

Frederick John HANSON

08/11/2016

Frederick John HANSON QPM CBE (C)

aka ' Slippery '

(late of Terrigal)

Penrith Police Academy Class # ??

New South Wales Police Force

Regd. # 3958

Rank: Probationary Constable – appointed 7 September 1936 (aged 22 years, 3 months, 12 days)

Constable 1st Class (during the War whilst with RAAF)

Sergeant 3rd Class – about 1947

Sergeant 2nd Class – 1952

Sergeant 1st Class – 1955

Inspector 3rd Class – appointed 26 September 1959

Inspector 2nd Class – appointed 16 April 1961

Inspector 1st Class – appointed 28 August 1962

Superintendent 3rd Class – appointed 31 October 1964

Superintendent 2nd Class – appointed 22 June 1966

Superintendent 1st Class – appointed 14 August 1967

Assistant Metropolitan Superintendent – 1967

Assistant Commissioner – appointed 25 September 1968

Acting Commissioner – appointed from 11 June 1970 to 22 July 1970, inclusive, during Commissioner ALLEN's recreation leave.

Acting Commissioner – appointed from 1 March 1971 to 28 March 1971, inclusive, during Commissioner ALLEN's recreation leave.

Acting Commissioner – appointed 5 June 1971 (due to illness of Norm ALLEN)

Deputy Commissioner – appointed 14 January 1972

Commissioner – appointed 15 November 1972

Resigned – December 1976

Stations: 4 Division – (Pedestrian / Traffic Duties),
Broken Hill GD's (September 1936 – 1940) & Plain clothes (1940 – 1942),
RAAF during the War years 31 January 1942 – 30 January 1946,
Vice Squad (September 1946 – 1946),
Police Air Wing as Sgt 3/C (1946 – 1950),
21 Mobile Division – (1950 – 1953) Sgt 2/C
Broken Hill GD's – (1953 – 1959) (Sgt 2/c – Sgt 1/c)
Bega – (15 October 1959 – 17 April 1962) Inspector 3/C &
O.I.C. (succeeded Insp. 3/C C. M. Lark, retired).
Wollongong – (20 April 1962 – 16 June 1964) (succeeded
Insp. 1/C Allan Glenville Wild

Attended Australian Police College, Manly, 1963

Whilst at Police HQ, Phillip St and then College St, Sydney (22 June 1964 – 1976) he was the:

Metropolitan Police District – Superintendent 3rd Class

Superintendent 1st Class, Assistant Metropolitan Superintendent, Assistant Commissioner, Commissioner.

Service: From 7 September 1936 to 31 December 1976 = 40 years Service

[blockquote]

World War II

Australian Imperial Force

Force Royal Australian Air

Regiment: ?

Enlisted: ?

Service # 407958

Rank: Flying Officer (Lieutenant)

Embarkation: ?

Next of kin: ?

Religion: ?

Single / Married: Married

Returned to Australia: ?

Awards: M.I.D. (Mentioned
in Despatches) NCA (No Citation Available) Commonwealth of
Australia Gazette 21 June 1945 Page 1353, position 54

[/blockquote]

Awards: King's Commendation for Valuable Service in the Air –
granted 1 January 1945

Queen's Police Medal (QPM) – granted 11 June 1966

The Order of the British Empire – Commander (Civil) (CBE(C)) – granted 1 January 1974

Born: Tuesday 26 May 1914 in Orange, NSW

Died on: Sunday 26 October 1980 in Terrigal, NSW (his home)

Age: 66 years, 5 months, 0 days

Cause: Suicide – Carbon Monoxide poisoning

Funeral date: ?

Funeral location: ?

Buried at: Cremated

Memorial at: Police Rugby League competition (1970) Fred Hanson Shield.



Former NSW Police Commissioner, Fred Hanson, gives an address in Sydney. Picture published 9 July 1986. SMH Picture by Staff



Our photograph shows Sgt Ellis Noack presenting the **1972 premiership Trophy** to the then patron of the club, NSW Police Commissioner, Fred Hanson.



The Original 1946 NSW Police Flight or "Flying Squad" with the Avro "Nemesis". Two future NSW Police Commissioners are here: (from left to

right) Senior Constable M.T. Wood (Commissioner 1977-79), Constables H.D.Johnson and D.Paul. Flight Commander, Sgt. F.J. Hanson (Commissioner 1972-1976), Detective S/C V.Murphy and Constables E.D. Baldwin and F.E. Hyland.



FRED is NOT mentioned on the Police Wall of Remembrance ***NEED MORE INFO**

FURTHER INFORMATION IS NEEDED ABOUT THIS PERSON, THEIR LIFE, THEIR CAREER AND THEIR DEATH.

PLEASE SEND PHOTOS AND INFORMATION TO Cal

May they forever Rest In Peace

Frederick John Hanson CBE (26 May 1914 at Orange, New South Wales – 26 October 1980 at Terrigal, New South Wales), was the Commissioner of the New South Wales Police from 15 November 1972 until his retirement in 1976.

Early life and career

Frederick Hanson was born the eldest of four children to **Ernest Frederick Hanson** and **Vera Marie Hanson**. He did not remain in Orange for long before moving to Burwood where he was educated at the Christian Brother's Saint Mary's Boy's School. He became a jeweller's assistant before being hired as a porter with the New South Wales Government Railways. Hanson joined the New South Wales Police on **7 September 1936** at the age of **22** and the next year was posted to Broken Hill where, in the Sacred Heart Cathedral, he married **Carole Louise Whitehall** with Catholic rites on **9 November 1938**. In 1940 Hanson was transferred to plain clothes duties.^[1]

Military service

Hanson served in the **Citizen Air Force** from **1932 to 1936** and obtained a private pilot licence in **1939**. On **31 January 1942** he was transferred to the Royal Australian Air Force. **Commissioned on 14 January 1943**, Hanson served as a **pilot** in Britain, the Middle East and Ceylon (Sri Lanka), and was mentioned in despatches. On **30 January 1946** he was demobilized as **acting squadron leader** and returned to the police.^[1]

Policing career

Hanson was promoted to the rank of Constable (first class) while on **active service** and **briefly posted** to the **vice squad** before being transferred to the **police air wing** as Sergeant

(**third class**).

Such rapid advancement in an organization which was committed to seniority based promotion resulted in a number of appeals. The first appeal was rejected and the remainder were withdrawn which allowed Hanson to overtake more than a thousand other police on the seniority list. After this he became known as 'Slippery'.

The air wing was disbanded in 1950 and Hanson then moved to the new Number 21 Mobile Division.

He returned to Broken Hill in 1953 and was promoted to Sergeant (**first class**) in 1955.

Hanson served as an Inspector (**third class**) and also officer in charge at Bega (1959–62) and Wollongong (1962–64) before moving to the Metropolitan Police District as a Superintendent (**third class**).

After attendance at the Australian Police College in 1963, Hanson rose to Superintendent (**first class**) and Assistant Metropolitan Superintendent in 1967.^[1]

Hanson was appointed Assistant Commissioner in 1968, Deputy Commissioner on 14 January 1972 and Commissioner on 15 November 1972.

That year he also attended the general assembly of the International Criminal Police Organization at Frankfurt, Germany.

In 1974 he visited the Australian police contingent at Cyprus.

While Commissioner Hanson introduced merit rating, abolished seniority in executive promotions and also established the crime intelligence unit.

By objecting to New South Wales Police Association attempts to gain greater access to the Industrial Commission of New South

Wales he **sparked contention**.

Hanson gained widespread support in **1975** when he initiated aggressive street patrols to counter hoodlum activity, however he failed to control **illegal gambling** which was to become a major public issue.

In **1976** Hanson sued the then Australian Broadcasting Commission for defamation when it had been suggested that he had a financial interest in an illegal casino situated at Gosford; the case was later settled out of court.^[1]

Retirement

Pressured to resign after adverse publicity, he delayed doing so until he was replaced in **1976** by his **preferred successor** and **air wing colleague** Mervyn Wood.

Further allegations of **corruption** were made against Hanson in the **1980s**.

Hanson was a modest however humorous man, he kept his family life extremely private. He was a noted practical joker and esteemed by his subordinates for his genuine interest in their welfare, his readiness to delegate responsibility and his unwillingness to be hindered by red tape.

Survived by his wife, Hanson died from **carbon monoxide poisoning by inhalation** on the night of 25 to 26 October 1980 at his Terrigal home; the Coroner dispensed with an inquest and Hanson was cremated.^[1]

Corruption allegations

There were persistent allegations about Hanson's involvement in organised crime, and was repeatedly claimed that he corruptly received payments from criminals and that he was the **part-owner** of an **illegal casino at Gosford**, in which former

detective Ray "Gunner" Kelly is also alleged to have had an interest.

Hanson featured prominently in *The Prince and the Premier*, the **1985** book by investigative journalist David Hickie, which canvassed allegations of corruption against senior NSW government officials, including Premier Robert Askin and senior police including **Norman Allan, Hanson** and **Merv Wood**.

Hickie specifically named both **Allan** and **Hanson** as **corrupt**, stating that they knowingly allowed illegal casinos and illegal SP (off-track) betting to flourish in NSW. Citing an "impeccable" and highly placed source within the illegal gaming empire established by Perc Galea, Hickie alleged that Askin and his police commissioners, **Allan** and **Hanson**, were paid bribes amounting to **A\$100,000 per year** from **1967** until Askin's retirement.^[2]

Another of Hickie's informants, a former croupier at **Galea's Double Bay Bridge Club**, claimed that **A\$5000 per week** from the club was paid in **bribes** to **Hanson** and **Askin**.^[3] Hickie also notes that **Hanson** was among the **mourners** at **Galea's funeral** in **1976**.^[4]

In **1979** John Hatton, an independent politician claimed in the New South Wales Parliament that **Askin** and **Hanson** knew of and may have even encouraged the penetration of Australian crime by "**overseas mobsters, gangsters and the Mafia**".^[citation needed]

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Frederick_Hanson

Craig Richard HUGHES

08/11/2016

Craig Richard HUGHES

aka ' The Ghost Buster ' & ' Hughsie '

Goulburn Police Academy Class 227

New South Wales Police Force

Regd. # 23935

Rank: Probationary Constable – appointed 26 June 1987

Constable – appointed 26 June 1988

Senior Constable

Discharged in 2000

Stations: Blacktown, Merrylands, Parramatta HWP, possibly
attached to K District HWP

Service: From ? ? pre June 1987 to 15 July 2001 = 14+
years Service

Awards: No find on It's An Honour

Born: 1 August 1959

Died: 15 July 2001

Cause: Suicide – carbon monoxide (car fumes) at Lower
Portland Cemetery

(left a suicide note about how " the job " took him.)

Age: 41

Funeral date: ?

Funeral location: ?

Memorial location 1: Lower Portland General Cemetery, Lower
Portland, NSW (location of death)

Other Denominations section, Row 1, Plot 2

Grave location 1:

[codepeople-post-map]

Pinegrove Memorial Park

Location: **Peace Rose Gardens**

Section: **Rose Garden**

Lot: **Right 23 (Pinegrove Memorial Pk have Lot: Right 37)**

Lat/Lng: -33.78903, 150.84660



FURTHER INFORMATION IS NEEDED ON THIS MEMBER.

Craig is NOT mentioned on the Police Wall of Remembrance * **BUT SHOULD BE**



Memorial marker as the place of death of Craigh HUGHES, Lower Portland General Cemetery, Lower Portland, NSW Other Denominations section Row 1 plot Craigh HUGHES 21.8.59 – 15.7.01





Memorial marker as the place of death of Craig HUGHES, Lower Portland General Cemetery, Lower Portland, NSW



Photo taken on 19 February 2015 by Jo Barnes



Craig Hughes 1.8.59 – 15.7.01



Photo taken on 19 February 2015 by Jo Barnes



Craig HUGHES 1.8.59 – 15.7.01

*** NOTE ***

Craig HUGHES, pertaining to the simple white cross (above) which is located in the **Lower Portland General Cemetery**, is the same as:

Craig Richard Hughes

“Hughsie”

1.8.1959 – 15.7.2001

Beloved husband of Leanne

Much loved father of Amie & Aaron

Dearly loved. Sadly missed

xoxoxo

His physical **grave** is located at **Pinegrove Cemetery**,

Minchinberry, NSW

Pinegrove Memorial Park

Location: **Peace Rose Gardens**

Section: **Rose Garden**

Lot: **Right 23**

Lat/Lng: -33.78903, 150.84660



Craig Richard Hughes "Hughsie" 1.8.1959 –
15.7.2001 Beloved husband of Leanne Much loved
father of Amie & Aaron Dearly loved. Sadly
missed xoxoxo Pinegrove Cemetery, Minchinberry,
NSW

HUGHES, Craig Richard

1.8.59 to 15.7.01

10 Years have passed.

Always in our thoughts, Forever in our Hearts.

Love Mum, Vicki, Tracie & Family.

In Memoriam

Published in The Daily Telegraph on 15/07/2011

– See more at:
<http://tributes.heraldsun.com.au/archivenotice/2508200/view?random=1424394795045>

Having been contacted by the family, Aaron & Leanne HUGHES, in
July 2017 – the cross located at Lower Portland Cemetery is

the location at which Craig took his life.
Craig is actually buried at the Pinegrove Cemetery location.
May he forever be Resting In Peace

Scott Andrew NICHOLSON

08/11/2016

Scott Andrew NICHOLSON

New South Wales Police Force – Resigned

ProCst # 94539

Regd. # 20237

Redfern Police Academy Class 182 B

Rank: Commenced Training at Redfern Police Academy with Class
182B on Monday 8 March 1982

Probationary Constable – appointed 28 May 1982

Constable 1st Class – appointed 28 May 1987

Detectives Training Course 28/ 20 May – 28 June 1991

Senior Constable – level 9 upon Resignation

“possibly” Acting Detective Sergeant – Resigned

After resignation (due to PTSD) Scott was a Ranger with
Liverpool Council until his death

Stations: Campbelltown (1980's), Camden, Bulga, Fraud
Squad, Child Mistreatment Unit

Service: From ? February 1982 to ? ? 1996 = 14 years, 8
months, 6 days Service

Awards: No find on It's An Honour

Illness: – PTSD – Suicide – carbon monoxide gassing in vehicle

Born: Saturday 4 April 1959 in Temora, NSW

Died: Thursday 14 November 1996

Age: 37 years, 7 months, 10 days

Funeral: Leppington Lawn Cemetery, NSW

Funeral date: ? ? ?

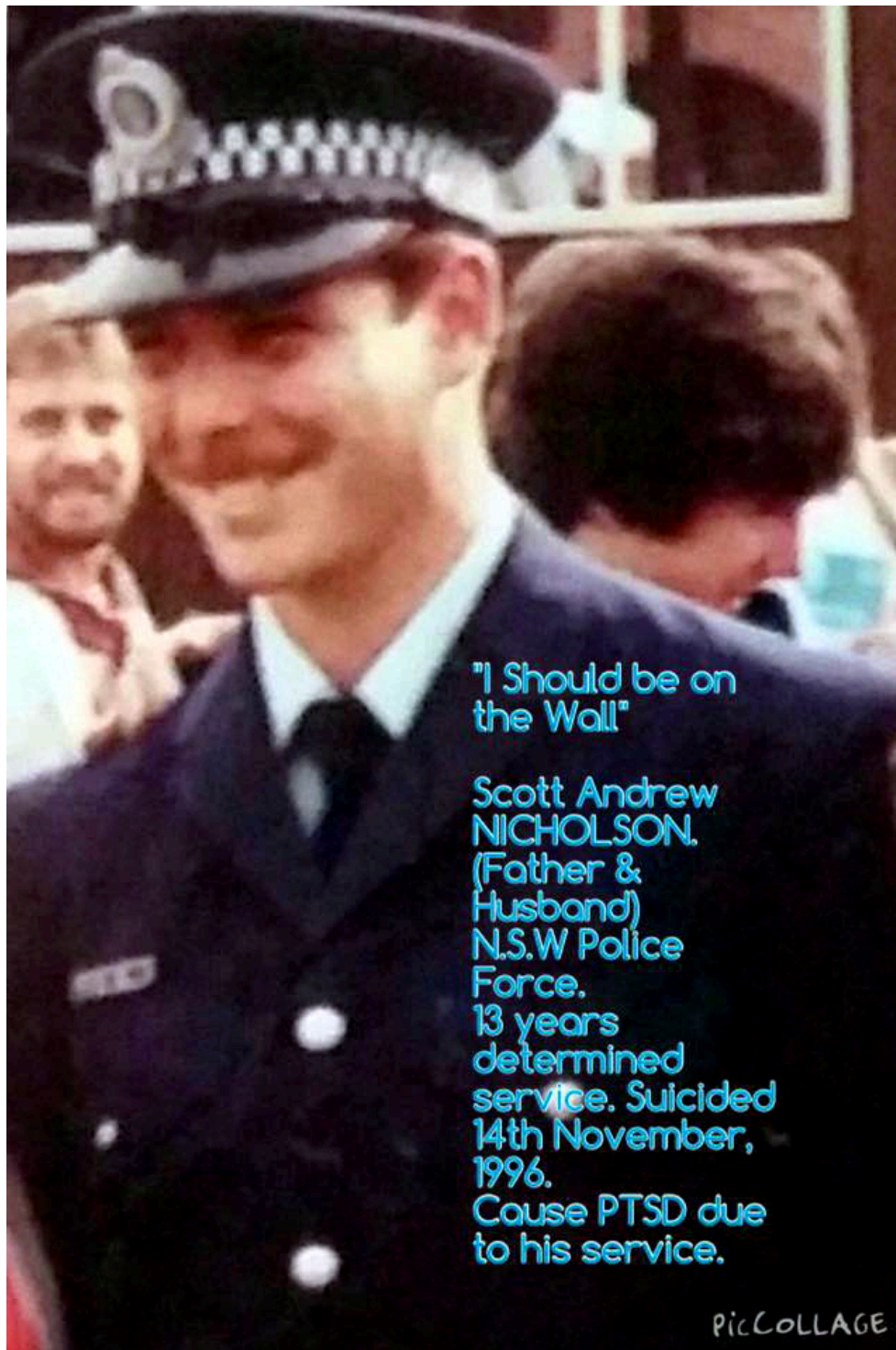
Buried at: Cremated & Resting in the Fountain Garden,
Nicholson plot,

Location: Beside Cafe Pagona Area

Section: Gazebo 3 bed 3

Lot:

Lat/Lng: -33.95538, 150.83279



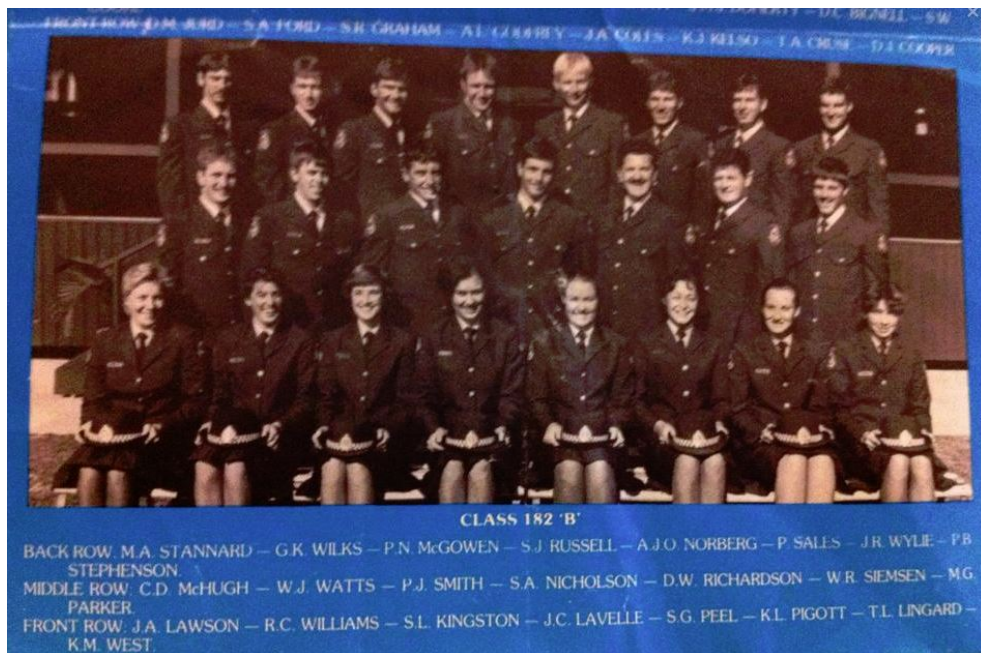
"I should be on the Wall."
I was once a Policeman,
I served you for years,
I saw so much pain,
It reduced me to tears.
I saved many lives,
Did the best I could do,
I served with distinction,
All to protect you.

Year after year,
Without self regard,
I lived for the job,
No matter how hard.
The toll it was taking,
Eventually broke through,
My brain now was broken,
I did not know what to do.
I keep telling myself,
It will get better in time,
Just keep pushing yourself,
All will be fine.
But it did not get better,
It only got worse,
The trauma I suffered,
Became my own curse.
It brought to an end,
The job that I live,
I can't do this anymore,
No more I could give.
The pain did not stop,
In fact it just grew,
The demons took over,
I did not know what to do.
I was empty inside,
Lost and in pain,
I tried to fight on,
But I could no longer remain.
The trauma had won,
I saw no other way,
So I took my own life,
On a cool summer day.
It was because of Policing,
You all know it's true,
It destroyed who I was,
From the things I went through.
The trauma of death,

Seen hundreds of times,
The witnessing of evil,
The wickedest of crimes.
Yet now I'm forgotten,
By the job I died for,
Even though I gave my all,
After everything I saw.
If I had died on duty,
Answering the same call,
You would all see my name,
My name on the wall.
I was still on duty,
I just could not let go,
I was still a Policeman,
My brain made it so....
Written 12.2.15.



Scott Andrew NICHOLSON



Scott Andrew NICHOLSON – Class photo taken at Redfern Police Academy. Class 182 'B'



Scott Andrew NICHOLSON – Memorial

~~[alert_red]Scott is NOT mentioned on the Police Wall of Remembrance * BUT SHOULD BE~~

SCOTT (as of 2017) IS mentioned on the NSW Police Wall of Remembrance

SCOTT (as of March 2019) IS NOT mentioned on the NATIONAL Police Wall of Remembrance – Canberra * BUT SHOULD BE

*** Stemming from the continued work of the wives & parents of four Fallen NSW Police to Suicide – those four names will now be included in the newly refurbished NSW Police Wall of Remembrance, Sydney, as of 2017**

Congratulations to those family members who fought the fight to right this wrong.

Police Officer Suicide Should Be Included on The Wall Of Remembrance added 4 new photos – feeling accomplished.

Wednesday 15 March 2017

Commissioner Scipione has telephoned each of us today to advise that our loved ones names are being added to the replacement NSW Police Force Wall of Remembrance, to be unveiled in the next few weeks.

We would like to thank everyone who has offered support over a long and difficult journey and truly hope this sets a precedent for all police departments, not only in Australia but the global policing community.

It is so very important to remember that policing can and often does have a detrimental effect on those who serve.

We believe that the inclusion of **suicide deaths**, stemming from a **work related psychological injury**, is the most compassionate way of showing that the police hierarchy truly cares.

The following names will be added:

Detective Sergeant Ashley **Bryant**

Sergeant Tom **Galvin**

Senior Constable Scott **Nicholson**

Constable Morgan **Hill**

#OneWallForAll

Scott was a member of the New South Wales Police Force for 13 years and, suffering from the effects of PTSD (Post Traumatic Stress Disorder) took his own life on the 14 November 1996 by gassing himself in a car and leaving behind two children, aged 6 & 9 (at the time) and a wife.

Scott worked at various stations such as Campbelltown in the 1980's, Camden and the One Man station at Bulga before leaving the Police Force and gaining employment as a Ranger with Liverpool Council.

Dimmy Nicholson Hi, my late husbands name is Scott Andrew Nicholson reg number 20237 who died by gassing himself on 14th November 1996 shortly after he resigned from the job when he could no longer cope with his PTSD, worked at Campbelltown police, Camden, one Man Bulga Police Station, Fraud Squad both in uniform & D's, Child Mistreatment & others. Hope that's enough info & thank you for all u do
October 19 2014 at 9:51am · Like · 9
Wife = Sharon
Dimmy Nicholson



SCOTT NICHOLSON - NSW Police Force PTSD/Suicide

"The Ripple Effect" - Letter from Sharan (Courageous Widow)

14th November 1996 - Life will never be the same again!!

I have mulled over in my mind just how my late husband's suicide has affected our children and myself over the almost 20yrs. It has taken me a few months to really dig deep.

It is early morning 14th November 1996 I haven't slept, I've called all Scott's friends and work colleagues' but nobody has heard or seen him for a day or so. I have endured a sick gut feeling all night and tried to push the thoughts from my mind that something awful has happened to him. You see he always came home, he promised he always would, it's a cops' wife worst fear that their husband/partner won't come home, today was different. Scott had been struggling desperately to stay afloat after falling to PTSD and depression, he seen his fair share of horrific murders, car accidents where victims were deceased, SIDS deaths, suicides etc., no need to explain further I'm sure you are all aware. The last horrific deaths he attended as a Detective were to be the icing on the cake, two young children around the same ages as ours; they were incinerated in a caravan fire. Scott came home that night and cried in my arms curled up and insisted our children stay up late to give Dad lots of hugs. I could only watch the despair and distress in his eyes, I couldn't see what he kept seeing, replaying in his mind those horrendous images. This was the beginning of the end for Scott, he fell to his knees and just couldn't get up, he was a proud man who lived for "the job", he always said he had his brothers in blue's back and always would, in the end NOBODY from the Thin Blue Line had his.

I remember walking into the Police Station on the morning of the 14th November 1996, eyes sore from no sleep and a horrendous gut feeling not all was right. I walked in and seen Scott's old boss, I knew by looking at his face of despair something awful had happened to Scott, he ushered my friend and I into a room and asked me to sit down. I knew instantly he had gone, I knew as a police wife this was standard when they were about to deliver bad news. I don't remember much from that point, I remember screaming, I remember looking at Dennis and begging him to tell me it wasn't true, he had tears streaming down his face and couldn't talk. This traumatic memory is still crystal clear today. My next immediate thought was "how do I tell our children their father had suicided", I had just a few hours to prepare for when they returned home from school, but first I had to attend the morgue to identify my now dead husband. I remember Dennis offering to go but I knew I had to go in order to believe he had gone.

I'm not sure how I got to the morgue, I just remember thinking to myself to keep walking don't collapse. I walked into where Scott was laying and remember holding him and begging him to wake up. You see he was always a big strong and capable man who I felt completely protected by, now here he was lifeless. I don't remember much after that except trying to collect my thoughts as to how to tell our children, they were 6 and 9yrs old.

I told our children that day, I will never forget the looks on their faces, my son screamed as did my daughter. I know my daughter didn't understand the enormity of what I had just told her, my son had always been more mature than his tender years, he got it.

Our lives were changed forever that day, my husband who had given everything to the job had given in to the demons that he had collected from each and every horrendous traumatising job he attended. All the comrade 'get-togethers' with the brothers in blue throwing down those beers did nothing to help him stay afloat. The bullying that happened from senior police, contempt and disbelief of his condition attributed to his decision to finally resign. I remember that day so clearly; he came home and said; "It's done, I can't do it anymore I love this job but I just can't keep the demons at bay". We of course supported him, but he was never the same. A few short months down the track - he was to suicide!

Our children have been through bullying at school from kids who taunted them because their father was a cop and in some instances our kids were told they were the cause of his suicide and that he didn't love them enough to stay alive. My son thought, he had to become man of the house and take care of his mum and sister. Both our children were given grief and loss counselling which I organised but it wasn't until my son hit high school, that he finally let go and broke down. In his words he said: "I never got to say goodbye to my Dad", I didn't get to tell him how much I loved him and wanted to be like him, he said he would always be here for me"

My daughter was always Scott's little girl and she adored him, following him around when he was at home, would jump out of bed the minute he got home or would leave for work. She was lost!

She has suffered severe bullying at school..... once kids (particularly at high school) found out her dad had suicided, she was taunted, pushed down stairs and her arm broken, isolated and in the end began cutting herself as a way of relieving her inner hurt and trauma.

In her words at aged 12yrs "Mum I know I was a bit naughty as a little girl is that really why Dad killed himself", another setback on our healing journey this being 6yrs after.

My daughter has never fully recovered, she has attempted suicide herself, she has run away from home and sabotaged her own education and suffers from incredibly low self-esteem and confidence, despite counselling and other healing she has done. To be honest I don't think any of us will ever fully heal.

My husband gave the ultimate sacrifice, and our children have sacrificed so much of their childhood as a result of Scott's suicide as the result of suffering Post Traumatic Stress Injury.

PLEASE EVERYONE I ASK THAT YOU TAKE THE TIME OUT OF YOUR LIVES TO READ MY STORY. I'M LISA NICHOLSON AND MY FATHER WAS SCOTT NICHOLSON.

PLEASE JUST READ LIKE AND SHARE!!!!!!!!!!

[blockquote]Hi my name's **Lisa Nicholson** and my father is **Scott Nicholson**. They say we are one big police family and we look after our own yet they don't even care to see the damage there doing. My dad suicided when I was just **6 years old** he was my world my life my everything. The day he died my world fell apart and the older I got the harder it hit me. I suffered and battled countless years of depression, I was raped and beat as a child and teenager and I had the balls to follow this through with court. But, tragically, all of this led to many suicide attempts.

Thankfully my dad had my back though I actually believed the world was so awful and painful that I belonged with my dad. I had a very hard time seeing other officers thinking that's my

dad he is as good a officer as you, yet why is he not remembered!??

He was so proud to be an officer and truly lived through his work right to the end! The end that the line of work he did helped drive him too!!! He worked his ass off to get the respect and acknowledgement that he gained and I've always been so proud to say that my daddy was a police officer!! Yet here these ass wipes are claiming that everything my father worked for his whole life everything he believed in and followed isn't recognised. They claim that we're one big family and in truth it has felt like that thanks to police legacy but then there's the fact that I've got to, every single day, deal with the emotional grief that I will never see my daddy again and then there's the fact that the man I love so much and am so proud to say he was an officer will never meet my daughter and my daughter will never meet her grandfather and that, in itself, has me pretty low but on top of all that these guys wanna destroy me; even more, give me no choice and take whatever is left in me to fight to have my daddy's name on the police Remembrance wall; a wall that all our fallen officers are on, all except the ones who took things into there own hands. We're one big family yet not only has their line of work taken my father and my daughters grandfather but they wanna take everything that I've left because they won't respect what they'd say "one of our own" my dad deserves that respect and so do so many others and again they say we're one big family but can they even see that their own choices, actions are killing us even more!!!!

I know I'm not the only one but I can only speak on behalf of myself. I wanna know why?? my daddy, the man that the only image I can recall is of him in his uniform, the man who tragically lost his life, the man who they claim death is not tragic enough to be remembered. Why??? I wanna know why?? my dad's dead the same as officers who've died in the line of duty. Dead not coming back; he died from the pain and

suffering from his job and they die in the line of duty but they're telling me my dad's death isn't good enough or tragic enough.

No wonder half the population have lost faith in these guys. I will continue to support and stand tall and for as long as I can with everyone else and I won't ever stop speaking out.

Your secret is no longer!

He will be remembered.

Thank you for reading my story. Please like and share this around. The more this gets around the more I hope will get in their face and finally remember all our lost men and women.

[/blockquote]

Police Officer Suicide Should Be Included on The Wall Of Remembrance

Thank you for sharing such a deeply personal and heart wrenching story of your journey Lisa! This is so courageous of you. The impact that your father's death had on you and your family is something that the Police force haven't been around to witness, acknowledge or support and sadly have contributed to your grief in doing so!

Glad to have you on this journey with us Lisa! Xx

Like · Reply · 3 · 2 hrs

- Sharona Sione Tylern Orlando Aweee hunni so heartbreaking thinking of you sweetie. X x x

Like · Reply · 2 · 1 hr

- Lisa Nicholson No thank you for allowing me to share this!!! It is such a raw painful subject but I've had enough of holding it in and I can only hope that others have the courage to do the same. Will be on this journey till the end!!!!

Like · Reply · 1 · 1 hr

Resting place of Scott: [codepeople-post-map]

When Sharan's happy-go-lucky husband became a monster

By CYDONEE MARDON

Jan. 9, 2015, 7:48 p.m.



Sharan Nicholson-Rogers has a plea for the minister: "Don't let any more families lose their husband, wife or parent by not making changes that you know will make a difference."

Picture: CHRISTOPHER CHAN

Sharan Nicholson-Rogers watched her husband change from a happy-go-lucky police officer into an unpredictable man prone to violent and emotional outbursts.

The gentle bloke she loved grabbed hold of her one day and shoved his gun down her throat, telling her he couldn't live any more because of what he was doing to their family.

Eighteen months later, Detective Sergeant Scott Andrew Nicholson took his own life.

That was 19 years ago.

Today Mrs Nicholson-Rogers is as determined as she was the day her husband died to bring about change.

[blockquote]" *There is complete contempt for anyone who falls. They will kick you to the kerb.* "[/blockquote]

She is calling for the establishment of a centre of excellence – a place where police officers can go for respite, support and treatment from mental health professionals.

"I know guys in the job right now who are crippled with PTSD [post-traumatic stress disorder]," Mrs Nicholson-Rogers said.

"They're still working, doing their best to stay in the job, but they need help.

"So many have gone through poor management and there is complete contempt for anyone who falls. They will kick you to the kerb.

"[Sufferers] need a place where they can go, feel safe, be honest about the fact they need help to cope and a place where they can get the best available support from experts in the field."

Mrs Nicholson-Rogers sought help for her husband when she saw the signs he was losing control.

"He became this monster, he couldn't help it, everything triggered him," Mrs Nicholson-Rogers recalls.

"I'd find him curled up in the foetal position, crying and crying.

"One night we had a bunch of friends over, we cooked lamb on the Weber and I brought it in for him to cut up

and he just lost it. He started smashing the kitchen up and screaming.”

Later he revealed the charred lamb reminded him of two children he'd seen burnt to death in a caravan.



Detective Sergeant Scott Andrew Nicholson with his family.

“The kids were the same ages as ours,” Mrs Nicholson-Rogers said.

She urged her husband to talk to his boss about his emotional well-being and asked him to contact police welfare.

“He said to me ‘Are you serious? They’ll say go to the pub and have a drink, get over it’.

“He didn’t drink much then but he soon learnt to so he wouldn’t be labelled a ‘sheila’.

“They get this sick sense of humour, that’s the way they get through it. Down at the pub or the bowlo for a debrief then the wives are left to pick up the mess at the end.”

Mrs Nicholson-Rogers and her two children have been to hell and back since her husband's 1996 suicide.

It was only through counselling that Mrs Nicholson-Rogers, a health promotions officer with NSW Health, realised the true impact on her children.

"The day Scott had the gun down my throat, my seven-year-old son witnessed that. I didn't know at the time. It's impacted on them terribly. As they got older they realised the enormity of what had happened. It's been a really rough road for us."

Scott spent 13 years in the job, with stints in Camden, Campbelltown and a one-man station in the country.

He died aged 37.

Mrs Nicholson-Rogers reached out for help when things got really bad.

"I contacted police welfare the day after he went off his head about the barbecue, I told them he wasn't well. He had his gun taken off him [temporarily]. They suggested maybe he should stay home, play housewife more, take more holidays, go for walks at night, debrief with his mates, that's it.

"He was suffering PTSD and he was told the best thing he could do is exercise."

Then one night Detective Sergeant Nicholson came home and told his wife he had resigned. Six months later he was dead.

"We had been asking for help for a while, through his bosses. I tried senior management," she said.

"At one point when he got violent with me I said I'd had enough and I would have him charged if something didn't

change.

“They said ‘Please don’t because we will have to take his gun off him’. I told them he needed help, he was a loose cannon, he will hurt someone.”

Mrs Nicholson-Rogers said suggestions he and other struggling officers were simply not right for the job was a cop-out.

“I hear the same thing today, young guys now being told maybe they’re not right for the job, maybe they should get out. Well no-one is right for a job where day in, day out, they deal with trauma. Layer on layer it consumes them and no-one can take that without the proper support.”



Mrs Nicholson-Rogers with her children.

Mrs Nicholson-Rogers, a nurse familiar with the trauma of frontline emergency, is one of several police wives willing to work with government and police officials to create the centre of excellence.

“We can give a family perspective to help them set up a place where police can go in the short term and stay if they need to and feel safe, where they are not going to feel compromised or spied on by insurance companies.

"We need change. The attitude of senior management has got to change.

"Right now, if you say you've got a problem, you're not coping, the bosses think 'Oh great there's another one off sick. That means a man down, overtime, it's the cost."

Mrs Nicholson-Rogers and a group of police wives believe they have a solution and are urging NSW Police Minister Stuart Ayres to work with them.



"We need change. The attitude of senior management has got to change."

"We need change. The attitude of senior management has got to change."

"I'm one of the lucky ones who have healed to a degree and married again to a man who totally supports my fight for change," she said.

"I would like to see him meet with us, it's not about us canning him, it's about working together collectively

with all our experience as families, to pick our brains on what they can do to make a change. Hiding from it is not the answer.

“They can’t keep turning their back. There are more and more suicides and experienced cops are dropping out. They are losing an experienced workforce that can be real value.”

Mrs Nicholson-Rogers has a plea for the minister: “Don’t let any more families lose their husband, wife or parent by not making changes that you know will make a difference.

“Just take a minute or two of your time to listen to my children if you can’t talk to me, see the pain and grief in their eyes and I assure you it will change your mind and you will work to make positive changes.”

The NSW Police Minister was contacted by the Mercury but so far has not responded.

The NSW Police Force has provided details of the programs and initiatives already in place for preventing PTSD and supporting its officers.

For help and counselling: Lifeline 131114; Suicide Call Back Service 1300 65946

▪ stephen • 2 months ago

Please keep running these stories, there needs to be a

ground swell of public contempt for this culture within the policing system. Only that way will there be some light at the end of the tunnel for these men and women, and their families, who are having their lives ruined whilst serving and protecting the public.

Joey • 2 months ago

So proud of you Sharon !!! Step by step change is coming !!!

We can't change the past but we can change the future and prevent other families feeling the same pain. Much love to you and the girls so proud of you

Macca • 2 months ago

Not everyone is mentally able to absorb the rigours of the Military or Emergency services.

I note that the Police "spokesman" has declared that they have in place procedures to help if PTSD becomes a factor.

Having some knowledge of this issue Why are the recruits not adequately assessed during training rather than waiting for the nightmare to begin?

It may not catch all, but may help some before their life is destroyed.

The military at least have programs to assess their recruits and place them in areas of higher or lower degrees of capability to absorb stress. It cannot be that difficult.

I thank God my daughter changed her decision and followed nursing.

Who knows Macca • 2 months ago

Im not sure that you can 100% assess how a person will handle situations. I see myself as pretty resilient but that may all change if I saw the aftermath of a bunch of children stabbed to death.

I guess you just never know.

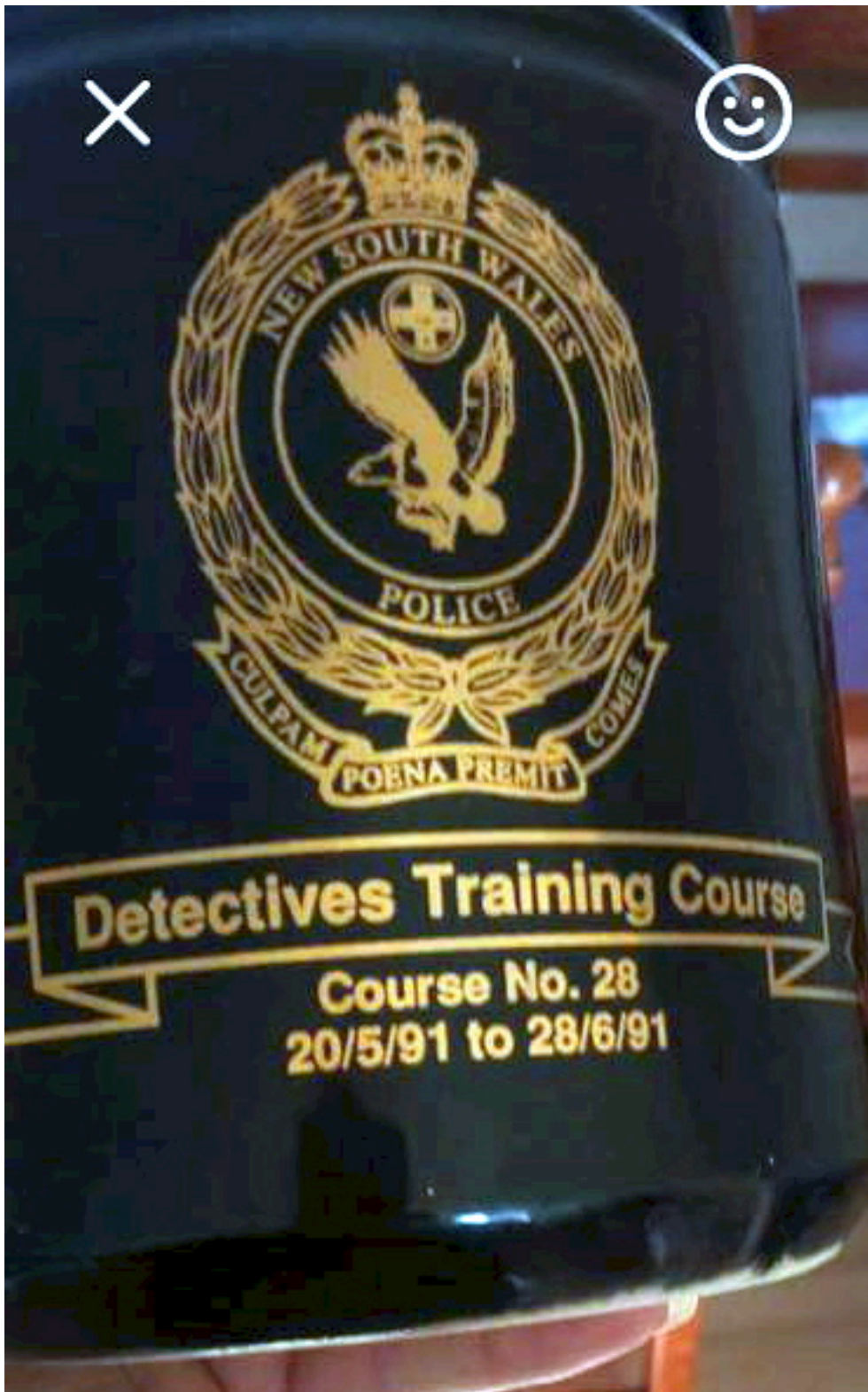
Lilstudent • 2 months ago

You are a strong woman Sharon for campaigning for this and no doubt keeping the wounds raw for you. It is horrible that your husband was not given the support he needed, and I'm sure there are many others suffering in silence like a ticking time bomb.

Ted • 2 months ago

There used to be government run places people could go but they had a few issues that the media beat up and politicians could see a few bucks in selling off the real estate to themselves so.....thank the dumb Aussie people.

<http://www.illawarramercury.com.au/story/2807747/when-sharans-happy-go-lucky-husband-became-a-monster/?cs=4401>



Scott Andrew NICHOLSON – Detectives Course #
28/1991 – Memorial Port

N.S.W Police Watch

January 14, 2015 ·

13 January 2015

She said that they develop a "Sick Sense Of Humour" her husband put a gun in her mouth in front of her children, he took his own life some time after. She said they turn into monsters , and they lose track of reality and develop this "sick sense of humour" Black humour I know cops call it.. but those of us with a sense of balance and compassion, would call it "sick".. Because it is "sick" Its as sick as the criminals they chase and lock up for doing "sick' things, they themselves have a "sick" way after a while.. And it gets worse not better over time ..

"Sharan Nicholson-Rogers watched her husband change from a happy-go-lucky police officer into an unpredictable man prone to violent and emotional outbursts.

The gentle bloke she loved grabbed hold of her one day and shoved his gun down her throat, telling her he couldn't live any more because of what he was doing to their family.

Eighteen months later, Detective Sergeant Scott Andrew Nicholson took his own life.

That was 19 years ago.

Today Mrs Nicholson-Rogers is as determined as she was the day her husband died to bring about change.

"There is complete contempt for anyone who falls. They will kick you to the kerb."

She is calling for the establishment of a centre of excellence – a place where police officers can go for respite, support and treatment from mental health professionals.

"I know guys in the job right now who are crippled with PTSD

[post-traumatic stress disorder],” Mrs Nicholson-Rogers said.

“They’re still working, doing their best to stay in the job, but they need help.

“So many have gone through poor management and there is complete contempt for anyone who falls. They will kick you to the kerb.

Mrs Nicholson-Rogers sought help for her husband when she saw the signs he was losing control.

“He became this monster, he couldn’t help it, everything triggered him,” Mrs Nicholson-Rogers recalls.

“I’d find him curled up in the foetal position, crying and crying.

She urged her husband to talk to his boss about his emotional well-being and asked him to contact police welfare.

“He said to me ‘Are you serious? They’ll say go to the pub and have a drink, get over it’.

“He didn’t drink much then but he soon learnt to so he wouldn’t be labelled a ‘sheila’.

“They get this sick sense of humour, that’s the way they get through it. Down at the pub or the bowlo for a debrief then the wives are left to pick up the mess at the end.”

Mrs Nicholson-Rogers and her two children have been to hell and back since her husband’s 1996 suicide.

It was only through counselling that Mrs Nicholson-Rogers, a health promotions officer with NSW Health, realised the true impact on her children.

“The day Scott had the gun down my throat, my seven-year-old son witnessed that. I didn’t know at the time. It’s impacted on them terribly. As they got older they realised the enormity

of what had happened. It's been a really rough road for us."

Scott spent 13 years in the job, with stints in Camden, Campbelltown and a one-man station in the country.

He died aged 37.

Mrs Nicholson-Rogers reached out for help when things got really bad.

"I contacted police welfare the day after he went off his head about the barbecue, I told them he wasn't well. He had his gun taken off him [temporarily]. They suggested maybe he should stay home, play housewife more, take more holidays, go for walks at night, debrief with his mates, that's it.

"He was suffering PTSD and he was told the best thing he could do is exercise."

Then one night Detective Sergeant Nicholson came home and told his wife he had resigned. Six months later he was dead.

"We had been asking for help for a while, through his bosses. I tried senior management," she said.

"At one point when he got violent with me I said I'd had enough and I would have him charged if something didn't change.

"They said 'Please don't because we will have to take his gun off him'. I told them he needed help, he was a loose cannon, he will hurt someone."

Mrs Nicholson-Rogers said suggestions he and other struggling officers were simply not right for the job was a cop-out.

"I hear the same thing today, young guys now being told maybe they're not right for the job, maybe they should get out. Well no-one is right for a job where day in, day out, they deal with trauma. Layer on layer it consumes them and no-one can

take that without the proper support.”

Tom Rigby PTSD is a terrible burden for anyone to wear, unfortunately though societies answer is exactly as written in the article ” Go to the pub and have a drink!”

Like · Reply · 1 · January 14, 2015 at 11:01am

Alan Hardy If you carnt handle the heat get out of the kitchen

Like · Reply · 1 · January 14, 2015 at 12:23pm

Stephen Evelyn Wall Just wondering Alan what job do you do??
These ppl do a wonderful job but doing that job they see and experience terrible things we can't imagine. All the training in the world doesn't prepare you for what they have to face.

Like · Reply · 1 · January 14, 2015 at 3:26pm

Allison Mc Paul Ftp

Like · Reply · January 14, 2015 at 4:28pm

N.S.W Police Watch <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s-tJKFgbkWU>

Police Integrity Commission investigate alleged cover up of...
[youtube.com](https://www.youtube.com)

Like · Reply · 2 · January 14, 2015 at 5:15pm

N.S.W Police Watch You need to do some more research Evelyn, many are not doing a wonderful job at all and then many above them cover for it..

Like · Reply · 3 · January 14, 2015 at 5:15pm

N.S.W Police Watch
http://books.google.com.au/.../Enemies_of_the_State.html...

Enemies of the State

Tim Priest is a former police detective who was on the front line in the war against crime and drugs in...

books.google.com.au

Like · Reply · 2 · January 14, 2015 at 5:20pm

Alan Hardy You are right Evelyn wall ,but if you can not handle your job ,what ever that job is quit and get another job. It's a job not your life

Like · Reply · 2 · January 14, 2015 at 9:58pm

Alan Medhurst Revell Well, well, well... Looky ere...

Like · Reply · January 15, 2015 at 11:53am

N.S.W Police Watch Have edited Jeff, apologies for that.

Like · Reply · January 15, 2015 at 12:50pm

For more read on below

<http://www.illawarramercury.com.au/.../when-sharans-happy-go.../>

First published on 26 October 2014.

Updated on 28 April 2026 with further information and calculations.