

My name is Raymond Brand; I was a former British child migrant. (I was often told and believe that I was a child orphaned). I was born on March 11, 1948 at Townlands Hospital, Henley on Thames, Oxford and was baptised at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Henley on Thames, on 27 March 1948 children. According to information received from St Theresa Nursery. My mother was unmarried and being unwilling to keep me made application as soon as possible after my birth to the St Theresa Nursery according to my mother's application to admit me to Father Hudson's Homes, which is a Catholic Institution for "Homeless Abandoned and suffering Catholic Children" in Colehill, Birmingham in the United Kingdom.

My mother initially commenced enquiries some 5 months before my birth however babies less than 3 months of age were not admitted. Despite my mother's continual requests and efforts a formal application was submitted on 5 May 1948. A vacancy did not become available until I was 5 months of age, and I was finally admitted on 30 August 1948.

My mothers only visited me once, and sign an agreement with The Most Reverend Canon William Flint who was the administrator, of Father Hudson's Homes at that time, agreeing to pay a weekly sum of 12/6 towards my upkeep. In March 1950 she signed me over for adoption. (I did not find any documents showing any agreement or consent). However I had not been adopted by the time I was 5 years of age. The Very Reverend William Canon Flint who as Administrator of Father Hudson's Home and supposedly was my official guardian, signed the Commonwealth of Australia, Department of Immigration's Child Migration form consenting to my emigration to Australia.

My "Migrant Child's Report Record "States that I was "suitable for migration", of average build", with no visible defects and my "intelligence reaction seemed favourable" and so I was shipped out to Australia.

I arrived at Fremantle aboard the P & O RMS Oronsay on the 9th April 1953 and was placed in custody of St Vincent's Foundling Home in Wembley, an orphanage conducted by the sisters of Mercy. I don't many recollections, according to my documents I was suffering with diphtheria and was transferred to an infectious disease centre. On the 5th February 1955 I was transferred to Castledare Junior Orphanage in Cannington; an orphanage conducted by the Christian Brothers.

I am not sure of the number of other children who travel with me out from England to Western Australia, on the same ship as me; The Lost Children of the Empire. We "Stolen Children" were the economic victims of post war Brittain. Because of the war desperately poor children were surrendered to outdated institutions run by religious orders of Brother and Nuns and other Christian philanthropist accountable to nobody. Being powerless children, we were deprived of

all human rights and dignity. We were lied to for the next forty years. Not one of us was really a "War Orphan." Seldom in the annals of sentencing were the worlds worst criminals given longer terms than we stolen children were to serve.

My childhood was to be a continual struggle to resurrect myself, a clutching at straws, a searching for imaginary excuses for surviving. Where you have two sides of this story, a boy stolen and Churches that given an agreement by governments, acted without Accountability. So I learn to put up with, line-up," state your name "Your Country?" "What Town" Family was eradicated from the list of things that counted. Lists were ticked off by yet another group of imposing and proud officials who just boarded the ship: a priest, Brothers and Nuns and a group pf civil servants. Checking, moving to separate groups, double-checking, calling out my name when heard. All was finally completed. We were herded of the ship as "The delivery of the Christian Institutions Group. On entering in one of the arrivals areas we partake in a prepared party.

It was a media stunt. We children smiled and waved stuffed with cakes, ice cream, sweets and soft drinks. "Welcome to the war orphans! Where are you from? What is your name? What a cute accent and you look great in your outfit! Great colour your hair is! Oh how cute! Can we have a couple more in this photo? Here have a shilling! "Ah! Thank-you Mister." How proud the people of Western Australia felt when they read their evening and morning papers recounting their generosity to the child war victims of the Mother Country. Western Australians were generous enough to accept thousands of us into their vast State."OH, the war orphans! Welcome! Welcome!" Such willingness by the public to insert us into their communities and families was never carried out. We belonged, body and soul, to the State and herded into our correct Church. What little the general public were allowed to contribute they did with an overflowing generosity. However, like us, they were kept from the true criminality of our existence and upbringing. This is my story and is the truth. My carers told me that my name was Raymond Brand, realising for over forty years I am and always will be a bastard. My carers must have known of my Brothers' existence and names so they simply kept this documentation from me. When I first met my Three Brothers some forty odd years latter in the United Kingdom, they were also in an orphanage which our Mother never told them about me. However Father Hudson's' Homes indicates on its records that the orphanage did know about them.

Governments and the churches knew the cover up of kidnapping of thousands of British children. Procedures to deceive both the victim and general public were in place by the time the first shipload of Post War Child Migrants arrived in Australia. Back at the Warf the media and government officials melted away with their stories photos and lists and slowly only the Protestants and Catholic pastors and religious remained shepherding their allocated children from the April 1954 delivery. We were divided up; first Protestants separated from Catholics, boys from girl's brothers from sisters big from small. A quite tension, coupled with bewilderment, descended on us. We Catholics were then further divided among Nazareth House Subiaco, St Joseph's Girls Home, Casltedare Boys' Home, Clontarf Boys' Town, Bindoon Boys' Town and Tardun.

At the time of our arrival in Australia, all governments, British and Australian Commonwealth and State washed their hands of us. They completely abandoned me. The institutions were given a levy for our upbringing. I was never to see or speak to a government official as an inmate, a ward of the State of Western Australia.

I was never to know that a government level of responsibility for my welfare existed. That was the Child Welfare Department for the State institutions. Possibly the State felt justified in assuming that there was no better care than that to be found in the Christian institutions and

their dedicated band the Christian Brothers, Sisters and Priests servants of God. It was a mortal error. As a Catholic child "War Orphaned" I was completely owned by these Christian Brothers for the rest of my childhood and youth. How too human did these members of Mother Church prove to be, especially when they are given a free, unsupervised hand! With servants of Mother Church was how I served my first life sentence whilst in their care.

In 1955 I was transferred from St Vincent's foundling home to Castledare Boy's Home that was a junior orphanage which was conducted by the Christian Brothers. Where I was to learn discover what horrors and abuse awaited me, and the lost of my innocence, and lost of my childhood.

I was Seven years old, so it was time to move through the system for a third time. I was separated again, my younger childhood friends, girls and boys, vanished. A whole childhood world vanished. As usual it was complete, no reunions, no revisiting, no reminiscing, no memories, no photos, no souvenirs, no past. It was though my past did not matter: I did not matter my happiness did not come into consideration. Bonding with a past was yet destroyed again! The Christian Brothers that dressed up in their long black habits, which represented their authority, I soon learn to both fear and despise it for what it represented, and I associate it with some repulsive form of punishment and abuse. To this day I hate Black robes of any description and would rather walk on the other side of the road rather than past them in the street. I scream out in my frame of mentality what revulsion I have for you and what you represent. I always associate black with evil, the Brothers certainly reinforced my belief. How strange I thought the first time I saw the Brothers dressed up in black robes with a white collar. I was used to seeing Nuns being dressed in black robes and hoods with a White collar, and their rosary beads hanging down their side and a crucifix usually hanging around their neck. I suppose it was to give us all the impression that they Holy and pious people. The Brothers were different they remove their black habits during the day and put them back on when they were supervising our activities during school, meals and church, they always wore them during visits by them or other people. We had to address them as Reverend Brother which we shorten to "Bro" if you fail to address them in this manner you were rebuke or suffer some other form of punishment.

Shower time at Castledare and Bindoon was a very public and communal affair. It was the exact opposite of what was previously done at St Vincent's, the Brothers always closely supervised us. We had to be clean every evening. Lots of soap and hot water usually it was all the boy's had to queue where our nakedness' was wrapped round in a towel before we were told to proceed into the showers, there were 52 showers in 3 blocks that could be operated independently where we showered every evening before dinner. After removing our towel we had to stand under the showerhead and face the Brother who supervised us it felt that we were some kind of livestock being treated for parasites. We were never allowed to turn our back on the Brother who was supervising I don't know of anyone who did we simply done what we were told with blind obedience, never thinking of what would happen if we refused to comply with their rules, that were many and there was a rule for everything. I didn't think that the moral authorities of the time would ever allow us to be clean. There was no amount of washing that could remove the perceived stain of our birth. For this social rejection I hold the Church and its institutions accountable. I believe that my church seemed to have lost that cleansing, healing power. Imagine what the reaction if we stood up and pointed out the sins of Mother Church. Disbelief! Retaliation! Denial! Dismissal! Our condemnation, humiliation and punishment would surely be followed by accusations of gross ingratitude? So what redress did I have against these horrors within the Church Organisation? Who could possibly believed accusations of child abuse coming from such children? Shower time was the complete opposite at Bindoon We had a hot shower twice a week if the boiler worked properly most of the time we would wash in a large

communal bath usually the water would be muddy and usually around ankle height give or take a few inches the water was never clear it was warm brown water where all the boys would wash in, it was impossible to clean yourself properly, we all had dirt and grim on our body but you got use to it the showers were really a quite scary time I never knew what to expect which could be some ridicule about yourself or some repulsive remark about your genitals by the Brother supervising or even the other boys.

At Castledare We slept in two large dormitories that each had 65 beds. These were our sleeping quarters; I am still familiar with the routine of making my bed each morning even after all these years which is some 53 years latter, such was our conditioning. I can even recall the rubber mattress protector fitted to your bed just in case you wet the bed. There was no bedside locker; we shared lockers in rooms that ran parallel on either side of the dormitory (16 in each) this is where we were allocated a place for your clothing and personal belongings not that we had much to speak of. A few years latter a new change room was built that incorporated lockers and games area, the lockers were never locked as there was hardly anything of value as we all had the same issue of clothing and footwear. Each dormitory had its own library with books tables and chairs and board games, which was located at the end of the dormitory, also was the room for the Brother who slept in and who supervised the dormitory.

My first experience of sexual abused was from a Brother S. who was in charge of the dormitory; He had in his care a large number of different Teddy Bears which were all different sizes and colours. He would give them out among the boys of his choosing, however if you wet your bed you were never were allowed to have one. I was so fortunate to be allowed to have a little Teddy to cuddle love, and have for the night and hand it back in the morning; this was really great as it allowed me to use my imagination to escape from reality for a short period. I never thought anything sinister about this, I was very young and it seemed so natural to have something to love and cuddle and escape from reality for a short time.

The day came when I was told to report to Brother S. in his room, I immediately thought what have I done wrong? What didn't I do? Did I break some rule? Or did I forget to do some chore? Brother Smith was well known amongst all of the boys who love to punish any boy who fail do his household tasks or broke some rule, to give you the strap at every opportunity he had. I arrived outside his room I knocked and called out to him, "are you there Bro"? But I could not hear him or see him. This was strange, as no boy was ever allowed to enter into a Brothers room. After some time passed I called out again "are you there Bro"? I then heard Smith reply "Come in Raymond" this was totally irregular to be address by your Christian name, usually it was either your surname or your name in full.

Timidly I enter into the dimly lit room I could see S. lying on his bed; I was in mortal terror and spurted out to him "did you want to see me Bro?" "Yes Raymond" I was panicking while all the time trying to think if I forgot anything I was suppose to do, I stood as far as possible from him, S. called me to come closer to where he was laying, and said to me Raymond don't worry your not in trouble, and told me what a lovely little boy I was and that he had been keeping his eye on me, and repeated what a lovely little boy I was. My thoughts what have I done to make such an impression on him.

Editor's note: Ray describe how Brother S. sexually abused him

Who could I let know and who would ever believe me, and how could I tell what occur if I don't understand any of it. I was only around 8 years old; I became so terrified of Smith that I had to tolerate the pain he cause me.

The sexual abuse came to an end when S was reported, (so I thought). I remember all the questioning on this matter was carried out by a Brother M who use to visit me at my bedside after lights out. The questioning was like a form of interrogation asking was I sure what S done to me, and did I encourage him in anyway. I had to give in detail what occurred. This seemed to go on for hours. I was so young at that time and I never knew or understood what he did to me. The endless questioning just made me re-live the horrors of the events. I was continuously asked if I lead him on anyway. I became so withdrawn over this I never got any counselling or help with this matter, I believe that I was not believed in this the doubt was really quite hurtful. S was sent away I never saw him again was told never to discuss this matter with anyone how could this be so I was really quite traumatised over this abuse. It was latter reveal it was a cover up because the Christian Brothers could not afford the scandal in particular dealing with sexual abuse.

Murphy was also a sex paedophile, Murphy used to appear at your bedside late at night and order you to report to his room, he was not as cautious as S

He was a quite brutal man and treated you as an object of gratification for himself, there was a lot of talk among the other boys about Murphy but such was his viciousness and cruelty he was the one Brother you kept your distance. The sexual offences have been occurring for some period of

time I even wet my bed on purpose, I knew Murphy hated boys who wet their beds; however this did not deter him for long. This experience was quite humiliating, I remember wetting my bed during the winter, and I was ridicule and made to feel quite humiliated. I was naked apart from the towel around me it was bitterly cold we had to take the wet pyjamas and bedding and rinse out the urine, and then place them in the laundry so they could be washed. Murphy question me as to how long I been wetting my bed and made me feel so uncomfortable by standing in a line with the other boys who also wet their beds with the strong smell of urine, while the rest of the boys were never ending with their teasing. I became known as a bed wetter, they had a saying which was to be named a "stinking wet bed."

I was fated to be under Murphy's control while at Castledare. He had the task of assigning the new arrivals to classes, grade 1, 2, or 3. To be taught by an unqualified disinterested and possessive paedophile. I only completed grade 5, education was not a priority for most of our unqualified teachers. My learning involved the punishment of being strapped if you got your answers wrong, one was constantly strapped for not getting things right! I am finding it really distressing writing about this that it's too painful to go into much detail. I know that I wasn't his only victim. I think the other Brothers knew of Murphy but it seemed to difficult to deal with him. My abuse ended when Murphy was sent to Clontarf where his actives were well known I heard that he continue his sexual abuses, many years when charges were brought against him he was consider being to old.

All punishments were suppose to be recorded in a book but on researching files held at the National Archives, Brother O who was the principal at Castledare was recorded that no boy was reported and that no boy was ever merit a punishment so there was no need to record any. I witness these punishments on a regular basis and was of on the receiving end of them, so why would you record any incriminating evidence in a book?

My life was never to be the same after this; one of the conditions necessary for growth is to give a child his own space, some privacy, into which invasion is only emergencies. Self worth and personal dignity grow out of freedom, when experience in an environment of love and acceptance. Such conditions did not exist, was forbidden to exist, in institutions controlled by Christian Brothers. Growing up was impossible under the care of a religious community trying to raise hundreds of stolen boys

The Child Migrant Scheme gave low priority to my education and as a consequence, I suffered constant public humiliation. I remind my reader we were wards of the State yet among the teachers we had unqualified unsupervised Christian Brothers. The Brothers were not held accountable for the sub standard education offered, not even my official guardians, the State Government of Western Australia. I was to remain illiterate until my middle twenties. The qualified teaches did not stay around long to be effective. Good teaching Brothers were reserved for a higher class of Society's children. The free education of the destitute boys started the Christian Brothers in Ireland. We the poorest of the poor got the bottom of the barrel of their professionals. Our worth did not rate high among our minders. What I find shocking has been the attitude of many church authorities in claiming the moral high ground when dealing with the failure of the Christian Brothers. They did not go out in compassion towards innocent victims. In choosing to conceal or deny any misdeeds, especially the problem of child abuse, they allowed paedophiles to operate for years. By this failure they fail to protect the boys in their care, victims multiplied and shame descended on the Christian Brothers Religious Order.

As devout Catholics the Christian Brothers were trained to be emotionally detached from each other, boys and possessions. Religious groups especially the Christian Brothers of the 1950's and 1960s' were untrained for child-care work and certainly were unenlightened in the modern techniques of child rearing. With these factors in mind I am always conscious of not condemning actions performed in times of ignorance. I have no doubt that the church wanted to accept that somehow we had inherited sexual deviance. Illegitimate children or stolen and rejected children might have classed as bastards by society of the day, but I never expected that the Church would hide behind class to lessen the evil of child abuse.

Our minders were moulded in the emotionally self-destructive spirituality of the Irish Religious training of the Eighteenth Century: prayer, penance and self-denial. Their religion stressed a severe authoritarianism of natural emotions. What at the time was considered religious attitudes and values for the training of spiritual was wrongly applied to the rearing of children. Our very existence was a social and moral stain. Strict discipline, perpetual supervision and corporal punishment were deemed proper for the salvation of our immortal souls. All hardships and deprivations were justified in return for "winning" salvation.

For us the horde environment became the norm, personal privacy was eradicated. One's individuality was watered down to almost non-existence by submergence into a kid's community. The group was dominant and your number, not your name, clothed you with an intuitional identity. Numbering was a system for the smooth and efficient handling of hundreds of boys. Our minders could not, dare not, cope with, individuality but could manage counting off numbers in the responsibilities of feeding, bathing, clothing, punishments and routinely moving boys from one activity to the next. To be fair the Brothers, they were forbidden to cope with individuality. Personal friendships led to a strange sin, the sin of having "a particular Friend." Practically however handling vast numbers of boys seven days a week twenty-four hours a day bred a detachment that damages the humanity of many Christian Brothers.

Have you ever considered the negative aspects of queuing? For me queues were the constant state of tension, suspense and dread. Coming out of war torn Britain, where queues meant rationing, insufficiency and disappointment, now it was bondage. As children, three times a day we queued for meals, morning and afternoon tea. We queued for school for change rooms and, a queue for putting out your laundry, checking to see you had the right number on your clothes. Again we queued for collecting laundry, queue for pictures and showers, and a queue for punishment. We even queued for Church and evening prayers. There was tension to not be late, to miss your number when called. Oh God how I hated queues. The word associated with queuing was "next" I always hope to be able to slide past inspection without any incidents. If it was always assumed you were lying did happen it meant joining in at the end of the line followed by a crossed examination.

To have a Brother thinking negatively about me was more than I could bear. It was usually was trouble and meant the strap or missing out on some treat like the pictures or ice-cream and lollies, or having to turn up the next morning for a cold shower. "Wait over there! Next! "Trouble, trouble! Go to the end of the line. Next! "Mean's queuing again for up to twenty minutes. Being pressed between other boys just as anxious as me to get the experience over still conjures up fears. Queuing up as a child brings back anxious moments even today as sometimes it causes me flash backs of unpleasant memories of what punishments I received as a child.

If you were unfortunate enough of having to que for punishment usually meant it was going to be severed, you knew you were in for a horrendous time. These came in a variety of ways, holding your hand out in front of you while the Brother administrating the punishment would put all his strength to lash your hand with either a cane or leather strap causing you server pain, often the hands were swollen, and became black and blue which took several days for your hand to return to normal. Often the boy had to bend over and touch his toes to received six lashes strap or cane. The most humiliating punishment is when you had to drop your pants and be lash across your bear buttocks (at Bindoon we wore no underwear as we were never issue with any), in front of the assemble boy's. This really had an effect on you as some of them jeered at you or mimic your pain; this had an effect on the Brother who took great delight and also joined in the mimicking. Normally this punishment was administer by the principal in my case if was Brother Doyle who seem to enjoyed this undertaking with a great deal of satisfaction.

When whatever Brother, punished me with his strap (each brother had their own), it usually varied in their shapes and sizes, but typically would have been about 30cm long 3 cm wide and 2cm thick. They consisted of a varied number of laminations of leather stitched together. I remember the pain inflicted by these straps, which were always 6 hits, maybe more as often the Brother loss his self control, or wanted to make an example of you which really amounted to a flogging. Brother Doyle, this was his characteristic in this form of punishment.

I don't suppose anyone ever gets over the impersonal functionality of mass care where bonding was frowned on and no love was allowed shown or given. A catholic institution is a place of prayer, work and penance for personal holiness. As boys in an institution of the 1950s' and 1960' we had to say our prayers. We prayed lots, beside the bed morning and night, Morning Prayer in church, often mass, prayers at the start of school, every page had JMJ written on top. (JMJ? Jesus, Mary and Joseph) Evening prayer was said sometimes the whole rosary, lots of hymns, half hour religion each school day, confessions on Saturdays, Mass on Sundays, benediction on Sunday nights. After church while I was in Bindoon Brother Doyle made us que for inspection of clothing and shoes, if your clothes were not up to standard or your shoes punishment was usually a cuff, punch or kick and a night at the pictures with your back to the screen while all of the time you had to look at Doyle. We learnt lots of types of prayers and had to learn Catechism (Latin) had to be known from cover to cover by heart. I learn the Lords prayer which always made me think about the Brothers towards the end of the prayer the words were "Deliver us from evil". I often recalled the quote "Suffer little children to come to me!" Said Jesus. The Brothers certainly made us suffer as little children.

We were not supposed to have personal concerns, emotional problems and individual ambitions and needs. If I did there was never any one interested, enough to stop, see and listen.

When I was around 11 or 12 years of age I was again separated from the boys who had become my friends, at Castledare and was sent to another Catholic Institution, which was Bindoon Boys Town which was set in an agricultural setting. I had to leave all of my previous issues of clothing and footwear that I received at Castledare. I was issue with a set of plain almost like clothing from the Eighteen century. The clothes were in a sad state of repairs, they were either too big or too small. We received no underwear or footwear. Life was very different to Castledare I soon discovered that we even had more rules to adhere to! Punishment was more severe as most of the Brothers usually carried a strap or cane when they were supervising us in some activity. I soon discovered that there was a rule to cover everything. I was punish quite regularly and was told that I was a trouble maker, if I persisted I was then threaten by the Brothers that I would loose my soul, and would go to hell. In my mind the cruellest Brother at Bindoon was a Brother named Brother Doyle. He would lash out at anyone who unfortunate to be next to him

when he was on one of his inspections and did not meet his expectations he would become enraged often using his fists or foot, punishment was instant with him you soon learn to answer him or carry out the chore when ask to. If you were punish on a more regular bases, Doyle would make you drop your shorts (there was no issue of any underwear) he would administer the punishment, he reckon that this was a deterrent to anyone who broke the rules, and commence to lash you across your bear buttocks with his full strength often he broke the skin and the poor victim was black and blue and could not sit down comfortable for quite some time. During some of these punishments Doyle would loose his self-control. I know of this at first hand as I was often one of his victims. Another form of punishment Doyle would use is to ridicule you, and not only abuse you both physically and psychologically. He had a sense of cruelty, and knowing that he caused you misery he delighted in his taunts. Doyle would frequently tell me that my Mother was a slut and I am the bastard child that she did not want, and I was abnormal. He could play with your mind and make you feel completely insignificant as a human being. On one occasion Doyle told me that when he speaks with his follow Brothers he would ask them who in their option they believe to be the weakest boy. He would delight in telling me the answer which was some would say a few others but most of the Brothers would say me! He achieve he objection he succeed in completely humiliating me how he taught me hatred!

After the Sisters who perform the tasks of laundering and sewing repairs, if became the boys responsibility to carry out the repairs themselves. I was assign the tasks of working in the laundry with Brother D. it was not a pleasant task hanging out sheets clothes, it often reminds me of child labour. Perhaps the worse thing is not to have proper footwear, walking around barefooted that took its toll on foot injuries that almost all of us suffered from stone-bruising that became extremely painful due to the lack of proper medical amenities and the agonising treatment at the infirmary which was run by a Brother O. whose only form of treatment was to lance everything, no painkillers were given if you cried out in pain you were simply told to be quite, and don't be a baby. If you were suffering with weeping or open sores he simply dab on iodine and boils he squeeze them often the treatment was worse than the affliction. One would go as a last resort when the infection was at its worse and you were in great discomfort. I Experience 3rd degree on my hand while lighting fires. I was using petrol and the flame ran up to the bottle which exploded in my hand. I suffer for three days before I was given any proper medical treatment, the sympathy I received was, "That will teach you to play with petrol deserves you right" Dental treatment was almost non-existence, how I use to suffer from endless toothaches, and had to beg Doyle to allow you to go and have treatment done, there was never any check ups or preventive treatment. It meant travelling to Perth with Brother D. who would often drop you of and pick you up to help load the truck, it did not matter you may have had 3 or 4 teeth extracted your mouth was extremely swollen but you were still expected to load the truck. When I was around 12 years old I was on school holidays the lady whose care I was in had to ring up the Child Welfare Department to get permission for me to get dental treatment for me and she had to pay up front first before the dentist would commence treatment.

I met a very loving family who took me into their home and heart and provide me with some much needed love and loving care, it was a short reprieve to go with this family during school holidays. With this caring and loving catholic family who not only taught me love and gave me love in return and taught me a lot about life and help me with some schooling. This family was a form of escape which enabled me to escape from a brutal regime of Bindoon even if for a short period of time. I am convinced that if they have not taken me into their home I don't think I would be here today. I never told them of my experience; because I fear Doyle could have

possibly deprived me of these visits. To this day I am still in contact with them they were so shocked to hear what took place in the institutions in which I was confine.

Building and renovations was an ongoing task, no one was excuse from it. Work was carry out in primitive conditions with very little regard to the safety methods; We did not have proper protective clothing or footwear one was forced to carry heavy objects while the Brothers constantly harass you that you weren't going fast enough, the fear of this is that you could face the prospect of punishment you were forced to mix concrete and kept the supply of heavy materials flowing, any hold ups or stoppage was an instant cuff or kick and even a blow to the face. This was never a chore of learning or satisfaction it was often a task of brutality. Often these works were for their benefit. Moore River was suppose to be a place for holidays however our holiday was to provide the labour in building it and became a rest centre for the Christian Brothers within Western Australia.

The dormitories and locker rooms, were often stark and held no sensitivity, for is inhabitations, it was also a terrain for sexual predators. Brother M was the Brother in charge of our particular dormitory who slept at one end of it. I also experience sexual abuse from him but these acts were never committed in his room due to the closeness of his room and the noise escaping from it. He would always abuse you in the poultry shed usually in the cool room,

Yet again what was the point of reporting this as he was the protected person and I was just a sexual toy and would never ever be believed?

We took it in turns to clean and polish the chapel and main entrance, if it did not pass inspection you would have to do it over again it didn't matter what time it was you had to do it straight away. The main foyer and surrounds was made with marble which was on the floor and staircases and had large tapestries hanging from it walls. On top of the stairs was a door which led out to a balcony and brought you out to the back of the main buildings that overlooked fruit orchards and vineyards. Visitors were astounded, however very few of them realised that it was a show of decadence, which showed the difference of what the Brothers had, and what we had not.

The food was very often unappetising which was quite common, to best describe the food that was often burnt mouldy or not cooks properly. Pies that were Pick up from Perth were often fly- blown and were often burnt or dried out. The porridge often contained mouse droppings, lumpy it was not very appetising. One on the jobs after meals was to clean wash and reset their dinning room as there was always something they left of their plate to eat or something similar. What fruit we were given was often partly rotten or was well past it use by day.

We were never allowed to help ourselves from the orchard or vineyard the whole area was declared out of bounds for us boys. We were given at morning and at afternoon tea time (commonly known as piece time); due to a piece of food you were given. Quite often you would find maggots in it. We all awaited for the truck that Brother Dawe use to drive to Perth three times a week to pick up bread pastries and cakes from the bakeries fruit and vegetables that was often to be fed to the Pigs, and cows. It was as although they ate better than us. The food would improve from time to time as often cooks came and went all the time. Yes we ate the food that was meant for the pigs and cows at least we ate well sometimes.

7. My education really declined in fact I did not really do any more learning after leaving Castledare. One Brother was quite a good teacher strict but fair however he was soon

transferred to a more prominent school why would the Brothers want to train us? I was sent to another class, which was run by a Brother Dwyer who was beyond his expiry date he must have been in his 60's if you were good at sport you fitted in well if not you became another face in the group and you were often overlooked for any sort of encouragement. There were only two classrooms one was for the under performers and the other were boys that were selected by Brother Doyle who consider had a better opportunity to become high achievers, and were given the chance to obtain their Junior Certificate. Unfortunately I was never consider for this and have lamented my missed chance of a good education. I left Bindoon with a year 5 education. Years latter I did attend night school while in my mid twenties and achieve a higher level of schooling. This trouble throughout my youth, when I applied to join the Australian Army, I failed my entrance exam miserably and the low standard of education became apparent. The Army recruiting Captain suggested I attend night school. I remember that I had to get permission from the Child Welfare Department knew that I fail the selection criteria; however they never acknowledge the fact about my standard of education that I received.

At approximately age 12 or 13, I was put out from school to work on the farm (I was termed as a working boy doing unskilled labouring work. I was looking after thousands of hens and young chickens. The came under the supervision of Brother P. he was just another sexual predator

I never reported this as I seemed to have become a target for sexual abuse and wonder how it was me. What I did not know at that time that some of the Brothers who were paedophiles and prey on young boys would talk among themselves about their activities. Certain boys became their target. No one ever spoke or said anything about their experience of child abuse. I wonder if they know or knew about the dreadful pain and suffering they have caused me and to others, and the damage it caused to me, I learnt hatred towards anything who wore black and use their religion to hide behind.

I was reported that I was now becoming troublesome, I was transferred to look after the new chickens and was responsible for locking them away each night, I use to walk around 2kms every night by myself to ensure they were lock away safely. As a twelve year old this was a quite scary task for someone quite young my imagination would conjure the most horrible things possible.

There were many times I was called in to see Brother Doyle, he was a brute of a man and was tall and quite big. To me he was cruel and uncaring and enjoyed seeing the fear in you caused by him. On one of these occasions I was called into his office telling me that I have been reported for not carrying out my chores properly, and that he held me personally responsible for this failure. He told me that he was going to make an example of me before the assembly of the whole school. That meant dropping yours shorts and received the strap across your bear buttocks, as I describe these beatings earlier in my submission. Brother Doyle would question you for hours on end about any sexual activities between other boys never about the Brothers. I experience abuse from some of the older boys

Despite being question by Doyle he wasn't really caring about what you suffered or experience he seemed only wanted a name as I thought that he was turn on by the punishments he inflicted on any unfortunate boy. Sexual abuse by older boys was quite widespread and was quite horrifying especially if you were the victim, sometimes there would be two or three older boys in the group and force you to commit discussing acts on them. If you informed on them they would gang up and beat you or steal your personal effects. Doyle was hated by all of the boys that one day someone hang his pet cat Doyle went completely ballistic the whole group were punish by the taking away of your treats your mail was open and read by Doyle I think he realised that he was detested by most of the boys.

After what I experience and endured with these horrendous horrors, while in the care of the Christian Brothers for 8 years, I reach the point of no return and approach Brother Doyle and told him that my name is Brand and I had nothing else to loose and told him about the sexual abuses that had been committed against me by his fellow Brothers. I promise him that I would become more disruptive and cause him more anguish. I was completely beyond caring I believe my mind snap and I wanted to be out at any price. I didn't care any more what he done to me I said anything would be better than remaining at Bindoon. I wanted to be out of there free and be rid of these cruel men in their uncaring position as Christian Brothers. I never witness a Christian act from any of them I was treated like a chattel that was my worth to them.

Brother O was present during this meeting. I was finally given permission to leave just before my sixteen birthday O's departing words still ring in my ears which were that I have lost my soul and that I would be in prison within 6 months after leaving Bindoon. The sad thing was that the Brothers were so regiment in their role as masters that love and compassion had left them long ago. I realized that my saddest realisation was while I was institutionalised and learnt hatred, and never knew the true meaning of love. To this day I withdraw away from anyone who wears black robes and represents the Catholic religionist clergy.

My sad experience was that I came away from Bindoon was survival, only the strong shall survive the weak shall perish. I learn not to show my emotions, for fear of being known as weak. I became an angry man I show no tolerance towards any authority, this is something I am not proud of my wife and children experience this first hand as I took on the roll of Brother Doyle and tried to rule by fear I almost loss my family through my sometime uncontrollable anger. Everyone could see it I could not. I now recognized I think of what it has cost me.

I wonder now that the Government and Church know of their neglect to us child migrants, how many are psychologically damage and instead of love being taught it was hatred for them and what they represented. The State Government through its Child Welfare Department fail in its duty to provide a safe place; instead we were treaded like their chattels. They choose to ignored and neglect the suffering and harm being done by these inexperienced carers better known as Christian Brothers and their horrible institutions.