

## MY STORY.

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I was born in 1943, the police found my younger brother and I neglected, wandering the streets of Wangaratta, we were then made State Wards, then went to Royal Park Depot in Melbourne.

Then in 1950 we went to Ballarat Orphanage, which was a very dark old place, in the eyes of a 7yr old child, the main entrance had a very long passage, there to meet us was a Matron named Miss Sharp, she never smiled, just a sour look on her face, she did frighten me.

While growing up in the Orphanage, I used to wish for our Mother to come and take us home, where we belonged, but she never came near the place, that sadden me, I would cry every sunday, when the other, s had there parents to see, I would go in hiding, so know one would know that I was crying.

The staff were quite cruel to us, expecially in VERBAL ABUSE, things like you were tolded, that you were put in here, because your parents did not love you, and you are not WANTED by anyone, and it, s a job to us, so behave yourself, that was put into our heads day and night, you start to think that you are no good, well that is still with me, and it will be with me until I die.

As I got older, it never changed in any way, of looking after us there, the ABUSE still was going on, if you had somethink to say to a staff, about one of there own, they would go and tell that staff, then you would be tolded that you are a LIER, and they would make your life hell, so I had no one to turn too, and that did make me rebel against them, so I was always in trouble.

We did get the sugar cane or the barbar shop strap, which hurt very bad, when we were naughty, or the children who had parents, that came on sundays they would be told that they could not see them, that was one of the punishments as well.

I strongly believe we are not to be BLAMED here, as most 7yr olds up to our teens, do like playing with toys & dolls & play some games as well.

The schooling was very poor, I did not get the EDUCATION that I should have, as the teacher, s, could not care one little bit about our education, plus our school was on the grounds, which it went to six grade, then I went to High school, which was the most terrible year in my life, because I did not know what the teacher, s were talking about, that got me in alot of trouble, plus I had the DUNCE HAT put on my head, a few times, while I was there, the other children would pick on me, laugh at me, or throw things at me, I just wanted to crawl into a HOLE.

I then just went around like a zombie, did everything I was told to do. I was always told that I was BACKED, that is why I could not learn, that did it, I just rebel more. BACKWARD

If you wet the bed more than once a week, you got a machine put under your bed, it gave you a shock, you flew out of bed to go to the toilet, but you got use to it, plus some early mornings were quite cold to get up. That is another thing that the staff, would have a go at you, & made sure everyone new about you wetting your bed, then the other children would

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lick on you.

would like to know, why there was never any medical reports of us, while in the Orphanage.?

I have found things in my FILES, that do not add up, and I have just found out, that our Mother was trying to bring us home, but the welfare refused. I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO KNOW THE TRUE, plus I have just found that I have six in the family, where I always was told that we only had four in the family, but I was happy to here that I had a brother & a sister, but that came to be a big shock to me, as they are both dead, I would like to know where they are buried please.

On the 30/3/52, when my FATHER came to the Orphanage, & told Miss Sharp, that my Mother was asking for me, as she was very sick, so Miss Sharp gave permission for my FATHER to take me, but bring her back the following evening, but I never got back to the Orphanage, as FATHER had other ideas, from Melbourne to Port Douglas, I was sexually abuse by my FATHER, in Port Douglas that is where we were taken by the police, I then went to NEEROK was made a State Ward again, what a laugh, I then was put on a plane for Melbourne on the 22/10/52, then back to Ballarat Orphanage on the 29/10/52.

That is when I needed someone to help me, but no one wanted to help, all I was tolded by Mr Morton, that my FATHER was never to put a foot on these grounds, as long as he was in charge, so where were the welfare then, when I needed someone?

All Ballarat Orphanage, had all the Material things there for us, like swimming pool, a gym, a library, a football ground, and two tennis courts, plus when you left for work outside the walls of the Orphanage, you got a suitcase of clothes to help you for awhile.

While I am typing this to you, believe it I am crying, I need help?

Mixed with the other children, because I needed to be WANTED by someone, but that at times did not work out, because you felt that you were not welcome in there little group, so you did your best to make life as good as you could.

We use to go down to the tunnels, there were about 52 of them, and bring back sugar pears, then we would share them around, if we got caught, we were punished for it, that I felt we needed that, but not for little things, like talking in a low key, to one another, there was a few staff, that did not like us talking at all, so we would get a belting for that.

There were times when I can remember, some good times at the Orphanage, like going to Queenscliffe for our holidays, & to the Olympic, s, to be honesty that is all I can remember of the good things. After all these years, I still got that terrible FEAR in me, I can not explain it in any other way.

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I have been through two marriages, they did not work out, the first one was so bad, that he use to tied me up on the bed, then cut my clothes off me, then do what he wanted, then stand me up against the walls of our house, then throw carving knives at me, I was so petrified to move, I had no one to turn too, well I could have but I do not trust the WELFARE, I put up with that for five yrs, then I got married again in 1978, that lasted for 20 yrs, because I did not know that VERBAL ABUSE was DOMESTIC VIOLENCE, I am not putting all the blame on them men, but I grew up only knowing DISCIPLINE&OBEDIENCE, so how could I love anyone, because we did not get it ORPHANAGE.

Now I am living on my own.

The welfare has alot to answer too, I still need counselling, I am living on fear, and that is not good for me.

I can not understand why the Orphanage did not keep a MEDICAL REPORTS of each of us, that were there.

I am getting to upset about all this typing, I have a sore eyes, from crying to much.

THIS STORY IS WRITTEN  
BY LORRAINE RODGERS (MAIDEN KENDALL)

