

approached me at the high school. He asked if I'd be the organist for the choir that he and Maloney were starting at the church. I remember telling him I had no way to get to the practices. He said he'd talk to Maloney.

"I told Maloney I didn't have a driver's licence and he said, 'Don't worry young man the police in this town will never stop this car.' And they never did. In fact, one in particular always looked the other way when I drove by. They were parishioners and they were afraid of him. He strutted around town like he owned it.

"I used the car four or five times for the rest of the school year.

Sometimes I'd have dinner at the rectory and that's when the hugs started, usually from behind me. It was awkward but I put up with it because I got to drive his Chrysler Newport. I'd drive it home, bring it back to the church in the morning and walk to school. I recognize it as grooming now.

"In March of '73 he called me into the rectory and said he and Dad had decided I should move into the rectory and become a priest. That startled me because I had no such ambitions. Dad had only spoken briefly to me about this before. He asked if I could be a priest and I said 'No'. But in those days families wanted one child to be a priest and Dad's sister was a nun." At this time Fitzgerald said he was trying to gain acceptance from his father who, he said, had been disappointed two years earlier when he did poorly at Bobby Orr's hockey camp. He respected his father who had hoped he would make it to the NHL.

Fitzgerald continued, "Maloney said, 'Let's just see how it works out.' The next day I moved in. Now for a 17-year-old it opened up a whole new social circle because living in town I got to go to all the school dances."

The boy was given a guest room in the rectory but the next week his clothes had been moved into the priest's bedroom.

According to Fitzgerald, Maloney told him, "You're going to

sleep with me, it will be all right."

He recalled, "I was very self-conscious and started wearing underwear under my pajamas. The groping and hugging continued in the kitchen while I was cooking for him. His voice changed to this sick, syrupy tone saying the dinner smelled 'yummy'.

"I'd stand for it because it was either that or hit him. I couldn't hit him because he was God's representative in town. I was terrified. He had power and a powerful family and I know he had money. I couldn't tell anyone. So I'd just freeze.

"Later, when I got into counselling, Dr. Conn said at that time I didn't want to acknowledge the reality of it all.

Fitzgerald's disturbingly detailed account told of how the sexual advances escalated in bed when all he could do was pretend to be asleep.

"I think in August of that year was the first real sex act," he said in a quivering voice.

Fitzgerald detailed with great difficulty this event and three more incidents of anal rape, but "rape" was not a word he could bring himself to say over three interviews with The Times. He also noted that regular failures by the priest to be physically satisfied caused him to curse and take the Lord's name in vain.

On the occasions when the priest's brother, high powered lawyer Arthur Maloney or other siblings visited, Fitzgerald's clothes were always moved into a guest room. Bishop Windle and other priests from Pembroke regularly visited and the same ruse to hide the truth was used.

"I felt then that they knew what was going on, but I couldn't tell them," Fitzgerald said.

Finally in the spring of 1974, the 18-year-old left the rectory one night and never returned to school where his good grades had dropped over the previous year. He hid out for three months in a one-man tent bought with money he borrowed from a cousin. He camped in the bush behind the old pressure-treating plant in Bancroft.

**Part 2 Next Week**