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16 November 2017

Dame Susan Devoy
Race Relations Commissioner
P O Box 10424
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Tēnā koe Dame Susan

PROPOSED INQUIRY INTO ABUSE OF CHILDREN FORMERLY IN STATE CARE

I understand that you have invited submissions as to the terms of reference of a proposed inquiry into abuse of children formerly in State care.

I am particularly interested to see that the interests of the tens of thousands of children who were in State care and who ended up in the criminal justice system, many serving sentences of imprisonment, are not overlooked.

I know from my own experiences that a very high percentage of children who went through the Boys and Girls Homes of the sixties, seventies and eighties ended up in prison. There are many of them, including myself, who are still in prison.

Just as Australia had its "*Stolen Generation*", so did New Zealand as over 100,000 children, the vast majority Maori and Pasifika, were taken from their families and placed with strangers and had their lives irrevocably blighted as a result. This was not only to the detriment of themselves and their whanau, but to the community who suffered crime and enormous expenditure of public funds that I firmly believe would not have happened but for the abuse that was perpetrated against these children.

Lessons need to be learned from this so the mistakes of the past are never repeated and there needs to be recognition and acknowledgement of the harm that was caused.

To many who suffered it is like a thorn embedded very deeply that is always there reminding them of what happened, and from time to time causes distress and pain when the memories resurface and they think about how different their lives would have been had they not been placed in State "care".

I was a Pakeha New Zealander that came from a very loving family. None of my family had ever been involved with the State child care system, criminal justice system or Police. My parents were farmers in the Waiōtemarama District of the Hokianga and then had their own successful small business in Masterton. I went to Waiōtemarama School until aged about 9.

Because I was well ahead of the other children in my class at Lansdowne Primary School and Masterton Intermediate, much of the schoolwork was boring and did not challenge me, so I used to “wag” school – probably 10 or 12 half days a month - and spend the time studying what I wanted to at the town library (no internet in those days, this was 1968) or swimming in the river and bushwalking.

Nowadays there are processes in place (or I hope there are) that would recognise I was a talented child and I would be streamed into a class that challenged my abilities and where I was taught at the level of my intelligence.

Back then “wagging” school wasn’t tolerated in towns like Masterton and one day the Child Welfare Division of the Department of Education uplifted me and placed me in Epuni Boys Home for “NUPC”, not being under proper control.

This was to the great surprise of me and my parents. I never appeared in any court, it was all dealt with in my absence. My parents never had a clue what was going on because in those days lawyers were the exception rather than the rule. There was no such thing as “lawyer for child”.

I had never been apart from my family in my life before this and it was a terrifying experience for me being placed with strangers. To this day I remember my first night in Epuni when we were taken to the gymnasium (the Secure Block hadn’t yet been built) and one of the other children asked me what I “was in for” and I thought wagging school must be such a horrific crime for me to have ended up where I was that I made an excuse not to tell him.

I very quickly found out that wagging school was the very least of the reasons boys were in Epuni for. Some were in there for serious assaults, sexual crimes, theft, burglary, car conversion and even one for killing one of his whanau. It didn’t matter what reason you were there for, all were the same (except the really young kids 9 -10 years old who were in Kauri Wing) and treated exactly the same by Epuni – the staff of whom represented the State.

I also found out that the qualities that were considered “good” in my old world, such as empathy, kind heartedness, and helping those in distress or need were seen as signs of weakness and had to be relegated far into the background if one were to survive let alone succeed in this “new” world.

This “new world” was ruled by violence, constant fear and anxiety as to what would happen to you next and, above all wanting to get out of the place but not knowing when you would be returned to your whanau. Beatings, fear, tears and an aching void where your whanau used to be, seemed the norm.

Can you imagine an 11 year old child – especially one with my disposition and intelligence - suddenly separated from his parents, siblings everything he has known up to that point in his life and placed in an institution like Epuni? This not only affected me but my parents and younger siblings as we were a very close family.

One of the worst things is I was told nothing about how long I might be there – I had absolutely no idea whether it might be a matter of days or forever. To a child even a week is a long time. I asked all the time but no one would tell me.

Visits from whanau were discouraged probably in case we told them what was happening to us or evidence of the physical abuse that went on – bruising, cuts, welts, black eyes – was seen. Very few of my letters ever reached home because staff were allowed to censor them. There were no phones.

I witnessed and experienced some terrible and horrendous things in Epuni – as did anyone who had the misfortune to go there. It destroyed – emotionally if not physically - many children who simply weren't tough enough to survive it.

About two months after I had been admitted to Epuni the Education Department's Psychological Service did a report on me dated 18 June 1968 – age 11 years 10 months – and on the Peabody Picture Vocabulary Test I had a mental age of 18 years plus and an IQ of 140 -150, which was above the 99% percentile for my age group (relevant part attached). The same report said:

The profile here does not show any extreme responses, but there are some significant and perhaps conflicting trends.

He appears as being basically warm-hearted, good-natured, co-operative and easy going, with a tendency to be impulsive at times. He is also shown to be sentimental, emotional, and artistic, with a liking for people. On the other hand there are features associated with disobedience and rejection of authority. There is also a tendency for him to be self-effacing, depressed and incommunicative.

Up to my admission to Epuni I had been outgoing, sociable and displayed the qualities referred to in the first part of the preceding paragraph. The “conflicting trends” were that Epuni was beginning to “bite” and destroy my self-esteem, sense of self-worth and “good” characteristics that had been nurtured into me from birth by my parents and life experiences up to that point. This set the stage for much of the rest of my life.

The craziest thing I could not understand on my first and second stints - 1968 and 1969 – in Epuni is that I was there for wagging school but Epuni provided no schooling for me! At that time the Epuni School had not been built and the older children were schooled by correspondence school. During my last stint there – 1970 -1971 - I was allowed out to go to Hutt Valley Memorial Technical College, so achieved some normality in my schooling. Most children got well behind in their schooling, could never catch up so were cheated of their potential in life.

As I type this, remembering it all brings tears to my eyes, not for me but for many of the children who were never the same after Epuni. Most of the ones I knew have passed or became alcoholics/drug addicts or ended up in psychiatric or other hospitals or require some sort of ongoing State care. I have only heard of one or two who survived Epuni to lead a relatively normal life, probably because they were only there for a relatively short time.

My most intense distress and tears are for my family and especially for my wonderful darling mum, who was particularly distraught at losing me then and for the many years in prison that it laid the groundwork for so I could not be with her/them. I dread to think of the rivers of silent tears she must have cried for me. RIP my magnificent Mum who epitomised everything a great mum is.

I eventually went to Epuni on three separate occasions, totalling over 18 months. I went from someone who thought wagging school must be a serious crime to burglary and car conversion, committed in the course of running away from Epuni when I was not in the Secure Block. I formed associations and friendships with some of those who were to become the most notorious and serious criminals in the land. I was educated in the ways of crime.

Before Epuni, my only previous interaction with the Police had been early one morning when I was doing my *Dominion* paper round in Masterton (I delivered to all the shops and businesses) and I found a Police helmet (the old "Bobby" ones) in an alleyway. I took it straight up to the Police Station and gave it to an officer on the desk. He thanked me and told me they had been out looking for it as one of them had lost it during an all-out brawl the night before.

Many years later I was in a cell at the Auckland District Court and the door opened and a man who was later to become one of Auckland's most senior detectives came in – I didn't recognise him at the time: ... *"Hello Butch how are you?"* ... *"How do you know my school nickname and what the f..k do you want copper?"* ... *"Don't you recognise me I'm I was in your class at Waiōtemarama and Mr was our teacher."*

We then shook hands had a good old natter for about half an hour catching up on old school mates and how our lives had gone. Just before left he said *"Jesus look at the different paths in life we've gone down, and you were always considered the brainbox at school."*

Not being older and wiser as I am now but having the cockiness and brashness of youth, I said *"well them's the breaks, nothing much I can do about it now."* I feel quite sad now at being so blasé about things and now knowing there is always something you can do to change things if you have the right encouragement, support and the will to do so.

I am absolutely certain that had I never been placed in Epuni I, and many of the other boys who were there with me and who I have come across over the years in prison, would not have become involved in crime. Nowadays nobody would be taken from their whanau for something like that at that age.

It was also common for children to be kept in Police cells, always in isolation, for days or weeks on end. I have memories of being held in Police cells in Masterton, Lower Hutt and Wellington locked up on my own 24 hours a day with no reading material (I've always loved to read from a very young age), and absolutely nothing to do and the only human contact the Police coming to check on me through a cell peephole every few hours. There was no such thing as a social worker or non-Police coming to check on or speak with you.

Nowadays it is recognised that such treatment of children is extremely damaging to a child and is abuse. What about those who were put through this sort of treatment in the past receiving some recognition of how it must have affected them and ruined their and their whanau's life?

This is a chapter in our history that needs to be told and as I am articulate and have a very good memory I will assist any inquiry as much as I can in doing so. Many of the (then) children involved have never been heard and have no voice. For their lives to have meant something, their stories must be told.

Sadly many of them have passed away having had their and their whanau's lives blighted and having had no recognition from the State as to the crimes committed against them and which led them in to a life of crime themselves.

Today it is reported how concerned our new Prime Minister is about refugees on Manus and Nauru Islands and that New Zealand is to provide three million dollars for their care. I have no problem with that, but it hurts when those of us who went through abuse at the hands of our own Government are seemingly forgotten and no assistance is provided to us to put us in a position as close as possible to what we would surely have achieved but for that abuse and our normal education being curtailed.

I, and I am sure the others who suffered, would love to be shown the same compassion, consideration, recognition and humanitarian assistance our Government hands out to refugees, who surely do not have the same claim on it as we do.

In summary, any inquiry needs to include in the terms of reference investigating circumstances of the children that were taken from their whanau for "non-crimes" such as wagging school (NUPC) and placed in State institutions with children that were in there for sometimes serious crimes and how that affected their lives from that point onwards.

As well there should be a genuine apology on behalf of the State to those children and their whanau/families and a State agency/Department take ownership of how those children can best be helped to regain and enjoy what is left of their lives.

Because those in State "care"/prison are recognised as having a "health" age up to 10 years older than those in the general population who were not subjected to such "care", there are not many from the sixties still alive so their needs should be identified and dealt with as a matter of priority.

I see it as a matter of simple justice that, as a minimum, State agencies dealing with them should explicitly recognise and take into account that a significant contributory factor to their lives being blighted, and any difficulties they may find themselves in through not having led a "normal" life were caused or contributed to by the State itself, and it therefore has a special responsibility to them.

The downstream effects of that abuse should, so far as reasonably possible, be mitigated by assistance (housing/counselling/additional financial assistance where necessary) being made available to them as a priority. Those in prison should be given assistance to mitigate any risk they may be seen as presenting and transition as quickly as possible back into the community.

The Parole Board should also recognise that the backdrop to their offending was the harm done them by the State as children. The vast majority never wanted to go to prison or engage in crime and this is relevant to any risk they may be seen to be able to be mitigated with appropriate State assistance and supervision.

Finally, I have attached a copy of the letter I received from the Ministry of Social Development accompanying my letter of apology. The apology has helped me move on but rather than coming from a civil servant an acknowledgement of the harm caused and formal apology by the State (as often occurs in treaty settlements), preferably by the Sovereign's representative the Governor-General would have been more genuine and significant to me and signalled to the rest of New Zealand an acceptance of the magnitude of what went on here.

Finally, we are told that we have choices in life and are responsible for and must accept the consequences of those choices. I endorse that 100%, but I and the tens of thousands of other children placed in State care for "non-criminal" reasons essentially had our choices taken away from us. The State effectively removed our ability to lead productive, happy, crime-free lives where we would have contributed to our community instead of being a drain on it.

I accept that this was not intended, but nevertheless it happened, and a proper inquiry would build on the mountain of evidence already there. Importantly, the many who lost their childhoods to the State must have the opportunity to "vent" their feelings and, as shown by South Africa's *Truth and Reconciliation Commission* hearings, that is a massive step towards healing and moving on.

I hope that you find this letter of assistance, and please do not hesitate to advise if I there is any help I can be to the proposed inquiry.

Hei Konei rā

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'A W Taylor', with a long horizontal line extending from the end of the signature to the right.

A W Taylor



MINISTRY OF SOCIAL
DEVELOPMENT
TE HĀHĀTŪ WHAKAHIATŌ ORA

30 JUN 2015

Mr Arthur Taylor
arthurtaylorjailhouselawyer@vodafone.co.nz
cc: phil.cullen@corrections.govt.nz

By Email

Dear Mr Taylor,

Thank you for bringing to us your concerns about your experiences in care, and giving us the opportunity to work at resolving your claim.

Enclosed is a letter of apology from our Chief Executive. The payment of ~~XXXXXX~~ in full and final settlement of your claim, has been made to you.

This now brings your claim with us to a close.

I wish you all the very best for the future.

Kind regards



Garth Young
Chief Analyst Historic Claims

It was the end of the line...

When David Cohen first encountered Epuhi Boys' Home in the 1970s, the institution for problem kids was spinning out of control — as were many of the two-dozen or so residential homes like it. The system designed to contain juvenile delinquency and child-neglect had become badly unstuck. Criminality, violence and dysfunction were everyday features.

The effects remain with us: millions of dollars of abuse claims against the government, notorious criminals, and New Zealand's high imprisonment rate.

Cohen was one of more than 100,000 children and young people who passed through the residential system before it was wound down in the late 1980s. His engrossing book revisits Epuhi, one of the most controversial of the homes, tracking down former residents, staff members, policy-makers and classified documents.

He sets his insider account against the wider culture of the period, including the episodic moral panics that led to Epuhi's establishment, the ideology that sustained it, and the racial backstory that would explode in the national consciousness many years too late.

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THE DAVID COHEN MINIMALS

THE STORY OF
A NEW ZEALAND
BOYS' HOME

'David Cohen has taken
an important piece of social
history and unpacked it in a
highly imaginative way. It is
completely engrossing.'

Hoyd Jones



LITTLE DAVID COHEN CRIMINALS

THE STORY OF
A NEW ZEALAND
BOYS' HOME



RANDOM HOUSE
NEW ZEALAND

WONDERLAND

Arthur William Taylor has, shall we say, a certain familiarity with the New Zealand justice system. By 2010 Taylor, who was born in 1956, had spent all but five years of his adult life in one or other of the country's jails, most recently as a long-term guest at the maximum-security prison in Auckland at Paremoremo. The sentences he has received cumulatively total more than a century. A one-time gang member affiliated with the Mongrel Mob and the Nomads, Taylor's rap-sheet includes convictions for armed robbery, theft, fraud, burglary, attempting to pervert the course of justice, possession of various drugs and firearms and receiving stolen property.

On the inside the burly inmate has acquired a formidable if not unreasonable reputation: don't fuck with Arthur Taylor, they say, and Arthur Taylor won't fuck with you, and especially don't fuck with him if you happen to be a lawyer, because the chances are — and he has the transcripts of his courtroom jousts with some of the country's best-schooled legal minds to prove it — you may get *seriously* fucked.

But although Taylor is not known as a violent man — although allowing a firearm to be discharged into the ceiling in the course of one of his heists probably wasn't such a brilliant idea — he does enjoy the dubious distinction of being one of country's most closely monitored prisoners. His escapes are legendary, including one much-publicised episode in 1998 that saw swathes of the Coromandel in lockdown while the cops searched for Taylor and a fellow absconder, the infamous double-killer Graeme Burton.

Any author wishing to speak with Taylor is therefore guaranteed an unenthusiastic response from the prison's tremulous overlords. Easy enough to understand why. Nearly as much in the way of public resources has been expended in keeping this ripe old adventurer in line as in housing him. Without even factoring in the additional costs of Taylor's particular situation, the basic tab for keeping him in penal style has been enormous, somewhere in the annual vicinity of nearly \$100,000, which could then be multiplied by 30 for each of the years he has been incarcerated. Add to that the cost of his various breakouts, court appearances, legal bills and lost income opportunities, and the total cost of Taylor's enforced lifestyle might be in excess of \$3 million. And still the meter ticks.

In the circumstances it seems reasonable to ask what it was, over and above the obvious choices Taylor has made throughout a knockabout life, that first got the meter ticking.

In the broadest sense it is possible to see Taylor as an individual who has intersected with a system that has long reflected New Zealand's deeply punitive character. This is not mere sociological fancy. How else, after all, can one even start to explain why our country has one of the developed world's highest rates of incarceration, a sanction that in all but the most heinous cases is supposed to rehabilitate lives?

To be sure, the desire to rehabilitate is the opposite of the retributive character. Yet the admirably tolerant society that in many other respects is New Zealand has so often betrayed the deep-seated urge to punish that it has to be reckoned a very powerful impulse indeed.

From the country's curious status as one of the democratic world's few jurisdictions to reintroduce the death penalty, as it did briefly in the 1950s, to the tenacity with which it clung a generation earlier to the judicial practice of flogging petty criminals and homosexuals;

from the legislative violence with which for much of its history it angrily clamped down on Maori nationalism, whether in language, schooling, land rights or welfare eligibility, or, worse yet, Maori exceptionalism; even in the collective electoral fury seen in more recent times in response to a relatively modest proposal to remove the defence of 'reasonable force' from parents charged with savagely beating their offspring, New Zealand has collectively expressed this yearning so often and in so many different ways throughout its brief and sometimes beautiful history that the desire to mete out the very stiffest punishment to all-comers must be counted among the attributes of a national character that has also long subsisted on episodic outbursts of moral panic.

Arthur Taylor has hardly led a blameless life — he would be the last to claim that he has — but neither has that life taken place inside a cultural vacuum. As one might expect, the circumstances of how and why it all began for him have occupied Taylor's thoughts over the years. One might also expect his conclusions to have something to do with his various adult activities, the style of local policing and the courts, and so forth; but apparently not so. Indeed, during a lengthy conversation held on a graceful lull of a summer morning in 2010, one of the country's most notorious prisoners barely mentioned the particulars of his current situation or past criminal activities at all.

Instead he directed the conversation back to a far-off setting from half a lifetime ago, to a small state-run residence that used to operate in the Hutt Valley — and the colossal nationwide experiment in residential children's care that this little institution represented — a matter that Taylor first contracted me about after word reached Paremoremo that a book on the subject would shortly be in process.

Within this country's punitive history, few themes loom larger than its episodic infatuations with institutional children's care, a

subject that has periodically baffled the national discussion since the establishment of modern New Zealand, even dominating the headlines as relatively recently as the general election campaign of 2008, when both major parties promised to 'get tough' and put away young offenders. Only at one historical point did this discourse flower into a fully fledged movement. This was the period from the late 1950s through until around 1990, when the government of New Zealand incarcerated not just the worst criminal offenders, who never numbered all that many, but also more than 100,000 children and young people, mostly Maori, who were believed to be in need of getting locked away. Strikingly, however, given the size and duration of the dramatic project, it is a chapter in our history that has never been widely understood, its ongoing effects never fully appreciated, and its ultimate cost never really quantified.

Within this wonderland of state-run residences — 26 of them sprinkled from Auckland to Dunedin at one point — few loomed as large as this now discarded short-term correctional centre in the Hutt Valley, an institution that until the present day remains the quintessence of the movement's brightest hopes and darkest experiences. As Taylor pointed out with a sigh, 40 years on from his own initial encounter with it, 'the wings of our prisons are still full of guys from there. So really, if this experiment was ever meant to do anything it pretty obviously failed — and it's cost the state an enormous amount of money along the way.'

Had this place never beckoned, he believes, his life would have carried on rather as it had been: he would have overcome what his records suggest were relatively minor difficulties at school and almost certainly have graduated with some kind of diploma, picked up work in spot-welding, and that would have been pretty much that. Perhaps he would never have earned a king's ransom from the trade but, as Taylor pointed out, the New Zealand taxpayer would

surely have saved a small fortune over and above the hundreds of millions of dollars it cost to administer the old youth system.

Taylor was sent to the correctional centre in Lower Hutt three times. The first time was for a few months in 1968, and by his account hardly a day passed during that initial lag when he did not want to be back with his natural family. After all, he said, it's not as if he and his father and mother did not get on. His parents had been as startled as he had the day the social worker arrived to take him away — and the kid felt ashamed and distressed at where he had ended up simply by dint of skipping a few classes at school.

The positive recollections? 'Oh sure,' Taylor replied, 'I have many good memories — all of leaving the place.' This he usually did by running away. At first he started taking the odd item from somebody's garden or back shed as he went, and ineluctably the boy's offending escalated by degrees as his attitude hardened. They always caught him, always sent him back, but each time he was just a little more difficult to manage.

Then one day he clocked a supervisor with a rake, which led to him being sent to a psychiatric hospital in Porirua where, drugged up to the eyeballs, the appeal of a criminal lifestyle finally crystallised and the meter starting ticking. He was 13.

Escape artist that he is, Taylor has reached a few conclusions on how the culture might also have saved itself a lot of subsequent grief in the time since that point. 'You can't do a one-size-fits-all policy when it comes to children, but rather have to look at what the circumstances are and find something to fit what the perceived problems are,' he began. 'Another problem, of course, was the mixing of kids who simply needed care and protection with those in there for serious crimes.' Perhaps he might have gone on, but the interview was over, the prison officials having allowed Taylor only a brief few minutes in which to hold court.

IF THIS INSTITUTION CONTINUES TO DEFINE TAYLOR and many of his fellow inmates, it remains almost as profound an experience for the men and women who administered it and others like it, and the policymakers who charted their course. It continues to cast a shadow on the present day, when the problem of youth offending remains as widely felt as ever and the country's best minds scramble to find a reason why New Zealand fares worse than other comparable jurisdictions in getting on top of the delinquency problem, and in other significant ways too. It is currently also the subject of millions of dollars in outstanding lawsuits, a tidal wave of activity occupying an entire division of the Ministry of Social Development and a team of lawyers working in downtown Wellington representing a strikingly sad and angry clientele.

'I'm not saying it was some kind of evil enterprise set up to destroy young lives,' Taylor said, 'but that's effectively what happened because, really, they didn't know what they were doing in running these places for what they thought of as little criminals.'

'The little criminals,' he added knowingly, 'who became the big criminals.'

In order to get the clearest appreciation of the source of this ongoing discontent and the system it represented, we need to approach the Eponi Boys' Home not from the vantage of the 2010s but during its historical highpoint, after carefully selecting a pivotal date to make our entrance along curvy Riverside Drive. The bad side of Riverside, that is, the black side.

We should go there by way of Wellington, the political capital in which the purpose, direction and ultimate end of Eponi and other institutions like it were plotted, driving out along the northern highway that spits cars out near the settlement town of Petone. Making our way along the foreshore, where the now vanishing skyline seems to shout out from across the water and ask departing vehicles where they're heading, we will turn north along

Waiwhetu Road and the first glades of a forest of state houses that dominate the remainder of any trip deep into the Hutt Valley.

When we approach the institution the period should, of course, be smack in the middle of the 1970s, the weather will be fresh and expectant — as it always is when life's full possibilities still beckon — and the time very early and still dark, as befits an operation in which every day is another strict lesson waiting to be imparted.

It was a long-held assumption that those who came here arrived spoiling for a major fight. Perhaps that might yet occur before today is out. For the moment, though, all we need to remember to carry with us to Eponi this October morning in 1975 is the one thing that so many others always forgot to bring: imagination.

(COPY)
 NEW ZEALAND DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
 PSYCHOLOGICAL SERVICE—REPORT

This report is CONFIDENTIAL and should be restricted to teachers and other persons with a professional interest in helping the child. It relates to the condition and needs of the child as seen at the time of interview.

Psychological Service,
 Department of Education,
 First Floor,
 Transport Centre Bldg.,
 Queen's Road,
 LOWER HUTT.
 18th June, 1968.

Report on Arthur William TAYLOR

Address: 61 Worksop Road, Masterton
 (Eguni Boys' Home)

Date of birth: 29.7.1956

Age: 14yrs 10mths

School: Masterton Intermediate

Class: Form I

Referred by Child Welfare Division

Referred for Educational Guidance and Psychological Assessment

(Follow-up examination. See earlier report dated 23.4.68).

attitude to people whom he regards as unfriendly, unhelpful.

There is also a degree of restlessness which shows itself in the avoidance of anxiety provoking situations and some generalised nervous tension and emotional disturbance which could express itself in

13...

On the Peabody Picture Vocabulary Test (which provides an estimate of a child's verbal intelligence through measuring his hearing vocabulary) his results were as follows:

Mental Age: 18.0 years plus.

I.Q. Range: 140 - 150.

Above 99th percentile for age group.

On the Primary Mental Abilities Test (P.M.A. for ages 11 - 17 years) Arthur's results were as follows:

	<u>I.Q.</u>	<u>Percentile</u>
Verbal Meaning Ability	96	40
Spatial Ability	95	38
Reasoning Ability	103	56
Number Ability	75	4
Word Fluency	117	85

Overall I.Q. Range (Scholastic Aptitude Score) Range: 91 - 101.

40th percentile for age group.

On the Children's personality Questionnaire (C.P.Q) Arthur's results indicated a general mental capacity slightly below the average range.

The profile here does not show any extreme responses, but there are some significant and perhaps conflicting trends.

He appears as being basically warm-hearted, good-natured, co-operative and easy going, with a tendency to be impulsive at times. He is also shown to be sentimental, emotional and artistic, with a liking for people. On the other hand there are features associated with disobedience and rejection of authority. There is also a tendency for him to be self-effacing, depressed and incommunicative.

He shows a disposition for the control of emotional expression and some capacity to guide and co-ordinate behaviour through his own self concept as a person.

On the Bristol Social Guides (The Child in School) he is shown to be very unsettled and maladjusted.

He shows a serious inhibition and lack of self-confidence before any difficulty or new situation. A defect of natural assertiveness and curiosity is indicated. He shows severe depression and neuro-physical exhaustion. There is great anxiety for acceptance and fairly strong withdrawal tendencies, which can be defined here as defences against human contact and against being loved. There is an actively hostile attitude to adults whom he regards as unfriendly outsiders.

There is also a degree of restlessness which shows itself in the avoidance of anxiety provoking situations and some generalised nervous tension and emotional disturbance which could express itself in