

Witness Name: Toni Lee James Jarvis

Statement No: WITN0145001

Dated: 12/04/2021

ROYAL COMMISSION OF INQUIRY INTO ABUSE IN CARE

WITNESS STATEMENT OF TONI LEE JAMES JARVIS

I, **Toni Lee James Jarvis**, will say as follows:

Introduction

1. My full name is Toni Lee James Jarvis. I was born on **GRO-C** 1961 at Queen Victoria Maternity Home. I am now 59 years old.
2. I was known as Richard Lee Kahukura up until 2003, when my adoption order was overturned as it was illegal and my former identity was removed from the records.
3. I am of Māori and Pākehā descent.
4. My evidence is about the abuse I experienced in my adopted home, Cherry Farm Hospital, Hokio Beach School, Holdsworth School and Invercargill Borstal.

Adoption and early life

5. My birth parents had a casual relationship. My mother was pākehā and my father was Māori. His iwi is Ngāti Toa, and my paternal grandmother's is Ngāpuhi.

6. My birth mother asked my grandmother for support to help raise me but she did not assist my mother.
7. My adoption was arranged prior to my birth by the social worker involved – my mother was not even aware this was happening prior to my birth and the wheels were in motion without my mother's knowledge. The adoption officer was my birth mother's teacher at school. Her name was Mavis Betty Evelyn Treloar. She badgered my birth mother to give me up for adoption and set my adoptive parents up to meet the standards required for my adoption prior to my birth.
8. Under the current law at the time, my mother could not be approached for consent to adoption until at least 10 days after I was born. Mavis influenced my mother towards adoption while she was still pregnant, telling her that she could not keep me. This continued when I was born.
9. The adoption initially occurred through the Department of Education Child Welfare Division. It was then moved to the Māori Land Court on 8 August 1961. I do not know why or how the adoption was moved to the Land Court.
10. The adoption process did not legally recognise my birth father. My ethnicity was changed so I was legally $\frac{3}{4}$ caste Māori of Ngāi Tahu descent. At that time there were still rules around who could be Māori.
11. The consent that my mother signed was later ruled by the Family Court to be fraudulent, as details within the document were changed after my mother signed it. It was changed after my mother signed it to change the remove the religious denomination clause that prevented me being placed with the caregivers that had been selected prior to my birth, as they were Mormon. My mother was Presbyterian.

12. Attached marked WITN0145002 is a copy of the Family Court decision dated 17 January 2003.
13. Attached marked WITN0145003 is a copy of my mother's consent to adoption order dated 19 July 1961.
14. My adoptive parents were called GRO-B-1 and GRO-B-2. I was placed with them 10 days after my birth. They initially lived in Invercargill. I will refer to them as my parents, I grew up calling them Mum and Dad, and still do to this day.
15. My adoptive family had one child, my older brother who is 2 years older than me. My parents were told due to my mother's health problems they would struggle to have more children. My adoptive father was Ngāti Kahungunu and my adoptive mother was Ngāi Tahu.
16. My earliest memories were when I lived at GRO-C Street in Invercargill. My parents were able to purchase this property as their first home, as by adopting me due to my mother's health issues preventing further biological children, they were able to meet the State requirement of having 2 children to be able to use their benefit for a deposit for the home.
17. My father worked at the Ocean Beach freezing works. He was also a bushman and would fell trees around Southland. He was a violent and abusive man and this violence progressed as further biological children were born in my family. Once my youngest brother was born 18 months after I was born, I felt rejected by my family. It was not expected that my mother would have more children. My father told me that he only adopted me so my older brother would have a play mate. I remember him bouncing the other children on his knee and feeling left out and unloved.

18. I remember one of my earliest memories at one point being forced to eat my own faeces as a small child by my father – I think I was about one and half years old. We were at Kupuka South and we were in buses that were decked out as accommodation. I got up one morning, I vividly remember my Uncle sitting in the driver's seat of the bus. Dad realised that I had pooped my nappy. Dad yelled and screamed at me, and he made me eat my poo. Even at that young age, something told me that was not right. There was a large man screaming at me to eat it, so I did. Recalling this incident, the trauma wasn't actually eating the faeces, but the look on my Uncle's face, watching what his older brother did to me and being helpless to stop the abuse. Jake the Muss had nothing on my father.

19. My parents did end up and conceiving and my younger brother was born, I was sent to Bluff to live with my mother's extended family. First my Aunt GRO-B-3 and Uncle GRO-B-4 and then I moved on to live with my Aunt GRO-B-5 and Uncle GRO-B-6 and after that, Aunt GRO-B-7 and Uncle GRO-B-8 they all lived in Bluff. It was a couple of years before I returned home and my father never gave my Aunties and Uncles money to look after or support me.

20. When I returned home, my older brother finished kindergarten and started school. My younger brother was at kindergarten. I was never afforded the opportunity to attend kindergarten and could not understand why my brothers got to attend I couldn't.

21. We had no toys, only a swing, I use to wander the streets while I was pre-school age looking for toys and stimulation. I didn't get fed very much so I would steal food.

22. Physically, my father, would beat me black and blue, to the point where I wouldn't be able to walk for weeks. He would pick me up and throw me like a missile at the walls. One of the worst memories is the leather barber's strop, my father would

keep it in in the warming drawer of the oven. He called it the "strop". When he wanted to beat me with it, he would make me go get it for him and beat me with it. It was like a double whammy. The physical abuse of being beaten with it was just as bad as the psychological abuse of having to go fetch it and anticipating what was going to happen.

23. My father would get into a frenzy when he was beating me and the beating would increase in intensity. After years of getting the strop often daily, I eventually cut it into pieces so he could no longer swing it and hurt me with it. The worst thing was, my father then used the Hoover cord, which was more painful, and all I could think of while I was being beaten with it was, "why did I cut up the strop"? The welts and pain was incredible, the Hoover cord would give me lumps all over my body. I regretted cutting up the strop. All the while, my father never laid a hand on my siblings.

24. All the while I just wanted to be like my siblings, and not to have to hide in a corner. I wanted the love and affection that they received.

25. It had got to the stage where I would pee myself when Dad walked into the door, and then I would get a hiding for peeing myself. I am lucky I am alive. After one beating I was so bad I could only turn my head, and it took 3-4 weeks for the bruises to go. My father also would use my clothes to grab me and it would choke me.

26. My mother started to try to stop my father beating me when I was older, but this never happened when I was a small child.

27. My first Social Worker was called Mrs Betts. She documented incidents of visiting my household and finding me on the bottom bunk of a set of bunks, beaten black and blue. She noted that she could not tell whether the severe bruising on my body was from a previous beating or from a new one.

28. I did not think that this violence was abnormal. Our neighbours were also violent and I didn't know anything different.

School age

29. I started at Kew School in Invercargill. I never fitted in, in my view it is due to the abuse I suffered from my father. The Headmaster, Mr Bun, made the first notification to Social Welfare because I started to run away from home. One night I ran away from home and slept rough for the night. My mother called the school the next morning to ask if I was there. The Headmaster asked if she had called the police and he made the notification at that point. He noticed that I had been sleeping rough, stealing lunches and eating food out of bins.

30. Social Welfare started to visit my home in an official capacity but nothing happened. Mrs Betts the Social Worker spoke to my mother but not to me. I do not recall ever being spoken to about the abuse.

31. My best recollection is that I went to Trent Street family home after I started school. I also recall going to a farm, with a family called the GRO-B-9. The GRO-B-9 were lovely, no abuse happened there. Then I thought I went from the family farm to Cherry Farm but the file documentation says I went from the family farm to Trent Street to Cherry Farm.

32. I think I was in Trent Street and the various other placements when I was about 7 or 8, so in 1968 and 1969. I went to Cherry Farm 5 days after I turned 9 years old, in 1970.

33. I was also abused at my adopted father's family home by my grandfather. They lived in Whakaki, near Wairoa. My adopted father had 15 siblings. I was about 8 years old at time.

34. My grandparents would argue and my grandfather would get kicked out of their bedroom. He would come to sleep in the spare bedroom that I stayed in. He molested me three or four times and sodomised me twice. I packed a bag and ran away and stole his .22 gun as a result of one of the instances of abuse. My grandfather caught me and put a dog collar around my neck and dragged me back to his house. He beat me the once on this occasion.

35. I felt so ashamed by the abuse. I didn't understand what had really happened or how to tell anyone about it. I remember I use to go on the tractor with my grandfather and be made to sit on the frame between the tractor and the discs, I believe it was so if I fell off, it would be an accident and his secret would be safe.

36. My grandfather then phoned the social worker and said I could no longer live there, and that I needed another placement, but that it could not be with my father. I was sent back to my father.

Cherry Farm Hospital

37. It states in my file that Social Welfare wanted to send me to Cherry Farm Hospital. Attached marked WITN0145004 are copies of notes from my hospital file. The Doctors there were Dr Franklin and Dr Moore. Dr Franklin advised Social Welfare that they did not have the facilities for a 9-year old boy and that I would be placed in a locked facility with the adult patients. The doctor advised that the adults would corrupt me and the facility was not made for children.

38. Attached marked WITN0145005 are relevant pages from my social welfare file.

39. Social Welfare sent me anyway. I remember being taken there by a lady and a man in a white car. For as long as I remember Social Welfare had the attitude of doing what they want and not was best throughout my childhood.

40. I did not have any understanding of why I was taken to Cherry Farm. I was not told where I was going other than the name of the institution. I did not know what it was. When we drove there I noticed it was a massive complex, but being the 9 year old that I was, I was looking for a farm with lots of cherries. I was excited to go to a cherry farm. All I could think about was the tins of fruit salad, where there would only be one cherry. Growing up with my siblings we always fought for the cherry. I was excited that I was now going to a farm of them.

41. I now know Cherry Farm was a transit place for me until there was a spot for me at Hokio Beach. To this day, I cannot understand how the state could expect for me to go to Cherry Farm and then at a later stage manage to fit back into the community.

42. When I arrived at Cherry Farm I remember being spoken to by a doctor, I cannot remember if it was Dr Fraser and Dr Franklin. Dr Franklin was the head of the hospital. The doctor wore a white coat and I asked him where the cherries were. A mean male nurse then took me away from that room, he grabbed my arm and forcibly took me out of the door. When he said "come with me", fear went straight through me, and I couldn't understand why he was hurting me. I cannot remember his name, but I could easily identify his photo. He had blonde hair and was about 20-30 years old. He wore all white, white top, white pants, white sneakers. I couldn't understand what was happening and kept thinking – where are the cherries? What is this place? He told me to take all my clothes off, which I didn't do quickly enough, so he tore the remainder of my clothes off me. I was given a set of blue and white striped pyjamas that were much too big for me. The top hung to my ankles, and the bottoms went up to under my arms. I had to roll the arms and legs up, and pull the drawstring real tight. Adult institution, adult pyjamas. When I was in my 20s I watched a documentary about the holocaust – "The World at War" – I had my first

flashback of this memory when I was watching it as the pyjamas reminded me of the Holocaust survivors.. The door was then unlocked I was then taken through another door into the main area and locked in.

43. When I entered the locked main area, it was like, welcome to the horror show for a 9 year old boy. All the adult patients stopped, and gave me sickening looks. I was placed in a villa with about 20 adult psychiatric patients, to me they were about my parents' age. The patients were very disturbed and mentally unwell

44. They were making noises, wailing and such, and making unusual movements with their bodies and faces. I remember thinking to myself "what the hell is this" and I was still wondering where the cherries were. I went into a corner and into foetal position, the patients all started coming towards me.

45. To my left a door opened, and an older Māori man came in – he reminded me of grandfather. He shuffled towards me, he had his pyjamas around his ankles. He also had a handful of shit and was eating it. I was freaking out, the man offered me some of the poo in his hands. As I was so small, I drew all the patients' attention. The man rubbed the poo on my face and head, I was screaming. No one came.

46. While I was screaming one of the other patients was masturbating and he ejaculated all over me in the corner.

47. I was covered in shit and semen, all the while thinking where is the farm? Where are the cherries? This re-traumatised me, I thought I was there because my father had made me eat shit.

48. I can't remember where my bedroom was, but it was a cell with a slot where they could look in. When I was first put in there I screamed, so they sedated me with Melleril. I had no mental health diagnosis, no assessment and no understanding of why I was at Cherry Farm.

49. Some of the patients were normal and could have a conversation. I was initially drawn to one of them as he played 10 Guitars on his guitar, it was the first piece of normality that I experienced there. It was the first connection to the outside world that I experienced. I felt at ease with this particular patient, and he asked me to sit on his knee. I sat on his knee as I felt comfortable with him, and he did not seem as disturbed as the others – he was a bit more normal. He bounced me around on his knee and put his hands down my pants and his fingers up my anus. Afterwards I threw billiard balls at him – I can't specifically remember throwing them, but it is in my file, I do remember ripping the pockets of the billiard table though. I was disciplined for this. I was locked in a room for one or two days for throwing the billiard balls. It was the size of a small bedroom, and only had a bed in it. There were no windows. It was more like a cell than a bedroom. I don't remember what the toilet situation was. When I first went in to that room I screamed constantly to try to get out of there. I started to lose the plot and my sense of sanity. They then regularly medicated me and I became quite docile. I later found out the drug was Melleril. I also took an orange coloured drink for bed wetting.

50. I was then constantly medicated – there was a hole in the wall with a shutter that could open. I would have to line up for medication and was given yellow coloured pills (25mg of Melleril) in a wee white cup. We would have to show our hand, put the pills in our mouth, reshove our hand, they would watch me swallow and then I had to open my mouth to show it was clear. After they started the medication I don't recall a lot, including leaving there. Before being medicated I remember the blonde nurse would hit patients. He also violently body slammed a patient on the floor – it was the look on the nurse's face that scared me the most. The patient had what I

now know to be cerebral palsy, and had made a noise. The nurse then beat him for it even though the patient did nothing wrong, what was worse is it looked like the nurse was having fun while he was beating him. This particular nurse was ruthless with everyone, but then I was drugged and don't remember much.

51. I do have one positive memory before being medicated, I was taken out the unit and went to a place with a record player. There were 2 female nurses who made me milos, played music and games and hugged and kissed me. These 2 nurses were the only good thing that happened to me in that place. After I left Cherry Farm I later asked to go back and it was because of these two nurses – as they had given me the only love and affection I had experienced. I never received hugs and kisses from my parents, they never nurtured me, when I got the physical affection it was everything

52. I do remember I was always on edge and wary about being assaulted while locked up with the adult patients. I wasn't given any toys or books when I was there and also didn't receive any schooling. Being medicated, the patients then had free reign to me.

53. I was sexually abused at least 6 times when I went to the toilet to urinate. Groups of men would insert their fingers in my anus and grab my penis. I would scream and protest violently in response. I don't recall receiving any protection from the staff members. I did not know who I could tell or trust. It got to the stage I would urinate in my pyjamas so I did not have to go to the toilet.

54. I can't recall the general sleeping situation in the villa. Some parts of my time there are almost total blanks. We received our medication at night and I believe this is why I don't remember much about the evenings.

55. I remember that the staff were very abusive to the patients. The violence was more severe when the patients were more disabled or impaired.
56. At one point I ran away from staff members there, I managed to dive between a male nurse's legs while he was standing at the door they locked. I ended up in the room where patients were recovering from ECT treatment. I had no idea what it was. One patient was lying there with his tongue hanging out and a hard thing in his mouth. A staff member caught up with me and told me "I've got you, this is what will happen to you if you don't take your medication." He wasn't violent towards me, but he was never nice. I remember him being more violent to the other patients. This happened about 2 years before Dr Selwyn Leeks started practicing ECT at Cherry Farm before moving on to Lake Alice. I was tested a lot at Cherry Farm, but they never found anything wrong with me. The problem came down to my father. And the State? The State kept sending me back to him.
57. While at Cherry Farm I went through various medical examinations. They put things all over my head. At the time I thought they could read my thoughts. They completed EEG testing to test the electrical activity in my brain and chromosomal testing via blood tests. All the tests came back as being normal so the medical staff were aware I was just acting out rather than medically unwell.
58. I was discharged from Cherry Farm after about six weeks. After discharge I stayed with a doctor in Invercargill for one or two nights. He was the doctor at the Tiwai Aluminium Smelter. No one told me that I was leaving Cherry Farm or where I would be going.

Residential care

59. I was put on a plane and flown to Wellington on my own. I went to Epuni Boys Home and once again no one told me where I was going or what I was doing there. No abuse happened at Epuni.

60. On arrival I had to have a shower and brush my teeth with salt. They gave me pyjamas and then put me into a room by myself. I don't know if it was an isolation room or not. I don't remember much about the room other than it had racing cars on the walls.

61. I spent one night at Epuni and was then transferred to Hokio Beach School. No one told me I was going to Hokio.

Hokio Beach School

62. We were transferred to Hokio in a small black van with wooden seats on either side and small window slots. There were two boys with me, GRO-B-11 and GRO-B-12. They were dropped at Kohitere Training Centre and I went on to Hokio.

63. I think I was 9 years old when I arrived at Hokio in 1970. I believe the next youngest boy there was 12 years old. I was the youngest and the smallest.

64. Attached marked WITNo145006 is a development report for Hokio dated 29 July 2971.

65. On arrival I was taken to a building with pigeon holes in the wall that had clothing in them. I was told "you are number 15 or 30, don't forget it". This was the number of the pigeon hole my clothes were in. I cannot remember if it was 15 or 30, I was given both those numbers at Holdsworth and Hokio and I can't remember which number I was at each place. I was given institutional clothes rather than my own clothes. These were the first steps towards dehumanising me. I was given a medical check and taken to my room. My time at Hokio seemed like an eternity.

66. A pākeha lady walked me through the institution and left me in my room. The rooms were individual rooms rather than dormitories. I remember meeting GRO-B-13 after just having met his older brothers, he approached me and said he was from Invercargill. All the boys came out and checked me out as the new boy. They put me on a grey blanket and pulled me along the polished wooden floor. I thought this was fun until I got to the end of the hall. Just before the right turn they swung me into the wall and pulled the blanket over my head. They then started booting me. I couldn't see and was crying, I went from being okay being there to complete fear. This was my welcome to Hokio Beach. After what I later learnt was the initiation, I had a limp. I then started to fit in.

67. GRO-B-14 was the next youngest boy to me, he was 2 years older and about 11 years old. We were the 3 younger boys (the other 2 were at least 2 years older) and we hung out together and spent a lot of time at the creek but that didn't last long.

68. I was first sodomised by an older pākeha boy. He groomed me with lollies. He had paid for the lollies using the pocket money we could earn as part of the rewards system. He got me to walk away from making tracks at the creek with the other boys with him to make a hut and then he sodomised me. I remember the exact location of where it happened – there is now a tree there. He told me to lie down so the other boys wouldn't see the location of the secret hut we were going to build. When we were both lying down, he got up, pulled my pants down and I felt something big and hard shoved up my rectum. I cried out as it was incredibly painful, he put his hand over my mouth. At the time I didn't know anything about what was happening and kept wondering why he was hurting me. Afterwards he told me not to tell anyone, and if I did, they would think I'm a "homo" and he gave me raspberry drop

lollies. After this I started doing chores for money and could buy my own lollies so I actively avoided him. This then opened the door for others to rape me. I believe being told on more than one occasion that people would think I'm a homo led to promiscuity in me as an adult with various women. I have 5 children to 4 different women.

69. The same boy abused me a second time on one occasion when he came into my room. By that time however I was getting regularly abused by another bigger boy called [GRO-B-15] who was the kingpin at Hokio. [GRO-B-15] gave the pākeha boy a hiding when he caught him in my room. It made me feel more comfortable with [GRO-B-15] but the reality was he was annoyed that the pākeha boy was taking away what he wanted.

70. [GRO-B-15] would come into my room after the night watchman had been through and [GRO-B-15] would rape me regularly. It was not only [GRO-B-15] that would abuse me. Some nights when the night watchman left my room I could count the seconds before three or four boys would rape me.

71. Anytime that I could be isolated by the older boys I would be abused. During the day the abuse was opportunistic but it was very regular at night. I don't recall any of their names except for [GRO-B-15] but to this day I would recognise the faces of those that sodomised me.

72. At nights the watchman would do 2-3 checks a night. After the first check I would wait for my door to open and the first boy would come in and rape me. I often was raped about 4-5 times a night by different boys. They too told me not to tell anyone or people would think I'm a "homo". Initially I used to fight and squeeze my buttocks tight, then I just became a rag doll. As soon as the watchman did his check, I use

- to spit on my hand and wet my anus and lie with my pants down, as that way it hurt less. I was participating in my own rape, and I felt like I was allowing them to do it.
73. At Hokio there was an art and music room, it had a colourful red light. There was a boiler room there. Most days I would be dragged into the boiler room, other boys would watch me get dragged in there. I was sodomised and forced to give oral sex.
74. I was not sexually assaulted by any of the staff at Hokio.
75. I didn't feel I could talk to anyone about the abuse. I felt I was homosexual because of what they were telling me. My life up until that point had been full of pain and suffering and this felt like a continuation of that. No one amongst the staff spoke to us to ask how we were getting on. They also used the older boys as disciplinarians.
76. I was also physically abused at Hokio. If I ever opened my mouth to speak to someone bigger than me and they didn't like what I had to say then I would get hit.
77. Lots of the other boys at Hokio were also survivors of abuse and so they were angry. They would just line up someone else to take out their anger on and the abuse was often just passed down the food chain. The older boys called me a "wop"
78. The assaults were often random and executed so that I did not get hit on the face or nose where it would be obvious. Often, I would get hit on the side of the head where it could not be seen. I got a lot of hidings while at Hokio from older boys, but it was nothing compared to the rape – I had already been conditioned by my father for the hidings.
79. Sometimes the boys would rip my clothes off, and throw me into the deep end of the pool. They would then throw rocks at me and taunt "swim little fish". I soon learnt to swim the whole length of the pool underwater without taking a breath so that the rocks wouldn't hit me.

80. The culture at Hokio was to shut your mouth and not complain. Most of the time staff were not around. They did roll-call and the various bell times during the day but we had a lot of free time.
81. In terms of physical abuse from staff, when me and 2 other boys got caught running away, we were strapped in front of the whole school. I don't remember being subjected to abuse by staff but I do recall them directing other boys to do it.
82. I was also subject to physical punishment. I had to dig a hole in the sand dunes, fill the wheelbarrow with sand, take the wheelbarrow a short distance, tip the sand out and repeat for around three hours.
83. There were about 60 boys at Hokio when I was there, ranging from me at age 12 up till about age 15 and then they went to Kohitere. It was the wrong placement for me given my age and diminutive size. The boys were mostly Māori, I didn't know any Islanders or Asians at Hokio. There were no cultural practices at all. I don't recall anyone in there with obvious disabilities.
84. There was quite a strict daily routine at Hokio. We would get up, have breakfast and then go out for an inspection and a parade every morning. We were issued with a black comb, a hanky and Brylcreem for our hair. The hanky had to be wrapped around the comb in a particular way and if our fingernails were dirty or the hanky was wrapped incorrectly we would get a whack from the staff. We had to groom ourselves to look a certain way in a military fashion.
85. I don't recall when we showered but I know that we did.
86. After the morning routine we would go to school. I don't remember learning anything.
87. We had an hour siesta at lunch where we were locked in our rooms to rest for our lunch to go down. I was safe from abuse during this time.

88. We ate our meals in a large dining room around tables. I remember sometimes they would put movies on in there. I don't recall what we ate or the social environment around meals.
89. After dinner we were allowed a bit of leisure time. I would listen to music in the music and art rooms. I don't recall what time we went to bed but it wasn't late.
90. The night watchman would check on us two or three times a night but always followed a routine. I remember being raped by a boy and then the night watchman coming in shortly after. I remember thinking that my abuser must have been very close to being caught.
91. My bed wetting continued at Hokio. I was picked on for it and called names by the other boys and by staff. I got no help for the issue.
92. I remember having a lot of free time in the weekend. I also recall occasionally playing games with the kids from Kimberley.
93. I had one significant illness at Hokio, where I got sick with a gastric bug. I was put in the sick bay with the matron for a week. I also was sent to Kohitere to go to the dentist. I wasn't on any medications at Hokio.
94. We had regular chores to do like cleaning. The chores were reasonable and when I realised I would be rewarded for doing chores I would choose to do extra.
95. There was some tattooing but this resulted in very strong discipline. I recall one boy being given coarse sandpaper by a staff member and telling him to sand the tattoo off of his skin.
96. Smoking was also common. I remember one staff member coming around with an industrial sized can that we all had to spit in. He then added water and cigarette butts to it and told some boys he had caught smoking to drink the water as a punishment for smoking.

97. I don't recall getting any visitors and I may have had one home visit while I was there.

98. When it came time to leave Hokio I was just told I was going somewhere that day, but I didn't know where to. I believe I was in Hokio for just under a year. I was 9 still 9 years old when I left, I can't say exactly how many times I was raped while I was there, but my guess is about 200 times.

Awatea Street Family Home

99. After Hokio I went to the Awatea Street Family Home in Levin. I was there for around a year. It was run by Mr and Mrs Pratt. I remember meeting Mrs Pratt for the first time and she gave me a hug.

100. Moving to the Family Home was a good experience for me, Mrs Pratt was the first person ever that gave me what I needed. There was another boy that I knew there, GRO-B-17, as we had been at the Trent Street Family Home in Invercargill together. The Pratt's treated me with respect, we did baking, I baked my first cake and it felt more like a home. Mrs Pratt taught me things, and gave me cuddles and kisses, she even took me ballroom dancing. While I was there I went to Taitoko School.

101. GRO-B-15 then arrived at the Family Home after I had been there for about six months. He had been my main abuser at Hokio and my life turned to hell again, and I was scared again. The shivers and fear set in. He was only there 2 days before the abuse started.

102. When he arrived I ran out of the home because I was so scared. After getting back I went to my room and he followed me in there. He threatened me and told me that I had to shut my mouth and not tell anyone what had happened at Hokio. I did not tell anyone what had happened.

103. He continued to abuse me at the Family Home. The first rape happened when I came out of the room and I walked past the bathroom. The door opened and GRO-B-15 dragged me in and shut the door. He put me on my knees and made me give him oral sex. He told me I had to swallow what came out of his penis. He would push me into the toilet or onto the floor of the shower and force me to perform oral sex on him or sodomise me. I felt like he was lying in wait for me when he knew the Pratt's would be out.

104. He abused me at least 30 times over the five or six months that I was there with him. I didn't tell anyone about the abuse. I felt threatened and scared. Things went downhill again, and my usual feeling of my 10 years of mistrust set in. I had to scope hallways, sprint to the kitchen so I didn't pass him, and stay in the living areas as I was safe there. But there were still many times he got me.

105. About five or six months after GRO-B-15 arrived at the Family Home I stole my best friend's bike from school and went to his house, then proceeded to smash it up when I knew the family was all out. I did this because I knew they would take me away from the Family Home for my behaviour.

106. Mrs Pratt begged Social Welfare to let me stay with her. It was really difficult for me because I wanted to stay with her but also wanted to get away from GRO-B-15

107. I went back to Levin and met up with the Pratt's about ten years ago. I told them about the abuse and they felt very guilty about what had happened. As a child they

showed me love which was very different to what I had experienced in my lifetime of abuse.

Holdsworth Boys Home

108. I was taken from the Awatea Street Family Home to Holdsworth Boys Home in Whanganui. I was transported in the same black van that had taken me to Hokio.

109. On arrival I was taken into a room where I met Mr Smith who was my housemaster. At Holdsworth I was identified as either number 15 or 30, as stated earlier I can't remember which number I had at each.

110. I was assigned to Weka dorm which was for the youngest boys. I was 10 years old when I arrived and I think the other boys in my dorm were probably around my age. This time I realised I wasn't outnumbered by my size or age. The other dorms were called Tui and Kiwi.

111. The other boys I remember from Weka dorm are Tyrone Marks, GRO-B-20, GRO-B-21, GRO-B-22 and a boy called GRO-B-18 I have met some of these men as adults.

112. I was later transferred to Kiwi dorm but I can't remember how much later this happened.

113. I was initiated at Holdsworth. A group of boys made me lie in the middle of the paddock at the back and jumped all over me after covering me with grass so I couldn't be seen and so I couldn't see who they were. As a result of the attack my ankle was injured and I had to get treatment for it.

114. I started to develop a taste for music which I really enjoyed. We would play songs in our dorm at night.

115. John Drake was the deputy principal at Holdsworth. He would play music and had a lot of musical technology and would play it over the dorm speakers at night. He would also play the guitar.
116. He would come around Kiwi dorm and kiss us on the lips – full and sloppy. He would then fondle us including putting his fingers in our anuses. He would do the same thing to everyone. This would happen every night in Kiwi dorm. He would only ever say goodnight to us, never anything else. At this stage I had been raped so many times I was conditioned to rape and being fondled, so it was the kiss that disturbed me the most, it was the part I found the most disgusting.
117. The night watchman, Mr Mercer, who was a big man, would come get us up in the middle of the night to take us to the toilet. This was to break the bed wetting habit. He would give us cakes after getting us up and was never abusive.
118. John Drake lived on site near the kitchen area. He would play his guitar with the door open and we would all hang around near his doorway to listen to him and gradually we crept in. I didn't stay in the room but I know that one of the boys that did stay was raped by John Drake.
119. John Drake was unmarried. I recall that he showed us videos of Papua New Guineans. I found it fascinating because the culture was so different.
120. Mr Powierza was the principal of Holdsworth when I was there. He was not abusive.
121. Mr Smith, my housemaster, never really provided any pastoral care.
122. The cook at Holdsworth was nice. She was a Māori lady. I remember working in the kitchen and doing the dishes. We had to wipe down the industrial stainless steel kitchen. I remember she gave us chocolate ice cream one night.

123. Two other staff members were abusive when I was there. One was Mr

GRO-B-25

He was pākeha, tall and skinny, with a bald patch and clean shaven.

124. He took me fishing twice in his car. He touched and fondled me on both

occasions. On one occasion I hooked a trout and the rod snapped in half – he then

took me to a hill where I could see the sea and no one else was around. He fondled

me in my pants both times, and I remember thinking “not you too”. It was mentally

degrading and I remember thinking “all I’m good for is being badly hurt all the time.”

After those two times I didn’t want to go anymore and he then turned his attention

to someone else.

125. The other staff member was Mr ^{GRO-B-}₂₆ he would physically beat us. He enjoyed

making us stand on the tennis court line in one spot at attention for hours. As soon

as we faltered he would beat us real bad, often with his a gym shoe. He would

continue to hit us every time we faltered. This mainly happened to

GRO-B-21

and myself.

126. One day ^{GRO-B-}₂₁ and I ran away from Mr ^{GRO-B-}₂₆ and climbed a tree after ^{GRO-B-}₂₁

told him “fuck you”. While we were in the tree the matron pulled up in a taxi by the

tree and ^{GRO-B-}₂₁ through a seed pod at her and it hit her glasses. ^{GRO-B-}₂₁ went to

throw another one at her and fell out of the tree and hit his head with blood pooling

around him, suffering a significant brain injury, facial injury and limb damage. If Mr

^{GRO-B-}₂₆ hadn’t been trying to physically abuse us, we wouldn’t have been in the tree in

the first place. We were trying to protect ourselves and would often climb trees to

get away from the abuse, the bigger abusive boys also couldn’t get up the tree.

127. Attached marked WITN0145007 is picture of Holdsworth. The tree to the right of

the top building is the tree ^{GRO-B-}₂₁ fell out of.

128. After it occurred I complained about the incident to Mr Powierza at his house which was off-site. Mr GRO-B-26 followed me there and denied the issues. On the trip back to Holdsworth Mr GRO-B-26 apologised profusely to me but after the complaint calmed down it started all over again.

129. Mr GRO-B-26 went on to abuse GRO-B-22 who was in my dorm, and had smacked him around the ear. GRO-B-22 too said "fuck you" and about nine of us ran through Victoria Park and then stole some bikes and rode south across the Whanganui river on the highway. A car hit Tyrone Marks and dragged him with him being stuck under the car. I remember him with the bike handle coming out of his head, there was brain matter and the dragging had stripped all the flesh of his back and I could see his spine.

130. We were picked up by John Drake and returned to Holdsworth. We had to stand above Weka dorm at attention and got physically belted by John Drake for the entire night. We did not get any sleep.

131. John Drake then took us to see Tyrone Marks in hospital, he was in a whole body cast and I could smell rotting flesh. I never saw Tyrone again and I thought he had died until I saw him again at Parliament on 6 July 2017 through Dame Susan Devoy

132. I ran away from Holdsworth a second time but got caught not too far down the road.

133. Daily life involved getting up, going down to breakfast and going to school from Monday to Friday. We were given a proper education at school. There was a swimming pool with a taniwha painted on the bottom of it.

134. Apart from school we were left to our own devices. There was an old car with no engine that we used to push around. I don't remember doing any chores outside of

the kitchen or physical training and there was no morning line-up like at Hokio. Once we went to a dance with the girls from Sacred Heart Girls School.

135. There were two kingpins at Holdsworth. Their names were GRO-B-27 and GRO-B-28

GRO-B-28 I recall they fought once to determine who was stronger and they both ended up severely injured.

136. I witnessed GRO-B-27 attacking a boy for some sort of insult. He didn't stop beating him until he repeated the insult. Watching it was a traumatic experience for me.

137. We were physically beaten by the bigger boys every time we got smart or talked back. This was normal.

138. Two boys would take me down to the basement and sodomise me, I don't remember their names. I think this happened four times; two different boys on two different occasions. The older boys would tell horror stories about the basement to keep people away – I was dragged down there. This was the only sexual abuse I received from boys at Holdsworth. I believe it was because the dorms were open plan.

139. I didn't tell anyone about the physical or sexual abuse from the other boys. It was well ingrained in me by that stage to shut my mouth and not speak about it.

140. I don't remember there being a solitary confinement or secure unit at Holdsworth. Holdsworth was for younger boys. It was a boarding school under education legislation and an alternative to sending boys to Hokio.

141. I think there were between 30 and 40 boys at Holdsworth, aged from 10 to 14 or 15. I remember there being a lot of Māori faces, but no cultural education.

142. There wasn't any tattooing at Holdsworth. Some of the boys smoked but not very much.

143. When I arrived at Holdsworth it was still fairly new. There were lots of other boys like me there and I had friends, whereas at Hokio I only had associations with the other two younger boys. The vibe of the institution was different to Hokio.
144. I didn't have any visitors while I was at Holdsworth but think I went home a couple of times while I was there. When I was at home during the holidays my father wasn't so aggressive as he knew the rest of the family was happy to see me.
145. After over 2 years of institutional care, and at 11 years of age, the State did the thing they always did, they sent me back to my Dad.

Family care

146. I left Holdsworth after I had been there for about 12 months and went back to my adopted family.
147. By then they had left Invercargill and moved to Dipton. I didn't realise they had moved before I went back.
148. My dad was a shearing contractor in Dipton. The violence from him started again pretty much immediately.
149. My mother had health issues. He would also physically abuse her because she was too sick to get up and cook him breakfast.
150. My family was blamed for anything that went wrong in Dipton and my father would immediately blame me. There was one incident where all of the kids were left at home together and two of my siblings burnt out our mother's car. My father beat me as a result even though I was not involved.
151. My Dad's friend, [GRO-B-30] stepped in during this incident to stop my father from beating me. He had me on a couch and was punching me in the head with closed fists, he was knocking me senseless. [GRO-B-30] got in between us and got my

Dad into the kitchen. That was the first time I met her. I went into her care in her home in Alexandra about 12 months later.

152. I stayed with my adopted family for about 12 months after Holdsworth.

153. I kept getting into trouble in Dipton, but I also think GRO-B-30 said something to Social Welfare about my treatment. I would get into trouble with Bob Gibson who was the Lumsden police officer. Often it was for my brother GRO-B-31's offending. Dr Fraser records in my file that I was the scapegoat for my family's frustration. My life ended when GRO-B-31 was born, it wasn't his fault and I love all my siblings.

154. One time Dad held me up by the front of my shirt and continuously back handed my face – my cheeks swelled and were blistered. Mum then jumped on his back and I got outside and was so dazed I fell down the bank. Both my cheeks blistered, they burst and peeled red and I wasn't able to go to school. 39 years ago my paternal grandmother died, my Dad got drunk and slapped my cousin the face in front of me. I grabbed my father and pushed him into a wall, and my Uncle told my father he wasn't going to hit anyone anymore. My father then told me he never wanted me and that I was just a playmate for my older brother.

155. I was taken to Court and asked whether I would prefer to go to my Aunt's place on the Chatham Islands or to GRO-B-30 in Alexandra and I chose GRO-B-30 I'm not sure of the details of the court order that was granted for me to go to live with her.

156. I believe Social Welfare were involved because my mother had requested that all of us go into care because she couldn't look after us anymore, physically or financially. My father had gone to live with a rousie from his shearing gang by this point. GRO-B-30 also received regular clothing grants and we would go to Hallensteins.

157. [GRO-B-30] was a solo mum with two of her own kids. She also looked after her niece and nephew as her brother-in-law had strangled her sister.
158. I moved into her house and went to school in Alexandra. I was the new kid in town and the only Māori child at school. I was about 12 at the time.
159. [GRO-B-30] looked after me and cared for me. She was fair but firm and I remembered her saving me from my father. She bought me a Raleigh Chopper bike and for the first time people were envious of me. [GRO-B-30] also supported my rugby, and I did things for the first time and all with her encouragement and support. [GRO-B-30] made me feel pleased and blessed, it wasn't something I had felt before and I opened up my heart and had the desire to please her. I did not know it at the time but she was romantically involved with my father.
160. We lived at several different properties with [GRO-B-30] When I first moved in with her we lived at a house on [GRO-C] Street in Alexandra. That house had a fire so we then moved to a large station where her brother and sister-in-law lived. The house there was like a castle. After that we went to [GRO-C] with her brother, and then to Omakau into a converted shearer's quarters.
161. I found my father and [GRO-B-30] in bed together when I was taking a cup of tea and toast to her. I felt betrayed as she had ended up treating me like everyone else, and I had even asked her to adopt me. I then took an overdose of Coldrex tablets. [GRO-B-30] found out and filled a big glass with salt and water and made me drink it to force me to vomit. [GRO-B-30] told people I was attention seeking.
162. I went berserk after finding them together. I didn't tell anyone about the incident but I acted out. I started fighting people, particularly when they were being racist. I felt like everyone was going to betray me and was angry about it.

163. I stayed with GRO-B-30 until the end of the third form. I turned 14 at the end of that year while I was at Dunstan High School. The High School refused to have me back the next year. I acted out at school and was not doing well, I lost sight of my education and was no longer motivated with my rugby. I have now apologised to some of my old teachers as an adult. I still wonder how the State thought a 14 year old boy could fit into a normal school and live in a community after being in State care. I was angry, bitter and twisted. I lost the plot and all feelings for GRO-B-30
164. Yet again I returned to my adopted family who had moved to Lumsden for fourth and fifth form at Northern Southland College. This was despite I was lucky to be alive given the beatings my father had given me. In 1976 I left immediately after getting my leaving certificate and took off to Invercargill. Freedom. I hooked up with a lot of other boys like me who were also trouble, 3 of them were ex-State wards.

Borstal

165. After leaving school and going to Invercargill I ended up in Invercargill Borstal pretty quickly. I was living pretty rough in Invercargill and had no involvement with Social Welfare. I spent a lot of time with the other bad boys. I never tried to get close to anyone because I was never in one place for long enough. I went to Invercargill because I didn't want to continue to slave for my adopted father in one of his shearing gangs.
166. We would steal cars and I would end up taking the rap. We would also break into rugby clubs and steal their alcohol. I became conscious of alcohol around my adopted father, at shearing parties and shearing contractor's parties. One night we broke into a rugby club between Invercargill and Winton to steal the alcohol. We

took it round to one of the guy's places, got drunk and then set fire to the car in Queens Park before falling asleep next to the car.

167. While I was in Police custody, police officer [GRO-B-32] handcuffed my hands behind my chair and hit me around the head with a phone book. He used a phonebook so it wouldn't leave marks. While he was hitting me with the phone book I could see stars and he kept doing it until I admitted and confessed to the crime. I agreed with him to make him stop. I was only 15 years old at time. I have recently seen [GRO-B-32] presenting on [GRO-C].

168. After that incident Judge Anderson remanded me to the Borstal basement until I was 16 years old – so for 4 months, and then committed me at 16 years as I was old enough to go into the main area. I was taken to borstal and was there from 1977-1978.

169. The custody area was known as the "pound". It was segregated from the other parts of the borstal and was at least partially underground. I learnt how to fold my mattress, polish my boots and march every day. We had to prove we could follow the rules.

170. My cell had a hole in the door and it wasn't very big, it also didn't get any natural daylight. There was a pot or bucket in there for me to go to the toilet. Once a day I was taken out to the ablution block, I would empty my pot and then was taken back to my cell.

171. I wasn't allowed any exercise time for those four months in the pound. We were given three meals a day but I was always hungry.

172. I was given books to read but no formal education. There was also no interaction with other people until I was old enough to be sentenced to borstal training.

173. I remember that the staff member in the pound was a Māori warden with my adopted father.
174. My adopted mother came to visit me in the pound a couple of times. She was my lifeline at that time even though she hadn't always been there for me in my life. She also would bring me bags of fruit that I use to give away for protection, and she would also bring me 2 pouches of Port Royal tobacco that I would trade for favours. The length of time spent in solitary was really tough for me.
175. The staff would turn the light switch on and off when it suited them, which stopped me from being able to read. Some of the other boys in the pound would have their mattresses and beds taken off them during the day but I didn't.
176. Once I turned 16 I was sentenced to "0-2" years borstal training and sent to the South Wing. From there we had the opportunity to get some work experience on farms and other places.
177. I ended up on the farm pretty quickly because I knew how to shear a sheep. I really enjoyed being out on the farms with some sense of normality. I was in borstal for 10 months the first time. While in borstal I would get the odd punch in the head by other boys, and saw other boys being raped and heard the boys crying when this happened, but it didn't happen to me. I still live with the guilt and trauma of knowing it was happening.
178. I did not know at the time that I had been released from Social Welfare care as no one had told me anything. I only found out about it in my file later.
179. When I left Invercargill Borstal I hooked up with the same people I was with before borstal. We stole cars, and during a joy ride to Riverton, this resulted in a second term in borstal. I was now a second lagger, and received respect for that. For the first time, I went up in the hierarchy. I was no longer under Social Welfare and the

institution I was in was a Ministry of Justice one. It was horrible, you were locked in a cell. At least in the boys' homes you could move, run, climb trees.

180. During my second lag I became secretary of the Tiger's Club, it was run by the LIONS and was the only one like it in New Zealand. It allowed me to do work in the community, I also did Kapa Haka, worked on the borstal farm, sheared sheep and taught others to do it and I got involved with the church so I could get out on Sundays for 2 hours. I played rugby and softball for the borstal teams, I kept busy so I was not alone with my thoughts. My girlfriend [GRO-B-33] visited me every weekend – she is the mother of my older 2 children. [GRO-B-33]'s Mum offered for me to live in her home so I could leave borstal, which I did in 1979. I didn't witness the rapes in the second lag, only the first. There were standard beatings, but you never say anything about abuse or then you're a "nark" or "dobbing in". "Nark" was the new "homo" name calling that I had experienced at Hokio.

181. [GRO-B-33] became pregnant with my oldest child. I didn't have a job. I stole a chequebook and paid for the things my unborn daughter needed fraudulently.

182. I ended up back in Court and was sentenced to borstal for a third time. The parole board said that my stay there would be lengthy.

183. My sentence was changed as I appealed it the sentence of borstal training and it was changed to six months at Paparua Prison.

Paparua Prison

184. I was in Paparua Prison in Christchurch for 4 months, there was not the abuse I had previously experienced. A lot of borstal and state care boys were also in prison. I did see a paedophile being severely beaten, men were jumping on his head and I could hear his skull cracking. The beating had been set up and condoned by the officers. When you first arrive you to the west wing after the shower unit and through

the entrance to the yards. Protected prisoners, there were about 8 of them, had an officer at the front and at the back of their line. There is a tunnel between the wing and the outside, it's about 20 yards long. The prison officer left the back of the line and walked to the front. Three inmates then grabbed the man at the end of the line, grabbed his head and smashed it into the stone wall, and he dropped unconscious. They then booted him in the head while he was down and they were jumping on his head with their weight and force. He was about 20 years old, I don't know what happened to him. I got robbed a few times, but I did not get picked on.

185. A prisoner in "S" wing, which had the worst criminals, had a heart attack and I asked for his cell. I did it because I wanted to make sure I would not come back, and this way I would see the whole place and have it as a reminder not to come back. When I left the borstal boys I knew gave me 6 months until I would return. My daughter had just turned 4 months old, and I told them the only reason I would be back would be if someone molested my daughter. I have not been back to jail for 40 years since then.

186. I changed a bit after I got out of prison. I got a job and worked opening oysters. I did this work for some time. I still had a lot of issues and problems with violence but I turned away from the life of crime that would have kept me behind bars.

187. I had my son five years later.

188. I didn't know what a relationship was. I failed my first partner and the mother of my first daughter. I lived in fear that I might lose the plot and end up bashing her.

189. I was with her for 12 years and I feel that she didn't deserve the 12 years she spent with me. She left me and went to Australia.

190. I cheated on her and was promiscuous throughout our relationship. I am not proud of it. I was trying to prove that I was a man and not a homosexual as I had been made to believe throughout my abuse.
191. I often ran away from relationships. I was used to being beaten and sodomised, I did not know how to be intimate. Anytime I would get scared I would flee from the relationship.
192. I found out that I was adopted in 1981 when I was 19.
193. I became a doorman at McKenzies Hotel in Christchurch. The world really opened up for me in terms of women at this point. I met a woman there, she got pregnant and I now have a daughter with this woman. I was still angry and so she left me.
194. I used to line up men to take my frustrations out on physically.
195. I have another daughter with another woman called GRO-B. I don't have a relationship with her. I have a lot of regret about this.
196. I then met my first wife. I have a son with her called GRO-B he is turning 26 this year. We had a shot gun wedding when she fell pregnant at her father's insistence. He did not like me and ended up taking my wife and son off me, and she then divorced me.
197. I still was not in a good head space. I continued to have relationships with women.
198. By this time my oldest boy was 14 and living in Invercargill. He was getting into trouble so I moved down there to help him. I had to abandon my other children in Christchurch to move and I felt guilty about leaving them but I managed to help him.
199. I wanted to find out about my birth family. I met my birth mother in 2002 after finding her through a friend who knew her. I asked her if she put a veto on the adoption file and she told me that she didn't. Life started to make a lot more sense once I found out that I was adopted.

200. I subsequently got a court order for any file on me.
201. I used alcohol as a coping strategy. At times I found it both numbing and comforting. I started drinking when I was about 11 at shearer's parties but started drinking properly when I was around 15. Alcohol was a catalyst to bring the wrong things out in me. I stopped drinking to excess about 20 years ago.
202. My mental health was definitely impacted by my time in care. I struggled with depression but I didn't let it show. My adoptive father used to beat me until I would stop crying so I didn't cry for 30 odd years. I would shut things out.
203. I have had suicidal thoughts following relationship breakdowns. Feelings of abandonment have never been far from the surface.
204. My lack of education impacted my career opportunities. My time in care and the abuse I experienced both there and at home occurred at a developmental time that affected my life in the most severe way possible. My work has largely been physical, involving hard labour. The thought of attaining trade skills or a university qualification was beyond me. I couldn't read or write until I got older. I only started to read and write consistently when I got to borstal.
205. I only started to connect with the Māori side of my life two years ago.
206. I have always questioned my identity. I struggle with it because if I don't know who I am, then who are my children, my tamariki, my mokopuna. I broke down to my daughter about my identity around 20 years ago. She said that if I didn't know who I was then she didn't know who she was.
207. I feel blessed to have connected with my Māori side. My birth father was Ngāti Toa and our land is in the Nelson and D'Urville Island areas. My birth father's name was James Rei. We can now build on Māori freehold land without needing resource consent and I am hoping to do this for myself and for my children.

208. I have a place to call home now but I still feel like a stranger on my marae.

Redress

209. My birth mother had a breakdown following the revelations around my adoption.

She gave me up in good faith and did not put a veto on my adoption file. I have a claim with the Waitangi Tribunal over the adoption.

210. I don't know what the outcome of the claim will be. I would like to get the resources to send me to my land and build a home there for my children and my people. I am stressed about dying without closure.

211. I have diverticulosis and bowel issues. I've had had polyps removed from my bowel, which are pre-cancerous cells. I also have chronic obstructive pulmonary disease ("COPD") as a consequence of my smoking.

212. I took a claim against Social Welfare agencies; the Ministry for Social Development ("MSD") and Oranga Tamariki ("OT"). The claim was with Grant Cameron.

213. I went up and met Grant, he contacted MSD and the direction from them was that they would pay my legal fees for negotiation purposes. Grant was unable to continue to act for me because he wasn't a legal aid lawyer. I transferred to Sonja Cooper to submit a statement of claim in the High Court. The process took 17 years, even under the fast track process which came in when Anne Tolley became Minister for Social Development, and never made it to court.

214. I instructed Sonja Cooper to lodge a claim against the Crown for \$250 million for breach of fiduciary duty and other matters. I also wanted to go to court for my own case regarding my adoption.

215. I inadvertently signed authorisation putting me into a class action with other clients of Sonja Cooper. I met with Garth Young and Una Jagose 13 years ago.
216. I recall at the meeting she told me she didn't believe me and that I was lying. She sat there and turned away from me so I had her back facing me. I am very angry about the way she treated me.
217. I received the odd letter from Sonja Cooper over the ensuing years, I got one in relation to the White case.
218. I was offered \$20,000 in 2015. Sonja Cooper Legal advised me to take it. The Crown had indicated that it would only be resolved in court otherwise. I took the payment and also received another payment from the Crown Health Financing Authority for my time in Cherry Farm. It was a separate payment because it was formerly a hospital. The total payment was \$38,000.
219. Sonja Cooper advised me to spend the money as I was a beneficiary and they otherwise would have taken my benefit off me. I wasted the money. It took a long time to get it and I let it go too easily.
220. I believe we should receive an unreserved apology from the Crown for the abuse we suffered while in the care of the state. An unreserved apology is an admission of fault and a starting point for moving forward.
221. Monetary compensation should be a secondary point for moving forward. I don't think that the Crown should pay every survivor the same amount of money. The monetary compensation needs to be looked at carefully. I believe that there will be men who were bullies in care that will jump on the bandwagon, such as the boys who perpetrated abuse against me.
222. I don't think the \$38,000 I received represents a life lost.

223. I signed off on the compensation I received from the Crown but believe now I signed it under duress. These sorts of agreements need to go back under the microscope for redress. I feel I was bullied and pushed into a corner by the Crown.

Looking forward

224. I believe abuse can be prevented by getting rid of state institutions. The boys homes were breeding grounds for abuse, allowing that number of children to be put in together. Children need one on one love.

225. The institutions have proven what they breed and it has gone on for too many generations. Andrew Becroft, the Children's Commissioner, has said he wants them gone too. I don't believe that you can care for children in institutional systems. We are just setting them up to fail or end up incarcerated.

226. Children need love, encouragement and acceptance. If they have those three things then there is a framework for a happy and productive child to grow with a positive outlook.

227. I believe that society doesn't have an answer to violence and neglect in families. We need to look at what the catalyst is for the violence. For Māori, colonialism has caused significant harm.

228. Poverty, anxiety and societal pressures also add up to prevent there being enough support to give children opportunities. Benefit payments such as the unsupported children payments have always been too low.

229. Alcohol and drugs like methamphetamine are also responsible for significant harm in families. I believe there needs to be an understanding from the state that the wider family can look after the children with the right support. I have raised two girls who are not my daughters and I am proud of what I have achieved.

230. I feel that if you dare to say that you need support to help raise children though that the state immediately takes them off you. They should respond with support instead.
231. I believe it is time for the state to be honest, stop the lies and deceit. I've spent 44 years of my life looking for justice and answers. The state has robbed both me and my children of a life. They had information and denied it.
232. This is a chance for real change with the truth. With lies we will just keep going round and round and circles. I want the state to bring out all of the records, be honest and put them on the table for all to see.
233. If a platform for change is created then survivors will be able to be vindicated and start to heal. This will help to stop the intergenerational abuse and damage. We are the generation that needs to stop the damage.
234. When my lawyer asked me if I did a "who am I" sentence, what that would be. I told her straight away: *"I am a man who carries his past and lives with it in a manner where I am able to have a sense of looking forward."*

Statement of Truth

This statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and was made by me knowing that it may be used as evidence by the Royal Commission of Inquiry into Abuse in Care.

Signed: GRO-C

Dated: 14/04/2021