

Name withheld submission.

To:

**The Inquiry into the Handling of Child Abuse
by Religious and Other Organisations**

Family and Community Development Committee

Parliament House

Spring Street

EAST MELBOURNE VIC 3002

fcdc@parliament.vic.gov

From:

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

STATEMENT

This is the Statement of [REDACTED] to the *Inquiry into the Handling of Child Abuse by Religious and other Non-Government Organisations* under the “Name Withheld Submission” conditions.

[REDACTED]

My name is [REDACTED] I was born on [REDACTED] [REDACTED] 1945 in the Royal Women’s Hospital, Melbourne. I have prepared this Statement for the Enquiry with the assistance and support of two close friends.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] As was common practice at the time, the Sisters of St Joseph arranged for my adoption at birth. I was adopted by a hitherto childless couple, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] then in their forties, from [REDACTED]

I grew up in [REDACTED] attending [REDACTED] [REDACTED] run by the [REDACTED] My adoptive parents were very religious, doing a great deal for the Catholic Church and sisters. In 1957 it was arranged that seeing there was no Catholic secondary school in [REDACTED] I was to attend [REDACTED] [REDACTED] as a boarder. I was not happy there as I was always a “home body” and missed my parents and friends dreadfully.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

I boarded there until December 1959 when it was decided that I be sent in 1960 to [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] Melbourne, run by the De La Salle Order. I had wanted to attend as a day student,

Name withheld submission.

staying with relatives as my father owned his old family home in [REDACTED] However, it was insisted that I attend as a boarder and I could still see my parents each month when they came down to town on a Sunday.

So, in 1960, I began as a boarder and was billeted in a large, old wooden dormitory housing some 28 – 30 boys. [REDACTED]

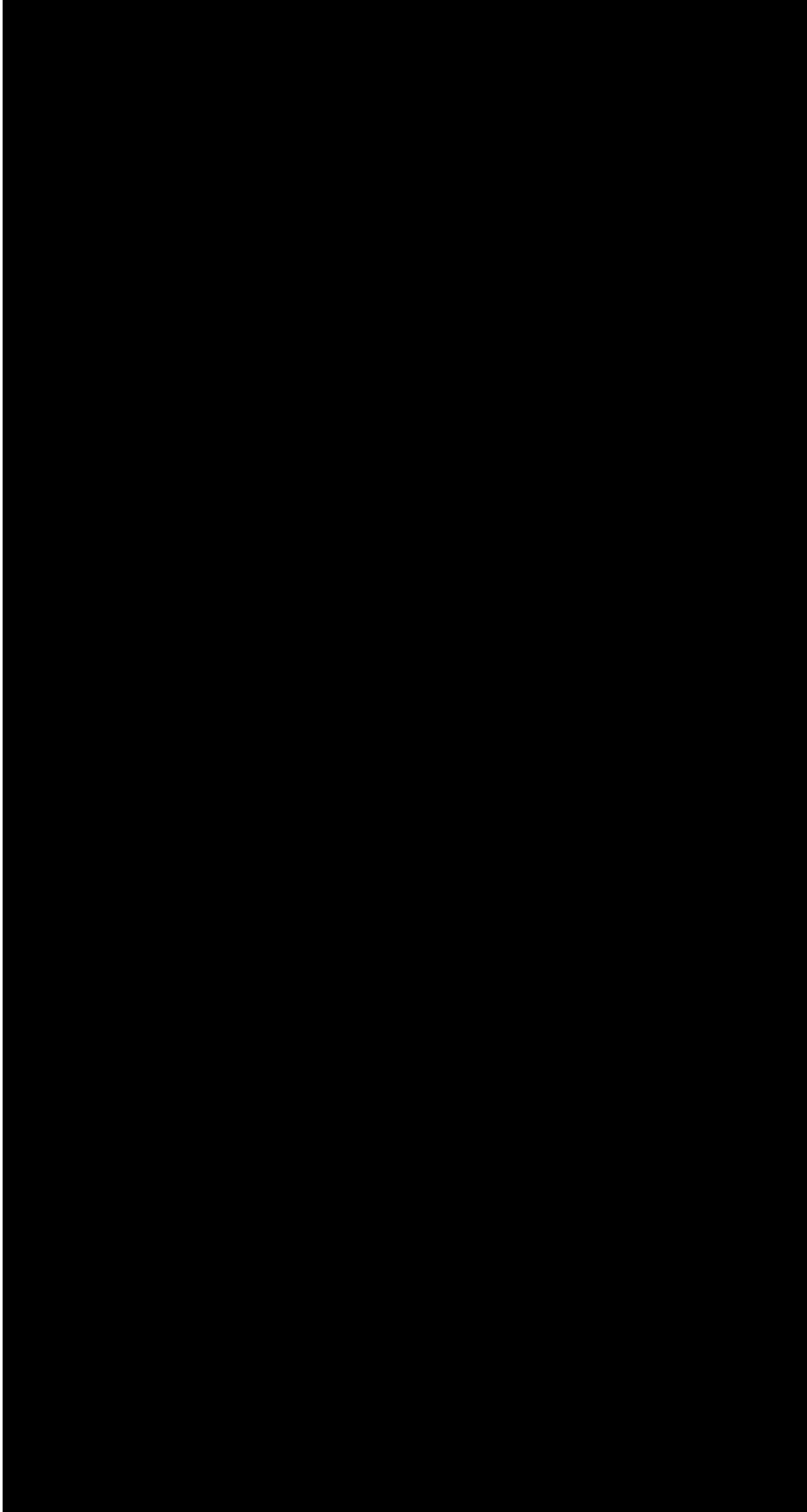
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Name withheld submission.

During the first term, I came to the attention of and elderly
Brother who taught at [REDACTED] but did not teach me. His name is
Brother Felix [REDACTED]



Name withheld submission.

Brother Felix lived in a room in the “old house with a tower” at [REDACTED] at the time. The house also provided a number of bedrooms for boarders. [REDACTED]

I was sometimes asked to Felix’s room for a chat where he would enquire on my schooling, interests, etc. On occasions, he would cuddle & hug me. Over time, this turned into numerous instances of fondling and more - not always, though, as sometimes he would sense my revulsion and draw back saying “*Hmm - perhaps not?*”

At some point, Brother Felix arranged that I collect his supper of cocoa & cake or biscuits from the kitchen and deliver it to his room. I was fearful of entering his room but dared not refuse to do so for what he might do.

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Things got heavier and I begged my parents to take me out of there - but they only became furious with me. When I said that a Brother was being terrible to me etc, they said that if a Brother was “*like that with you, you must have deserved it!*”. They continued

Name withheld submission.

saying “*these are good Christian men who are doing their best to give you the best education available!*”

At some time, I had a big row with my parents about it all but I simply could not fully detail the sexual assaults upon me to them, especially after they said “*You must have the devil in you to even imagine such a thing.*” I was driven back to the College by my father. He literally dragged me back to the dormitory and forcibly pushed me through the doorway whilst swearing at me, in a near hysterical state (and my father *never* swore in any other circumstance), saying that I “*had shamed them in front of the Brothers after their giving me the best education.*” After this there was some discussion with Brother [REDACTED] the headmaster, and it was decided that I be moved to a smaller dormitory - a room for four boys in the old house. The reasons for the relocation were never given to me. The new location was in the same house where **Brother Felix** had his room.

The information that follows has been very difficult to provide as it contains the most distressing and traumatic memories.

One evening, sometime after the relocation, I took supper to Brother Felix. On entering his room, I saw him standing there and he said to me to “*put the tray over there, now come over here for a cuddle.*” Continuing, he said “*Now, you’d like to make an old man very happy?*” He was fondling me from behind as he “cuddled” me. Moving away from me, he pulled his cassock up and exposed his semi-erect penis.

He became increasingly forceful towards me, telling me often to “*relax, relax*”. His demeanor changed. He pushed me down, got my pants down and was mumbling - it was just terrible. Suffice to say, in the violent scene that ensued, he tried to insert his semi-erect penis into my back passage. He applied Vaseline there to help him fulfill his perverse intentions.

Name withheld submission.

Not getting very far, he inserted his fingers in an attempt to open where he was trying to go. His finger-nails were very hard – and sharp. In the process, his finger-nails cut me internally.

I was terrified at what was happening. I was resisting and protesting. He continued with his fingers regardless.

Finally, in the midst of this violent attempt to rape me, I vomited. It went on the edge of his counterpane (bed cover) and a mat of the floor. I was crying. My back passage was aching and bleeding.

I was distraught, frightened, feared retribution, humiliated, hurting, bleeding. He turned on me verbally and pushed me out of his room, hissing “*Get out! Just get out!*”

I must have made it back to my bed but have difficulty remembering just how. I had nobody I could turn to for aid and support. I was alone.

I think it must have been a Friday, 10 June, or Saturday, 11 June, that Brother Felix digitally raped me. I knew I would be in big trouble from him and things would be made very difficult for me. I just had to get away.

On Sunday morning, I went to the Brother in charge of Pocket Money and told him mum said I needed a new uniform and that he (the Brother) had enough there for me to go down to [REDACTED] to purchase it. He believed me and gave me the money which had a new £10 note in it. On leaving the Brother and counting the money, I found that I had two new £10 notes stuck together! I felt someone was looking after me!! I can't quite remember what I did after that, other than packing my Gladstone Bag and headed to [REDACTED] I was free.

Name withheld submission.

My mother came down on the train on the Sunday (12 June) to have the day with me at Caulfield - my father was still disgusted with me in what I had earlier said about [REDACTED] and the Brothers.

At some stage in the afternoon, I brought up the subject with mum and begged her to get me out of the school or just let me be a day pupil. My pleadings continued as we went back to [REDACTED] Station. Unfortunately, we had big row on [REDACTED] Station platform waiting for mum's Rail Motor back to [REDACTED]. She said to me "*I am sick to death of these disgusting stories, how can you even think of such things I don't know. All we have done for you and you repay us this way. You get back to school now! And you can stay there till you rot for all I care.*" Then she got on the train and left me on the station to catch my train back to [REDACTED]

As I wrote in my letter (appended), I tried to return to [REDACTED] but only got as far as Morabbin.

I went to Spencer Street Station and purchased a one way ticket to Perth, Western Australia. I recall that I stayed at the YMCA that night (Monday, 13 June). I knew my paternal grandfather lived at [REDACTED]. During the course of this very long journey, I wrote to my parents. That letter is appended to this Statement.

Once in Perth, I immediately set about to get the train to [REDACTED]. I caught a train to [REDACTED] from Perth and asked at the local pub if they knew [REDACTED]. I was told [REDACTED] and his wife lived out on the property at [REDACTED]. The local taxi driver took me out. I told [REDACTED] that my dad had sent me for a holiday and to get to know them. I stayed there a few days but as they were very old - [REDACTED] approaching 90 and using crutches - I could not stay there, so they rang my cousins [REDACTED] [REDACTED] at [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] an outer suburb of Perth, where they had a big market garden. They collected me the following Sunday (21 June).

Name withheld submission.

I don't know what happened after that or who contacted who. Mum always said that she naturally thought I was at school and the school thought I was at home! Some time passed before I was found to be missing. On investigating at school, a student told a Brother that I had mentioned running away to my grandfather in Western Australia. Eventually, one afternoon, a car came up the drive in [redacted] with three police officers - very intimidating. I was interrogated for quite some time and was very frightened - especially as the policemen were dressed in heavy overcoats. My cousins were very kind to me and their daughter still talks of that terrible period in my life.

I stayed there in [redacted] in the care of my dad's cousins until arrangements were made for my return to Melbourne by the Police in Perth. The ticket issued for this journey to Melbourne by the Police is below.

KOO WEE KUP
28

Postal Address: P.O. Box 2806AA, Melbourne

RECEIVED from [redacted]

the sum of Seventeen Pounds
Eleven Shillings Six Pence

By Cash/Cheque No. [redacted]

Particulars of Payment: [redacted]

£ 17:11:6

ORIGINAL

PAYER'S Cash Receipt (Duty Stamp not required)

CASHIER [redacted]

I was handed over at Essendon Airport to my mother's brother, [redacted] of [redacted]. Another very religious man whose son, [redacted], attended De La Salle College [redacted]. The stay here was not very pleasant. No sympathy. My mother

Name withheld submission.

was in hospital at the time after her appendix had burst and she contracted peritonitis. I was being blamed for “*bringing this on*” for my mum. “*It’s virtually killed you mother!*” I was being told.

I was also being told that I was so wicked that I was to be made “*a ward of the State*” as I was “*uncontrollable and a liar*”; further, I was “*the biggest disappointment to my parents and after all that they had done for me*”. It was difficult staying with that family.

My Aunt [REDACTED] collected me and took me to her home [REDACTED]. From here, my father collected me and we returned to [REDACTED] in silence.

Some time after arriving home, I was informed that I was to attend [REDACTED] High School, much to the disappointment of my deeply religious parents - but to *my* great relief! I never again had to endure any intrusion to my person at the hands of Brother Felix or anyone else. Yes, I was safe - but at a significant cost to me.

Apart from the physical damage (which has persisted to this day), the emotional & physical damage, the relationship with my father all but disappeared. Fortunately, it was better with my mum. In the end, they separated but rarely spoke.

In conclusion, I just want to say that these things happened to me over 52 years ago, and it has been difficult and upsetting to write this down on paper for the first time. However, I feel that with your Inquiry and the Royal Commission into Child Sexual Abuse, announced recently by the Prime Minister, it is finally time, before I exit, to add my story to the others that I am certain will now emerge.

These things happened when I was still in my formative years, and they had a profound and lasting effect on my whole life, as I am sure it has done for all the other victims of these predators.

Name withheld submission.

I hope now that as it's finally coming in to the public forum, that we will finally be believed and we can at last feel relief and vindication.

[Original signed and available upon request]

[Redacted signature]

December 2012

Name withheld submission.

APPENDICES

1. Letter to my parents as I was running away to Western Australia.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]