

Statement of Complaint

Complainant:

Date of Birth:

Address:

Phone: (contact niece)

The initial complaint was made to:

Major Margaret Sanz
Personnel Resource Officer
Australia Eastern Territory
Ph:

Identities of whom the complaint is against:

1. Captain Laurie Wilson
2. Lt

Dates and place of Incidents:

Gill Memorial Home for Boys
Goulburn NSW
In the years 1968 and 1969

Permission to Show Statement to the Officers Names:

The complainant has given permission for the statements to be given to the officers named.

Details of alleged misconduct

As I write this statement it seems that I am faced with a task yet to be finished. I don't know whether I will complete this. At times the memories drive me to my knees and I cannot go on.

I anguish in the despair of alcohol, and for 12 hours at least, I feel no pain. But when awake again it all comes back. I often wonder what it would be like to treat these 2 men as badly as I was treated, but it would serve no purpose.

Before coming to my story or allegations, I want you to know just how disgusted and humiliated I feel, knowing that men supposedly of God, have got way with torture and degrading of young boys.

There are a lot of questions I have but first let me tell you this, every time I see that black uniform with your SS on it, it only serves to remind me of two things: Namely, Adolph Hitler's elite guard, Capt Wilson and Lt X17. So please don't forgive me if my hatred of the church is coming out. It's about time, and it is certainly overdue. Maybe, just maybe it will help. So on with my allegations.

Firstly, Captain Laurie Wilson,

You know Wilson could be mistaken for one of Hitler's henchmen. He lavished canings. He would raise the cane well above his head and bring it down with such force that it darn near took my fingers off. The look on his face can only be described as pleasure. If you think this is the measure of a man then you are all mistaken. A man in my view is measured by what he does; his appearance; helping people and above all, integrity! A belief that he can make a difference and a belief that this type of cover up can never happen again.

At least weekly Wilson would have me squat for lengthy periods of time with a broomstick behind my knees. If I moved he would cane me across my legs, my back and my arms. This happened in the vestibule at the bottom of the stairs.

At other times but just as frequently, he would have me stand holding a heavy object in my arms stretched out, at full length in front of me. If my arms started to drop he would bring a cane up underneath and hit my knuckles.

On numerous occasions he would cane me for no reason. He would loose control and repeatedly strike me, over and over again. At one time he thrashed me then found out that it was not me that was responsible for whatever he was punishing me for. No apology was given. Wilson enjoyed caning me when it was cold. I thought my hand would fall off.

At one time Wilson gave me permission to go to the movies with my girl friend. He was at the movie theatre and told me to go home and wait for him there. When he arrived he caned me without reason.

On another occasion Wilson went into a rage when he was driving a busload of boys. He nearly crashed the bus. When it stopped he caned everyone so hard that some boys had welts on the back of their legs.

Wilson frequently went into a rage. His face would go bright red and he would explode in hitting -- no reason was ever given.

I want you to ask Capt Wilson where his tapes are. Wilson would pretend to tape interviews then turn the tape off and start caning me. Only when I stopped crying did he turn the tape recorder back on again.

I remember once Wilson's wife was watching when he was caning me. She did not seem to like what Wilson was doing.

He, along with Lt X17 were judge, jury and in one case executioner. That's right, we never saw one boy again. These men were not only pedophiles but also torturers.

Lt X17 :

2 or 3 times a week X17 would sexually assault me. He would do this either in my bed, the TV room or shower. In the shower he mainly just watched me.

At times I would be woken in my bed with X17 fondling my genitals. At other times he would send the other boys to bed and fondle my genitals in the TV room. If I ever tried to move he would crush me. I think I was X17 toy boy.

Other Witnesses/Victims:

REDACTED

REDACTED

REDACTED

REDACTED

GH – he was a dobber for Wilson

FY

FS and FI

As well as witnessing me get caned by Wilson, I also saw what he done to the other boys. Once I remember seeing Wilson throw the smallest REDA boy from one end of the room to the other. He was kicking him and hitting him.

This statement only vaguely reflects what it feels like inside. It just eats away at me. Sometimes the feeling becomes so overwhelming that I just want to end my life. If it wasn't for my family who still see value in me I would be dead and these men would have got away with it.

Signature:

EO

EO

Witness:



Richard Johnson
General Manager
Lifeline Bundaberg
March 1, 2004