Witness Name: Wiremu Turei Waikari

Statement No: WITN0204001

Dated: 27 July 2021

ROYAL COMMISSION OF INQUIRY INTO ABUSE IN CARE

WITNESS STATEMENT OF WIREMU TUREI WAIKARI

I, Wiremu Turei Waikari, will say as follows:

Pepeha

Ko Rangitukia, ko Hinepare ngā marae

Ko Waiapu te awa

Ko Ngāti Porou, ko Te Aitanga-a-Hauiti ngā iwi.

Ko Wai Au?

1. My full name is Wiremu Turei Waikari, but I prefer to be called Wi.
2. I was born in Rangitukia, near Tikitiki, on GRO-B 1957. I am currently 63 years old.
3. My iwi is Ngāti Porou.
4. I am a practising social worker. I have two degrees, one in Social Science and another in Counselling Therapy.
5. My partner Jenny Manuera is an experienced Counsellor and Therapist. We work together in education and coaching people who are facing trauma.
6. Our whānau are still facing impacts of state intervention today, but we are resilient, and we are proud to say that after two years of going through processes with Oranga Tamariki, our GRO-B was the first GRO-B in GRO-B to ever get his child back from care.

Taku ingoa

7. I am known to Government agencies as William Turei Rangi, however my legal name is Wiremu Turei Waikari.
8. My surname, Waikari, comes from my mother's side, it is her maiden name. As a two-year-old baby, I inherited this name as a result of being legally adopted to my maternal uncle – Wiremu Waikari.
9. Today, I reclaim my ingoa, Wiremu Turei Waikari, as a way of rejecting all of the abuse I experienced, when I held the name William Turei Rangi.

Vision impairment

10. I was declared legally blind in 1984. I have suffered from sight issues throughout my life as a result of being hit by a dart in my right eye as a young child. I was at the pub with my dad and a dart hit me in the eye. My dad pulled it out and took me to Masterton Hospital. I underwent some kind of treatment, but I cannot remember exactly what.
11. That injury has always caused my sight in my right eye to be impaired. The scar tissue breaks down and clouds my vision; it is like looking through a very dirty windscreen.
12. My sight in my left eye was affected later in life. I was diagnosed with Glaucoma while I was in prison. The glaucoma was caused by blunt force trauma. Usually Māori and Pacific Islanders do not get glaucoma unless it is through trauma.

Addressing the State intervention cycle

My practise today

13. As a social worker, I sit directly with my people on a day-to-day basis. I witness the ongoing issues that my people face within the current systems and I understand how the systems must be changed.
14. It is clear to me that there are not enough resources and there are not enough māori in our existing systems. In my work I know that my māori colleagues go further and beyond. We always work with the entirety of the whānau. We hold continuous relationships with whānau members that last for a lifetime, they do not simply halt once someone is out of prison.
15. I have worked alongside my partner Jenny to put initiatives to the Ministry of Corrections, particularly with kaupapa surrounding our wāhine in prison. There needs to be more transitional programmes that empower our tangata Māori to practice manaakitanga.

Need for pūtea and cultural support

16. The state system failed Māori as it created a whakapapa which took our boys straight from institutions and directly into gangs. I believe that the state ought to put pūtea aside, for all our survivors who – when proving, can access this money in order to rehabilitate themselves. This is a key reparation for people who have suffered at the hands of the state and who find themselves stuck in a cycle of poverty. Our people are still being victimised by the State in various departments, they are stigmatised by our social

welfare and housing departments, and it can be extremely difficult to propel yourself out of this vicious cycle.

17. When we look at the redress that has been gained through Waitangi Tribunal, we can see that the State has been apprehensive to fully honour our tribal issues in our modern-day economic system. Comparing this to State redress for abuse in care, it can be expected that the pūtea offered up by Government is likely to be a fraction of what is truly representative of the abuse that was inflicted on children. In this sense, I believe it is vital that redress in the form of pūtea must also be accompanied by cultural support to Māori through implementation of 'by Māori and for māori systems'.

By Māori for Māori

18. I believe that pākehā therapies have failed us and we need to disperse our therapy in a way that moves away from pākehā methods of problem solving. For Māori, the most important wisdom that we can equip is that of our tupuna. A lot of our people who are stuck in cycles of poverty have not been exposed to our matauranga Māori. I am currently taking power back by creating therapies that are informed by a Māori framework, this is evident in the 'Kia Hiwa Rā' programme which myself and my partner piloted in South Waikato, 2015.
19. We must be extremely conscious that our own knowledge bases are not weaponised against our own people, I feel that there are many pākehā taking liberty of using our kupu within therapy programmes that are not inherently māori. I have seen examples of this playing out in prison therapy today, where young pākehā psychologists' use our kupu "Tapa Whā" to carry out an inherently pākehā programme and then in turn, fail our tangata māori in prisons. This is extremely dangerous for tangata māori who engage with these therapies. This must be addressed by ensuring that our programmes are created by and carried out by tangata māori.
20. I firmly believe in the power of indigenous pathways to wellbeing, and rongoa. I believe the best therapies will raranga korero about how our tupuna used to solve things. In te ao māori, there are powerful effigies of our matauranga and wisdom, which we can draw upon to heal our people today. For example, looking at a Pa, everybody had a role to play, and if you did not carry it out correctly then the collective would suffer.

21. The current system puts too many barriers in front of māori who need to be equipped to help people. Tangata māori must be allowed to have access to our people in prisons.

There is always a stigma of distrust attached to māori and to people who have tattoos. This needs to be eradicated, so that our māori counsellors can safely carry out our therapy.

Need for a care and protection organisation

22. Care and protection is a huge thing for me. If kids were properly cared for we would not have these problems today. The checks and balances that have been in place since the 1960's have not been working.

23. Having worked in Starship Hospital and seeing what some parents and families can do to their kids is sickening. There needs to be an ability to remove some kids from some families but there needs to be a plan from day one, not just remove them and see what happens.

24. In New Zealand we need an organisation that can step in and look after kids. We need an agency that can step in when parents, iwi and hapū fail. We need people that step in and care for babies and children. This agency needs to have the statutory mandate of a government agency.

25. The government agency that takes over responsibility for the care and protection of children needs a whole new screening mechanism for those that work with children. We already know from history that paedophiles manage to get into these places and wreak havoc. Just look at the boys' homes, they perpetuated this.

26. Most of the monitoring that is done is conducted by the State itself. The State are essentially investigating themselves. That must stop. There must be some independence. We need people in psychology and social sciences, that work as independent supervisors, who come in and retrain staff and continually monitor them.

The use of psychology

27. I believe that one of the ways of breaking the systemic behaviour of government departments is through the use of psychology. What I do as part of my job as a social worker today, is to navigate whānau through the Family Group Conference process and Oranga Tamariki meetings when they have uplifted children. So, I go in and help them fast track the return of their kids. And sometimes I have to tell them that they should do anger management and that they need to get off the P, and that if they do not do that, what are they saying to their child? I am trying to use psychology to get through to them. I know that if my dad had fought for me then I probably would have behaved myself and my life would have been quite different.

Investing in families

28. I think the way to go is to invest money into the families to enable them. We need to send trainers into the families who have had their children removed to help them and show them how to be a better parent.

29. I recognise that there are children that need to be removed from their parents until such a time that the parents can provide what that child needs to grow. Not just physically but also emotionally and intellectually; the child needs a values system. Lots of kids who are brought up in a gang culture do not have a values system. That is not what kids need. They just need to be loved. If the parents love the pipe more than they love their child, then they do not deserve them.

30. The parents need to be given resources to help them parent. I know that handing money to the parents is not always advisable, but why not use the people around the perimeter of the whānau and hapū; aunties and uncles can help until a time that those parents are ready.

31. These concepts apply to all cultures. The most important thing is that love needs to be there in that child's life. Culture can be added later. In the boys' homes I had shelter and food but no love or caring, only disparaging comments about my race and culture.

32. There does need to be more community involvement. That was what went wrong during the period of institutionalisation in New Zealand. The boys' and girls' homes were a closed shop, everything that went on was confidential. I do not think it should be that confidential in that no one knows what is going on. And the people that do know what is going on are not even the mother and the father of that child.

33. If you are taking a child and placing them somewhere the key thing is that they are loved. As long as they are getting love they will be ok.

34. If it is a debate about cost verses safety, then it is a cost that politicians should be willing to spend.

35. I am lucky that I did survive it. I have done a lot of bad things, I have hurt a lot of people, shed a lot of blood. I have been shot twice, stabbed three times, that is just the way the cards were dealt to me. I came out a bit worse for wear, but I survived. I have managed to creep into my old age with my brain intact. I am fortunate in that I am quite happy with where I have got to in life, because I can use my experiences to help others and find solutions to those problems. Now I have got all these mokos to look out for and I do not want them to run into the same problems. I want to ensure that they grow up in a society where they do not make the same mistakes as when I was a youngster. I want them to have a chance.

Taku tamarikitanga – My childhood

My Parents

36. My birth mother's maiden name was Mihi Tuahae Waikari. My mother was very well educated and travelled. In her youth, she was a professional singer that went around the world following the army doing singing gigs. She met my birth father when he was serving in the Second World War in the Māori Battalion. My birth father was Turanga Mauheni.

37. I understand that my birth father was traumatised by his experiences in the Second World War, he was shot quite a few times, and he was immobilised for the remainder of his life. My birth father could not work, and he suffered ongoing trauma from the War. He lived in GRO-B on the East Cape of New Zealand.

38. Growing up, I gained the impression that my birth father was an unkind man. I understood that my birth father forced himself on my mother. My Uncle Wi would tell me that my dad was "a prick and a brutal guy". When my parents first met, my Uncle Wi told my father to stay away from my mother.

Adoption to my Uncle – Age 1 to 7 – 1957 to 1963

39. Once I was born, my mother left my father and moved us both to Masterton in the Wairarapa. That same year, when I was one-year-old, my mother gave me to my maternal uncle, Wiremu (Wi) Waikari through the practise of whangai. At the age of two years old, I was legally adopted to my Uncle Wi through the Māori Land Court. I believe my whānau undertook the Māori Land Court processes because of the concern that my whangai adoption could be illegitimate, they wanted to make it legal.

40. I lived with my uncle Wi and his wife until I was about seven years old when he handed me back to my biological mother. I grew up thinking they were my parents.

41. I had a lovely family life with my adoptive father and his wife. They were great parents. I had an adopted sister who was a couple of years older than me; she came from my uncle's wife's side of the family. I figured out later on in life why I was there, it was because they couldn't have any children of their own, that's why they adopted one child from his wife's side and one from Wi's side.

42. We were very involved in cultural activities. Wi was very Māori-orientated, he spoke fluent te reo māori and so did I. It wasn't so much by being taught by my adoptive parents, I just picked it up from being immersed in it. I asked him when I was about 14 why he never taught me and my sister Te Reo Māori and he told me, "You can't get a job talking Māori". I find it ironic that right now that you can get exactly that. But back

then my adoptive parents thought it was better to keep their heads down and not use too much te reo Māori or they'd get noticed.

43. My adoptive father was a businessman; he was very entrepreneurial. He ran successful shearing contracts and he was a government fencer. His wife only had one leg and was the main cook for the shearers. Most of the people that my adoptive father employed were related to us and had moved down from the East Coast to live in the Wairarapa. I remember looking up to Wi as a phenomenal male role model in my life. He was an entrepreneur, he had the reo, he had the respect of Māori and Pākehā around him and he never hit me once.

44. I was very content with my life at this time. I had a dog, a pig and a horse; everything you could want for when you're a young boy. Then one day, my father threw my stuff on the truck and said, "I'm sending you back to your mother". This was a turning point in my life and was the source of a lot of confusion for me.

45. I believe that my adoptive parents decided to give me up. Looking back, I think it might have had something to do with the fact that I suffered from weeping eczema and asthma as a child. The eczema was so bad that I would wake in the morning with my pyjamas and bedsheets stuck to me and I had to be put in the bath to soak to enable the fabric to be peeled off me. I was very sick. Because my adoptive parents were so busy running their shearing business I believe that I was slowing them down and that's probably the reason for my return to my biological mother.

Being returned to my biological mother – 1963 – Age 6

46. Uncle Wi dropped me back to my biological mother in Masterton. Once I got my eczema under control I started to get on with my life. I had a new half-brother to get to know, which helped.

47. My mother tried her best with me, but I hated it there. I was confused, and I didn't really like this person who was my mother, mainly because she was a stranger. I used to run away from home and try to hitchhike back to Wi's farm. But everybody knew me, so they would pick me up and take me back to my mother.

48. My mother ran a big boarding house in Masterton, so there were always lots of people around. Many of the people staying there were my cousins from Gisborne that had come down to look for work.

49. My mother wasn't very well off, she was on the war widow's pension. I started to notice the economic differences. I would have to wait for my brother to finish with his shoes and then I would get them. This was a strong contrast to being with Wi out on the farm,

where I had everything I wanted. Wi would bring in a half sheep every month, the same with kaimoana, so that was his way of helping his sister, giving her money and things like that. I hate to think what she was getting from the pension in 1963.

50. My mother was on the waiting list for a state house. She was finally given one on Cameron Crescent, Masterton. I ended up moving there with my mother, my brother and one of our cousins. When I got to Cameron Crescent I started getting into trouble for petty crimes. I met some of my cousins for the first time. They were all the same age as me and they were already getting into mischief.

51. I think one of the reasons that I rebelled a lot is because I was taken out of paradise and thrown into the poor side of town. I wasn't used to it.

52. I started out by pinching things at school, like taking money from the teachers' purses. Then I moved to stealing from the local shop; it was petty theft – I would steal small things like chocolate bars. In those days there weren't any tills, just slide drawers, so it was easier to take money. The crimes continued to get worse and we progressed to burglaries. Some of our older cousins knew where big companies in Masterton stored their alcohol, so they would lift us younger ones up and put us through the windows.

53. Once I got a taste of burglary, it just got worse. Back then the shops had wooden sheds at the back, so it was quite easy to steal. We would take a board off the shed and sneak in. We would clean out entire places. I started turning up at home with stolen bikes and all sorts of things.

54. We were not entirely selfish. We would often give the stolen goods to our aunties and uncles who were not well off. We were creating food baskets and that kind of thing to drop off to them. They must have known that we were stealing it, but they were so hard up that they looked away.

55. I had my first interaction with Social Welfare at this point. My cousins and I started getting noticed by the Police and Social Welfare for all of our stealing. For this reason, my social welfare records refer to me as Wiremu Rangi (Rangi being my mother's married name). The name "Rangi" has stuck with me throughout my time in care and beyond.

56. We continued to be noticed by the Police and Social Welfare. We were out late at night and then marijuana hit the scene.. It got worse and worse and Social Welfare started coming around.

57. I remember we did a snatch and grab at a picture theatre. We saw the bank bags of cash sitting there, so we distracted the lady and grabbed them. The Police were hot on me after that. They came to see me at my house and my mother was very upset.

Placement under the supervision of Child Welfare – 1968 – Age 11

58. On the 10th of July 1968 I was placed under the supervision of Child Welfare for two years, after appearing in the Children's Court on charges of burglary and theft.

59. I remember a social worker turned up at my house and explained to my mother that I was unruly and wasn't under proper control, and they were putting me in State care. My mother was crying. The social worker was saying things like, "if we take him then he will have a better chance in life and he'll get a good education". My mother gave me away once before and here I was, back again and causing trouble. I think my mother just agreed with what they were saying.

60. My mother's iwi, Ngāti Porou were loyal to the Queen. This stems right back through the ages when our people wanted to have the Pākehā connection in there because of the change and the new technology they were bringing. I think my mother tended to believe what the Police and the social worker told her because she was going through that transition stage herself, where it was better for Māori to keep their heads down. So, I think my mother just wanted to be a good citizen obeying all the rules.

61. That social worker convinced my mother to hand me over to the care of the State and I was placed in a family home in Workshop Road, Masterton.

62. Looking back with the knowledge that I have now, I can understand that state intervention was another form of colonisation. The State had many ways of breaking down our whānau. We had just been through the second world war, we had lost a lot of men, a lot of role models. I was a child living in a middle-class family and I had never been touched by abuse, I had a good male role model in my life. Being placed into care meant that the trajectory of my life changed drastically. It is awful to think that my mother was convinced that she was being a good mother and a good māori by allowing her child to go into state care. I would have been far better off, had I not been placed into state care.

Workshop Road Family Home: Masterton– 1968 – Age 11

63. I spent some time at the Workshop Road Family Home. The home was run by a Pākehā couple and it was only a 15-minute walk to my house, so I didn't think much of it and I used to run home. Because it was so close it didn't seem like that much of a punishment. I thought being there was alright, but they would moan if we weren't home for dinner and we had jobs that we had to do.

64. Three of my cousins were placed there as well. That's when I started to notice that things were not looking right. Many of my cousins were being removed from their

families too. At that point I was so young, and that was all I knew. There were some Pākehā kids with us in that family home and they seemed like they needed to be there, but it seemed absurd for us Māori kids to be there when we were so close to our homes.. We would often run back to our families.

65. The Pākehā lady tried to give me a comb and a handkerchief and she tried to educate me on table manners, like elbows off the table and that kind of thing. So, there was a whole different etiquette for me to learn now that I'm living with Pākehā.

66. I did not get on with my caregiver, and I would often run away from the family home. I think I was in and out of that home for a few months until my social workers' said they were going to put the State Intervention Act on me so that they could uplift me and take me to Epuni Boys' Home, in the Hutt.

Placement under the guardianship of the Superintendent of Social Welfare –1969 – Age 11

67. On 12 November 1969 I appeared in the Children's Court at Masterton and was placed under the guardianship of the Superintendent. On the same date, I was meant to be admitted to Epuni Boys' Home. I was 11 years old at the time

68. I think the Police and a Child Welfare officer from the Department of Education helped to make that decision. I think they did it because I was actually naughty, in terms of stealing things and that would've progressively got worse. They also claimed that my mother didn't have control over me.

Miramar Girls' Home: Miramar, Wellington –1969 – Age 11

69. After appearing in Court, I was sent to Miramar Girls' Home. I was meant to be going to Epuni Boys' Home, but it was still under construction.

70. I'm not sure how long I was at Miramar for, but I think that it was a relativity short time, maybe a couple of months.

71. Once again, many of my family members were already there: two of my male cousins and three of my female cousins from Masterton. All of us were around the same age group, we ranged from eight to 13. I thought, 'cool, there's some people here that I know'.

72. Wherever I was placed I kept seeing large numbers of children from my Masterton family. That was a theme that kept appearing in the equation.

73. I was so young that Miramar is a bit of a blur. My cousins were older girls that looked after us. As far as I remember the staff were good and there wasn't any adverse treatment, no hitting or anything like that. It was just us crying to each other about missing our mum's and those kinds of things.

74. Us boys were waiting for our placement. I think we were there for a few months until Epuni opened and we were immediately sent there.

Epuni Boys' Home: Lower Hutt – 1969 – Age 11

Admission

75. I was taken to Epuni by a policeman and a male social worker.. I remember it well, it was a warm sunny day and I was excited. When we drove into the driveway I thought, 'wow, this is a big house', it looked like a nice retirement village. But as I walked through the doors, everything changed, and I suddenly felt very cold and alone. It was nothing like Miramar, which was a large house with a homely feel. Epuni was so huge, it felt like an institution. I felt anxious about how I was going to handle this place.

76. By the time we arrived, during the opening, there were already around 30 boys there. They were bringing them in from other family homes. Once again, my family members were present; eight of my cousins from Masterton were there with me. We shared the same journey in being passed around throughout the institutions. There were are few pākehā boys among us who were frailer.

77. I immediately got off on the wrong foot. I met a staff member who was a big man that seemed to me to be about six feet tall and about 16 stone. I later knew him as Mr. GRO-B-1, he was one of the housemasters.

78. Mr. GRO-B-1 took me to a woman in a clothing room and she gave me clothing to wear. I felt uncertain and uneasy, the woman asked me some questions and I couldn't speak back to her. Mr. GRO-B-1 started to shout at me and told me to, "answer the lady". I didn't reply because I was scared, and he shouted at me and told me I was a "monkey". The woman also called me a "bloody little monkey".

79. Mr. GRO-B-1 continued to shout at me, his face turned red. He then proceeded to grab me by the ear and march me down the corridor. There were groups of young boys in the corridor laughing at me. Mr. GRO-B-1 pushed me into a room, he slapped me around the head a few times and asked me if I was ready to talk yet. I said nothing.

80. He then ordered me to take off my clothes so that I could change into the kit that I had been given to wear. When I was naked, he grabbed all my clothes and the kit and said that if I wanted them back I would have to ask him for them and say, "please". I was

busy trying to hide my nakedness. Mr. GRO-B-1 then ordered me to face some lockers that were in the room, put my head in one of the lockers and my hands on either side of my head and not to look behind me. He said that if I did not say something within the next 30 seconds he would beat me with a strap. I said nothing, although by now I was extremely scared. Mr. GRO-B-1 kicked me up the arse. It was so hard that my feet left the floor and my head slammed into the back of the locker, causing me to black out for a moment. I came back to consciousness, dazed.

81. I could feel the strap hitting my back, my bottom and my lower legs. Mr. GRO-B-1 had his hand on the back of my neck and was pinning me down onto the locker. I could taste blood in my mouth and I realised that I had bitten a hole through my bottom lip. Tears were streaming down my face and I could not breathe. I do not know how many times he hit me, but I was shivering all over. He yanked me by the hair, out of the locker, with his face only inches away from mine. I punched him, scratched him, and kicked out at random. I also spat blood at him. Mr GRO-B-1 grabbed me with both hands, picked me up and threw me across the room. I slammed into the wall opposite and fell to the floor. I could not stand up, I could not move my right arm and I could not see out of my right eye because of a cut on my forehead. I remember that Mr. GRO-B-1 was on his knees next to me, punching my head and shoulders, calling me a, "little black bastard".

82. A lady who I came to know as Miss Ambrose came running into the room. I screamed at Mr. GRO-B-1 to get off me. The blows stopped. I yelled at him in te reo Māori, "taurekareka kohe koretake momena pokokoatu teko koe te whawai eneu wahine", which means, "you are useless, you fight like a girl".

Lock-up

83. After that beating, Mr. GRO-B-1 dragged me to a secure room that was overseen by Miss Ambrose and another lady who was a nurse, I remember they were both British. I asked for the doctor, although I cannot remember anyone coming to see me. I think that they did not send a doctor because I already had visible bruising. I thought that the nurse might help me, but she did not so that already told me something about the type of institution that I had walked into. I knew very early on that I would have to watch myself here.

84. I did not know anything about Epuni at that stage, so I thought that being thrown into a locked room must be a normal thing. I sat in there and just cried because I thought I was in trouble. All of a sudden, I wanted my mother, I wanted my father and I wanted my dog. It was not a proper secure room, it was just a normal room that had the door locked. I later found out that the actual "secure block" where boys would be sent as a punishment for misbehaviour was still in the process of being built at that time.

Initiations and daily life

85. I spent four days in secure. I remember that I immediately went to the office and they told me "you're in that wing", which was the junior wing. When I got to the wing I was banging into other young Māori, and a few Pākehā, I was already getting threats, "Oh, new boy, eh, you're going to get it tonight".

86. There were initiations at Epuni or "stompings" as they were also known. The older guys would sneak in from the other wings at night. They would often do a blanket job, covering you with the blanket and then beating you up, so you could not see who did it to you. They would often fill pillow cases with Attaway cleaning cans and hit you with those. Some of the older boys were sexual predators that were looking for blowjobs and getting the kids to do that sort of thing.

87. I had to go through the initiation beating. Looking back, I do not know whether getting a hiding was any different if it came from the staff or from the boys. I was already beginning to harden up and to start coming to terms with the realisation that all of this behaviour was part of the walk in Epuni.

88. Once fully functioning, there would have been around 60 boys at Epuni. 60 percent of them would have been Māori and 40 percent Pākehā. The Pākehā boys only seemed to be there for a short-term placement before they found them somewhere else to go, whereas us Māori boys were there for longer.

89. The boys' ages ranged from six or seven up to 16 or 17. I remember one of my cousins from Porirua was in there. He would come back from work and give us cigarettes. He would make sure no one picked on us because there were older bullies in there. I also saw babies coming in, but that must have only been for emergency placements, as they didn't stay for long.

90. Epuni was divided into wings. As you drove in there was a big long wing that was cut in half. Working boys were at one end and they occupied about 20 rooms, there were 10 on each side of the dormitory.

91. I thought that the food was great at Epuni, I had no problems with it. There was a Māori lady in the kitchen and she used to get me to do jobs. We had to do one month in the kitchen, helping her and learning etiquette type stuff where we had to set the table. The dining room there was actually quite pristine, especially once all the tables were set.

92. We had to do a lot of cleaning at Epuni. I have great domestic skills because of my time in the boys' homes. All my partners, especially my wife have said that to me. We were often on our hands and knees polishing urinals or dusting.

93. Mowing the lawns with a push mower became our education. We had to mow the whole rugby field and that would take all day. If we did not do something correctly then we could be punished by having to do it again.

94. Standing on the line was a form of punishment that happened most days at Epuni. There was always something going missing, especially from the kitchen and we had to stand outside on a painted line for extreme periods of time until the staff found the missing item. The longest I spent standing on the line was a couple of hours. In the end it would all fall to pieces and we would sit down. GRO-B-1 would come along and whack us around the head once we sat down. Often, we would get sent to the locker room, and received what GRO-B-1 was famous for, a beating with the strap.

95. As another form of punishment, the staff would hit us in the pocket money area and confiscate that if we misbehaved.

Education

96. The older boys went to work and some of the boys were going to school. When I arrived at Epuni there were two brand new prefab classrooms, but the staff told us that they were waiting for the school teachers to arrive. I did notice there were boys in uniforms going out the back to catch the train to whatever school they were going to. I think I went to Hataitai intermediate. School did not work for me because everyone there knew where I was from. I think I lasted at school for approximately three weeks.

97. I definitely did not receive a good education like that social worker had promised my mother. I kept wondering when that was going to happen. Most of my time was spent cleaning instead of learning. Some of my mates that went through State care could barely speak when they left the boys' homes at 18 years old.

Physical Training

98. If you were not working at Epuni, your regime consisted of cleaning and physical training (PT). PT sessions would last for a couple of hours in the afternoon and then we had a rest period. During PT we had to run around the field and train in the gym. We had a massive gym there. It was a great gym that was decked out with ropes and everything, but we were forever being pushed in there. We had to do press-ups, sit-ups, climb up ropes and drills with medicine balls.

99. If we couldn't keep up, we would be yelled at. Mr. GRO-B-1 and another housemaster, called Mr. Rewiti, were a big part of that, they'd give us a boot up the arse. Mr. Rewiti was a dark-skinned man who was educated and ex-army, hence his penchant for

yelling. They both used PT as a punishment, but what they didn't think about was that as they pushed us we were getting faster and stronger.

No narking culture leading to a culture of violence

100. One of the first things I learned when I got out of that locked room was the principle of not narking. This meant that no matter what happened to me, from boys or housemasters, I was not allowed breathe a word about it to anybody, or I would be beaten by the person I had narked on.

101. During my first days at Epuni, I was a right little yeller. However, I got the message about not narking almost straight away. This was because I told Mr. Rewiti about how Mr. GRO-B-1 had treated me. The next thing I knew, Mr GRO-B-1 was calling my name over the loudspeaker, so that all the other boys could hear. He was saying: "what's this all about, you little tattletale?" This gave staff and boys a reason to pick on me and I was beaten by the other boys for being a nark.

102. After this, I concluded that the better mode of survival was to toughen up, become violent, and fight back because if I reported anything bad that happened to me, I would suffer repercussions.

Racism

103. The nurse at Epuni was racist and nasty, I do not remember her name. I visited her in the medical room because I was still suffering from terrible eczema and it seemed to me that she resented the fact that it was her job to deal with it all. Her comments suggested that the reason I had eczema was because I was Māori. She would say, "you Māori people need to learn how to live properly".

104. One observation is that the māori staff could be terrible to māori. This manifested in racial slurs and physical violence. This was not the case for all māori, but there were a few pockets of māori house masters who were particularly bad. Mr. Reweti is a prime example of this, when I met him I thought that he was going to be an ally, and a matua to talk to, but he was one of the most abusive house masters I came across. I think that he was embarrassed by his people, I cannot understand why else he would do that.

105. Albeit, all of the staff would use racial slurs, such as "you little black bastard". It used to affect me more when the Pākehā nurses would say these types of things to me. They used to insult me and then say things like "but you're here now and we are going to fix you".

Physical abuse from staff and using boys as enforcers of discipline

106. During my time at Epuni, I was physically assaulted by housemasters on a daily basis.

107. Almost as soon as I arrived in junior wing, Mr. Rewiti took me into an office for what I thought was going to be an interview. However, he shut the door, approached me and punched me hard in the stomach which badly wounded me. He then gripped me by the hair and told me how it was going to be in the wing. He told me that I would be given a hiding if he heard about me talking in Te Reo Māori. I did not respond as I was pretty much speechless after being punched.

108. I think he did that because he'd heard me talking in te reo Māori to my cousins. Mr. Rewiti was Māori, so I thought that it was strange that he was so against us speaking our language. Once I recovered from the punch I said to him, "Well, isn't that funny, I'm sure that's what my mother told me when they were at school, that they weren't allowed to either". I told him that I was going to keep on speaking in te reo māori. At that stage I was swearing at the staff a lot in te reo māori too and I made him aware of that. And he said, "Well, that was part of it, why are you swearing at them all the time?" I said, "Well, you know, I got a hiding the first day off Mr. GRO-B-1 He's been on my back ever since and all the other staff around here just seem to want you to do something". Then he said, "Well, you know, if your mother wasn't a drunk and at the pub right now, you would be there, but you're not, you're here".

109. He then shouted at me to stand to attention. I did, remaining silent. This seemed to make him even angrier, because he punched me again in the stomach and told me to answer him or he would continue to punch me for the rest of the day. At that, I said to him, "get fucked". Then he furiously punched me several times until I fell on the floor and then he sent me out of the office.

110. I was very dazed, but I heard him call out three names over the intercom and within minutes, three boys came into the office. They knocked on the door and went inside the office, after a few minutes they came out with Mr. Rewiti in tow. Mr. Rewiti ordered me to follow the boys so that they could show me how to clean the shower blocks. When we got to the shower block, Mr. Rewiti said he would be back in a few minutes to check on us and then he left.

111. One of the boys started showing me how to scrub down the shower cubicle. I started to work away. Suddenly, without warning, I felt a blanket being thrown over me from behind and my arms were pinned to my sides. I was then repeatedly punched and kicked about the body and head by the boys. The boys then took off.

112. I heard Mr. Rewiti's voice a while later after the beating. I pulled the blanket off. Mr. Rewiti had returned and was yelling at me. He told me I had better not "fool around" because this is what would happen to me if I did. I said nothing in return. From that time onwards Mr. Rewiti had it in for me. If he could not beat me himself, he got the older boys to do it for him.

113. I felt extremely sad after that, although I don't think taking my own life was on my mind in those days, I just felt like I really needed to get away from there. So, from then on, I started to think about running away, that is how I coped with my sadness.

114. Mr. Rewiti and some other staff members like Mr. Weinberg, would give boys cigarettes or extra points for privileges in exchange for doing things for them, such as beating up other boys. I did not realise this until I had been at Epuni for quite a while, and I saw the staff giving boys and cigarettes in return for carrying out such instructions. This was a powerful technique adopted by the staff, as it lowered the chances of the boys banding together against housemasters. Cigarettes were Mr. Rewiti's main method of paying boys for beating up other boys.

115. Often when I saw boys beating other boys, I wondered whether it was just fight or a beating set up by staff member. I think that often when boys had a blanket thrown over them and were stomped, that it was organised by staff members like Mr. Rewiti or Mr. Weinberg.

116. Aside from my initiation stomping, I was only stomped in this manner the one other time, but I witnessed this happening to many other boys. This took place behind the gym, in the garden or in the showers, in fact nowhere was safe. I witnessed boys being beaten, a blanket being thrown over them and then stomped, kicked and punched. I witnessed boys being beaten by other boys who filled pillowcases with tins and scrubbing brushes and swung them to hit the boys.

117. My name would be called out to go to the office and see Mr. Rewiti on a regular basis for doing little things, like not being fast enough, not cleaning properly, or answering back. It was often the same routine, Mr. Rewiti would make me put my head in a locker and my hands on either side of my head. Then, he would pull his strap out. He had a name for his strap: "Percy". He would repeatedly hit me, around my ankles and then on my legs, slowly moving his way up. He would then order me to pull my trousers down. I would refuse and tell him that he was a, "pervert". On about three occasions, he started pulling my hair, and punched me about the stomach, chest and arms.

118. He was clever, as he knew not punch me around the face or head which would leave a mark. I would turn around and try and punch him in return, but I was no match for him. After just two or three punches, he would have me on the ground.

119. Mr. Rewiti made me take off my clothes to be beaten. It seemed to me that he was enjoying my nakedness and vulnerability. He did not touch me in a sexual manner or anything like that, but it certainly felt strange and uncomfortable to me that he would make me take my clothing off to be beaten.

120. Mr. Weinberg was another staff member who was physically violent towards me. On one occasion, one of my cousins and I were in the gym on a trampoline. Mr. Weinberg walked up and ordered us to get off the trampoline. We ignored him. He started shouting at me telling me to get off, so I got off and the next thing I knew, I was on the ground, coming back to consciousness.

121. At first, I thought I'd fallen over and hit my head on the way down, but when I came back into consciousness. Weinberg was standing over me yelling "get up, it wasn't that hard, you should have listened". My cousin told me later that Mr. Weinberg had punched me in the side of my head.

122. It was a running joke amongst the boys that Mr. Weinberg had a metal plate in his head. I remember that the boys, including me, would hold up metal objects to see if they would stick to him when he walked past. On one occasion, a group of us were at work in the garden when I held out a magnet to Mr. Weinberg. I was at arm's length of him, he turned around to face me and asked me if I was going to hurt him. I said, "no" and explained about the magnet theory that the boys, including me, had devised. I guess my attitude was probably a bit disrespectful, but Mr. Weinberg's reaction was something else. He went berserk, hit the shovel out of my hand and went mad with his fists, and repeatedly punched me on my body. Another boy tried to stop him because he had me on the ground and I was pretty much defenceless, but Mr. Weinberg was so frenzied that the attempts of the other boys to help me did not work. Mr. Weinberg did not stop punching me until Mr. Powierza, a more senior staff member, arrived and made him stop.

123. I witnessed Mr. Weinberg hitting or beating other boys about once a week. He had a tendency to explode, first verbally then with slaps, and then with his fists. I also witnessed Mr. GRO-B-1, Mr. Rewiti and other staff members beating other boys.

Verbal and psychological abuse from staff

124. Mr. Rewiti, Mr. GRO-B-1 and Mr. Weinberg were also vicious in terms of verbal abuse towards me. On a regular basis, they would say things like, "Hey boy, I just had your mother", or "you would not be here if your father was man enough', or "your family is hopeless and that is why you are here". I remember that Mr. Rewiti would often say to me, "If your mother wasn't a drunk, you would be at home right now".

125. Mr. Rewiti in particular, I believe, intended to be mean and cutting towards my family. I was very hurt by the comments. The million-dollar question that I would ask myself at Epuni was, "Why am I here?". When I repeatedly heard these comments from staff members about my family I started to believe it. In some ways the verbal abuse was worse than the physical abuse because I didn't know the truth. I knew the truth of a punch, but words were worse because they played with my mind.

126. In addition to the jeers and insulting comments about my family, if I was given a job to do and it wasn't done properly, staff members, like Mr. Rewiti and Mr. Weinberg, would say, "you're useless" or "you're hopeless". As a result of how staff members spoke to me at Epuni, I genuinely came to believe that I was nothing and had no value, and that no one loved or wanted me. Epuni was like a prison to me.

127. I also heard Mr. Rewiti, Mr. Weinberg and other staff members speaking like this to other boys, especially the Pākehā boys or the really young boys. They would say things like, "your mum is a whore" or "your mum is a drunk".

Physical abuse from other boys and culture of violence

128. I was physically assaulted by other boys at Epuni. The bullying and hidings I got from the boys were worse in the older wing. There, the boys were more like men, or at least had the bodies of men. Every wing had a boy who was the boss, there were heavies and their flunkies; the only way to survive was to try your hardest not be a flunky or you would get hell. I watched many boys suffering beatings from both staff and other boys. I was beaten by the boys but did not get as many beatings as some of the other boys, because I had older cousins at Epuni who protected me.

129. Violence was everywhere: when boys were playing sports, when boys were doing their jobs if they slacked-off they would be beaten, and boys would be beaten for their food or money. Usually, if the fight had been 'organised' by a housemaster, the housemaster would just disappear when the fight started. However, if the fight just broke out, usually a housemaster would stop the fight and march the boys to the locker room for a beating.

130. To me, the sad thing was that I could feel myself becoming immune to the violence that was all around me. For instance, after I had been at Epuni for a while, when a housemaster kicked me as I walked past him, it did not feel like an assault because it did not actually break any bones. Broken bones, or severe bruising, came to be the threshold for me.

Sexual abuse from staff

131. I was sexually abused by the night watchman on a couple of occasions. I he was in his late 50s and balding, he wore glasses and I think he was about 5'8" tall.

132. I remember waking up one night in my bed to find the night watchman staring at me. He put his hands under the blanket on my genital area and he was fondling my penis. I remember that I said to him, "What the fuck are you doing?". He shone his torch in my face and then backed out the door. I was terrified and had no idea what to do. I knew what he did was wrong, but I didn't understand what it meant.

133. The next day I told another boy about what the night watchman had done to me and found out that the night watchman was doing the same to other boys. This was in the wing where the younger boys lived and there was a group of us who the night watchman was sexually abusing. We did not know what to do, or who to talk to.

134. The second time the night watchman tried to touch me I started kicking and screaming and made a lot of noise. Even at that young age I was not afraid to attack if I did not like what was going on. That came from asking God for help and him not helping me, after that I felt like I needed to do everything for myself.

135. When the other boys heard the commotion, they came running in. We had a big meeting about it and by then I think they had realised what he was doing.

136. In the end, we decided to tell Mr. Powierza, and after that the night watchman left Epuni. I did not receive any help or counselling for the sexual abuse. The only thing that happened was that Mr. Powierza got all us boys together and had a long and heavy discussion about sexuality and homosexuality. This talk lasted for about one hour.

Rest periods and sexual abuse

137. One of the wings at Epuni used to have a rest period at 2:30pm where we had to go back to our room and lie down for an hour. I think this was meant to be beneficial for the officers as well, so they could have their own time out. But during this time, they would just hope that everything in the wing was going well and it wasn't, because there wasn't any supervision.

138. During rest periods the older boys would often sexually abuse the younger boys and there was no one there to stop them. How could any of the boys lie down and rest when you could hear things like that going on? Older boys would come in with their dicks out and get the younger boys to suck them. I remember hearing a guy saying, "fuck me, fuck me", then we went down there and there was this guy being really weird, we thought, 'what is he doing with his arse?' There was a lot of really creepy stuff going on there.

Suicide and self-harming

139. Epuni was so bad that many of the boys would attempt to take their own life and harm themselves. I witnessed boys self-harming, usually by cutting themselves. Once, I was outside another boy's room and there was blood everywhere after he had cut his wrists. When I asked what happened to him the nurse said, "don't worry about him he won't be coming back". This boy and other boys who cut themselves would be whisked away as soon as possible. We heard that they had been taken to mental institutions and this scared me because I did not want to be sent there.

140. Another boy that I knew who was only eight or nine years old, barricaded himself in a room. He was suffering from severe mental health issues and they took him to Porirua Hospital. When we found out what it was, we thought, 'wow, he's gone to the madhouse'. They never came back after they went there.

141. The concept of taking my own life suddenly became very appealing to me. This was because of all the misery at Epuni. I would often hear other boys crying at night for their mothers and fathers. Epuni was such a terrible place.

Visitors and leaving Epuni

142. During my time at Epuni I had a few visitors: my old man (uncle Wi), one of my older cousins, and my brother who used to hitchhike to see me.

143. Wi took me on a day trip to see my sister in Petone. She had just had a baby and she wanted me to stay with her, but my old man said that I could not stay.

144. I never saw my mother because she could not afford to visit me on the war pension.

145. After about eight months of being at Epuni, I was discharged and was placed in a foster home on 11 April 1970.

The Rangi's foster home: Hastings – 1970 – Age 13

146. The first time that I heard I was being placed in the Rangi's foster home was in the car on the drive to Hastings. I asked the lady driving me, "Why am I going there", she said, "Aren't you lucky, they're related to you", I said, "Oh, are they?" But they weren't. I think social welfare thought that they might be my family because they shared the same surname as my mother, but that wasn't the case. That's what the Department were doing back in those days, they were making presumptions. They had such little knowledge of whānau concepts that they thought if you have the same name as those people over there, then you must be the same.

147. Mr, and Mrs. Rangi were an elderly Māori couple that lived in Hastings. Life there was terrible. I attempted to go along with it, but I didn't last long there.

148. My records state that I never really settled with the Rangi's. That I complained of unhappiness, which seemed to be based on feelings of loneliness and homesickness.

149. The Rangi's were fostering another Māori boy called GRO-B-5. He was a skinny boy that was three years younger than me. Mr. and Mrs. Rangi were beating GRO-B-5 a lot.

150. One of the things I did not like was that they put me into Hastings intermediate. I had to get into the uniform and go to school every day. I hated it. I didn't know about school because I had not been for so long and I was already a year and half behind. Once again, I did not fit in. I gravitated towards the other Māori kids, and they were getting into mischief. I got on well with those kids. They had not been through the homes, but they were rough and ready. I used to be willing to fight and they liked that. When I went back years later those guys were all in gangs.

151. Mr. Rangi was a grumpy old prick who was violent and quick on the back hand. He would dish out beatings on a daily basis. When I got hit from him I knew it, they were open hand whacks and he was a big man, who had big hands. I was only 13 and GRO-B-5 was younger and frailer. I used to get into arguments because of GRO-B-5. I would stick up for him and asked Mr. and Mrs. Rangi to leave him alone. Poor GRO-B-5 was not like me, he could not look after himself.

152. I ran away from the Rangi's on two occasions because I hated it so much there, and I took GRO-B-5 with me, as I could not leave him there alone. The first time that I ran away, I remember being in the bedroom one night with GRO-B-5 and another boy that they were fostering. They both had been crying their eyes out because they wanted to go home. I think at this stage I had been there for about three months and I was sick of it, so I hit the old fella. I pushed him off one of the kids and I grabbed his tokotoko, ,

it was not a Māori tokotoko, it was just a stick. I whacked him with it and then ran. That night we came home, and they tried to pretend that everything was all right. But, we decided that we had enough and that we needed to run away properly, so we packed our gear and we were gone.

153. One of the other frightening things was the way that Mr. Rangi spoke to his wife and the arguments they would get into. I did not like his wife either because she would not let me see my brother. My brother came to visit me at the school and I took him back to their house and then they would not let him in. So, I had an argument with them and I got a hiding from Mr. Rangi. GRO-B-5 was there, and he got an even worse hiding.

154. GRO-B-5 and I ran away for a second time that night. We started walking towards Masterton. I think we got as far as Woodville and went to a friend's house for a feed and they called Welfare.

155. Years later, I had joined the Mongrel Mob and I was back in Hastings. Some of the people in the Mob remembered the Rangi's. They said that they were a strange couple who were actually brother and sister that were in an incestuous relationship. They used to take Social Welfare kids because they could not have any kids of their own.

156. I was at the Rangi's for around three months and then I was sent back to my mother on 18 July 1970. My file states that I continued to commit crimes and was sent back to Epuni.

Epuni Boys' Home: Lower Hutt (second admission)– 1970 – Age 13

157. I was readmitted to Epuni on 2 October 1970. I was not back there for long, only around three weeks. Then I absconded and was sent to Hokio.

158. Not much had changed at Epuni when I was admitted the second time. The only difference was that I was older and more prepared. When I reflected on myself during my first stay at Epuni, I think of myself as a new cry baby. I was back again with more life experience and I understood how the residence operated a bit better. I was older and wiser, and I told Mr. GRO-B-1 that too.

159. Yet again my cousins were there, but it was a whole new set of them. The ones that were in there with me before had been moved on and I was about to catch them up in Hokio.

160. One of the things I told myself then is you have got to stop crying because that's not going to help, and you are on your own here, there is no one to really rely on, so pull your britches up and let's get on with it. This mindset helped me to survive, but it also made me very cold, because from then on, I started to attack people. If I thought

they were going to attack me, then I would try and get in first. Because I was so small, I needed to get in first anyway, to do as much damage as I could. But when I went back the second time I was almost trading places of being a victim, I was becoming the bully.

161. Some of the guys I was kicking with were a lot older than me. I was now watching what was going on, studying the dynamics of the place, what the makeup of the people was, who the bullies were. I did not have time to look at that when I was younger but now I had time to sit back and watch the fire; how to light it and how to get out, not just running straight into the fire.

162. Fighting the way that I had been was not productive for me. I had now learnt about weapons and how to use a knife. I had it in my head that if they were big and strong then I would just stick them. I started to get deviant on how to square up for people.

163. The staff were still using the boys as enforcers of discipline. Mr. GRO-B-1 and I were talking, and our relationship had changed from the first time. GRO-B-1 was trying to get me to aim at people and beat them up for him, offering to give me chocolate bars and lollies in return. Whereas during my first time he was getting people to do that to me. I did not listen to his requests , because I felt sorry for those boys. After my experience at the Rangi's with GRO-B-5, I felt like I was there to protect the weaker younger ones. I would watch to see who the bullies were, which gave me time to see who might turn on me and it gave me time to make a plan.

Absconding

164. During my second stay at Epuni I ran away with some other boys on 12 October 1970. We stole a car and we were not caught for a few days. We managed to get as far as Trentham.

165. We hid out at one of the boy's brother's houses. These guys were older, they had parties and then at night we would go out and burgle. Eventually we got caught and we were arrested.

Secure

166. After being charged with unlawfully taking and interfering with cars we were returned to Epuni on 15 October 1970. We were readmitted through the secure block.

167. In that secure block, Mr. Weinberg and Mr. GRO-B-1 gave us all hidings. They let me know who was in charge while I was in there. They would slap, kick and punch me,

mainly around the body. However, sometimes when they got really crazy they would forget about marking me and hit me around the head as well.

168. The secure cell would have been approximately 4 x 2.5 metres. It had a window with frosted glass that you could barely see out of. The cell was brand new and made of wood, unlike your ugly bare concrete Police cells. The cell had a mattress and blankets that were taken off you at breakfast time. There was a toilet in the cell.

169. There nothing to do. I could not read back then, I was just left to think. The staff wanted me to sit there and think about what I had done.

170. I think the staff came in to give us our meals and you could have a shower. There was an exercise area, which had a high wall with an open top. I do not remember doing any physical training in it, I just had to sweep that area out.

171. There was no interaction with any other boys. I remember one boy used to come up to the window and chat, he asked who was in there. He was running around the field doing punishment.

172. There was no real interaction with the staff either. Except for this guy that used to make me sweep the yard. I guess that was like a form of exercise, because that's the only time that I remember getting out of my cell. He used to make me sweep against the wind. I got so frustrated that I threw the broom down and told him to, "get fucked". While I was sweeping I looked to the heavens and pleaded with God to help me, because what was happening to me was not making any sense. I remember crying and then I stopped praying because God never came. After that I knew that my crying days were over because nothing was going to come to my aid.

173. I was locked in secure for four days I think they kept me in there long enough for my bruises and cuts from the beatings to go down. Mrs. Ambrose came to see if they had gone down enough for me to be let out. I never had stitches or anything. Some of the cuts that I got from Epuni were still visible years later; I still have a split on the left side of forehead that opens up sometimes.

174. During my time at Epuni I went to secure a few other times after fights with other kids, where I was locked up for a day after fighting. On those occasions, the staff treated secure more like timeout and a lot of kids were getting it. Epuni also had an overnight room next to the office that they used like timeout. The next step after that room was secure.

175. I was only back in the main institution for a few days and then I was sent up to Levin.

Hokio Beach School: Levin – 1970 – Age 13

176. I was transferred to Hokio on 22 October 1970 and I think I was there for nearly two years. There was zero discussion with me about going there. They told me when we were driving there. The Social worker said to me, "You know there's a school there". I said, "Yeah, that's what they said about the last place".

177. When I first arrived, it was lunchtime. I got out of the car, walked around the corner and all of the boys were on the line in their grey shorts, tops and jandals. Those were the school kids. I also noticed the older boys. I went straight into the Snell Wing.

178. One of the things that was apparent to me straight away was the privilege system that Hokio was run on. I noticed a big board with everyone's names on it and markers next to them. The more points you had the more privileges you got.

179. The boys ages would have ranged from intermediate-age up to16 or 17 years old. I would say that 45 percent of the boys were Māori and 45 percent Pacific Islanders, I started hearing about all these areas of Auckland that they were from. There were things going on with the Islanders and they were keeping their eyes on us. I had not really encountered any Islanders before, because there were not any in Masterton. Most of the trouble that they caused involved bickering with staff members. I kept out of those things as much as possible.

180. The remaining 10 percent of the residents were Pākehā; I felt for those boys because there were a lot of Māori staff there. I had a good friend who was a Pākehā boy from Motueka, he got picked on a lot and was always yelling for me to help him.

Daily life compared with Epuni

181. I think one of the main the differences compared to Epuni, was that there were less officers there to really keep an eye on everyone, so there was a lot of self-mischief amongst the boys.

182. I got into smoking. We had a shop there, we could not buy them there, but we could run to another shop and buy smokes.

183. We had a bit more freedom for recreational activities as well. There was a river that I spent hours at, going eeling, fishing and kayaking. During the times when the eels ran out that river we would get out there. A lot of the kids could not believe it, they loved it, they had not seen anything like it before.

184. We used to go missing for hours. Security on the place was not as secure as Epuni. But you knew that you had to be on the line for the count twice a day, morning and night.

185. Most of the daily routine was the same as Epuni. Every morning we had to make our bed and then get out on the line. We had a comb and hanky, and our grey shorts had to have a crease down the front. Inspection always got me, I wasn't good at playing that game. I was always told to go back to my room and do my finger nails. But I would often just go back to bed.

Cultural activities

186. No one told us not to speak Te Reo Māori, like they had at Epuni. But by then I was starting to hold back a bit with that after the discouragement that I had encountered at Epuni. None of the guys I knew in there were speaking Te Reo Māori really, although some of the Islanders were speaking their languages. I remember sitting in the homes and waiting for someone to walk in the door, someone who looked like me. My brother used to always give me hope when he would walk into the door for visits, and today I aim to do that for others when I walk through the doors of our prisons.

187. I do remember that Mr Hutch and another staff member, who were both returned Soldiers, told us some great stories. They spoke of Te Rauparaha and some of the Māori history that went on around the lake and in the Horowhenua. It helped to give us an understanding of our history in the area. They were the only Māori lessons that we really got.

Tattooing

188. There was tattooing going on at Hokio. It was not condoned by the staff and you could get charged for it. The older guys were doing the tattoos using a needle, cotton and boot polish. Those guys joined Black Power later on. I have a tattoo on my left hand that is from Hokio.

Initiation and violence amongst the boys

189. On the third night that I was at Hokio a group of boys poured into the room. Me and two other new boys got a 'welcoming' beating from the group of boys who were armed with broomsticks. After the beating I was bleeding from my nose and mouth. I knew I would get an initiation beating, so I was glad it was over. It was a sick cycle of violence. Now that we had our initiation we could join in the beatings when the next new boys arrived.

190. I was knocked out a couple of times at Hokio by some of the bigger boys. I'm not moaning about that; that was me learning how to grow up. You start to learn who the bad ones are, and you keep away from them.

No narking culture and failure of staff to intervene

191. "No narking" was thoroughly ingrained into me and I knew not to complain to anybody about the beatings. This was just as well, because I witnessed many boys being beaten for telling tales and narking. Often, the younger, newer boys would take a while to figure out the hierarchy of boys, with the kingpin at the top, and would be beaten for narking to staff.

192. One time I got into a fight with two other boys. One of them grabbed a hold of me from behind and the other had a pool cue which he was ready to use. A housemaster came in and saw what was going on and asked me if I wanted to lay a complaint. I said, "no" and the housemaster said nothing and left. I knew by then that the best thing to do was to keep quiet.

193. The weaker boys at Hokio had all sorts of things done to them by other boys. They would be stood over and beaten. Some of the housemasters would stop fights and others would stand and watch.

194. There was a family of three GRO-B-6 men that worked at Hokio. Their names were GRO-B-7, GRO-B-8 and GRO-B-9. GRO-B-6 and GRO-B-7 and GRO-B-8 were both housemasters, and GRO-B-9, who was the youngest, was a night watchman. I used to see GRO-B-7 standing by watching fights.

Physical abuse from staff and racism

195. At Hokio I experienced and witnessed physical violence and intimidation from housemasters and other boys almost every day. Many of the housemasters were ex-army men.

196. GRO-B-7 GRO-B-6 was a violent guy who physically assaulted me and other boys. I soon learned that he was too strong to stand up to, because he would chase after me and was fast enough to catch me. Then, he would beat me by slapping, kicking and punching me. These beatings took place when we had conflict. I saw GRO-B-7 beating other boys like this as well. He was pretty mean to the Pākehā boys and I would often see him beating them.

197. I learnt about racism at Hokio, from both staff and other boys. It was the first time that I saw boys being beaten just because they were white. Before this, I was not aware of the anger and violence that could be involved with racism.

198. I resented GRO-B-7 for picking on the Pākehā boys. I was not into the race war that he was fighting. I felt like all of us boys there were stuck in the same boat, so being Pākehā and being Māori really was secondary to us being inmates. So, I had a passion for looking after the weaker Pākehā boys because they really did get a bad deal there. I used to feel sorry for them. Even my cousins and most other Māori and Islanders there wanted to pick on the white boy. In particular, I noticed that they got a bad deal from the Māori officers, they gave them worse punishments like standing out on a line in the middle of the night and running around the back field without stopping.

199. It was hard to get ahead and to get out of Hokio and we were all trying to get points to move up that wall. You had to look after yourself. I learnt that I could not help everyone and sometimes it was best not to get involved. I hated what was going on there with the other boys, they were being picked on because they couldn't defend themselves and I did not agree with that, but unfortunately, I just could not help them all.

200. Another staff member who was violent towards me and who I witnessed being violent towards other boys was Joe Paurini. Mr. Paurini would set fights up in the gym a lot. These fights were like boxing matches. If boys were clashing or there was some kind of conflict between boys, Mr. Paurini would take us to the gym, make us get into a circle and the two boys would have to fight each other inside the circle. You could tell that some of the boys had never been in a fight before. These fights were full-on violent fights until one boy gave up or was knocked out. Some of the fights were short, some were long and lasted about 15 to 20 minutes. Some were bloody affairs. Mr. Paurini would watch and directly encourage the boys to fight.

201. I was forced to fight like this about four times and I witnessed these fights often. In one of my fights I remember that I was freaking out because the other boy was really big. Paurini had moved up to a management role, so I did not stop fighting with all of the other boys looking on. On another occasion I was made to fight my friend, but I knew that he just did not have it in him, so I turned my back and walked away from the ring. But Mr. Paurini told me to get back in there and finish him off. Then M.r Paurini hit me and said, "You started that fight and now I want you to finish it". I felt like Mr. Paurini was a sick prick that was getting off on watching us boys fight and we did not see any sense in it.

202. It was explained to me later that he was teaching us stuff to defend ourselves, but what he taught me is that you settle matters with your fists, and if you look back through my criminal record you will see numerous charges for assault, so that is exactly what I did.

203. Mr. Paurini was only at Hokio for a short while after I arrived and then he was moved to Kohitere. Fortunately, by the time I got to Kohitere, I did not have much to do with him. Although, he was still organising boxing matches over there.

204. I also remember a female staff member at Hokio. She used to slap my face a lot. I resented the fact that she had the power to slap me like that. I cannot remember her name, but I do remember that her clothing was always pretty provocative for those days.

205. Mr. Ansell was another particularly bad staff member, we did not get along because I was always stealing out of the kitchen and he hated me for that. I knew that Mr. Ansell touched and groomed a lot of my friends. He never did this to me personally and I believe this was because he hated me. I recall that many of the younger and vulnerable boys were taken to staff members houses, I saw people in Ansell's car.

206. I used to feel protective over the younger boys who were being exploited, and now I can understand that this is because I could sense that they were not psychologically adapt to what was happening to them and the trauma this was causing them. The younger boys would come up to me and say, "I am being touched" or "That man is sitting on the end of the bed", and I used to tell them to stand up for themselves and to not let that happen to them anymore.

Looking for absconders

207. Another example of how staff set up violence amongst boys came from the way they got us bigger, more powerful boys, to hunt down the absconders. Many of the smaller boys, who were often Pākehā, were unable to cope with the violence and sexual abuse they were suffering at Hokio and would run away.

208. GRO-B-8 and GRO-B-7 GRO-B-6 used to make me hunt down the absconders and bring them back. This happened about once a week and could be at any time of the day or night. I did not like doing that job, but we went out and did it because we were given ice cream. I felt that if I was in the same position then I would not be happy if someone found me and narked.

209. On one occasion, two Pākehā boys ran away. GRO-B-7 GRO-B-6 told me that I had to go out and chase them and bring them back. I remember when I caught up with one of

the boys in the sand dunes, he was crying, and he told me he could not go back. He said that the other boys constantly picked on and tormented him. He told me that if I returned him to Hokio, he would kill himself. I could see the terror in his face, so I pretended that I did not see him and I let him go.

210. Years later, I worked for this boy's father on a tobacco farm. I went to the farm to look for the boy and ended up with a job. Normally when I took boys back to Hokio, they would get a hiding from Mr GRO-B-11 or GRO-B-7 GRO-B-6

Excessive punishments and racism

211. The manner in which housemasters treated me was emotionally very stressful for me. Mr GRO-B-11 was an ex-SIS man and was Scottish. On a regular basis he would punish me by sending me into a big field that seemed to me to be about two and a half times the size of a rugby field. He would make me run, duck walk and leapfrog around the field. He was like a drill sergeant and would scream and yell at me. He would repeatedly thrash me with a stick about my legs, back and shoulders. This physical training was used as a punishment and by the end of it I would be lying on the ground crying.

212. Another favourite punishment of Mr GRO-B-11 was to force me and other boys to move sand dunes down at the Hokio stream for long periods of time. Now these weren't small sand dunes, some of them were as big as a house. You had a shovel and a wheel-barrow, and you had to move the sand dune from one side to the other. We did not learn anything from that, all it did was give us an opportunity to dig tunnels for stashing things that we'd taken from the kitchen.

213. I still had my asthma and eczema and I actually found that going out to the sand dunes helped with that, so at least there was one benefit. Hokio in general helped to clear up my weeping eczema, I was fitter, and the beach time and swimming helped a lot.

214. Another punishment that I remember being made to do, was digging a big hole next to the gym. Little did we know that six months later they would turn that hole into the swimming pool. That was done as a punishment for things like swearing, fighting and being in places you weren't meant to be.

215. Mr GRO-B-11 was also emotionally abusing me by saying that I was, "a useless fucking black bastard". What he said was very hateful.

216. GRO-B-11 was not one of the worst staff members, because unlike some of the others, he was actually disciplining for a reason; to teach us a lesson. So, a lot of the boys did not mind him.

Rumours of staff sexually abusing boys

217. It was probably towards the end of my time at Hokio that I started hearing that some of the staff were sexually abusing boys.

218. I cannot remember the staff member's name, but he was probably in his late 20's and he could speak Te Reo Māori. On one occasion he took us to a marae not far from Foxton. We all knew that he was gay, and I heard that some of the younger boys had been propositioned by him. He had been with some of them, he had them in his room and had felt them up. Mind you, this was all hearsay. But as far as I was concerned what those younger kids were saying was true, they had no reason to lie to us.

219. There was another prolific sexual predator at Hokio while I was there. His name was Mr. Ansell. He had a bit of a limp and we knew that he was ex-navy. He was in charge of the kitchen and his nickname was Chook. He was getting kids to suck his dick.

220. All of the boys had to do a month of working in the kitchen, it is the same through all of the boys' homes. Those were the domestic chores, they involved: learning how to set the tables, washing the dishes in the back, and if you were lucky then you would be making food with the cook. It was like doing Home Economics at a normal school.

221. The stories coming out of that kitchen started to worry me because a lot of my younger cousins were talking about this guy feeling them up and wanting to suck their dick and I did not really understand that. I knew it was wrong, and I guess if it happened in front of me then I would have done something about it, but I never actually saw it, so I did not feel like there was anything I could do about it.

222. I was in trouble so much at Hokio that I never actually got given kitchen duty, so in hindsight I should count myself lucky. Chook did not want me anyway because we were always robbing the kitchen; taking ice cream and cans of fruit.

223. I met up with one of the boys from Hokio years later and he asked me if I knew the cook. He said that he used to play the game with Chook for want of more food and privileges. There was not any actual penetration but there was playing around. I never saw any of that, I just heard about it.

224. I also heard that Mr GRO-B-12 was a sexual predator, as was GRO-B-7 GRO-B-6. Those guys were different because there were violent streaks in them.

225. A lot of the staff there were survivors of the Second World War and got into that type of work to help kids, so they were not all like that.

Sexual abuse from the Nurses

226. The female nurses at Hokio were also sexually abusing the boys. I remember one in particular giving me a medical examination. She said to me, "Now, if you get aroused…". But I didn't even know what that was, I knew what a stiffy was, but these words were different, and she was stroking my penis at the same time. Then she goes, "Yes, that's what happens", and she's stroking it even more to the point where I'm nearly coming and then she drops my dick and turns around and does something else, and I'm standing there like, what? There was a lot of talk amongst the guys around Hokio about that, about how the nurses liked to do that little test on you.

227. That nurse lived onsite and she used to get me to go over to her house a lot, me and another guy. We were not having penetrative sex with her, but we were masturbating and playing with her. There was no way in the world that we thought that this behaviour was abusive at that stage, I was only 13 years old, so I had no idea.

228. These things with the nurses only got worse later on. There was one particular nurse at Hokio that I saw sexually abusing other boys. The nurse lived onsite and the first time I noticed what she was doing was when I got sick I think I had pneumonia and I was sent to the sickbay. My file shows that I was placed in the sickbay on 20 November 1972 for a week due to a sore throat and chest . There were three of us boys in that room. I was almost delirious and when I came around the nurse was crawling around on her hands and knees down by my bed. But what I didn't realise was that there was someone else on the floor, then the guy got up and I didn't really understand what was going on. I could see the nurse's underwear and I felt like I wanted to put my hand down there and touch her, but I did not. The better I got the more I noticed that there were things going on between the older guy that was in there with us and the nurse. He was getting more attention from her.

229. A few days later the nurse invited me to go down to the beach with her. I already knew about her and groups of boys going down to the beach. When I got down to the beach she was in the sand dunes, a long way from the water. She was leaning up against a sand dune and about four young boys (younger than me) were feeling her up, they had their hands between her legs and on her breasts. She was just lying on the sand, moaning. I didn't get involved but I stayed and watched for a while. I had seen a lot and I looked at her differently after that. She was about 60, she was very skinny, quite brown in colouring; I don't think she was Māori, she might have been Egyptian or

something like that. She had sorrowful eyes, eyes that had seen a lot and it didn't go too well.

230. I had quite a lot to do with that nurse because of my eczema. But never until that day did I see that or think of her like that. We always knew about guys going with the nurse, but we did not know exactly what was going on. That was the last time that I went to the beach with her.

231. I felt like I was never really was sexually abused except by the night watchman back in Epuni. That is because I made a rule for myself, that I would never let it happen to me, unless I liked it, which was what was going on with the nurse.

Sexual abuse amongst the boys

232. There was a lot of talk about sexuality again and I am not sure why. This was the first institution that I was in where a guy in the shower room swung his dick at me and said, "Suck it". I just looked at him and laughed, and thought to myself, 'Yeah, come on then, make a move and I'll break that dick of yours'. I encountered that and then I also saw a lot of that on the littler guys. Especially towards the Pākehā boys, because the ratio of Pākehā boys had now increased to about 30 percent of the resident population. They mainly came up from the South Island.

233. I learned that if you make a scene straight away with the boys that were sexual predators then it was unlikely to happen again. So, the guy that did it to me, I kind of got him later from behind, I smashed him with something, and everyone goes, "What'd you do that for?" and I said, "Oh, he wants me to suck his dick, well, that is what I think of that".

School

234. At least the social worker wasn't lying about one thing, there really was a school at Hokio, which had three classrooms. When I got there, I got assessed within the first few days. By then I had probably missed about three years of my schooling. If you look at my records they show that I did not last for long at the school. It was the first time that I had sat down and learnt about social studies and I actually quite liked that. But I could not read or write very well at this time and my schooling at Hokio was pretty useless.

235. I think Mr. Toombs, who was quite old, was in charge of the school. He was a great guy, who was into the outdoors and bush craft. He taught me how to use a compass and how to survive in the bush at night. I was a bit of a bushman anyway from living on

the farm with my father. There were things that I enjoyed about Mr Toomb's class that helped me later on in life. I respected him, and meeting good people like him showed me that it was not all bad.

236. Unfortunately, Mr. Toombs was not my teacher, I was in someone else's class, whose name I cannot remember, I did not like him, and we did not get on. It got to the point that it became untenable for me. He was very violent towards me and I saw him being violent towards other boys. I often witnessed him grab other boys by their hair or neck and throw them out of the classroom. On about two or three occasions he took me to the back of the classroom and punched me in the stomach.

237. Probably after around four months of being at Hokio my school attendance fell to pieces. Mr. Toombs and Mr. Woulfe, who was the manager of Hokio, came to see me to let me know that they were putting a painting gang together to paint the whole of Hokio. I remember being around 13 and they put me in the working gang with the older guys who were probably around 16 or 17 years old. Some of the Pacific Island boys looked like men and that was a big wake up call for me. Fortunately, a lot of those older boys actually looked after me.

Gangs and crime

238. Hokio was where I first learnt about gangs, as there were a lot of boys, especially those from Auckland, who were in gangs. Lots of the Pacific Islanders were talking about gangs and had brothers that were in gangs. There was chat about patches, the Nigs and the Senior Nigs and there were a lot of associations with the Mongrel Mob.

239. I also learnt a lot about crime at Hokio. I had never pinched a car myself before I went to Hokio, but other boys there taught me how to do that. The housemasters must have heard us talking about crime and how to commit crimes, as we would talk about it in groups while having dinner. However, generally the housemasters did nothing to stop the talk. A few of the housemasters tried to teach us right from wrong, but many did not.

Visitors, holidays and leaving Hokio

240. My mother never came to visit me during any of my placements because she could not afford it. My father, Wi, came to visit me once during my stay at Hokio. He took me out on day leave. I did try to tell him what was happening in there, but he said, "You just behave yourself, boy, and get out". I think he was hurting, and he was paying for me to be there, but at that time I did not know that he was paying for me.

241. During holiday periods a few of us boys would be left there with a skeleton crew, that consisted of: Mr. Tom Woulfe, Mr. Looney, who was second in charge and the Nurse.

242. Mr. Looney and the nurse would look after six of us boys that were left there. We would all move into one of the dorms. They would take us out to Palmerston North and we would go to the movies. Sometimes we would go over to a big mental health place called Kimberly. We used to go over there in the car and play with them. I didn't like that either, because the patients there were getting it worse than what we were getting. I witnessed a lot of pushing, shoving and yelling at patients. I heard disrespectful comments from the Kimberly staff members. I remember thinking that the Kimberly patients were worse off than we were, because their staff were mistreating people and they were not even attempting to hide it. I remember feeling very disempowered, I felt helpless in knowing that I could not do anything for them.

243. Every year, three times a year, there were buses there for people leaving Hokio. I was never on that bus and I could not understand why. I used to ask Mr. Tom Woulfe and he said it was because I misbehaved too much. But I would see others going home that were worse than me. I always wondered about that, about why I was not allowed to go home. I thought that maybe it was because my mother did not want me. Because I did move my way up that board for good behaviour, I was allowed additional privileges, yet I still was not permitted to go home.

Secure at Hokio

244. I was sent to secure twice during my time at Hokio. The two cells in Hokio secure were situated closely together in the Helberg Wing. They were empty concrete cells with a prison door, I think there might have been a tiny fire escape door at the back. The bedding came back in at about 6pm. There was a piss pot, but you did not have to use that, you could get up and ask to go to the toilet.

245. There was no PT at Hokio secure, just lock-up. Your meals were dropped off, but there was no interaction with staff. There was nothing to do in there: no pens and no books.

246. I was in secure at Hokio for around five days on each occasion. I think Mr. Woulfe knew that me being sent to secure at Hokio was not really working and so he decided to change strategies and sent me to secure at Kohitere.

Secure at Kohitere

247. In about March 1971, I was taken down the road to Kohitere Boys' Training Centre and placed in the secure unit there for one week, as punishment for converting a car in order to abscond from Hokio. I remember thinking I had hit the big time because it was like a real jail, where everyone is yelling, and you would get hit if you did not move like they wanted you to. I was physically assaulted by staff members while I was in that secure unit, but I cannot recall their names.

248. I had a toilet in my cell and a mattress, which was taken away during the day. The cell was hosed down at approximately 5am each morning. I was then forced to perform excessive PT, which involved push-ups, medicine balls and sit-ups. I was forced to perform PT repeatedly throughout the day. I was up to speed with these sorts of things by then, so I was lucky, I could handle it. Then I would watch others get it from the officers because they could not hack it. You learnt quickly, or you suffered. If they told you to move, then you moved. I never challenged those crews in there. They were another calibre; they were mean.

249. On 31 January 1972, I was once again taken from Hokio and placed in the secure unit at Kohitere for one week, this time as punishment for breaking into a staff member's house and drinking their alcohol The cell was the same as the one that I had been placed in previously and my bedding was once again taken away during the day. The physical training regime was brutal like my first stay there and I was physically assaulted by staff. On several occasions during this stay I was denied food. I was kept in secure for seven days and was readmitted to Hokio from secure at Kohitere on 7 February 1972

250. I think I went back to Kohitere secure unit one more time after this and I was admitted to Kohitere straight from secure, but I may have gone back to Hokio for a short time before being transferred.

Kohitere Boys' Training Centre: Levin – 1972 – Age 14

Initiation

251. I was officially admitted to Kohitere on 26 June 1972, but as I mentioned, I think I arrived through secure from Hokio before that date. I was probably in secure for about a month before I was let out into the main part of the residence. I heard the keys going and I did not say anything to the staff. They said, "Alright, you're to report to Tui Villa" and then I was marched to Mr. Paurini's office and he told me that he expected me to behave myself.

252. That night I received my initiation beating. I had a blanket thrown over me and was punched and kicked by other boys, as was the expected routine by now, so I knew that was coming. I was also repeatedly hit with a pillowcase filled with heavy objects.

253. Kohitere was a lot different from anywhere else that I'd been because there were not any boys there, most of them were young men. I already knew a lot of the guys there from Epuni and Hokio. I was 14 by this stage, but I was quite hardened, I was fit and strong.

254. I think there were around 80 boys in there: 70 percent were Māori, 20 percent Pacific Islanders and probably about 10 percent were Pākehā.

255. Kingpins were in all of the boys' homes that I went to. I was never one, but I saw the fights out the back.

Daily life

256. At Kohitere I worked rather than going to school. Because we were always busy working we didn't have to do PT, instead we played sports. We were prolific sports people. I played for the rugby and the basketball teams. We were so good that we often had to give the opposition team 50 points head start on the board.

257. Kohitere also had some prolific musicians. I asked my mother for a guitar when I was at Hokio because there were already people in there playing classical guitar. That's the only thing my mum sent me. I kept playing and developed those skills at Kohitere and managed to become quite an accomplished guitarist.

258. They had a different kind of punishment regime at Kohitere. I felt like it was more about the privileges, like watching movies and playing sports. You would miss out on playing in a sports game if you were on a charge for something.

259. I do not remember there being any cultural considerations there. Only during sport when we had to the haka.

260. Kohitere's main purpose was training for trades, so you did not have to attend school unless you wanted to. I agreed to do some schooling because I realised I had not really been to school in a very long time and I was actually feeling quite dumb. So, I took up English by correspondence.

The Shearing and forestry gangs

261. Initially I went into the shearing gang because I'd done a bit of that with my Dad. They did not have that many sheep and four of us got through it in three weeks. Other

farmers brought their sheep in and paid the Justice Department for our services. I did that for around four months and then I wanted to go into the forestry gang.

262. They say that those forests behind Levin are the biggest youth made forests in the southern hemisphere. Us boys are still waiting for our royalties from those trees.

263. Our boss in forestry was a great guy called Jim Moses, he was like a dad to us. He taught us everything that we needed to know about forestry, planting and bush craft. He would bring stuff in like potatoes. We would go and set traps for possums and rabbits and then we would make boil-ups. We were working full days. We were given a sandwich box for lunch from the kitchen at Kohitere. But Jim knew that was not really enough for us lads, so we learned how to skin and gut the rabbits and how to cook our own food. By 2pm we would knock off and eat the food that we had cooked.

264. I did forestry up until I left Kohitere, and I really enjoyed it. However, it did have its negatives at times. I was physically assaulted by other boys while working in the forestry gang. I was also injured when I was hit by other boys who were armed with slashers.

Physical assaults by boys and staff

265. On several occasions, staff members were present when I was assaulted by other boys. They did nothing to prevent the assaults, or to adequately punish, or educate the offenders about the negative effects of violence. There was no help to deal with the effects of the physical assaults.

266. On a regular basis, I was physically assaulted and beaten by staff members, whose names I cannot now recall but who worked in the secure block. They would punch and kick me about the head and body. They also stood on me and pulled my hair.

267. I remember being beaten by a staff member called GRO-B-13 who was the leader of the skeleton staff. He was a tall and skinny man who was in a relationship with the Nurse at Kohitere. On at least one occasion, GRO-B-13 also instructed another boy to beat me.

268. Staff members at Kohitere, incited violence by encouraging the use of violence by stronger boys over weaker boys. Staff members forced boys to fight each other as punishment. As a result, I was physically assaulted, beaten, kicked and punched by boys on the command of staff members.

269. I regularly witnessed other boys being physically assaulted, beaten and stomped on by other boys and staff members, including Mr. Paurini, GRO-B-13 and other staff members. Staff members allowed these assaults to take place and they also physically assaulted boys themselves.

270. Mr. Paurini was still running his boxing matches. So, the same thing was going on but there were bigger consequences now because the boys were bigger.

271. In terms of physical abuse from staff there was not as much of that going on. We were in a different league now. The boys were bigger, and they could handle themselves. If there was a riot it would have been easy to overpower the staff. There were some real nutters in there, really dangerous guys who became notorious about five years later.

Verbal and psychological abuse

272. I was verbally abused by staff members and other boys at Kohitere on a regular basis. Staff members psychologically and verbally abused boys themselves. It became standard, that was just the way that we were treated and spoken to.

Self-harm and taking your own life

273. I witnessed other boys at Kohitere harming themselves by cutting off their fingers and causing other injuries to themselves. There was a boy in the forestry gang that would do silly things like lie under the wheel of the truck. We knew he was there, but the bosses did not; we had to yell out and tell them that he was under the wheel again. He had something wrong with him, but I do not think it was a mental health thing; I think it was a Māori thing, a spiritual thing, because he told us he could see ghosts and things. There was not anywhere for boys to get help if they were suffering from things like this or if they had a mental illness.

274. I knew one guy who tried to hang himself in the infirmary. I asked him what was going on and he said it was because of his girlfriend. He said that he had a chat with the nurse about it. I told him to go and see someone in the front. But like I have said, there was no help available.

275. Taking your own life became something that was normalized for me. While I wasn't present when anybody was successful in taking their own lives, it happened so often that I just began to accept it when people would disappear.

Lack of staff training

276. A lot of the staff were not qualified at all, they were trades people, like: plumbers, carpenters and painters. The medical people were hopeless.

277. There was one particular staff member I remember, I thought he was a shady prick, his name was Jim GRO-B-14. He was a Tui housemaster that lived onsite. He was the

boyfriend of the nurse. We knew they were an item by the way he used to come in and bust everything up and protect her. Psychologically he should not have been working there. He would get pissed off with us because of his girlfriend's behaviour. He got knocked out twice when I was there, but it was his fault.

Sexual abuse

278. I was aware that a large amount of sexual abuse was perpetrated on younger and smaller boys at Kohitere. This involved forcing boys to perform oral sex and forced anal penetration of some boys with a broomstick handle. I was told the names of other boys who would perform oral sex in exchange for cigarettes and chocolate.

279. There was one guy that was doing sexual stuff at Kohitere, and I cannot remember his name. I never worried about him because I knew how to protect myself, so I knew I was not going to get in that position. But I was angry because I felt like everywhere I went there were these people who had a tendency toward sexual stuff and I still did not understand it. I thought, 'Christ, what is this stuff?'

280. The only sexual things that I noticed between staff and the boys once again related to a nurse. She was the girlfriend of Jim GRO-B-14 and she was strange, she was in her 30's and she lived onsite. She used to have these fainting episodes in the waiting room and then the guys would touch her to wake her up. Whether the fainting was real or not, no one knows. The boys used to steal her knickers off the line.

Secure

281. I was locked in solitary confinement in the secure block at Kohitere on about three occasions for periods of time of up to three months.

282. As aforementioned, I was forced to rise at approximately 5am and had my cell and my body hosed down by a staff member. The mattress was removed from the cell during the day. During this time, I was forced to perform excessive PT that involved running, press-ups and other exercises in a small concrete compound.

283. On some of the days that I was in solitary confinement I was denied food.

No narking culture

284. It was made clear to me by staff and boys at Kohitere that it was inappropriate to 'nark', this was standard in all the boys' homes and I knew the outcome for anyone who did 'nark'.

Education

285. I had minimal education while at Kohitere, but instead learned about criminal conduct, gangs and violence. I was exposed to and learnt about criminal conduct and activities from other residents on a daily basis, without intervention from staff members who were often present when criminal conduct was discussed.

Leaving Kohitere – 1973 – Age 15

286. The staff at Kohitere discussed me being discharged before I left. The guy that was in charge of my house came and saw me and said that they had to send me home. I actually did not want to leave, but he said that I had been there for too long and that I just had to go.

287. Kohitere was different from the other boys' homes that I had been placed in, in that, we were young men and they were actually teaching us skills that were going to be helpful for us. The other places were mundane, and we could not see the point in them. That was why I wanted to stay at Kohitere, because of the learning, and I started talking to screws.

288. I begged with him not to send me home. I told him that I loved it at Kohitere because it had become a home for me and lots of other boys. I wanted to learn how to get a forestry ticket and drive the trucks and tractors. I said that I would just run away if they sent me home, but he sternly said, "no you won't".

289. He said tomorrow after breakfast you are getting picked up and we will put you on a train to Palmerston. So, I said my goodbyes and I went home.

290. On 7 March 1973 I was discharged from Kohitere and placed in the care of my father.

291. By the time that I was leaving Kohitere everyone was talking about the Mongrel Mob, and about groups like Black Power.

292. I do not recall a social worker visiting me in any of the institutions that I was placed, but I do remember psychologists coming to visit me.

Life after the boys' homes

293. By the time that I came out of Kohitere I had no respect for any culture.

294. I went back to my father's and I worked on his farm doing fencing for around four months. I bought a car and needed to work for him until I had paid off my debts for that. I felt angry at my father for not fighting for me while I was in care.

295. After that I went back to my mother's in Masterton. I remember sitting in her kitchen and it just looked smaller. I could barely talk to my mother because I was so angry at her, for the same reasons that I was angry at my father. I did not trust myself around her because I did not want to get angry at her, but I could feel it brewing.

296. My mother told me that I should go back to school, because I was at college age, but I said, "I'm not going back to school, school's over". But the truth of it was, I was afraid of school because I had not been for so long.

297. While I was back in Masterton I ran into Mr. Looney again. He was now a welfare officer in Masterton and I had to go and see him. He was actually one of the nicer guys at the boys' home, so going to see him did not worry me. He was a gay guy, but I never ever heard of him doing any stuff to boys. I had actually told him while I was in the boys' home what was going on there, but he could not do anything about it.

Borstal – 1973 – Age 15

298. On 9 October 1973 I was arrested and charged with theft and burglary, following which I was sentenced to borstal training.

299. On 31 October 1973 I was discharged from the guardianship of the Director-General. After that I was no longer the responsibility of the Director-General.

300. And so, the second phase of my institutionalisation kicked off. I believe by the time that I was released from the care of the State I was institutionalised. The path was set from the day that I walked into Epuni to carry on down that road. My time in borstals started off the next twenty years of involvement in criminal conduct and jail time.

301. There was a thing about whether or not I should go to Invercargill Borstal or Waipiata, because I think I was only just old enough to get in there. In the end they sent me to Invercargill Borstal. When I arrived, I walked into an octagon and I was in the NAs (New Arrivals). I was already flexing myself for the first person to piss me off. There were now hundreds of boys, compared with the boys' homes.

302. I was young when I was there, but I was fearless. I loved it there because I was in my element. Masterton ran that Borstal. Lots of my cousins were in there; they were the kingpins. So, everything became easy for me and I could ride off it.

303. I would say that around 70 percent of the boys there were Māori and the remaining 30 percent were Pacific Islanders, Asians and Pākehā.

304. My second leg in borstals was not as cruisy because most of my cousins were gone. But I was ok, by then I would not take any shit anymore.

Confronting my father

305. Years later I had it out with my father about why he sent me back to my mother. It was exactly how I thought it was. I was too sick. He started telling me what he did not like about me and my behaviour. He said that he had heard that I was using weapons and he did not understand why I was doing that. I said we come from that sort of race that was into tribal fighting.

Impact

Gang culture in New Zealand and joining the Mongrel Mob

306. For me joining gangs was about turning my back on society and my Māori culture. Both had abandoned me, so I disassociated from them. That was our message, nobody gave a shit about us, so we might as well tear it up.

307. I hated authority in any shape or form. I resented my people because I thought at that stage, that my mother and father had not fought for me. It is only in hindsight that I now know they did not know how to.

308. I hated everybody at this stage in my life, I also hated Pākehā because once I got out I noticed that everything seemed to be unfair to me. During the 1970s and 1980s the disparity between Māori and Pākehā in society markedly increased.

309. I could not settle at home with my family and so, so I ended up going to Hastings with a girl from Masterton, I got a job in the orchards and before I knew it, I was at a party with the original members of the Mongrel Mob, forming the red coats. It was the links that I had made in Hokio and Kohitere that led me to join the Mongrel Mob when I was 16 years old. I loved it because I already knew them, so I felt more at home with the Mob members after the boys' homes than I did with my own family. I had been disenfranchised from my family; I thought that my mother and my father had turned their backs on me.

310. In the 1960s and 1970s gangs in New Zealand really kicked off because the boys' homes were feeding them with disenfranchised young people who were not nurtured from either side, neither by Māori nor by the State. That is definitely where the five or six years that I spent in State care had pushed me, and not just me, but hundreds of other unhappy Māori kids, who weren't sure of themselves in any world. They did not have any education to stand properly in the Pākehā world and they could not speak Te Reo, so they could not stand in the Māori world; which left us to our own devices. Looking back, it is clear that we were suffering from extreme identity issues, which lead us to disown māoridom and also pākeha, in choosing the gang, we were rejecting both.

This was evident to me as soon as I learned that my birth father served in the 28th Māori Battalion. It made me think differently about turning up to ANZAC day commemorations in a swastika. I believe that things may have been different, if I had a better understanding of where I came from, and a better connection to my māoritanga.

311. The real truth of it is that society and the use of Social Welfare legislation gave birth to the gangs here in New Zealand, because it created this vacuum of us feeling unwanted and that nobody cared. So we were lead to think "why the fuck should we care?".

312. It was not just me, it was also my cousins that were in State care alongside me, we all ended in one gang or another, not necessarily the same gang. But they turned to gangs for the same reasons that I did.

313. I spent time in the Mongrel Mob, during which time I was a senior member. I left the Mob officially in 1995.

Criminal conduct

314. My life started off disastrously. I was taken from my mother and then went through a succession of boys' homes, borstals and prisons, all the way up to maximum.

315. I have an extensive criminal record which is what I was groomed for in the boys' homes. That was where I learnt about violence and crime; those lifestyles were ingrained in me. I have exhibited violence for much of my life, until I left the Mob and turned my life around.

Loss of connections with my whānau and my Māori culture

316. I feel that living in Social Welfare institutions caused me a lot of damage. The biggest one was the breakdown of my family unit. When I came home after living in the boys' homes, I felt like I had no links to my mother or family. All of the bad things that the Housemasters had told me about my mother and my family stuck in my mind and I did not know how I felt about them. I have now reconnected with my family members again. I feel like the loss of my family was one of the worst things about living in Social Welfare care.

317. I have been disconnected and alienated from my family and my Maori culture as a result of what was drilled into me in comments by housemasters regarding my family and from my culture by the lack of acknowledgement of my culture and ways. It felt to me that when I lived at Epuni and Hokio, I was considered to be "brown trash". I was lost in a sea of brown faces.

318. As a result of not being allowed to speak Māori while I was in the care of Social Welfare, I lost my proficiency in Te Reo Māori. It has taken a lot of work to regain that. I started to reconnect with my Māori heritage when I was in prison. There was an old Māori lady that did community work in both Mount Eden and Paremoremo. She brought three women along to start Te Reo Māori programmes in the prison. The boss of the Mongrel Mob ordered us all to go. I knew a little bit, but hardly anything compared to them. I went to the classes and I fell in love with these women, their mannerisms and how they taught us. They reminded me of my mum and what she should have been like. My hunger for the language grew from there.

319. I'm writing a book about falling in love with being Māori again, which is a contrast to my stance previously. I've realised that there is immense value in it.

320. My iwi, Ngāti Porou, originate from the East Coast of New Zealand. A lot of them moved down to the Wairarapa in the 1820s and started to plant down there. My iwi have a rich history and I now know my cultural connections to both areas.

Psychological impact

321. I have persistent memories of the abuse I suffered and experiences flashbacks of this abuse.

322. I also have suffered emotional instability, anxiety and depression as a result of the abuse that I suffered.

Drug and alcohol addiction

323. I have abused drugs and alcohol as a result of the abuse suffered while I was in State care.

324. Alcohol was never my real problem, I could take it or leave it. While I was Sergeant at Arms in the Mongrel Mob I never drank. So, by the time I got out of prison it was easy not to drink.

325. But the drugs were a lot harder to give up, they were my vice, that's what I liked. I began abusing drugs on release from borstal in 1974. I became addicted to heroin and prescription drugs and remained addicted until 1985.

326. Drugs were a big thing in the 70's. You also get into them because of your own lack of insight. You think these drugs are making you happy, but long-term they aren't. They are having more of an impact on your internal organs than you know.

327. I became addicted to pharmaceuticals while I was under a Psychiatrist who I went to see once the doctors told me that I was going blind. I got angry, I took it out on the screws and then it spilled out onto the inmates. I started taking medication to calm me down. But it got that bad that some of the drugs they had me on probably would have knocked a normal person out, but I managed to keep up on them and enjoy them. I was hooked.

328. When I first got out of jail I went bush about two years. The Mongrel Mob bought 10 acres of land in Tuhoe that they set aside for a timeout for families. So, I moved down there with my sons and their mother. There were no drugs allowed apart from marijuana and that is how I got past my addictions.

Relationships with women

329. I have had difficulties forming and sustaining relationships with women. I was violent to all of my women. It is hard for me to say that now, but I was. I did not know any better and I did not receive any treatment for that. I held a lot of anger and rage inside me and I would lash out and hurt them.

330. I also have had difficulties trusting and relating to people.

Relationship with my children

331. I am a father, and a grandfather today. Unfortunately some of my older kids did not want to know me for years. I was a druggie and a gang member for years, and those kids hated me because of what they saw. They saw an ugly person barking at their mother, a man who was actually their father, but was incapable of loving like a father should.

332. Through my associations I was bringing people into my home that I later on found out were poison.

333. I am still working through it with those kids. My conflicts now are mainly around my children and trying to explain to them why I behaved like I did. I could not sit down and explain why I was like that though, and I could not explain why all my cousins were like it too.

334. The kids that I had later on, after my gang life, know me differently. I have the perfect relationship with them. I was not a gangster then. I had realised how women should be treated and how to be a father.

335. I am still healing, especially with my daughters. It is a lengthy process. They love their mothers and it's their mothers that I hurt more than anything.

Employment

336. I have had severe disruption to my life in terms of occupational, social and personal functioning.

337. My past and future ability to sustain employment has been affected because of the abuse suffered as a State Ward. The State failed to ensure that I was provided with care arrangements which promoted my education, life skills, and social skills.

338. My ability to obtain suitable employment has also been hindered by the fact that I was placed with other young criminals in a violent, abusive environment which encouraged, promoted, and taught criminal conduct and behaviour instead of guiding or providing me with the skills for me to obtain lawful employment.

Turning my life around and leaving the Mongrel Mob

339. Sometimes people come along in your life that change your view, that man for me was Peter Love. He came to Pare (Paremoremo) and at the time I was part of the Pare Mongrel Mob. I was not in a very good place because I was coming down off drugs and I had just been diagnosed as blind. He ran a hui with the gang members about pacifism; he talked about passive resistance against the Crown. The Māori men that were involved in that resistance were arrested and sent to Dunedin and most of them never came home because they died of influenza. That story struck a chord with me because I knew a lot of prominent gang members that were there. I thought are we really on the right track here? Or are we still marginalised from those early days? Are we still living that life? We went through a stage, but we overstayed the time.

340. While I was in the Mob I liked what I heard about the Māori side, but there were things that I strongly disagreed with, and those things made me realise that I was on the wrong side. There was a culture of violence against women and I tried to tell them never to touch women again. I was Sergeant at Arms at the time and I put a warning out to the guys. But within a couple of days one of them had defied me, so I de-patched him and gave him a hiding.

341. By the time the 1980's rolled around I knew I needed to be out of the Mob. The doctors in Pare told me that by the time 1990s came around that I would be blind. It gave me a perfect out and I had the mana to be able to do that. I put it on them, "You are not going to look after me when I go blind are you?"

342. I am' lucky I did it there; I quit Mongrel Mob while I was at Paremoremo Prison. I had time to think about it and to plan and part of that plan was down to Peter Love because he talked about Māoridom.

343. I linked up with the Blind Foundation while I was in Pare and engaged in a korero about what it would take for me to learn brail and how I could live when I went blind.

Becoming a social worker

344. One of the conditions of Peter Love helping me was that I lived with him when I was released from prison. He suggested, "Why don't you go to school? Why don't you become a social worker? You are always telling me that there were never any Māori there to help you".

345. I thought, 'maybe he's right' and that was what drove me to social work. Mind you, it took me a while to convince the Epson teachers to take me. They thought as a Mongrel Mob member I must be a rapist. But I asked them to look at my criminal history and they saw that there were no sexual offences and they let me in.

346. Peter Love believed in me and gave me choices. Before that my life was structured around gangs and they dictated exactly what I did. I had to steal something or give someone a hiding and I did not know if what they were saying was true. I got sick of it. Meeting Peter Love was a liberating thing and it changed my life. It just shows that one person believing in you can really change your life.

347. When I embarked on my studies my intellect was ready to go because I had never used it before. Although I struggled a bit because I had to give up one thing, I could not do everything at once and so I gave up learning Te Reo Māori to go to social work school. I knew that Te Reo would always be there and I had to learn to earn a living because I could not do any of the things that I used to anymore, I could not see well enough to fence or shear.

348. I got degrees in: Social Work, Social Sciences and Counselling. I got all of those tickets because after all those years of no schooling I wanted to find out where I was at, and I found out that I was pretty good. I now promote my cultural skills over my social work skills, but they are all part and parcel. I like to provide a cultural element, that is now the most important thing to me.

Redress

My claim

349. Peter love suggested that we go and see Sonja Cooper to discuss making a claim for the way that I had suffered throughout my time in care. Peter said that I had to go with him. I was reluctant, but it wasn't all about me. I went to see Sonja in 1999 and it wasn't until 2012 that I got paid out. So, in total it took around 12 years.

350. I brought a civil case against the Ministry of Social Development (MSD). The trial was to do with redress and what was a fair mark for what I had suffered while I was in care.

351. When I walked out of the Court House after I was a witness for Sonja in someone else's claim, someone from MSD approached me and said that they wanted to have a meeting with me. I took Peter Love with me to that meeting and we discussed an out of court settlement. We proposed that they award me $300,000 in compensation and they just laughed. Then out came the fast-track process and the cap of $20,000. I did not know anyone else that had been paid out, so I did not know what a reasonable amount was. So that is what I got. I took the money to really shut it off and round off my unfortunate start in life. MSD were not going to budge, and we did not know how to make them move. I said why not give me job and they said, "No, take the money".

352. I did dispute something with them. I found out that they had headhunted my father, Wi, and made him pay for me to be in Epuni, Hokio, as well as Kohitere, because they realised he was rich, well, compared to my mother. So, they taxed my father over the years for my maintenance. I wanted to want to know what that was per month and how many years they billed him for.

Thoughts on the redress process

353. I found the redress process to be a bit like a slap in the face. It is like being retraumatised. MSD locked us up back then and now they want to shut the book on what all the workers that were hired by them did to us.

354. There was no transparency because MSD were assessing themselves. To me, MSD having that level of power is not on and it is unfair having that up and down the country.

355. I don't think waiting 12 years for compensation is reasonable, nor is the cap they set of $20,000.

356. I think calculating loss of earnings is the wrong way to go about it. There is no measurement for our age group of what we could have been earning. So, it is not a reasonable measure.

357. I had some really good, hard out negotiators, but you get in a room with MSD's people and they have got four lawyers in there. I did not even know how to begin to argue my point with all of them in the room. MSD do not want to pay you until they realise that if Sonja wins the case, then the truth will all come out. But I think at that

stage MSD were holding off because Sonja actually was not winning cases and that was largely because of the Statute of Limitations.

358. I am used to the Crown because I am used to criminal proceedings. I think where MSD go wrong is by relying on the Statute of Limitations; it negates our power in that arena, because there is no doubt it is what happened. But because people are negated they cannot get their day in court. That statute disempowers us.

359. As I said, I was a witness giving evidence for a trial in Wellington with Sonja Cooper. The claimant was a guy that had been in Hokio probably about seven years after I had been there. He was talking about the fact that if two kids were having an argument the officer would make them fight it out in the boxing ring in the gym. What they were talking about was whether that was conducive to our growth or were they trying to teach us to protect ourselves? I said to the Judge, "Well, the only thing I learnt from that, your Honour, is that I settled everything with my fists". What really stood out to me, was that the Judge nodded in agreement that Mr. Paurini had taught me how to be violent by organising those fights.

360. Sonja said to me that there had been a breakthrough in that trial because Mr. GRO-B-3 had admitted what he had done, but she said, it is not great for you because of the Statute of Limitations.

361. They did things during the 70's and 80's, like putting us in family homes, foster homes and boys' homes. They were the ones within the Statute of Limitations because they did not take notes during those times. Lots of stuff has been lost and is blacked out. That is just part of what the State does.

362. I think a lot of people just took the money because they were sick of it. For me it was nothing to do with the money. What I really wanted was an apology to my mother and father. And also, an apology to my first six children, because they are the ones that had to put up with the prick that was left after all of that.

Where things went wrong

Failings within the boys' homes

363. When I was in the boys' homes I noticed that a lot of the boys were suffering from mental health issues. I did not know or understand this back then. But now that I am a Social worker and I look back, I realise that is what was wrong with them. Some of those boys were into self-harm and some were into harming others. When they went into attack mode they did not distinguish between us and the officers.

364. I think that for certain cases there is a need to take these boys away from the general public for treatment. But they need to be supervised to ensure that they do not harm themselves. You cannot just leave a kid in a room, like they did when they locked them in secure.

365. Boys were placed in secure for too long. I have learnt through my own kids that cooldown periods do not need to be excessive. You only need to sit them down until they calm down. This should not take longer than half an hour or an hour at the most. The time period does not need to be excessive and it does not need to be overnight. You usually start behaving when you realise what you have done and what the consequences are.

366. Another element to consider is the impact of abuse on our whenua. I think it is atrocious that these institutions were built on māori land. We were imprisoned on our own whenua. This revelation was a huge wake-up call and a slap in the face for me. I am unsure whether iwi were gate-keepers in the sense that they were allowing these institutions to exist on our whenua, but in any respect, it is difficult to comprehend the impacts of the hara that played out on our own whenua. From an iwi level, it is vital that we as māori are no longer incarcerating our own people – we must leave this to the Government. Such practices are born out of colonial thinking, and as māori we must hold our role as kai awhina, through support and rehabilitation.

Failings of the State

367. I think the laws back in the 1960's talked Māori people into going along with what they were doing and part of what I see now, in hindsight, is that when you take children off people, it creates an industry. There were a lot of people being hired to run these places. I think there's a whole industry around just managing children that are under the State. I think it gives the State a purpose, but I do not believe that the intent to make us better humans or young people was ever on the table. I think it was always about numbers and what happened was that a whole level of industry began. I think that Masterton in particular was plagued by this industry and it is still ripe over there today.

368. Those that worked in the State care industry were caught up in their own design of what they were doing. There were many well-meaning adults within the industry, but they had no qualifications and no knowledge of how to work with kids in such big groups. I think people thought if they had four kids at home then they could do it, but they could not, it is totally different. So that was why a lot of the staff were hitting us, because they hit their breaking point and they could not handle us.

369. Māori were hurt the most in this whole thing because of passive legislation. The State was racist in its approach to breaking up Māori families and maraes. I knew a lot of Māori children that should not have even been in State care. They were from good money, but I think it was another effect of colonisation, disenfranchisement and destabilisation. The over-protection by the State in the 60's and 70's should be happening now, and it is to a certain extent. But the State failed in the past because they did not really have a plan.

370. This system created a certain type of men who I know are to blame. These are the men that have a lack of empathy, who fail to connect with their partners, then throw the gang thing on top of that and it becomes mess. That was how I used to be. We have made a mess for society, but also, we have made a mess for families. I worked as a Social worker at the Starship Hospital for six years and some of the stuff that was happening to the kids that were brought in was disgusting.

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: 27 July 2021

Annex A

Consent to use my statement

I, Wiremu Waikari confirm that by submitting my signed witness statement to the Royal Commission of Inquiry into Abuse in Care, I consent to its use in the following ways:

- publication on the Inquiry website;
- reference and/or inclusion in any interim and/or final report;
- disclosure to those granted leave to appear, designated as core participants and where instructed, their legal representatives via the Inquiry's database or by any other means as directed by the Inquiry;
- presentation as evidence before the Inquiry, including at a public hearing;
- informing further investigation by the Inquiry.

I also confirm that I have been advised of the option to seek anonymity and that if granted my identity may nevertheless be disclosed to a person or organisation, including any instructed legal representatives, who is the subject of criticism in my witness statement in order that they are afforded a fair opportunity to respond to the criticism.

Please tick one of the two following boxes:

☐ if you are seeking anonymity

☑ if you are happy for your identity to be known

Signed....

Date.....

GRO-C