

William Davis

Dear Sirs

I am forwarding to you the attached documents as a record of my experiences as a victim of Sexual Abuse. I trust that this information will be of assistance to your inquiry and will help to prevent such abuse occurring in the future.

Moreover I hope that this may be the means of other victims receiving the assistance they deserve.

I would welcome the opportunity to speak with you at

Yours faithfully  
William Davis

LR/fls

February 2, 2002

Victims of Crime Assistance Tribunal,  
P.O. Box 607  
SHEPPARTON

Dear Sir/Madam,

A copy of a report prepared in November 1999 for the Crimes Compensation Tribunal is attached in support of Mr. Davis' request for an extension of counselling.

Mr. Davis' psychological condition has improved only marginally. While he has made cognitive and emotional adjustments in terms of the effects of his sexual abuse, the process remains incomplete and stuck in that Mr. Davis has been unable to formally and legally achieve completion of the matter. Hence the impact on Mr. Davis' sense of himself, his life's meaning and his view of the social structure of the world are compounded and impact particularly on his depression, anxiety and social isolation.

I consider that Mr. Davis will require continuing counselling at approximately three weekly intervals over the next 12 months to effectively address his symptoms of chronic severe Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, depression and loss of a sense of meaning.

Yours faithfully,

LORRAINE ROWE  
PSYCHOLOGIST

## I LIVED IN HELL TO END UP ON EARTH

I was born in 1949 in a place called Bairnsdale. I have two older brothers. My father was a sleeper cutter and would be away for weeks on end. On one of his trips away my mother up and left and never returned. I would not see my mother for another 45 years.

My father was unable to look after us at this time of our life. I was only 4 months old and my brothers were 2 and 4 years old. He sent us to our aunts to look after us for a while. She could not handle us because we were too young and she had her own two kids to look after.

We were sent to an orphanage. I went to St. Joseph's baby home in Melbourne where I stayed till I was old enough to go to school, and then I went to St. Anthony's. I stayed there until I was 8 years old. I was then sent to St. Augustine's in Geelong and stayed for 6 years.

I first went to St. Augustine's in January 1959.

When I said I lived in Hell, this was the start. The first 2 years were not too bad but the next 2 years were fuckin' hell, and I mean HELL. The first two years I was in Dorm 4, which was for the new boys who had just arrived at the school or were at the age of 8 or 9. You would normally stay in that dorm for 2 years and then be moved to the next dorm, which was Dorm 3. This was done at the start of the school year, which was late January.

The dorms could fit 50 or so boys as all the other dorms did. We were told which bed to sleep in, as not all the boys would go onto the next dorm. I was given the first bed as you walked into the dorm. This was set up for 'him' as I was soon to find out.

In February of 1961, I was asked to turn off the foyer light, which I did and went back to bed. This went on for a few nights without anything happening, and then something started to happen. I went out to turn off the light and the door to the dorm was shut behind me. This had not happened before when turning off the light. When I was in the dark the 'asshole' put his hand on me, he started to touch me and run his hand down my head and then onto my shoulder. This also went on for a few nights; I would say he did this to see what I would do. I did not say or do anything, as I was too afraid. I remember I was 11 year old by this time and if you can remember as a young boy or a young girl how much bigger adults seemed. He was a grown man in his early 30s.

When one of the 'assholes' took to you they gave you a flogging and to add to this other than tell one of the Christian Brothers I had no one else to tell. My father could not be found, my mother was well gone, so I could not go to any one and tell them what was happening to me. I wish I had the guts to say something then, and if a few more of the boys had said something, we may have been able to stop it happening to the rest of the children, instead of

having to fight these cunts in court, which is almost impossible to do. We were 'wards of the state' and the government took no care.

Getting back to what was happening in Dorm 3, as I said, he seemed to do things to me for a few nights to see what was going to happen. He would go another step further each time. It was always the same. I would get out of bed to turn off the light, he would shut the door and start to fondle me, talk to me. As he was fondling me he was moving towards his room. Once I was in the room he would shut the door. He was still touching me all over at this stage; his hands would then unbutton my top and then my PJ pants. He was start playing with my cock and wanking it. I also had to wank him. At this stage of life, I was still a boy, by that I mean I had not even started puberty, which was more than I can say for him. Wanking him off made him blow as it did every night he got me out of bed.

Well, when it happened the first time, I thought he had pissed himself and pissed all over me. He wiped me clean and sent me back to bed. I would normally lie there and cry myself to sleep. This also went on for a few nights, as did all the other shit that he did to me. I thought this was as bad as it got, but I was wrong, quite wrong, as I soon found out.

The same thing kept happening, lights out, into his room and he would have his fun with me. Some nights he would get me to suck him off. The first time, as usual, he did it to me in his room – pants and top off, he would lay me on the bed, start playing with me and do what he liked. While lying on the bed, he would lay down beside me still running his hands all over me, kissing, hugging me as if I was his sex toy, which I was. He would put his mouth on my cock and start sucking. He would do this for a little while and then tell me to do the same to him. When you are an 11-year-old boy and you have a grown man with a full size cock in your mouth, you cannot say or do anything until it is taken out of your mouth. He did take it out of my mouth, to tell me he was about to blow. As you can guess, he blew in my mouth. I spat the shit back out and spewed my guts up. I went to the shithouse and did the same there. This also went on for a few more nights.

There was another boy in the next bed who was awake most nights when I went back to bed, and yes, I did tell him and quite a few boys, what was happening to me. I must say it is a pity some of them or all of them did not come forward when the shit hit the fan a few years ago, instead of sitting back and saying nothing and leaving a few of us fighting the church on our own, which was what I had to do. I know there were a lot more boys that this was happening to. I will go into that a bit later, at the appropriate time. As you may have guessed, this was not the worst of what happened to me. The worst was yet to come.

As I have said many times before, I was told to get out of bed and turn off the light. The door was shut behind me by this 'asshole'. I was taken into his room and he would start his shit, rubbing me, kissing me, taking off my PJs and playing with my cock. While he was doing this shit, I had to do the same to him. The one thing different was at no stage did I enjoy what he was doing

to me and it still turns my guts today to think what he did. Worst of all, because of our legal system, he and most of the others got and are still getting away with it. Don't be fooled by what you hear – that they are getting to court. You hear of a few – I know of 4 other boys whom this 'asshole' molested and he got away with it.

Maybe by telling my story someone will listen to what I am saying and stop this shit from happening to anyone else who comes forward. At the moment, it is not worth our while coming forward. I will fill you in on that part later on in my story.

Getting back to the story, it is hard to tell you what happened to me, but if you can picture this happening to yourself as an 11 or 12 year old or your mothers or fathers. Try and picture yourself being in the same place as I was. I am now 50 years old and have two girls and if it ever happens to one of them, I know what I would do to that person, and I think I would stand on my own on that matter, so the least said about that, the better. I say that because what I am about to tell you is the truth and I have proof of it happening to me.

I was molested more than 500 times. I don't just mean petting; I mean the whole lot of the shit. Yes, I was fucked up the ass, always in his room, always after we had gone to bed. I also had to suck this 'fuckhead' off and wank him off.

You may ask why I did not say anything to anyone. Well, as I said before, I did not have anyone to tell, only some of the boys. It seemed that they – the 'fuckheads' only took the ones who had no parents or the ones whose parents had dumped them in this Hellhole and we were picked on for the pleasure of these 'cunts'. What fucks me more than anything was that the fuckin' church knew what was happening and did nothing to fix it. The only thing they did was to place the 'cunts' into another school with, yes - you guessed right, boys! Not in a funny farm where they should have gone. And I would say to you today, they should also put Archbishop Pell in one. For that 'asshole' to stand up and say it did not happen – he has to be a wanker of the highest order.

I have been waiting to say this for a long time to you, Pell.

You think Rome is the place for you...I don't think so, because you won't listen to what we are saying to you. But if you think about what has been said to me and to others. That because of what happened in the 15<sup>th</sup> century, with the church not allowing the king at the time to divorce. He, and only he, had the balls to do what he did, by telling the church that if they would not allow him to divorce, he would start a new religion. And he did – the Church of England. That happened because of the church's pigheadedness, which has not changed even today. Also he proclaimed that the church could not have money – as it did in the time of the Kings – so, as usual, instead of coming up with a new law, the church pigheadedly decided that the 15<sup>th</sup> Century law was correct and therefore, it could not be sued. What a fucking joke!

If the church wants to go by this law, so be it. I say that we should also go by the law of the day and all the paedophiles in the church should have their heads cut off. Even that is too good for them – they should be made to suffer, for all the suffering we had to endure. So...Pelly, if you are thinking of Rome, then don't! Because *your* church is, as *you* say, is *not* part of the Roman Church.

The other thing that will haunt you is the fact that we are still here, ready to fight. You are just like the Governor General of this country. You are not fit to be in a position of authority, for you can not tell the truth or face up to your responsibility to the boys for what your church has done. You say it did not happen. Fuck you lot – you teach us all about the church on one hand, while you teach us *that* shit on the other. You 'fuckheads' are fucking us. Not only are you fucking our bodies, but you are also fucking with our minds – you and your 'assholes'. I would love to see you in *our* position; not only having to go through what we went through, but also going through what we have to go through in a courtroom.