

# lasting memories



## Carl Maynard

Senior Constable  
Holden Hill Criminal Justice

He might have copped an insulting remark or two since emigrating from England, but he insists that Australia is simply not a racist country.

Dodging bullets as about 10 of us from North London ran away from the Hammersmith Palais nightclub in 1980s central London. A group from South London were firing an Uzi at us, and you could hear the bullets hitting shutters on the fronts of closed shops. Armed Response police turned up, and we managed to get to a Tube station and back to North London.

Getting chased into an alley with a mate in Millwall after an FA Cup game between Arsenal and Millwall. Four or five big wharfies came towards us making the throat-cutting sign, and saying "Dead nigger". I looked for something, anything, to pick up and swing at them. Then I saw blue lights. I think the police had seen us get chased. They saved us big time.

Being at the 1985 Millwall-versus-Luton night game, which turned into the biggest riot in football history. It was absolutely frightening. I was sitting in the west stand as hundreds of supporters armed themselves with sticks, ripped seats out and poured onto the pitch. The police were there with dogs but just had to run. And, outside, it was like a war zone.

Losing a mate's mother, Pat, who had been like a second mother to me. She was a smoker who got diagnosed with cancer just before I came out to Australia. A mate's girlfriend rang me at 11 o'clock one night to tell me Pat had died. I dropped the phone and just couldn't stop crying. Nothing has ever left me feeling as empty as that did.

The first time I met my wife, who was from country South Australia but in England on a working holiday. We were introduced at the Green Man pub in London and ended up talking about kids, relationships, everything, until 7 o'clock the next morning.

My wife haemorrhaging when she gave birth to our third daughter. They just could not stop the bleeding. The colour drained out of her and she went into shock, and her eyes just stared. I sat there absolutely as scared as hell, and a tear came down my face. Eventually, they managed to stem the bleeding and get her out of shock.



My partner and I struggling to restrain an offender who had just stabbed a woman to death at Salisbury in 2003. He was HIV positive and there was blood everywhere. I called for help, and it was one of those moments when you just live to hear the sound of police sirens. He got done for murder and the attempted murder of another woman.

A PCA offender who, back at Salisbury police station, called me a "f---ing nigger". It really angered my partner who told him never to speak to me like that. Later, we walked out with him when he was leaving. His face dropped and he said he was so sorry. I just shook his hand and said: "See you, mate. Don't worry about it."

Interview by Brett Williams