



Royal Commission  
into Institutional Responses  
to Child Sexual Abuse

**Statement**

**Name** Clifford Raymond WALSH

**Address** REDACTED

**Date** 8 April 2014

1. This statement made by me accurately sets out the evidence that I am prepared to give to the Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse. The statement is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.
2. Where direct speech is referred to in this statement, it is provided in words or words to the effect of those which were used, to the best of my recollection.

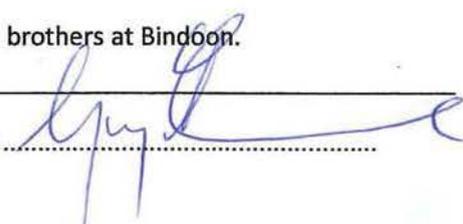
**Background**

3. My full name is Clifford Raymond WALSH and my date of birth is REDACTED 1944.
4. I migrated from the United Kingdom to Australia when I was 9 years of age. I was one of the 10 children that came to Australia from St Vincent's Boys orphanage at Feltham where I had been since I was 2 years old. I arrived in Australia at the Port of Fremantle on 7 August 1954.
5. I spent a short time at Castledare orphanage and was then sent to Bindoon orphanage. I stayed at Bindoon until 9 February 1961.

**Bindoon**

6. I was sexually and physically assaulted by a number of the brothers at Bindoon.

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Witness: 

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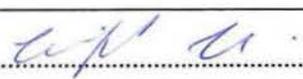
**Brother ANGUS**

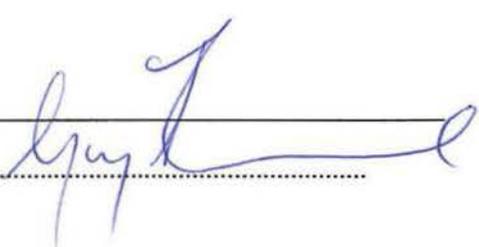
7. I was 10 years old when I was sexually assaulted by Brother ANGUS. It wasn't long after I had arrived at Bindoon. I remember Brother ANGUS summoned me to his room and asked me if I wanted some molasses. Molasses was normally fed to the cows. To me, starved and desperately undernourished, the thought of molasses was a real treat. I remember Brother ANGUS standing behind me, putting his hand over my shoulder and down my pants. I wanted to say to him that this was naughty however I didn't have the guts to speak. I remember Brother ANGUS pushed my pants down further and started playing with my penis. While he was doing this, I could feel him thumping my buttocks with his fist. I didn't realise until much later in life that Brother ANGUS was masturbating himself while playing with me.
8. This happened about 3 times with Brother ANGUS over a period of about two weeks. After that I always avoided seeing Brother ANGUS alone.

**Brother PARKER**

9. I recall one occasion when I was about 14, Brother PARKER asked the class for a volunteer to do a job polishing floors. I don't remember if anyone volunteered; I didn't. However I was picked by Brother PARKER.
10. I had been working for Brother PARKER for a few days, when he took me into his room and told me what a good job I had been doing. Brother PARKER hugged me, and laid me on the bed. He stuck his hand down my pants and started playing with my penis. I started saying "Hail Mary" after "Hail Mary" under my breath, in the hope I would not get an erection. However I did. Brother PARKER then commenced masturbating under his habit. This happened again many times over the next few weeks.

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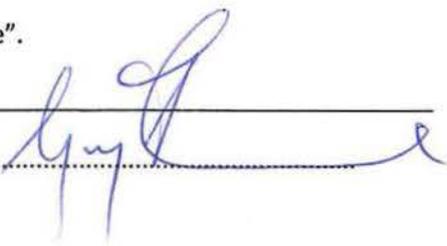
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11. On one particular day, Brother PARKER pulled my pants down and bent me over. He put some oil on himself, which he kept in his room in a jar next to the bed. He attempted to penetrate my anus with his penis. I screamed in pain and asked him to stop. Brother PARKER continued for a few seconds, and I screamed all the louder. He stopped. He then wiped his penis, and shoved it in my mouth. I gagged. I think some semen came out of his penis. I coughed and spluttered and began retching violently. I did not throw up, but continued retching for at least 30 seconds to one minute. Brother PARKER let me out of his room.
12. I went and told Father GERARD some of what happened. I only told Father GERARD about Brother PARKER hugging me and putting his hand down my pants.
13. Shortly after, I was summonsed to Brother QUILLIGAN. He asked me about the incident. He seemed furious. He started to question me about Brother PARKER. He scared me and I thought I was in trouble. I backtracked and said that Father GERARD must have misunderstood what I had said. I remember I was petrified.
14. A few days later, I was shipped off to the monastery at New Norcia. I think the Brothers decided I should be a priest, or, more likely, they wanted to get me out of the way after what I had said about Brother PARKER. I didn't object because I thought I would be better off than at Bindoon.
15. I stayed at the monastery for approximately 21 months. I knew I didn't want to be a priest. I was then sent back to Bindoon where I remained for another year. I wasn't sexually abused again after returning to Bindoon, just physically and mentally.

**Brother MOORE**

16. I feared Brother MOORE, more than any other Brother. I thought he was liberal with the strap and cane. The other boys and I would call him "Killer Moore".

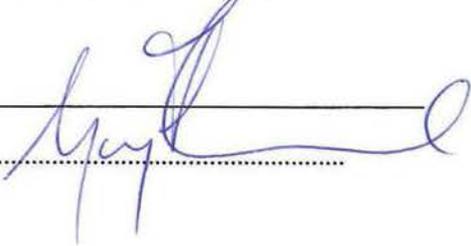
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17. On my second day at Bindoon, when I was only nine years, we were told we were going to build a fence. A lot of the children were given tools to take to the site. Me and a boy named VA [redacted] VA [redacted] were handed a crowbar and told to take it three miles on foot to the site. After a few hundred yards, the bar became very heavy and VA [redacted] could carry it no further. Holding one end, I would drag it some distance until VA [redacted] had rested. VA [redacted] would then help me again. It took us so long to carry the crowbar in this manner we were late arriving at the site. Brother MOORE proceeded to punch both VA [redacted] and me mercilessly. He punched me mainly to my face, but also on my chest. I was sobbing uncontrollably. Brother MOORE then sat us on his knee and tried to console us. This only made me cry even more.
18. I feel this incident was highly unjustified. VA [redacted] and I did our best and did not shirk a task that was outrageously unreasonable for young lads.
19. The boys and I used to wash ourselves in a trough every day. Then, with our hands in the air and a towel around our waist, we would walk up to the Brother in charge, do a turn, and then be allowed to continue if we were clean. At that time, I had a birthmark on the small of my back. It was just an area of skin that was darker than the rest. Brother MOORE told me my back was dirty and to go away and wash again. I knew he was talking about my birthmark, and I went back in the hope he would pass me the second time. He said: "the dirt is still there". I tried to explain it was a birthmark. By this time everybody else had left. Brother MOORE pushed me down on to the floor next to the trough and punched me a number of times. He proceeded to scrub my back with the floor scrubber. The skin on my back started to bleed, before he stopped. The sores healed within a few days, but the birthmark remained. Although Brother MOORE must have seen my birthmark on a number of occasions, he never said anything or apologised to me. I remember being in considerable pain and he left me sobbing uncontrollably.

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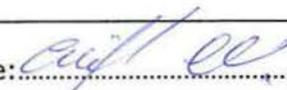
**Brother DOYLE**

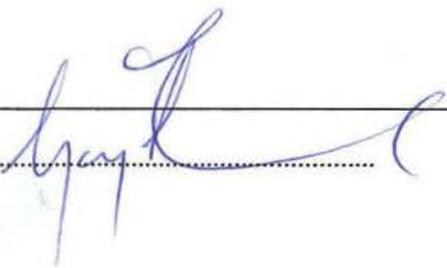
20. I found Brother DOYLE to be an imposing figure who often made me feel very frightened.
21. One day I was summoned to Brother DOYLE'S office. He accused me of having sex with another boy. I hadn't had sex with another boy, and told him so. Brother DOYLE then just started punching me all over my body. It seemed to me he was trying to beat out a confession. Brother DOYLE kept saying something like "I want names" and I said "I don't know" over and over again. It seemed like he had been beating me for 15 minutes before he let me go.
22. About a week later I was summoned to see Brother DOYLE again and the same thing happened. It seemed to me that Brother DOYLE got a kick out of beating me and talking about sexual matters. I remember on both occasions willing myself not to cry and thinking to myself, "if I can handle this, nothing will ever make me cry again."
23. I also recall on numerous occasions seeing Brother DOYLE taking boys aside during meals. In front of all of the kids, including me, Brother DOYLE would either pull the child's pants down and hit him with a strap on the backside or just punch him, after the child had pulled his pants up. I hated watching this happen and always felt sorry for the boys being beaten. I was always wondering when it would be my turn.

**Brother TUPPIN**

24. Brother TUPPIN punched me with his fists, and squeezed the breath out of me by giving me a "bear hug". I remember he would also rub his stubble on my face and gyrate his body against mine. I remember feeling his erection as he was rubbing against me. Because of this, I would always try and run away from Brother TUPPIN.

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**Brother QUILLIGAN**

25. Brother QUILLIGAN was the principal before Brother DOYLE. I remember seeing him picking children during the evening meal and just punching them. I remember seeing him hold the boy's shirt and slam him against the wall, saying "how can I ever recommend you for a job?" This didn't happen to me but I was always on edge waiting for my turn.
26. I also remember Brother QUILLIGAN asking who was going to own up to a particular thing. No one ever did own up. Brother QUILLIGAN would then take a child out of the group, and just start beating him. When he was satisfied the child was telling the truth, he would pick on another child. This happened to me twice.

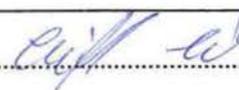
**Medical neglect and nutrition**

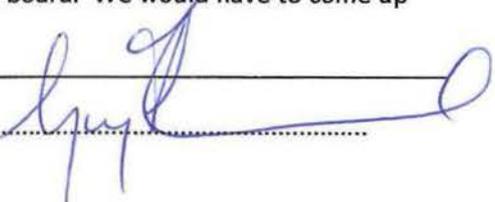
27. Whilst at Bindoon I only recall seeing a doctor or dentist twice.
28. The food was terrible. One meal we had was called "saps". It was just bread soaked in milk with sugar on it. We had that twice a week. I recall on one occasion we had dinner, on a Sunday, and it was lamb shanks. There were maggots crawling around inside the meat. I showed Brother MOORE and he said, "don't worry, they're good for you". When he was not looking I put the bulk of the meal into my pocket and waited until I got outside and threw it in the garden.

**Education and labouring**

29. I received little education at Bindoon.
30. I remember Brother MOORE being in charge of our early schooling. He did not teach us much at all. Mostly we would just talk amongst ourselves, while he did something else. The two weeks before exams were due, he would put a sum on the board. We would have to come up

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with the right answer, or go to the front of the class and get the strap. I was lucky to never get a sum wrong, but I witnessed many others being strapped repeatedly.

31. It seemed to me that labouring work was given priority over education, by the Brothers. I consider myself an intelligent person, and if I had spent the same amount of time being educated as I was put to labour, I suspect I would have gone much further in my life.
32. My shoes were taken from me about 3 days after I arrived at Bindoon. It was very painful for me to get used to walking without shoes. The work we were required to do at Bindoon was varied, but always hard.
33. On one occasion, we were taken out to where some clearing had been done. The area was vast and all over the area were heaped trees. It was our job to go around setting these heaps on fire. On the second day, the heaps had been burned down and unburned logs were scattered about. It was now our job to pick up these pieces of unburned wood, heap them together, and get them burning again. Because we were barefooted, we often trod on ground that seemed okay but was just ash and wood was burning below it. My feet were badly burned that day. I also suffered from burned hands because some of the wood I picked up was burning also.

**Welfare visitors**

34. When we had visitors to Bindoon, the Brothers were always nice to the boys and the visitors.
35. The visitors would only come on Sundays, and on Sundays we didn't work. I remember not being allowed to say anything to the visitors but I can't remember being told why. None of the visitors ever came to ask me if I was alright.

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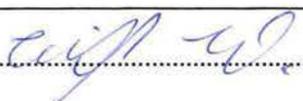
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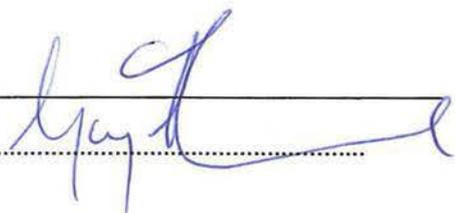
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**Deaths**

36. In the period I was at Bindoon, two children died. The first was Tony SULLIVAN.
37. I was told by a brother that Tony SULLIVAN had been sliding down the concrete bannister when he fell and smashed his head on the concrete bannister below. I didn't believe this as, if the bannisters were of the kind you could slide down, we would all have been doing it. I remember another boy saying Tony had just come out of one of the Brothers' rooms and was upset and disorientated when he fell over the bannister.
38. There is however no doubt in my mind as to how Brian DUNCAN died. I had been given the job of picking up empty superphosphate bags with 3 other boys, taking them by cart to a dam, and tying wire around bundles of ten. The bundles were then thrown into the dam and left to soak for a couple of weeks. The cart was going down a hill. Two boys were pulling while two rode on top. As they went down the hill the cart was going too fast to be controlled properly and one wheel clipped the side of the road where a drain pipe ran under road. The cart overturned. One of the strips of metal, which was used to hold the side boards together, was exposed as some of the wood had broken away over the years. This piece of metal entered DUNCAN'S head. I understand he died almost instantly.
39. I received no counselling or support at the time of either death. I just remember that the other boys and I were summoned to the courtyard where Brother QUILLIGAN addressed us. He told us that there had now been two deaths at Boys Town Bindoon and if there were any more the police would do a complete investigation. I don't know how we were supposed to feel about this.

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**Statement in the matter of WA Institutions Case Study**  
Statement of Clifford Raymond WALSH continued

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40. A friend of mine, Justin BOYLE, committed suicide, shortly after he left Bindoon. BOYLE was high spirited and was in trouble more than any other child. I feel for him even today.

**Reporting**

41. Other than saying what happened with Brother PARKER, I didn't complain about the abuse I suffered when I was at Bindoon. I knew no other life and so I had no life to compare the treatment I received, with.
42. I was too terrified to report the abuse. To give an example, a child named VB [redacted] came to school one day without his glasses. I remember hearing Brother MOORE say to him, "go and find your glasses. If you don't find them you'll wish you were dead." VB [redacted] did not know where his glasses were. He went off into the bush and I don't think he ever intended coming back. However it was July and as the night came I believe he got cold and for this reason he returned. Brother MOORE had people looking for VB [redacted], by this time. Ultimately, VB [redacted] returned and was found in bed, asleep and exhausted. MOORE ended up with pneumonia. MOORE was so scared he had caused VB [redacted] to do something stupid that MOORE spent at least a couple of hours duck diving in the swimming hole. It was this type of fear that was instilled in all of us.
43. I remember at Christmas being sent out to live with families in the Perth metropolitan area. This was the case with a number of other boys. When I was with the families I would tell them that the food was terrible at Bindoon, we had to work hard and got hit a lot but I never mentioned the sexual abuse. I didn't think anyone would believe what was happening to me. One Christmas I stayed with the same family for the entire holiday period. It felt like I was there for months. I thought the Brothers had forgotten about me and that I would be able to stay with the family forever. However, a telegram arrived one day saying I was to be dropped back in

Signature: *Clifford Walsh*

Witness: *[Signature]*

Perth to go back to Bindoon. I remember not being able to breathe when I found out. I was overwrought with fear of going back to Bindoon.

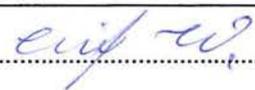
**Impacts on me**

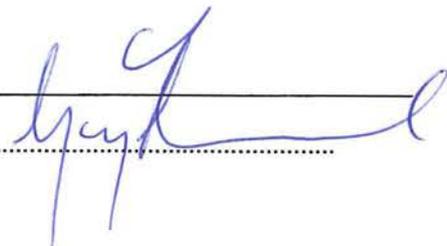
44. I joined the Navy aged 18. I was very much a loner. I found that I was "weirder" than most new recruits. It took me a long time to be able to adjust to being on the outside world and mixing with people.
45. I got married aged 32. I was unable to give and show affection, to my wife. When my wife and I first got together, we had no furniture and slept on a sheepskin rug. I did not even like her to be on the same rug as me. I never showed her affection, such as kissing her in the morning or the afternoon. I did not believe in that sort of thing.
46. My wife died of cancer.
47. We have one son. He hugs me, and I hate it. When he hugs me, I push him away. My son lives with me; he has epilepsy. My son knows what happened to me, at Bindoon.

**Seeking redress**

**REDRESS WA**

48. I made an application with Redress WA. I only needed to fill out a form [WA.0010.001.2040 ] and provide a statement of what happened [CTJH.056.17049.0023]. I think it must have been processed in alphabetical order because I didn't receive a response for a very long time. I have seen a copy of my Statement of Assessment Decision **WA.0010.001.2058.** I received \$45,000 from Redress WA.

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**COURT PROCEEDINGS**

49. I joined the court action commenced by Slater & Gordon. I thought it was a complete rip off and it was just frustrating. It seemed to me that Slater & Gordon just stopped fighting because they needed capital to keep on going.
50. What I couldn't understand is how the Christian Brothers could raise a limitation defence. We were kids. It seemed to me that we couldn't do anything about the abuse when it was happening, and by the time we were able as a group to do something about it, in particular being in the right mental state to do so, we were told it was too late. We were just being abused all over again.
51. I received \$2,000 in compensation from the Slater & Gordon proceedings. I don't remember ever signing any documents.

**CHILD MIGRANTS TRUST**

52. When I was 21 I wrote to the address where I was in England before coming to Australia. I remember being told in response that they had lost contact with my mother. I then approached the Child Migrants Trust who helped me track my mother down.
53. When I finally met my mother I couldn't believe it when she told me that the Christian Brothers had written to her telling her I had left school to become a farmhand. Not only was that wrong, but I then knew that the Christian Brothers knew where my mother was and never told me.
54. It has been very good for me to connect with people through the Trust, in particular people who know what I went through. They believe what I say.

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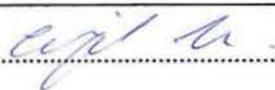
Signature: *Clifford Walsh*

Witness: *[Signature]*

55. I made a written submission to the Senate Community Affairs and References Committee Inquiry into Child Migration [REPT.2000.01001.1177]. I didn't expect any outcomes, it was just good to tell my story and be believed.

#### CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE CHURCH

56. I couldn't approach the Christian Brothers direct, I just couldn't bring myself to look at any one of them. It is for this reason I wouldn't seek any assistance from CBRES, it was too closely associated with the Christian Brothers.
57. I wrote a letter to the Pope on 18 April 2008 [PS.0291.001.0007] but I didn't receive any response. I sent another letter on 31 December 2010, this time by registered post, and enclosed a copy of my statement to Redress WA [PS.0291.001.0008].
58. I received a letter back in response from Archbishop HICKEY. After HICKEY sent me this letter, we communicated over the telephone. In one particular phone call, HICKEY verbally agreed to pay me \$20,000. About two days later, I received a cheque for \$20,000 from Archbishop HICKEY. I didn't have to sign anything, it just arrived in the mail. I gave half of it to my son. The money wasn't enough for what they have done to me.
59. I have received one letter from the Vatican, which I had laminated, dated 21 February 2012 [IND.0024.001.0001].
60. I would go to my grave happy if I could see justice be done. To me, this means the Christian Brothers admitting the wrong they have done, and doing something about it.

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