

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

25 FEB 2019

LTG
[REDACTED]

Support person present: No

1. My name is LTG [REDACTED] My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1939. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in the Elsie Inglis Hospital, Edinburgh, which is now an old peoples home. My mother's name was [REDACTED] My dad was [REDACTED] He was one of thirteen children.
3. We lived with my grandparents in Glenlea Gardens, Edinburgh, for a little while, then they died. My dad was with the tramways and we got a house through the housing society in Bingham. I remember it vividly. We were in a prefab with a flat roof. These were only meant to last about ten years but they lasted double that and a bit more. The years there were fantastic.
4. My dad died of cancer at the age of 37. I started staying out late and my mum worried about me. I wasn't getting into trouble but I was worrying her. She spoke to the parish priest, who seemed to be a really nice bloke. He told my mum to put me in Nazareth House.
5. I was going into the orphanage but I was to go in with my younger brother [REDACTED]. She couldn't put me there without him. He was two and half years younger than me. He

ran away from Nazareth House. They brought him back and he ran away again and they wouldn't have him back.

Life in care - Scotland

Nazareth House, Lasswade

General

6. I can't really remember anyone's name in Nazareth House. I'm sure one of the nuns was called Sister LPY I don't remember who was in charge. I'm lucky I came to Australia when I was eleven and a half. I remember everything clearly. I only remember being in Nazareth House and being very lonely. As a kid, you wonder why you're there. You want your mum and dad.
7. It was a dreary looking building. It was a big place. I went back in 2011, knocked on the door and a nun answered it. She was from Ballarat, fifty miles from Melbourne. She was really nice. I can't remember her name. It's an old people's home now.
8. My cousin, who lives in Derby, was one of eleven siblings and came from a hard part of Edinburgh but when I told him where I was he said Lasswade didn't have a good name. He used to play football and he played against Lasswade kids. But you can't say too much to him as he still goes to church. He knows all about it but he can't accept it.

Mornings and bedtime

9. I slept in a big dormitory. There were fifteen to twenty kids in it of different ages. I don't know who got us up. I can't remember doing chores. I remember sitting at a window looking at the gates, hoping someone was coming to get me. It was terrible. That's probably the loneliness. Pining for your mum

Mealtimes/Food

10. At least we got something to eat there. We didn't in Bindoon, it went from one extreme to the other. It was meant to be the land of milk and honey. We used to go from Bonnyrigg to Dalkeith for school. Our bus would pick us up and take us back at lunch time. I can't remember the food but it was alright.

Washing/bathing

11. I don't know if it was once a week, but there were these tin baths that they used to wash your hair. The stuff they used smelled like sheep dip. It was this milky, white stuff. They would dip your head in it. It was called something like Jeyes.

Religious instruction

12. I don't remember a church at Lasswade but we were in a big room. You had to say the words. If you said something wrong you got whacked with a cane, not a strap, although they had straps as well. You tried not to do anything wrong but as a kid, I got it regularly.

School

13. The nuns in Scotland, at [REDACTED] were cruel too. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I went there before I went to Nazareth House, but they claimed they were doing it to make sure you got grades. The school is still there. That's the first school I went to. It's a big shock to go there, Nazareth House. I remember doing a lot of praying.

Birthdays and Christmas

14. One of the good bits about it was I remember them taking us over the Forth Bridge to Rosyth at Christmas time and Santa came down in a helicopter. That would have

been Christmas 1948 or 49. They took you there but the rest of the year you got hammered.

Visits

15. I can't remember my mum visiting me. I can't remember welfare visiting me. My brother [REDACTED] wasn't there long as he ran away.

Running away

16. I reckon I was nine when I went into Nazareth House. [REDACTED] went in with me but he ran away twice and they wouldn't have him back. [REDACTED] would have been seven when he went in. For some reason I was rooted to the place.

Bed Wetting

17. I can't remember anyone having problems with bedwetting there. I can remember there were problems later on at Bindoon with other children.

Abuse at Nazareth House, Lasswade

18. I got whacked with a cane pretty badly across the arm. I remember it vividly, but can't remember who did it. I showed my mum and told her what had happened. She wasn't happy at all. She knew a man in Edinburgh who worked for a newspaper, I don't know what paper. I think his name was [REDACTED] or [REDACTED]. He must've contacted the bishop of Edinburgh. The next thing I knew, I was with my mum and the friend of mums with the bishop, who wasn't happy at all. It was all hushed up. When I got back to Nazareth House, or the next day, the nuns were like honey and treacle. It was exactly the same in Australia when we got of the ship with the Christian brothers. You never met anyone as nice. Then it changed from black to white.

19. I just remember cruelty and praying a lot in Nazareth House. When you prayed, the floors were wooden and you had to keep your feet up while you were on your knees. If you did the least little thing, got up to mischief, or just out of spite, they'd pull you out of bed and you had to polish a corridor. You not only had to polish it, you had to keep your feet up while you did that or you'd get a whack.
20. In Nazareth House, if you looked sideways at anyone you got a whack on the ear from the nuns. Sister ^{LPY} was one. She might have been the head one, I don't know. Their bedroom was called a cell. Their rooms were off ours.

Migration

Selection/information

21. When they promised me I was going to Australia I was leaving Nazareth House, I wasn't missing out. Little did I know what it would be like. I was at Nazareth House for between eighteen months and two years.
22. The immigration people showed us a film and talked to us and asked who would like to go. It conjured up all kinds of dreams. They painted a picture of riding horses to school, oranges and big ocean liners. I don't remember if they were from Australia or Britain, but I remember the stories. We had to go through all sorts of tests and medical examinations before we came out. I'm not sure how long the process took. I pestered my mum to sign the consent form. She told me years later that it was the worst thing she had ever done.

Leaving Scotland

23. I went on the Flying Scotsman to Kings Cross, crossed the road to the next station and went to Tilbury. It was magic, it felt like a big holiday. We were in one big group, there were about thirty of us. There were four from Nazareth House that I can remember. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], me and someone else. I can't remember the other kids name. There were some from Aberdeen and some from Glasgow.

24. There were carers on the ship. I'm amazed nobody fell over the side. Someone, an adult, fell over the ship. Whether he committed suicide, I don't know. We were allowed to do our own thing to an extent.
25. I nearly drowned on the boat at the pool, I was hanging onto a kid's feet. I went down and luckily there was a guy sitting next to the pool, who grabbed me. I never went near it again. The ship was fantastic. We got badly burned. My nose went green and just peeled off. They looked after us on it so I couldn't complain about that.
26. It took almost a month to get to Fremantle. We left about [REDACTED] 1950 and got there about the [REDACTED]. The ship was called the Otranto. I was beginning to think it didn't exist until I went to the museum for immigrants and there it was. I saw it. I got a booklet from Perth and there was a kid who died and I remember him and the ship he came on was the same as me.

Life in care – Australia

Bindoon Boys Town, Western Australia

General

27. Chirstian Brothers met us at Fremantle and took us to Castledare, in a suburb just outside Perth. I can't remember who they were. They gave us a picnic. I remember the weather was great. They then graded us by age, weight and height and put us on trucks to Bindoon. It was dark when we got there. When we woke up we were in hell.
28. For the next five years that was it in a nutshell. Bindoon was a hundred times worse than Nazareth House. I couldn't believe where I was. You're in a strange place with a lot of kids around you that you didn't know. They started poking fun at you because of your accent.

Routine at Bindoon Boys Town, Western Australia*First day*

29. We had the big slap up do in Castledare then they graded us like sheep and cattle, put us on trucks and I ended up in what I call Stalag seventeen. Bindoon Boys Town was fifty or sixty miles in the middle of nowhere. You woke up in the morning and thought, "Where the hell am I?". I was eleven and a half exactly it was [REDACTED] 1950. I remember it vividly, because when someone does something to you, you remember it.
30. I was there for five years. I left at sixteen. I was lucky to leave then because they changed the rules and were trying to hang on to you. It's the same experience as being let out of jail, not that I've ever been to jail. People tell me it was a different era, but no era was good to abuse children. None whatsoever.

Mornings and bedtime

31. You got allocated a job to do before you started school, then another one after school. It was just terrible. There were over a one hundred kids there when I was there. There were fifteen to twenty in a dormitory, of similar ages. It was all boys. Brother ^{MDJ} [REDACTED] was in charge. You soon had to get in the groove and learn. They would just wake the whole dormitory up in the morning. We went to church first after a wash. If you were late for church, they'd give you a whack.
32. Brother ^{MIU} [REDACTED] was in charge of my dormitory when we were in the new building. I don't know who was in charge of us when I was little. My job was sweeping. It was a very dusty place, so we were always sweeping the concrete. If they were short of people to build the buildings you got pulled out of school. Not so much when you were that age, more when you were about thirteen.

Mealtimes/Food

33. We got porridge and a bit of bread for breakfast. It was terrible but you had to eat it, it was all you had. You did your job before school and you did it after school, sweeping and cleaning.
34. Bindoon was a self-sufficient farm, seventeen thousand acres and we were starved. We were absolutely starved. We had bread and milk saps for dinner. The highlight of the week was two sausages for lunch on a Sunday. We thought we were in heaven.
35. One day I stole half a dozen scones from the nun's dining room. Someone saw me and reported me. The brothers waited until I went to bed and got me up and gave me three of the best on each hand. I think it was **MIU** but I couldn't be a hundred per cent sure. I'd been there a couple of years.
36. The brothers ate well. Chops and eggs for breakfast and toast. It was unbelievable. We got rubbish. I saw this when I had the job of cleaning the dining room one time.

Washing/bathing

37. When you were in the showers Brother **MYL** a young brother, would turn the water on so that you could lather up. He would turn the water off when you were soaped up. He then used a brush you'd use to clean the toilet and stick it up your backside and round your back. It had very hard bristles. You learned to try and duck if he came along. It happened to all of us. The same guy had a strap about an inch thick. If you were running late, he'd whack you on the back of the legs. He was one of the teachers, from memory. He was weird. He took great delight in doing it.

Clothing/uniform

38. The first thing they did when we got to Bindoon was, they took all your gear from you and gave you khaki shorts and a khaki short sleeve shirt. No socks, and no shoes.

Schooling

39. The school was in Bindoon and you were taught by the brothers. It was terrible. If I hadn't learnt to read and write in Scotland I'd be illiterate today. It was non-existent. One teacher was Brother **MBC?** or **MBC?**. I think he was off his head. He was nuts. He would walk up and down the aisle and give you a clip around the ear for no reason. I thought he was loco. He was old. There were a couple who were reasonably alright but the others more than made up for it. Brother **MDY** was a shocker. He would have gone down well as a sheriff in a town. He wasn't a teacher, he was a lay brother. He used to drive a truck. He was fat and he had a bald head. He was absolutely shocking. He looked the part. There was another brother who had more to do with the sheep farming. I didn't come into much contact with him. I can't remember his name.
40. The education was very poor. I think I was good at school in Scotland, according to what my mum told me. I don't know what grade I would have been in, I was eleven and a half when I left. At thirteen, they'd take you out of school to work. We loved it. You would put your hands up when they came into the class and asked for volunteers. We had to put cement in the mixer by hand, using a shovel. We were like working ants. We worked all day, bare footed most of the time. They gave us army boots sometimes, but no socks so we got blisters. We seemed to be working all the time.
41. My education basically stopped at fourteen. I was sort of learning a bit of carpentry and learning a bit of painting and I picked that up.

Leisure time

42. From memory, on a Sunday we were allowed to explore the bush. It was a huge place but I don't remember any kid getting lost and we never had a compass. Naturally the older kids knew where to go. From memory, I don't recall anyone getting lost. There were good parts of that you could grow anything on and there was the rough Australian bush as well.

43. They had pigs, cows, chickens, a really good vineyard and orange trees. The soil where the oranges grew was incredible. I think it was volcanic soil. They had heaps of sheep. Obviously it was all going to the convents in the city or they were selling it.

Trips/Holidays

44. We used to go to a place on the coast called Moore River. The mattress you slept on was hay in a hessian sack and we would get a blanket and sleep on the ground. We'd get a knife, cup and spoon. You cleaned them with sand and water. We loved it. We thought it was magic going there for a couple of weeks. It was really hot. They gave us hats, old army hats with a wide brim on it. They didn't want us getting sunstroke. We only went there from when we were fourteen onwards.
45. We used to get a trip to the Royal Show. Different benefactors used to come up there and give us a party. I reckon they were paedophiles, from talking to a couple of guys. I didn't have anything to do with them. So called Mr Nice Guys, that's what they do, that's their modus operandi. One guy was called [REDACTED] That's what we knew him by. Of course if you gave us kids a bag of the cheapest lollies we thought we were in heaven. They'd throw a barbeque for us. They'd pick out the most vulnerable characters. Nothing like that happened to me. I was probably too ugly.
46. This lady took me out on holiday in 1952. She was over 6 foot tall and her family were over six foot. The [REDACTED] family. They were fantastic people. I went there for a couple of weeks at Christmas and it was great. It was like heaven being treated like a normal person. It was hard to swallow having to go back to Bindoon. Mum knew I was going out to her place so she gave me a little present from Scotland for her.
47. In the last couple of years mum got us for holidays. By this time she stayed with a guy.

Work

48. The Brothers were Catholics, but we were out on the holiest day of the year, Good Friday, in a truck digging rocks up for the buildings, which I thought was hypocritical. The walls outside were very thick. They had coffee stone inside, then they had blue stone outside. Other kids were doing it so you didn't want to be a weakling, you just fell into line. They even had a sandpit for sand. They didn't have to buy anything. They had everything except cement, which was in short supply, but Brother MDJ used to be in the police force and he had influential friends in politics. They all seemed to have Irish names.
49. One of the good parts about it was, if you kept your nose clean, they must have seen something in me and they got me to show visitors around. Why would someone come up and visit an orphanage? I showed a top journalist's father around, when he was the youngest senator in the Labour party, Don Willisey. I nearly fell out the chair a couple of months ago. There's a programme called Australian Story and Don Willisey's son Mike was on it. Don Willisey had said he had to get his son Mike into Bindoon to toughen him up. Anyway, this Mike Willisey didn't say a thing when all these inquiries were going on.
50. I showed a few people around and they gave you money. If you withheld the money and got caught the brothers gave you a right bashing. They took the money from you. They didn't get mine. There was this Maltese kid there and his family lived in the home. I asked him if I could give him five pounds to look after for me. One kid got caught out and the Brothers gave him a savage beating. They did it in front of everyone. They used their fists to beat him.
51. I showed an influential guy from Australia around, a Mr Barry. He was a senator in parliament here. I don't know what party he was in. He lived in Carlton. He was so impressed with me he sent me a book called 'Golden Year'. It was about the gold fields in Ballarat and Bendigo. I never got it. One day, I was in the Brothers' library and it was there. I got it back when I left. I asked for it and they gave it to me.

52. Football teams were shown around. What would league teams from here go to an orphanage for? Melbourne, named after the city of Melbourne, came up. Why did they come up to an orphanage? They didn't even give the orphanage a couple of footballs. Collingwood team came up there. They were asking us who could swim across the creek, we didn't have a swimming pool. They gave us two bob and some lollies if we did it. I said to [REDACTED] the Maltese kid, at least Collingwood gave us something. To this day, I wondered why they came and visited.
53. Brother ^{MDY} [REDACTED] drove a truck on Tuesdays and Fridays. He would pick up supplies to take back. He was different when he was in the truck, like Jekyll and Hyde. He was Mr Nice Guy in the truck. He spoke to you like you should be spoken to, but in the home he turned into a monster. He would come into the dining room and ask, "Who wants to go to Perth today?" Everyone put their hands up to escape from Alcatraz. But he was brutal in the home.
54. You had to show you could lift heavy weights to get picked. You had to do some heavy lifting when you were out. It was manual work on the truck. The Catholic firms in Perth used to donate stuff to the orphanage, like broken biscuits or bread that they couldn't sell and he would pick this up.

Christmas and Birthdays

55. Christmas and birthdays weren't celebrated. I don't remember ever seeing a Christmas tree. There were no presents. Your birthday was just another day, it was non-existent.

Visits/Inspections/Review of Detention

56. My mum came to visit when she could. She ended up getting a job. She came out in 1952 with my brother and he came into the home because she had nowhere to go. She was lucky to get a job as a domestic, with living quarters. It cost five pounds to get there in a taxi so my mum visited when she could.

57. She got us out for holidays in my last couple of years and she was working. My mum paid this English woman to look after us. I remember the woman saying she would have to ration the butter like they did in Bindoon. We told my mum and she was really angry. She said she was paying for the butter.

Healthcare

58. There was no health care. The nuns had a dispensary, that was it. If you had anything seriously wrong with you they took you to Perth. I had a really bad toothache once and they took me there. Brother ^{MDY} took me in the truck. The dentist said he couldn't see anything wrong with it. I told him he would have to take it out or they would bash me for wasting their time. He said he would write me a letter. What it was, was the tooth was decaying on the inside. I had to go back a few months later to get it out. That was like getting out of jail, going to the dentist. You had to keep telling them before they would let you go. One kid had a boil on his gut. They sucked it out with a bottle. I was there. I couldn't believe it. One time I thought I had appendicitis, but it wasn't.

Personal possessions

59. We didn't have anything that belonged to us. When you were a certain age you were given rabbit traps and you would give the rabbits you caught to the brothers and they would sell them. You would keep the skins for a month or two then take them to the furrier. You'd get a dollar or ten bob and buy a pair of runners, training shoes. Mum would give me money and I could get a pair out of the tuck shop.

Bed Wetting

60. I remember the poor kids who wet the bed had to sleep on the veranda. They were freezing in the morning. But they were out there because of the smell. Well, that's the reason the brothers gave. Then they got freezing cold showers. The showers were under the dormitory I was in and you could hear them screaming.

Abuse at Bindoon Boys Town, Western Australia

61. Brother MDY one time gave me a punch or a fist to the side of the head in the dining room for going to the servery. Because I didn't get my allocation I went to the servery to ask for it. I saw stars. He said if I wanted anything I had to ask him. I wasn't to go to the kitchen and ask. I was about fourteen or fifteen when this happened.
62. When they put the roofs on the buildings, I got picked to help. The firm that built the roof with tiles supplied their own men. We were assigned to help them. I didn't think they were good Catholics. They were asking me about Bindoon and I told them about the Brothers. They went back to Perth and told someone, who called the home and told them some little Scottish guy, LTG was complaining about the treatment and that the Brothers were all bastards, pigs and all that. I went back to school on the Monday and was told that I had to go and see MDJ in his office. He was about six foot three and fifteen stone. He bashed me badly. I never felt a thing, I was so frightened. I didn't know what he was going to do next.
63. As a punishment he said they were stopping my mail and all my privileges until my character improved. They used to read all the mail before we got it anyway. I showed a Mrs Ryan from Sydney around and she used to write to me and put ten bob in the letter for me. Once my character improved I got a backlog of mail but no money in it.
64. The incident with MDJ happened in his bedroom. He hit me with a belt all over, mainly on the backside, but he lashed out. I told my mum but she couldn't do anything. I had no lasting injuries, I was just very frightened.
65. I found MDJ alright. He was a hard task master. He had to get the jobs done. I used to see boys pulling a barrow up, at the back of the building, up the scaffolding. One time, they went for afternoon tea and I wanted a shot of the winch. I used the wooden handled barrow and winched it up and didn't know how to work it. The barrow was hanging about twenty feet in the air. It eventually fell and broke. I hung around to take the blame and get it over with. MDJ asked who had done it and I immediately told him that I had. He asked why I'd done it and I told him I thought I

could work it. He had a shillelagh, like a walking stick, and he hit me with it then used it as a spear and said "Get out of my sight". He gave me two whacks on the backside. I deserved it for what I did.

66. Brother ^{MIZ} [REDACTED] wasn't right in the head. He was vindictive. They must have went to a school that trained them to be cruel to children.
67. If you were crowding the dining room doors, the nuns had a belt and they'd just whack out at you. They would hit you in the face and everything. The nuns were Spanish.
68. If you lost a towel or an item of clothing you would miss the pictures. You got this on a Saturday and Sunday night. They'd put you in the next room, so that you could hear it but couldn't see the picture. This was to teach you a lesson, don't do anything bad, don't lose a towel, clothes, things like that.
69. We all had numbers, 1 to 120 or whatever. I think I was [REDACTED]. We had a locker and you weren't allowed to talk in the locker room. If you got caught you had to line up and you got a whack. Any excuse to belt you.
70. Brother ^{MDJ} [REDACTED] got a gold watch [REDACTED]. It got stolen and he said to everyone in the dining room that the boy or boys who stole the watch should come forward. He said that if they didn't all of us would be punished. I think he was [REDACTED] before he became a Christian brother. He was going on the principle that someone would turn the person in. Nobody came forward. We didn't see any movies for two years. The garden was dug up at the front a couple of years later and the watch turned up. So the movies came back. ^{MDJ} [REDACTED] died in [REDACTED] and Brother ^{MIY} [REDACTED] took over.
71. I saw my brother [REDACTED] but he was two years younger. You didn't hang around with younger kids. It was the law of the jungle. You got belted but then, as you got older and someone gave you lip, you belted them. Brother ^{MIY} [REDACTED] came from a college

somewhere. He saw me hitting this kid. He grabbed me and shook me so hard that I thought my head was going to fall off. It was worse than getting a belting.

72. I reckon **MDY** would have been the worst. The others were mediocre compared to him. He used to punch you. He didn't care.

Leaving Bindoon Boys Town

73. When I first went to Bindoon you left when you were eighteen. When I left it was sixteen. We knew when we were sixteen that we would be leaving. When I was coming up to sixteen, I had a bit of three ply wood under my mattress and for the last three months I'd mark the days off till I left. The brother in charge of the dormitory, **MIU** asked me what it was. I told him I had twenty eight days left in here. He saw the funny side of it.

74. We weren't given any preparation for life after Bindoon. I was lucky that I'd went out with different families to see what life was like. I was inward, I didn't make friends easily but when I did they were good friends. I've still got them today. I'd say Bindoon had a bit to do with that.

Reporting of Abuse

75. I haven't reported it to the police. They aren't going to do anything. I've told my wife **[REDACTED]**. I haven't told my children.

Life after being in care

76. They couldn't even get it right when they got you a job. **MDJ** had influential friends and would get you a job when you left the home and get two years knocked off your five year training as an apprentice. Not with me. I started at the bottom rung. I was placed with a couple of sharks and they didn't pay me the right amount. I spoke to the boarding woman, who was Scottish, and told her and she told me to see the

union guy. Because I was just out of the orphanage for twelve months I was frightened to go. I thought I'd get a belting. But her son told me I should go.

77. I went to see the secretary of trades hall, Jock White, a hard man. He phoned my boss, Mr Tasker, who told him to get me to come down and I would get paid, but Jock White told him to get my money to his office right now. That's how much power the union had then. You used to have to sign for the wages every week. I never signed once and they could see that when he brought in the wages book.
78. After that they made it hard for me for a while because I reported them. They then moved to the country full time so they transferred me to another firm. Again I went from the frying pan into the fire because the employer I went to knew what I'd done to the others.
79. I was still under the child welfare in Western Australia until I was 21. Back in those days you couldn't vote, you couldn't have a drink. It messed my mum's life up too. She had her little house, her friends and she came out to Australia and didn't know anyone. There was no support for single mothers back then, through no choice of hers.
80. Because the first two guys I worked with were in the bush two weeks, then back a weekend, the welfare were checking up to see if I was behaving. The boarding house was in north Perth. I paid part of the rent. That's how it came about that I was getting short changed with my wages, when I couldn't pay my rent.
81. When I finished my apprenticeship in 1960, I went to Darwin for twelve to thirteen months, went back to Perth and met my wife, [REDACTED]. She came from the other side of Australia. A place called Mount Isa in North West Queensland. She was in Perth on a working holiday. I met her there in 1962. My mum was still in Perth. I left there when I was about 26.
82. We decided to do a working holiday. We were in Adelaide for fourteen months. The plan was to go to Sydney, Queensland and whatever place we liked, we would stay.

I went to Sydney. I then went to Melbourne and got a good job in a cigarette company and the kids came about so I've stayed here since 1966. I've been married for fifty two years. I was always a painter.

83. I have 3 children. My daughters are [REDACTED] who is 46, and [REDACTED], who is 54. My son [REDACTED] just had his 51st birthday. He was in the mining game and has been to Perth and back. He's been back here since 2008. He got married to a girl from Belgium.
84. I took my wife [REDACTED] up to see Bindoon and there was a Christian brother who let us walk around. You can't do that now. I think I went in 2007 or 2008. They've let it fall into disrepair. I could've been anything if I'd had a better education. I'm probably lucky to be a tradesman. I've had a bit of luck with jobs.

Other matters in relation to migration

85. In the early 90s, the biggest law firm in Melbourne, Slater and Gordon, took our case. They must have lay down as they settled for \$2000. We had to sign forms not to sue the Catholic church again. Then along came another law firm in Collingwood, mainly females. We didn't even have to go to court. We got \$40,000 from the Catholic church. That was a couple of years ago in 2016. It was maybe \$45000 because I was in their office and a Christian brother was down the hall and the lawyer asked me if I wanted to meet him. I didn't really but he came in and asked me a couple of questions. I asked him why they thought we were all liars and why did they treat children like they did. I told him they were men of God, they were meant to look after us. He wasn't one of them, he was just a spokesman. He gave me an extra \$5000.
86. I haven't touched any of the money. It is for me and my wife when we die. At least we will be buried correctly. I saw my brother buried and it made me cry. His wife was money grabbing. [REDACTED] died about eight or nine years ago. Being a merchant seaman he was a big drinker. He was divorced a long time. [REDACTED] got out of Bindoon early

because he was bigger and heavier than me. He went to sea when he was fifteen. He didn't join the Australian merchant navy, he joined the English.

87. I'm Scottish. I've still got my British passport. I'm proud of being Scottish. I get an old age pension. I was advised not to apply for redress by the lawyer in 2016. The Child Migrant Trust advised that too. I got redress from Western Australia in 2007. It wasn't what it was meant to be, at least it was something.
88. The first time I went back to Scotland was in 1995. It was the best trip as it had been so long. [REDACTED] came with me. I've been back seven times now and it gets better every time, but the first time was the best. I didn't get financial assistance when I first went to Scotland but I got reimbursed later I think. Margaret Humphreys should be knighted and given a billion dollars for what she's done. She's still there. She isn't one of those that comes in and leaves. She's still going. I've met her a few times.
89. When I go over I stay with my cousin in Derby. He's Scottish but he moved there for work. He told me he hasn't been able to find out much about my grandad on my father's side. My dad was sick a lot. He had cancer for a few years. When I went to the cemetery I found out a lot from the headstone. My mum's dad passed away first in 1945, then his wife passed away, then my dad. I remember as a kid going to funerals all the time, but there was a year and maybe six months between them. I would have been seven or eight when my dad died.
90. The ABC and the BBC made a film called 'The Leaving of Liverpool'. It started off great and finished downhill at a hundred miles an hour. I told Margaret Humphreys and she said it was worse than that. They have both got bucket loads of money, why couldn't they get it right. They've made another show from Canada called 'The boys from St. Vincent's'. I missed it and they never put it on again. Apparently it was horrific because there were kids sent everywhere. I call them Mickey Mouse schemes. Since Bindoon was highlighted a lot of people from other institutions have come out of the woodwork. I couldn't believe it.

91. It has been a little too late from the British and Australian governments, but at least they've come to the party.

Impact

92. It's hard to put into words the impact Bindoon has had on me. In the 70's, I was watching a TV programme and it was about Bindoon and I just froze. I tried to block it out and to move on. Some kids can't. You never forget. Some of the memories came back. It should never have happened. It was so senseless. I got sick of telling people when I left there. No-one believed us. It's affected me psychologically in a few ways for sure.
93. I've had flashbacks and nightmares. Not a lot, but I've had them. You never forget. How some kids who went there could say it was a good place, I don't know. They must be off their rocker.

Records

94. I have never seen my records. I asked, I think I asked the Child Migrants Trust. I asked when I was in England at the Child Migrant place and asked if they could get them. I don't want to know anyone.

Final thoughts

95. I just hope they do something about it, but knowing human nature, I don't think they will. I just hope that it puts a stop to it. I know the world's moved on and there doesn't seem to be too many orphanages. The new form of child abuse is in boarding schools. I watch the documentaries, the news and read the papers.
96. The latest abuse is of the elderly. I know people in our street who have sold their house and moved to a retirement village. Moving into a retirement village to me would be like living in an orphanage. If you don't like the people, you may not be getting abused but you're stuck there. The latest thing is in the nursing homes.

They're abusing old people in the nursing homes. Why don't they punish them so they can't do it again?

97. I'd keep telling people, be very careful who you have minding your kids, you can never be sure. I hope it doesn't happen again, but I don't think there are orphanages now. It's a different world.

98. 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. LTG

Dated. *18-2-19*