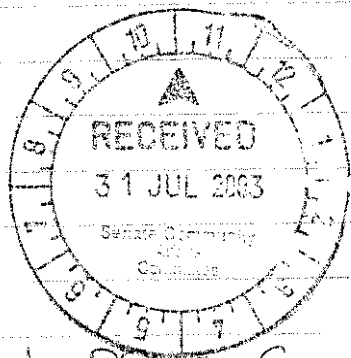


Danny Hewat



To Whom It May Concern

As I can not read or write my wife pens this letter for me. I was placed in St Vincents orphanage 5th Melb from the age of 8# untill I was 14. In that time I suffered the most horrific abuse, sexual physical and psychological, to this day I find it very hard to talk about without becoming upset depressed and angry. I see psychologist Dr Peter Cook on a regular basis which helps a little, but nothing can make up for or give me back what I lost way back then (1962). Myself worth myself esteem my childhood my education, all this and much more I had a right to as a child and it was all taken away from me. My stories are long and hard to hear, but give me your time and could tell you somethings that would make you

Sick to the stomach. It has made life very hard to say the least.

Can you imagine not being able to read, if I go for a job my wife has to come with me as I can't read a street directory to get there and once there I can't fill out forms, I have to lie and say I've left my glasses in the car, take the forms out to the car and get my wife to fill them out for me. (I don't even wear glasses)

I ask you to stop for one minute, can you think of one job that does not involve reading of some kind at some stage. I could go on for ever telling you about things that have happened the things that should never have happened or most of all what should have happened in those sort of places like protection and care and education that we/ as innocent children had a right to.

Sincerely