

LASTING MEMORIES...

Jim Andrew
Detective Sergeant
Drug Investigation Branch

His giant frame gives him just about the most imposing look in policing but his equally big heart becomes obvious at the mention of family.

The death of my father when I was about four years old, the youngest child of three. I remember looking up at this big, huge man in a uniform and, then, all of a sudden, he was gone. He was a returned soldier and died of a cerebral haemorrhage. I didn't really understand what had happened but it did break my heart.

My mother raising my two older sisters and me by herself and working two jobs to get us through school. She worked as a clerk by day and as a cleaner three nights a week; and if she wasn't working, she was cooking and cleaning at home and never took a holiday. She also did volunteer work cooking meals for the underprivileged.

The birth of my daughter in 1988. I kept asking to hold her and, after she was checked and her mother made sure that she was okay, I did hold her. And there was I, six-foot-four, holding this little baby who looked like a Mickey rabbit in my big hands. It was one of the best things that ever happened to me.

Arresting three offenders for what was known as the Maid and Magpie murder – it happened outside the pub. They demanded the victim's phone and one of them belted him over the head with a billiard ball in a sock. We found one offender with the murder weapon, a bloody knife, under his mattress. They all got hefty prison sentences.

Helping out Tasmanian police in 2003 with a national run of the Rebels, one of whom got killed in a crash. We expected others, who turned up at the scene, to cause trouble. Their sergeant-at-arms, who was about six-foot-eight, saw that the dead man was not a full member or a prospect, and said: "I don't give a stuff" and rode away.

A Romanian woman I arrested for possession of a block of heroin. We confiscated nearly \$400,000 from her, and, at the time, that was the biggest



confiscation in South Australia. She lived with her children and had been getting blocks of heroin via Sydney for about five years. We believed she had \$1 million tucked away somewhere but couldn't find it.

Competing in a motorcycle enduro race and hitting a rock in a creek on lap four or five. My front wheel bounced up and I head-butted a tree which compressed my head down. I ended up going to hospital in an ambulance and, in my severely concussed state, kept telling

the ambos not to damage my boots and other riding gear.

Going to Melbourne with the police motorcycle club to compete in motocross and enduro events in the World Police and Fire Games in 1995. We ended up winning 10 medals between four of us – and we were just guys from the SA Police Motorcycle Club. I was absolutely rapt with the outcome and thought I'd done pretty well with two bronzes.

Interview by Brett Williams