

part of the evening in the bar and had made a nuisance of himself with some women. At the daily police briefing that evening Rob Pope reported that there were considerable similarities between the two pictured men, but that was as far as police could take it. 'Whether they are one and the same person we have yet to ascertain.'

In fact Watson was somewhat elusive to pin down as either mystery man. Pope reported to the briefing that Watson appeared to be a 'hassler' whom several witnesses had identified at the bar, but not the 'sleazo' in the compusketch. 'We can pretty much put him to one side at this stage without completely discounting him from any involvement,' Pope told the briefing. And while John Rae said that Watson was well known to Picton police as 'a stalker and a knife man', Simon Moore reported that Wallace did not recognise Watson and was adamant that his yacht was not the boat he had dropped the couple off at. He had seen photos of Watson's *Blade*, and said it was nothing like the ketch he had seen. He had mentioned *Maenz* as a possible name of the ketch, but he wasn't sure.

Guy Wallace offered the only hope of definitively proving that Watson was the mystery man he had carried on his water taxi, with Ben and Olivia, to the mystery boat. But he was turning out to be a difficult witness. He gave a long statement to Detective Tom Fitzgerald on the same day, but although he added a few more pieces to the jigsaw of events on New Year's Eve at Furneaux, it was hard to say how much he advanced the inquiry. The former barman described himself as unemployed now, his New Year job at the Lodge having ended. He said that since his previous statement he had remembered more details about the evening.

For a start he recalled the lone male he had earlier described seeing in the bar. He had been drinking by himself most of the night. 'I remember thinking to myself that he must have been bored just standing there,' Wallace said. 'He did

speaking to the odd person but not for any length of time. He was drinking bourbon. I served him on a number of occasions. He wasn't drinking heavily but more steadily. He appeared to be a fisherman or a tradesman by the way he dressed and his manner. When he paid for his drink he would just pull a fistful of money out of his jeans pocket. The money was just screwed up in a bundle. I remember that because it really pisses you off when you're working behind the bar and people just put screwed-up notes on the bar.'

Wallace then recounted the water taxi ride during which he dropped off a couple at the *Tamarack*, where Ben and Olivia got on board his Naiad, joining a man and another couple who had been on board for the whole trip and were to be dropped off last of all at Solitude Jetty. Most of the details were the same as he had earlier told police, except that this time he said that when Olivia got on she stumbled and fell, landing between Ben and Wallace himself. When she stood up and went to sit by Ben, the unknown man patted the pontoon beside him and said, 'No, come and sit here,' raising his eyebrows to Wallace, man to man, about the pretty girl on board.

Then followed the conversation about Ben and Olivia's lack of a bed and the stranger's offer of a berth on his boat. This time Wallace remembered the name as the *Maenz* or something similar. The stranger said the name two or three times, and Wallace remembered thinking, 'I don't want to know the name, I want directions.' This time Wallace didn't recall the stranger's comment to Ben that he didn't own the boat but was just crewing on it. Instead, he remembered the man saying he crewed on a fishing boat. Wallace said that when eventually they pulled up alongside the man's ketch, he thought what a nice, well-kept old boat it was. 'The ketch did not smell of fish at all. It was very tidy. The ropes at the back made me believe it was used for fishing. I have seen ropes like that before on other fishing boats. We had one very similar at Ohope Beach