

## **Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry**

Witness Statement of

LZN

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is LZN My date of birth is 1943 and I am presently 75 years of age. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### **Life before going into care**

2. I was born in a little cottage in which is in Aberdeenshire. My father was and my mum was
3. I know now that when I was three years old my mother died giving birth to my sister and I was put in Nazareth House Orphanage in Aberdeen. I later learned that my father's sister, who had a daughter already called, adopted my sister. was about ten years older than
4. I have no recollection of anything before I was put into Nazareth House. My understanding as I grew up was that I had no parents, I thought I was an orphan.

### **Life in care - Scotland**

#### **Nazareth House, Aberdeen**

5. I have been shown a document by the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry which gives details of my register entries for Nazareth House.

6. That document records that my first name is LZN and that I was born in Aberdeen on 1943. It states that I was baptised at St Mary's Church in Aberdeen and records both of my parents' names and that my father was a labourer.
7. It also records that I was recommended for Nazareth House by the Very Reverend Canon Grant, that I was received there on the 1947 and that I left on 1953. There is also an observation that my father was living and Catholic.
8. I have also been shown an 'Observation Book' by the Inquiry, which records that my father had promised to pay seven shillings and sixpence per week for my care.
9. Additionally, I have been shown a 'Register of Sacraments', within which are details of my baptism, my first Holy Communion, my first confession and my confirmation.
10. I have been shown a further document entitled 'Boys' Inventory', which records details of the clothing that I had.
11. I can accept that these documents are accurate and relate to me, but I was only three years old and I have no recollections from that time.

*General*

12. I remember two things about Nazareth House in Aberdeen: I was always cold and I was always hungry. When I look back now, I realise it was just after the war and there were lots of kids hungry. I think it was probably par for the course and I put it down as part of growing up.
13. I only remember boys being there, I don't remember any girls and I can't remember the names of any of the nuns because we only ever called them 'Sister'.
14. I don't remember there being any leisure or play time and I don't remember there being any trips or holidays either. We were just locked up within the walls all the

time and that was it. I don't even have a recollection of there being any special days like Christmas and birthdays were non-existent.

15. I don't remember any work or chores and I don't remember anything about the healthcare. I have no recollection of ever seeing either a doctor or a dentist, or what might have happened if any child was sick.
16. Although my memories of Nazareth House are few, none of them are good. I think I have shut out that part of my life and moved on.

### **Routine at Nazareth House, Aberdeen**

#### *Mornings and bedtime*

17. We slept in a dormitory that had quite a few beds in it. I think the oldest boy in my dormitory was about twelve, but a lot of the others were about the same age as me. Every morning one of the nuns used to come round to wake us all up and get us out of bed.
18. Night time was the worst. I would lie awake shivering and the end result was that I would wet the bed. This went on for a long time and was the source of all my problems.

#### *Mealtimes*

19. I was always hungry at Nazareth House, there never seemed to be enough to eat. We never complained about it because the only thing I remember about mealtimes was one occasion when one of the other kids asked for more. He got a slap across the head from whichever Sister it was that was there and was told to sit down and eat what he had been given.

*Washing and bathing/Hygiene*

20. I remember we used to have to take a shower about once a week. They were always cold and once a week was enough.

*Schooling*

21. School was within the orphanage and I recall being in class while one of the nuns was doing the teaching. If you got something wrong you got slapped or you would have to put your hand out and get hit with the ruler.

*Religious instruction*

22. We had to go to Mass on a regular, weekly basis and we also had to go to Confession. It was expected of us and if we didn't go to Confession the nuns would want to know why. It was a routine we just got into.
23. I remember if I was considered to have been a reasonable child I might get to say three 'Hail Marys' at Confession. If it was considered I'd been particularly naughty, for instance I might have stolen another kid's food, then the priest would make me say the whole Rosary. By the time I left the orphanage I was an expert and I could get through the Rosary in about two minutes.

*Visitors*

24. I don't remember ever getting a visit from anybody. I have since obtained some letters relating to my stay in Nazareth House in which there is mention of somebody coming to visit me, but I don't remember any visits or who that might have been.
25. I don't remember there being any official people such as inspectors coming to visit the home either.

*Family*

26. It was my impression that I didn't have any family. I thought I was an orphan and, like the other kids there, just accepted my lot in life.

*Emotional care/support*

27. There was nobody available for any emotional support. You never got close to the nuns, they were just very officious in what they did. I don't even recall having any friends.
28. In all my time at Nazareth House in Aberdeen I can honestly say I never encountered any act of love or compassion from any of the nuns. They were the bosses and you did what you were told or you got belted.

**Abuse at Nazareth House, Aberdeen**

29. The nuns ruled with a rod of iron. It was a strict regime. They carried a leather strap hooked to their belts and if they felt they needed to discipline any boy, they took it out and used it. Usually they would belt you on the back of the legs, which seemed to be their favourite method. When you were wearing shorts and it was cold, it used to sting.
30. If you were late for chapel or if you were late for the classroom, or if you answered back to a Sister in any way, that's what you would get.

*Bedwetting*

31. I saw other boys being hauled off by the ear for wetting their beds and marched down to the bathroom. I never saw what happened to them, but I knew what was coming because I wet the bed at Nazareth House as well. One of the reasons I did so was that it was so cold that I didn't want to get out of bed and go to the toilet.

32. When I did wet the bed one particular nun would punish me. I can't remember her name, but it was her job to get the boys up in the morning and ready for breakfast. At first, every morning that I wet the bed she hit me on the back of the legs with a strap and this went on for a long time.
33. I continued to wet the bed so she started grabbing me by the ear and dragging me along to the bathroom. In the bathroom she would stick my head down the toilet and pull the chain. This happened many times, but I couldn't stop wetting the bed.
34. Sometimes that same Sister locked me in the toilet overnight and I would sit on the cold floor in the dark and cry until I fell sleep. One time she got real mad at me and locked me in the toilet for an even longer time. I can't remember how long but more than a day and night. I remember being cold, hungry and thirsty. I have a vivid memory of pulling the chain and drinking the water out of my hands as I scooped it up.
35. I think I stopped wetting the bed when I was about seven years old, probably because I was so afraid. I would go to bed and not let myself go to sleep until I needed to go to the toilet. When I did need, I would get up, go to the toilet and then go back to bed. That seemed to cure it.

### **Reporting of abuse at Nazareth House, Aberdeen**

36. I never reported what was happening to me. Who could I have reported it to? I certainly couldn't have told another nun because I would have got a smack for telling tales.

### **Migration**

#### *Selection/information*

37. One morning at breakfast in Nazareth House, around late 1952 a Brother from Western Australia (WA) came to speak to the boys and talked about life in the orphanage at Bindoon Boys' Town, WA. The head sister got all of our attention and told us that she wanted to welcome a man from Australia.
38. A Christian Brother wearing a long black robe walked in and spun a great yarn about Australia. I don't know this Brother's name, but I remember some of the things that he told us.
39. He said that the orphanage in WA was still being built and that the boys there were very happy and got on well together. He said that everywhere there were all kinds of fruit trees that I had never heard of before and that the boys could pick fruit anytime. I couldn't imagine what a pear tree, an orange tree or an olive tree were like because I'd never seen one. He described how the sun was always shining and it was a beautiful place to live. He said that on the farm there were all kinds of animals to look after and when the boys weren't in school they could do so.
40. He made it sound like the promised land and after he finished giving such a glowing report, he asked who wanted to go to Australia. My hand shot straight up.
41. At the time that was all I knew about the selection process, however in more recent years I received a letter from my cousin [REDACTED] in which she mentions that some men from Nazareth House went to see my grandmother with a view to getting me sent to Australia. [REDACTED] wrote in her letter that my grandmother thought it was going to be a good thing for me to go and that's why she signed it. I have provided a copy of that letter to the Inquiry.
42. I have no memory of my grandmother being involved at all and I have no recollection of her or any of my relatives coming to the home or being involved in me going to Australia.
43. I never saw the Christian Brother that came to speak to us at Nazareth House again. I later found out that he had been recruiting for all four orphanages in WA.

*Migration papers*

44. I have provided the Inquiry with a copy of my migration form, which I obtained a number of years later.
45. The form was completed by Father Cyril Stinson and shows that the Mother Superior of Nazareth House signed the consent section and that her signature was witnessed by an Aberdeen medical practitioner.
46. The medical form that accompanies my migration form shows that I was a healthy child. I have no recollection of a medical check being done.
47. There is also information in another document that my grandmother, who is named as [REDACTED] or [REDACTED], eighty-three years of age and a widow, had no objections to my being sent to Australia.
48. At the time I knew nothing of that or any other paperwork relating to me being sent to Australia. I don't think we even had a passport.

*Leaving Scotland*

49. The next thing I knew after the Brother spoke to us at Nazareth House was that I was on a ship, the Otranto, heading for Australia. I remember going to Tilbury Docks and meeting up with kids from other places that were all going there as well. I don't remember how I got to Tilbury Docks or being sent for any health checks before I left Nazareth House.
50. We all had a small case each and I think there was probably two sets of clothing in mine.



*Journey on SS Otranto*

51. The ship left Tilbury Docks in [REDACTED] 1953. I think one of the Brothers came with us because I remember a man in a black robe on the ship. I don't remember anyone else accompanying us boys.
52. There were about thirty boys on the ship and, although I don't remember their names, I do recall there were other boys from Scotland.
53. It was a six week trip in those days and I remember when we got into nice warm weather for the first time all the boys were running round in their shorts with no shirts on. We were allowed to run freely around the ship and it was fabulous feeling the sunshine.
54. There was a big swimming pool on the ship and all the boys were in it so I dived in as well. I didn't know how to swim and one of the passengers had to haul me out by the hair. Over the rest of the trip I learned how to swim.
55. There was all this delicious food on the ship that I'd never seen before and I used to sneak down to the dining room to get something to eat. One time one of the cabin crew reported me to the Brother that was accompanying us and I got a clip on the ear.
56. Other than that, it was an exciting time for me. I was going somewhere new, the sun was shining and I was feeling warm for probably the first time in my life. In a sense it was a new beginning.

*Arrival in Australia*

57. After six weeks at sea we arrived at Fremantle, WA. I have been shown a copy of the ship's manifest by the Inquiry that was obtained from the National Archives of Australia, which shows that the ship arrived on [REDACTED] 1953.

58. I am named on the manifest as 'Master' <sup>LZN</sup> and it shows that I was to be going to Bindoon Boys' Town.
59. All of us boys were split up at Fremantle. One of the Brothers met us at the port and each group were told to get in three different vans. Along with about twelve other boys, some Scottish, I was told I was going to Bindoon, which meant nothing to me. The other boys went to Clontarf and to New Norcia.
60. Once we were all in the van we were driven to the orphanage, which was sixty miles north of Perth, WA. It was a long trip.

### **Life in care – Australia**

#### **Bindoon Boys' Town, Western Australia**

##### *General*

61. Bindoon Boys' Town was a farm of seventeen thousand acres. It was a big place and it was very isolated being sixty miles from Perth. There were two-storey buildings all over the place and, at the time we arrived, some were still being built.
62. The orphanage was run by the Christian Brothers and there were fourteen Brothers as well as a priest, who would change every so often, and four nuns. I'm not sure what Order the nuns were, but they took care of the kitchen and had some other duties. Brother <sup>DFC</sup> was in charge and amongst the other Brothers that were there, I remember there was Brother <sup>MDV</sup> Brother <sup>LZO</sup> and Brother <sup>LZP</sup>
63. There were about one hundred and fifty boys in the home, ranging in age from about seven through to sixteen. Amongst us there were boys from England, Ireland, Scotland and Malta. We were called by our first names by the Brothers and the nuns.

64. Although I remember a couple of the Brothers being kind and soft natured, they were mostly hard cases who would belt you for the smallest infraction. They all carried long leather straps and would give you six of the best to set an example to the other boys not to misbehave. The nuns were also very tough on you if you stepped out of line.

### **Routine at Bindoon Boys' Town**

#### *First day*

65. I remember thinking how big Bindoon was when I first arrived there. When you entered the property a long drive led from the gate. As you carried along the drive, you came to the top of a big hill and then continued along the long drive that had the stations of the cross all the way down to the bottom.
66. I remember travelling down the drive on our first day and the Brother that was with us telling us all about the stations of the cross. I was thinking that was the last thing in the world I wanted to hear about.
67. When we got to the buildings, lots of other kids who were already part of the orphanage had gathered around to meet us. Several of the kids were given orders to take us to where our beds were. We went away with them and we started making friends or enemies from that moment on.

#### *Daily Routine*

68. Although some of the buildings were still being built, our sleeping quarters had already been finished. We slept in a big long dormitory in which there were wire-framed beds on either side that all had thin mattresses on top. The Brothers tried to separate boys by age and most of those in my dorm were much the same age as me.

69. Our life at Bindoon Boys' Town was run by the huge bell that was rung every time we had to do something. The bell would wake us up at six o'clock in the morning when we'd have to get up. I learned very quickly to get up as soon as the bell rang because if you didn't, one of the Brothers would come along and kick the mattress from underneath with his big heavy boot. He would kick it so hard that you were almost kicked out of bed and it hurt.
70. First we would go to the bathroom and then we usually went to chapel to say the Rosary. After chapel we would have breakfast and then we would work on the building site until it was time for school.
71. At school we'd have a break for lunch and then after school we would be back working on the building site until it got dark or until tea time. After tea there was a bit of leisure time, before chapel again and then bed.

#### *Mealtimes*

72. At mealtimes we all sat at tables of four in two dining rooms, one for the younger boys and one for the older boys. When we went in to eat, we would sit down at our tables and we were supposed to be absolutely still and quiet. A Brother would say Grace and then you would go up, get your meal and come back. There was always an order to who would go up and when.
73. Sometimes there would be a special treat, but most of the time we always knew what we were going to get.
74. Breakfast consisted of two slices of greased bread. When it was your turn, you would walk up to the counter, pick up two slices of bread, dip it in a tin of fat and put it on your plate. Then you'd go back to your table and wait until everybody had done that and a Brother would give an order and you could eat.
75. At lunch you'd be given a slice of bread and some sort of weak stew that was like a soup. You'd line up in the same way, pick it up at the counter, return to your table

and wait until the order was given after everybody had got theirs. Often tea was two pieces of sliced bread again.

76. As a treat every now and again, one of the Brothers would take the truck and go down to the factories in Perth. All the 'Wheaties' and cornflakes that were produced at these factories would be swept up off the floor and put into tea chests. The truck would be loaded up with the tea chests and when it came back we could have them for breakfast. Sometimes we would have water with them, sometimes we would get diluted milk, but you'd have to be careful chewing because there would be all kinds of things in them as well. We just accepted it as part of the life, that was all we knew.
77. Another of the treats was again after one of the Brothers had gone down to Perth. He would get the broken biscuits that had been swept off the floor of one of the biscuit factories and, probably once a week, we would have what was called 'treat night'. We'd all line up with the big boys in one line and the small boys in another. Then we were allowed to go up to the tea chest, put our hands in and however many broken biscuits we could scoop up in one hand we could have. We thought those were great days.

#### *Washing and bathing/Hygiene*

78. There were big showers that we all went in together. We just threw our clothes off, had a quick shower and threw our clothes back on again. We had to share a towel with five or six others, which would then get thrown over a line, ready for the next time.

#### *Clothing*

79. We were all given two pairs of khaki shorts and two khaki shirts to wear and we used to change them once a week. There was no underwear, socks or shoes, that was it. When you're used to walking around everywhere in your bare feet, you could walk on glass and not feel it so much.

80. When we changed clothes, the dirty ones would be put in a big pile and depending whose duty it was each week, boys would wash them in a machine.

#### *Leisure time*

81. We had leisure time in the evenings when we could all play amongst ourselves. After I had been working in the machine shop I built a bike from bits and pieces and I was sort of like the king of the road. I welded a couple of brackets onto the side of the bike and rode it around, cutting into other kids and breaking the spokes on their bikes. It was all fun, but if you could hurt somebody that was great. You were considered a bit of a hero.
82. There was also a boxing ring where we would box regularly and once a month they would show a movie on a big screen. I remember one time they were showing the old version of 'Calamity Jane' when one of the stars' boobs flashed on the screen. All of the boys started cheering and the Brother that was watching it with us was furious. He started belting boys everywhere and we weren't allowed another movie for six months.
83. We also played football and cricket. Even when we were playing sport, we were all still in our khakis and bare feet. Trying to play Australian rules football in our bare feet was tough, but we could do it.

#### *Trips and holidays*

84. We went to the other orphanages to spend the day and whenever we did, they would provide a lunch of sandwiches or something. Usually we went to play football and if we won the Brother would reward us with ice cream on the way home, if not we drove home in silence.
85. We enjoyed those trips, getting to meet the kids at the other orphanages, but that was the only time we got out except at Christmas, when we were taken to a place called Moore River in WA somewhere. I don't remember going there at any other time of the year.

86. There were two trips to Moore River, one for the older boys and one for the younger ones. We were split into two groups depending on our ages all the time at Bindoon, so it depended how old you were which group you went with.
87. They would put up a huge tent and we would camp and sleep in it together. That was the one holiday break we got, but there was nothing organised while we were there. There would just be seventy or so boys running wild down at the beach or in the river, wrestling and that sort of thing. The Brothers would allow us to let our hair down a bit.

### *Schooling*

88. When I arrived the Brothers sorted out where I was and put me in the right class at school for my age and I was in school for the whole time I was at Bindoon. The Brothers did all the teaching, there were no lay teachers and none of the nuns taught anything.
89. I remember that the schooling seemed to be religion more than anything else. There was maths and all the other proper subjects and we had tests as well, but in the main it was religion.
90. If you were asked a question and you got it wrong you were punished. You had to go to the front of the class, put your hand out and whichever Brother was teaching would strap you. The things we were taught we learned by rote, because we didn't want to get strapped. That went all the way through the school years.
91. Some boys did well in the tests, but I didn't do so well because I was good with my hands. I was more interested in the other stuff in the machine room, or wherever.
92. There was nothing taught to equip us for adult life, except that the priest would give us lectures on morality and that sort of thing. One of his favourite lectures was about the evils of alcohol and yet this priest was the biggest drunk I have ever seen. I can't remember his name.

93. When I was thirteen or fourteen, it was not unusual when I was sound asleep in my bed for a Brother to wake me and another three lads up with a kick under our mattresses and tell us to go with him. We would do so and get marched out into the gardens where we would find the priest lying as drunk as a skunk under a bush. We'd have to pick him up and carry him to his bed. I would go into confession after this, asking for forgiveness for my sins and thinking this guy was a worse sinner than me.

#### *Healthcare*

94. Once a year a couple of doctors and a couple of nurses from some government agency would come and examine us. We would all have to strip down to a pair of shorts and they would tap our chests and look down our throats and in our ears. They would take about two minutes with each boy. I never heard any more about those checks and we never got to know what those checks were for.
95. There was an infirmary at Bindoon and if a boy was hurt badly enough, they would be put in there. Sometimes they would be driven off to the nearest town and taken to the doctor there. If you had a toothache the Brothers would take you to some place out of the orphanage as well.

#### *Religious instruction*

96. Religious instruction was their big focus. There was Mass three or four times a week and we had chapel every morning and night, which consisted of us saying the Rosary and the priest reading out prayers.
97. We used to strive to be the altar boy because after we had Mass, the altar boy had to carry the chalice and could drink the wine that was in it, although the Brothers weren't aware that was what we were doing.

#### *Christmas and Birthdays*



98. Christmas was not celebrated other than there was a special Mass. There were certainly no presents given out and the food was always the same. Birthdays too were a non-event.
99. My cousin [REDACTED] would send me a present for Christmas, usually a 'Broons' comic book. That was my only Christmas present and I would hang onto it for dear life.

*Visitors and inspections*

100. I never had any visitors, but at least once a year a group of three or so inspectors would come. We always knew they were coming because the Brothers would make us tidy the place up and we would all have to work extra hard to make it all look nice and neat.
101. We would see the inspectors marching around and as they did, we older boys would watch for when they threw away their cigarette ends. When they did we would race to see who could pick the butt up.
102. Of the older boys, the Brothers would choose six who would go into a room with the inspectors. They would ask us questions such as whether we were being treated well and such like. It was such a waste of time because beforehand we would be told by one of the Brothers that if we said anything out of line they would find out about it and they would belt us. There was always one Brother sitting in and we just gave the answers that were expected.

*Contact with Family*

103. My understanding was that I was an orphan, however my cousin [REDACTED] would write me a letter once a year while I was in Bindoon. I don't recall getting any letters from [REDACTED] while I had still been in Scotland. My sister wasn't good at writing and [REDACTED] would tell me how [REDACTED] was and that was about it. I knew [REDACTED] was living with [REDACTED] and I would write back to [REDACTED] once a year or so.

104. I never really thought anymore about those letters or about what had happened to my parents. I assumed at that time that [REDACTED] was the lady who had adopted [REDACTED].

105. Once I'd been in Bindoon for a while, perhaps when I was about thirteen, one of the Brothers gave me a letter that said that my father had died. After I read it, I was confused, I thought both my parents were already dead. Looking back now, I think I must have been mixed up about what the letter actually said. I think my father did die while I was in Nazareth House and perhaps the letter was telling me about my past history.

*Emotional care/support*

106. I had half-a-dozen boys who were my friends. We looked after each other and if one of us got into a fight we would all get into it. They were good friendships, although I didn't have any contact with them after I left the home.

*Personal Possessions*

107. We had no personal possessions. I would hide the 'Broons' book that I got for Christmas from my cousin [REDACTED] under the cover. There was no such thing as a locker for your stuff, because we didn't have anything. All we had was one set of clothes to wear and another set that we kept on the end of our beds. That was it.

*Work*

108. If we weren't working on the buildings we were working on the farm. It was a tough place. The younger ones would have to sweep up the quadrangle and all the verandahs, but by the time you were eleven or twelve you were considered a man and you'd be doing the heavy building and farm work.

109. By the time I arrived at Bindoon the first floor of the main building had been completed and they were putting a second floor on it, which was going to become more dormitories. The boys were doing bricklaying and all the plastering, but for

some of the special jobs the Brothers would bring in outside trades people. We loved that because when the Brothers weren't looking we would get a cigarette or a drink from the trades people.

110. At that time safety wasn't a concern. We would maybe be carrying six bricks at a time, walking up planks to the second storey of one of the buildings, dropping them off and going down to get another load. We would also be carrying buckets of cement up and all this was done in our bare feet and with no protection.
111. One of the Christian Brothers was an electrician and he taught some of the boys what he was doing. Another Brother was a plumber and he taught some boys, myself included, how to bend copper pipes and weld. We were getting some training in that sense and I enjoyed that.
112. As I got a bit older and because I was good with my hands, I worked in the machine shop. I learned how to fix the trucks and I learned how to drive the tractors. Over a period of several months I welded the tracks on the bulldozer, building them back up again. That was kind of a good side of life at Bindoon. I enjoyed that and when I look back now I am thankful for learning those skills.
113. I drove the tractors for planting crops and the bulldozer for clearing land and the truck which was used for everything around the place. To be able to reach the pedals on these things they bolted thick blocks on the brake and clutch pedals for the kids who couldn't reach.
114. There was also a dairy, a piggery and a lot of chickens and I would have to take my turn working with them. When it was my turn to work in the dairy, I would have to get up early and bring the cows in for milking. If ever I was late, the Brother in charge would give me the strap. After the milking was finished, we would dip a bucket in a forty-four gallon drum of water that was there and throw it all over the floor to clean it.
115. I don't remember any boy getting paid for any of the work they had done, although we used to get rewarded. As well as getting the broken biscuits and cornflakes that had been swept off the factory floors, a Brother would go to Perth and get all the

broken lollies from another factory. As a reward for all the work we did, we were allowed to scoop up a handful of lollies.

#### *Peer relations*

116. Life was pretty tough. There was a pecking order amongst the boys and the older ones used to bully the younger ones all the time. I soon learned that you did not cry when someone bullied you because you would be considered a sissy and then everyone picked on you.
117. I arrived at the age of nine and by the time I had got to eleven, I was one of the kids that nobody wanted to mess with. I had learned very smartly that if someone picked on me I would try to hurt them. I would pick up a piece of timber or a brick and I would try to hurt them. I was known as having a vicious temper and most of the other boys would stay clear of me.
118. That worked alright to some extent, except that once a week they would set up a boxing square in the quadrangle. The main Brother would call me up and tell the others that they had three minutes to knock the daylights out of me, or I would knock it out of them. I would have to knock whichever lad came forward down and then after three minutes somebody else would come up.
119. The end result of it all was that when I left the orphanage I did so as a very angry and violent person.

#### *Discipline*

120. It was very strict regime at Bindoon. One of the things we were not allowed to do under any circumstances was answer back. If a Brother said anything, you weren't allowed to question it.
121. They expected immediate obedience of anything they told you to do. A Brother would always check our work and if a job, for example sweeping the verandahs, wasn't done right, you would get a beating.

122. The Brothers ruled by the rod. If you were out of line in their eyes, they corrected you. They had straps that were about two feet long and an inch across and when they brought them down on your hands they could hurt you. Usually the strap was used on our hands, but if the Brother lost his temper, he would just grab you by the hair and belt you on the legs, the backside, the back or anywhere. Sometimes you would have welts for weeks afterwards.
123. I did think that with a hundred and fifty kids to control they had to keep us in line somehow.
124. There was also a room that they would put boys in occasionally, which they called the 'quiet room'. They would threaten us with it and if they did put anyone in, they'd lock the door and leave them. Sometimes you could be in that room, in the dark, for a couple of days.
125. It happened to me once. When I was first put in I was crying to get out, but then after a while my voice wore out and I just sat there and resigned myself to it. I was in for a couple of days and had to do the toilet in the corner and sometimes someone would open the door and throw a piece of bread in for me to eat. I was glad to get out into the daylight when they finally opened the door.

#### *Bedwetting*

126. I had stopped wetting my bed by the time I got to Bindoon Boys' Town, but there were other boys who did wet their beds. If they did they would get belted by the Brothers. I don't know if anything else happened to them.

#### **Abuse at Bindoon Boys' Town**

127. I used to think that the nuns at Nazareth House in Aberdeen were cruel, but the Brothers were ten times worse. I only remember two of the Brothers being kind and compassionate, the others were monsters. They were brutal.

128. When I was probably about eleven I was finding life at Bindoon a bit tough. I had been getting into lots of fights and had been receiving lots of strappings when one Brother, Brother LZO put his hand on my shoulder and asked me how I was getting on. I told him I was finding it very hard and I think I started to cry. He told me that he thought we'd better have a talk and told me a time to go and see him.
129. I met Brother LZO and told him how sick I was fighting to get everything I wanted. We talked for quite a while and he gave me some advice, although I can't now remember what it was, and we left it at that.
130. Within a week, Brother LZO came visiting me during the night, took me out of my bed and into his bed and he started to molest me. He raped me. It hurt like anything and I wanted him to stop. That abuse went on about once a week for over a year.
131. I used to hate what he did to me and yet in some ways I used to look forward to it, not to what he would do, but to the reward I would get. Always the next day he would seek me out, tell me I was his favourite little boy and that I was not to say anything and then he would give me a big handful of lollies, which I used to love.
132. Every night I would lie awake anticipating him coming to get me until one night when I saw him marching another boy out. I knew then that he was starting on somebody else and he never abused me again.
133. Other Brothers were doing the same thing that Brother LZO did to me to other boys. They never did with me, but I would see boys getting led out of the dormitory during the night and I knew what was happening. I can't recall those other Brothers' names.
134. Of the Brothers who were cruel, one that I remember in particular was Brother MDV. He was brutal and not just with me, he was vicious with other boys too. As the other Brothers did, Brother MDV used to carry a leather strap around with him that was about two feet long and he used it regularly.



135. It was par for the course at Bindoon that when you reached a certain age, you got more responsibility. When I was about thirteen or maybe fourteen, it was my turn to be on dairy duty. I had to get myself up in the early hours of the morning before anybody else, get dressed, go out and chase the cows round the paddock, trying to get them in for milking. A Brother would be in the dairy along with a couple of the other boys and we'd go through the whole process of milking them.
136. Sometimes those cows were hard to find in the dark and on a couple of occasions I was late getting the cows into the dairy. As a result the Brother in charge, Brother MDV gave me six of the best with his strap across my hands. By that time I had been belted so many times that when he finished belting me after the second time I was late, I just smiled at him.
137. I knew that would make him mad and it did. He said to me "Think you're tough do you? I'll fix you!". He grabbed me and put me head first into the forty-four gallon drum of water that was kept in the dairy and pushed the drum over with me in it. The thing I remember most is lying on the floor like a drowned rat with Brother MDV standing over me laughing his head off. I hated him from that moment on.
138. If I was in charge of the piggery I would have to get up at four o'clock in the morning and boil up all the food for the pigs. When it was finished it all had to be slopped out and taken to the pens. Quite often, while I was down there by myself and had the fire going, I would feel hungry so I used to go next door and catch a chicken, wring its neck and chuck it on the fire.
139. On one occasion Brother MDV walked in and caught me. As soon as he saw what I was doing, he laid into me with his strap and not just on the hands, he was hitting me everywhere and calling me all sorts of names. When it was all over and I'd got rid of the bruises I thought 'I like chicken', so I did it again but made sure I didn't get caught.
140. Another time I was working on the building site when another Brother, maybe Brother LZP saw me and told me I wasn't working hard enough. He came up to me and cracked me on the head with a piece of timber that he had in his hand.

He hit me so hard that my head split open and it was so bad that I had to be taken to the hospital in Perth, where I had to stay for a few days. On the way to the hospital, this Brother told me not to say anything. He told me that if I was asked I had to say that it had been one of the other boys who threw a stone at me.

141. One morning at breakfast, when I was about fifteen, I was sitting at the table with three other boys waiting to say Grace and I was whispering to the others when one of the Brothers came up behind me and belted me on the ear. He hit me so hard that he broke my ear drum and knocked me off my chair. I was screaming in pain, but the Brother just told me not to be such a sissy and get up.
142. Something happened to me at that moment. Something inside me snapped. I was so angry I jumped up and I grabbed this Brother. I was getting stuck into him, punching and kicking him and trying to really hurt him. Another Brother had to come over, grab me by the scruff of the neck and pull me off him.
143. The Head Brother came into the dining room to see what all the fuss was about and said he wanted to see me in his office after breakfast. When I went to his office he had another Brother in with him and both had their long straps in their hands. The Head Brother told me that I had crossed a line and that they were going to belt me within an inch of my life.
144. I told them that if they touched me I would sneak up to the Head Brother's bed one night and cut his throat while he was sleeping. We all knew where he slept because he used to snore so badly. I was so angry, I was shaking with rage and I would have smashed his head in with a brick or anything else just to hurt him.
145. He told me to go and wait outside while they talked about it. When they called me back in, they must have been so afraid of what I might do that they told me they were going to deal with it later. They never touched me after that. I had reached the point where I had broken.

#### **Reporting of abuse at Bindoon Boys' Town**



146. On one occasion when I was about thirteen and while Brother [LZO] was still abusing me, other Christian Brothers came into the home and held an inquiry. I don't know who those Brothers were, but they were concerned because a complaint of sexual abuse had come from outside. I don't know the circumstances.
147. They called each of us boys into a room and asked us about sexual abuse. When Brother [LZO] found out what was going on he pulled me aside and told me what would happen to him if they found out and promised me some more lollies.
148. I went into the room where there were three Brothers and they quizzed me intensely. They told me they knew what had been going on and that they knew it had been happening to me and they asked me who had been doing it. I just told them nobody had done anything to me and I wouldn't answer their questions, I was afraid for Brother [LZO]
149. Some of us talked about this afterwards, but we all acted brave and told each other that we had all kept our mouths shut.
150. There was no follow up that I was aware of afterwards and Brother [LZO] remained at Bindoon.
151. Other than that one time, the question is, who could we boys report the abuse to? There was nobody there. We learned from experience that if we reported something a Brother had done to another Brother, they would belt us. They would assume we were telling lies. We learned not to trust the Brothers at all.
152. We boys would never talk directly amongst ourselves about what was happening to each other, but if a Brother gave a boy a handful of lollies or something we would tease each other. We would tell the boy that we knew why he was getting them and make fun of the lad, but that was it.

### **Leaving Bindoon Boys' Town**

153. I think I had just turned sixteen when I left Bindoon Boys' Town. I was taken to Perth, given a job in an engineering factory and put in a boarding house and that was it. I had no contact with the Christian Brothers afterwards, I really was left on my own.
154. After I had paid the boarding money, I could do what I wanted with the rest of my pay, so I bought myself an Indian motorbike. After I got rid of that bike, I got another more powerful one that I would take out on the open highway, ride as fast as I could, take my hands off the handlebars, close my eyes and see how far I could travel. I had a death wish and I don't know how many times I came close to losing it.
155. This was all a consequence of what had gone before. It had made me do stupid things. I had no respect for my own life and no respect for anyone else's life.
156. The awful thing is that I was so full of anger and rage that I just wanted to hurt people. On Friday and Saturday nights I would meet up with more boys who had been in the Catholic orphanages in WA, go to the local pub and get drunk. When we left, we would walk the streets looking for people to bash up and then laugh our heads off because we got such a kick out of hurting people.
157. We would look for people in authority. I hated people in authority and if we saw a policeman for instance, our Friday night was made. We would go and attack him and run for our lives.
158. We were all the same, we were all lost. We just wanted someone to notice us and we ended up doing crazy things.
159. We did this on many occasions until one time when I thought we had gone too far and I told myself I had to get out of there. I was turning into a monster and I knew that if I didn't get away I was going to end up in jail.

#### **Life after Bindoon Boys' Town**

160. By that time I was nearly twenty and I left Perth and got a job as a windmill mechanic on a sheep station up north in Carnarvon. The windmills would get blown over in the cyclones and I would reassemble them by myself and get them put up again. I loved it.
161. After twelve months, in 1964, I flew back to Perth for a holiday. I got a bus from the airport to the city and looked around for somewhere to stay. A guy who had been the foreman of the engineering shop I had worked in when I left saw me and told me to come and stay with him.
162. I did so and I think on the third day I was there, the pastor of the Pentecostal Church came to visit them. When the pastor saw me, she started to preach to me and told me how my life needed to change. After two hours of heavy discussion, with me contradicting her, telling her what the Catholic Church had taught me, I went outside to smoke. I went back in and the end result was that she told me that I needed to receive Christ into my heart as my saviour.
163. In response and to shut her up, I told her I would make a deal with her. After all that she had told me and everything the Catholic Church had taught me, I didn't know what to believe anymore. She led me through a simple prayer and lay hands on me. The moment she did, I fell to the floor and to my absolute surprise I began to bawl like a baby.
164. As I lay there on the floor, I could see a pink neon sign in my mind going back and forwards that said 'LZN [REDACTED] Jesus loves you'. For the first time in my life I heard someone tell me that they loved me. It was amazing.
165. A few days later the pastor put me in a bathtub of water and baptized me and I became a born again Christian. God took away all the anger, hatred and violence from my life. He also took away the stronghold that alcohol and cigarettes had on me. I haven't touched a drop of alcohol or had a cigarette since.

166. I flew back up to north to Carnarvon and as I got off the plane, God spoke to me and told me He wanted me for the ministry. I immediately told my boss that I was giving him three months' notice because I was going to be a preacher. He laughed so much he was rolling around the tarmac, because he knew what a thug I was.
167. The irony is that, with all the bad experiences I had with people of the Catholic Church, who I hated by this time, I left that job after three months and went to Bible College and prepared to serve God. Every bit of hatred and animosity that I had towards all those who did the things they did to me was dealt with.
168. Eventually I graduated and at the age of twenty-three, while I was at Bible College, I met my wife [REDACTED]. We married in 1968 and we have now been together and in the ministry for fifty-one years. We have two children. Our daughter is forty-nine and she and her husband, who is also a minister, have three children. Our son is now forty-eight and he has a son. We have a lovely family.
169. Since I first graduated I have been a fulltime pastor, firstly as an assistant for twelve months until [REDACTED] and I moved to Whyalla in South Australia. We have lived and worked in various places throughout Australia and in New Zealand. My last church was in Queensland, where I remained for twenty years as a senior minister.
170. Although I am now retired, I am still an assistant minister in the church and so the change God brought to my life in 1964 has continued to this day. I'm kept busy and I like that, because I don't like the idea of sitting down all day.

### **Records**

171. I have obtained a number of documents and letters relating to my time in the orphanages and my migration, however I'm not sure now where a lot of them came from. I do know that my cousin [REDACTED] managed to obtain some, including my migration forms and she sent me them, but I can't recall where everything had been held. I have some information relating to my half-brothers and sisters, which may

have been obtained on my behalf by the Child Migrants Trust (CMT), I can't be certain.

172. I am aware that the WA government have a department that looked after the child migrants and they gave me some information that I needed when I applied for Australian citizenship back in the 60s. Amongst the information I got was a letter dated in 1961 from the Child Welfare Department, which certifies I was a child migrant.
173. I also managed to obtain a document from the Family and Children Services. Again I'm not sure now how I came into possession of it, but I have provided a copy to the Inquiry. There is reference in that document to my destination being Clontarf when I got to Australia, but I never went there.
174. I have not obtained any health records from my childhood, other than the one that accompanied my migration forms.

### **Family tracing**

175. All through my time in Bindoon and since, I have received letters from my cousin [REDACTED] and I would write in reply, maybe about once a year.
176. About forty years ago, while I was living in New Zealand, I went on a Mission trip through Africa and Israel and at the end I went to Scotland to meet my sister [REDACTED]. I flew into Heathrow and [REDACTED] and her husband drove down from Aberdeen to pick me up.
177. We travelled back up to Aberdeen and I met some of my family for the first time, including my half-brothers [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] and half-sister [REDACTED]. They had the same mum as me, but a different dad. It was a cold hole in Aberdeen and the weather was so bad that we ended up getting snowed in for some of the time.

178. Unfortunately when I returned to Australia I only had the address of one of my half-brothers. I tried to maintain contact and we exchanged a few letters, but they fizzled out eventually. I'm not sure who the poorer writer was.
179. [REDACTED] managed to get my cousin [REDACTED] address after we got engaged and she wrote to her and they started a regular correspondence. [REDACTED] gave us a whole lot of information that she could remember about the past and it was very helpful. I have provided the Inquiry with copies of some letters that [REDACTED] sent, which include a lot of information about my family and what happened to me and my sister [REDACTED].
180. We tried to track my half-brothers and sisters down again, with the assistance of the CMT, but we never managed. One of my problems is that I have great difficulty locking-on to the family that I have. I dismiss my family in my mind and I don't want to go down that path.
181. My wife [REDACTED] and I visited [REDACTED] where I was born when we both went to Scotland in 1996. [REDACTED] had never met my family and I wanted her to. We stayed with [REDACTED] and her husband and made some family connections at a barbecue that [REDACTED] organised. It surprised me when they told me I was the spitting image of my father.
182. They also told me that when they found out my grandmother had signed me away and got me sent to Australia, there was a big row amongst the family. They said that they never spoke to Grandma [REDACTED] for a long time. I knew nothing about that.
183. [REDACTED] and I saw the cottage where I was born, which was still being used as a farm cottage and we went to the cemetery to try and find my mother's grave. The caretaker gave us a number and pointed us in the direction of the paupers' graves. We found it, although there were no markings and I realised that my mother was probably the third or fourth person that had been put in that one grave. It is just yet another thing that I have shut out. I couldn't understand how someone could do that to my mother.
184. I met my sister [REDACTED] on two occasions and on the last occasion I wanted to try and connect with her so that we could have some sort of relationship. I wrote to her



and told her I was coming, but she wrote back and told me not to and that she wouldn't let me in the house.

185. I got her number from another lady and I 'phoned [REDACTED] up and told her I was coming whether she liked it or not. Fortunately when I got to her house she opened the door, but the place was a pigsty. She had become agoraphobic and lived in the lounge room. The wallpaper had turned yellow with cigarette smoke.
186. I managed to persuade her to come out with [REDACTED] and I and we spent a day with her. We took her back home and told her we would see her the next day, but when we turned up she wouldn't open the door and just yelled at us to go away.
187. One of the issues I had with [REDACTED] before she locked me out and wouldn't talk to me was that her view was that I was the lucky one. I was put in the orphanage and I was sent to Australia and I had been given all these privileges. She pointed out what I had made out of my life and could only see negative stuff about her own life. It may have been that she wasn't clear in her own mind at that time. She was bipolar and had some problems.
188. A couple of years back [REDACTED] and I got an email from [REDACTED]'s daughter saying that [REDACTED] had died. It was the most odd thing because I didn't know how to react. I didn't know whether I should cry or feel sorry. I tried to get a connection, but there was nothing there.
189. I wondered whether I should fly across to Scotland for the funeral, but I didn't know why I should do that. Trying to get my family connections worked out in my head has never worked for me.
190. I had a good time when I went to Scotland, but I remember asking myself whether I would have ended up like my relations if I had stayed in Scotland and not been sent to Australia. I wasn't being critical, they seemed fairly happy, but I felt I was better off in Australia.

191. From my point of view, the whole thing is a mess up and I can't get my head around it. I have resigned myself to the fact that my family, my wife, children and grandchildren, are all here in Australia. That's how I see my family. Interestingly though, my daughter and her husband drove up to Scotland and went to see my sister [REDACTED]'s daughter and her family and they got on like a house on fire. They remain in touch and so there is still a connection.

#### **Other action taken**

192. I have never reported what happened to me to the Christian Brothers or to anyone else. There was no room for that in the orphanage itself and later on I just kept it all to myself. My conversion experience helped me deal with a lot of things.
193. I am aware that there was litigation taken out against the Christian Brothers by a firm of solicitors from Sydney called Slater and Gordon, but I was never involved in it.

#### **Redress**

194. I have provided the Inquiry with a copy of a letter I received from the Western Australia Institutions Reconciliation Trust, dated 4 October 1996. The letter states that the fund was at that time in the final stages of setting up that Trust. It advises that in order for me to receive benefits under the Trust, I was required to provide formal notification of my intention to be a beneficiary. It also advises that each beneficiary was entitled to claim two thousand dollars as reimbursement for miscellaneous expenses.
195. Unfortunately I can't now remember what that letter related to, although I believe I received some money and used it to return to Scotland for the second time with [REDACTED].



196. I believe there was also an Australian travel fund and a Christian Brothers' travel fund, which had been set up following the Slater and Gordon litigation. I am also aware that a family restoration fund was set up and administered by CMT to enable former child migrants to return to the UK and see their families, however I never accessed that.
197. In 2006 I took part in the VOICES campaign, which stood for Victims of Institutionalised Cruelty Exploitation and Supporters. I wrote down my story and submitted it to them, although unfortunately I no longer have a copy of what I wrote.
198. I'm not sure whether what I'd written was then submitted to the WA Redress Scheme because not that long ago I received forty thousand dollars as redress from WA. I never met anybody from the WA Scheme, it was all done over the 'phone.
199. There had been more money promised at first, however they had made the field so wide when they held the Redress Scheme that the State couldn't afford to give what had originally been promised. Instead of restricting it to institutions run by the church, they opened it up to all different homes and the response was so great that their resources went.

#### **Other matters for relating to migration/Apologies**

200. After the Redress Scheme in WA, I received a letter from the WA government apologising for what happened. This is the strange thing. The prime minister at the time, Kevin Rudd, gave a big statement and apologised to the child migrants, but my question is, what good did it do? What did it change?
201. I wasn't aware of the British apology regarding child migration, but if you ask anybody who was abused and who received an apology, they will all ask what difference it made. Saying sorry is not enough. You have to change what has happened by bringing some healing.

202. If the abuse was dealt with at an individual level then at least any apology might convince the individual that they had been believed. A general apology, issued perhaps as a publicity stunt, does not amount to much at all in my view.
203. In all the years I've been away from Bindoon and despite there having been one hundred and fifty kids there, I've only ever met one boy that had been in there with me. He was a Scot as well, but I don't recall his name. Everyone scattered and went their different ways, although I have heard some boys' names mentioned on the TV or radio sometimes.
204. While the WA Scheme was going on, a TV programme was interviewing wives of children who had been brought out to Australia as 'slave labour', as they called it. Other boys had been having problems with drugs and alcohol and I recognised some of the names of boys. Their lives were a mess.

### **Nationality**

205. In 1961 I received a letter offering me the chance to become an Australian citizen. I believe these letters were sent to all the boys and girls that were sent out. The WA government had a department that looked after the child migrants and they provided all the details I needed. I filled out all the necessary paperwork and didn't have any difficulties and I have held an Australian passport since.
206. As an Australian citizen I would be able to access any benefits that I might require.

### **Treatment/support**

207. I tried going to a psychologist once about eight years ago when the Redress Scheme in WA was going on. I contacted the Redress Scheme, but I ended up getting mad and, after telling me they thought I had some issues, they recommended I see a psychologist.

208. I did so and after three visits, the psychologist told me I was going to need a lot of sessions to sort myself out. I was told I would need to go to my doctor and get some certificate so that 'Medicare' would pay for it.
209. I went to my doctor who instead wanted me to see a psychiatrist that was in the practice. I went to the psychiatrist, spent an hour with him and told him all the things that had happened to me and how I had learned to deal with it. He told me that I was one of the sanest persons he had talked to and recommended that I did not go back to the psychologist because bringing all the stuff up was not good for me. Instead, he said, I should live as I do.

### **Impact**

210. When I had my conversion experience I changed in so many ways that I was able to let a lot of stuff go, however when [REDACTED] and I married and set up home together, I had no idea how to live in a house like that. I didn't know how to behave, it was all new to me. I was institutionalised.
211. I think that for probably the first ten years of being married I struggled. I found it difficult to adapt to a family situation. I was very busy working fulltime for the church and what used to happen was when things were going wrong I would just say I couldn't help it, it was the way I was brought up.
212. I used being brought up in an orphanage as an excuse until something happened inside me and I made a conscious decision that if I made a mistake I would own up to it. I would look at it for what it was and if I had been wrong I would accept it and move on. It took me ten years to be able to get to the point that I was able to make that decision, that's how lame I was inside. I could solve everyone else's problems who came to me as a minister, but I had troubles of my own.
213. There was a lot of stuff inside me that needed undoing and so I did that, however there are still things that bother me.


214. As a result of the Sister at Nazareth House locking me in the toilet overnight, I hated the dark because it made me very fearful. Even to this day I need to have a small light on that I can see from my bed.
215. Now, nearly seventy years later, it has come back to haunt me. About four years ago I had a heart event and was in hospital for fifteen days while they tried to sort out my problem. I went through too many tests to count but one stands out in particular: the MRI.
216. The MRI machine was like being in a tunnel with my shoulders touching the sides. About twenty minutes into the process I had a panic attack. I could see myself as a small child being dragged to the toilet and locked in the dark and I was crying out "let me out, let me out." I felt everything was pressing in on me and squashing me, so I pressed the panic button and begged them to get me out of there. I thought I was going to suffocate and I was hauled out in a cold sweat. I was very embarrassed by my actions when I got back to the ward because I had never had a panic attack before.
217. The specialist came to see me that night and asked if I would take the test again the next day. I agreed to take the test as long as I was medicated and so they doped me up with Valium.
218. This has had an ongoing effect and once every three or four months I have the same experience. I wake up in a panic. I feel as if I'm in a dark hole somewhere and everything is pressing in on me and I can't breathe. I think I'm going to die. It is the worst feeling imaginable.
219. I get up and watch TV or play with my computer to distract me for the rest of the night. When this happens I wonder what would happen if I wasn't in my own home and couldn't get up and do something to distract me, which leads to some horrendous thoughts. I haven't told my wife about this because she would worry about me every time I got out of bed in the night.

220. I don't want to end up in an old folks' home. I visit one near where I stay where I see a guy who's in his nineties now. He just lies there and I wonder what if that was me and I had one of these panic attacks and I couldn't get up and I couldn't get anyone to help me? I have fleeting thoughts that I'd be better off killing myself.
221. I don't let those thoughts of suicide linger, but it bothers me that they are even there. Those thoughts are the one thing that I feel I have to conquer and overcome, but I haven't done so yet and it worries me.
222. I think to myself how can something that happened nearly seventy years ago still come back and haunt me and affect my life today?
223. I struggled to know how to deal with the sexual abuse from Brother LZO at Bindoon and left it in the back of my mind until about fifteen years ago. On my sixtieth birthday, I went to my doctor to have my prostate examined. I knew the doctor well because he was a member of my congregation.
224. After examining me, the doctor asked me if I was a homosexual. I was furious with him until he explained that he had noticed I had bad scarring in my rectum. All of a sudden I was taken back to Bindoon and what Brother LZO did to me. When I told him what had happened to me in the orphanage, he told me he believed that had been the cause. These things never go away.
225. My spiritual encounter with God has taught me how to deal with my abuse, but I still have nightmares quite often. I can still see myself being put headfirst into the drum of water by Brother MDV or I might be watching the television and see something about a child being abused. If I do, I either change the channel or I get up and walk out of the room. I don't let it get into me, I shut it off.

#### **Final thoughts/lessons to be learned**

226. A mechanism must be created whereby, if abuse is taking place, there is some way for the child to be able to report it outside the institution. The child that's being abused must be able to reach out to someone, even if it is anonymously.
227. If it is left that any abuse must be reported within the institution, it won't happen because the child would be too afraid. If it were to get out that a child had reported something, the other kids would make life miserable for them because the staff would take it out on them.
228. In Australia there is a hotline that kids can phone anonymously for help and that should be everywhere, if it's not already.
229. I would like to think that when the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry concludes, something is set up to hold the institutions accountable. There needs to be a government agency that can go into these places unannounced and have freedom to talk to the kids and find out what is happening. Whenever a planned visit is announced, children can be prepared and told what tales to tell.
230. The inspectors should be normal people who would be able to go into these places and build friendships with the children. They should be people who would be able to get kids talking and they should be able to listen.
231. Interestingly enough, the Royal Commission in Australia has made life tough for the churches now. I'm still part of my church and see all the paperwork and checks and balances that are required now. That is a good thing.
232. It's now a long time after these events and I believe that those who are hurting the most should be found and a means for them getting help should be established. Whether that is a psychiatrist or medical treatment of whatever kind required, the means should be found.
233. I'm glad that I have had the opportunity to tell the Inquiry about my childhood and that my wife has now heard things about me that I've never told her before. I can now say honestly that I have no more secrets from her.

234. 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.....  .....

Dated..... *19/08/2019* .....