

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

LZK

Support person present: No

1. My name is LZK My date of birth is 1942 and I am presently seventy-six years of age. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in Aberdeen and my understanding of my demise is that my mother handed me over to the Catholic Church when I was ten months old through a Canon of the Church.
3. My mother was Her maiden surname was I later learned from my mother that my father was although I have reservations about whether that is correct. My understanding is that my mother was married and her husband was away at war when I was born.
4. I have a half-sister whose name, I'm pretty sure, was and a half-brother called They were both children of my mother's marriage. was born first, then there was me and then there was

Life in care – Scotland

Nazareth House, Aberdeen

General

5. At ten months old I was placed into Nazareth House in Aberdeen. During my time there and for a number of years afterwards, I was not aware that I had any family at all. I thought I was an orphan.
6. Unfortunately I have blocked out a lot of Aberdeen and I don't really understand why. The only things that jump out at me are things that I found hard to comprehend at the time. I recall very little before school age, such is my complete shutdown. I don't remember being in the nursery, in fact I didn't even know there was a nursery there until more recent years.
7. The first thing I recall is my fear of Nazareth House. It was a very old, very dark and a very sinister place. Every aspect of it.
8. We always thought we were poor at Nazareth House, that we had nothing and we weren't far from the truth. Nothing is exactly what we did have.
9. I don't know how many nuns there were, but I do remember three in particular who looked after the boys. One was Sister LKG and the other one's name, I'm pretty sure, started with [REDACTED]. Sister LYH or something like that. I don't want to mention the third nun's name because she was the only one I felt safe with. She was a very kind and gentle soul.
10. There was also a lay lady called FAJ who looked after the boys. I later learned she married and changed her name. I think FAJ put more fear in me than even the nuns at some stage.
11. I sometimes saw another lady who had a certain number of other boys to look after, but I never saw much of her or had anything to do with her.

12. We boys were addressed by our surnames by the nuns, staff and the older boys, although the only time I remember seeing the nuns was when we were getting ready to march to school. There was very little dialogue between the children and the nuns. A nun would never sit you down and chat with you, it was all very clinical. There was a siren for this and a whistle for that.
13. I believed that there were only boys at Nazareth House in Aberdeen, although I understand now that there might have been a girls' section as well. We had nothing to do with the girls that I recollect. I only ever saw boys and, if it was the case that there was a girls' section, I didn't know about it and we boys had our own dining room, bathroom and dormitories.
14. I have tried over a number of years to remember more. I don't understand how six years of my life has been lost and that I have such little recollection.

Routine at Nazareth House, Aberdeen

Register of entries

15. I have been shown by the Inquiry details of what is recorded in the register of Nazareth House, Aberdeen. I have those same details in records I have since recovered.
16. The register records me as LZX [REDACTED] which is incorrect, there is no [REDACTED] in my name. It shows my date of birth correctly, my mother's name and that my father's name is not recorded. The register also shows that I was received at Nazareth House in Aberdeen on [REDACTED] 1943. I believe that to be correct.

Mornings and bedtime

17. There were two floors of dormitories. The juniors had the bottom floor and the seniors had the top. The administration of the nunnery was down on the bottom floor. The woman who was in charge of the junior dormitory, FAJ [REDACTED], had her room on the same floor.

18. If my memory serves me right, it was pretty crowded, but other than that I don't recall anything significant.

Bedwetting

19. I had a problem with bedwetting while I was at Nazareth House, although I wasn't prolific. I was always scared and I reckon now that was probably the cause of my bedwetting. Even though we had a chamber pot at our bedsides, sometimes you just couldn't get there in time.
20. Apparently one time I snuck into FAJ [REDACTED] room and took her pyjamas because I'd wet mine. I'd completely forgotten about it but she reminded me in 1984 when I spoke to her.
21. I can't recall what happened if I or somebody else had wet the bed. I do remember the sensation of it being unpleasant, not because I'd wet the bed, but because of the aftermath. I don't remember any specifics though. I think that's part of my blocking out.

Mealtimes

22. I don't remember the kitchen, or who the staff were that worked in it. I do remember the dining room and I know that the kitchen was off to the left as you went into the dining room, but I don't think I was ever in it.
23. The nuns sat at the top end of the dining room and I remember there was a series of tables where the boys sat. I sat in the far side of the room, almost in a corner.
24. The only food I can remember was black pudding, which I got to love. I'm pretty sure we got three rings of it for breakfast quite regularly. I remember if I didn't eat quickly someone else took it.

25. I don't have a recollection of what happened if children didn't eat their food. I always ate mine because I was nearly always so hungry. I never remember being satisfied or full after I'd eaten.

Washing and bathing/hygiene

26. Girls and other women bathed us when we were little. I only saw these women at bath time and I don't know who they were. I was still young when I left and somebody still bathed me. You never saw the nuns in the bathroom.
27. We used to have to wear a waterproof slip in the bath, which was like a skirt that we had to put on before we got in. We each had to wait for the kid that was already in the bath to pass it out and then we'd pull it on. I also recall the dirty brown water after six or seven kids had been in the bath before me.

Clothing

28. I don't remember ever being cold and I believe we were reasonably well clothed. We used to wear boots and I recall having difficulty in the winter with the snow or ice on the road. There was a steep incline up to the school and quite often we'd get halfway up and slip all the way back down. I found it very trying and frustrating because there was no rail to hold onto and we were urged along by the older boys. They would tell us to hurry up, but I just couldn't do it. It was all bitumen and if you slipped from the top your safety was in peril.

Leisure time

29. We were always sent into the grounds outside to play. I was friends with [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and Ian Donaldson and we would sit on the far rail next to the road. We'd see mothers holding their kids' hands, which we thought was strange and we would wonder what they were doing. We never understood because we were never told that things were different in Nazareth House. We were never allowed to hold hands. Holding hands meant you were doing naughty things to each other, or at least that was implied.

30. I don't remember any facilities being available to us like football or tennis. All that was there was a big grass pitch that was fenced in with metal railings. It was more like a prison.
31. There were no toys or books and we never had any trips or holidays out of Nazareth House. I don't remember any movies or parties either, nothing like that.

Schooling

32. One of the things that has stuck in my mind is walking to and from school. There must have been fifty or so boys and we all had to walk in pairs all the way from the institution up to the public school. One of the nuns, usually Sister LKG would yell at us all before we set off, telling us to get into line. Once we were in line she handed over to one of the older boys and he would then march us off.
33. The only recollection I have of school is of the last day, which was very strange. I don't remember being in the classroom, although I obviously must have been.
34. My last day was in winter and there was snow on the ground. As we were coming out of school and starting to form a line with our partners to march back to the institution, everyone started making snowballs. They threw them at the windows of the school building and started to smash them. I remember being terrified. Every window that I could see over all three levels was smashed and I was so pleased to get away.

Healthcare

35. I was never examined by a doctor or a dentist while I was at Nazareth House. There was an infirmary where you could get treatment for minor injuries, a bandage or whatever, but that was it. I can remember being very sick while I was there, although I don't know what I had.

Religious instruction

36. I must have gone into church every day, however the only time I remember is one Sunday when there was a big pool of blood on the floor at the entrance. The blood went into a stairway that led up the tower and someone had roped it off.
37. We were told later by someone, I'm not sure who, that a boy had either been chased up the stair and fallen, or he had committed suicide. There was no body, just a pool of blood. I don't know who the boy might have been or if he was from the home, although I suspect he was. Somebody had told me his name, but I don't remember it now.

Work

38. I don't remember having to do chores. I would think we would have had to do something, perhaps it started at a certain age, but I don't know.

Christmas and birthdays

39. We never had birthdays and Christmas didn't have a great meaning to us either. There was nothing significantly different about Christmas, there was no Santa Claus and I don't recall the meal being different. I don't recall any decorations being up either. Christmas was something I learnt about later in life.
40. There is only one Christmas that I do remember, which I think must have been my last Christmas there. I woke up on Christmas morning to find a little wooden train at the foot of my bed. That is the only memory I have of ever getting anything. I felt very special.
41. Someone from one of the philanthropic organisations must have donated the train. It was all one piece of wood and the wheels didn't go round. In the front part of the train was a chocolate frog and I could never work out why it was there.
42. I only had that train for the day. After that it was gone and I don't know where it went. I don't know if it was removed, or if I had to hand it in, or whether it might even have been stolen.

Visitors

43. I have no recollection of any contact with my mother while I was at Nazareth House and she certainly never came to visit. I don't remember any strangers coming into the institution either.

Emotional care/support

44. There was no emotional care or support from anywhere. It was a scary, cold lonely place. There was nobody I felt I could speak to.

Personal possessions

45. Other than the train I got for the day at Christmas, I had nothing. There were no personal possessions, nothing I could consider my own.

Running away

46. I ran away from the orphanage when I must have been about five years old.
47. Three boys, who were all older than me, had planned to run away while we were marching back from school in our pairs, however they couldn't do so without being detected because I would have been without a partner and so they dragged me along with them.
48. The boys were [REDACTED] who was probably four or five years older than me, [REDACTED] and his older brother, whose name I don't recall. One of the brothers was tall and the other was fair-haired and shorter.
49. We were apparently missing for about three days, I think. We'd had little or no food and I have a recollection of standing in front of a fire in a policeman's house, eating a biscuit. I don't know why I remember that particularly. I don't even remember going back to the institution or what happened after I got back.

Discipline

50. We did what we could to avoid being singled out. We would hide, more times than enough, to avoid being punished by the nuns or beaten up by the older kids.
51. The administration of discipline was ad hoc in the main. The nuns either carried canes or had straps that hung down from their habits and they didn't let much get by them. Any behaviour could result in you being disciplined. Quite often the most inane things warranted punishment. If, for example, you stubbed your toe, or hurt yourself by tripping over and had to go to the infirmary to get a bandage, you got hit by a nun for being so stupid as to hurt yourself.
52. It didn't happen to me, but it was a regular thing for discipline and punishment to be administered at assembly in front of everyone. In hindsight the punishment was pretty mediocre, but at the time as a kid it was pretty fear inducing.
53. I recall seeing boys being held by the arm by one of the nuns and belted on the backside or the legs with a cane or a strap, while the kid was screaming and trying to get away. I don't remember anyone being punched or slapped.
54. I learned as I grew older and started to get a little bit of independence that it was the older kids who ran the institution though, not the nuns.
55. I recall walking back from school one day and going into a cleared area underneath the building. One of the older boys who was fifteen or sixteen, lined us up in there. Somebody at the end of the line said something and this boy took his boot off and threw it and it hit the light. There was a big flash of electricity, although luckily it didn't hit anyone. I remember the fear I had of these kids who had so much control and wondered what safety we younger children had.

Abuse at Nazareth House, Aberdeen

56. I don't know whether anything physical happened to me and I have no recollection of being physically beaten by a nun. I was pushed around and knocked around by some of the older boys, but I don't remember that from a nun or any member of staff at the school.
57. Compared to what I've read and heard happened to some kids, I guess I got out of it quite lightly. I know kids were punished by older boys and by the nuns, but the only two nuns I saw hitting kids were Sister LYH and Sister LKG. My biggest fear was the older children, FAJ and those two nuns.
58. I know that I used to be scared of being locked in a cupboard by the nuns, but I don't remember where the cupboard was. I know that it was a place you didn't want to get put into. That was part of the programme of fear and I guess that was the only way they could control the number of kids there were with such a skeleton staff. I was never locked in the cupboard.
59. FAJ would take great delight in scaring you. Even during the day the place was dark. At night when you walked through the building to get up to the dormitory we had to take a chamber pot with us. I don't think there were any toilets on the floors that the dormitories were on. Once I was late picking mine up so I was sent into the hall on my own by FAJ.
60. It was dark and there were no lights on in the hall and as I went in she slammed the door behind me and screamed out, "Watch out for the rats!". I still remember the panic that overwhelmed me. That was an example of the fear and the dread that I always felt.
61. Just outside the main gate there was a little room like a guardhouse. I learned later that it was a morgue. The children's home at Nazareth House was attached to an old people's residence, who the nuns looked after as well. When any of the old people died, their bodies were put into this room and a vehicle would come and take the body away.

62. The older boys would quite often threaten the younger kids with being locked in this room with the bodies. It never happened to me, but that was enough to really scare me and it still troubles me to this day.
63. I remember being put into a position that was not good when I was coming in the main building and about to go up the steps to the dormitory. As I did, the two [REDACTED] brothers, who were about halfway up, yelled at me to go back to the bottom of the steps and watch out for the nuns.
64. I didn't understand why until I saw what they were doing. They were kissing, their flies were undone and their private parts were in each other's hands. It was a homosexual act. It was difficult for me to comprehend but I knew that what I was looking at wasn't right. Why else would they be worried if the nuns saw them?
65. I stayed at the bottom of the stairs for about five minutes before they told me I could go up. I don't know what transpired afterwards.

Migration

Selection/information

66. In 1949 a group arrived at Nazareth House in Aberdeen to organise the transportation of us to Australia. I remember one of them was a Father Stinson and I remember him because he had a stogie cigar. I wondered what it was.
67. The group were up on a stage and alongside Father Stinson were two nuns, a lady who I learned later was from the Welfare Department and a politician.
68. We were sat down in our different age groups in the main hall of Nazareth House and they spouted on about how wonderful a country Australia was and asked for a show of hands of those that wanted to go. As it turned out, what they told us was not a true story in any sense.

69. I remember looking around and nobody had put their hand up. Suddenly I was poked in the side by Sister LKG and she told me to put my hand up, so I did. As I looked around I saw that the other three kids that I had run away with, and the brothers, had also put their hands up. We were the only ones in the whole institution and it seemed to me that because I had run away with those three boys, I was then tied in with them.
70. Needless to say we were earmarked for deportation. I have never believed that I was migrated in any sense of the word, I was deported.
71. After being nominated to go, we had to go through a whole procedure, although I don't recall a having a medical examination. I did have to go and get an inoculation, which I think was in Australia House in London, although I can't be positive of that. I can remember it hurt. There were a whole lot of needles in what looked like a cork and they just stuck it in my arm, leaving a scar.

Migration papers

72. I have been shown by the Inquiry a copy of my migration form, of which I also have a copy, which is dated 1949. On the form I am named as LZK LZK. Strangely, my surname is spelt correctly on it, when it hadn't been on the register for Nazareth House.
73. was my mother's maiden name and it was dropped when I arrived in Australia. I only knew of it when I eventually got my birth certificate years later. They also took the out of my name when I arrived in Australia.
74. On the form, the Reverend Mother of Nazareth House is shown as my official guardian and the form is signed 'P. F. Quille'. I have since learned that this was a Father Quille, who was from the Catholic Welfare Committee in Australia. I don't know any of the people named in the form and they certainly weren't guardians per se.

75. Accompanying the migration form is a medical examination form, which records various aspects of my health as being normal. The only exception concerns my eyesight.

Leaving Scotland

76. The details from the register record me as leaving Nazareth House in Aberdeen on [REDACTED] 1950, when I was seven years old. That accords with my understanding. It shows that my mother was living and that I sailed for Australia on [REDACTED] 1950 on the SS Otranto, although the name of the ship is spelt incorrectly.
77. The day before I was due to leave, the Sister who was very kind to me gave me a scapular, a small religious medal of Our Lady, which I was to wear around my neck. She took me into the old people's home at Nazareth House and I had to shake the hands of all the old guys. I guess I was to wear the scapular so that they could see that I was a good Catholic boy. Each of the old men gave me some chocolate and some money and I ended up walking out of there with a great heap of pennies, sixpences and sweets.
78. I showed the Sister and she counted it for me, took the change away and gave me a note and a coin. She told me that if anyone asked me how much there was, I had a guinea. I had no idea what a guinea was, but I never saw it again anyway. It disappeared along with everything else once we arrived in Australia.
79. On the day we left, I had to get dressed all in white because I was to be confirmed. This same Sister who was very kind took me into her room and took her headdress off and put it on the bed. She told me to sit on the bed and sat down beside me and told me I had to put all these white clothes on.
80. I was six at the time and she took all my clothes off and started sprinkling powder on me. She sprinkled it all over me, even on my private parts. She put a towel on her lap and told me to sit on top of the towel while I was still naked. I think the only reason I remember that is because it felt so comforting and I had never experienced any closeness or intimacy before.

81. It was only in later life that I thought she didn't really need to do all my private parts as well. At the time it didn't freak me out, but it is something that has stuck with me and it should not have happened.
82. She also lied to me. I asked her where Australia was and she told me it was just down the main drive and around the corner. I can remember thinking as a six year old that wasn't so bad. If I didn't like it I could come back.
83. I was given a little case that had a few clothes in it and I put my guinea and the chocolate I had been given by the old men at Nazareth House into it as well. There was a little suit, if my memory serves me right, and some trinkets. Someone gave me a little religious memento and that was it.
84. The next thing I recollect is being taken to Aberdeen train station where we were loaded onto a train. I remember being confused, thinking there was no need to go on a train because we were only going a short distance around the corner.
85. I later learned from other kids I went with, who I've spoken to over the years since, that I apparently bawled my eyes out for the whole trip down to Tilbury Docks. I knew we weren't just going down the road and around the corner.
86. I have very little memory from the time we were put on the train to when we were out at sea. I believe we travelled on the 'Flying Scotsman' and the journey took about six hours. I believe I was lying down crying most of the time. I don't know if there was someone looking after us, although I would think there would have to have been somebody.
87. I have no recollection of being taken aboard ship at all and I am since led to understand that I was carried on. I must have been asleep and I have always thought that I had been drugged before going on the ship. What kid wouldn't have been excited to be going aboard a big ship?

Journey on RMS Otranto

88. I don't know how many kids there were on the ship, but there were quite a few. I don't know whether there were any others from Scotland, other than [REDACTED] and the [REDACTED]
89. There were two women on the ship looking after us. I still had to be bathed, if my memory serves me right, although I might have got that wrong because I don't know if the ship had a bath. I do know that I was washed by these two women who travelled with us.
90. We were on board ship for nearly a month and we weren't allowed on deck for the first two days. We had to stay down in the cabin and meal areas below decks. It always troubled me why we weren't allowed up on deck. I don't understand what the purpose of keeping us down below was.
91. Our cabins were right down near the engine room. They couldn't afford to keep us in any more expensive accommodation. I'm pretty sure there were four berths in each cabin and I had the bottom berth on the left-hand side as you went through the door.
92. [REDACTED] has since told me that apparently I didn't stop crying for the first few days. He told me that they couldn't get me to shut up. I wouldn't even come up for meals, I was too scared.
93. I went for my first meal on the ship in the evening of day three. Prior to that I had been living on the chocolate that the old men from Nazareth House had given me. I had about four quarter-pound blocks.
94. We had to eat in the commoners' dining room, which was in the lower decks of the ship and we were fed first. When I looked down the dining room and round the corner it was all children with adults at the far end.
95. I went up for my meal and I had never seen a meal like it. Some of the older boys that I had to sit next to had played a trick on me though. They had scooped a big hole in the mashed potato, put a spoon of mustard in it and covered it over again. I was

starving of course and dived straight into the potato and got a mouthful of mustard. It nearly took the skin off my mouth. I didn't see the funny side of it then, although I can now.

96. On the evening of that third day aboard ship we were allowed to go on deck, supervised by one of the two women. Some of the kids were real vandals. They would slide the deck chairs around with other passengers still sitting in them. Quite often we were all gathered together and chastised for our behaviour. I don't know that my own behaviour was all that bad, I was too young I think.
97. I really didn't enjoy the trip very much although a lot of the boys were older and did seem to be enjoying it. I remember being pretty distressed much of the time, probably because I just didn't know what was going on.
98. The ship had an accident when it got caught in a storm and had to limp into Colombo. The ballast had shifted and three passengers were washed overboard. I was later told that one of them had been a lady who had been in the pool and who was having a shower on deck when a wave washed her over. I also learned later that not long after we were dropped off in Australia the ship sank. It was an old ship.
99. While we were at Colombo, some little boats came to the side of the ship selling fruit and other things. I ordered a bunch of bananas and put the scapular medal that the nun had given me at Nazareth House in instead of money. I got such a fright when the guy selling the bananas climbed the rope onto the ship and chased me while brandishing a machete. Fortunately I managed to get away from him.

Arrival in Australia

100. I have been shown by the Inquiry a copy of the passenger manifest for the Otranto, showing the incoming passengers to Fremantle, Western Australia (WA) on [REDACTED] 1959. I am recorded as LZK [REDACTED] which is the correct spelling of my surname.

101. The manifest shows that I boarded the ship in Tilbury and it also shows the names of [REDACTED] and the [REDACTED]. There are also some other names I recognise, although I think [REDACTED] and the [REDACTED] were the only ones that went in our particular group from Aberdeen.
102. I have a very clear recollection of arriving in Fremantle, WA. We were given a number from one to four by these people who were dressed all in black and that number was put around our necks. All of the adults were speaking gently to us, ushering us around.
103. We all had to line up and form a queue according to what number we were given. I had a number one around my neck and was ushered to the junior line. There were a few younger kids and they went to St Joseph's at Subiaco.
104. St Joseph's at Subiaco was for infants and when the boys got to five they went to Castledare. Once boys reached ten years old they moved on from Castledare to Clontarf.
105. If you were a number one you went to Castledare, a number two went to Clontarf, a number three went to Tardun and if you were a number four you went to Bindoon. Those were the four Christian Brother institutions, which were for boys only.
106. I remember some of the shouting that went on from some kids. Kids who had bonded in the institutions they had come from in the UK were parted. Some went in one line, some went in others. My understanding later was that brothers and sisters were parted because of the requirement here in Australia.
107. My group of fifteen or sixteen boys were then ushered onto a small bus with our cases and driven to Castledare Boys Home. None of the other boys that went with me were from Scotland.

Life in care – Australia

Castledare Boys Home

General

108. Castledare was located on a tidal river and was quite isolated. There were no civilian buildings visible, we were separated from the rest of society.
109. We had our own farm with paddocks around the outside and a church in the main building. You'd never know today that it had been a church, even though it is still the same building.
110. The institution was run by the Christian Brothers and amongst the Brothers were Brother **AKG**, Brother **MDH**, Brother **MIZ** and Brother **MDF**, who was about six foot six inches tall. There were also civilian workers at the orphanage, one being a man called Jim and the cook, who was an Aboriginal lady called Rosie.
111. There were about ninety boys at Castledare, some of whom were from Scotland, although I don't know if they were from Aberdeen. One of them was a lad named McGregor.
112. You never felt at home at Castledare, you were an island. Brothers made kids their pets and those kids seditiously had to tell that Brother of anything that was going on with other kids. The trust factor was therefore gone, even at that age. You couldn't trust anyone and thus you became an island. Your whole psyche had to change because there was no other way to survive.

Routine at Castledare Boys Home

First day

113. When we got to Castledare, Brother MDF got on the bus. He was wearing a black gown that was right down to his ankles. I learned later that it was a habit. He looked down at us and said, "When I say move, I want you out, under that tree over there in single file". Then he just bellowed, "Move!"
114. It was a bit of a culture shock and we were too slow so he started walking up and down the bus, hitting kids with his strap telling us to get a move on. I was just ahead of the last couple of kids and they were actually kicked off the bus. Physically booted by this big monk.
115. When we got off we were all milling around because we didn't know what a single file was. He started moving around us, belting us until we finally got into a straight line.
116. There were already Australian kids in the institution, most of them a little older than us. With MDF at the head, they then marched us down to the laundry.
117. When we got there, we were given the first of the ignominious exercises that we had ever been exposed to. We all had to take everything off and stand naked in front of the nuns that were there in the laundry. I think they were Hungarian.
118. The Australian kids were laughing and carrying on as we stood naked in a little huddle in the middle. One of the nuns came over and gave each of us a shirt and a pair of shorts. It didn't matter whether they fitted or not. That was our lot.
119. Everything we had, the uniforms, shoes, socks, underwear and the cases that we had, were all removed. Even kids that had scapulars, everything was removed and we never saw them again so that there was no link with our pasts. I will never know what happened to them and I was always troubled about where my guinea had gone.

120. This happened over lunchtime, but we didn't even realise we'd missed lunch because we were so terrified. For me it was the brutal way we were ordered about and how everything was administered after being at the dockyards where we had been spoken to so nicely.
121. We were known as 'Blackguards', which was the name that MDF gave the 'Poms' and from that time on, that's how we were earmarked. The names that we were referred to as being are quite frightening these days, but we had to accept that was the terms that we were brought to Australia under.
122. I know now that a lot of the kids say that they were only referred to as a number, but I don't agree with that. We were referred to by our surnames, or just, "You". It was the same throughout my time in the institutions.
123. Like at Nazareth House, everything was done by rote. There was a siren for this, a bell for that. The Brothers didn't have to tell us anything and they didn't communicate with us. They had no personal involvement with us at any level.

Mornings and bedtime

124. As soon as we got up in the morning we had to kneel by our beds and say a morning prayer. I can't remember what it was. Then we'd make our beds and go and wash our faces. After that we'd have minor chores to do, which was mainly sweeping and tidying up the bedrooms. After that we'd go down to breakfast.
125. When the weather was reasonable in the evening we'd be down on the Oval, the grass sports pitch, before we'd have to go in for a shower and then have tea. After tea we'd go to the church where, I think, we said the Rosary every night. After church we all had to go to the dormitories and clean our teeth before kneeling by our beds and saying night prayers.
126. Then we'd get into bed, but we didn't really sleep until MDF went to his room, which was pretty late.

Bedwetting

127. Bedwetting wasn't dealt with so badly at Castledare. They woke us up about eleven o'clock at night to go to the toilet, but we wet the bed anyway, it didn't matter.
128. If you did wet your bed, you did have to strip the bed and go and have a cold shower. You weren't allowed to have a hot shower. That was controlled by MDF who would turn the shower on full pelt, even in the middle of winter. It was so cold, but if you dared to try and put your head out he made you stay in there for another ten minutes. That was supposed to deter us, but I think it made it worse. It just added to the fear and the control that was going on.

Washing and bathing/hygiene

129. Considering the income these places got for all us boys, we lived pretty primitively. We used the next person's soap in the shower. One block of soap did that shower and the six kids that would go through it all used that one block.
130. Cleaning our teeth was always interesting. For the ninety-odd kids that there were, we'd be lucky if there was one little tube of toothpaste, which the Brothers would allocate. If you weren't in the first half you didn't get any and that was providing you had a toothbrush, which quite often we didn't.
131. There was no toilet paper in the toilets either. We used to have to tear a sheet off the back of our exercise books or whatever. You would get a flogging if you got caught out by any of the Brothers doing that though.
132. Every Friday at certain times of the year we had to have nits removed from our hair, or 'de-nitted', as MDF would call it. I don't think any of us had nits anyway, but it just became a part of our lives. That was how the world was and that was what we expected.

133. We were given a solution to put in our hair, which was called 'Jayze and which used to burn your eyes and burn your scalp. It was terrible stuff with a horrible smell. I'm sure it was paint remover or something similar. You had to rub it through your hair and then one of the other kids had to scrape a metal comb with very fine teeth that were close together down through your hair.
134. If MDF saw that it wasn't being done hard enough, he would take the comb off the kid who was combing your hair and scrape it down himself. He did it so hard he would draw blood from your scalp. As well as that, the kid would get a backhand slap.

Mealtimes

135. The meals at Castledare were very frugal and you could not afford to miss a meal. I can pretty much say that throughout my entire childhood I don't ever recall leaving the table satisfied after any meal. You couldn't compare what we were living on to the income that the institution was receiving from the various government agencies.
136. Breakfast was either a small bowl of 'Wheaties', which were a horrible, weevil-ridden cereal or, if it wasn't Wheaties, it was semolina. None of it had sugar added, it was very bland. There was also two slices of bread and a cup of tea, which came from big urns. You were lucky to get a dessert spoon of sugar put in that whole urn.
137. Particularly at lunch, you would hear the occasional boy retching. You had to force down your food because whatever you didn't eat was mixed in with your pudding, which was usually sago. When the sago was poured into your plate it was still warm, but by the time you got to eat it, it was cold and had jellified. Anything you might have left, bits of pumpkin or the eyes of potatoes, was mixed in with it.
138. If a boy didn't eat their food they just went hungry. It wasn't as though a Brother would tell them to go into the kitchen and get something else. Same thing if you weren't there for a meal on time. Even though you might have been late because a Brother had sent you to do a job, you just missed out.

139. The kitchen was filthy. I worked in there a few times and the grease that was plastered over the wall was disgusting. I don't know how we didn't come down with salmonella or some form of food poisoning.
140. We almost used to live off the Oval, which was full of nut grass that has a little green seed pod. We used to eat hundreds of those. We'd sit down on the Oval and make a meal of them.
141. The Brothers' meals were cooked separately from ours and they also ate separately in their own dining room. They always had eggs and bacon for breakfast, stuff we dreamed of, but never saw.
142. We loved Rosie the cook. She knew what was going on at Castledare and we relished the job of getting a weekend task in the kitchen because you could always get something extra to eat. When Rosie cooked the Brothers' meals, she'd put some aside for us. She'd wait until all the Brothers had finished their meals, sit us down and feed us.

Clothes

143. All we had to wear were shorts and a shirt. We had no shoes and no underwear. There was a large number of kids with damaged feet through chilblains from running through the grass, which would cut your feet between your toes.
144. We had sores on our feet all the time with cuts from the grass or from pieces of broken glass or asbestos that were scattered around the grounds. Our feet eventually hardened, but most of us ended up with flat feet.

Schooling

145. It's a pity our education wasn't so detailed as the religious instruction was. Education was as rudimentary as it could be. The people who taught us were not teachers, they were Christian Brothers and most of them were lay Brothers. None of them had backgrounds in education or degrees or qualifications to teach.

146. Even in the classroom the Brothers didn't communicate with us. They would demand: "You, out here, do that", "Everyone open your books". That was it.
147. There was no preparation for life outside the institution. Everything was taught by rote. I don't think we even learned to write at Castledare, all we got was basic addition and a bit of English.

Leisure time

148. There was never any organised sport, but for any competition that came up we were always called 'Blacks' and 'Whites'. The Blacks would have to catch the Whites and put them in jail and then the Whites would have to catch the Blacks and put them in jail. We would take turnabout. We were always the Blacks, the imbeciles.
149. We were allowed to swim in the river, however nobody could swim because none of us had ever been taught. There was an area of the river that was sectioned off and that was where the smaller kids and those that couldn't swim could go in the water. Kids were reasonably protected in this area from any tidal movement, but it was very deep and it was quite extraordinary that children didn't drown. Even in this area, the underflow was strong, especially with the tide moving in and out.

Healthcare

150. Healthcare was abominable. There was a little office that had some bandages and they had what they called an infirmary, which was a room that had about five beds in it. A nun ran the infirmary but it was very seldom used.
151. If, for example, you went with some cuts on your feet, the nun just put iodine on it. That was it. That was all we got. I don't know what happened if any boy had something serious although I did get sent to the children's hospital in Perth, the Princess Margaret Hospital, because I had problems with my vision.

152. I was having a game of cricket one time when one of the other kids pulled a stump out, threw it at me and it stuck in my leg. I should have been taken to hospital and x-rayed, but instead I was put in the laundry on top of all the sheets and I had to sit there for three days. They brought meals for me and I was helped to go to the toilet, but I had to lie there on a bed of folded sheets that were stacked up. That was the medical treatment.

Religious instruction

153. We went to church every second day at Castledare, on a Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday, I think. In addition to that, we used to have to go for Benediction on Saturday nights. There was also morning prayer and night prayer and at twelve o'clock every day we had to stop and say the Angelus. We had to learn all the prayers and they still stick in my mind.

Christmas and birthdays

154. We kids made Christmas with our enthusiasm, it was nothing to do with anything the institution did.
155. There would be a Christmas tree and it would be decorated. We boys would make paper chains and hang them up in the dining room, just to make it look that little bit like Christmas. I think we spent more time in the church than we did anywhere else though.
156. I don't ever recall 'Santa Claus' appearing at Castledare or Clontarf.
157. At the evening meal on Christmas Eve, one of the Brothers would stand there and call out each boy's name and we would walk up and it would be handed over. I think I got a pop-gun one year that didn't work, because the trigger mechanism was already broken.

158. Other kids got a bow and arrows, where the string had broken, or cap-guns, but no caps. That was the sort of thing we got, but it was better than nothing. It all added to the euphoria of the day.
159. The meal was a bit different. We would get the meat we would normally get, but cooked differently. We also got what the Brothers called plum pudding. It was anything but what I know plum pudding to be now, but it was different to the norm and it was supposedly sprinkled with sixpences. Nobody ever found one. We either swallowed them in our hunger, or they just weren't there.
160. At night we got ten boiled lollies and usually half-a-dozen peanuts in their shells. We considered that was a feast. That was a big deal.
161. As with everywhere I was in care, birthdays meant absolutely nothing at Castledare. It was just another day and you seldom actually remembered the day itself.

Visitors

162. I never had any visitors come to see me at Castledare and I had no contact at all with my mother or any of my family in Scotland. I believed I didn't have any family in any case.
163. The only person who came to see me was when I was in the Princess Margaret Hospital. It was the mother of the kid in the bed next to me. She came to me because her child had told her I had been in for over a week and I'd had no visitors. She came over to my bed and asked if she could get anything for me, but I was too scared. Eventually I said something silly and told her I would like a biscuit. Nobody from the orphanage ever came out to see me.
164. There were no official visitors or inspectors at Castledare either. If the Health Department had ever walked into the kitchen, they would not have just shut it down. They would have demolished it.

Emotional care/support

165. There was no emotional support at Castledare. You survived the best and only way you could. You avoided everything. We were incarcerated. I can't think of a better word to describe it. There was no escape and if we did, where could we go?

Chores

166. We boys were the Brothers' servants. We served them in their silver-service dining room with tablecloths and candelabras. We had to put white jackets on to take their meals into them while they just sat there.
167. Every Saturday morning you got a major chore to do. That chore was pretty laborious and it took you all morning to do it. Some boys had to scrub the dining room floor on their hands and knees. All the tables and chairs and the kitchen had to be scrubbed down as well. Others might have to do the dormitories, which would mean hand-polishing everything and cleaning the windows. Others would have to do the classrooms. They were onerous tasks.
168. For all the work we had to do, we got no payment and no pocket money. I think we got two shillings and sixpence from the Lotteries Commission to spend at what was called the Field Day and that was it, we never got any other money. We used to buy cigarettes and I think most of the kids had a smoke.

Abuse at Castledare Boys Home

169. When we arrived at Castledare we were very quickly made aware by other kids, probably other migrant kids, of different activities that were going on with different Brothers. Discipline was not as severe as I was later to experience but nonetheless it was ad hoc and was a controlling level of punishment. You didn't need to be doing anything wrong to get punishment.
170. If a Brother was in the frame of mind to want to punish someone you could simply be unlucky enough to be in the way. Most of us got savvy very quickly and we were able

to avoid such circumstances. We knew if one of the Brothers was looking to hurt someone and we made sure we stayed out of his sight.

171. We learned that Brother MDH was an out-and-out cruel man. He whacked and belted boys for no reason. If you were in his way he'd either kick you out of his way or grab hold of you and chuck you out of the way. When he administered punishment there seemed to be no end to it.
172. Brother MDF was probably the more sadistic. The crueller one. He was an absolute monster. He had a strap that he would roll up and tuck under his arm. When he went to punish you he would lean back and let it unravel. He had coins sewn into the end and when the strap hit your hand it just about ripped your shoulder off sometimes.
173. I couldn't say how many times my hands were out to get strapped by MDF. It must have been hundreds. Most of the time for no reason other than some petty thing that might have happened or because somebody might have said I might have done something. That was enough.
174. A lot of times that wasn't even necessary. You were just singled out to go over to one of the Brothers for a thrashing. Sometimes you could hide during the day, but they always caught you in the classroom or in the showers. If you managed to escape during the day, you didn't escape that evening in the showers.
175. Rather than make it look obvious, they'd put a sum up on the board that you'd never seen before. They would single out a boy to go to the front of the class and tell him to do the sum. The boy would get up and have no idea and the Brother would lay into him.
176. Some of the Brothers were interfering with kids sexually and they made those kids their pets. Brother MDF was probably the worst calibre of paedophile you could meet. He was so brazen that he was interfering with children at school in front of the whole class, although I didn't figure out what he was actually doing until grade three.

177. He would have one of the boys come and stand beside him in class while he sat in a stupor. The boy would have to run his fingers through [MDF] hair and de-nit his greasy, black hair. You almost felt like throwing up. Sometimes he'd have a boy on each side and each time he'd have his hands down their shorts. He was interfering with the boys in front of the whole class, while we were looking at him. Anybody could have walked in. He didn't care.
178. I knew he used to take kids into his room at night as well. I would see him prowl the dormitories and take anyone he felt like.
179. We were all well aware of it. I recall one boy saying that [MDF] had a lad, [MDF] lying on his stomach on his bed in his room and they were both naked. You could walk past [MDF]'s room and his door would be open and a naked kid would be on the bed who had been there all night. Anybody could have walked past, even another Brother, but it didn't seem to bother [MDF]
180. He only took me into his room once when I was eight years old, however he forgot that I was in his room. He'd woken me up about eleven o'clock at night to go to the toilet and afterwards he told me to go and wait in his room. Up to then, I thought I'd escaped.
181. I went up to his room and stood at the foot of his huge, tall bed. The room was very dark with just a small bulb in the table lamp. I was there for what seemed like over an hour and he came in, stripped off his habit, got in his bed, turned the light out and went to sleep.
182. I stood there wondering whether I should tell him I was there. I nearly passed out with fear and through not breathing in case he heard me.
183. He got up about half-past five, six o'clock in the morning and saw me still standing there. He challenged me and told me to go to bed. I felt such enormous relief to have escaped because I knew what he was doing with the other kids. I never had to go back to his room again and I wondered if that was because he felt he had been compromised.

184. I've always felt bad for the kids that were dragged into MDF's room, but MDF wasn't the only one. Brother MIZ was another of the main offenders, although not as bad as MDF.
185. I knew that a lot of older boys were interfering with the younger ones as well, although nothing happened to me. I never actually saw anything, but we would all know not to go in somewhere because something was going to happen. I'm sure it's probably because those older boys were interfered with when they were younger. I think the big problem was that there was no sex education and we knew nothing about sex.
186. When I was in grade three and nine years old, I was given the task of cleaning the classroom. Up to then I think I mostly had to do the dormitories. The grade three classroom was on a stage in the main hall with a stair up to it on either side. There were three rows of desks on the stage itself and MDF used to sit at the top. A curtain sectioned off the main hall.
187. Each Saturday, along with three other kids, I had to polish the stage, clean the blackboard and the windows and polish the desks. One Saturday in October, the other kids had finished their jobs and I still had the blackboard to wipe down before putting the brooms into a cupboard. The others had left through the back door and my job was then to go down through the hall and close the front door.
188. I came down the steps from the stage and started moving through the hall towards the front door when there was an almighty roar: LZK "what the hell are you doing in here?" I nearly wet myself. It was Brother MIZ and I hadn't even seen him until he yelled. I looked across at him and saw that his entire private parts were exposed.
189. As MIZ turned around towards me I could see a mate of mine, [REDACTED] was kneeling alongside him. Nothing actually gelled with me at the time, I was so stunned and relieved when he told me to get out of there.
190. I bolted and it wasn't until years later that I put two-and-two together and worked out what had been happening. Perhaps if I had been given any reasonable education I might have worked it out. My big regret was that because I didn't know at that time

what was going on, I didn't challenge Brother MIZ as to what he was doing. My first thought was survival, getting out of there and I did, at the expense of [REDACTED]

191. The following morning was a nice warm day and we were all in the shallow part of the river when I saw Brother MIZ get into the river down at the far end from me. That was the first time I had ever seen a Brother in the river. Even though none of us could swim, the water was up to my chest although it was still shallow enough for MIZ to walk along on his hands and knees towards me, with his head above the water.
192. There were twenty-odd other kids in the water, but I knew he was coming for me. When he reached me, he told me to put my arms around his neck because he was taking me over the other side. I told him that I didn't want to, that I couldn't swim, but he said with a hushed insistence, "Put your arms around my neck, now!". When a Brother says that to you, you did it. If you didn't there were consequences.
193. He took me out to the middle, not the regular part where some of the other kids were able to dive off the diving board and swim, a part further down where there were no other kids. At a point which he must have known was the deepest part of the river, he wrestled my grip from around his neck and before I could even take a breath, such was my panic, he pushed me under.
194. I thought I was under the water forever. I was keeping myself under through my floundering because I couldn't swim. I just couldn't get my head above the water.
195. I now understand when people say that if you go down a third time, you don't come back up. The first time I came back up I was able to grab a mouthful of air before I went down again. By that time Brother MIZ had already gone. When I came up a second time, I couldn't get my nose above the line of the water. I couldn't breathe.
196. If it wasn't for two other kids that had swum out, dog-paddle, I would have drowned. Between them, they managed to push me to safety where I could feel the bottom of the river. By that time my chest felt as if it was going to explode. I had thought I would die.

197. When I got to the shore, there was no sign of Brother MIZ [REDACTED]. He wasn't even on the shore. He'd disappeared. I'm sure he must have believed I would have drowned.

Reporting of abuse at Castledare Boys Home

198. I never reported any of the abuse I suffered while I was at Castledare to anyone. There was nobody I felt I could tell.
199. The frustrating thing was that nothing was done about Brother MDF [REDACTED]. His behaviour was taken as normal by the other Brothers, such was the protection. They didn't care. The belief was that they were all good, hard-working Brothers, giving up their time to look after us children. They didn't look after us.

Leaving Castledare Boys Home

200. When you turned ten years of age, you were moved out of the junior orphanage at Castledare into the senior orphanage at Clontarf, WA. By that stage we were already in a mind-set no kid should never be in. We had a heightened level of survival compared to that which you would expect ordinary kids to have.
201. When I was due to go, we were lined up in front of Brother AKG [REDACTED] who put his hand on my shoulder and told me that from then on my birthday was [REDACTED] 1943. I put it down to that giving them an extra year of funding for me. My correct birthday is [REDACTED] 1942, which I only found out when I finally got my birth certificate as an adult.

Clontarf Boys Town

General

202. Clontarf was another Christian Brothers institution and was surrounded by farmland, like Castledare. The institution kept cows and had its own dairy as well as a piggery where there were hundreds of pigs and also maybe a thousand chickens.
203. There was a quadrangle at the front and again there was a church and there was a laundry. It was a steam laundry and a good one.
204. Clontarf was much bigger than Castledare, with usually between two hundred and fifty and three hundred boys there.
205. [REDACTED] was Brother **MDI** and I think there were probably nine or ten Brothers altogether. It was a strange setup because there were lay Brothers there as well. There was Brother **MHZ** down in the piggery, Brother **MPQ** and Brother **MYK** [REDACTED] who were all lay Brothers. As well as them there was **MDF** [REDACTED] who moved from Castledare not long after me, **LZL** [REDACTED], who had a [REDACTED], **AOW** [REDACTED] **MXD** [REDACTED] **MXC** [REDACTED] and one other.
206. Three of the Brothers were on the farm or did the administration and had nothing to do with the schooling. One was an elderly chap who had no toes because he'd lost them on an expedition somewhere. His job was keeping the books and we didn't see much of him.
207. That meant there were about five Brothers to do the bulk of what went on with at least two hundred and fifty kids. Again everything was done by rote. A siren went for this, a bell rang for that. We didn't need to be told, we knew exactly what they all meant.
208. I felt I would be safer at Clontarf because there were more kids there and my introduction to Clontarf was one of relief at leaving **MDF** [REDACTED] and **MIZ** [REDACTED] behind at Castledare. I was only to be disappointed six months later when **MDF** [REDACTED] was transferred to Clontarf.

209. MDF had obviously been caught out as a paedophile at Castledare so they transferred him. I've since found out that he had been at Bindoon before Castledare and he had been caught out there for the same thing. That's what they, the Christian Brothers, did. Anyone that was caught out was just moved somewhere else.
210. The cruelty that occurred in Clontarf knew no bounds. It was a terrible, brutal, depressing part of most child migrants' lives and mainly because we were of British descent. The Brothers could never understand why they were having to look after all these other children, when there were Australian kids to be looked after. Their attitude was: 'How dare they come and spend our money' and we were often reminded of it.
211. We were often reminded that we were abandoned by our country and by our families. We were reminded in no uncertain terms that we'd better be grateful for what we had.

Routine at Clontarf Boys Town

First day

212. I went to Clontarf in late 1953 when, by my proper birthday, I was eleven years old. Ten years old by the birthday the Christian Brothers had given me.

Mornings and bedtime

213. Like at Castledare, we had to kneel by our beds as soon as we got up and say a prayer. Then we went downstairs. The boys that had wet their beds went for a shower, the other boys used the hand basins. We didn't clean our teeth, because we didn't get toothpaste in the morning.
214. Then we went to the locker room where we got dressed and then did what we called a 'charge', which was a chore. The charge would either be sweeping the alleyways or the hall, pretty mundane stuff. Every kid had a job to do every morning.

215. After doing our charges we'd go for breakfast. If a Brother wasn't happy with the condition you had left the charge in, you had to do it again and you missed breakfast. That was just tough because you just didn't eat. After breakfast we would have about half-an-hour or so before we went into class at quarter to eight.
216. About nine fifteen in the evening, after church, we were back in the locker room to get changed and clean our teeth. After that we went up to bed and lights went out at nine thirty. Every night the wireless was on for half an hour after lights out. Sometimes it would be a church programme playing, sometimes it would be a spooky story.
217. There were no heaters or fans in the dormitories, or anywhere at Clontarf. If we were too hot, we opened a window. That was it.

Bedwetting

218. At Clontarf there was a whole balcony for boys who wet their beds. The balcony was enclosed by glass louvres, but those louvres didn't stop much of the weather. It was freezing in the winter and hot in the summer. The end on the left was open and quite a few of the louvres were missing so the wind blew through. They weren't properly fitted either so that when any wind came up at all, they rattled and kept us awake.
219. There were no plastic sheets over the mattresses, which were old horsehair ones. Needless to say, after you'd wet your bed for about a fortnight, the mattress was ruined and stank. They were never washed.
220. Like at Castledare, if a boy had wet their bed they had to go for the standard freezing cold shower. Later on, you would have to make sure you picked up your sheet after it had been laundered and put it back on your bed.
221. If you were repetitive enough, you were punished, although that wasn't the norm. I did see some kids get their wet sheet thrown over them and be made to stand in the passageway for quite some time, but that never happened to me. My bedwetting stopped the day I left Clontarf. It was clearly a fear thing.

222. I later found out that some of the boards of the balcony were so corroded from the amount of urine that had gone through the mattress onto them, they had to be pulled down after Clontarf stopped taking in kids.

Washing and bathing/hygiene

223. We showered every day at Clontarf and [MDF] always supervised. We went for showers in three groups with twenty-seven kids all having a shower at any one time. As at Castledare, there was only ever one block of soap for each shower and every successive boy had to use that one bar.
224. We had to wash our feet before we went into the shower and, as we came out of the shower and before we went to get dressed in the locker room, we then had to be inspected by [MDF]. We had to put our hands up in the air and do a complete turn in front of him.
225. It was the same at Clontarf as it had been at Castledare. There were often no toothbrushes and even when there were, there was never enough toothpaste. There were just two of the smallest tubes of toothpaste they could get for two hundred and fifty kids. If you weren't in the first third, you had to use soap. If you didn't have a toothbrush, you just had to use soap on a finger.
226. Nobody had a comb either, we just had to use our hands. Again for an institution that was given so much money by so many people, it is extraordinary what we didn't have.

Mealtimes

227. As at Castledare, the Brothers ate separately and we kids ate in a huge dining room, which was like a swill hall. Two hundred and fifty of us kids all filed past a serving point, where there was nothing keeping the food hot. After we picked up our meals, we had to stand behind our chairs until every kid had gone through the servery. Then we all had to stand until Grace was said and it was only then that we could sit down.

228. If you were first in the queue, by the time you got to sit down everything had congealed and it tasted even worse than it would have if it had still been warm and fluid.
229. Whoever was employed in the kitchen was no cook, but he would have been cheap. I don't know how the nourishment that was in those meals sustained us. It was appalling. On Monday lunchtime we got stew and on Tuesday we got pies. The pies weren't a proper meal, but they were a bit different and they were cooked by a proper baker. On Wednesday we got sausages, Thursday was a rissole, which was just plain sausage meat, and on Friday it was fish. Saturday was saveloy sausages and Sunday was whatever was left over from the week before.
230. I don't know how kids didn't choke on the little fish we were given on a Friday. All the bones were still in them and there would be ten and eleven year old kids trying to get as much meat off that fish as they could without swallowing a bone.
231. As an example of just how harsh things were, the normal Monday lunchtime meal of stew smelt like a mouldy cloth that had been in the back of a cupboard for years. It looked even worse. It was a dull, grey, congealed mass. You could see bits of potato in it with the eyes still in them and bits of pumpkin with lumps that hadn't been cooked right through. All you could hear was the sound of boys gagging as they tried to swallow it down.
232. You could never get caught putting food you couldn't eat in your pockets at mealtimes because that's what they looked for. If there was any wet seeping through the lining of your pocket as you walked out of the dining room, you would have to take out whatever it was and put it on a plate. Whichever Brother it was would mix in whatever they could get their hands on and stand and make you eat that, regardless of what it was.
233. If you were still at the table when they noticed you hadn't eaten something they would mix it in with your pudding and make you eat that too.
234. The evening meal was two slices of bread and a rock cake. Sometimes there might be enough jam in a bowl to put a smear on each piece of bread and there was butter,

but the butter was so rationed that it barely covered one piece of bread anyway. There were eight kids to a table and whoever had the job of dividing the butter up got the last pick so he made sure he did it evenly.

235. There were no sultanas or currants in the rock cake and there was no sugar on top, it was just plain. That was it from half-past five in the evening until breakfast at half-past seven the next morning for kids that were growing and needed so much energy. That's why you couldn't afford to miss breakfast.
236. We used to raid the pig bins because the bread that was for the pigs was better than the bread we got given most days. It was fresher and softer. You could never afford to get caught though because if you did you got a hiding. That was a serious offence. The pigs were more important to the Brothers than we boys were because they could sell the pigs and make money.
237. We also used to steal the cows' food, although again you couldn't afford to get caught. We'd duck across to the dairy and get a big swig of molasses and eat the very fine powder and the bran that they got, which was more like rolled oats. The cows too were eating better than us.
238. Even though there were all those chickens we never got an egg, all the eggs were sold. Similarly, even though there were hundreds of pigs, we never got pork. They had the potential to feed the kids properly, but they opted not to because they were getting more money for the livestock on the open market.

Clothing

239. Clothing was the same at Clontarf as it had been at Castledare. A shirt and shorts and no shoes, we'd have to run around everywhere in bare feet. If the temperature outside was a hundred degrees, the concrete that we had to walk on was probably a hundred and twenty degrees. We weren't allowed to use the cover of the verandas, because that's where the Brothers walked. We couldn't stop on the one spot for too long, we had to keep moving.

240. In winter we were issued with a jumper that had been handed down for countless years already. Every Saturday during the winter we had to hand the jumper into the laundry, but before we did we had to parade past Brother MDI so that he could see the front of it. If there was a stain on the jumper you had to stand on the stage in the quadrangle for punishment.
241. We had no serviettes at meals and it was pretty hard to eat without spilling it on our clothes, particularly the stew. Needless to say there were always fifteen to twenty kids up on the stage because their jumpers had stains on them. It wasn't as though the laundry wouldn't have been able to wash the stains out too.
242. Every kid also had a suit, which I'm pretty sure were paid for by the Lottery. We only got to wear it once a month to church and then it was put back into the suit room. There was a whole room dedicated to suits and shoes.

Schooling

243. The standard of education at Clontarf was the very same as it had been at Castledare. Teaching was all done by rote. We had to learn everything parrot fashion with no understanding of what we were learning.
244. The standard of the whole system of education during those formative years of our lives, from age seven to sixteen, was very poor. What should have been in place was what we would have received in Scotland. In Scotland we would have received a far better standard of education from the public schools we had been going to.
245. Class started at quarter to eight every morning, including Saturdays for a while. Class was where the Brothers caught up with you for any past misdemeanour that may have happened in the previous twenty four hours. That was more the object of school rather than what they were going to teach that day.
246. The Brothers' method of teaching was abominable. You never understood what they were talking about because they didn't know how to explain it. MDI and some of the

other Brothers used to sit in the back of the class to learn the theorems that they would then try to teach to their own class.

247. There were two Brothers that were quite reasonable, MXD and AOW. MXD took [REDACTED] and AOW took [REDACTED] and they seemed to know what they were on about, although not totally. They were, however, a lot better than the rest of them.
248. MXD and AOW took years seven, eight and nine, which was known as 'junior' back in those days. They seemed to be prepared to spend a bit more time explaining things although I still didn't comprehend quite a few of the explanations anyway. I didn't have the background knowledge to be able to catch up.
249. We might have been in year eight, for example, but we had the memory and education of a kid in year five. That was the stark reality. We just weren't able to pick up on the stuff they assumed we knew, but that we didn't know. That was the only way they could teach, they didn't know any other way and we all had to wear the consequences of that for the rest of our lives.
250. During school there was a fifteen minute morning tea break. Lunch followed at half past twelve and it was nothing to write home about. After lunch we started back in school at one o'clock and then there was a mid-afternoon break for ten minutes. At quarter to four we were out of school and down to the Oval until teatime.
251. At six thirty we were back in the classroom till quarter to nine, when we went to the church. That time back in the classroom was supposed to be for homework, but there was only one Brother there to make sure we weren't playing up. There was no one there to correct us or to explain anything we didn't understand. It was just to keep us occupied.
252. We were taught to write at Clontarf. I have since seen in some of the official documents from London that there are letters from orphaned children who had written home, telling of the wonderful life they were having in Australia. That is rubbish. The Brothers wrote on a board what we were to say and we had to copy it down, word for word.

253. I wrote to Nazareth House, because that was the only place I could write to. Even as we were writing, we knew it wasn't right, but they just told us it was an exercise, part of our learning how to write. All the letters were collected up, checked by the teacher, then put in envelopes and sent off to the different places. None of it was true. It was all lies.
254. I passed year eight twice and yet I was made to repeat it for a third time. I don't know how I passed it once, I really didn't think I knew enough to get through. I passed it in 1957 and then Brother MDI [REDACTED] told me I had to do it again. I knew of other kids who had actually failed but had gone onto year nine, so I didn't understand. I sat year eight again and passed it again, only to be told I was staying again. I knew I'd passed because they put the results up on the board and I saw my name.
255. There was no reason given, to me it was just another control factor. They determined what was going to happen to you. If you appeared smart in class you got as much punishment as the lad who didn't know what they were talking about. They kept us at that level. You weren't allowed to use initiative, you weren't allowed to stand out. I think that was the cruellest factor of the whole concept and it was controlled through brutality.
256. There weren't many other kids that happened to, but for some reason I was singled out for stymieing. I had great visions of going on to Aquinas College, one of the elite colleges, even though it was run by the Christian Brothers. I thought that if I could get there I would have a good chance of making something with my life, but that wasn't to be, they already had me earmarked to go on a farm.

Leisure time

257. School finished at quarter to four, after which we went to the locker room, changed our clothes and went down to the Oval. Most days there was nothing happening at the Oval, we just had to wait there until a siren went and we had to go for our shower before going for tea at half past five.

258. On Saturday night there were movies shown in the hall. They were terrible movies, but they were a treat for us. MDI would punish kids by making them sit in front of him with their backs to the screen for two weeks. He sat in an armchair eating peanuts and threw the shells at those kids he was punishing.
259. If the kid was caught even thinking about turning around, they got another two weeks of sitting there in front of him. You would hear kids laughing if it was a comedy and you couldn't help but turn around. That happened to me lots of times. It could have been worse. We had to accept and endure what the Brothers considered to be fair punishment.

Healthcare

260. We had blistered feet from being outside with no shoes on in the searing heat and there was no thought to sun exposure. We were sent down to the Oval in the middle of summer. Some kids now have only got half their ear left after cancers had eaten them away. My friend [REDACTED] died in his mid-thirties with melanomas. If you were blond haired and blue eyed, you were in big trouble. Being freckle-faced saved me and a lot of other kids from both the sun and the Brothers, we were lucky.
261. As at Castledare, there was an infirmary at Clontarf that was run by Hungarian nuns. Kids who should have gone to hospital were put in there to be looked after by a nun who couldn't even speak English.
262. There used to be a bit of a queue outside the front door of the infirmary of a morning. Kids with stubbed toes or blisters, or whatever. MDI would often go through the queue and inspect the injuries to make sure nobody was swinging the lead.
263. If any kid was admitted into the infirmary MDI would go in each day and question them as to why they weren't up and about. He would tell them there was no reason for them to be in there and he often overrode the nuns. In most cases those kids should have been in hospital.

264. I was sent back to the Princess Margaret Hospital in Perth again because of my vision problems. On one of those trips, I don't recall whether it was while I was at Castledare or Clontarf, I was actually used as a guinea pig.
265. I was in there for about three weeks after surgery and both my eyes were bandaged for about seven days. After the first day a nurse started injecting me with something. I was getting woken every six hours for three weeks. My arms became so sore and swollen from the injections that they had to start putting them in my legs.
266. At one stage, I was crying and I asked the nurse why the other kids weren't getting the injections. There were seven or eight other kids in the ward. She told me I was the only one in the ward with a good chest. I couldn't fathom out what my chest had to do with it, but there was no other explanation.

Religious instruction

267. As well as morning and evening prayers, we had to go to the church and say a full decade of the Rosary every night except Saturday night. On Saturday night we had Benediction.

Christmas and birthdays

268. The Christmas meal at Clontarf was the same stuff as we normally got, but re-jigged a bit. Like at Castledare we were also given a present, but it usually just lasted for that day. There was nothing much, just enough to say that the day was different. Also just as at Castledare, we got ten boiled lollies and half-a-dozen peanuts in their shells on Christmas Eve.
269. As well as Christmas, there were what they called 'Feast Days' for St Patrick or St Joseph, or another of the saints. We all got more boiled lollies and peanuts left on the dining tables, along with a small bottle of juice. When we looked in the dining room, it just looked like a fairy land and to us kids, as little as it was, it was enormous.

270. I never knew my birthday. It had often been and gone without me even being aware of it. There was never a mention of anyone's birthday.

Trips

271. Anywhere we went we were transported in an open truck with sides that came up to our chests. Some days it was freezing cold and we were in an open truck with no cover. They had a bus, but they didn't want to use up the mileage on it. There would be fifty or sixty kids on the back of the truck with nothing to hold onto but the sides.
272. On two occasions the sides cracked when we were going round a corner and over we went. A lot of kids were injured when they fell out as a result of the reckless driving. Brother MYK [REDACTED] who had been driving the truck, just stood there grinning while kids lay on the ground, some with broken legs.
273. Sometimes kids would go away on the third Sunday of the month to different families around the city. As well as some other kids, I went to one of the benefactors of Clontarf, LZM [REDACTED] a few times.

Emotional care/support

274. Again, as at Castledare, there was no emotional care or support and there was no getting away from the institution. If we had tried to get away the police would have been on to us, however, the problem with that was that the local chief of police was the cousin of the Principal of Clontarf.
275. I had friends at Clontarf, but they were friends that were kept at arm's length. You didn't know who you could trust, or who might have been reporting to the Brothers. As at Castledare, the Brothers had their pets and those pets would report to the Brothers if they overheard you say anything at all.
276. That was how the Brothers worked. They would give certain favourite kids lollies here and there and allow them into their rooms. Where there was work to be done the pets

would get the easier chores. The boys the Brothers didn't like would get the worst jobs.

Visits/Inspections

277. In the nine years of my incarceration in Australia and in the six years I had been at Nazareth House in Scotland, I was never spoken to by a Welfare Officer at any level.
278. There were inspections and we always knew when an inspection was going to be. The Brothers got plenty of warning and we would be told to do a special job cleaning on a Saturday because the inspectors were coming the following Monday or Tuesday.
279. The Brothers were very cunning because quite often they got the inspection teams to come on the weekend, which was when they were able to ship us out. Sometimes we were trucked seventy miles away to Bindoon or we'd have to walk to Castledare, or a place called Queens Park, for the day. On the odd occasion we'd be taken up to Geraldton. The inspection was done and we would be trucked back that afternoon.
280. Selected children would be kept behind in case the inspectors wanted to speak with one and they would be told what to say to them. I was never kept back to see the inspectors, but I know that those boys dare not say anything different to what they had been told. If they had been caught saying anything other than "Good morning sir" and that sort of nonsense, they would have got a hiding.

Family contact

281. Again at Clontarf I had no contact with my family in Scotland. We were told in no uncertain terms, particularly by MDF that we had been abandoned. Our country didn't even want us and that we were only there through the goodness of the Brothers.
282. Some Australian kids had parents that were able to come out on the third Sunday of each month. We always considered those kids to be lucky because they weren't picked on. Those kids could report to their parents if they were getting a difficult time. We didn't have that luxury.

Work

283. Most of the buildings at Clontarf were already constructed so most of the work we kids did was on the farm. We had to kill the animals, gut them and clean them before they were sold. If one of the horses had to be killed for pig food, the Brother would shoot the animal, but the kids would have to gut it and do everything else with it.
284. I never had to do a horse, but I did have to do the pigs when it was my turn. A pig is a terribly hard thing to clean because their hair is so tough, but we had to get it all off with our hands or a blunt knife and nothing else. It was the same with the chickens. We had to behead them, gut them and clean them as well.
285. Another job was chopping the wood for the boiler. If you did a good job for the boilerman to save him the task, he'd give you a rolled cigarette. Even though we knew we were doing something we weren't supposed to, we'd go round the back of the boiler and puff away.
286. I got a job in the kitchen and I used to make the rissoles for Thursday lunchtime. I knew exactly how much plain sausage meat to put in and then they were put straight into the deep fat fryer. That was it, there was no minerals or anything good added to it, it was just plain sausage meat that they bought in bulk.
287. Again we received no pocket money or payment for our work. Like Castledare, Clontarf also had a Field Day once a year and we got five shillings to spend at it. That was the only money we ever got. Some of the kids who went away to stay with families on the third Sunday of the month came back with a little bit of pocket money, but we got nothing from the Brothers or from the Government.

Abuse at Clontarf Boys Town

288. The brutality at Clontarf was far worse than it had been at Castledare. As it had been at Castledare, you didn't need to be doing anything wrong to get punishment, but the

Brothers had no yardstick and had carte blanche to do whatever they liked. Physical abuse was a day-to-day occurrence for the entire time I was at Clontarf. There were no exceptions and there was no limit to what they would do.

289. You could simply be unlucky enough to be in the way of a Brother who was in the frame of mind to want to punish someone. As at Castledare we knew if one of the Brothers was looking to hurt someone and we would make sure we stayed out of his sight.
290. When Brother LZL arrived at Clontarf he never had a strap. I thought that was a good sign, but instead he punched you and always did so on the side of the head. If he stopped to talk to you for some misdemeanour or other, he'd wait for you to look the other way and punch you. His knuckle would be sticking out from his fist and you would be stunned. It hurt.
291. Sometimes there was no particular reason. Sometimes he might have thought he'd seen you do something. You'd get the whack before he asked whether it had been you doing whatever it was.
292. I watched Brother LZL punch a kid named [REDACTED] in the locker room once. [REDACTED] was swinging from a crossbar between the towel rails when LZL came in. [REDACTED] said, "Look Brother, I'm a monkey" and LZL went up to him, punched him in the eye and said "I'm a gorilla". [REDACTED] fell off the bar, flat on his back onto the concrete and LZL had to kneel down beside him to try and push his eye back in.
293. When Brother MXD first arrived he hardly hit anybody, but he very quickly got into the way of things because he saw how the other Brothers behaved. He was very economical with his hits, however. He had a much thicker strap than the other Brothers, which was so thick you could only just bend it. He was able to flick it so that it would hit you once and then hit you again on the way back.
294. MXD would also get you by the cheek and almost lift you off the ground. That hurt a lot in the winter. He would also put his hand on your forehead and pull his finger back and hit you, which would really stun you.

295. I saw a Brother holding a kid by the ankles on a cement landing, banging his head onto the cement. I saw [REDACTED], Brother MDI [REDACTED] with a kid up against the wall in his office, punching him with his fists. I saw him do the same with a kid who had lost both his legs in a bus accident. The kid was in a wheelchair and he beat him mercilessly.
296. MDI [REDACTED] used a bamboo cane that was about three feet long. The first hit was the hardest because your fingers were numb afterwards, particularly in winter. He'd make it sound even worse because he'd make sure the cane hit the side of his habit. If you pulled your hand away, he would just look at you and if you did it again he would just belt you anywhere with that cane.
297. He would walk into the back of the classroom at geometry with his cane swinging. He'd hit boys across the shoulders or across the back of the head. Then he'd put some problem on the board that had never been explained properly to us anyway and we'd get a belting with his cane for not knowing whatever the answer was.
298. Any day that there was no school was euphoric. Not because there were no classes, but because that meant we weren't going to get any beltings or be singled out by one of the Brothers. I can't explain the feeling I used to get when there was no school.

I spent most of my time trying to dodge the teacher, trying to avoid being singled out for a beating, rather than focussing on learning and what I should have been doing. It wasn't only me, I think we all did it. It was safer to play a 'Dumbo' rather than allow yourself to be singled out and beaten. It was safer not to draw attention to yourself and that was the Brothers' game, that was what they wanted. They wanted subdued little children, which would minimise the work that they had to do.

299. MDI [REDACTED] took it upon himself to punish any kid that got a stain on their jumper. He'd line every one up on the stage and whack their hands with his cane. I had to go on the stage lots of times. I was a coward. I took the first three and started crying just to get off there. I have seen MDI [REDACTED] in a lather of sweat from beating kids with his cane. There

might be fifteen or twenty kids on the stage and he'd line them up to give them all three or four whacks across the hands with his cane.

300. I admired one of the kids, even though he was a bit of a bully. On one of the occasions he was up there and MDI gave him three whacks with his cane. The kid didn't blink an eyelid, he just took it.
301. The kid was about to walk off but MDI grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and told him to put the other hand out. The kid did and he got another three, but still he didn't flinch. I could see he was holding it in and MDI gave him a third lot. The kid started crying at that and MDI told him to get away.
302. That's how they broke us. They would keep at us, pull us in for no reason at all and give you a hiding, just in case. That was the control that they had.
303. Some boys who were the Brothers' pets reported other boys if they overheard them saying something. Whichever boy was reported would be belted until they offered up another name. We might be down on the Oval at the weekend when an announcement would come over the P.A. system that one of the boys was to report to the Principal's office. If that happened, you knew you were in for it. Sadly I was guilty of giving another name on more than one occasion. Similarly my name was offered up by other kids and I got a hiding too. It equalled out I suppose.
304. The Brothers who were paedophiles had nothing to hide from, they all had enough on each other not to report it, although it was more covert in Clontarf. If you were blond and blue eyed, you were in trouble. It was done when no other kids were around, particularly with MDF
305. At Castledare MDF didn't care, he abused kids anywhere, even in the classroom. I think he must have got caught out there though, because at Clontarf he was a bit more introspective about how he went about his evil deeds.

306. It wasn't just that he was a paedophile, he was a very cruel man to go with it. He had a long, drawn face and you always knew when you were in trouble because he would pull this face. I still get nightmares thinking about his face.
307. He had his strap with the penny weights in the end of it at Clontarf too. He used to roll it up and when you caught the end of it you knew you were being punished. Sometimes if you pulled away he would just swing it and hit you anywhere.
308. I recall in the bathroom one afternoon [MDF] was holding an Australian lad called [REDACTED] upside down by the ankle with his head in a footbath. The kid's head was submerged in the dirty water as [MDF] belted the bottom of his feet with his strap. Of course the kid was gulping in the filthy water.
309. I have seen kids getting hurt so badly by [MDF] that they collapsed. I did that once. I just gave up as I was in so much pain. Both hands were swollen and blue from being hit. I didn't pass out, but I collapsed because the pain was so great. That was the severity of our treatment and the power that all of the Brothers had.
310. I don't know why, but one day in the showers [MDF] punched me. I wouldn't have been any more than eleven at the time. He was inspecting me as I came out of the shower and as I turned round in front of him he punched me in the kidney. I collapsed and passed out on the floor. The last thing I can remember was [MDF] telling the kid behind just to step over me. I don't know how long I was down there on the floor as [MDF] had already begun showering the next lot of kids by the time I came to.
311. Someone devised a machine that woke you up if you started wetting your bed and [MDI] took the responsibility of fitting the machine onto the children that he had selected. They weren't kids who [MDI] wanted to fix the problem with necessarily, he just selected whoever he wanted. To fit the machine, you had to have an erection and that's where he got his kicks.
312. I don't know whether he went any further, however he never picked me because I had freckles, I was lucky.

313. I didn't miss the wrath of LZM [REDACTED] one of the benefactors of Clontarf. MDI [REDACTED] nominated the children that were to go to him every third Sunday. LZM [REDACTED] would take the shorts off the kids that had been allocated to him and put shorts on them that he had brought himself. The shorts he put on those kids were baggy and that enabled him to access their private parts.
314. He did that to me once and tried to do it another time, but I was too quick for him. I told him I was going to report him to MDI [REDACTED], although there was no way I could. I would have been thrashed to within an inch of my life for supposedly telling a lie about a benefactor. That was the reality of it.
315. I have since learned that Brother MHZ [REDACTED] was sexually assaulting kids regularly. I didn't witness it, but I have learned that he raped countless kids in [REDACTED] where he worked. I also now understand that Brother MXC [REDACTED] was a bit that way too and I am now aware that Brother MYK [REDACTED] was an even bigger paedophile, who got into the heads of the kids he abused. A good example of how MYK [REDACTED] operated was with a boy called Freddy Smith, whose abuse I have since learned of. I was never sexually abused by any of them, I was too smart and I was freckled. That was what saved a number of kids, the fact that they didn't attract attention.
316. MDF [REDACTED] though was worse even than Brother MYK [REDACTED]. MDF [REDACTED] was a predator at night, the other Brothers would do it during the day, either in the dairy or in the piggery. As at Castledare, MDF [REDACTED] would have kids in his room.
317. I was sexually abused by an older boy who was about sixteen when I was probably eleven. He was a known paedophile and one who we younger kids knew to avoid.
318. I was walking back to Clontarf from Castledare with a group of fifty or so kids and this boy was smart enough to know to pull me back from the rest of the group. When the other kids were out of sight and out of earshot he told me to strip off all my clothes behind a bush. We were in the middle of nowhere and I was terrified so I did what he told me.

319. He sat down and told me to come over and lie across his lap on my tummy. At that stage, before I lay on his lap, I broke down and told him I was going to tell Brother MDI I would never have told MDI, though. If I had MDI would have thrashed me for being in that situation anyway. However when I said that, he told me to get my clothes back on. I saved my own neck, but I'm in no doubt he was quite prepared to do whatever he had in mind.

Reporting of abuse at Clontarf Boys Town

320. I knew at the time that other boys were being sexually abused because they would tell us other boys. We would ask why they were called up to see a Brother and they would try and come up with one excuse or another, but we would know in our own minds what the truth was. Eventually those boys would admit that whichever Brother it was had interfered with them.
321. A lot of kids didn't actually declare their abuse till long after they had left Clontarf. When I met up with them years later they would admit that they couldn't tell at the time because they were too ashamed. It was too disgusting. They would say that if the Brother had found out they were telling other kids, he would have had them again. That was the stark reality.
322. As far as I'm aware only one kid reported abuse at Clontarf, although I certainly didn't. I only learned of this well after I'd left. It was a lad named [REDACTED] who confronted MDI the [REDACTED] on one occasion at Clontarf. [REDACTED] told me that he had asked MDI if he knew that Brother MDF was interfering with the children. That was it though. He got a whack on the ear from MDI for having the effrontery.
323. I do now believe that MDI might have confronted MDF but all the Brothers knew what was going on. Even though some of them weren't involved in the sexual abuse, they did nothing to stop it.

Leaving Clontarf Boys Town

324. I left Clontarf on [REDACTED] 1959 when I was sixteen, although fifteen according to the date of birth the Brothers had given me, which was what I was using at the time. On my file, which I have since recovered, it says I was fifteen and my funding had ceased. They didn't care what job they put you into, they just wanted you out of there because you weren't being funded.
325. I had a very interesting departure. I was sitting in second year again, year eight, when Brother MDI [REDACTED] called me out. I thought I was in for another hiding. He put his arm around my shoulder and walked me across the quadrangle, away from the other boys. He asked what I thought about leaving Clontarf and told me that because I had turned fifteen I had to go to work.
326. We got across to the locker room and he told me to get all my gear out and move across to the working boys' dormitory. He told me there would be a vehicle there the next morning to take me into town to get me some clothes.
327. In hindsight I look back and think most kids would be apprehensive about leaving after so many years there, but I was elated. I couldn't believe what I was hearing.
328. The next day a vehicle from Aherns Department Store turned up and I was taken into the back storeroom in the city. A guy in there started picking stuff off the racks, which he threw at me and told me to hang onto. I wasn't allowed to try anything on. The jeans he gave me were so big I could fit both my legs in one. He handed me a disgusting sports jacket and told me I could try it on and I hoped I didn't have to wear it to too many places. I was given the stuff they couldn't sell.
329. I was given a couple of work shirts, a couple of pairs of jeans, a pair of shoes, a pair of slacks and the jacket. The total price for all the gear I was given was £22, so they must have charged the Brothers the wholesale price.
330. They dropped me back at Clontarf and I left the following day. A Vanguard utility truck pulled up at the main building and I was told to get dressed into my new clothes. It

was raining lightly as I walked down to the front of the main building and met MDI and the father of the person who I was going to be working for on a farm in Waroona, WA.

331. As I approached the vehicle the guy told me to chuck my case in the back. I did so and as I walked round to get in the cab he told me to get in the back too. MDI was standing there and he didn't care. Even though it was raining I climbed into the back amongst the grease and the hay and ended up sitting on my case.
332. When the guy and MDI had finished chatting, the guy got into the cab and MDI leaned over the back and his parting words to me were, "I guess the next time I see you will be in Fremantle jail".
333. There were no words of comfort, no wishing me luck, just that. I have reflected on that remark many times over the years and thought that was a true indictment of their sense of responsibility to us.

Life after care

334. The farm was very isolated, five miles out of Waroona and although the farmer wasn't an aggressive man, he was very grumpy.
335. I wasn't given any money when I left Clontarf and when I first got to the farm, I asked the farmer for an advance for some soap and toothpaste. He refused and just said it wasn't his problem. It was nine weeks before I got my first pay and for those nine weeks I had to use sandsoap in the dairy to wash and clean my teeth. The sandsoap was there to scrub down the floors and wash the milking apparatus.
336. It was a very dusty place. There was what is called a hammermill, which crushes oats and hay into a powder, and the dust from that was everywhere. It used to get on my skin and was very itchy, but I wasn't allowed to use their shower. I could only use a bucket to try and wash the dust off.

337. I did my laundry in the big cow trough in the yard, which I then had to drain and fill up again for the cows. I was allowed to take some hot water in a bucket if I wanted to soak something.
338. I was given a windowless, corrugated iron hut to stay in, which had holes in the floor and a door that wouldn't close because it didn't fit. I used to have to get a bit of string to hold it closed when I went in at night.
339. There was no power and no running water, it was just a room that had a military stretcher with a very thin horsehair mattress for a bed. There were no blankets and I ended up having to sew four potato bags together to make one. The only piece of furniture that was in there other than the bed was an old iron safe, which was my candle holder.
340. I was allowed in the house for fifteen minutes a day for the evening meal. I wasn't allowed to sit around the house afterwards and watch a bit of television or whatever, but it was a hot meal and it was usually pretty good. The rest of the time I just had sandwiches in the paddock or in the dairy or wherever.
341. Reveille was at half past five every morning when a handful of stones were thrown onto the roof of the hut. I worked from then until seven thirty in the evening, sometimes a bit longer. It was the same every day, including at the weekend and I was getting paid two pounds and five shillings a week.
342. If it was winter and it was raining, I wasn't allowed to wear a raincoat because the noise of the rain hitting the raincoat might frighten the cows. I had to wear a potato bag and push one corner into the other to create a hood. I wasn't allowed to use a torch, even when it was pitch black and I was having to look for cows in a 100 acre paddock. It was hopeless.
343. Eventually I'd corral them all up and get them into a holding area only to find there was one missing. I'd get a blast from the boss for not getting them all and he would tell me he needed me to be helping with the milking.

344. Other than the other farms on either side, there was nothing there and no social life. I couldn't go anywhere. The nearest entertainment was at Pinjarra, which was about eighteen miles away and I had no car. I didn't even have a bicycle. All I did every night was sit in the hut with no lights.
345. I couldn't even get into Waroona town unless it was Sunday, when I was taken in because the farmer wanted me to go to church. I didn't want to go to church but I would go in and sit at the back, while the farmer sat at the front. As soon as the priest came out I left and did my shopping.
346. The first thing I bought every Sunday was a brick of ice cream and I ate the whole box. After that I would get anything else I might need, toothpaste or soap, or whatever.
347. In the two-and-a-half years I was there, the farmer gave me one period of two weeks off. I asked him if I could stay on the farm because I had nowhere to go, but he refused because someone else was coming in. I couldn't afford to stay at a hotel in the city. I was only getting two pounds five shillings a week and a hotel was about ten pounds a night.
348. The only place I could think of to go was Clontarf so I rang them up, even though I didn't want to go there. MDI answered the phone and I asked him if I could stay there. He said no but when I told him I had nowhere else to go and I offered to pay board, he asked me how much. I told him how much I got a week and offered that, but he still refused. I then offered him five pounds per week and he asked me when I would be arriving.
349. I stayed at Clontarf for two weeks and had to pay ten pounds. I had no other option, that was all I had. That was the only time I ever went back.
350. I just accepted my life on the farm and took it as being normal, although I did write to the Welfare Department twice, pleading with them to take me off the farm. The dust from the hammermill used to hurt my eyes and I had been told after I'd had the eye surgery that I was going to have to start looking after them.

351. The Welfare Department replied, but they just told me there was nothing in Perth and nothing else for me unless I could find myself another job. I had no idea how I could ever find another job.
352. I wrote again when I think I must have been seventeen and said that I wasn't well. That I wasn't coping. In fact I think I was going insane.
353. Eventually a Welfare Officer, who I think was called Mr Young, came up to the farm on a Sunday, which was strange for a public servant. I suspect my boss knew he was coming, although he hadn't told me. When he saw how I was living and working he ordered me leave.
354. I was chopping wood when he arrived, dressed in a suit. I wondered what I'd done because I thought he was a detective. He introduced himself and I took him down to the hut I was staying in. I gave him all the details of how I was living and he asked me what my working hours were.
355. I told him and he couldn't believe that I was working a hundred hours a week. He asked what I was getting paid and I told him what it was, but told him I didn't get paid weekly, I was paid whenever the farmer felt like doing so. Sometimes it was after a month, sometimes it was longer.
356. Mr Young told me that when he left he wanted me to put in my resignation. I knew what he meant, but I didn't know how to actually do it. He told me to write a letter and told me what to put in it. I wrote the letter after he left, but the next bit was a bit of a problem for me.
357. I didn't know how to hand it to the farmer, so I went to knock on his door and couldn't. I had to back off. I sat outside on the grass for a while, trying to pluck up the courage and eventually I went back up to the door. The farmer must have known, he must have seen me sitting there, because I only gave it one knock and he yanked the door open.

358. I handed him the letter, which he snatched off me, read and then ripped up. He accused me of telling the Welfare Officer all sorts of lies and then threw it at me. I'd said in the letter I would give him two weeks' notice and at that he just told me to go and get the cows.
359. Those were the longest two weeks of my life. Even on the morning I was to leave I was working right up to the end. There was no severance pay and in fact I missed a week's pay.
360. The train left Waroona station at eight o'clock in the morning, but dairy didn't finish till half past seven. I thought that unless I got a lift in, I wasn't going to make it. One way or another though, I was not going to miss that train. I'd been packed for two weeks, not that I had much to pack. He never offered me a lift and the minute he told me I could go I took off. I ran all the way and I just made it.
361. I got on the train and into Perth and I reported into the Welfare Department. I spoke to a Miss Sanderson there and she told me that she already had a family in Perth that was prepared to accommodate me. Their name was [REDACTED] and the father was called [REDACTED]
362. That was another culture shock. I couldn't believe that there were such good people in the world as this family. The [REDACTED] family gave me a completely new perspective on life. It was an unreal feeling for me. I wondered if it was just there, or if it was everywhere.
363. [REDACTED] came to the Welfare Department, put me in his car and we drove out to their house, which was in a nice area of Perth. As we were going up the front steps of their house I started to head around the back. [REDACTED] asked me where I was going and I told him I assumed I would be staying in a shed round the back.
364. He told me to go inside the house and showed me round. He pointed out his two sons' bedrooms and then showed me what was to be my bedroom. There was a beautifully polished floor and a quilted cover on the bed. Then he showed me round the rest of

the house, including the kitchen and told me I could help myself to anything in there. I couldn't believe it, I thought he must have made a mistake.

365. In hindsight now it must have seemed very strange to [REDACTED] but I could not believe the courtesy and respect they were showing me, such was my sense of inferiority. I had been so subjugated in every aspect of my life from birth until that point in time.
366. That night when he came back from work, he told me to hop in the car and took me down the pub. He introduced me to all his mates and bought me a soft drink.
367. I stayed with the [REDACTED] family for six weeks and was paid more in unemployment subsidies than I had been while I was working a hundred hours a week on the farm.
368. I was offered two jobs while I was there. One was fitting shoes onto people's feet, but I couldn't do that. The other was in a factory that ground sugar and ground pepper. The place was full of dust and it didn't appeal either.
369. As I was coming back from that job interview I passed a recruiting advert for the army. I walked into the recruiting office and felt very comfortable there. The old Sergeant-Major who was behind the desk started noting down my details and asked me where I had gone to school. The stigma that followed you after Clontarf was terrible. I could not tell him so I instead told him I had been at a private Catholic school in Perth.
370. He asked me what my mother's name was, but I didn't know. Then he asked me for my birth certificate and I had to tell him I didn't have one. He asked me what my date of birth was, but I had to tell him I wasn't sure which date it was and that I didn't know how to confirm it.
371. He was beginning to get a bit incredulous and asked who looked after me. I had to tell him no one. Eventually I told him I was a child migrant and he told me I must come under the Welfare Department and I would have to go back there.
372. I did so and spoke to Miss Sanderson again. I told her I was trying to join the military, but she told me I could not because she determined whether I could be allowed to or

not. I wondered what her hold over me was. I had been out of the orphanage for two-and-a-half years by that time. She told me she was in charge of the child migrants and asked why the military had sent me to her.

373. I told her I didn't know who I was and she told me what the correct spelling of my name was and what my correct date of birth was. I didn't understand and told her what I'd been told my date of birth was at Castledare. She showed me a piece of paper which I think was my baptismal certificate and I saw for the first time that I had a middle name of [REDACTED]. She told me that was my mother's maiden name.
374. She ended up writing my full name and date of birth on headed paper, which I took back to the Sergeant-Major in the recruiting office. He told me that would do and that was it. I joined the military and I finally got to know who I was. I served for twenty-three years and retired as a company Sergeant-Major.
375. Joining the military when I did was the lowest socio-economic level you could be at, as far as income was concerned. However, when you have no choice, when there's no family, nowhere you can go and if you fall down there's nobody to pick you up, you had to take whatever options were available.
376. This applied to all of us from these institutions, whether we'd done well at school or whether we had never learned the 'A, B, C'. There were no options, we had to take whatever we felt we could fit into or get into.
377. I went to boot camp at a place called Kapooka in New South Wales. The first morning at Kapooka I lined up with the other recruits for breakfast and couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the bain-marie. There were all kinds of eggs, bacon, sausages, everything you could think of for breakfast.
378. One day I was sitting on my bed in the dormitory, getting my kit up to scratch when I saw guys who were older than me sitting on their beds sobbing. I asked one if he was alright and he told me he was just missing home. I was amazed, I thought his home must have been something out of this world. I certainly wasn't missing Clontarf.

379. I was very lucky to get in the military. They could not accept my level of education and I was told that they couldn't measure it. I had to do their basic course, class three, which was equivalent to years five and six of school and lasted for fourteen weeks. I passed and waited another year before taking the next course, class two, which was equivalent to years eight and nine.
380. I was a Lance Corporal by that time and I passed class two as well. The teachers were terrific and so I decided to do class one, although I did think I might have been pushing my luck. It was a sixteen week course and I passed it also. I wonder now what level I could have got to had I received any reasonable tuition as a child.
381. I received my first birthday present when I was twenty-one years old and on an exercise with the army in North Queensland. Two other soldiers knew it was my birthday somehow, although I don't know how they knew because I certainly wouldn't have told them.
382. They came up to me and gave me a gift that they'd carried around for the whole exercise. It was a little valise with letter writing things in it, envelopes and such like. I was rather taken by it and very much appreciated it.
383. I did a number of tours of duty, including active service in Vietnam on two different occasions. I retired in 1985 as a company Sergeant-Major and joined the Returned Services League (RSL) of Australia, where I advocated for ex-servicemen of all wars. I heard some very interesting stories from soldiers from World War One and how they survived. After my service in Vietnam I had a pretty good idea of what they had endured.
384. I often wonder, had I been given half a chance as a kid, where I would have found myself today. I could see myself as a lawyer and I always fancied myself as a judge. When I fell into the advocacy job at the RSL, I went into my office and saw a mountain of files on my desk. I won my very first case at the review the following morning and I knew I had found my niche.

385. I took more than [REDACTED] and we had a seventy-seven percent success rate over an eleven year period.
386. By that time my back was causing me a lot of problems. I'd injured my back in 1973 while I was an instructor in the military in Queensland and had spent three months in traction.
387. I married in 1976. I wouldn't say 'I got married', my wife married me and she did all the arrangements. She had her part to play in the ultimate breakdown of our marriage, but I know that I was the predominant problem and I take full responsibility for that.
388. We have three children, two sons and a daughter. My oldest son, [REDACTED] works for the New South Wales government.. My other son, [REDACTED] and his wife work in the city for a multinational company. [REDACTED] is a very clever individual.
389. My daughter [REDACTED] unfortunately has fibromyalgia and is on sickness benefits. She lives with her mother. Her mother and I still get on, although we don't speak much.

Treatment/support

390. I have had psychiatric treatment, which has not helped. I got quite a shock when I started receiving psychiatric treatment. The irony is that I went to see a psychiatrist because I was advised that he would be the best person to solve my issue of chronic pain. The back problems I had because of the accident I had in Queensland were excruciating and it was affecting my daily thinking.
391. The psychiatrist put me on Prozac and methadone and treated me over a period of seven or eight years. In the end he told me I had mental health issues, which I found hard to believe. I told him I had served in Vietnam, but he said that from what he had managed to glean over the years, it wasn't from being there.
392. He regressed me and eventually, after over a year, we went back to talking about the incident in the river with Brother [REDACTED] MIZ [REDACTED] He flopped back in his chair and told me that

was it. He told me I had been suffering Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) my whole life since that event.

393. I was amazed and wondered why the military hadn't discovered it because I'd had a very thorough medical. I realised that I had blocked off so much of that part of my life and that I had it well hidden.
394. I asked the psychiatrist whether I should continue to take medication, but he said no. He looked at my medical records and told me that I had already had every conceivable level of medication and it didn't appear to have been of any help.
395. He told me that it was not a psychiatric problem that I had per se, it was PTSD that I'd experienced as a child and that I had not been able to undo or understand why it happened. Even today I still don't understand why Brother ^{MIZ} found it necessary to try to drown me, other than him thinking I was aware of what he had been doing.
396. I still see the psychiatrist once in a while but it has got to the stage where he has told me that there is no point in carrying on as there is nothing more that can be done. He has told me to try and keep my experiences in the background and that was it.
397. I had started going to the Vietnam Veterans Counselling Service as well to see if there was something that could be done there. Again though, it just didn't have any impact on my ability to accept what had happened to me and to write it off. It can't be done. It is always there.
398. I found that a lot of the stress relating to my childhood began to manifest after I retired because previously I had been very busy. Suddenly things started to play on my mind and as issues relating to the Catholic Church became increasingly more public, I began to realise that was me they were talking about. I have found support in my children who have kept me mentally active, more so my grandchildren. They keep me occupied and that limits the amount of time I have to consider things.

Reporting

399. [REDACTED] MDF [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]. I went into the hearing with the Welfare Officer from the RSL. At one stage she had to hold my hand because I got so tensed up about his presence. When I looked at him the hair on the back of my neck all stood up. He looked identical, he hadn't changed at all and yet this was forty years later. He still held that fear over me.
400. I made a submission to the Australian Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse (the Royal Commission) around 2015 and the police came round to speak to me following that. The Royal Commission must have passed the information in my submission to them.
401. I reported the abuse by the older boy at Clontarf to them, but I had to tell them that I couldn't prove anything. I had to tell them that he didn't actually molest me. They asked me if I wanted to proceed, but I said no and it was left at that.

Records

402. I took a trip to Scotland in late 1983/early 1984 and went to Nazareth House in Aberdeen where I met some nuns, although not ones that I knew. I asked the nuns there for the documents relating to the seven years I had been in that institution.

One of the nuns disappeared and came back a short time later with one piece of paper, which was a copy of my baptismal certificate. That was it. She told me that was all they had and I insisted there must have been more. I told her I could remember being very sick while I was there, although I don't know what I had. I was incredulous how seven years could come to that, but the nuns just told me they didn't know where any other records were.

403. The nuns asked me if I could remember any staff and I mentioned FAJ [REDACTED] the lay woman who had looked after us. One of them raced off and about twenty minutes

later FAJ [REDACTED] came in. She told me she remembered me and reminded me of when my pyjamas were wet and I took hers.

404. She also said that I had been in the nursery when a bout of rheumatic fever had swept through. When she started to speak, the nuns that were there jumped straight up and told her that they didn't want to know about that.
405. I have a pacemaker now and I have found that I have problems with my heart valves, which is a consequence of rheumatic fever. I wish I'd known about the rheumatic fever years ago when I could have had something done about it. I can't risk open-heart surgery now and I'm hoping I didn't get too severe a bout of rheumatic fever. Apparently the severity of the bout when you're young determines the damage that's done.
406. During that visit to Scotland I went to the Births, Deaths and Marriages office in Edinburgh and within half an hour I was looking at details of my relatives. Among others, I found my first cousin, the son of my mother's brother, and through him I found my mother.
407. Around that same time I applied to Scotland for a copy of my birth certificate as I was getting married and they sent an extract over. It cost about six pounds to get it.
408. I also went to the Welfare Department in Western Australia and saw a lady called, I think, Sister Tracey. I told her I worked for the RSL and that I was a child migrant and that I wanted documents that I understood were being held there.
409. She got a bit agitated and told me there had been a fire and she didn't know if they would have anything. I asked her to look nonetheless and waited for half an hour before she returned with three pieces of paper, which she handed to me.
410. One was my baptismal certificate and the other two were copies of letters I had sent from the farm at Waroona. I queried whether that was all there was and she told me it was.

411. I told her I was in institutions in Australia for nine years, I had been operated on and I had received what could be called an education. I couldn't believe that was all there was, but she said she didn't know where anything else might be.
412. Not long afterwards I received a letter from Sister Tracey, acknowledging that I'd had access to my documents and asking me to sign for the documents I received. I phoned up and said that I had not had any such access, told her that I didn't want to hear from them again and hung up.
413. I didn't know that there was much else in the way of records until sometime around the early 1990s when a lot of other child migrants were trying to get some knowledge of who they were and of their history.
414. When the Child Migrants Trust (CMT) opened its doors in Perth, one of the counsellors put an application in for me to one of the archives somewhere. I think it was in Perth. After that I got a little package from the National Archives of Australia with all my travel documents, my migration form and my original birth certificate.
415. Amongst the documents is a health record detailing the eye operations I went into hospital for although I'm not sure how accurate those records are. I think I first went into hospital before 1954 while I was at Castledare because that's when my vision really began to trouble me.
416. There is no detail in the record, but it does include the dates of my admission to the Princess Margaret Hospital in Perth on [REDACTED] 1955, that I was admitted again on [REDACTED] and that I was discharged on [REDACTED] 1955. I don't think that's correct. I don't think I had break in between, I think I was in hospital for that whole time. I have passed a copy of this document to the Inquiry.
417. There is also a document entitled 'Movements and Remarks', which shows I was 'off subsidy' on [REDACTED] 1958 and that I started employment on the farm at Waroona on [REDACTED] 1959. It also shows that I was earning three pounds and ten shillings per week. Apparently one pound five shillings of that was to go to the Child Welfare Department to be put into a bank account for me. I never received that money.

418. It also details my not being happy in that job and going to the [REDACTED] family on [REDACTED] 1961, at which time I was receiving a social security payment of eleven pounds. I have passed a copy of this document to the Inquiry.

Family tracing

419. I grew up in the institutions believing I was an orphan. The circumstances of my finding out that I was not were very strange.
420. [REDACTED] in Vietnam around 1961 and was very ill afterwards. I was in a coma. I was evacuated by Hercules aircraft to Malaysia. While I was in there and couldn't move because all my nerves were dead, a postman came with a cablegram for me. I don't remember much of the content, other than it was signed 'Your loving mother'. I thought they must have got the wrong person and I didn't believe for many years after that it had been from my mother. I thought they had made a mistake.
421. The postman left and I could never again find that cablegram, however I later found out it had been from my mother. I had put Nazareth House as my next of kin on my military documents and they must have contacted the Scottish police to inform my mother. I was so terrified of the Brothers that I would never have put them as my next of kin.
422. My sister was the next one to contact me a few years later, around the late 1960s. I got a letter from her saying that they had never known about me and I got a bit angry. I retorted by firing a letter straight back saying that I didn't know who she thought she was, but she had the wrong person. I wrote that if it was me, I had lived my life without her and she should go away.
423. She replied pointing out that I was being a bit hard on her and I had second thoughts and 'phoned her. I told her as far as I had been aware I had no family, but she told me that was not the case and that I had a brother as well. She would have been two years old when I was born and she told me that they had no idea of my existence.

424. As they grew older, my children pointed out that they knew all about their mum's side of the family, but they knew nothing about me. This is part of the problem that we child migrants have inherited. I had to say to my children that there was nothing I could tell them, but they kept at it and eventually I decided I had to do something. If they hadn't kept on at me, I would never have found out anything about my family.
425. I had to sell just about everything as I had to get the money to go back to Scotland. I raised about eight thousand Australian dollars and first went in November 1983. I specifically wanted to locate any living relatives, but my belief was that there was probably nothing to find, because that's what I had been told.
426. The first person I ran into was my cousin, who is four years older than me. I had found him through the Births, Deaths and Marriages records office in Edinburgh. I rang him up and he told me he would love to meet me and so we arranged to meet in a pub.
427. The minute I walked in the door he recognised me immediately and came straight over. We looked very similar. He told me that our mothers had both lived in the one building in Aberdeen with their families and the last thing he could remember of me was when he came downstairs and I wasn't in the nursery. He had asked his mother where I was and she had told him that the angels had taken me away at night.
428. He told me my mum was living in [REDACTED] Broughty Ferry and that my sister used to own a hotel between [REDACTED] I booked into the hotel and rang my mother.
429. I arranged to meet her and when I eventually did, my first priority was to put her mind at ease. I wanted her to know I was not there for retribution, I was there to find out who I was. I wanted to know what the circumstances had been that had made this happen to me, who I belonged to and why things worked out the way they did.
430. She came over to me and she embraced me. I asked what I should call her and she said "Mum", but I couldn't say it. I just could not identify with having a mother. I couldn't get the feeling. I didn't know how to behave or respond to a mother.

431. Out of the blue, her husband said he would really appreciate it if I would call him "Dad". I couldn't do that either. My frame of mind was such that I was there to achieve something. I was there to do a job and I was doing a job. It was very clinical. It was not something I wanted to get all emotional about.
432. We had a general chat and I went back to the hotel and we met again the next day. She told me that she had felt pressured to hand me over and I was happy to hear that. She also told me that she knew who my father was, but she wouldn't tell me his name. I asked her to write his name down and she did.
433. She told me that when she went back to visit me at Nazareth House in Aberdeen, she was told I had been adopted by a good English family. She didn't specify who it was that had told her. I assumed it would have been one of the nuns, perhaps the Mother Superior.
434. She said that she was told that if she tried to intervene it would have destroyed my chance of a new life and my link with the new parents. She didn't say what year this was, but the dates that she gave made me think that I was still in Nazareth House at that time. I was tempted to ask her why she hadn't taken me out.
435. That was all she said, but then she steered away from wanting to say any more. I decided not to push the issue because I was as apprehensive as she was at that time. There was so much I wanted to ask her, but I felt as though I couldn't because, even though she would have been in her mid-sixties, she looked very old and frail. I knew she'd had a heart attack before and I didn't want to give her another one.
436. Whether she was telling the truth or not, I do not know. I can only accept that she wouldn't lie to me. Certainly she has not signed any of my migration documents and that troubles me because I know she didn't live far from the orphanage at that time.
437. I never saw my mother after that one time in 1984, although we corresponded by post about once a month and I phoned her once a month on average. It was strange, I was able to call her Mum over the phone and yet not to her face.

438. My three kids would also speak with her and at Christmas I'd send her money and she would send them calendars. The kids therefore had a link and they had a grandmother.
439. She died in 1991 at the age of seventy, although I wasn't informed until after the funeral. I wasn't able to send a card or anything. By that time I had made contact with my sister and so I rang her and told her I would like to have been informed that Mum had been in hospital, but that wasn't the time to get angry about it.
440. My sister had married a Merchant Navy captain whose name was [REDACTED] and they lived in Canada. Although I'm pretty sure her name was [REDACTED] she liked everybody to refer to her as [REDACTED]. After she contacted me initially, we corresponded a few times by letter, but I never got to see her. She died of cancer at the age of sixty-nine. As happened with my mother, I was notified after her death and funeral. I didn't even know she was sick.
441. I never met my brother [REDACTED] until around 2005. He hadn't known about me until not long before our mum died. I had met his son and daughter before I met him and they were charming and all-embracing, but initially our relationship was a bit standoffish.
442. We met in his daughter's house and when [REDACTED] walked in I identified him instantly because our appearances are quite similar. He came over to me and embraced me, however he'd had a bad stroke before and, although was recovering quite well, his speech was affected. He could talk, but the words came out jumbled.
443. I still correspond with [REDACTED] and I phone him on his birthdays. I have visited him on several occasions now and when I have I stayed with him for a couple of weeks at a time. Unfortunately [REDACTED] is not in good health at the moment. He's not active, he won't exercise and he doesn't want his old mates to see the condition he's in. I can understand that.

444. When I was over I would try and show him how to cook, how easy it would be for him to cook for himself and I would take him out for short walks. I took him down the pub a couple of times and we get on quite well.
445. Interestingly, my sister always referred to me as her half-brother and when she wrote of [REDACTED] referred to him as my half-brother. [REDACTED] on the other hand always speaks of me as his brother. It's a small thing, but meaningful.
446. Both of my half-siblings have children. I have met the children of [REDACTED], but I haven't met [REDACTED] children, they're still in Canada. They have children too and I'd love to catch up with them at some stage. I know all their names, but it's a life I've missed.
447. I have been back to the UK about a dozen times, although I didn't always go to Scotland. I think I went back to Scotland on eight of those trips. Two, or maybe three, of those trips were funded by the Family Restoration Fund (FRF).
448. It's amazing the amount of help that there was. The doctors wouldn't allow me to travel economy class because of my back and hips, I had to travel business. Luckily enough the FRF fixed that for me.
449. My whole life has been one of denial. I was denied the opportunity to have the support of family around me and instead I grew up as an island.

Nationality

450. I fought in Vietnam twice and in 1977, while I was still in the military, I was required to go to Canada for a training exercise. I didn't have a passport, either an Australian one or a British one. I didn't even have Australian citizenship at the time and yet they got a passport for me although it was only for six months. It's amazing what they can do when they want to.
451. I now have a British passport and I have an Australian passport. The Australian passport shows that I was born in Aberdeen and an Australian citizen.

452. Never at any time were we child migrants granted citizenship. We weren't even given residency status. Until 1981 that was yet another obstacle we had to overcome. In 1981 it was made compulsory for everyone living in Australia to either take out citizenship or residency or be deported.
453. I was still in the military at that time and needed to stay in for another three years to qualify for superannuation. The military told me I couldn't stay in unless I became a citizen and so I had to pay fifty dollars to become one. It irked me that not only was I deported from Scotland, I had to pay for the privilege of obtaining Australian citizenship.
454. Other than the early days after I left Waroona, I have never needed social security assistance, however I would now qualify if I did.

Redress

455. I have provided to the Inquiry a copy of the handwritten statement, which I submitted in 2009 to the Redress WA Scheme. I was awarded forty-five thousand Australian dollars from that scheme.
456. I have also provided a copy of a letter to the Redress WA Scheme that the CMT wrote on my behalf on 2 March 2009.
457. In addition, I have provided the Inquiry with a copy of a medical report completed by Professor Lorraine Dennerstein on 3 December 2014. I had two fairly extensive interviews with Professor Dennerstein and gave her quite a lot of detail of my experiences.
458. I am happy with the truth and accuracy of those documents. Some of it has been said differently to how I would put it, but they are all factually correct.

459. Redress today will put us child migrants into a more comfortable retirement and might allow our kids to do something. We're not going to be able to spend it, we're too old. That, however, doesn't mean we shouldn't have it.
460. Most child migrants need it. We were put into labour-intensive work on minimal pay with no superannuation schemes available. The vast majority could not afford private health insurance.
461. Unfortunately many child migrants are now deceased. I know a lot of them and I know what they endured. It is frightening to know of the lives that some of them lived because of what happened to them as kids. I want to see them all recognised for what happened to them.

Slater and Gordon litigation

462. The Slater and Gordon litigation was another bad venture for we child migrants. We were given all these promises by this legal firm from Sydney and we were all suckered in. There were some other cases going on in America at the time involving the Christian Brothers there.
463. After about three years I received a letter from the lawyers saying that they had settled. They said that they would meet with us in groups of ten in hotels in Perth and they would explain the settlement.
464. I went along to one of the meetings and found the lawyers to be aggressive. Their tone was that we either took what was offered or we would get nothing. They told us that we were outwith the statute of limitations and that the Brothers were not going to concede any more.
465. I wondered why they hadn't told us that three years before and why there was suddenly a problem. The lawyers had told us then that they thought they might have been able to get the case through the Sydney courts, but they knew they wouldn't have been able to get it through the Perth courts.

466. They said that the Christian Brothers were not going to pay their fees and so apparently we settled for five million Australian dollars. Of that, Slater and Gordon took 1.5 million. The remainder was then divided into lots of two thousand dollars initially and a further two thousand dollars about a year later.
467. When all the payments were tallied up, they only came to about 1.8 million of the 3.5 that remained. We never got to know where the other 1.7 million Australian dollars went.
468. It was a very sad saga and one that we felt let down by yet again. We didn't have the mentality or the panache to confront these lawyers and say that we weren't going to accept that. It was beyond our ability to do so.
469. It was embarrassing and almost humiliating to say that we had put our trust in that mob and that was what we got. It put a lot of guys back into their shells.

Other Inquiries

470. I gave an account of my experiences to the Royal Commission about four years ago and I have also taken part in the British Health Select Committee, the Australian Senate Inquiry and to the UK Independent Inquiry into Child Sexual Abuse (IICSA).
471. If my memory serves me right, there was counselling available with all of those inquiries, but it takes weeks to wind down from them. In some cases I don't think some guys have come down from taking part in those inquiries even yet. They are still upset that they have been through these processes and very little has eventuated from it.
472. That's how I feel. I feel I have opened my soul and told what happened but I have not been believed. That, in essence because of the lack of following action, is how I feel.

Apologies

473. Although I do believe that the Christian Brothers did apologise, I never received a personal apology. Some of us found consolation in the apology, but it had no impact on others at all because it was insincere. I deemed that the only sincere apologies issued were by the British Prime Minister, Gordon Brown, which was by far the best one, and by Mr Turnbull, the Prime Minister of Australia.
474. I came over to the UK for Gordon Brown's apology back in 2010 and here we are in 2019 still trying to get justice of some sort. I was [REDACTED] while Mr Brown gave a very emotional apology to us. I not only felt good about the apology, but it seemed there was an extra recognition that we were being recognised at that level. I thought that what would follow would be redress.
475. The worst apology was the one by Kevin Rudd, the Prime Minister of Australia before Mr Turnbull. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]. That has always been the issue, at every level. The politicians were like Pontius Pilate, claiming it was no longer their responsibility.
476. If the system had worked the way it should have, how many lives would still be here today? I think so many child migrants have committed suicide because of an identity crisis more than anything. Kids finding out that their birthdays were different or their names were different.
477. This was going on in the 1950s, reasonably modern times and it was going on unabated. There was no control by the British government. There was no control by the Scottish Government.

'Reaping the Whirlwind'

478. There is a Brother called Barry Coldrey who is the historian for the Christian Brothers throughout Australia. He wrote two reports, one was called 'The Scheme', which was written for the Christian Brothers' headquarters in Australia to placate them. The

second report was called 'Reaping the Whirlwind' and was supposedly secret. It was sent to the Vatican and it makes for some very interesting reading.

479. That second report gave a more truthful idea of what was going on. He exposed the paedophile rings that existed within the Christian Brothers' institutions in Australia. Only he can explain why it was a secret report and why he was scared to make it public.
480. In it he mentions that we boys at the Christian Brothers' institutions were known as 'inmates'. I can understand that. I believe that people in jail actually had a much better life than we had in these institutions.
481. He also mentions that the organisation of the Christian Brothers sent their dregs to the institutions. They were who we had as teachers, as minders and as carers. Those that failed everywhere else were sent to the institutions. Probably as a punishment. Coldrey mentions that Brother ^{MDI} the [REDACTED] had three weeks formal training as a teacher and he was teaching year ten there.
482. Those Brothers didn't like being there and so they became very nasty about it to us boys. That is the bottom line of it all.

James Marjoribanks' reports of 12 August 1949 and 30 November 1950 and the Ross Report of 1956

483. I have passed to the Inquiry a copy of reports dated 12 August 1949 from James Marjoribanks to the official secretary of the Office of the High Commissioner for the U.K. in Canberra. Those reports were obtained from Scottish records.
484. The report is part of the debate about what went wrong with the child migration system and why children should perhaps not have been sent to Australia.
485. I understand that the Inquiry also has a copy of the Ross Report of 1956, which details problems with the institutions in Australia to which child migrants were being sent.

486. Scotland would have been aware of our treatment through Her Majesty's Government. Her Majesty's Government were aware of the abuses that were going on in the institutions in Australia. So many institutions in Australia were black-balled at the time, but they still kept sending children to those institutions.
487. One has to assume that the intent of all of the reports that were completed regarding child migrants was to ensure the welfare of the children. Despite that, in not one of those reports is there an interview with a child or comment on how a child might have felt. Perhaps if that had been done things might have changed.

Other matters for relating to migration

488. I get very angry. This is about the fifth or sixth time I have given my statement, which I find appalling. That is not meant as a reflection on the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry, but it is the fact that since 1988 we have been trying to get recognition and restitution for the thousands of kids that were brought out to Australia.
489. Unfortunately, of the 4,500 that were sent post-war, I think there are probably close to 1,500 still alive. A lot of those who died did so through suicide or through stupid things because of a lack of education.
490. A lot of child migrants went into labour-intensive jobs like farming, myself included. I would venture to say that eighty percent of children from Clontarf went to work on farms. Some were put into temporary work, such was the rush of the Brothers to get them out when funding ceased. When that work stopped they were out on the street. Some went to the government for help but they couldn't identify themselves. They were told that if they went back to the government for help they would be deported back to the UK.
491. That was our world. That was what we were living in. Boys were stealing food just to survive and going to jail for doing so. For some former child migrants the only life they

know is one of being in and out of jail. I know of one who actually went up to a cop and punched him, just to get back into jail because he couldn't cope.

492. I am aware from speaking to other kids that for all I and the other kids experienced at Castledare and Clontarf, Bindoon was another story. Bindoon was a terrible place. We at Clontarf used to think we were lucky not to have gone there.
493. Kids that did go to Bindoon had to build the whole place. When they first arrived it was just paddocks. These were British children that were sent over. The laws of the land were that they must be treated as well as they would expect to be treated in Great Britain. That never happened.
494. Particularly, under a chap named Brother MDJ [REDACTED] those kids at Bindoon were used as slave labour. I saw MDJ [REDACTED] on his horse on a couple of occasions. He was a massive man with a big crop of white hair and he used to ride around on a [REDACTED] [REDACTED]
495. One kid at Bindoon was killed in a motor vehicle accident. He was sitting on a pile of timber on the back of a truck to stabilise it because it was stacked up pretty high. He fell off and went under the back wheel.
496. He was still alive and they got him to the infirmary at Bindoon. He never got x-rays and there was no doctor to see him and he was in there for three weeks before he finally died in the infirmary. He had been in and out of consciousness all the time and yet even that didn't warrant any investigation.
497. Another kid died at Bindoon after falling off a horse cart full of wet bags that were to be washed. I only knew this kid as [REDACTED] I don't know his real name. He was a Scottish lad from Nazareth House in Aberdeen.
498. He was sitting on top of these bags on the back of the cart to stabilise them, however the other kids lost control of the cart and he fell off and the cart landed on him. He was killed at the scene.

499. He was taken to the mortuary in Bindoon township and the mortician wanted the institution to pay for the funeral. The institution refused so after a bit more than a week, the mortician took the body to Bindoon and left it on the step outside. His body stayed there for three days before the Brothers got one of the other kids, an English migrant lad called [REDACTED], to wash his body. [REDACTED] was eleven years old.
500. [REDACTED] was buried at Bindoon and his body is there to this day in an unkempt grave. Children in these institutions were not to the forefront of any level of care.
501. My mother should have been made aware of my being migrated and yet, as I later found out, she was not. Instead the Reverend Mother of Nazareth House is shown as my official guardian and that can't be. Nor could the Minister for Immigration in Australia be my guardian. The legality of the whole migration issue comes into question, which is something I have learned in later years and something that makes me very sad.
502. We child migrants have had to live a hell on earth over here in Australia because of that. If the laws of Great Britain and the laws of Scotland had been adhered to, child migration would never have happened. It could not have happened, but because of the lobbying by Australia through Australia House in London and because of the British and Scottish Parliaments, the issue was forced.
503. It should never have been. Scotland should have stood up for us. Ireland should have stood up for its kids, just as much as England should have stood up for theirs. They didn't. They let themselves be railroaded by Australia. Australia, was wanting good white British stock to broaden the population. The Archbishop of Perth bellowed out how worried he was about the "Yellow hordes from the north" coming down and "We need you to work the lands". All this nonsense was pumped into us as children.
504. I have documents that highlight all the business of migration, the entitlement to migration, who was allowed and who was not, that are from the Scottish Parliament. One is a letter dated 12 August 1949, signed 'T.H.E. Heyes, Secretary and is addressed to the Office of the High Commissioner for the U.K. in Canberra. The other

is a letter dated 30 November 1950, again addressed to the Office of the High Commissioner for the U.K. in Canberra and is signed James Marjoribanks, Official Secretary. I have passed a copy of these to the Inquiry.

Impact

505. The impact of my childhood in care and of being a child migrant has been lifelong and it is never going to go away.
506. I had great difficulty just trying to integrate into society. I had such naïvety. A lack of initiative held us all back for so long. When I was in the military I was offered officer training because I showed an ability early on. I turned it down because of a lack of self-belief. As it happened when my induction file arrived I was told I couldn't have done so anyway because my standard of education was not up to it. I was unable to provide any certificates of education and I was deemed to have only the basic educational requirements for military service.
507. We all left those institutions with a lot of scars. It was twenty years after I left that I began to work out who I was. I was in my late thirties before I finally decided, at the behest of my children, to look into my past.
508. It wasn't until decades after I had left Clontarf that I worked out where I fitted into society. Even as a Sergeant-Major in the army I was suffering problems with self-identity because there was no advice. There was no one able to put the pieces together or give an explanation as to why I was who I was. Why I was so subjugated. Why I was so easily intimidated.
509. Despite that, I consider myself one of the lucky ones who got through the system to where I am now. My marriage and particularly my children are what have kept my sanity, even though they don't know what happened to me and they are not going to know.

510. I am happy with what I have achieved, especially given my background, but I am not happy with my disposition. It didn't have to be the way it is. It was totally unnecessary.
511. I have a very good ability to assess the value of people, which I think is a direct consequence of the need to survive I developed in the institutions. At Clontarf especially you knew who you could talk to and who you could not. Instead of there being a culture of love, care and trust, it was this brutal regime.
512. I have very little feelings for other people. I have seen stuff in Vietnam that would horrify even the toughest of people, but I could just shrug it off. There was no impact on me of what I saw and there still isn't. I'm not a callous person, but such was my emotional detachment. Emotions were flogged out of you and the more you cried, the more you got hit.
513. I used to have nightmares, where I could swear someone was pulling my blankets off. Psychologically I'm still of that frame of mind that someone is trying to rip me out of bed. I've been told I'm never going to get rid of that feeling. That's from Castledare particularly.
514. Despite Brother MDI remark as I left Clontarf, I never did go to jail. Sadly many guys that left the institutions did, mainly through stupid things, such was the level of our naivety. If there was one thing we learned to do well at Clontarf it was to lie and to steal. Lying to defend ourselves and stealing animal food at whatever cost and we got good at it. It was a very hard bad habit for me to shake once I left. Even yet I still tell little white lies to my kids. I don't want to and I don't realise I'm doing it until one of them challenges me.
515. I know that if Brother MIZ had drowned me when he tried at Castledare, it would have been put down as misadventure. Brother MIZ would have been believed. That showed me the power of the adult, which has never left me. An adult has always had power over me. I cannot break that fear. It's still there, even though I spent twenty-three years in the military.

516. My marriage suffered because of my background and my lack of an ability to trust. I regret that I haven't been able to take my children fishing. I can't go in the water. I have trouble walking out on a jetty, such is the level of fear within me.
517. I had huge problems as a Company Sergeant-Major, looking after a hundred and twenty men and trying to address them because of that. A soldier nearly drowned under my command because I was not going to get into a river during a tactical river crossing. If my hand hadn't grabbed his fingertips, he would have drowned. I wasn't getting in that river for love nor money, even though it was a fellow soldier.
518. In 1984, after I'd come back from Scotland, I'd injured a finger of one of my hands and had to get it x-rayed. When the doctor saw the x-rays he told me it was the worst case of arthritis he'd ever seen in a human hand. I have no explanation for it being there other than the beltings that we got as kids. I might be wrong.
519. All of us boys have big, flat feet from never wearing shoes at the institutions. Many of us have problems getting shoes to fit, although luckily for me I can get special shoes made through the Department of Veteran Affairs.
520. I've never seen someone so badly sunburnt from being out in the midday sun at Clontarf as one boy called [REDACTED] I've had bad skin cancers too but because I belong to the Department of Veteran Affairs I am issued with copious quantities of sunblock.
521. I harp back to the days at Clontarf often, thinking that if I had progressed as I should have done and gone on to Aquinas and got year twelve, I was university potential. That was totally denied me for no explicable reason. I should never have had to join the military, but through circumstances I found myself in and through no fault of my own, there was no other option. I had no other means of income. No one to rely on. No one to be concerned about me.
522. My brother has a degree and was the head of a university department. My sister has a degree. My niece has a diploma and my nephew has a degree. My oldest son has two degrees, my other son has three, including a law degree, and my daughter has a

degree. I got to year eight. As I see it now, the potential in me and in all the kids was there, but it was repressed.

523. We former child migrants have all missed our calling. We've not only missed the opportunities we could have had if we had stayed in Scotland, we lost our birthright. We lost our language and we were turned into people we were not through no choice of our own.

Final thoughts/Lessons to be learned

524. Children should remain in their homeland. The biggest loss for most of us was in the change of culture. We were sent to a foreign land. We saw these people in long black dresses and we were subjected to what they saw as their role, which was very scary for a child.
525. Children should have been at a minimum age before any consideration was given to them being sent elsewhere. They should have been at an age where they could have consented - realistically, fifteen or sixteen years of age.
526. Children are not commodities as we were. We were never treated as kids. We got nothing. We were told we were going to Australia, that it was a good place and that the sun shines every day.
527. The institutions put their orders in for kids. It wasn't something that was controlled by government. In the letter dated 12 August 1949, from T.H.E. Heyes to the Office of the High Commissioner for the U.K. in Canberra, it says, 'I have been further instructed to refer to delays occurring in regard to applications received from certain institutions'. The institutions were saying they needed some more kids and it was their right to go over to the UK and select the children they wanted.
528. No coloured children were allowed as part of the 'White Australia' policy. It was a terrible situation.

529. The paper continues '...received from certain institutions in this country for recognition as approved organisations for the purpose of child migration and I would appreciate your cooperation in ensuring that such applications are dealt with as promptly as possible so that the needs of the institutions, available and willing to receive child migrants, may be supplied...'
530. This is referring to human lives. This is talking of us as cargo. To me we were a commodity, something that could be passed around without any consideration of our welfare. There was no thought to whether that child could later on find family.
531. I wonder how much better a chance we would have had of finding our families if we had been left in the institutions in Scotland. It would have been a much better chance and particularly if our families were looking and not told their child had died, or had run away, or that they had been adopted.
532. Some mothers were told that their child didn't want to see them. How could a five year old child say that?
533. The deceit and the lies that followed us is extraordinary. It all served a purpose in meeting an end rather than there being any consideration for the welfare of the child. Had the welfare of the child come first, which it should have, our lives would have been so much better.
534. If everyone at all the different levels of government in Britain and Australia and the Catholic institutions had played their roles properly we would all be saying what a wonderful time we had. We can't do that.
535. In general terms, child migration should never have happened. Children need to know their cultural identity, they need to know their background, even if there is no family. We got to Australia and were persecuted because of our accents. Some of us were left-handed and that was not allowed so we were belted. There were a lot of things that were quite discriminatory that would not have occurred if we had been able to stay in our original country.

536. I am sure the institutions in our original countries would not have been as cutthroat and diabolical as the ones here in Australia. I am sure after leaving one of those institutions we would have had somewhere to go back to, unlike in my case where I had to pay to stay for the two weeks in Clontarf after I had left.
537. Nobody looked for their family after they left the institutions because they had been told by men of the cloth that they didn't have any. It wasn't until a young lady went over to the UK and met Margaret Humphreys in Nottingham that the lies that we had been told were suddenly exposed. Slowly more and more children came to realise they had families.
538. I think it is too late for the child migrants that are still alive today. So many are hermits. There are still a number out there that don't even know about the CMT and don't want to know.
539. It's an amazing thing that you can't really tell your own children what the driving force is behind you. My children don't know what happened to me. I'm too embarrassed to tell them because of the stigma that goes with what we have had to live through. They don't want to know. They don't want to know what their dad had to go through and I'm not going to burden them with it.
540. Recently [REDACTED] who [MDF] had disciplined one afternoon in the bathroom at Clontarf, took the Christian Brothers to court and won a [REDACTED] settlement against them.
541. It is suffice for me to say that I would much rather forget my childhood. I wanted all this to have been dealt with and to be over years ago, but because of the procrastination that has gone on, because of the time delays, the interference, the denials and the lies perpetrated to cover up the real truth, justice has been delayed.
542. Even yet there are Cardinals denying such cruelty ever existed. We will go to our graves with the lifelong problems we have suffered as a result. We can't get rid of them.

543. If I had to tell the full story of my life, I would almost need another lifetime to do so. People don't accept or realise what we have been left with and why we are who we are. There is not a child that had been at any of the institutions that is not without their baggage. Nobody left without scars of some form or other. None of those children could ever forget.
544. I hope in speaking to the Inquiry that child migration will never happen again. If it does have to happen again, Scotland should do it itself and not under English laws. Scotland for some reason has a more compassionate approach to the problems of child migration. Checks and balances should be put in place to protect children, even if they were living in another country.
545. I want the Inquiry to be expedited quickly. I don't want it to drag on like the Australian and the English ones have. There needs to be a final resolution. Our guys need to go to their graves knowing that justice has been done.
546. It is very easy to lose it when I am describing my experiences. I want to be able to blow my stack but to further the cause I can't.
547. To me Scotland will always be home, I feel a connection with Scotland and yet I can't live there now.
548. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed. LZK

Dated. 26 - 07 - 2019.