

My Name is [REDACTED] and I'm a Forgotten Australian. A Forgotten Australian is someone that has been brought up in children's homes. At the age of 4 years we were taken away from our Mother who had left our Father. There were four of us children. Two brothers were put into a boy's home, my sister into a girl's home, me I was put into a babies home as I wasn't old enough to go with my sister. Why I'm writing this is because I'm sick of people saying It's in the past, Get over it, put it behind you. I tell them unless your walked in my shoes you have no idea what we went through and still are going through. How can you forget the Abuse of Psychical' Sexual, Emotional, Cruelty, Neglect? And mental Abuse

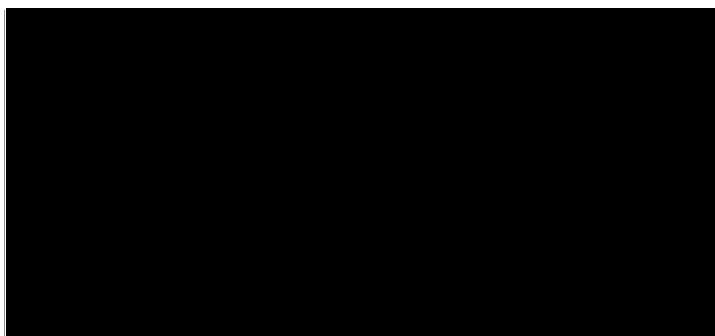
How would you cope? Ask yourself that. There was no love or caring, the most important part of a Childs life is when they are young and the Mother and Farther give them these things.

Get over it? How can we as it's in our face everyday, we see parents hug and kiss their children, they read them stories and we see how they spend Christmas and all those presents they get, we got none of these things.

All we got was a belting when we laughed or cried, it was a whack across the ears with the officers saying, I'll give you something to laugh about, it was the same thing when we cried. Most of the time we cried because our parents didn't turn up on visiting day, we found out later in life that our parents were told we weren't there. Lies that's what they were. We were always cold and hungry .Is that something you'd like your child to go through?

How are we coping today? A lot of us aren't. Most go to counselling, a lot have committed suicide, a lot still think about it . Most don't trust, we have relationship problems because of this. We don't allow ourselves to get too close to people. Most suffer from Depression At the moment the Forgotten Australians are going for Redress, There are only 3 States left that haven't got it yet Victoria is one of them. Money, will that help you say, well it gives us things we never had growing up. It was the Governments job to look after us and to make sure there was no Abuse, They were told it was going on but did they do anything to stop the Abuse of children No they didn't. So unless you're been there please stop saying Get over it, move on, and put it behind you. This is part of Australian History .

My Contact details are:



Where do I belong?

Suffer The Little Children

When God Said SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN he didn't mean like this, Suffer we did at the hands of people who claimed to be God's workers looking after children in these Government run Institutions.

We suffered Emotional, Psychological, Sexual, Mental, and cruelty at the hands of these people. Neglect

This is my story, it's about things I remember and things I'd rather forget. Things that have left children brought up in these Institutions damaged in one way or another.

The Children were born in Paddington New South Wales; there were two girls and two boys.

Going by a photo I've seen our Mother when young was a very pretty woman, our Father, all I know about him he was a very nasty man who was in the Army for only 18 months, (I'd like to know why only that long) he was drunk and belted our Mother a lot, also he brought other woman home and gave them Mum's clothes and took them to her bed. I asked Mum years later when she told me about that what did she do? Her reply was I put the hose through the window and hosed them, I told her Good on ya Mum. There was only 18 months between the

of us children, I was told that when Mum was in hospital having my sister our Father's girlfriend was also in having his baby, she also was under the name of the hospital staff must of wondered what in the heck is going on here, two Mrs Mum was told 5 min before her wedding not to marry him. To late she said, his mate warned her.

Memories??? My first memory was being sent to the shop with my sister and my brother, my other brother was still a baby so he was left home. We used to take a short cut through a paddock as it was to far the other way, the problem was there was a big black horse there who was quite nasty, we always had to have a look to see where he was before we ventured through, if he wasn't in sight we would run as fast as our little legs could carry us, sometimes he'd see us and take off at a full gallop, how we ever made it I don't know. I found out years later that we were always sent to the shop to get us out of the way so we didn't see what was going on at home.

One of my Brother's remember a tomahawk with blood on it, my Sister remembers Dad throwing a knife at Mum and just missing her, it got stuck in the wall just behind her. My other memory was when we went to the shop there was a small hill which I could go up but for some reason I couldn't go down it, so I'd sit down and just slide down, boy did I get into trouble for that as my pants were always dirty.

I have had a flash back for many years now, it was of a 13 month baby standing up hanging on to the end of a cot alone in a darkened room, the blinds are down except one is half down and it looks out where there are lots of trees and grass, looked like a farm, all of a sudden someone comes into the room and I turn to see who it is, I feel very frightened, then the flash back is gone, yes the baby is me. I asked Mum did we ever live on a farm? She said no but her Aunt did and we would visit her. My next memory was being driven somewhere in the back of a Ute,

we were under the tarp as it was raining, where we were going I had no idea. Just last year when Mum was in hospital she told us where we were going and why, it's a shame you have to find out things when your parents are dying, Mum told me so much. The reason why we're in the ute was because a friend of dad's came hurrying to the house and said, Quick get all your things together and the kids your husband is up the street storming up and down saying he's going to kill you all, so we were rushed to Uncle he said we'd be safe there. Mum said you kids didn't know, did you that your Dad was going to take us all up on a hill where his mates were and was going to do us all in, don't even want to know what he meant "do us all in" we did hear years ago that he was going to take us kids out into the bush and was going to molest us, I suppose he thought that was a good way to get back at Mum. Horrible to even think your Dad could think of such a thing but then again he used to kick Mum in the head with his army boots on, she suffered later with fits because of it. A person like that could do anything.

Uncle & Aunty put us up in a large tent for the night and told Mum to pick some where she wanted to go as she couldn't stay in Sydney as it was too dangerous as he would find us, Uncle said he would pay for her to go wherever she wanted too, Mum said Melbourne so we were all put on the train the next day. I don't remember anything from the time being dropped off at in the ute. Mum told us years later that when she arrived in Melbourne there was a woman there on the station who came up to her and asked if she was alright, Mum said I've just left my husband who belted me all the time and threatened me and my children, the woman tried to talk Mum into going back to him but Mum said she'd rather throw us kids and her under the train. The woman then said well come with me I can get you somewhere to stay and work, She took us all to a Salvation Army Hostel and told Mum she could work in the kitchen but us kids couldn't stay, we were taken off Mum and put into children's homes. My Sister was taken to the Salvation Army girls home in East Kew, My Brother's went to Box hill Boys home, even though they were younger they had a baby's section and me I was taken to Kardinia baby's home as I wasn't old enough to go with my Sister, you had to be 6 years old to go to

Brother went to Kardinia with me then to Box Hill.

Medically unfit.

married full blood

Mum changed her name so Dad couldn't find her

Brother went to Kardinia with me then to Box Hill.

East Kew Girls home. The only memory I have of Kardinia is standing up in a cot and thinking, I'm too old to be in a cot. I remember nothing else at all about being in there. Then my next memory was being driven in the back of a van, which later I found out was the Veggie van that delivered veggies and stuff to all the Salvation Army Children's homes. I had to sit on the floor in the back hanging on for dear life so I didn't slide around, there were no windows in the back so I had no idea where I was going and wasn't told. I arrived at the home around tea time, I don't remember having tea as they said I was too upset, they put me to bed and a girl sat with me who kept telling me she was my Sister, What Sister? I didn't remember having a Sister or brothers. My Sister told me years later that Mum was there also that night, Don't remember seeing her but then I wouldn't remember anything that night except crying, Here I was in a strange place with people I didn't know. Who wouldn't cry? Don't remember other girls coming to bed or even getting up in the morning, the next memory was terrible. An older girl about 14 came into the toilet when I was there she grabbed me by the dress and pulled me into the toilet and told me to pick up the hairpin that had dropped down by the toilet, when I bent down to pick it up she pushed my head into the toilet and flushed it. My hair was all wet. I learnt that these were things the older girls did to new kids and this girl had taken a liking to me, so I was the one she picked on. I was made to go into the toilet with her and she would tell me off saying I had wet my pants, I told her no I haven't She would say well I'll check, she'd then say yes you have you're a naughty girl, then she'd put me across her knee and belt me on my bare back side which really hurt. This abuse went on till I was about seven years old; it started when I was new and only five and a half. And it only stopped because a new younger person had arrived. Did I tell the officers? Yes but all I got was a good whack across the ears and told, you will get more if you lie, we learnt at a very early age do not dob. There were a lot of other things us new young ones went through, like being hung up on the Maypole and swung around till you screamed to be let off, some of the girls would just let go but they would be hurt, the officers didn't seem to care. Another ^{one} was being put into the big washing machines; they would put you in and pull shut the lid and then spin you around, I was lucky as they put me in an officer was seen heading for the laundry so the girls all took off and I was able to climb out. My sister wasn't so lucky she was put into the big spin dryer. The big girls, stopped doing this after awhile as I'm sure someone got hurt.

^{me}
52 years old

When I turned six I found out that my sister was running away with a few girls, I begged her to take me, she said she'd have to ask the girl in charge, it was agreed that I could go as I did tell my sister I'd tell. We took off early one morning when we should have been on our way to school as we could walk to school on our own, the officers didn't take us. There were five girls on one side of the road and about four on the other side; it wasn't long before the police picked us up They took us back to the station then rang the home. The policemen were nice they gave us donuts to eat but the policewoman was terrible, they came in and yelled at us to be quite. A policeman came in and gave me a block of chocolate to share with the other girls; I got the honour because I was the youngest. When they took us back to the home we were all told to go to the scullery and we received the biggest hiding of our lives, the bigger girls knew what was going to happen so they hid all the sticks as there was a fireplace that kept the water hot. But the Matron walked in with her own stick, she knew what the girls would do. We were all lined up around the scullery some of the bigger girls kept changing places going from one end to the other. Their idea was if Matron started at that end by the time she got to the other end she would be worn out, but no that Matron would never get worn out. She was a very cruel person, which at the age of eleven I sure as hell found out. We all went to [redacted] State School, we were known as the home kids and other kids were told don't play with them. I started school at six years of age, we were given Vegemite sandwiches most time and a small bottle of milk was supplied from the school, which all the children had. I used to love the cream from the top. In the first grade I had a little friend called [redacted] who followed me everywhere, when they had parents day he would tell his Mum that I was his girlfriend and she would give me a bob to go to the shop, I would buy broken biscuits, oh they were so nice as we didn't have many biscuits in the home only on special occasions, some times some of the girls would sneak into the pantry to climb up to the shelves and get some teddy bear biscuits and we'd put heaps of peanut butter on them. Also they would keep boiled lollies on the

sat me on
a bench

cheese

3

top shelf in tins, we sometimes helped ourselves to them, I loved the purple ones, we weren't stealing we were hungry; we were always hungry skinny kids. I hated school because the other kids always looked down on us and were always teasing us, so I'd sneak out of school and go to a house just outside the gate, I would play with the kids who lived there, they had all sorts of toys, they had little trikes and peddle cars, I was so happy just playing there until their Mum would take me back to school. She was never angry at me for being there she was just frightened I'd get into trouble. When she found out later that I was a home kid she never bothered taking me back to school, the main reason was no one seemed to check where I was. When I got older I just walked around the streets, as I said no one ever checked, I taught myself how to ride a bike, they had this old green bike in the home, no brakes, flat tyres and handle bars that moved all the time. It was then that I'd sneak up to the shelter shed at school and pinch one of the bikes and off I'd go. Can't remember when I first had a visit from our Mother, I know my sister used to call me every Saturday morning to put my hair in rags so I'd look nice to see Mum and for church the next day.

Boy try sleeping in them. I remember seeing her ^{Mum} under the big tree out the front; she would always just sit there. There were no hugs or kisses just hello's. Three times I think she took us to see our brothers who would just run off and play anyhow. Once she took us all to a park in Box hill but still the boys just ran off and played. I don't think they remembered us either; they were only young when put into Box Hill. Mum used to promise us she would come and see us in two weeks time, Laurine and I would wait by the pool fence as you could see the front foot path from there but she just didn't come. We waited there for a couple of Saturday's as that was visiting day, but in the end we just gave up. I would hide down the back behind the old school rooms and I'd cry my heart out, not because I loved her as I didn't know what even loving your Mother felt like as I said there were no hugs or that, I felt it was because you heard other kids being called to the front because their Mum or Dad had arrived. That was terrible to hear and knowing no one wanted to see you. We didn't see her for well on 3 or 4 years when we did she came with a small child of about 15 months old, I still remember till this day what she had on, it was a white poker dot dress with blue spots and a pink ribbon in her hair, she had dark wavy hair. I remember asking Mum who that was, she said it's your sister, I asked where did you get her from. . Then we didn't see Mum again for another very long time, this time she came with another baby about 3 months old, it was hot so she had just happy on, I asked the same question, who was that and got the same reply it's your sister. I was old enough then to say, if you wanted kids why didn't you just take us out of here. We had told her how bad it was in there, how at a very young age we were made to get on our hands and knees and wash and polish the floors, how at the age of 6 years old I was locked in a cupboard under the stairs just because I was caught sliding down the stairs. It was so dark in there and I could hear the mice moving around and could smell the polish rags. I'll never forget the smell of that polish. I also told her of the time that I ran away with a bigger girl who was about 15, ^{me} I was 11 years old. She said she'd take me too her Auntie's we could live there but her Auntie wasn't home so we snuck into the pictures where we saw Susan Haywood in With A Song In My Heart. It was great. We got very hungry so the other girl went down stairs to find something to eat, she was taking so long I thought she'd left me there, but she came back with all she could find which was a bowl of sugar, so we sat there just sticking our fingers in enjoying what we had. When the picture finished we went to her Auntie's who rang the police and they took us back to the home. On the way we told them we didn't want to go back as we would get into real big trouble, they asked us what would happen? We told them we'd get real big belting, they said they would tell the Matron not to hit us and yes they told her because we heard them make her promise. When they left the bigger girl was told to go to bed that she was being sent to Winlation, and me I was to go to the scullery, oh boy did I know what was going to happen there, I hid all the sticks like we'd done in the past but when the Matron came in she had her own and was it a beauty. She started in on me and stopped half way to tell me I was getting more because we had told the police. I didn't think she would ever stop I even tried not to cry but it hurt too much. I had welts from my lower back to my knees. I couldn't sit down properly for a week. Have never felt so much anger from anyone. I told Mum this and she did nothing, just kept having more kids, She had 4 more all up but still left us there to rot so to speak.

THE COURT
ONLY wore shoes to school and church, feet were so cold in winter, I always seemed to stub my big toe it would cut the top.