

A few years ago my auntie died testate due to subsequent efforts on my behalf by the public trustee in Melbourne. I came in contact with a sister a nun - Mrs Margaret Henly of Melbourne via Bendigo Victoria. She was aged 60 I was six years older. It was this meeting at the Perth airport for the first time ever, that the depths of the unbelievable callous cruel indifference of the Anglican establishment hit home, and the utterness of just what their treatment of the unfortunate girls and boys affected by their diabolical inhuman practices. No attempt or endeavour was made to keep families together. We were separated & expressed for our plight. In 1922 aged 5y 9 months I was placed in the Melbourne orphanage ninety street Middle Brighton established in 1851 first in Perth Melbourne and then by a generous grant of ten acres by the state government in the above address. The orphanage was run by a Superintendent J. C. Butler, Keaton Mc Cubbins some misfit cottage mothers (mostly spinners), and cottage fathers mostly single of definite paedophile tendencies which I was a real victim. My first vivid recollection, because of its impact, the consequence which prevailed through out my unhappy life and still persists to this day was this woman in a red shoulder cape, starched white cap brown stockings, brown shoes told me to stop howling because of the sudden departure of my mother and unable to comprehend what was

(2)

happening and feeling absolutely petrified by this hostile sterile place, he raised both hands and clapped my ears with such force and vigour that the percussion ruptured both eardrums, a ringing sensation occurred and I was rendered temporarily deaf. I raced out of the room and found a sandpit within a low wooden enclosure. I adopted a fetal position and crouched for what was some hours until darkness descended. This low life miscreant whose savage attack of a defenceless fighter child, the consequence which still endure and will go with me to the grave, dragged me to a low wash basin where a tooth brush and powder were placed. I was informed that I was number twelve, and under no circumstances to get, I was then taken to the dormitory and showed where ~~the~~ number twelve would sleep. It was the beginning of a loveless hateful experience that was my lot to endure until 1951. aged 15. At fifteen still a minor I was informed by J.C. Butler in the dining room amongst the other boys that I was to be sent to work on a farm. Arrangements were that at the weekend I would be given a one way ticket to Tallangatta on the N.S.W. Victoria Border and work for the Goodwins on a dairy farm down from the local cemetery. After a complete childhood no farewell no parting advice no wishes of good luck nothing by the Ophonaes, what I went out to face a hostile world after ten years was a highly traumatic ~~was~~ INSTITUTIONAL party

(3)

educated absolutely, ill equipped in social graces
alone, with no transitional half way house a
small suit case an address to stay overnight
(No 11 Turner at East Chelverton Vic) charge for the
train no extra clothing. Both ears included plus
which cotton wads were inserted I ~~was~~ removed
them and I prayed that I would not go deaf and
I must be brave and good. It was an inhuman
beginning a complete abandonment of a well
equipped person in a world that to this day
has little compassion for the ~~the~~ weaker.
The years spent in the orphanage the childhood formative
years left me traumatized, very poorly educated prospects
for adoption ~~and~~ gone, no mentors, adviser, prospect
As further a completely inadequate education
the Anglican Church made huge profit from our
suffering both through grants donation assistance from
Government tax dodges etc. the orphanage grounds
~~are~~ were sold (10 acres) for huge money in the
1970. The church has the capacity to recompense
all the children who had to endure. I was one
of the many, no one escaped the nightmare my
years was one of the longest (18 years) by any
inmate. I have had depression lack of self
esteem, never married, could not live a
settled structured life always moving no
fixed place of abode, worked in dangerous
occupation i.e. Snowy Mountains labour Darwin
wharfs underground in Mt Isa Kalgoorlie
South Africa, Wonthaggi, taxi driver
grape picker dish washer grade driver painter
truck driver, Security officer etc

(4)

The church's influence permeated my very being and exist to this day

It is my genuine belief that my life was frayed by their callous indifference when they had the capacity to do better for they were ^{guardians} ~~guardians~~ they in fact done great harm many went on to suicide prisons, homelessness, ashings poverty mental tasks, we lacked confidence encouragement love and compassion

May they rot forever in hell
I have found the need to write my experiences down quite distressing and have committed many of the worst incidents.

Need as a need for me to visit nephews, niece, sister etc before my death and to confront the city of my birth which I have avoided for many many years - Chelbourne Expanage equals pain, suffering, degradation misery stream unhappiness and the legacy will reverberate down the ages until this civilization disappears
and they should ease my last years to compensate for all the bad they caused and did

Your truly
J. D. D. D.

Car, close a throat also NASH, 5th ANNE ANNEX
MT LAWLEY

Psychologist. M^{rs} ROSE TRUSSANT EAST PERTH (now deceased)
INVALID PENSIONER 1991 centre link
many years alcoholics suffer on unemployment
now ~~aged~~ aged since 2001

3 JULY 2003

TO: HONOURABLE ARCHBISHOP
ANGLICAN CHURCH - MELBOURNE VICTORIA (Cont'd)
RE: MR JOHN HENRY FORSTER (Cont'd)

*Send to Anglican Headquarters
no acknowledgment ever
from any authority of Forster*

- 13 I was aware of Mr Forster's ongoing mood changes, depression HATE of his childhood which had left him with the belief that he had been treated as TRASH which just did not go away until the people released him and sent him on his way, with a small pack-bag but knowing no one really in the outside world from the orphanage.
- 14 As he often states, no counselling, no love, no messages of being wanted by anyone.
- 15 This life of horror, to Mr Forster, still haunts him and more so since a sister found him several years ago because this meeting has opened all wounds which now constantly bleed, so as to speak.
- 16 Mr Forster is really an highly intelligent person, very well read and travelled during his gypsy-like lifestyle.
- 17 For some years now, Mr Forster was a carer of a former World War II veteran and has always had dogs as companions.
- 18 However, during this year, Mr Forster has suffered more trauma and loss in that Mr John Cox the World War II veteran has died and tragedy struck his dogs.
- 19 Understandably, even though Mr Forster is conscientiously furthering his education he is certainly fighting 'the demons' about his life in the orphanage and that of an unwanted child.
- 20 Mr Forster receives a normal aged pension but this is not sufficient for him to even try to travel to Victoria to meet up with his relatives nor does it provide sufficient money for him to even own his own dwelling which I have no doubts that he would have done if his life had not been that of an isolet drowning his sorrows, for so many years.
- 21 As a human being in a civilized orphanage, he should never have been permitted to be tainted with trauma or left without constant family union and as for the sexual interference of course this would and apparently has 'SCREWED UP HIS SELF-IMAGE'.
- 22 Mr Forster now lives in Collie as do I and this is where our paths have again brought this up-to-date contact.
- 23 THIS MAN NEEDS ASSISTANCE, FINANCIAL AND HUMAN PLUS THE OPPORTUNITY FOR HIM TO MEET UP WITH HIS SISTER IN VICTORIA AS WELL AS PERSONS THERE WHO ARE HIS RELATIVES.

PLEASE HELP MR FORSTER NOW.

FROM: N HALL

N Hall

N Hall