

Mr Daryl Suchling

14 - 10 - 2012

Dear Ms Bush, I thank you for your letter dated 26th Sept 2012 which I received this week.

I will post my full submission of my time at Manning Star

Also I have names of boys who were at the Star, who even their now families would not know about their grandparents was there, etc. Also who went to gaol as well, plus I have named boys who assaulted me.

I submit that their names, not be put onto your website to protect them.

Also I can prove that I was transferred and detained there unlawfully from 1947 - 1951. I shall send copies of the proof in my next correspondence to you as soon as I am able to, for it takes a while for postage to

go through the system here.

I shall close, I look forward to your reply, also on what date you received this submission.

Yours respectfully,
Daryl Suckling.

MORNING STAR

My Mother made me a ward of the State with the then Children's welfare Department of Victoria, in the early 1940's.

In 1947, my Mother was working as a cook at Padua hall in Kew, run by the Franciscans. The two priests in charge there were Fr [REDACTED] & [REDACTED]

While I was living at Padua Hall, I went to Scared Heart School in Kew.

I shared a bedroom with two other boys, much older than myself, these boys went to work. The boys at Padua Hall were all ex Morning Star boys.

One night, a boy [REDACTED] came home drunk, he got into bed with me while I was asleep, and sexually assaulted me. When he had finished, I ran to my Mother's bedroom, woke her up and told her what had happened. Mum came back to the bedroom, lifted the bedclothes off the bed, seen the stain on the sheet, then went and woke up Fr [REDACTED], and told him what had happened. Fr [REDACTED] put me into a single bedroom. Nothing happened to the boy who assaulted me at that time. Much later, the boy was sent back to Morning Star for some other reason.

During the school holiday break at Xmas, the priests at Padua Hall, decided to send me to Morning Star boys reformatory run by their order, to give Mum a break from me, also I think, to put some discipline into me, at the age of 11 years. Plus it was to only be for the school holidays. I must say here, that the other boys at Morning Star were much older than I, 3,4,5 or even 6 years older than myself when I first was at the Star in 1947

My first day there, I was given a hammer, shown a pile of rocks and bricks, told to break them up, as they were for land fill for the new lawn that was to be laid later on. So for about the next six months or so, here is a boy, sitting outside near the quadrangle gate, breaking rocks and bricks. During this time, the other boy who assaulted me at Padua Hall, started to give me a hard time, in front of the other boys. Calling me a liar, and saying I started it etc, put all the blame on to me. I used to say back to him, [REDACTED] you were drunk when you done it" but it did not do me any good, as the other boys there believed him. That was the start of my nightmare at the Star.

The names of the priests during my time there were; [REDACTED]

Fr [REDACTED] was there for a while, then left for good. [REDACTED] was there for a while, left, then came back. Frs. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were there for a while, then left for good.

So here I am breaking rocks at age 11, being paid 1 oz of tobacco, 1 pkt papers, 1 box of matches, on the Sunday morning, 1 small pkt of cigarettes on Thursday night that was my pay for working. Since then, I have not been able to quit smoking, although I have tried on many occasions, but to no avail and I have suffered all through the years because of smoking.

The first boys to sexually assault me were [REDACTED] They enticed me upstairs and assaulted me in the small dorm, where the pig run boy and dairy boys slept. That night I told Fr [REDACTED] he did not do anything to these boys. So this continued with these boys, always getting me then sexually assaulting me, reporting it to the priest Fr [REDACTED] and he did not do anything. I told Mum when she visited me one Sunday, she complained to Fr [REDACTED] (also to Fr [REDACTED] at Padua Hall) the only action Fr [REDACTED] took, was to speak to the boys concerned. The assaults stopped for a while, then started up again with these two boys. I ran away with two other boys, Fr [REDACTED] and two other priests caught us near Frankston. This must had been a Saturday, for when Mum came down the next day, she always visited me on a Sunday, I had not received my baldy (all hair cut off the head) or benders. (12 with the strap bending over on the behind.

During this time I did not receive any schooling at all. So the sexual assaults continued with other boys joining in. [REDACTED] was bad. I was working in the silo with him stacking bales of hay, when he grabbed me, punched me around the face and body, pulled my shorts down after a struggle, got me in a full nelson from behind, then sexually assaulted me, forcing himself into me. When he had finished, he punched me again, and told me he would do more of the same, if I told anyone. That night at bed, up in the top corridor where my cell was, I told Fr [REDACTED], about what had happened with [REDACTED] as he had seen the marks on my face and body, and asked me about them. I just had my towel wrapped around me, ready to go down for a shower.

After the shower, and returning to my cell, Fr [REDACTED] told me, that he had spoken to [REDACTED] who admitted that he done it, and promised Fr [REDACTED] he would not do it again. Apart from that nothing happened to [REDACTED]. The next day, I was put to working again with [REDACTED], stacking bales of hay into the silo. It happened to me again, punched out then sexually assaulted, the same way.

The next serious assault on me (although the other assaults were serious) was underneath the recreation room the basement, the door to this particular part of the basement was up near the corner of the outside quadrangle, a single doorway, leading beneath the room, with the metal cupboards where we kept our civilian clothes. (The same room where [REDACTED] would give us lairys) The door to the basement area, can be seen from the doorway, leading into the vege room, kitchen area, near the coke bins

A mate (I thought) lured me into the basement, when I was inside, there were about 4 other boys there. When I tried to get out of there, they grabbed me, sat me down, my mate (I thought) [REDACTED], pulled my pants down, and started to play with me. He kept this up until I ejaculated. When I had finished, I wanted to go again, for this was the first time I had ever ejaculated. The other boys said no, as it was their turn, they took turns to sexually assault me.

When they had all finished, and were ready to leave, one looked out the door, and seen Fr [REDACTED] and another priest watching at the doorway near the vege room. The other boys decided to leave through a small space between beneath that part of the basement, crawl through until you can come out beneath the cell block then through a door down near the set of stairs, leading into the boot shop area, and iron gates at the far end, of the bottom and top corridor. The same way that [REDACTED] would come in of nighttime, while we were in bed, hoping to catch some boys playing with themselves in bed.

Fr [REDACTED] asked me that night, what was I doing there out of bounds, as he had seen me. I told him everything, even the boys involved, but I received 6 benders, for being out of bounds. The other boys received nothing, although Fr [REDACTED] knew who they were, but he not seen them, but he had asked the other priest on quade duty, the names of the boys who had come back together into the quade. This was before bedtime. So he knew who they were.

Mum got me out of Morning star, and took me to Queensland, where she got a job on a cattle station, as housekeeper/cook. As I did not do my correspondence schooling, Mum left the job, brought me back to Sydney, where Franciscans put me on a plane. Picked up by Royal Park Receiving Home, Officers taken back to there. Later that night, Fr [REDACTED] picked me up from there, and drove me back to Morning Star.

After I returned, the next very serious sexual assault happened to me. I was working in the boot shop/room with 3 other boys under the supervision of a priest, sorting ex army boots into sizes, and if they could be repaired. The priest would be with us most of the time except when he went for morning and afternoon tea (smoko) when he would be away for about 20 minutes to ½ hour. During one of these times when he was away, the other 3 boys grabbed me, 2 held me down on the floor, while the other sexually assaulted me. Then when he had finished, the other 2 took turns with me. When the last one had just finished, I was still laying on the floor, with my shorts off and bleeding and he was still doing up his shorts, the priest walked in. He took one look, made me get dressed, took me around to the medical room, which was located in the bottom corridor. He got some cotton wool, gave it to me, and told me to put it, to stop the bleeding, he asked me what had happened, I told him everything. He then took me back to work in the boot shop/room-sorting boots, but he stayed the rest of the day with us. Nothing happened to the other boys. The next day, I was put to work in the flower garden.

When Mum came down to work at the Star as cook, I told her what had happened to me in the boot shop. She went to the priests and complained to them, and told them she was going to the police and the Childrens Welfare. The priests talked her out of doing that, and more or less inferred to her, that they would handle it themselves, that the boys would not get away with, it, to leave it in their hands. Which Mum did, as she trusted the priests. Nothing happened to the boys concerned. While Mum was working there, the Childrens welfare person came down to review the boys there. Nearly all the boys there they interviewed. When they interviewed me, they wanted to send me to Saint Augustine's at Geelong for schooling, as I was not receiving any schooling at the Star. I told Mum, she was pleased, as that is what she wanted for me, as well as myself, for it would get me

away from Morning Star as well. But it was not to be, I never went to saint Augustine's, I stayed at the star.

While Mum was there the sexual assaults eased off, they still happened, but not as often. It got to the stage, at first I would struggle and try and fight back, and complain to the priests, they did not do anything, even when Mum complained, that in the end I just gave up struggling, still complained, but gave up completely. For it was going to happen, so why get bashed, and hurt worse. That is when I decided to escape, even though Mum was there.

I was sitting on the doorway step of the room leading into the where we used to change to serve mass sharpening 2 nails. Fr [REDACTED] ask me what I was doing, as he was on quade duty. I told him I was sharpening the nails to put under the car tyres (which I did), so that when they drove the car to try and catch me after I escaped, (which I did) they would get punctured tyres (which they did) and would not be able to catch me. I reached home, my sister phoned Padua Hall, they told her to keep me there. My brother [REDACTED] arrived, took me off my sister, and drove me to his place. He then phoned Mum, told her he would be bringing me back to the Star that night.

When he drove me back that night, he parked his truck out of sight of the Star (on the road to the beach), left his wife and myself in the truck, while he went and had a talk with Mum and Fr [REDACTED]. A couple of hours later, [REDACTED] returned, took me into the Star, where Mum and Fr [REDACTED] were, mum was all over me [REDACTED] told me, he would get me out to live with him, it may take a week or so, but to behave myself. Fr [REDACTED], then took me to a cell on the top landing, the 1st cell on the left, and locked me in for the night. The next morning, I was let out as normal with the boys.

The following Sunday night, [REDACTED] came down and took out to his home. I was told that Fr [REDACTED] said to the other boys there, that as I did not get punished for escaping, anyone who escaped during the next month, would not be punished either, but after a month they would be punished.

Let me talk about the [REDACTED] years when he became Superintendent.

[REDACTED] started to issue 2 tailor made cigarettes to everyone on Saturday night. Also day leave every six months, if we behave ourselves. Now you never knew when you were due for a day home. There was a sting though, if anyone escaped during a month a boy was due leave, that boy's leave would be put back one month. Plus we would not receive the two cigarettes of a Saturday night as well.

After a boy had escaped, [REDACTED] would then tell a boy he was due for leave, within the next week or 2 or 3 weeks. [REDACTED] always kept it within the month. But only [REDACTED] actually knew when they were due for leave.

[REDACTED] took some of the boys in the car, and dropped them off at different spots on the road to help catch the boy who had escaped.

When the boy who had escaped returned, [REDACTED] would put him in the rec-room for the other boys to deal with him first, for stopping their cigarettes and a boy's home leave. The boys would punch him to the floor, then kick him around the body, all the while [REDACTED] just standing there watching. When [REDACTED] thought that the boy had had enough, he would stop the other boys, and take the boy and put him in the lock up cell. That night, he would give him 12 benders and a baldy, plus locked up for a week. With the meals, breakfast 2 dry slices of toast, one cold cup of tea. Lunch 2 dry slices of bread. Tea, a full meal. The lock up cell during this time was the 1st cell on the right in the bottom corridor, next to the priest's bedroom. But the lock up cell soon changed to the last cell on the left near the small dorm in the bottom corridor, it changed for a very good reason.

A boy who escaped and returned [REDACTED] was thrown into the rec-room for the other boys to deal with, then punished by [REDACTED], was locked up in the 1st cell. [REDACTED] used his head, he kept a table knife, made it into a rough hack saw blade, and cut himself out through the window. [REDACTED] never came back to the Star again, in fact he finished up in gaol. Now something of interest to this, some of the boys who bashed [REDACTED] and I at the Star, finished up in gaol as well, in the boy's yard. So [REDACTED] and some of his mates gave it to them, bashing and kicking them in the mess-room. Poetic justice. But the main one did not come to gaol, lucky for him at the time, for I really would have killed him.

After [REDACTED] escaped from the first cell, [REDACTED] made the end cell on the left of the bottom corridor, near the small dorm, the lock up cell. With a flat metal strip across the small opening in

the door, so no one could get out of the cell, plus it was too high up on the outside window to get out of and drop down without hurting yourself.

There were some more very, very serious sexual assaults upon me, by just one boy there.

I was working in the vege garden with this boy, [REDACTED] (one of the staff) was in charge. [REDACTED] put me on ploughing with this particular boy. I was leading the horse Darkie, with the boy guiding the plough.. One day when we had finished ploughing, we both went for a swim in the pump-house dam. This boy, got me from behind, forced my head under the water, kept it under, with me struggling, he then pulled my head up, I was gasping for breath, he pushed my head under a few times more. He then forced himself into me. When he had finished, he turned me around facing him, then started to punching me around the head and body, saying to me, not to say anything.

With this particular thing (boy), this happened quite a few times. I could not get away from him; I had to work with him, in the garden, ploughing garden beds. I asked [REDACTED] for another job, he just kept me on ploughing. This thing assaulted me amongst the tree in the garden, and punching me out bad each time.

He got away with it, by saying we had had an argument, then fight, as I was leading the horse wrong, and the plough was making crooked garden beds, and he had to plough the same beds again. I asked [REDACTED] to take me off the garden, and told him why, but he kept me on the garden, he would not give me another job either.

After about the 3rd time sexually assaulting me in the garden, I got a 4 prong garden fork and kept it handy to near where I was working with the thing ploughing. When he tried again, I got the fork and jabbed him with it, that stopped him, but I think I was more surprised than he was, that I could actually do it.

He even up on me that night, he got one of the other boys, to lure me up to the top landing, he grabbed me, and got me in the broom closet, punched me out so bad that I had to have stiches above the left eye. Then sexually assaulting really forcibly. Of course, this was put down as an accident, as he had too many mates to back him up that I fell over and hurt my eye.

But he did not assault me again, as he then knew, I would get him again like with the fork, only worse.

Also there was [REDACTED] (last name I can not remember) [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] would give oral sex and make you give him oral sex as well. [REDACTED]

Mum would visit me, and bring fruit, cigarettes and sweets. I would have to put them in the metal locker in the control room, so that the other boys would not stand over me for them One day, I got an orange out to eat, put it in my pocket, went over to the toilets, sat down, peeled and ate it there in the toilet. Later that same night, [REDACTED] said to me, did you enjoy your orange, I should give you benders for eating in the toilets. How did he know, [REDACTED] was not on quade duty when I ate it. I asked some of the boys, and they told me that [REDACTED] had drilled a hole above the toilets from the ceiling.

Now when [REDACTED] was in charge of a night time. When we were locked in our cells in bed, [REDACTED] would silently open the back iron gate, at the end of the corridors top & bottom, and look into the cells to try and catch you playing with yourself in bed.

If he caught you, he would not say anything to you at that time, but wait to see if you told him by the next night. If you did not tell by then [REDACTED] would give you 6 benders and a lairy. But if you told him, you only got the lairy. A lairy was this. [REDACTED] would take you into the room where the metal cupboards are in the bottom corridor, (just off the entrance to the bottom corridor from the quade, on the left) this would be after all the other boys were locked in their cells for the night. [REDACTED] would sit you down, and make you play with yourself until you had finished, also he would give you a sex talk. If [REDACTED] heard that 2 boys had been playing with each other, he would call them in for a lairy, and make them do it again to each other, even sometimes sexual intercourse to each other.

If [REDACTED] sneaked into the corridors, and caught you out of your cell to go to the toilet, and you were on your way back to your cell, and stopped to speak to another boy in his cell, [REDACTED] would give you 6 benders the next night, for being out of your cell. The real reason you got punished was, he could not catch anyone, as the boys knew he was in the corridor.

One morning when [REDACTED] was preparing to take the property gang to work, he told me to dig the fowl yard up. I started to dig the small yard, [REDACTED] came past, seen me digging the small yard, he took me down to the control room, and gave me 6 benders, for being defiant.

One time we were working near Greyfriars fencing, to get to where we were working, we would walk through the paddocks. One particular morning, I walked down the road instead of the paddock, with the shovel. [REDACTED] called me back, told me to put the shovel down, then took me to the lock up cell. The one with the metal strip. That night, he got me out of the cell to punish me, for he said that I was trying to escape, I told him, it was not a escape, but I was out of bounds on the road, and was walking to work on the fence. He did not accept that, and tried to give me a baldy, I resisted and said no, that in the end, it was not a baldy, just patches of hair cut out all over my head. When it came time to give me benders, no way was I going to take them and resisted, in the end he gave up.

The next night though, [REDACTED] came down after lock up, got me out of my cell, a student priest was there with him, the student priest held me while [REDACTED] really flogged me with the strap, around the body. In fact, I shit myself at the time. When [REDACTED] had finished, he made me clean up the mess. He told me that was for being defiant.

When Mum came down to visit me the next time, she went off at me, for she told me that she had received a letter from the Children's Welfare, telling her that she could take me home. The next day she received a letter from the Star, that I had tried to escape, and had an extra 6 months. I was locked up for about 4 weeks. Meals were breakfast 2 dry slices of toast, a cold cup of tea, lunch 2 dry slices of bread a cold cup of tea, tea, a full meal. Let out for the toilet at meal times, otherwise peed out the wire mesh in the window. Held the other in as best you could, if not, done it in the corner of the cell, and cleaned it up when you were let out for a shower that night, that is if you did not get caught. It depended on who unlocked your cell. Other wise if it was discovered, I got 6 benders.

Some of the other priests on a Sunday after mass, would let me go to breakfast with the other boys, and stay with them until nearly 9-00 am, when they would have to lock me up. During the week days, depending on which priest was on quade duty, he would make sure there was jam on my toast and a hot cup of tea, plus let me out until 9-00 am. But told me, not to say anything to [REDACTED]. One of the priests who done this, also brought me magazines to read during the day, but I had to hide them from [REDACTED].

After that, I think I did become defiant, for when he caught me one night playing with myself, he called me to the control room the next night to give me 6 benders and a lairy,. I told him, I was not taking the benders or the lairy, He hit me a few times with the strap, gave up, then locked me up. The next night he came down with the student priest again, and flogged me again, this time I was locked up for 2 weeks for being defiant again.

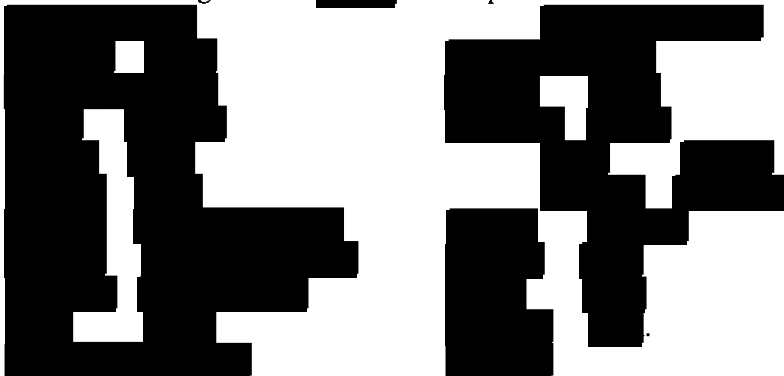
The [REDACTED] era, was after I was released into my brother's care, about 12-14 months later. I got into trouble by stealing a car, and having housebreaking implements (keys to home) I was given a bond at Melbourne Magistrate's Court, and 12 months probation to serve at Morning Star, from Prahran Magistrate's Court. [REDACTED] was at the court. He took me to Royal Park Receiving Home, left me there for the day, picked me up that night, and drove me back to the Star.

On the drive back, he told me that I would be there until I was 20 years old. I told him I was sentenced to 12 months by the courts, he told me that he was in charge of me, and I would be there until I was 20. I knew he meant it, as I had seen other boys at the Star, who had been sentenced to say 6 months for car stealing etc by the courts, and they done 18 months 2 years etc.-So what the courts said meant nothing. I decided to stay the 12 months, then see what was what. But after awhile the way I was treated under [REDACTED] I escaped, I call this the ring escape. I was caught, taken back to the Star, thrown into the rec-room for the other boys to deal with me, then punished by [REDACTED].

Not long after I got out of lock up, about a month to 6 weeks, I escaped again with another boy. We deliberately stole a car, and broke into a factory, as we were not going back to the Star. When I got caught, I was taken before Malvern Magistrate's Court. [REDACTED] was there to plea for me to go back to the Star. I told the Magistrate, that I did not want to go back to the Star, and if he sent me back, I would escape again, and get into more trouble. The Magistrate then sentenced me to gaol,

he did not want, to but I gave him no choice. The other boy went back to the Star. In gaol I was safe, and received a schooling, which was denied me at the Star.

Other boys at the Star while I was there, but not all were involved in sexual assaults upon me, or were there during the time [REDACTED] was Superintendent.



Routine Life at the Star

When I was first taken there to the Star in December 1947, and put to work breaking rocks and bricks, I think Fr [REDACTED] was in charge, and Fr [REDACTED] was super. Out of bed 7-30 am, morning prayers, then breakfast, weeties, toast with jam, cup of tea. After breakfast, made your bed, then swept whatever, quade, rec-room, big dorm etc. 9-00 am, to work. 10-00am, smoko, 10-30 back to work, 11-45 knock off for lunch. Midday lunch sometimes sandwiches, mostly a hot meal 1-00 pm back to work. 3-00 pm, smoko, 3-30 pm, back to work 5-00 pm, knock off. 6-00 pm, tea, mashed potatoes with fish paste (3 times a week) 2 slices of bread and jam, cup of tea, and sweets junket. 6-30 pm finish tea, then locked in the quade until bed time, about 7-30 pm, prayers in the big dorm, then to the cells to get undressed for showers, have a shower, then back to the cell for lock in for the night by 8-00, 8-10 pm. Iron gates to top and bottom corridors locked.

Could not get out of the cell at all, glass in the opening in the door. Clean laundry once a week, on Saturday night, wore the same clothes all week. Winter, long pants, shirt, pullover, karki jacket. Summer, shorts, shirt. 1 pair of socks, which you had to wash yourself, and try and dry them on the hot water pipes, in the hot box beneath the stairs, in front of the shower block. No underwear or P,J's in winter, wore clothes to bed. Lights out about 10-30 pm, same time the priest unlocked cell doors. There was a room on the top corridor at the far end, where a priest would sleep.

When Fr [REDACTED] came as Superior in 1948, he changed a lot of things. Mashed potatoes with fish paste, once a week, still had the junket as sweets though. Variety of meals, underwear, still only one pair of socks, P.J's. Glass removed from the cell doors, left open to go to the toilets. He done his best

Once a month on the pig, run when the Caulfield races were on, (the best day of all) all the food, sandwiches, pies (Apple, meat etc cakes sweets etc) that was over, the caterers would leave it all to be picked up by the truck. Thank God for those people, we used to think it was Xmas, and did we hoe into it all, not much got to the kitchen. Also the hotel London after a big night, would do the same, plus Mornington races.

Fr [REDACTED] got boxes of grapes in the summer as well, stacked them near where the tractors were packed, and we could go and get them when ever we wanted to.

We would eat raw turnips from the vege garden, and any other vege we could, if the boss [REDACTED] was not around. On a wet day in the winter, there was no work, a fire was lit in the rec-room, a couple of boys would get a barrow of wood from the wood pile, at the back of the priests quarters, near the trees, the same side as their sitting room and pool room. They would sneak around to the vege room near the kitchen, steal a heap of potatoes, bring them back, put them into the hot ashes. When they were cooked, scraped the burnt outer skin off, then eat them.

The pig rort was the best. The boss of the piggery [REDACTED] knew how many piglets were there, so the 2 boys who worked full time on the piggery, thought of a rort, when a piglet died, they

would show it to [redacted] then throw it on the rubbish heap and cover it over. When [redacted] went down for his morning/afternoon tea, they would then get it, hide it in the dairy cool-room. A couple of days later, they would show [redacted] the pig again, throw it on the heap again, but this time for good. When [redacted] went down for tea, they would kill a piglet, cook it in the boiler, where the 44 gallon pig drums were washed out. This went on for awhile until they got too cocky, they started to take parts of the pig down to eat of a night in bed. They got caught, benders, that was the end of that. From then on, [redacted] would slit the dead piglet shown to him down the middle, before it went onto the rubbish heap. The time I stole the prize rooster from Greyfriars, I was working on the property gang under [redacted] and was doing fencing down near there. I crept over to the fowl house, put my hand through the small opening, and grabbed a pair of chook legs. Took off to the tee-tree bushes near the gully, killed, & plucked it, gutted & cooked it, then ate it with the others in the gang. It tasted great. Of course some one told, I was questioned about it, but I don't think I got any benders for that, as I think they were amused by it all.

Fr [redacted] did his best, he had 50-55 boys to keep, plus about 5 staff to feed as well, also about 6 priests, plus other expensives as well, a big ask eh.

WHERE I WORKED WHILE I WAS AT THE STAR

I was first breaking rocks and bricks, then helping with the drive gang, cleaning the edges of weeds for the water to flow, unloading the boat of cement for the building of Greyfriars. Mixing cement for Greyfriars, mixing cement/plaster for the outside of the priests quarters at the Star. Mixing concrete for the guttering on the edges of the drive-ways of the Star. Spreading the yellow gravel around the drive, spreading the top soil for all the lawns. Cleaning out the pig yards with a rake, shovel, of bones, tins etc. The drive gang was a odds and ends gang. Of course I should have been at school. Sorting through ex army boots.

Flower garden, rose garden, a sunken garden, where the fish pond is. [redacted] was in charge, with Fr [redacted]. This was when Mum worked as cook there. I was only allowed to see her on Saturday & Sunday afternoon from 1-00 to 5-00 pm. Fr [redacted] would go for morning tea after the other priests had had theirs, and had gone back to work. Of course he would take me with him, to pick up a billy of tea and something to eat for the boys in the gang. I would wait in the kitchen, while Mum made the tea, and cut some cake etc for the gang. The same in the afternoon. He could not do it every day, but at least twice a week. The vege garden, the property gang, fencing around the Star, also the property near the Mornington race course. Building pig styies, on the fowl houses and yards. Father's dining-room and staff dining-room (after Mum had left).

So there is a brief summary of my life at Morning Star, from the age of 11 years in 1947, to 1953. The only time I was sent to Morning Star by any court was in 1953, and only for 12 months.