

13.4.2019...

1.

Officer in Charge,  
ROYAL COMMISSION into VICTORIA's  
MENTAL HEALTH SYSTEM.

P.O. Box 12079,  
A'Beckett Street,  
8006,  
Victoria, Australia...

Dear Officer in Charge,

1. This is the sanitized version of several attempts to put the years 1943 to 2019 into perspective in a way that any reader would not be likely to suffer permanent mental damage.

2. I don't want what happened to me, to damage others by default. It is difficult for me to prevent that.

3. What follows is very, very personal, has left me the way I am, and has been almost impossible to convey in writing.

4. I wanted to keep you and your team fully and fairly informed as my Doctor [REDACTED] of [REDACTED] has told me to do.

5. It is not possible that I do this.

6. Already what I want to mention has been cut down by 50% for reasons that should become obvious as this unfolds.

7. CONDITIONS FOR TYPING:

Over several previous days I have started at various times for a number of reasons. I live alone and have a loyal tomcat for company when he is not out on catpatrol.

8. The best for me is; I start this at 1800 hours and continue until 0300 or 0400 with a meal at about half way; which is 0100 tonight.

9. I can still try and get some sleep before sunrise and hope to continue sleeping during the day as I used to do when I was a Highway Patrol officer at [REDACTED]. That job never went overnight, as those familiar with any Highway Patrol roster will be quick to notice. I had to supplement my police pay with other work as I could find it to support my four young sons and my (then) wife. There should be a photo of my last police car attached.

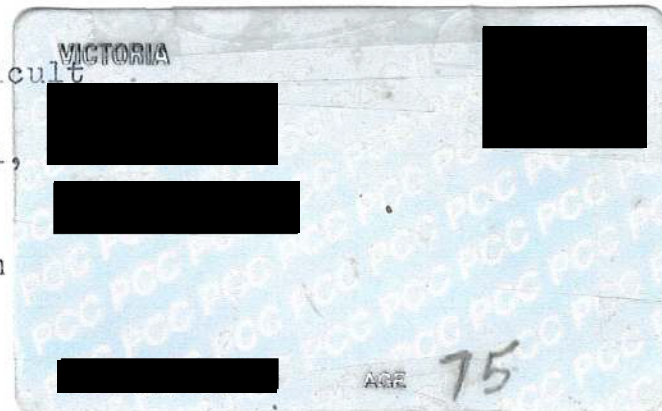
10. My military (Australian Army) training made me comfortable with cold meals straight from the can. I will continue that habit tonight and every night until this is finished and in the post to you. HEINZ "BIG EAT" Chicken and bacon casserole awaits. It looks good already.

11. Some of the detail in this has never been revealed, or has never been fully exposed because it was too sensitive (in my view) for others to cope with. Some of it was too sensitive and difficult for me to convey without disabling emotions no one should ever see. Not if I can help it.

12. One of my aims is to mention that 'LOVE IS NOT LUST'.

13. As far as I can tell lust is pursuit of pleasure by sexual means with or without consent of the victim (or other party) and with no chance of or intention to produce children as God intended. Force may or may not be used. Love is, as far as I can tell, spontaneous lawful desire before God and man which has the chance of a long term comfortable relationship which may produce children under normal conditions. Sometimes children are not

see page 2.





2.

13 (continued) possible for biological or other reasons. Alcohol and/or drug injection, as one example.

14. 1943; the year I was born is significant even though I was not old enough to understand what pathological psychology was. The basis for disturbance of my evolving psychology is formed in that year and the next 10 years mainly supervised and managed by my devoted neglected mother Margaret [REDACTED] who died in 1970 aged 65.

15. 1943 to 1948. Mum tried to raise me alone. She was both mother and father to me, as best she could. Accordingly, and this is not intended as criticism of anyone, I had no sex education at all. It should be mentioned that Mum was born in 1905. When I was born she was 38. There are conclusions that medical people can draw from that if they wish to. My sister Margaret was nine years old when I was born.

16. 'FATHER' I can get upset and nasty with this term. I had no father in person. He [REDACTED], died 1979 aged 79, as far as I can tell) was father to us four children in name only and none of us, none of us, can ascertain why he did what he did.

17. There were no psychologists and social workers for returned service people (Army, Navy and Air Force) 1943 to 1948 that we knew of. I hasten to add that my brother [REDACTED] died of multiple organ failure in 2017. My older sister [REDACTED] died in 2016 of age related (obscure) factors that I am sure had a dramatic psychology behind them. I know that [REDACTED] had electricity shocks to her brain due to 'incurable' depression in about 1970 with the consent of her husband. This was never explained to any of us [REDACTED], or myself). When she died there was no body. All of us at her funeral were told she had asked for 'special arrangements' and that there would be a casket but there would not be a body in it. So a funeral could take place and conventional relatives and friends might find 'closure' (which none of us understood.) [REDACTED] had eleven children and raising them in a Catholic environment was very, very difficult. The surviving children (I will explain this further in a few lines) closed ranks and would not say what had happened to their mother's body. There was no precedent for this and no reason was given other than ('It was her wish').

18. SUICIDE of [REDACTED], [REDACTED]'s daughter. I don't know how old [REDACTED] was when she was raped by her brother [REDACTED]. He did three years in jail but she took her own life on the basis that she was dedicated Catholic and did not want to be mother to her brother's child. I knew nothing of this until it was 'all over' perhaps because I was living in Queensland 1979 to 1993. I can not give you the date of her ([REDACTED]) suicide. She was to me a lovely little lady and always will be. There is a Coroner's report but I don't have enough money to get one.

19. 1948 to 1958.

As mentioned in previous correspondence, the years of the Second World War were rife with mental health problems left unattended in Victoria. The post war years were no different.

20. As far as I can tell my father was a R.A.A.F. a cook who held the rank of Warrant Officer grade 2. Lesser ranks had to salute him. He came back from 'fighting the Japanese' in Borneo and Sarawak in Nov. 1943 when I was born. In the overlap years 1943 to 1979 (thirty six years) I only saw him 3 times and never did get to talk to him at all. One 'appearance' was a family gathering at White Hills and he would not talk to me except in passing. I had a young wife and a baby son then (1966, from memory). He was at my police graduation. I remember him in uniform. It was the uniform of a member of the CORP of COMMISSIONAIRES' a freemason based security firm which was surrounded by secrecy. I confronted him in Collins Street in about 1961 when he, in uniform and with a briefcase handcuffed to his wrist (not armed as far as I could tell) and managed to get into a lift with him at 100 Collins Street. He said; "Who are you?" I was momentarily shattered. 'I am your son, [REDACTED]' He could not spare any time for me.



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21. Some of these distressing matters are hard to recall because I have actively and persistently repressed them decade after decade.

22. I have not fully canvassed the years up to 1958.

23. 1958 to 1968. I have moved house three times in eighteen months. I can not find school certificates and other documents or historic items that might improve my memory. I survived a stroke in 2000.

24. HIGH SCHOOL ABUSE YEARS: [REDACTED] brutal methods.

I was twelve or thirteen when I attended [REDACTED] College in McEw St. Bendigo. Even at primary school I was a 'slow learner'. I was born sick. I was a sick child most of the early years. Asthma was constant terror for my Mother. Both her sons had the lung disease. I was born with a disease of the complete spine that went un-diagnosed. Mum would tell me again and again, when we walked together, 'Pull your shoulders back and stand up straight.' Neither of us knew that I had SPONDYLITIS, which is incurable. I still have it.

25. At [REDACTED] one of the brothers had the same attitude and I suffered for it. Mum and brother [REDACTED] both thought I was walking like that on a deliberate basis. Dr. [REDACTED] lived nextdoor to the College, he treated me for asthma and for allergies. He got on very well for about 15 years.

26. [REDACTED]; alcoholic womaniser and brutal psychotic. [REDACTED] sometimes had a strange smell about him when he was right close to me in class. Like sex education, no one told me about alcoholism. It was whiskey I could smell and [REDACTED] had a flask he used frequently, even in class when he thought no one was looking. Of a night he would have the evening meal with the other brothers and 'go to bed early'. He may have slept for an hour or so, but only until he was sure everyone else was soundly asleep. Then he would knot the bed sheets and go over the balcony to spend time (all night) at the pubs and in the company of Bendigo's ladies of the night. Some unconfirmed reports say he was brutal with some of the prostitutes.

27. At about age 13 my fragile relationship with my teacher [REDACTED] and with [REDACTED], just got worse and worse. One Friday night [REDACTED] ordered me to stay behind for remedial class work. He smelled strongly of alcohol but I did not know what it was. I sat at my desk and tried to work on lessons he had been teaching during the day. He abused me after all the other boys had gone. 'I will fuck you; you little shit.' He was very angry and I did not know why. "What is wrong [REDACTED]?" He repeated what he had just said. I did not take it literally, as I had no sex education at all. He wore a thick cassock with buttons top (throat level) to bottom (at about ankle level) held with a thick leather belt 2½ inches wide and ¼ inch thick. He took it off and I took a deep interest in my books and desk lid. He came slowly close to me at my desk and when I looked up at him he had undone all the buttons of his cassock so it was open full length. He had nothing on - no underwear; no trousers, just socks and shoes. I saw an adult penis up close for the first time and did not know what to say, nor did I know what to do. He pulled me face down onto the desk top and, with one hand, pushed my face into the top edge of the wooden desk so that it hurt. I felt a very strong impact on my back up at shoulder level and screamed in pain. He said something in coarse language but I was struck again and again. He had pulled my shirt and singlet up and covered the back of my head with it, I could not move very well. He struck two more blows, but I was able to twist sideways just once and saw he was doing something with his hand on his genitals. In hindsight he may have been trying to masturbate in between blows. The alcohol would not permit an erection and that was making him very angry. In hindsight (I know of the [REDACTED] evidence) he may have had a plan for some sort of penetration.

see page 4.



4.

28. For the next few days no one spoke to me. I knew Mum had had a dreadful confrontation with the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was treating me for the five red raw belt marks on my back from the buttocks to the shoulders and I had a lot of trouble sitting in class and walking for about three weeks. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] still took the classes as before. He did not smell funny anymore. He never spoke to me again. He is dead now.

29. CLASS BOXING THRASHING SUPERVISED BY [REDACTED].

I did not get on well with the bully who always sat next to me. He punched me in the same spot on my shoulder every day until it was super painful. [REDACTED] knew my father never came to the College. He ignored me in the main. I did not learn much from his teaching.

30. One friday afternoon after lunch, [REDACTED] ordered the other boys to clear all the desks to the sides of our main classroom, the one with the biggest floor space.

He had boxing gloves in his hands and talked quietly to the boy who was bullying me, [REDACTED], the son of a wealthy freemason, a donor to the College. We had 33 boys in our class. [REDACTED] got [REDACTED] into his gloves and fitted him with a mouth guard. I had to pull on the smelly old gloves left to me by myself. I had no mouth guard. [REDACTED] had a soft leather headgear protection helmet. I had no such thing. The [REDACTED] blew a whistle and thirty class mates went wild as [REDACTED] punched me senseless until I went down in pain, bleeding from the mouth, eye and ear. As I screamed in pain on the floor the other boys cheered and jeered, and none of it was for me. It was all for [REDACTED], so he kicked me hard on the testicles as I lay on the floor. I was in agony as he kicked me again from behind and connected with my right testicle.

31. Dr. [REDACTED] saw me as I was leaving to walk home 3 miles with my pushbike and school bag. He said; "You will have trouble with that right testicle when you get older, there is nothing that I know of to help, other than surgery to remove it." I know he saw the [REDACTED] that night. I know Mum was called to the College and complaints were made about my low grades. It was suggested that I leave the College without attempting Matriculation (University entry).

32. At this time (2019) I have a nose that is not straight. I had an operation in about 1967 or 1968 when I had private health insurance to straighten the septum so I could breathe properly.

33. As at 2019, my right testicle is the size of a island coconut, I estimate the right testicle to be one hundred times the size of the left testicle. I gave sexual pursuits away in 1990 a activity was far too painful.

34. After that it was not POSSIBLE for me to attend class at [REDACTED].

35. Again and again I went to night school to try and complete my highschool education; [REDACTED] night classes, [REDACTED] near [REDACTED], and others I am unable to remember. In about 1981 the University of Queensland took account of my night school certificates and granted me Special Entry. That was the start of three University degrees.

36. Literally I was bullied and bashed out of the College, which was not just unfair and unlawful, it was humiliating and designed to crush what was left of my self esteem. My spirit was dented but still ready to fight on.

37. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] WORKPLACE BULLY TACTICS: and attempted murder. 1979.

38. I was never a team player. In the Victoria Police 1966 to 1977 I experienced the partner situation again and again. No one could work with me. So they said. I was not a freemason. Most of them were in secret.



5.

39. As far as I can tell, part of the cause of this unbearable group bullying was from this (40).

40. [REDACTED] heroin addict and psychiatrist operating out of [REDACTED] circa 1973. I am the only known survivor of this banned treatment which cost twenty two lives in the United States in that same year. Which is why it was banned there.

41. I was working as a traffic patrol officer out of the Police Workshop and Office complex at [REDACTED], [REDACTED] at the time. There was huge stress and little support for non-mason police from the freemason officer, I think there was only one and I have (mercifully) forgotten his name. A few officers there were female, but I never worked with any of them. Often I worked alone. Sometimes I was supervisor for half the State of Victoria.

42. STRESS RELIEF FOR A FEW; this took the form of (in one case) one female officer and one male officer being assigned to a patrol car in a given area of Melbourne, but they had close intimate intentions and set up the police car in the garage of one of their homes and it ran chocked up on blocks with the rear wheels turning and the front wheels fixed so the police car would not roll away whilst they were busy between the silk sheets naked. In this manner they could turn in a running sheet (known as a lie sheet) with milage on it and a few fake 'car checks' at odd times during their shift whilst they were, in fact, sexually engaged.

43. I was the unfortunate supervisor who discovered this scam. As my duty demanded I reported both officers to the Inspector who took this adverse news very, very badly. He abused me and chastised me at length and I was demoted back to patrol duties. This time I was made to work alone and mostly at night. His ire stemmed from the fact that I was not a freemason and he was. So too were the two intimate officers, the girl officer could not be a freemason but she was from a strong masonic family.. Obviously I was a danger to freemasons everywhere.

44. When I eventually transferred to [REDACTED] HIGHWAY PATROL my reputation preceeded me and I suffered for it very badly.

45. They never bullied me or degraded me except in groups. The highlight came when I eventually resigned. Rumours and misinformation had been carefully spreading for about two years and my wife eventually formed a number of extra marital relationships with three freemasons in [REDACTED]. An other such relationship was formed in secret with a Sergeant with the Australian Army at [REDACTED].

46. MY UNDERSTANDING of WOMEN in GENERAL: by now any reader who has made it thus far will know I have very limited understanding of the female of the species. [REDACTED] did not have any female students, they were generally mentioned and derided as some sort of toxic being worthy of contempt by their male superiors, being us highschool students. Many of the boys in my class had domineering sisters in their home lives. I am not trying to malign girls and women, just giving the stress factors as I saw them at that time. Some of us teenage students cowered quietly in fear at the prospect of (say) attending Mass at the nearby historic wooden church, [REDACTED], where large female highschool groups would also attend. There being a strange attraction of opposites.

47. At the time of the DEEP SLEEP THERAPY by heroin addict [REDACTED] at [REDACTED] HOSPITAL, I had association with the Chief Psychiatrist for the STATE of VICTORIA, [REDACTED]. As a young constable in his first year at [REDACTED] police station, I managed to form a close (not intimate) relationship with the Professor. He, candidly, told me of [REDACTED], but explained that it was his job as CHIEF PSYCHIATRIST to turn around the addiction but not to micro manage the patients [REDACTED] had.

48. Professor [REDACTED] warned me I would have psychiatric trouble as I grew older and any psychiatric help that I might seek would have to involve candid disclosure of the illoegal DEEP SLEEP THERAPY TREATMENT.



6.

49. This is why I did not seek psychiatric help in 1979 when my marriage failed; my best income came to an end; my sons were taken from me. I merely took my sons on access and decided not to return them as the DIVORCE COURT order required. I was still trying to recover from the ATTEMPTED MURDER at the marital home at [REDACTED] when I took the boys to Queensland. Police in three states did not intervene, they seemed content that I keep the mother informed as to their welfare and I let her talk to them direct quite often. Eventually I returned with them to [REDACTED], where I entrusted their travel stained condition to [REDACTED], Mother Superior at the [REDACTED]. One of the saddest things I have ever had to do.

50. This was the end reward for my fourteen years of police service.

51. I would say more about the chance encounter with double certificate psychologist [REDACTED] but this took place in Queensland and may not be of interest to COMMISSIONERS given the terms of reference. If you want more I am happy to give it.

52. COPING WITH MENTAL HEALTH, 1970 to 2019, via [REDACTED] experience.

(a) DISTRACTION; I learnt from my father as he lay dying indirectly and from my brother [REDACTED] as he lay dying (directly) that both were long-term secret freemasons of the moderate, co-operative faction. I should be aware of and try to avoid freemasons of the malicious secretive abrasive faction, they said. This was well after the ATTEMPTED MURDER of 1979 in which the only suspects identified were freemason [REDACTED] POLICE, the judge who awarded compensation said.

Find a hobby, as I did, and wallow in it as often as possible so long as that self indulgence does not impact others negatively. Classical music STRAUSS, BEETHOVEN, and so on; play in the background now as I type - the neighbours are too far distant to know or object.

(b) PHYSICAL SPORT or gym work at home or at a registered gym. This is mentioned as I am over-weight from watching sport and DVDs. I sit and watch some physical sports, some DVDs and the public encounters with the small children others have and enjoy for hours and hours. This is not good because it helps me put on weight. My psychology improves but my physical difficulties get worse.

(c) EXTERNALIZATION; this has several names. In Drama classes at University of Queensland we were taught to close our eyes and lay silently on our backs equidistant one from the other and LISTEN to whatever we could hear. For me this works well if I manage to get to sleep day or night, as a SECURITY MEASURE. The danger time for me with ANXIETY is just prior to proper sleep. I go over and over the problems unsolved, the difficulties of the day and have little regard for anything positive, EXCEPT bird calls, cat activities (meow and fighting), WOOMELANG POSSUM activities and more. I have graduated to being able to identify to my satisfaction nine bird calls mostly heard at night.

(d) COOKING for YOURSELF; my bloodline seems to suggest I should be able to cook for myself and not die an early cooking disaster death. I do this and enjoy it greatly. I can not cook or work if others are known to be around or near me. This brings me to....

SELF ISOLATION AS A MEANS TO BETTER MENTAL HEALTH: most likely I learn some of this from the old Catholic 'retreat' strategy which tried strengthen the ability to save one's own soul. This is not supposed to be offensive to non-Catholics.

With respect, COMMISSIONERS, you do not get this submission if I can not concentrate alone (PUSS comes and goes), if I do not self isolate. I enjoy being alone. PUSS can not divorce me or put toxic powder in my drinks when I am not looking, nor can he take a gun in the dark and shoot me. I know professionals who argue strongly against this. 'You are more open to suicide if you self isolate.' I beg to differ.

This works for me, others may benefit but some will not like it.



7.

53. COPING WITH MENTAL HEALTH: 1997 to 2019, via [REDACTED] experience.

COMMISSIONERS, please (with respect) do not lend money to your beloved relatives or friends to buy or build houses. I did this in 2005 when I sold my perfectly good home in [REDACTED] and loaned \$88,603 plus Bracks Tax and some legal costs to my eldest son [REDACTED].

His partner at that time was [REDACTED] a known heroin mule for her Xhusband, support associate for both the [REDACTED] and the [REDACTED] motorcycle gangs. I did not know any of that at the time, all I saw was that she was the mother of two of my grandchildren and they gave me satisfying access to the little kids. I am not a paedophile. The debt is now over \$220,000 due to unpaid Supreme Court interest granted by Associate Justice [REDACTED] in 2012. The case is still known as [REDACTED]. I represent myself without a voice. Such activity helps me cope and seems to prevent me thinking too much about problems that might develop into serious mental health issues.

It takes too long to try and explain any of this even briefly to any mental health worker, psychiatrist or psychologist. I did that recently with a lawyer in [REDACTED] in the hope that he would represent me pro bono; mainly I showed him a dozen or so selected documents from the nine A4 folders here dated 2005 to 2019, and he said, after some time;

"And how much money do you say you owe?"

If I had a voice I would have said something rude and offensive. I could only write in my notebook with my texta; "I do not owe anything, I am the PLAINTIFF, I am owed over \$220,000." He went a bit red in the face and quickly moved on. Now there is a valid cause for mental health breakdown, don't you think?

54. It seems important that I mention the results of  
DIVORCE COURT DECISION 1979; results as at 2019.

55. Four sons; [REDACTED] born 1966; self confessed alcoholic who still holds down a paid job as far as I know. He has nine wives- girl friends who have had seventeen children to him over the years in three states. I only know seven of them and know of the rest sometimes (indirectly) from the internet. He has fronted courts in those states for domestic violence and an assortment of crimes of middle importance. He is an opportunist thief. He carries a rather large butcher's knife most days and if he does not have it on him he will have it hidden in some part of the old car he is driving on any one day. There is a lot more I can say about [REDACTED] but most of it is negative.

[REDACTED]; born 1968; he is also a self confessed alcoholic who holds down a regular job. [REDACTED] is not violent, has a regular wife. I was not told if they married on an official basis, but they have three children and all live together. His wife, [REDACTED], developed an un-natural hatred for [REDACTED]'s 'other love'; his 1972 HT Holden sedan which was in good order for its age; UNTIL; [REDACTED] took an axe to the car just after he left for work at 0730. She did a complete job of it too. No police were called as the neighbours saw what she was doing and did not 'get involved'. I can detail the damage, but it is quicker to say it was a write off, and not insured. How he slept in the same house with her that night I do not know. (Briefly)

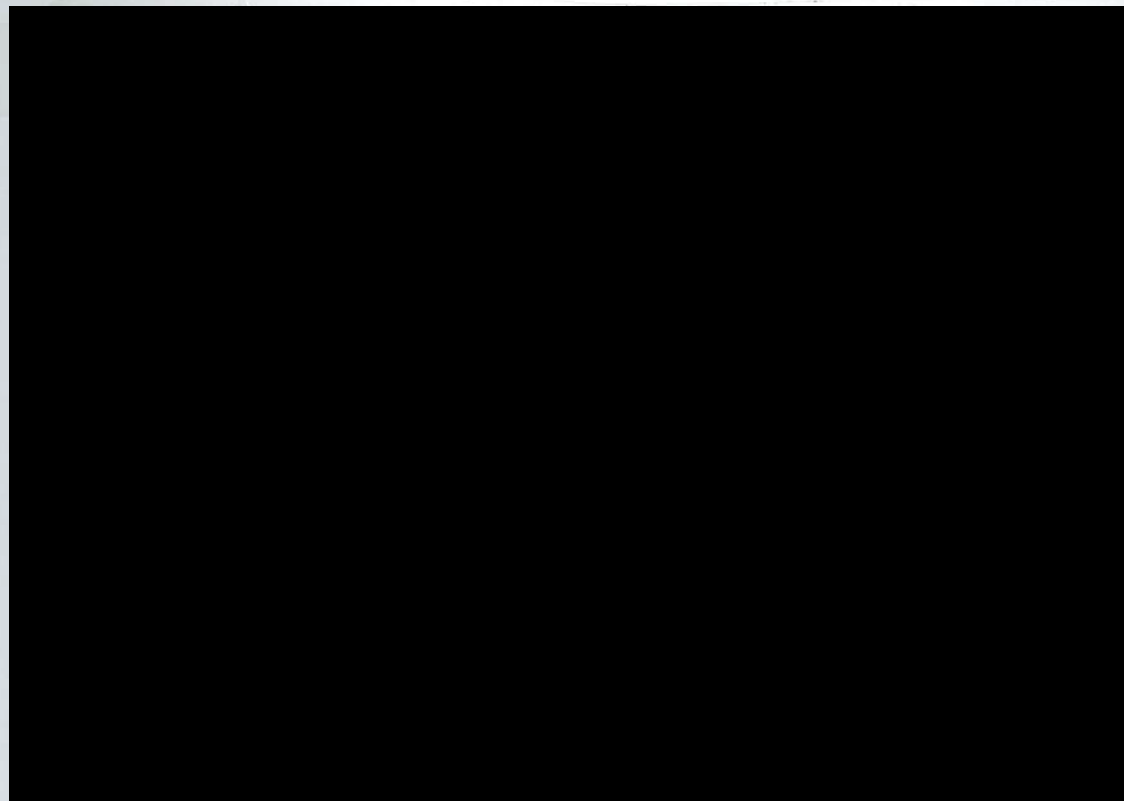
[REDACTED] born 1972; has done jail for paedophile activities with two 15 yr old girls who were more than willing. They were the cousins of his then wife. They had two pre-school girls of their own then. [REDACTED] was sodomised by his employer [REDACTED] the upholsterer from [REDACTED] in a threesome in which [REDACTED], at fifteen, expected to get his first sex from [REDACTED] as her husband stood by. This did not happen. When I first found that he was in the [REDACTED] PRISON I wrote to the Governor of the jail and did mention [REDACTED]'s difficulties with Mr. and Mrs. [REDACTED] which the police did not believe and would not take a report of. [REDACTED] was a prominent freemason and A.L.P. supporter. \$3000 donated to the A.L.P. every election.

The Governor reduced [REDACTED]'s 3 year sentence to 18 months, and [REDACTED] swore that he was never going back to the [REDACTED] WARD at [REDACTED]



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Dear Commissioners, I am not much good with the colour photocopier, as you can see. Therefore I have attached a black and white copy of the same photo of myself at a military training camp. [REDACTED]





8.

55. continued; [REDACTED], born 1974.

[REDACTED] had his first drugs conviction at age 14, after he had been with his mother and his three unruly brothers for ten years. In the Children's Court at [REDACTED] he was given his first conviction for theft of cannabi plants in pots at the rear of a [REDACTED] flat. I was not custodial parent and was not given any information at all.

[REDACTED] is a middle ranking [REDACTED] drugs dealer quite openly. Police and [REDACTED] know all of this. He did own a house jointly with his brother [REDACTED] which cost \$380,000 I am told. They had a dispute and [REDACTED] bought his brother out and sold the place. His motto for addicts at that time was "Name your poison and have the money ready." Supply of even restricted medical drugs was available. It still is if I am told correctly.

With drugs [REDACTED] is always 'once removed' from the merchandise.

His 'Mr. BIG' was [REDACTED], who displaced [REDACTED] as [REDACTED] of [REDACTED] (seat of [REDACTED]) [REDACTED].

His ENFORCER was S.A.S. trained retired soldier and instructor in both red and black explosives certificates (for quarry workers) at T.A.F.E in [REDACTED]. THIS FRIGHTENS ME QUITE A LOT.

I will give his name, [REDACTED] he was last living in the bush forest just outside [REDACTED] at a remote location known as [REDACTED]. I was at home in [REDACTED] one Sunday night late when [REDACTED] and his cousin [REDACTED] arrived agitated and distressed. They both said that [REDACTED] owed \$3000 and had been slow to pay it to [REDACTED]. Consequently [REDACTED] had sent messages that they should both meet him in an abandoned factory in [REDACTED] where he 'wanted to talk'. Once they were there [REDACTED] dragged a vagrant, a homeless old man who had no fixed place of abode. He stood him up quite close to [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], he put one hand behind the old man's neck and the other was used to twist the side of his face so that the neck was heard to crack as it fractured and the man fell dead at the feet of [REDACTED] and [REDACTED].

That body was disposed of in a petfood factory in Footscray that same night, just as the body of [REDACTED] of [REDACTED] was some years previously. [REDACTED] said; "Dad, we were here all night with you, right?"

I said; "This is an alibi, and I am to swear on oath for yoy two?"

[REDACTED]; "Yes, " enthusiastically; [REDACTED]; "Yes, help us, please."

I said; "I can't, I can not take on perjury and pretend it did not happen." They left hurriedly.

[REDACTED]'s mother agreed that night to say what they wanted but police never did come and ask.

That ends the summary of the RESULTS OF DIVORCE COURT BENDIGO 1979 to 2009. The historic psychology therein is fairly obvious.

There seems to be quite a lot of mental health in it that is untreated and unresolved.

This is a life or death submission, isn't it?

Do you have any questions?



Dear Commissioners,

15.4.2019.

This is the last police car I ever drove. [REDACTED] Highway Patrol, 1977.

Likely it is at [REDACTED] [REDACTED], where I lived until the divorce, and where I was shot down and left for dead in 1979. No offenders have ever been charged. Compensation was paid, less tax.





Dear Commissioners, I don't look very photogenic in this graduation day photo, do I? I had just come by motor bike from Rosewood to the uni. from my burntout home where I was living in the back shed because the insurance company [REDACTED] would not pay my claim. I have a summons for "arson" in my back pocket (not shown in the photo) from three freemason detectives from [REDACTED] who were defeated in the Supreme Court Brisbane in 1987. My case against the [REDACTED] failure was defeated in 1993, I lost \$78,000 and have never recovered from that [REDACTED]

I will never forget any of th

