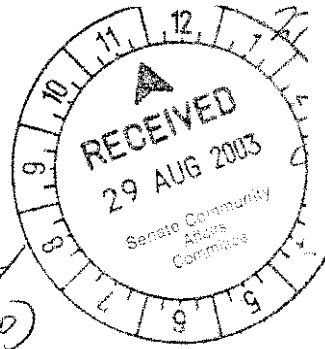


J. Ke. Secretary
Senate Community Affairs Reference Committee
SUITE 51 57
Parliament House
CANBERRA A.C.T. 2600



SUMMARY (4 PAGES ATTACHED)

MY NAME KENNETH HEDLEY BRADLEY

BORN 29TH DECEMBER 1931 IN QUIRINDI N.S.W

YOUNGEST OF 5 CHILDREN 1 BROTHER
3 SISTERS

MOTHER DIED 3RD JANUARY 1942

FATHER ENLISTED 8 DIVISION 2/18 BATTALIAN MALAYA
MISSING IN ACTION PRESUMED DEAD 14 FEBRUARY 1942
(I DID NOT KNOW THIS UNTIL APPROX MAY 1947)

JANUARY 3RD 1942 DAY MY MOTHER DIED PUT ON TRAIN TO ARMIDALE
C O F E BOYS HOME APPROX 2 MONTHS
C O F E BOYS HOSTEL (APPROX 100 BOYS) FOR SIX YEARS
INITIALLY COULD NOT READ, WRITE OR SPELL PROPERLY

OUT OF 100 BOYS ONLY WERE PRIMARY SCHOOL PUPILS
TO MY KNOWLEDGE I WAS THE ONLY ORPHAN AT THE HOSTEL

1942 TEACHER ABUSED ME (PHYSICALLY - MENTALLY) POOR READING AND WRITING

1943 CHANGED SCHOOL TO 2 ROOM 2 TEACHER SCHOOL.

HAD TO ASK CARE FOR SHOES OTHER ITEMS OF CLOTHING.

1944 LAST YEAR PRIMARY SCHOOL

LEARNED TO REPAIR MY OWN SHOES (RESOLE & RESEW)
I DID THIS TILL I LEFT SCHOOL

1945 1ST YEAR HIGH SCHOOL

STARTED TO GET INTO TROUBLE FOR SWEARING - (CUT ACROSS BACKSIDE)

1946 2ND YEAR HIGH SCHOOL

SAME SWEARING PROBLEM (CUTS ACROSS BACKSIDE CONTINUES)

1947 3RD YEAR HIGH SCHOOL

REALISE DAD WAS NOT COMING HOME
DECIDED TO NOT CARRY ON WITH ANY MORE CHARITY
LEFT SCHOOL.

NOTE IN ALL THE TIME I WAS AT ARMIDALE I DID
NOT RECEIVE ANY

The Secretary
Senate Community Affairs Reference Committee
Suite 51 59
Parliament House
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Dear Sir/Madam,

My Name is Kenneth Hedley Bradley
I was born on the 29th DECEMBER 1931 IN QUIRINDI N. S.W.
My father Joseph Hedley Bradley worked as a boundaries
Rider on Miller Creek Station.

Dad joined up when war was declared and
we moved into Quirindi, later Dad was in the 8th DIVISION
2/15^{BATTALION} which went to Malaya.

On the 3rd January 1942 Mum died, that same afternoon
my Brother and I were put on a train to ARMIDALE,
where we were put in a Church of England Boys Home.
Some time later we were taken out of the Boys
home and placed in the Church of England Boys Hostel

My brother went to the HIGH SCHOOL
I was put in ARMIDALE DEMONSTRATION SCHOOL. BECAUSE I
WAS 10 YEARS OLD, I WAS PUT IN 3RD CLASS. MY FIRST EXPERIENCE
HERE WAS WHEN I WAS ASKED TO READ. IN THOSE DAYS YOU
STOOD UP BESIDE YOUR DESK TO READ, ACTUALLY I COULD ONLY READ
BY SOUNDING EACH LETTER YOU KNOW M-A-T MAT and
GO ON. I WAS CONCENTRATING SO HARD I DID NOT SEE THE
TEACHER APPROACH, THE NEXT THING I KNOW I GOT A BIFF OVER
THE HEAD WHICH SENT ME REELING OVER MY DESK

FOR THE REMAINDER OF THAT YEAR, I HAD MANY BIFFS
AND VERBAL ABUSES. IT DID NOT SEEM TO IMPROVE MY READING
OR SPELLING.

THE HOSTEL BEING RUN BY THE COFE. WE HAD TO HAVE MORNING
AND EVENING PRAYERS THIS WAS DONE BY CANNON. ----- (I can't remember his name)
WE ALSO HAD TO MARCH TO CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY RAIN OR SHINE OR SUNSHINE
THIS WAS DOWN TOWN ARMIDALE SOME 5 MILES AWAY

THE EVERY DAY DISAPINE WAS CARRIED OUT BY GENERAL AN EX ARMY

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PERSON IN 1942 THEY WERE SERGEANT MAJORS, WHO SEEMED TO DELIGHT IN HAVING EVERYONE UP BEFORE SUN UP TO DO EXERCISED DRESS WAS SHORTS AND SINGETS EVEN IN MID WINTER.

IN 1943 THE CANNON - - - (WE ALWAYS REFERRED TO HIM AS THE GUN)
PUT US PRIMARY SCHOOL KIDS INTO MARTINS GULLY PRIMARY, WHICH WAS MUCH CLOSER ABOUT 1/2 MILES WALK, MARTINS GULLY WAS A TWO ROOM TEND TEACHERS SCHOOL. THE HEAD MASTER WAS A MR. HOOD A WWI RETURNED SOLDIER, A VERY KIND MAN WHO WENT OUT OF HIS WAY TO HELP ME IN MY SCHOOL WORK.

THINGS ERASED OFF AS FAR AS EARLY MORNING EXERCISED WENT. HOWEVER PUNISHMENT WAS IN THE FORM OF GATEING, WASHING UP OR DRYING UP AFTER MEALS OR WORK ON THE WOOD PILE BEFORE BREAKFAST OR AFTER SCHOOL

AT THE END OF 1943 MY BROTHER LEFT SCHOOL AND WENT TO SYDNEY TO WORK.

IN 1944 MUCH WAS THE SAME AS 1943, THE ONLY THING OF NOTE WAS THAT MEASLES STRUCK THE HOSTEL AND ME AND ANOTHER BOY DIDN'T LOOK LIKE GETTING THE MEASLES, SO WE ATE TOOTH PASTE TO MAKE OUR TEMPERATURE GO UP, AND WE USED A MILLIE BROOM TO MAKE SPOTS ON OUR BODIES. THEN OFF TO THE SICK BOY BINGO 2 WEEKS OFF WITH THE MEASLES.

ABOUT THIS TIME I LEARNED TO REPAIR MY OWN SHOES.

IN 1945 OFF TO HIGH SCHOOL (NARRIDINE HIGH), ABOUT THIS TIME THE HOSTEL CHANGED FROM HAVING EX SERVICES PEOPLE IN CHARGE OF DAY TO DAY DISCIPLINE AND SUPERVISION, TO EMPLOYING A TEACHER FROM THE HIGH SCHOOL.

THIS PERSON WAS A MR. KRIPNER [THE SPELLING MAY BE WRONG] WHO JUST SO HAPPENED TO BE MY GEOGRAPHY TEACHER, NOW I WAS A RENOWNED SWearer, MY TWO FAVORITE WORDS WERE BLOODY AND BULLGEE

IT SEEMED THAT WHEN EVER I SCORE, KRIPNER WAS IN FEAR SHOT, HE WOULD ^{Summons} ~~summons~~ ME TO SEE HIM WHEN I GOT BACK TO THE HOSTEL.

ON REPORTING TO HIM, I WAS MADE KNEEL ON A HIGH BACK CHAIR, AND HE GAVE ME SIX OF THE BEST ACROSS MY BACK SIDE. HIS FIRST FEW EFFORTS WERE ANYWHERE BETWEEN MY SHOULDER BLADES

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TO JUST ABOVE MY KNEES.

THIS HAPPENED ON A REGULAR BASIS, IN FACT, HE BECAME AN EXPERT IN PUTTING SIX CUTS ACROSS MY BACKSIDE PARALLEL TO EACH OTHER AND SAY "U" BETWEEN EACH CUT, HOW DO I KNOW THIS THE OTHER BOYS USED TO COMMENT ON THEM WHEN I WAS HAVING A SHOWER.

HOLIDAYS WAS GENERALLY A GOOD TIME FOR ME AS I USED TO GET AN INVITE TO ONE OF THE OTHER KIDS HOMIES ON SOME OCCASIONS I WOULD COME BACK WITH MORE CLOTHES THAN WHEN I WENT THERE. I WAS PLEASED WITH THIS AS IT SAVED ME FROM HAVING TO ASK THE "GUN" FOR WHAT I NEEDED.

TO PLAY FOOTBALL (RUGBY) FOR THE SCHOOL YOU HAD TO HAVE BOOTS I ASKED THE "GUN" FOR A PAIR BUT NONE WAS FORTHCOMING. FORTUNATELY ONE BOY HAD AN OLD PAIR OF FOOTBALL BOOTS OF WHICH THE LEFT FOOT WAS O.K. THE MAKE OF THIS BOOT WAS "MURTRY", ANOTHER BOY WOULD YOU BELIEVE HAD AN OLD PAIR WHICH HAD A RIGHT FOOT O.K. THE MAKE OF THIS WAS "DALLY M".

SO I DID ALL MY SCHOOL FOOTBALL WEARING ODD BOOTS ONE "DALLY M" AND ONE "MURTRY"

1946 SECOND YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL WAS A DISASTER FOR ME AS MR KAIPNER WAS NOT ONLY MY GEOGRAPHY TEACHER BUT ALSO BECAME MY ENGLISH TEACHER. THIS SEEMED TO INCREASE THE NUMBER OF TIMES I GOT CAUGHT SWEARING. HENCE MORE CUTS ACROSS THE BACKSIDE.

I ALSO HAD TO PUT UP WITH HIS RADICULING ME MY LACK OF READING SKILLS AS I WAS STILL HESITANT ON SOME WORDS

I NEED TO GO BACK TO 1945 AT THE END OF THE WAR THE STAFF AT THE HOSTEL USED TO KEEP A PAPER FOR ME EACH DAY SO I COULD LOOK UP THE LIST OF NAMES OF P.O.W'S BEING RELEASED FROM JAPANESE PRISONERS OF WAR CAMPS. MY DAD WAS CPL J.H. BRADNEY NXADAH. EACH MORNING AS I GOT TO SCHOOL THE OTHER KIDS WOULD ASK ME IF I HAD FOUND MY DAD "NO BUT TO-DAY MAY BE"

"NO BUT TO-DAY MAY BE" LASTED UNTIL APPROXIMATELY THE END OF MAY 1947 I THINK THAT WAS THE LAST PUBLICATION OF P.O.W. RELEASES.

1947 THIS WAS THE YEAR I FINALLY REALISED DAD WAS DEAD
I WAS STILL GETTING MY USUAL SIX CUTS FOR SWEARING
UNTIL ABOUT AUGUST.

THIS PARTICULAR NIGHT AFTER LIGHTS OUT I JUST KEPT ON
TALKING EVEN THOUGH THE DORMITORY PREFECT HAD TOLD ME
TO SHUT UP, ANYWAY HE EVENTUALLY DID HIS BLOCK AND SENT ME
OUT TO KRIPFNER, WHO TOLD ME TO SEE HIM IN THE
MORNING.

IN THE MORNING HE SAID "I HAVE TRIED TO BENT SENSE INTO
YOU THROUGH YOUR BACKSIDE AND HE FAILED TO AWAY AND
WRITE ME AN ESSAY ON WHY BOYS LIKE TO SWEAR."

EVERY EVENING AFTER TEA ALL BOYS APPROXIMATELY 100
HAVE TO ASSEMBLE IN THE COMMON ROOM TO DO HOME WORK
AND STUDY.

THIS PARTICULAR EVENING I WAS FINDING IT HARD TO WRITE
THE ESSAY HE HAD SET ME.

AT SOME STAGE HE ASKED ME HOW MUCH OF THE 2 PAGE
ESSAY I HAD DONE WHICH I SAID ONLY ABOUT $\frac{3}{4}$ PAGE
HE SAID BRING IT UP HERE AND SHOW ME, WHICH I DID
HE DIDNT BOTHER TO READ WHAT I HAD WRITTEN HE JUST TORE
IT UP INTO LITTLE PIECES AND MADE ME PICK THEM UP IN
FRONT OF EVERY ONE.

I DID NOT RECEIVE ANYMORE CUTS FROM THAT DAY
JUST BEFORE I SAT MY INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE
KRIPFNER ASKED ME WAS I GOING TO GO ON AND DO MY
LEAVING CERTIFICATE AND I SAID "NO THANKS I HAVE HAD
ENOUGH CHARITY ILL GO TO WORK AND PAY MY OWN WAY"

IN THE SIX YEARS I WAS AT THE HOSTEL I DID NOT RECEIVE
ONE LETTER FROM ANYONE AND I VERTUALLY HAD TO BEG FOR CLOTHES
POCKET MONEY I EARNED BY GOING OUT AT WEEKEND PICKING FAULT
(APPLES - PEARS - CHEARIES) PICKING PEAS OR BAGGING POTATOS, SOMETIMES
I WOULD SNEAK OUT AT NIGHT AND RAID ORCHARDS AND THEN SELL
THE PROCEEDS (5 APPLES FOR SIXPENCE) BISHOP MOISE PEAR TREE USED TO GET A FAIR
GOING OVER.

I HOPE THIS GIVES YOU SOME INSIGHT INTO HOW A YOUNG BOY LIVED IN AN
INSTITUTE DURING THE WAR TIME. I WOULD BE WILLING TO TESTIFY.