

As the award recipients slipped from this world to the next, I was shaken back into a more urgent reality with news of a massive outbreak of violence nearby.

For the next five hours, I was amidst the smoke and rocks surrounding the Israeli border post. The Arabs positioned themselves behind burnt out car bodies, boulders, 44 gallon drums, buildings or anything else that would shelter them from the Israeli gunfire.



When Arab kids ran out of ammunition, someone would brave the crossfire, running in with a pram, buckets or even a van loaded with concrete tiles or stones.

Every twenty minutes or so, someone would be shot - carried away as soon as they were hit. Most of the time the Israeli troops would stop firing when they heard the ambulance. But not always.

A kid of 15 sitting right beside me took a bullet in the neck. Another in the leg.

It's amazing how alive you feel standing on the precipice of death. All your senses take over, you know where everything is around you in a slow motion kind of way, and it is scary how calm I was.

Raising my camera for all to see, I stepped out from shelter and began walking across no man's land towards the Israeli position. The feeling of exposure was indescrib-

able (especially with no travel insurance). Walking from one side of the war to the other, in the middle of it.

The next morning, three European photographers and I are en route to Nablus, about 20 kilometres outside Jerusalem, but coming down the taxi ramp in our stretched Mercedes, the road was blocked by people running. It was hard to work out what was happening, and we clambered from the car onto the street. Everywhere was noise and panic.

Palestinians were yelling, shops were rolling down steel shutters, every second person was carrying a gun, and my camera was knocked from my grasp.

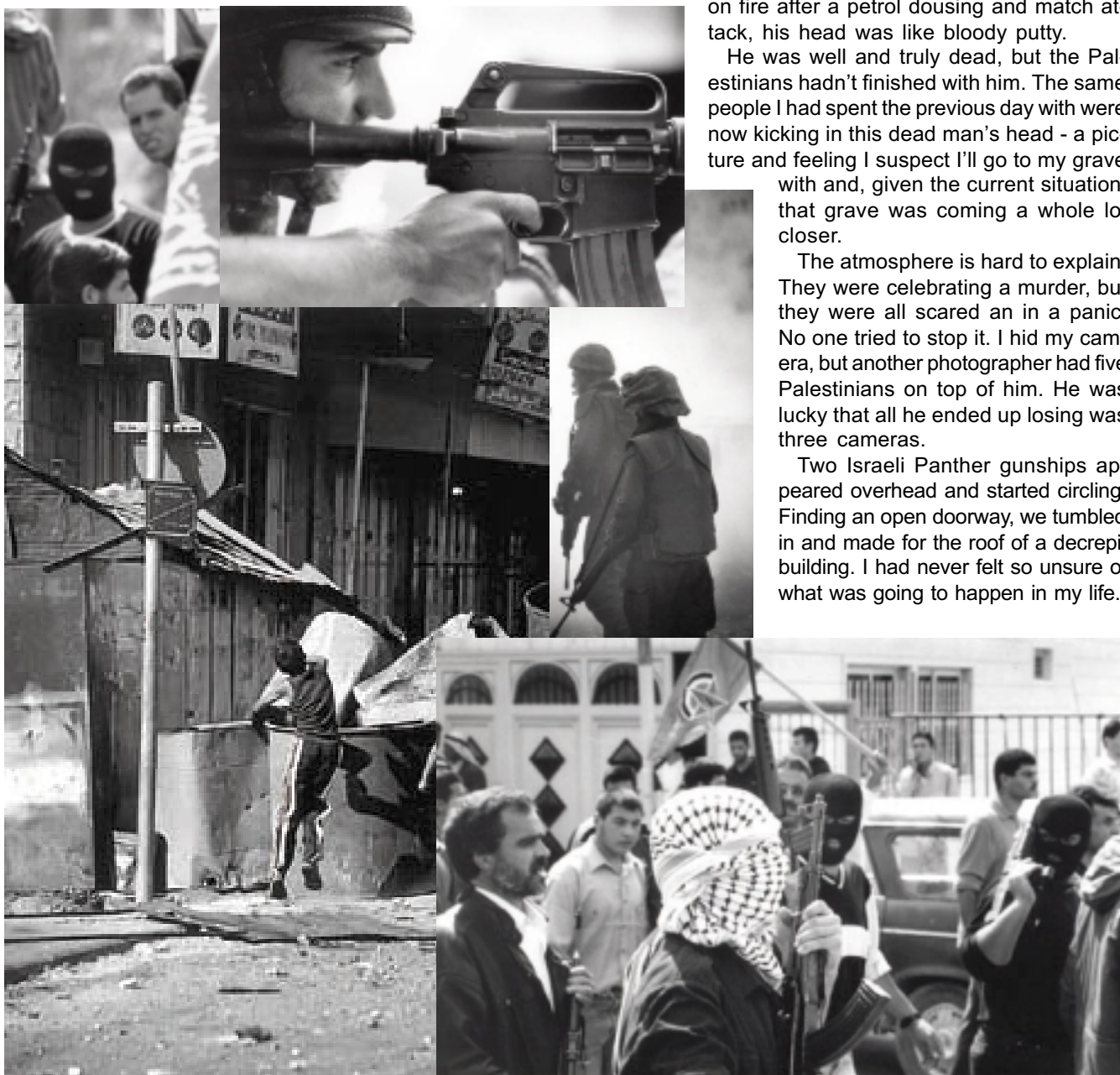
"No pictures!"

I got the message. Then, literally before my eyes, appeared a body. What had been an Israeli soldier was being dragged by his boots by two youths, his stomach still on fire after a petrol dousing and match attack, his head was like bloody putty.

He was well and truly dead, but the Palestinians hadn't finished with him. The same people I had spent the previous day with were now kicking in this dead man's head - a picture and feeling I suspect I'll go to my grave with and, given the current situation, that grave was coming a whole lot closer.

The atmosphere is hard to explain. They were celebrating a murder, but they were all scared in a panic. No one tried to stop it. I hid my camera, but another photographer had five Palestinians on top of him. He was lucky that all he ended up losing was three cameras.

Two Israeli Panther gunships appeared overhead and started circling. Finding an open doorway, we tumbled in and made for the roof of a decrepit building. I had never felt so unsure of what was going to happen in my life.





We were out of sight, just above the intersection. I climbed over to see what was happening, and saw the dead soldier lying in the middle of the street, his feet sticking out from the cardboard box that now covered him.

I could have taken a picture, and now wish that I had as none were, but at the time it didn't seem such a bright idea.

Within 15 minutes the streets were full as a TV crew drove past with their cameras diplomatically packed away.

"Hey! TV!" yelled out an English photographer beside me, trying to attract their attention.

The rest of us crouching in hiding on the roof were dumbfounded. As fifty Hamas guns tilted up in our direction, the only thought running through my head as I watched the surprised British lensman was: you dickhead.

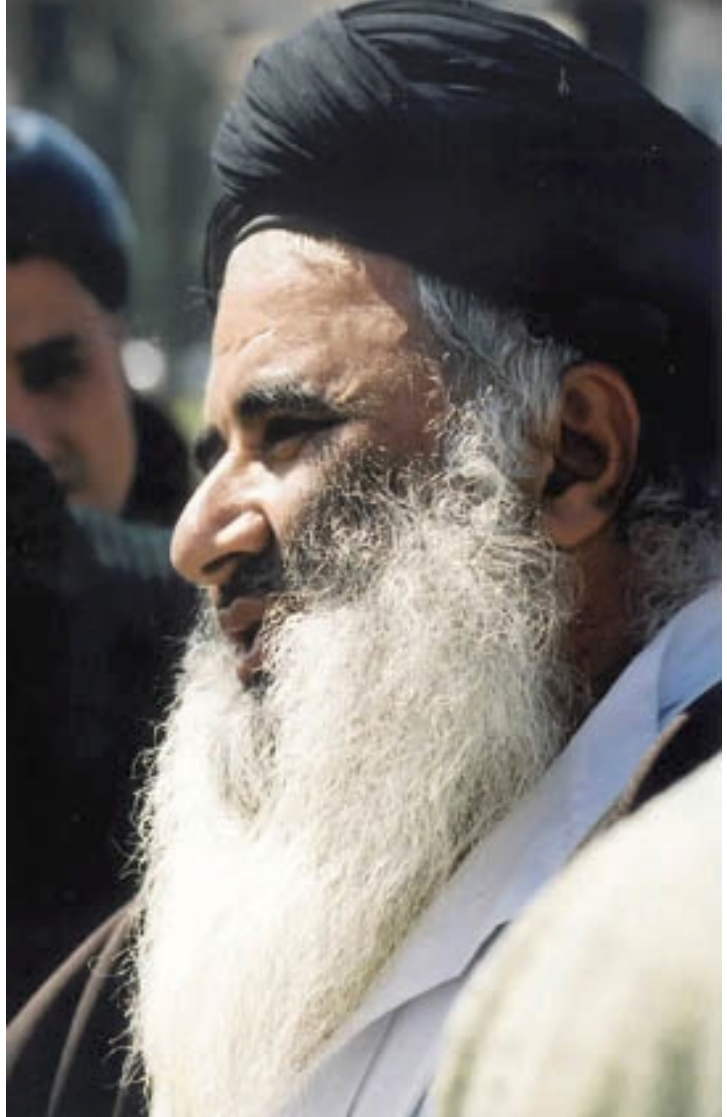
Naturally, Hamas assumed we'd been there the whole time and filmed the murder. The Palestinian soliders burst onto the roof, bundling us - minus all of our films - into a van.

Was this the end of our road? Luckily, no. Outside town we were dumped. As the dust settled and the rattle of the van engine receded into the distance, it was generally considered time for a cold drink. I decided it was also a good time to start smoking again.

By this time, news of the mob lynching had spread. As we discussed whether or not to go back two more vehicles stopped to check our IDs. Israeli gunships were getting closer.

"Jerusalem," was the nod after a moment.

We were unable to pass through any border posts, so hired a car and went village to village. All of the small, dodgy towns we passed through were deserted with obvious signs of fighting, burnt out







**LEFT: A rose between two thorns - a Palestinian child makes a "V" with her fingers as she watches Israeli troops below**

firefight on the border. The Israelis had two tanks aimed our way. There were Palestinian snipers hidden all around us. My colleague was Larry Towel, who'd shared a car with us and whom I later discovered was a world renowned war photographer.

We were caught behind a wall as Israeli troops came forward, M16 rifles aimed right at us. Larry casually says "Journalists" and the troops just march on past, pumping bullets and teargas into the Palestinian positions behind us. There was a lot of smoke and it was getting dark, but we obtained some of our best shots that afternoon.

Suddenly, the Israelis retreated, but as we walked back to the Palestinian side the Israeli soldiers suddenly advanced without warning behind us. I've never had such an adrenalin rush as I experienced at that moment. Caught on a hillside with no cover, sprinting through tear gas with machinegun bullets biting into the ground beside me. I practically flew up that hill - a kid close to me got hit in the leg and we carried him to a nearby ambulance. About an hour after dark the children usually stop attacking and the snipers come out.

Saturday I decided I was going to spend my last day at the beach, but soon found myself staring at a dead Palestinian soldier in Hebron. At his funeral I met his family and learnt that he had two young sons. His baby-faced picture was everywhere.

Outside, a crowd of 3000 young men had gathered, joined in the march towards the burial ground by soldiers with balaclavas and Kalashnikov rifles, all of them singing Hamas songs with guns blazing into the air, speakers blaring, chanting, and a crowd's bloodlust for revenge so strong you could cut it into slices and serve it on a plate.

As I write this on a winter's morning in London, everyone here is moaning about the wind, the trains and the petrol. They don't know how lucky they are.



cars and rocks everywhere. We avoided the check points by running through people's properties - so much for Israeli security - and made it back to Jerusalem after three hours. Beer o'clock.

Friday is when Arabs go to the Dome of the Rock to pray. Everyone was expecting trouble. The Israeli Army only allowed in those over the age of 40, successfully defusing the tension.

Back at Ramallah, however, we walked straight into a



# The Power & The Passion

## long memories in the middle east

PAUL CORRIGAN argues Israel has itself to blame

**T**hings don't change much, I thought, watching on TV news as the circling American-built Israeli helicopter gun ships rolled in to the attack. They were, we were told, avenging the gruesome deaths of three Israeli Army reservists. Once again Israel was employing military firepower one-sidedly against people who have never forgotten that the Jewish State was founded in their blood.

Once again Israel was trying to pacify at gunpoint a people they will not treat as equals. It has always been so. And while watching, I was reminded of research I did nearly 20 years for a story I wrote about two instances of Israeli terrorism.

The first was the killing of 254 villagers near Jerusalem on April 9-10, 1948. It had the effect of terrifying Palestinians into fleeing from land guaranteed by a United Nations vote: "Unless you leave your homes, the fate of Deir Yasin will be your fate."

The other act of terror was the devastation of the Jordanian village of Kibya on October 14, 1953. The raiders were Unit 101, Israeli commandos who wore neither uniforms nor badges of rank. That was so the Israeli Government could say they were not soldiers.

Unit 101's commanding officer was Major Ariel Sharon.

PHOTOS: Shayne Kavanagh

Accompanied, some news reports say, by police and a battalion of soldiers, the right-wing politician, former defence minister and retired major-general swaggered up to and around some places that Jews and Arabs consider holy. If not the long-term cause of the unrest going on now, his visit appears to be the trigger.

But more about "Arik" Sharon later.

Deir Yasin was the turning point in the Zionist campaign to seize as much of Palestine as possible from the Palestinians before the British mandate, given by the League of Nations after World War 1, ran out on May 15, 1948. The Zionists' aim was to terrorise the Arabs into fleeing.

Some background: when the United Nations voted in November, 1947, that Palestine should be partitioned into Jewish and Arab areas the Jews comprised one-third of its population and owned 7 percent of the land.

The UN granted the Jews 60 percent of the land, including most of the coast and rich farmlands. The Arabs would get an enclave at Jaffa, and some high country around Beersheba in the West Bank.

The Arabs rejected the plan. The Jewish Agency, the Zionist body responsible for settling Jews in the territory, accepted it.

Menachem Begin, the Polish-born leader of the Irgun Zvai Leumi terrorist group and later Israeli Prime Minister, rejected it. Jerusalem and Bethlehem were to be put into



an international zone. He vowed that Jews would not be bound by “the signature by individuals and institutions...”

Begin commanded the 132 Irgun men and women in the attack on Deir Yasin, which was 5km west of Jerusalem. He always justified the attack because the Arabs had used it as a base from which to attack Jewish forces. The local Jewish defence force commander, Colonel David Shaltiel, disputed that. He said the Deir Yasin people had always got on well with Jews.

The fiction Begin, the Zionists, and later Israel, maintained for over 30 years was that the villagers were warned to flee, that the Irgun came under heavy fire and suffered casualties, and that only those who stayed were killed.

Begin, in his book *The Revolt*, wrote: “Our men were

“  
Survivors, mainly girls and young women, reported being raped and pregnant women being killed and their wombs cut open and their babies killed.  
”

compelled to fight for every house; to overcome the enemy they used large numbers of hand-grenades.”

So, what went on at Deir Yasin? Britain refused to investigate. The Arab Higher Committee in Jerusalem asked the International Red Cross representative in Palestine, Jacques de Reynier, a Swiss, to have a look. He did.

Some of his observations...

“All of them (the attackers) were young, some of them even adolescents, men and women, armed to the teeth: revolvers, machine-guns, hand-grenades, also cutlasses in their hands, most of them still blood-stained. A beautiful young girl, with criminal eyes, showed me hers still dripping with blood; she displayed it like a trophy. This was the ‘cleaning up’ team that was obviously performing its task very conscientiously.”

In a house: “Here the ‘cleaning up’ had been done with machine-guns, then hand-grenades. It had been finished off with knives...everywhere it was the same horrible sight... there had been 400 people in this village; about 50 of them had escaped and were still alive. All the people had been deliberately massacred in cold blood for, as I observed for myself, this gang was admirably disciplined.”

The dead had included 25 pregnant women, 52 mothers with babies, and 60 girls.

A Jewish fighter, from another group, wrote in an Israeli paper years later that he and others had begged the terrorist leaders in vain to stop the killings.

“In the meantime some 25 men had been brought out of the houses; they were loaded into a freight truck and led in a ‘victory parade’, like a Roman triumph through Jerusalem. At the end of the parade they were taken to a stone quarry between Giv’at Sha’ul and Deir Yasin and shot in cold blood. The fighters then put the women and children who were still alive on a truck and took them to the Mandelbaum Gate.” (Meir Pa’el, *Yedionot Aharonot*, April 14, 1972)

Survivors, mainly girls and young women, reported being raped and pregnant women being killed and their wombs cut open and their babies killed.

The first President of Israel, Dr Chaim Weizmann, said Deir Yasin “was a marvellous simplification” of the Arab population problem in the new Jewish State.

“Arabs throughout the country, induced to believe wild

tales of 'Irgun butchery', were seized with limitless panic and started to flee for their lives. This mass flight soon developed into a maddened, uncontrollable stampede," Begin said.

"Of the 800,000 Arabs who lived on the present territory of the State of Israel, only 165,000 are still there."

Deir Yasin was one of eight massacres that Palestinians say Jewish forces committed in 1948. For more than 30 years Begin and Israel denied it was a massacre, blamed the victims for what happened, and accused anyone who said anything different of anti-Semitism.

By the mid-1980s Israelis weren't bothering to hide the truth any more. One afternoon in 1983 I watched a TV documentary on Deir Yasin. Major-General Motti Peled, a former commander of the Israeli Air Force and now a

leader of the Peace Now movement, walked a British film crew down a road to where Deir Yasin once stood, and outlined the facts of the attack.

Sharon led Unit 101 against Kibya as a reprisal for Israeli forces getting beaten in a few minor battles with the Jordanian Arab Legion.

In the night attack, the Israelis skirmished with some Jordanian soldiers outside Kibya. After killing them they went through the town killing everyone they could with guns and hand-grenades.

Then they they set up the piece de resistance: Sharon and his men had taken along nearly 600kg of explosives for blowing up the houses, so that the operation would have an "energetic character". Most of the 69 people killed that night were sheltering in the cellars. According to the

## and the jewish perspective:

### Nationhood and Jerusalem

Israel became a nation in 1312 BCE -- 2,000 years before the rise of Islam. Arab refugees in Israel began identifying themselves as part of a Palestinian people in 1967, two decades after the establishment of the modern State of Israel.

Since the Jewish conquest in 1272 BCE, the Jews have had dominion over the land for 1,000 years, with a continuous presence in the land for the past 3,300 years.

The only Arab dominion since the conquest in 635 CE lasted no more than 22 years.

For over 3,000 years, Jerusalem has always been the Jewish capital. Jerusalem has never once been the capital of any Arab or Muslim entity. In the 20 years that Jordan occupied Jerusalem (1948-1967), they never sought to make it their capital, nor did Palestinians demand it as theirs.

Jerusalem is mentioned over 700 times in the Jewish Bible. Jerusalem is not mentioned once in the Koran.

King David founded the city of Jerusalem 3,000 years ago. Mohammed never came to Jerusalem.

Jews pray facing Jerusalem, wherever they are in the world. Moslems at the mosque in Jerusalem pray with their backs toward Jerusalem.

### Arab and Jewish Refugees

In 1948, approximately 630,000 Arab refugees were encouraged to leave Israel by Arab leaders promising to purge the land of Jews.

Sixty-eight percent left without ever seeing an Israeli soldier. In that same era, approximately 630,000 Jewish refugees were forced to flee from Arab lands due to brutality, persecution and pogroms.

Jewish refugees were completely absorbed into Israel, a country no larger than the state of New Jersey.

Arab refugees were intentionally not absorbed or in-

tegrated into the Arab lands to which they fled, despite the vast Arab territory. Out of 100 million worldwide refugees since World War Two, these Arabs are the only refugee group in the world that has not been integrated into their own peoples' lands.

### The Arab - Israeli Conflict

The Arab world includes 22 separate nations. There is only one Jewish nation.

The Arab nations initiated five wars against Israel, and lost. Israel defended itself each time and won.

The P.L.O. Charter still calls for the destruction of the State of Israel.

Israel has given the Palestinians most of the West Bank land, autonomy under the Palestinian Authority, and has supplied them with weapons.

Under Israeli rule, all Moslem and Christian holy sites have been preserved and made accessible to people of all faiths.

Under Jordanian rule, Jewish holy sites were desecrated: all synagogues in the Old City were torched, and tombstones from the ancient Mount of Olives cemetery was used to pave roads and build latrines. Jews were also denied access to places of worship at the Western Wall, Tomb of Rachel, Tomb of Joseph, and cave of the Patriarchs.

### The U.N. Record on Israel and the Arabs

Of the 175 Security Council resolutions passed before 1990, 97 were directed against Israel.

Of the 690 General Assembly resolutions voted on before 1990, 429 were directed against Israel.

The U.N. has been totally silent on the Palestinian history of suicide bombings, lynchings, terrorist attacks, bus hijackings, cafe bombings, etc.

data courtesy Jewish website [www.facts4peace.com](http://www.facts4peace.com)



*Paratroopers' Book*, the semi-official history of the Israeli paratroop corps, Kibya "once and for all, [it] washed away the stain of defeats that the Israeli Army had suffered in its reprisal operations."

The Israeli Prime Minister, David Ben-Gurion, went on radio four days later to blame Jordan for the raid and deny that any Israeli Army units had taken part.

But in his diary Ben-Gurion's deputy and Foreign Minister, Moshe Sharett, records his horror of the attack. He had even tried to stop it. He tells how the Cabinet agreed that Ben-Gurion would go on radio and lie about it.

Let's fast-forward now to a Sunday in late September in 1982. The wire services are telling the world of the massacres of Palestinians in the Shatila and Sabra refugee camps in Beirut, the Lebanese capital. The killers belonged to Lebanese Christian militias allied to and armed by Israel. The Israeli Army – and Sharon was Minister of Defence – allowed the killers into the camps. At least 2000 people were killed. After an international outcry Menachem Begin's Government set up an inquiry headed by the Chief Justice of Israel. The commission reported that Sharon had received intelligence warnings that the militias might go on the rampage if allowed into the camps.

"In our view, even without such a warning, it is impossible to justify the minister of defence's disregard of the danger of the massacre."

The militia groups were under Israeli Army orders.

Fast-forward again to September 28, 2000, and to the

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A Palestinian boy cowering against a wall behind his father is shot dead in front of a TV camera. Of course, it's the boy's fault. Or his father's...  
”

compound around the Al Aqsa and Dome of the Rock mosques that were once built over the remains of the Jewish temples. It is the most hotly contested site in Palestinian-Israeli peace talks.

Sharon and hardline colleagues visit to assert Jewish claims to the area despite warnings from the Palestinians and Israeli peaceniks that it could lead to violence.

Just as they were leaving the area a crowd of Palestinian protesters threw stones, bottles and metal rubbish bins.

Weeks of protests and deaths follow.

A Palestinian boy cowering against a wall behind his father is shot dead in front of a TV camera.

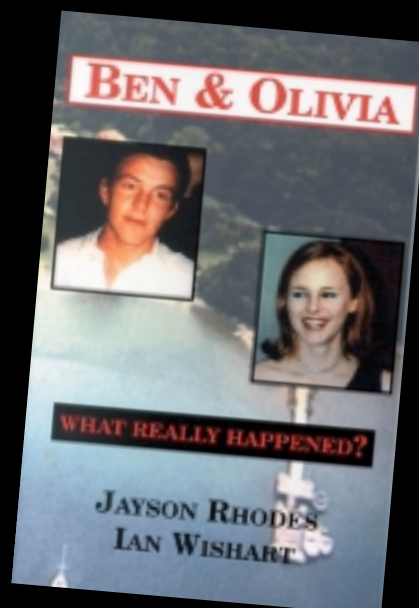
Of course, it's the boy's fault. Or his father's. He shouldn't have been there. He probably ignored Israeli warnings to stay away. The killing wasn't deliberate. The boy was caught in "crossfire".



sometimes, the police get it wrong...



so if you feel you wasted your money reading all about silent evidence, don't you think it's probably time to read the *real* story on the Ben & Olivia murders? A book written by *independent* journalists, not a police-approved Government official?



from all good bookstores this summer, or buy direct on our website:  
<http://www.howlingatthemoon.com>



**F**ORTY three years ago a heavily sedated Walter James Bolton was taken from his isolated cell at Mt Eden prison to start a long, silent walk. Wearing a loose prison-issued garment, leggings and moccasin-style shoes, Bolton was guided along the carpeted floor between his cell and a compound by two burly wardens. Waiting for him was a makeshift stage supported by hastily constructed scaffolding. Dangling in the twilight sun was the unmistakable shadow of a noose.

The 68-year-old father of six would be the last person in New Zealand to feel the stranglehold of rope clasped tightly round his neck.

He would be the last person to hopelessly battle for breath as the trap hinges squeaked, giving way to a loud, echoing metallic thud as two doors beneath his feet sprang open.

Watching were a small group of journalists, prison officers, police and ministers - thankfully spared the final, agonising moments of this macabre show by tarpaulin erected to hide the dangling, desperate figure.

Yet Bolton didn't die straight away. Some say he may have been left hanging for up to three hours before taking his last gasp of breath. Others, including his son, believe the authorities had to hang him again some weeks later in a huge cover-up designed to avert pre-election embarrassment for a National government so eager to retain the death penalty.

nesses, has been obtained by *Investigate* which proves, beyond all reasonable doubt, that the last person hanged in New Zealand was innocent.

The father of seven, who grew up in the Wanganui district of Mangamahu and trained as a farmhand, was charged with the murder of his wife, 64-year-old Beatrice on September 22 1956.

At first it looked like Beatrice had died of a long, unexplainable death that baffled doctors for over a year.

She constantly fought against bouts of vomiting, violent attacks of indigestion and diarrhea. She complained about numbness in her feet and tingling in her fingers.

During the worst of the attacks Beatrice was crippled with pain and taken to hospital where her condition quickly improved.

Yet upon her release Beatrice soon came over with the mystery ailment which finally killed her on Wednesday July 11 1956.

When doctors asked Bolton whether they could carry out a post mortem to cast light on her death, he consulted with her family who signaled their disapproval.

Yet, having spent more than £500 on private medical fees in the vain hope of curing her, Bolton went against their wishes and allowed doctors to carry out the autopsy anyway.

The brain, lungs, kidneys, liver, intestines, stomach and its contents were removed and taken to the Dominion Laboratory in Wellington. A report later revealed traces of arsenic in her organs, which over time had debilitated

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It took a jury less than two hours to find Bolton **guilty**, yet records reveal that eight jury members refused to take part over a busy Christmas period and were compelled to do so by the judge. An appeal was later lodged and failed, yet amazingly the original **judge** and **prosecution** sat on the appeal board.  
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Strangely, Bolton's death certificate was not signed by a doctor - a mandatory requirement, adding credence to the bizarre events that preceded his eventual death.

Indeed, the medical officer at the time, Harry Shaw, later said in 1988 that Bolton didn't die of a broken neck, but suffocation. "It was not a successful execution," he said. "The hangman miscalculated the drop and the man's neck was not broken. He writhed for quite some time. Death was not instant."

He said that the prison padre, Father Downey, suffered a heart attack and three newspaper reporters were sick, one of them perforating an ulcer.

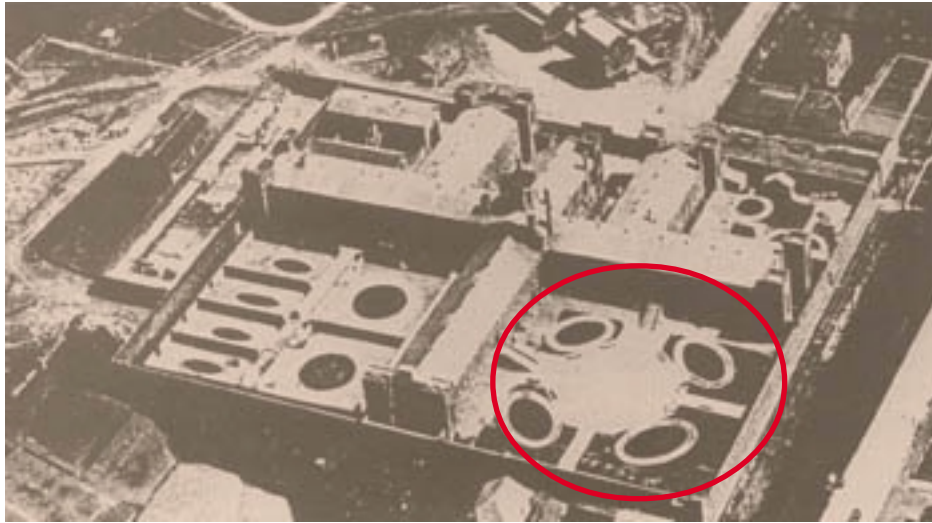
We may never know what really happened on February 18 1957, but what we do know now is that Bolton should never have died at all. The conviction and execution of Bolton has long been shrouded in controversy, but now compelling new evidence, backed up by independent wit-

her to the point of death. The spectre of suspicion hung over her shocked husband. National police dispatched Sub-inspector James Murray to investigate who found a packet of "Young's Improved Sheep Dip" powder in Bolton's car shed. The label read "Arsenic - Poison. For use exclusively as sheep dip: Asked why the packet had been opened, Bolton said he had given some to his grandson Robert Cook, for use on opossum skins.

**I**t seemed that police had already made their minds up that Bolton was guilty. Suspicions increased amid rumours that he was having an affair with Beatrice's sister, 58-year-old Florence Doherty, also known as 'Aunty Doull'.

It was here, ironically at 7 Kapa Street, Wanganui, where Beatrice had spent most of her time when she was sick. Working on the farm all day, her husband had been un





**DEN OF DEATH: Execution compound at Mt Eden Prison**

able to care for her properly and asked Doherty to help him out.

It was also here where police claimed that Beatrice's diary was destroyed by Doherty under Bolton's instructions.

It took a jury less than two hours to find Bolton guilty, yet records reveal that eight jury members refused to take part over a busy Christmas period and were compelled to do so by the judge. An appeal was later lodged and failed, yet amazingly the original judge and prosecution sat on the appeal board.

Perhaps if it hadn't been for the work of a man claiming to be Bolton's son, James Bolton, the story would have ended there. The story of a man, who by all accounts, had been a loving, loyal husband who may or may not have poisoned his wife. Indeed, the defence argued at the time that nobody killed Beatrice and that traces of arsenic may have accidentally leaked into the water supply.

**B**ut 45-year-old James Bolton has spent more than 15 years unraveling the case, trying to prove the innocence of a man he claims is his father.

We use the term with a tinge of suspicion because there is no certifiable proof that James is his son - he was adopted out as a baby, yet strongly believes that the reason for his adoption was because his father was about to be sent to the gallows. Whatever the case, Bolton has now discovered that a confession note from Florence Doherty admitting to the murder was suppressed by police on the wishes of her family. Details of the confession - obtained by *Investigate* came from a former Wanganui ambulance driver who was dispatched to the scene after Doherty committed suicide. Beatrice's sister was so over-

come by guilt - it appears - she first attempted to kill herself shortly after Bolton was hung. After failing she finally prevailed a year later. Poisoning was the preferred method of murder used by women at the time.

**T**hat ambulance driver, John Humphrey of Hamilton, wrote to James Bolton in 1992 and said: "About 15 years ago I was in conversation with a senior constable who was on the case at the time (Constable H. Flynn, now deceased). He told me that Doherty left a note admitting that she murdered her sister and attempted suicide again.

"He said the police, on this evidence, were prepared to open the case again but the family objected, because all concerned were dead and nothing would be gained by reviving the tragedy. Trusting this will help you and wishing you a happy ending in your quest, yours, J.Humphrey."

Humphrey also revealed that Doherty had a reputation for being promiscuous and years earlier attempted to woo him when he was a delivery man for Maypole Stores in Wanganui. "Eventually I left during this abuse and she stopped deliveries from Maypole," wrote Humphrey.

Humphrey's independent second-hand testimony provided the catalyst for James Bolton to carry on in his search for truth and justice. "I have to clear my father's name," he said. "I have dedicated my life to it, and perhaps in doing so, it will help me to come to terms with who I am. At the moment I feel like there is a sickening, missing piece in my own jigsaw. I will clear his name. I will make sure that everybody knows the truth."

Is it just coincidence that shortly after the confession note was apparently found that the man who led the police investigation, sub-inspector James Murray of Lower Hutt police, committed suicide by shooting himself in the

head? His death certificate revealed that at the time of death “the balance of his mind was disturbed”.

“It doesn’t take a genius to work out that he must have been overcome with guilt,” comments Bolton who says that eight out of the original 12 jury members died shortly afterwards, along with the Judge at the time, Kenneth Macfarlane Gresson. Never before have all their deaths been linked.

**Y**et a niggling question remained. If, as the ambulance driver says, Doherty did kill Beatrice what was her motive? And where did she get the arsenic from?

Amazingly, records obtained by *Investigate* reveal that other people died under Doherty’s care. Indeed 7 Kapa Street, Wanganui, provided refuge for a large sprawling family - many members of whom lived there at some stage or another, including Beatrice. Just like Beatrice, many never lived to tell the tale.

Doherty’s sister, Evelyn Catherine Pull died of cancer there in 1949. In 1946 Doherty’s mother Constance Jones died of a cerebral haemorrhage, a type of blood clot which is rare. Doherty was a beneficiary of the will, as she was when her father, William Henry Jones, suffered the same fate under her care in 1948.

To add to this strange and tragic coincidence, Doherty’s uncle, Thomas Collard, died under her care in 1951. The cause? A cerebral haemorrhage. Collard’s nephew, Eric Collard, has long maintained that Doherty killed him, probably through long term arsenic poisoning.

In the space of ten years five people died at 7 Kapa Street, all supposedly under Doherty’s care.

But where did she get the arsenic from? This is where the police investigation failed abysmally, an investigation blighted by blinkered police officers who were happy to accept the sparse evidence in front of them, when the greater much more compelling evidence lay undiscovered - until now.

For, Doherty wasn’t also known as “Aunty Doull” for nothing. It was her surname of a previous marriage, a fact which the police failed to grasp.

Indeed it was that surname, not Doherty, which appeared on New Zealand’s poison register, a mandatory legal requirement for anyone wishing to purchase arsenic. But it wasn’t Florence’s name on there, but Margaret Doull

What is the significance of Doull? It was also the surname of one of New Zealand’s most prolific poisoners, Margaret Doull who was found guilty of murdering her husband by administering arsenic in 1965. Before his death Doull tied her husband to the bed and forced her children to say a final farewell to him.

It is understood that both Doull and Doherty were more than just acquaintances, they were probably related. Both holidayed in Napier at the same time, and Bolton’s son maintains it was Margaret Doull who supplied Doherty with the poison. Peter Williams QC, who defended Doull at the time, wrote in his book *A Passion for Justice*: “The offence was not disclosed at the time he died because

NEW ZEALAND	
Certified Copy of Entry in the Register Book of Deaths	
Place of Registration:	Auckland
Name and Surname.	Walter James Bolton
Profession or Occupation.	Sheep Farm Manager
Usual Place of Residence.	Wanganui
Sex, Age, Date of Birth.	M 68 -
When died.	18 February 1957
Where died.	Her Majesty's Prison Auckland
Where born.	Fordell
How long in New Zealand.	68 years
Name and Surname of Father.	Amos Bolton
Name and Surname of Mother.	Emma Bolton
Maiden Surname of Mother.	Hobden
Profession or Occupation of Father.	Farmer
Where married.	Wanganui
At what Age married.	25
To whom married.	Beatrice Habel Jones
Age of Widow, if living.	No Widow
If issue living, state Ages of each Sex.	no 4 ages unknown 1 2 ages unknown
When buried.	3 February 1957
Where buried.	Cremated at Waikomete
Causes of Death and Interval between Onset and Death.	Coroner's finding:  Complete fracture of the vertebral column as the result of being hanged
Medical Attendant by whom certified.	
When he last saw deceased (i.e., before death).	

the symptoms of arsenic poisoning are almost identical to those of common pneumonia.

“The woman went on to kill more people in the same way - by giving her victims slug poison, usually in food, over a period of time.” The method of that poisoning was almost identical to the way Beatrice was slowly and painfully killed over a period of 18 months.

Williams went on to add about Margaret Doull: “She killed a lover in Australia when he lost interest in her and then, back in New Zealand, murdered her sister when she became a nuisance in her house.

“When the sister died, mortuary staff noticed marks on the soles of her feet that were symptomatic of arsenic poisoning. The autopsy that followed revealed large amounts of arsenic in the woman’s hair and in other parts of her body. Similar quantities of the poison were found in the other bodies when they were exhumed.”

**W**illiams described her as a “sweet woman, blue-eyed, gentle, a former Sunday school teacher who was a proficient pianist.”

But behind this supposedly angelic woman lie one of New Zealand’s most prolific serial killers, the notoriety of which has largely gone unnoticed by the public. Officially she killed two people, but a letter obtained by *Investigate* from her doctor, L Gluckman, to Williams, he says Doull confessed to many more murders.

James Bolton attempted to talk to Margaret Doull’s

daughter about the case and her relationship with Doherty. After initially agreeing she later backed away, saying that the scars run too deep to bring the issue back into the open. The same can be said for the rest of Walter Bolton's children who have never discussed publicly the events that led to their father's execution.

**T**he final question in this complicated web of intrigue remains. What was Florence Doherty's motive for murder? Was it a murder propelled by lust for Bolton? As we discussed earlier, rumours circulated at the time that Doherty and Bolton were having an affair. Indeed, when the police initially suspected Doherty, Bolton protected her in every way he could, saying that she had no access to arsenic.

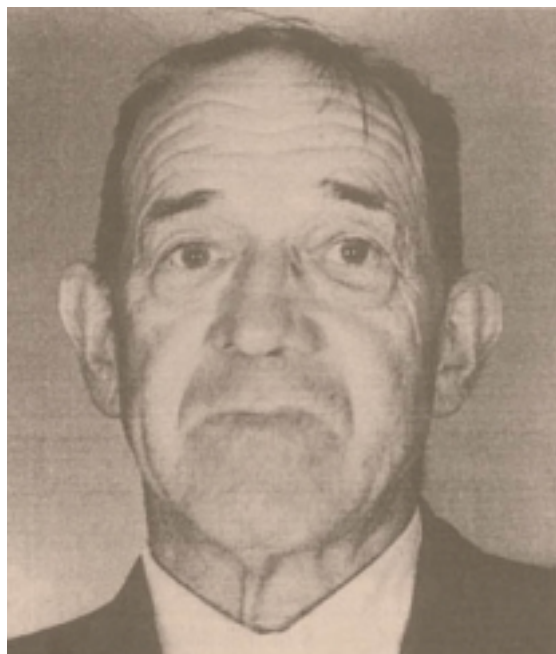
Yet, James Bolton believes that it is unlikely his father was unfaithful, in fact he once scoffed the rumours by declaring: "Why would I go with her when I can pay 50p down the road?"

Doherty had a reputation for being promiscuous, as already testified by the former ambulance driver who said that he was "abused" by her when making deliveries from the local shop.

James believes the answer to the motive lies in the ownership of 7 Kepa Street. It was claimed in court that Doherty owned the property, which in those days was valued at £900 (pounds). Yet an exhaustive search through property records by James reveals that was never the case. In fact, ownership was passed through a series of family members, most of whom died while living at Kepa Street. What's more Walter Bolton was trustee of the family will, and with both him and his wife out of the way, Florence Doherty would eventually be entitled to the house.

Slowly James has managed to piece all the pieces of this complicated jigsaw together. 43 years after his father was left dangling from a rope at Mt Eden prison, we now know of a probable confession note verified from independent witnesses that Doherty - not Bolton - was responsible for Beatrice's death on July 11 1956. We know that the police officer in charge of the case shot himself shortly after that confession note was found. We know that Doherty's notorious acquaintance, if not relative, Margaret Doull, had access to arsenic. And we know of a probable motive.

When piecing the jigsaw pieces together it seems al-



**EXECUTED: Walter James Bolton**

most certain that the last man hanged in New Zealand was innocent, yet James is a long way from reaching the end of the road in his search for justice and truth. That will only come when his father receives a pardon from the New Zealand government and the courts finally concede the biggest injustice in our country's history.

James is confident that one day the record books will be set right, yet the story of why he started campaigning for a man he never knew - and still today doesn't know for sure if he is his father- is every bit as remarkable as the events that led up to Walter Bolton's execution.

James, who lived with a partner and his son in the Bay of Islands until recently moving to Auckland to continue his quest, was adopted out as a toddler at the age of three. After 18 months he was adopted again by parents, Lesley and Madalene Waller, who brought James up along with their other child. At that stage he wasn't known as James Bolton, but Peter Waller. "At the age of five I was told that my father was in prison for not paying maintenance," recalls James, a big, bulky, figure whose eyes

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and stature bear a remarkable resemblance to black and white photos of his father printed in books about New Zealand's most dangerous criminals.

"They said that attempts had been made to force my father to sign the adoption papers, but he refused. I didn't really think any more of it until at the age of seven or eight, my adopted brother told me he had overheard his parents describing my father as a 'bad, bad, man who got what he deserved."

"Why was he so bad? Surely being poor in those days and not being able to pay maintenance didn't make someone bad? I was very confused and hurt by those suggestions. "I was too afraid to discuss it anymore because it was a taboo subject so I put the whole thing in the back of my mind and tried to forget about my father."

In fact, incredibly, he never brought the issue up again until 13 years ago - uncannily 30 years to the day when Walter Bolton met his death.

"I had a really bad, terrifying nightmare," reveals James. "I dreamt that I was in Mt Eden prison awaiting to be hung. I climbed a 20 foot fence to escape but they recaptured me. It was a horrific, sickening dream which had a huge impact on me.

"That day I heard on the radio that it was 30 years to the day that the last man in New Zealand was hung and a huge chill ran down my spine. It got me thinking. I knew my father was in jail at the time and that he refused to sign over adoption papers. But I never heard anything more from him in the whole time I had been alive.

"I went to the library and pulled out files on the case. I remember those words from my adopted mother echoing over and over in my mind: 'He was a bad man, he got what he deserved."

All of a sudden James believed he had the identities of his parents, yet those hopes were dashed when he found out that his mother, Margaret, would have been 61-years-old when she supposedly had James.

"Initially I thought it would have been impossible, but I checked all kinds of health records and found other cases both here in New Zealand and overseas of women in their 60s and even 70s giving birth."

Finally he decided to confront his adopted mother with the news. "Her face just went white, almost ghostly," he said. "She shouted: 'Who bloody well told you'. I replied 'you just did'.

Seeking a second opinion, he went to his adopted aunt, Norma Crump, and asked her about his father.

"Initially she said I was the spitting image of him in looks, humour and intelligence. But her tone changed when recalling how he wouldn't sign the adoption papers. She claimed that she didn't know his name.

"How could that be? She remembered his mannerisms, looks and personality, but not his name?"

"I then told her about my dream and she went white, almost like a bolt of lightning had struck her down."

Convinced that Walter was his father, James changed his surname to the family name and tried to contact

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**Not only did the death penalty wrongly take the life of my father, but also the life of a police officer and the lives of eight jury members**

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Walter's oldest son - and his brother - Frank Bolton in Cambridge. "I spoke to Frank's son on the telephone who said he would talk to his father. A few days later I phoned back and his son said that Frank wouldn't confirm or deny what I had said. His son thought it strange because his father had always been forthright with him."

It was then that James started to delve into the case. "It consumed me night and day," he said. "In the end I decided to leave my family and move to Auckland because it wasn't fair that they be dragged into this. This is something I had to do."

It also got him in trouble with the law, leading to a six-month jail sentence in 1990. Earlier James had walked up to the Beehive and poured red paint over the steps and reception area in an attempt to raise awareness in the media.

"After ten years of jumping up and down no-one was taking any notice, so I did what I had to do."

In court Bolton was fined \$2,500 after the judge ordered him to set his own restitution. He didn't pay. Later, having returned to the North Shore, James alerted the courts again that the debt was still outstanding in order to gain more publicity. Eventually they acted and he was arrested again.

"The judge asked me why I refused to pay. I said 'would you pay a system that wrongly killed your own father and ruined my own life?'"

Eventually after more court hearings, Bolton was sentenced to six months imprisonment and even now the debt remains unpaid.

But Bolton believes a much larger debt is still outstanding - the debt that the justice system owes his father's reputation and his family name. "I have dedicated my life to proving my father's innocence," he said. "I'm not looking for any kind of compensation, all I am looking for is vindication. Until I get that from the New Zealand government I will not be able to get on with my life."

Bolton also says there is another reason for going public - to prevent the death penalty from ever rearing its face again in this country. "Not only did the death penalty wrongly take the life of my father, but also the life of a police officer and the lives of eight jury members. Surely anybody who reads what happened in 1957 will never support the death penalty again, would they?"

