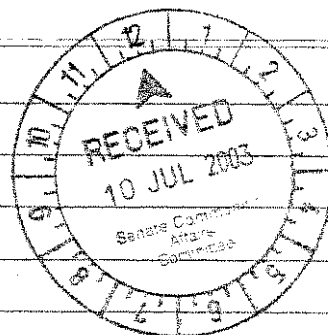


Mark Cade



The Secretary
Senate Community Affairs Reference Committee,
Suite S1 59
Parliament House
Canberra A.C.T. 2600.

Dear Secretary

This will be more a chronicle than a mere dry statement of remembered events.

The retelling causes me angst & pain, however, it won't be before time that the issues are aired properly addressed & hopefully put to bed.

An aspect I neglected in my Statement of the time as I deemed it irrelevant, now seems highly relevant in view of the treatment of asylum seekers & the forcible separation of some asylum seeking children from their parents.

I do not wish to appear. It is enough that you read & address the issues.

Yours sincerely,

(MARK CADE)

Mark J. Cade

Tuesday, 10 May, 1994

Dear Mr. Stephens,

Enclosed is a copy of my change of name by Deed Poll. Accompanying this is the Statement I made to Detective Adrian Beck of the N.S.W. Police in Wollongong yesterday, at the request of the Victoria Police, for possible criminal action. I have also been informed that, due to the elapsed time since the alleged events, it is possible the Victorian Office of Public Prosecutions may not pursue the matter.


It is with this possibility in mind that I seek to redress the anomalies of the past and particularly, in light of the fact that I was denied recourse at the time the assaults took place.

The full impact of the horrors of the past, have only really impacted themselves on me within the past few months. So much so, that I began to question my sanity and sought psychiatric evaluation of my state of mind. In addition to this, I am undergoing Sexual Trauma Counselling.

It seems highly iniquitous that the Government can chase and prosecute Nazi War Criminals in Australia but, refuses to adhere to the Convention on the Rights of the Child and which was Ratified by Australia on 17/12/1990. This information comes courtesy of Mr. Christopher De Bono, Officer-in-Charge, United Nations Information Centre, Sydney.

hopefully, the matter can be resolved before my foot slips from the banana peel and into the grave.

Yours sincerely,


Mark J. Cade

STATEMENT

The following Statement, concerns my life at St. Vincent De Paul Boy's Orphanage situated in Cecil St. South Melbourne, Victoria.

The events described in this Statement took place in the years 1957 and 1962 and a portion of 1963.

My name is Mark John CADE and I reside at Site 97, Figtree Caravan park, Figtree, N.S. W. 2525.

Attached is a copy of my change of name by Deed Poll.

I was incarcerated in St. Vincent De Paul Boy's Orphanage in South Melbourne, Victoria, from 1957 to 1962 inclusive, before my transfer to St. Vincent De Paul Boy's Hostel in 1963, from where I was eventually expelled. Whilst in the Orphanage, I was known as Gabriel Toman.

I am of ethnic origin, born of Hungarian parents in Germany on 17/7/1947 and I am 46 years of age. The Toman family arrived in Australia as refugees in 1952, on board the S.S. Nelly, landing in Sydney.

I was subsequently naturalised at the Richmond Town Hall in Victoria in 1959 and my Citizenship No. is, EA 00000375.

Reference No. is, Z 05941259 C.

My parents separated shortly after arrival in Australia.

As a result of my mother constantly changing addresses after leaving the Bonegilla Migrant Camp, I did not attend school on a regular basis and only had a limited understanding of the English language.

The Authorities deemed me to be in 'Moral Danger' and an 'Uncontrollable' child and as I now understand it, coerced my mother into placing me into an institution of her choosing; Failure by my mother would have meant that, The Authorities would have arbitrarily removed me from my mother's care and enabled them to place me into a State run Institution.

Either way, I was destined to become a Ward of the State and Institutionalised.

In 1956, I was placed into St. Joseph's Convent and Infant Boys Home in Surrey Hills before being transferred to St. Vincent De Paul Boy's Orphanage at the start of 1957.

Within the first week of my arrival at St. Vincent De Paul Boy's Orphanage, I was sexually molested, i.e. I was kissed and had my sexual organs fondled by Bro. Morgan. I immediately learned to sleep on my stomach with my head under the blankets.

Christmas period of 1957-58.

I was billeted out with another boy from the Orphanage, (Daniel Fillipo), with a family in Rosebud, for a fortnight. At the end of the fortnight, we were returned to the Orphanage and subsequently went to a rural camp at Hastings, for boys not billeted out for the entire Christmas period. As I recall, a bus-load, some 20 to 30 boys, myself included and we were taken on a series of day trips to Portsea and Sorrento beaches where I succumbed to Heat and Sunstroke. It took some years though, to recognise the symptoms of what I'd suffered.

For the next month, I was dragged everywhere and when we got there, all I wanted to do was sleep and sleep I did; I lay down wherever and slept. When eventually we returned to the Orphanage in February, 1958, I was 'treated'. By treatment I mean that, I was given a tablespoon of Agarol on a daily basis. Agarol being a light purgative.

At the same time, Bro. Edwards, the Principal and Bro. Morgan, in whose dormitory I slept, were both transferred. In their place came Bro. McGee, the new Principal and Bro. Gilbert from Edmund Rice College in Wollongong, N.S.W.

Let me briefly encapsulate the medical treatment given at St. Vincent's Orphanage. Anyone with an ache was given rubbing liniment; Anyone sick was given Agarol; Anyone with a headache was given a Bex or Vincents Powder and anyone with a cough, cold, flu, pneumonia or pleurisy, got a spoonfull of sugar laced with eucalyptus oil plus a powder and depending on how bad the symptoms were perceived to be by the nurse, a smear of Vicks may or may not, have been smeared on the top lip. Possibly, the Agarol with its purgative properties was supposed to have kept a smile on my face and that way, nobody would know just how dangerously ill I'd been at the time.

Beyond that, 1958 was a relatively uneventful year. We lost Mr. Hockey or Hocking, the Bandmaster and fifth grade teacher, due to ill health, to be replaced by Bro. Howell, whom, I personally witnessed sexually assaulting a boy in the changing sheds at Albert Park Beach, two years later. Howell was a relatively young man at the time, about 30 years of age and his pubic hair was shot with grey. Howell would order everyone out onto the beach except his chosen target, who, I will not name at this point, I will however, corroborate any statement made by Howell's victim, should the victim choose to come forward. I must also add here, I have not seen nor communicated with Howell's victim in 32 years and,

it is only through speaking with a sexual assault counsellor in Victoria that I've learned that Howell's victim is currently a prisoner in either South Australia or West Australia.

Another aspect of orphanage life occurred in November of every year, leading up to the Christmas holidays. The T. M. Burke Picnic.

T.M. Burke Real Estate of Melbourne organised an annual picnic, usually at a seaside location; Hampton through to Mordialloc and Frankston.

The unfortunate aspect of this was that, some people used the T.M. Burke picnic as a 'Meat-Market' when selecting the boys they wished to billet out at Christmas. Though I was never targeted by these paedophiles,

there was plenty of anecdotal evidence that boys were sexually assaulted during the Christmas holiday period and I cannot and will not accept that the Christian Bros. knew nothing about what was going on.

As the ultimate cynic, one might suggest an examination of the books, as well as, the plaque in the gymnasium, to determine just who paid for it.

1959; Bro. Gilbert and Sixth Grade.

Before Easter and as the result of a badly poisoned left leg - the scarring and the eruption point still clearly visible- I was unable to walk and was finally admitted into the Infirmary for some six weeks.

During which time I saw none of the boys, let alone the teacher. Resultingly, I fell behind in my school-work.

On my first morning back in class, (I remember the events as clearly as if they'd occurred five minutes ago); It was five minutes till morning recess and Gilbert wrote what appeared to me to be unintelligible gibberish on the black-board and chose the (wog-Arab Tomar to solve the algebraic equation on the board.

Never having been taught the basics, I simply stood there not knowing what to do, let alone how to do it.

Gilbert told me that if I could not solve the problem by the time recess was due, the whole class would have to stay in class and then he left the room. I stood in front of the class for four of the five minutes not knowing what to do, before one of my class-mates instructed me.

On his return, Gilbert asked me how I had reached the various conclusions leading to the answer. I was unable to logically answer and then Gilbert threatened me with corporal punishment if I did not reveal who had given me the answer. I refused. Gilbert lashed out with his steel-edged ruler, slashing my left index finger, open to the bone. At the sight of blood, Gilbert dismissed the class and ordered me to the Infirmary. Thirty-five years later, the scar is still evident and each time I look at it, I am reminded of how it got there.

That incident was the fore-runner to a love/hate relationship.

I loved to hate Gilbert and I let him know it at every opportunity.

My hostile attitude to Gilbert led me to being confined to the Orphanage for the remainder of the year and even then I couldn't escape him because I also slept in his dormitory.

Gilbert's method of punishment was no longer corporal. Instead, he had me polishing nearly a thousand square feet of flooring on my hands and knees, or alternately, washing more than 200 window panes, inside and outside, two stories up in the air with no safety precautions, every Saturday morning. Needless to say that the work was never done to Gilbert's satisfaction and my ongoing punishment was to sit at the front door of the Orphanage and marking the roll of the boys going out to the movies or wherever, then mark them in when they returned on both Saturday and Sunday. The only time I was permitted to leave the Orphanage was on official Orphanage business and to that end, I was a member of the brass band, the choir, the swimming team, the boxing team, the wrestling team, the football and cricket teams. These pursuits were my only escape.

1960 had to be my worst year.

No. 1960 is what nightmares are made of.

Gilbert was the football coach and St. Vincent's Orphanage was playing in the Catholic School's Football Carnival at the Bundoora Monastery/Seminary.

Early on in the match against St. Augustine's Orphanage of Geelong, I was kicked in the right knee, breaking the right Patella. The knee swelled up immediately making walking, let alone running after a football impossible. Gilbert refused to take me off the field. Instead, Gilbert proceeded to give the whole team a pep-talk about the captain of the Rugby Team at Edmund Rice College in Wollongong, where he'd been transferred from.

That erstwhile captain withstood all pain to lead his side to victory, all with the aid of a broken arm. That gallant captain had apparently insisted that, his broken arm be taped to his body, in order to maintain the good name of the college, to lead his side to victory.

(I said it then and I'll say it now; Bullshit.)

St. Vincent's Orphanage over the years had produced a large number of school-boy champions in both boxing and wrestling; I, along with a dozen other boys were being groomed to follow suit.

After the Bundoora Football Carnival, I was in the Garden ward of the Infirmary where The Principal, McGee, tried to coerce me into participating in the up-coming boxing and wrestling trials knowing full well that I could barely walk.

...snapped. He lost control of his faculties. He insisted that he wanted to examine my knee and had me remove my pyjama pants and the bandage around my knee. McGee began to fondle my genitals and I got off the far side of the bed. He came towards me, unbuttoning his cassock at the same time. He dug his thumb into my throat and forced me to sit on the bed and then forced me to take his penis into my mouth. Then he forced me to bend over the bedside locker where he digitally penetrated my anus before forcing his penis into my anus. After he left, I got dressed, climbed over the cyclone wire fence behind the band-room and sneaked out of the Orphanage via the back gate. I went to the South Melbourne Police Station and reported what had happened. I was thrown into the wet-cell, where they sobered up the drunks and which had a wooden duck-board floor and was quite separate from the normal holding cells, even though it was only separated by bars. A Detective, Brian Murphy, came into the cell and slapped me a number of times before punching me in the stomach and he told me not to bother coming to the Police Station with such cock and bull stories. Some time later, Murphy and another plain clothed officer delivered me back to the Orphanage. Gilbert took me back to the Infirmary.

The following week-end, another boy, Stephen Martin and I absconded from the Orphanage. Stephen, like me, had also had enough. We were heading for South Australia and got as far as Geelong when we realised that we were on the wrong train. Back at Spencer St. Rail Terminus at about 6:00 p.m., we must have looked a sorry sight as a couple of Fitzroy footballers, one of whom also happened to be a Police Officer, brought us a pie and drink each before taking us back to the Orphanage at about 7:00 p.m. that Saturday evening.

McGee was there to greet us outside the telephone box in the foyer. He slapped us both silly and then took Stephen down to his office and told him to remain there. McGee returned to me, dragged me into the locker room and told me to bend over. I bent and it was only after the first hit that I realised that McGee had hit me with something other than his strap. He had hit me with a cricket bat. He appeared to lose control of himself and tried to belt me for a 'six', through the lockers. I'm not certain how many times I was hit but, I remember feeling excruciating agony and felt bones cracking. He ordered me to bed and I lay in agony all night. The following morning Stephen and I compared notes and he too had been hit with the cricket bat. That however, is hearsay. As the result of 'walking funny', I was dropped from all sports and from that time on, as far as was possible, I lived in the toilets, emerging only to eat, sleep and attend school.

my broken Patella was operated on by a Dr. Doig on July 31, 1962. It was ten years later when as an inmate of Ararat Gaol, I became temporarily paralyzed in a football incident and X-Rays taken at the Ararat Base Hospital confirmed that I'd previously injured my spine. The presenting injury was a pinching of nerves and was negligible and temporary in terms of the previous breakage. I was advised then to cease all contact sport as the dangers of continued sporting injuries could lead me to life in a wheel chair.

After surgery in 1962, I went back to school only to fail the Form 2 Exams and I was expelled from the Orphanage and went to work for D.W. Burns & Co. in Moray St. South Melbourne as a Trainee Plmet and Cornice maker in 1963, at Three Pounds, Seventeen Shillings and Three pence per week.

At this time, I lived at St. Vincent De Paul Boy's Hostel, along with McGee. And, after all expenses had been deducted, McGee allowed me Five Shillings per week for my personal needs.

I began moon-lighting with a Jazz Band for a couple of Pounds per week which McGee knew nothing about. The Hostel was on a 10:45 p.m. week-end curfew. However, between the boys, we'd arranged to leave the lounge-room window unlocked, for the late comers.

McGee's sense of 'humour' was macabre to say the least because he had me sharing a room with a practising homosexual and needless to say, my room-mate and I did not see eye to eye.

Eventually, I missed a curfew and McGee caught me sneaking in. He slapped into me again. This time however, I retaliated and was expelled from the Hostel the following morning, June/July 1963.

Haemorrhoids may or may not be a genetic weakness but, I've suffered badly from them over the years. I feel that they were brought on by the fact that I used the toilets as a place of refuge, after being attacked by McGee. I've previously had two minor surgical procedures performed by Dr. Hogg, the first in 1980, the second in 1985. Banding at best is only a stop-gap, short-term measure and this appears to hold true because I am now scheduled for full surgery in the Shellharbour Hospital. The surgery to be performed by Dr. Tindall, when a bed becomes available.

It may be coincidental but, I think not. Shortly after McGee's arrival at the Orphanage, he was instrumental in transferring the english speaking priest and having a non-english speaking priest in his place. Call me a cynic but I believe that McGee was paving the way for his future excesses.