

(undated)

**His Honour Chief Judge Hammond
District Court of Western Australia
30 St George's Terrace
PERTH WA 6000**

Your Honour,

OUT IN THE OPEN

At last the hidden sin and secret carried for so many years. As the burden shows itself I must try to write because to speak of it as yet finds oneself all choked up with emotion. To ask forgiveness of those whose lives I have inflicted this terrible thing on realising some may forgive but will never forget. For myself for the rest of my life my punishment must be that one will always regret and never forget that this is my burden to carry, but to seek God's forgiveness and a better way of life.

One must be careful not to look for excuses for that which has happened but perhaps reasons and then the cure of resolving the problem.

My first revelation of the dilemma between boys - girls came when I was about 4½ years old when two older girls who used to come to play took me into the shed down the back to show themselves to me, then take my trousers down and make me kneel down so they could play at milking the cow, so they said. This went on for some time with the words you must not tell. REDACTED

REDACTED

They threatened us and like always in those days no one said anything.

Just after that we moved to a farm a long way from Brookton to McAlender and that year I missed a whole year of school so when I started school again I was 6½ and bigger than anyone in the class. We had moved to a place called Shotts and to some of the older boys I became a bit of a play thing. Within six months we left Shotts and went to a school at the Bunnings' Mill at Buckingham. It wasn't easy with no underwear and a half erection all the time, which the boys made fun of.

We then had another move to Collie Forrestry Dept. near the railway yards and we were there until I was around 9 years of age.

I was caught by a chap one day as I played on the rail track with a friend. The chap chased my friend away then sexually abused me by removing my pants and playing with my penis and making threats of not to tell or else.

With Dad away on seasonal work all the time and Mum never wanting to talk about those things in those days, this went on for some time. As I was always the biggest in class and more developed than others, I became someone to harass and have fun with because I wouldn't fight and was too scared to tell in case I got belted up.

Swimming classes were the worst with the boys always making sure I had an erection because my penis had a large bend and I had never been circumcised.

At age 14 I was away on holidays with an Auntie at Balga when I was sent for because my Dad was in hospital and dying at only 40 years of age. It took me 2 days by train to come home and I will never forget I arrived at 3pm on the Sat. and Dad died at 5pm. I never got to see him, all I saw was the box go into the grave. I couldn't cry and have never really cried since. I just couldn't come to terms with it.

I went to work in the Co-op store grocery dept. and it was there the abuse started again with having my pants removed at least every second day and my private parts daubed with all sorts of muck and such and still not having underwear always much to the older boy's delight a large erection.

It was at work one day when they found out I didn't know what masturbation meant, so it wasn't long before 3 boys got me alone in the back shed and masturbated me. This went on for quite a while till they found a new toy and new boy.

At 15 one of the boys who made out to be my friend, introduced me to an older male who had a car and he used to take us around the bush and places and it wasn't long before I realised that it was me he wanted, and what he wanted he took. The sexual abuse continued for the next 4 years. Every time I tried to break away he used to call around home and make a fuss and use excuses about helping because of no father. I just couldn't tell Mum. By now I was 3 years older and all the usual abuse of putting anything on my privates still continued.

By the time my apprenticeship was over my mother's second marriage was on the rocks, so to speak, and eventually I had to provide a home for Mum and my younger brother. When he finished school we moved to Perth. Those days one had to apply through the Bakers' Union to move from country to City. The place they found me was McDonald's at Bayswater. In the trade it was called the Madhouse and it wasn't many weeks before I found out why. The boss was a homosexual and used his position to intimidate any young baker that was afraid of losing his job, so it wasn't long before he had me under his control and used to abuse me at least once a week on the Saturday morning under the shower. He always made sure I was always last to finish on a Saturday by giving me extra work. I was afraid that I would lose my job as I had Mum and younger brother to support, and was always afraid to cause trouble.

Then one day my next door neighbour said if you want a change from that Mad Baker and that homosexual boss, I can give you a contact in North Perth at Peerless. Once again there appeared to be the chance to break the horrible pattern that was becoming part of my life, so I took it, got the job, and all hell broke out at the Mad Bayswater Bakery. Even the Union said I didn't have permission to move like they said I had moved. The Bakery was good, the staff and conditions good, and no sexual abuse.

After 12 months I was invited to join a Service Club, TOC H. Little did I know that in that club waited once again that man looking for a lonely young man. It was there I met a man who befriended me and within 3 months was abusing me sexually after every meeting. After about six months of this I resigned from TOC H.

I turned to the Salvation Army Corp., where I lived at the time I was near to Rivervale. For a time things went well then I had a brief affair with one of the young lads but was able to stop. Then in 1961, I was accepted for the Salvation Army College and I thought that it was now time to put this behind me. For 2 years in college things were good. In '63 (my first appointment), I became involved with a young man of 18 and we stayed together until I moved.

In 1964 I was transferred to a country appointment in Western Australia. At that place I became involved with a 17 year old whose parents were Salvation Army Officers. When he told them of our relationship, they called me in. He didn't want to talk much about the problem, just to say pray about it and God will help. He knew that the young man had been involved elsewhere and believed that you don't talk but pray.

It just worried me that one would talk about the problem and the Salvation Army never ever offered any help.

Marriage in '65 seemed to help for a time but in marriage I found that myself and my wife were lacking in communication. For a time once again I became involved with a male person. Once again when it came out the Army didn't want to know about it so no help or assistance was offered. It just seemed that the Army's attitude was "don't talk about it and it will go away".

I have had no problem of this nature since 1980 and even though 17 years have gone by I would still like to somewhere find a rehab. course where one can talk in a group about open problem as I do not want to break down again.

I deeply regret all the things that I have done wrong and to appeal to all those young men and to say how sorry I am for everything and that I will always have to carry the guilt in my heart and mind the rest of my life.

But please isn't there a programme somewhere out there that people will talk about and not sweep it under the mat.

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(signed - Allan Smith)

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