

29.5.2013

To the committee,

My name is Philip Paul Williams of INGLEWOOD Victoria. In 1973 I was sexually abused on two occasions by a teacher at my School - [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]. I have made a Police Statement in 1998 at Box Hill Police Station. It goes for 5 pages. I have attached copies as this is exactly my story. My D.O.B. [REDACTED] 61 I am now 52 years and still seeing my Psychiatrist after 20 years. I am struggling a great deal with everyday life. Gallally Solicitors acted on my behalf in 1999 and have all my case details, but I presume they have been destroyed in 2006. They included my Psychiatrist's Report, Psychologists Report, Police Statement from my mother as first contact, Detectives Reports, etc. I have received nothing at all regarding compensation. I paid \$1500 to Gallally's.



VICTORIA POLICE

STATEMENT

NAME: WILLIAMS, Philip Paul

STATES: My full name is Philip Paul WILLIAMS. I am 36 years old and was born on the [REDACTED] 1961. I live at an address that I have made known to the police by myself. I am a spare parts driver as an occupation and have been doing this job for three years.

When I was eleven years old I started school at [REDACTED]. This school is situated at [REDACTED]. It is still there today. I started school at the beginning of the year at this school in 1973. When I started school there the school principal was [REDACTED]. I believe that at that time [REDACTED] was around 42 years old, I don't know that for a fact that is an estimation of his age. He could have been younger for all I know. While I went to this school, when I started at this school I was living at flat [REDACTED] with my mother and her friend. About half way through the year we shifted to [REDACTED]. I wish to make a statement to police regarding incidents which occurred between myself and the [REDACTED] during my time at the school.

I remember a few occasions where our [REDACTED] took myself and other children to his houses for social purposes. These visits were not as part of the school curriculum. He had a house situated at [REDACTED] either in [REDACTED] and he also had a farm which was off [REDACTED] which is about 14 kilometres from [REDACTED] on the [REDACTED]. I remember on one occasion early in 1973 [REDACTED] taking a car full of children to his house in [REDACTED]. I was one of these children who went to his house on that occasion. I don't think we stayed long there and I can't remember what really happened while we there. I do remember that his house was nicely furnished. I believe that [REDACTED] originated from England and was divorced and had grown up children. He lived in the house in [REDACTED] on his own. Nothing ever happened in his house in [REDACTED]. I just visited there a few times with him.

I remember [REDACTED] taking a number of boys from the school to his farm near [REDACTED]. Although the school was co-educational he only ever took the boys up there with him. He used to take the boys there during the school holidays. I do know I went there around between two to four occasions. I loved going there. The first occasion that sticks in my mind that I went to [REDACTED] farm near [REDACTED] was when he took a car full of kids up to his farm near [REDACTED] and I was one of those boys. I am not sure how long we stayed for on this occasion, it may have been a week or just a weekend, I am not sure how long it was for. On this occasion that I went up I remember sleeping on the floor of his house in a lounge room/hallway type of room. The house at the farm was an old brick farmhouse which had doors between the rooms which you could open up. I remember the room in which we slept that time was sparsely furnished and allowed for a number of people to sleep on the floor and spread out. We all slept in sleeping bags. I think there may have been around four or five boys there that time or more. I think there was a boy on my right and then me and then

and then about three or four boys on the other side. At the start of the night I was in my sleeping bag which was a separate sleeping bag to . During the night asked me to come into his sleeping bag with him. He had a double sleeping bag so he had room enough for two in there. I don't know what time of the night it was when he asked me to come in with him, all I know was that it was dark and there were no lights on in the house. I am aware of the other boys being around us when he asked me to come in with him but I don't know whether or not they were awake. I remember whispering to me in a loving sort of way, whispering softly to me. Everything he said he was whispering but I can't remember exactly what he was saying. His sleeping bag had a zip which was done up with us both in it, I remember it being cold. I hadn't been to sleep before asked me to come in his sleeping bag with him. I remember being the centre of his attention. When I got into his sleeping bag he suggested I take off my pyjama pants. I don't remember what pyjama pants I was wearing but I remember them being a top and bottom.

I took off my pyjama pants whilst doing this I didn't give a thought to what he had asked me to do. I don't remember what he was wearing but I do know that he wasn't naked. I was laying flay on my back on his right hand side. He was leaning towards me and was cuddling me and was on his right hand side leaning towards me. had his head near my ear and I remember one arm being under my head and his hand was on my penis. I couldn't say which hand was doing what, it was dark. The hand he had on my penis he used his fingers to rub the tip of my penis. He didn't actually rub his hand up and down my penis he was fondling my glands and pulling the skin back which no-one had ever done to me before. I remember thinking whilst he did this that I didn't like him doing it because it was sort of hurting me. I didn't feel in a position to tell him to stop because he was the adult the boss. I knew straight away that I had an erection it was something I felt rubbing on the sleeping bag and I got the erection because of what he was doing to me. I then put my hand down towards my penis not so much to push him away but more as a defence sort of mechanism in case I needed my hand there. when I put my hand down there I also felt that I had an erection. I remember being very embarrassed about having an erection. I had had an erection before in my life prior to being in the sleeping bag with but this was the first time that it had happened in front of someone else. I was embarrassed and apologised about having the erection and he comforted me by saying it was alright and quite normal and not to worry about it. That made me feel a bit better when he said that to me. Whilst this was all happening the other boys were right there next to us on the floor. I remember one of these boys was called . I don't remember his surname. I can say who wasn't there and these were . I know these boys weren't there because they were in a wild group that took up to his farm to play on their motorbikes. I don't know how long we stayed in the sleeping bag together and I can't remember whether or not we stayed like that all night and woke up together or not. That part of this episode is quite sketchy. My feeling now is that he wasn't trying to hide it from the other boys. I remember whilst was touching my penis I was thinking that I didn't want to leak onto his sleeping bag, by this I mean I didn't want any fluid to come out of my penis. I can't say whether or not I did actually leak any type of fluid into his sleeping bag either ejaculation or any other type of fluid.

Thinking back on this incident now I believe that was "testing me out" to see how I'd react to him touching me. This first time I didn't tell anyone about what had happened but the second time it happened I told my mum sometime after that occasion. I don't think I told my mum about what had happened on the first occasion. I think that the first person I told about this first incident with was my current psychiatrist Rodney KLEIMAN. I told him when

I started seeing him back in 1994. I see Doctor KLEIMAN for therapy in regards to a number of issues including what happened with [REDACTED]

There was a second incident with [REDACTED]. I remember that later that year, 1973 I went with him to his farm near [REDACTED]. I can't remember whether or not he invited me or whether he asked my mother if I could go with him. I do remember that on this occasion it was just he and I that went up to his farm near [REDACTED]. I remember thinking that I was special to [REDACTED] and I enjoyed going to his farm and seeing all of the animals and doing things there. [REDACTED] showed me how to drive a small land rover on his farm. On this occasion that I went to [REDACTED] farm he drove us up there in his white colored Peugeot 504. On this occasion on his farm we also went for drives around the property on his Haflinger which is an Austrian amphibious four wheel drive. The sleeping arrangements this time were that I was to sleep in a folding bed which he put next to the double bed in his bedroom in the large farm house. The bedroom wasn't that big because I remember the folding bed fitting pretty snugly between the wall and the double bed. Also in the room was an odd bit of furniture, I couldn't describe any of this there was nothing that really stood out. There is nothing I could describe about this room apart from what I have already said. I recall that on this occasion that I was there it was a weekend but I don't remember what month it was.

I believe that it was on the Saturday night that we were at his farm on this occasion that we were going to bed and I was starting to get into the folding bed and [REDACTED] said to me, "Why are you getting in that bed, come into my bed where it's warm." That made sense to me so I got into his bed. I was wearing my pyjamas but I can't remember which ones, they were a top and bottom set. We both went to bed together. I'm pretty sure that [REDACTED] was naked when he got into the bed with me. I don't remember thinking anything about [REDACTED] being naked when he got into the bed. We were both under the covers and he said, "Take off your pyjama pants because it will get too hot." I didn't think anything of this and then [REDACTED] helped me out of my pyjama pants. After I had my pyjama pants off [REDACTED] touched me on my penis. He touched me gently in a soothing way. He used his fingers and he fondled the glans of my penis and basically touched the foreskin, he mainly focussed on touching the glands. That sticks in my mind because that was the most sensitive part and I wasn't then educated in pulling the skin back. It was an unusual sensation to be touched like that and my penis was also engorged, by this I mean that my penis was swelled up and erect which made it ten times more sensitive to what he was doing. I got an erection from him touching me but this time I wasn't embarrassed about getting an erection. [REDACTED] then said to me, "You can touch me if you like" and I took that as being an invitation to touch his penis. I then touched [REDACTED] penis. From what I remember [REDACTED] never let go of my penis so I would say that I was touching [REDACTED] penis whilst I was touching his penis. I felt a bit uneasy touching his penis and wasn't used to a naked man. I was curious and inquisitive. When I touched his penis I just sort of touched him for a brief time. I think the light might have been on because I remember the look of his circumcised penis and how red it was. He never had an erection whilst I was touching him. I knew when I saw his penis that it was circumcised. I didn't touch him for long, I only did it because he said I could. He didn't have much pubic hair from what I remember. That was as far as the sex went and then we slept in the bed together.

I do remember that during 1973 [REDACTED] had his arm in plaster following an accident on his farm. I wasn't there on this occasion. I remember him having his arm in plaster after the last incident between himself and myself in his bed up at his farm. This happened in the same year as the things he did to me and I believe that he had time off work because of his broken arm.

I remember that on [redacted] farm he had a manager living there full time named [redacted] [redacted] lived in a smaller house on the property which was separate to the big house [redacted] stayed in on his visits there. [redacted] worked there looking after the animals and property whilst [redacted] was in Melbourne. Once we went for a bush walk at [redacted] property up [redacted] which is a big hill that borders the property that [redacted] had at this time. I don't know if he still owns the property.

I told my mum about [redacted] touching me on the second occasion probably about a month about it happened. [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] When I told my mum I told her that [redacted] and I had slept together. I told her that he had touched me but didn't tell her how. I know she got the gist that it was a sexual type of touching. When I told her I was sort of confused because I liked his attention and I didn't know if he was a better parent than her. He was like a father figure to me and I didn't think what he had done then was wrong. I didn't want any action taken over what had happened and I was still at his school. All mum said to me was that she wished that I had told her about it earlier than I had. I remember her making noises that what he had done was wrong and disgusting. That's all that happened. I remember her saying that she suspected that something had happened between him and I.

I remember feeling that I was someone special to [redacted] sort of like his girlfriend. At the same time I felt sort of lost. I felt very sad and confused by his attention. I never felt at the time that what [redacted] was doing to me by touching me in that way wrong. I felt that he must have needed to use me in that way and that I was wrong. I felt that we both needed the comfort from each other. Now I am slowly realising that he touching me was wrong. I had been taught to respect authority and a school principal was part of that authority. Sometimes now I get angry about how he touched me. That's an ongoing thing and part of me working through it. I will continue to have counselling, indefinitely at this stage, to help me deal with this and other incidents in my life. He was the first image I had had of a father figure in my life. This was my first sexual experience. I am reporting these incidents to police now because I am trying to move on in my life and I believe that by reporting the matter I may be able to move on. I have tried to get rid of the thoughts of what happened with [redacted] over the past twenty years but the thought won't go away. The anger won't go away. I believe by reporting these things I may then be able to move on with my life.

Philip WILLIAMS

Statement taken and signature witnessed by me this 4th day of April 1998 at 2205 hours at Box Hill C.P.S.

Haley ATKINSON
Senior Constable 27346

I hereby acknowledge that this statement is true and correct and I make it in the belief that a person making a false statement in the circumstances is liable to the penalties of perjury.

P. Williams 29-5-2013

Philip WILLIAMS

**Acknowledgment made and signature witnessed by me this 4th day of April 1998 at 2210 hours at
Box Hill C.P.S.**

**Haley ATKINSON
Senior Constable 27346**