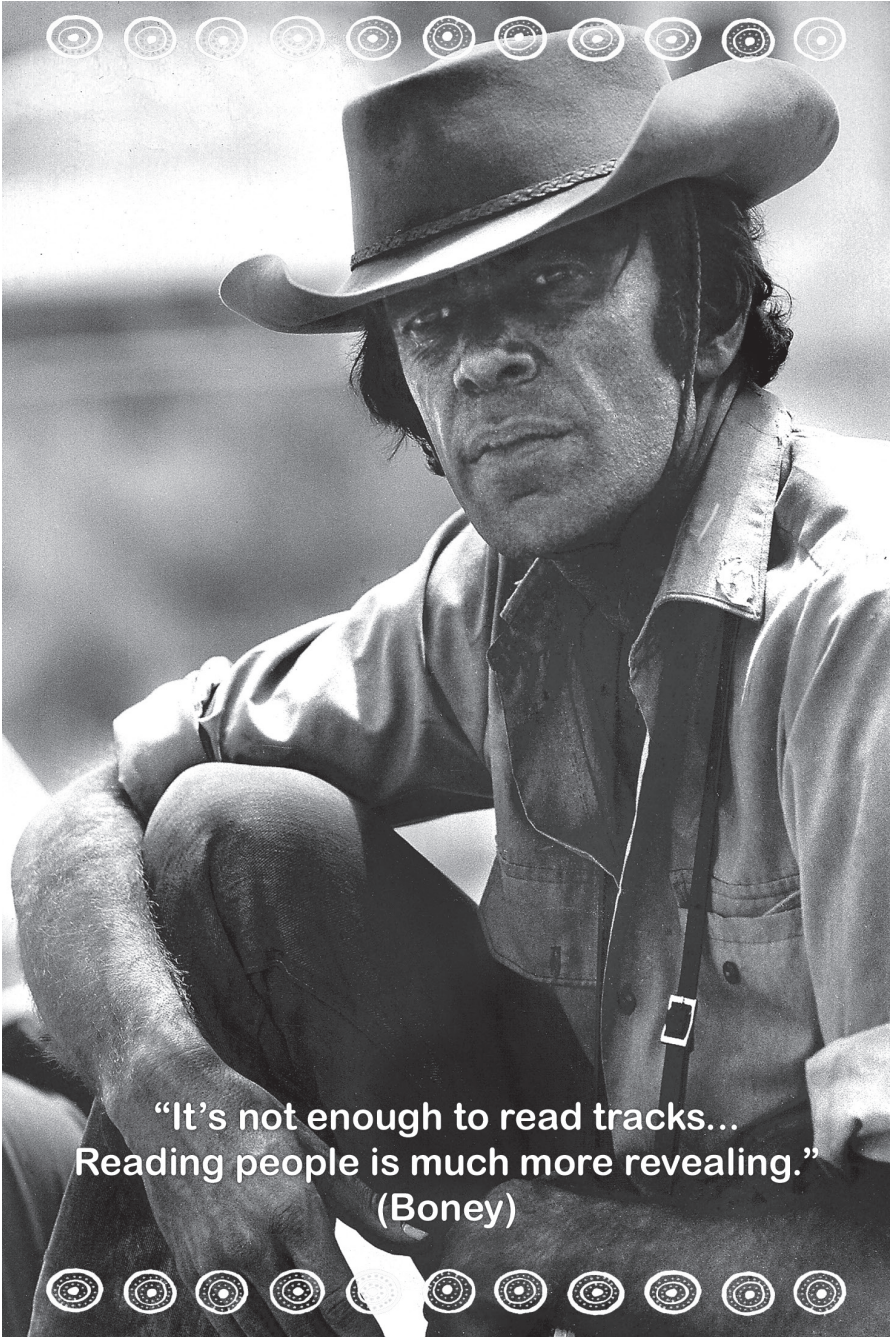


BONEY

A black and white photograph of a man, likely a cowboy, wearing a wide-brimmed hat and a light-colored shirt. He is sitting down, leaning forward with his arms resting on his knees. The background is blurred, suggesting an outdoor setting. The image is framed by a decorative border of circular patterns at the top and bottom.

"It's not enough to read tracks...
Reading people is much more revealing."
(Boney)

BONEY

Following the Footprints of a Lost Television Series

By

Roger Mitchell

BearManor Media

2025

BONEY - Following the Footprints of a Lost Television Series

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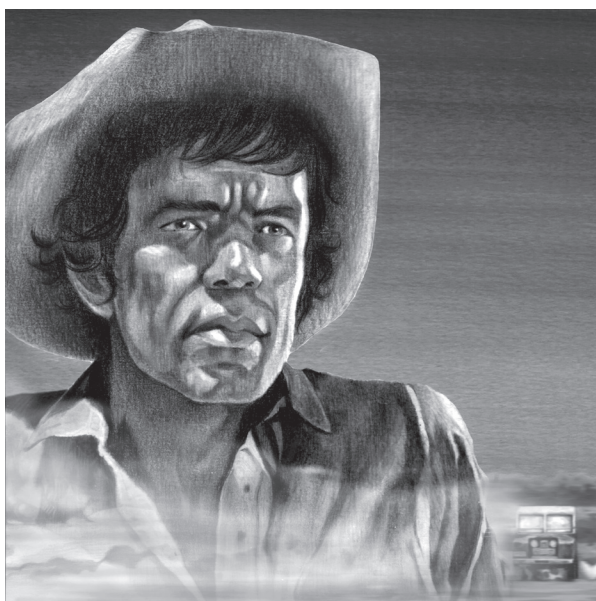
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All interviews and comments have been edited for clarity and length. Several of the people who made *Boney* have died since I started researching this book, but I've retained "says" instead of "said" when quoting them.

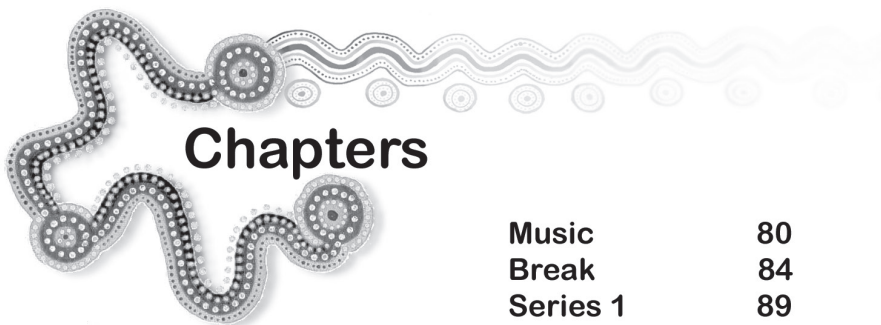
This book contains names and images of people who have died. It also quotes people who sometimes use outdated words and phrases which are now seen as insensitive, disrespectful or insulting. . . but that's what they said at the time that they said it, so there we are.



I'd like to thank the people who helped me write this book: John McCallum, James Laurenson, Peter Maxwell, Eric Fullilove, Kate Fitzpatrick, Ron Way, Sven Libaek, Peggy Carter, The NFSA's Access Services staff (particularly Clare Norton), Peter Yeldham, Philip Austin, Tobe Robinson, Tom Thompson, Gogey Matoo, Kassi Hays at the National Library of Australia, Southern Star Ltd, Wendy

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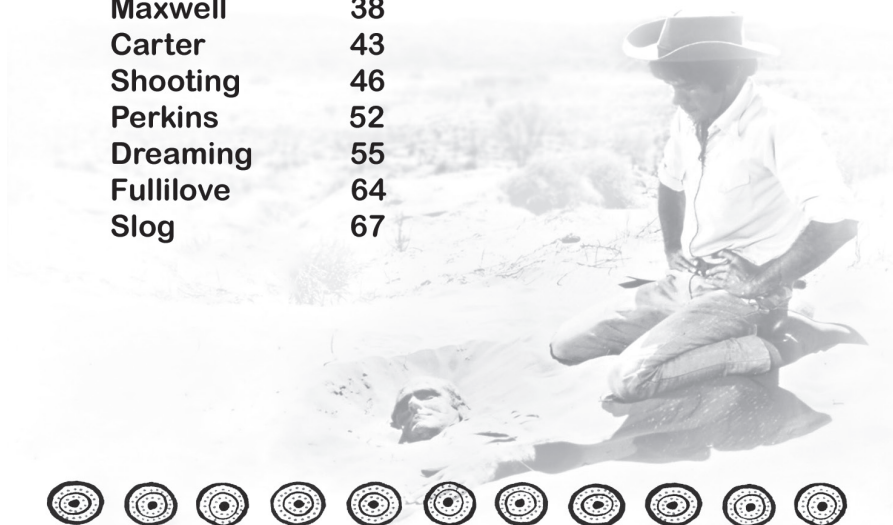




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A mirage:
Orange sands and sun-stunted trees
shimmer and ripple in scorching air
under a hard blue sky...
A Land Rover materializes from the haze...
An Aboriginal youth spins in a dance
from the Dreaming...
And a dark-skinned, watchful man
scans the horizon.

This is Detective Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte.
He has an Aboriginal father and a white mother.
He tracks murderers by spotting an upturned twig
or a crushed ant on the sand.
He's a loner who never fails to crack a case.
He's charming, arrogant, and an expert burglar.
He moves in the deepest reaches of the Outback
where no white person could survive.





July in the Northern Territory, bang in the centre of Australia, is winter—but the weather can still be warm enough for a man to need a drink during the afternoon. On one such day in 1971, the doors of a cosy pub in the small Outback town of Alice Springs stand open to let the breeze through. Patrons chat idly, sipping their beers, but when a tall man strolls in, tilts his wide-brimmed hat back, and crosses the room to stand at the bar, everyone's eyes follow him. Conversation falters into uncomfortable silence. The barman looks up, his smile of welcome dropping away.

"I can't serve you," he says. "You know that."

The man looks surprised. "Why not?"

"You know perfectly bloody well why not."

The man raises his hands submissively. "I just want a beer, mate!"

He's about 30, with dark skin and thick black hair. Probably not a full-blood—some white in there too. . . .

"Go on—I can't serve your type!"

The man looks around the room. White faces stare silently at him. No help there.

Flies buzz against window glass.

The barman makes a move to swing the bar flap up. The man sighs, then turns and stalks out the door.

"Bloody cheek. . . ." one of the patrons murmurs.

The man steps out into the sunlight, a broad grin on his face. He strolls over to a nearby car and gets in the passenger's seat beside a white woman.

"It *worked!*" he laughs, "They threw me out, Peggy!"

"Hooray!" she cries. "Thank God for that, James!"

His smile fades as they drive away.

He's thinking about what just happened to him.

