

Genetic Inquiry - Christopher Hill.

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Approximately one year after my mother just up and walked out on my father, leaving him with 3 children I was placed in ~~the~~ Salvation Army Boys Home. This institution is located just out of Mt Barker, S.A. and is called Eden Park. This was about mid 1967. I was  $10\frac{1}{2}$  years of age.

My brother ~~was~~ is 18 months older than I, my sister is 18 months younger. I have another sister who is 9 years younger as well, but mum took her with her ~~own~~ when she left. Dad went and took her back when she was 2.

My brother went and lived with one grandmother in Adelaide, Dad, my sister and I moved in ~~to~~ with our other grandmother and grandfather.

I had a very strange bonding with my mother, not taking anything away from my brother and sisters, but my brother to me was everything, it's hard to explain.

When mum left, I had heaps of trouble coping, my family doctor referred me onto a child psychiatrist at the Adelaide Childrens Hospital. This psych put me on some type of medication, valium I think. During one visit he told me about this wonderful place in the Adelaide Hills. He told me about this fantastic farm that was ran by these really great caring people and how they would be able to help me ~~with~~, yach, yach, bullshit, heaps of it.

I went for it each, time and again. He had me so hyped up about this place, I couldn't wait to go.

(2)

I don't remember the day I arrived and I don't remember the day I left, not the kind of place you want to remember. Full stop.

Unfortunatly there is hardly a day goes by that I'm not reminded of it. More often than not they are painful memories very real, very ugly memories, that bring with them much anger, blame, guilt etc. With this comes long destructive bouts of alcohol abuse. Using alcohol in a vain attempt to numb the memories, the hurt.

I only spent 18 months in this place, but the legacy from the physical emotional and psychological abuse, I took with me from there has basically destroyed my life. Not bad Gov<sup>ts</sup> concerned and caring organisation such as they be.

Strappings and canings came thick and fast, sometimes blurred sometimes not. Then there were many occasions where the punishment far far out weighed the wrong. How do you justify giving a kid a piece of steelwood and telling him to scrub a tattoo off his arm? You can't, there is no way on this hellish earth that this kind of shit can be justified. Its nothing more than forced self-inflicted fear torture.

Thankfully this didn't happen to me, but it did happen. During an assembly an officer (Sgt Ellis) called an aboriginal lad forward, he had a tattoo on his <sup>w</sup>rist. Ellis handed him a piece of steelwood and told him to scrub it off. I was standing right alongside him and I watch him scrub at that tattoo (about the

(3)

size of a matchbox) off. He was made scrub until his flesh was white raw. Such unnecessary punishment, bull-shit punishment. Just watching his face and seeing the tears and blood coming from him, you could feel his pain. Maybe if he had the tattoo done while he was in there a form of punishment may have been in order, but nothing to that extreme, he was only 12-14 years old. He came in there with it on and should have remained that way.

This place stripped you of any self-worth and dignity everything, you lived in fear, constantly.

Punishments came in many forms, the drop and cane being the main two. There was punishments such as scrubbing and polishing large floors on hands and knees some cleaned (cleaning officers accidents), working in the kitchen and working on the woodheap. just to name a few.

One of the worst punishments I received while in this place has haunted me right through life. I can't recall the reason (if any) this was done to me, but it along with a few other things has never left me. Ellis, one evening called me over to him, told me to hold out my hands then gave me 4 drops across each hand. He then made me run around a yard 5 times yelling at the top of my voice, very ugly things about myself. I was yelling things such as, I'll never be any good, I'm useless, I'm pathetic I'm a cock etc etc. I don't recall any giving anyone any reason to inflict this type of pain on me.

Out of everything I took with me from that place, that

has been the one thing that has stoped me on many occasions from getting anywhere in life. and has also put me tid in hospital

In the 18 months I spent in this place, I got my fair share of punishment. Ellis, (again,) called me over another time, but this time I was already in pain, I had a peice of wood lodged in my little finger after having wood thrown at me. I was heading across the yard holding my hand and blood running down my arm, going to the kitchen to get it seen to. He call me over and told me to follow him. We went to the old library, he then told me to hold out my hands one at a time, then gave me 6 drops across each hand with the wood still stuck in my finger. He then said "go and get your finger fixed" The reason for this punishment? Apparently I had called another a kid a bit later. "innocent"

Another time I went out of bounds by about 20 yards called over by another officer and stropped 4 times across each hand, but the punishment didnt stop there. About 2-3 weeks later I was woken from my sleep, 10 11 o'clock at night, dragged out of bed taken to the library and caned across each hand 4 times then sent back to bed. These were called "catch up rights". You <sup>cant</sup> explain what you go through emotionally when you go back to bed, you dont sleep you cant, the stinging pain of the cane wont allow you. The cobbng coming from other kids who had received the same punishment only highlighted everything that was going on in you.

The most difficult part of all this is the fact that you had no one to turn to for some form of comfort. You just ~~bury~~ bury it, no way to deal with it. You couldn't talk with other kids about it as we were all in the same boat. You dare not fight otherwise you'd be caned and thrown in the lock-up for how ever long. You'd learn to hide emotions in this place, because you might get dropped for it, as I did. Brigadier Lawler came and seen me 3 months after I arrived to tell me my father had called him to say he was coming to visit. On hearing this I started to cry out of happiness. For this I was strapped twice across each hand and put on the woodheap for 2 hours. We were punished for all kinds of reasons, dirty elbows, swinging out of time heaps of reasons.

We of course had schooling in this place, 2 teachers & 2 classrooms and about 35 kids. The highschool students attended Mt Barker high. Prior to going to this place I was having a few problems at school, nothing major. In fact I'd received my first book at the end of year book ~~person~~ presentation for most improved in grade 5. I went into this place half way through grade 6, left at the end of grade 7. I slipped so far back in this place I had to repeat grade 7.

Between going to school and any free time we had we were made work on a wood heap. This place had a huge wood heap. The wood was bought in in as 8 foot long pine off cuts. An officers would saw the wood

on a bench saw to lengths big enough for a fire place. We had to unload the truck of long lengths and stack them then cart the shorter pieces and either load the truck with them or stack them to be loaded at a later date. The wood was sold in and around Mr Barker as fire wood. The wood heap was no easy task, it was hard work. No talking just work. I know this is where I injured my back by carrying loads far too heavy for me. Unless you wanted the strap for looking like a dachshund this is what you did. I've carried gear with me right through to the present day. I had to have my back x rayed when I was 14 while I was in reformatory school because of pain, I still have it. Along with many other physical injuries because I don't know when to stop, pushing myself through pain barriers that's beyond many people, ~~physical~~ ~~physical~~.

When I left school and started working I would complain about the pain in my back, people would just call me lazy and say ~~was~~ I was useless (ring a bell) so I learnt to push myself, once again, through the pain. Not wanting to be called these things, too much hurt.

This place was a farm, about the only thing I was told by the psyc that was the truth. They had a dairy but it was out of bounds to most of us. They also had a large ~~veg~~ veggie garden growing mainly cabbages, but both the dairy and garden

were worked by a couple of much older boys.

There was one guy there called ~~Poosum~~ Poosum. He was 30-35 years of age, he been there for many years starting off as a Lomie and then staying on as a worker. He lived in a attic above the old library and had pretty much a free ~~to~~ rein of the place, part of the furniture.

One morning just after everyone had got out of bed and dressed, there was a big panic, lots of turmoil. I remember a couple of officers men handling one lad, an aboriginal boy about 15-16, and throwing him into the lock-up. He was closely followed by another officer. We were (all the kids) quickly gathered up and taken to another part of the place away from the lock-up. None of us knew what was going on at the time, but the screams and yells coming from the lock-up was enough to make your blood curdled.

Apparently he had taken a child, a 3 year old girl, ~~from~~ the ~~last~~ daughter of the officer, from their residents, early that morning and tampered with her. Poosum seen him with her reported it, then all hell broke loose. We never seen this lad again. ~~Poosum~~ Poosum had it that he was sent to Pentown in the city.

I know what he did was wrong, but I've asked myself time after time since, where did his drive

to do this come from? One can only imagine where it did come from.

I know there was sexual abuse going on in this place, but to what depth, I am unsure. I witnessed boys with boys and this started me to wonder if this was the done thing. I am ever so thankful now that, for whatever reason it was I was taken out of this place. as my curiosity was well into getting the better of me. Only I was starting to associate it with pain, no going there. Pain was something you couldn't really escape from in this place. and even in leaving, it followed you.

I left this place just prior to the start of the new school year 1969. I went back to my home town and school. Just having to repeat grade 7 was bad enough as kids mocked you for it. Add to this the fact that you had spent time in such a place and you become a real target, constantly being being tormented, always in fights, always in the headmasters office. The parents of the other children didn't want their children associating with you, because you had spent time in such a place. Parents believing I was sent there because of a wrong doing, not understanding, therefore telling their kids not to hang around me because I'm bad and a trouble maker. I wore alot of blame for other kids things going missing.

It all became far too much for me so one Friday morning during an argument with my father and grand-parents. over not wanting to go to school, I grabbed a bottle containing my medication and went to swallow



the lot. My father caught me and belted me on the back, thinking I had spat them out he let me go. I had managed to swallow quite a few before he got to me. I still went to school that morning, but it was very shortly after classes started that I collapsed at my desk. My father was called and he and my uncle came and got me, taking me straight through to Adelside Childrens Hospital 60 miles away. I dont remember much from the time I passed out to the next day, just people trying to talk to me. I spent 3 days in hospital. This was my first attempt at suicide, one of many. My last attempt was 2 years ago

I tried hard to turn things around after the first attempt. I wanted to fit in, I had joined the scouts only to be rejected, got a part time job working a couple of hours each morning before school only to find I was being used. There was no escaping the stigma so I hooked up with a new comer to town, a lad about the same age as I (13 at the time) He hadnt spent any time in a home, but he had plenty of issues that disallowed him to lead a normal life and be accepted by society.

We set about giving people what they expected from us. I had already started rejecting people, wouldn't let any one get close to me, talk to me, I had no respect for anyone with authority. Basically hated everyone and didnt care what happened to me, so when it started. We started breaking into schools, houses, shops, fighting and so on. This is about when I put the kid

into hospital for calling me a "Quechon idiot" or many did or something similar. Only he got me on a bad day, my anger was peaking, threw him a few days in hospital. All I could see was this Ellis making me run around the yard yelling these ugly, untrue thing about myself.

Much of this type of thing went on, no one had or could get control over me, I was rebelling using anger to push it. Pain didn't bother me, the cane had no effect on me which I was getting on a very regular basis at school. One morning I was called into the headmaster's office where I was accused of something I didn't do and told to hold out my hands. I went red and told him to shove the Quechon cane up his Quechon arse. He said he'd bond me over the door and belt my backside. BAD MOVE, he got even more abuse so I walked out and slammed the door.

That afternoon I was suspended for 2 weeks, that night the police came and got me, took me to the station, where they already had my mate. Here we were questioned about the break-ins, cussed up, then bungled into a paddy-wagon and taken to Adelaide Remand Home. We went to court for 3 counts of break and entry, 1 count of carnal knowledge, and for me 1 count of assault with a deadly weapon. (I went after a girl with a knife)

We did much more and the cops knew about it, but there wasn't much that involved. The houses we broke

into was mainly those of school teachers, it was more to let people know their place had been invaded. For this we got 6 months in Brookway Park Reform School, James St, Cambeltown.

We received some pretty rough treatment in ~~re~~ the remainder home, this scared me when I was sentenced to the reform school, also bearing in mind the treatment I got from the Salvo's. I thought I was really in for it, but it wasn't the case. Even though they still used the cane in high school, it had been banned in reform school. ↓

Reform school was nothing like I perceived it to be, in fact quite the opposite. The worst punishment was stand at attention for a couple of hours. The staff were more interested in finding the person and building on it. There were plenty of hobbies to take on, a trip to the Adelaide Show, the beach, Adelaide hills, cycling and camping trips, the list goes on. You had the opportunity to work your way up through the ranks, from the bed wetters dorm to (10 dorms; 6 in each) becoming a captain of a dorm, then a better hozier boy. Yet to this stage and you were aloud home every weekend. I really liked it here.

If the Salvo's had the same kind of program, I wouldn't have the problems I have today. I went back to my home town with a totally different attitude, but unfortunately the damage had been done

Since leaving school, I've had over 50 jobs, the longest lasting 2 years, this was my last position as the manager of a caravan park. I was joint manager of this park with my now ex-wife who kicked me out on the 5<sup>th</sup> Feb. 2001. Over the last 3 years he been many places and seen many things. The last 14 months of these 3 years my life has been pretty much touch and go for me with 3 ~~was~~ very serious attempts on my life. Every time an attempt was made I was on some form of medication, more often than not, mixed with alcohol.

Right through out my life I've been on and off medication and each time I become suicidal, quite often using the medication to overdose on. To me, it seems as if every time I go to a doctor or psychiatrist to try and work out what's going on with me, they just want to put you on medication. If you don't have the dollars, they don't have the time and medication is a quick die to get rid of you. This also applies to psychologists and counsellors, if trust none of these so called professionals any more, I haven't really got many years, because of the lies told to me as a child. The lies told to me by the child psychiatrist that got me into that Boys Home. We had many trips to these people, mainly due to my suicide attempts. I go just to keep other people happy, many times coming away from them feeling worse than when I went there. You can not repair a physical scar, say, on your arm by simply taking a pill. The same goes with psychological scarring, a

pill will not take away the painful memories that plague many of us who unfortunately have experienced these indignities. Pill are, without doubt, a quick fix, but only for a very short period of time. As I have experienced "so many times, at the height of what I call a "Melt Down", pills do not do me down. The unfortunate thing about this is by this time alcohol abuse had a strong hold on me and things became very messy.

Most times I leave a job is because I can't handle being called a "Fucking Idiot" or "Fucking Uke" or "Fucking Sucker" or anything along those lines. Anytime anything such as this is said to me I'll pick down tools and walk off the job. It becomes such a sore subject a lot of anger used when some thing such as this happens. My anger is involved with the night when "He" I see is this very ugly little man who beat me and made me run around a yard yelling terrible ugly, untrue things about myself. He'll try to do what I want to do to the person who says some thing such as this to me. Instead and with a hell of a lot of control. He drive a jolly sledged punch into a wall or alike, what sort it's going to hurt me in an attempt to distract my anger.

I don't like my anger, in fact I hate it. Combine this with blame, guilt, topped off with a real, very real yelling of wordlessness and failure and one has just dug themselves into a hole so deep, one

just wants to give up on life, regardless of what they have going for them.

My last "Meltdown" was the most costly and just prior to it I had been married for 16 years and have 3 children. Had a job I liked, but so I see it now, didn't like me. Without writing 50,000 words, I find it very difficult in explaining the amount of damage I've let this "Deep Stone" do in my life, my marriage.

The last 16 months, thereabouts, has been all about finding out "who I am", but firstly I had to get myself out of one hell of a mess. The first 14 months of the past 3 years, I was hell bent on destroying my life in every way possible, because at extremely deep seeded feelings I carried, feeling of absolute worthlessness and being unworried. Being labeled an alcoholic, hopeless, never be any good, I went out to give people what they expected of me, and how I was starting to see myself, "a leech".

My wife kicked me out of the Park due to ~~with~~ alcohol abuse. (Alcohol abuse that I see now as stress related.) The day I was kicked out, I gave up drinking for 6 weeks. One week before this I had made a suicide attempt followed by a visit to a psych, more pills, more pain.

It was one hell of a battle trying to stay off the alcohol with things the way they were. ~~There~~ It was made a bit easier with the help. I was

getting from the people I was staying with at the time. They called themselves christians as well and were also pretty high up in the church. I'd been attending off and on for the past 8-9 years. Not just myself, but my wife as well. New age christians, I'll find it found very hard to ever trust a christian again. Every thing about them is money orientated, they show concern but don't give a damn, and are just so full of lies. The church leadership set me up with a counsellor, a pastor of some 24 years, he came at a cost of \$65<sup>00</sup> per hour. \$65<sup>00</sup> out of \$370<sup>00</sup> per ~~hour~~ is quite alot.

Anyway, I went back on the front of which I was drinking 2-3 liters per day prior to leaving the party. I did this because there was another bloke hanging around my wife and drinking was a way of trying to feel pain, dealing with what people were wanting for me to do. I gave people the opportunity to point the finger of blame. I won it big time.

The people I was staying with, in a polite way, asked me to leave. This I did and basically left in my car for the next month, a week of this time, the last week, I went from Bunbury up to Newman after some work, plus a real stupid attempt in trying to run from everything. Like I say, the alcohol had a bad grip on me, within a 24 hour period I was picked up twice for D.D.

once in Que with a reading of 345 then in Newman with a reading of 171. Long story.

I got back to Bunbury and parked up in the church car park, still living in my station wagon, for the next 5 days and just stayed drunk. By this time I wasnt just drinking port, I was also injecting vodka into my veins, plus still taking my medication.

About 3 weeks after being kicked out of the Park, against my better judgement, I'd booked a place in a christian rehab called Teen Challenge, Esperance WA. My Pastor at the time and another bloke, bungled me into a car one morning and took me down there, 650k. I spent 3 1/2 months in this place, I didnt like none of what was going on, not everything, but a few things reminded me of Mr Barred. There were the things going on I didnt like, more legit christians.

There was much to be learnt by the stories I was told by many of the young people at T.C. Much of it had to do with drugs and life on the streets.

I left T.C. for many reasons and I went to Perth to try and find some thing, but all I found was more hurt. I found out that my ex-wife not only was seeing another guy, but he had moved in with her and my kids (12, 10, 8) and was helping her run the Park. This truly hurt, bad. (I was renting a room in a house at this time) so I went



all out to kill myself drinking port. In less than 48 ~~hours~~ hours I drank 18 litres of port. It was the thought of my kids and the blood coming from my body that brought me around. At about 10pm I walked myself to a hospital that sent me by taxi to the Royal Perth Hospital. Here I spent 4 days on a drip, refusing to eat or drink, it was a very bad come down. My suicidal thoughts were peaking.

I spent a further 7 days in another section of the hospital, a short term rehab with psych evaluation. During my time here, a young lady introduced me to the streets and the people who lived on them. This was to prove valuable, for this is where I was to live for the next 3½ months August, Sep, Oct, & Nov.

It didn't take long for me to come to an understanding that there was no place for alcohol in you life if you wanted to survive the streets. I gave up for that 3½ months, but still believed that this is where I was meant to be.

Unfortunately during this time, I got myself involved in a few foolish things to do with drugs or closely related reasons. At the same time I got myself in trouble with the law. All that is very involved, very complicated, but all during this time, I had no care for myself. I wasn't even staying in touch with my kids or any members of my family. It was as if I'd let everyone down. Not getting like a "father," hurts to be told by a christian, a leader in the church, not to mention a person you considered to be a friend that, "My wife her boyfriend and the kids are now the family and you just the father" takes the shit out of me.

Everyone turned against me, pushing all the blame onto me and I took it. Some people who know

the hurt I carried, because of things that happened to me in that Boys Home, ~~from~~ stories I had told them, used it as a weapon. One of my favorite sayings when talking about mental issues is, "I'll eat a plate full of pain for breakfast with no problems, but to hell with mental pain it hurts, and ~~for~~ along time."

One year into ~~managing~~ managing the Park Jan 25<sup>th</sup> 2000 10 blokes tripped the "bell out" of me. I ~~just~~ heard them coming into the Park, passing straight in front of our residents. They were making a real noise with the swearing and yelling. I went out to them and told them to keep their noise down, pointed them to who they were looking for, told them to enjoy themselves, just keep it down. Half an hour later (11:30 AM) they were standing in front of our residents yelling at the top of their voices "Here a Jackson Beard", chanting it.

This was one time I kept relatively calm even though I'd been drinking. On confronting them I pointed to the front gate and said in a firm, but not angry way, "Here's the gate, piss off and don't come back next thing I know and the only thing I remember was being hit in the back of the head and grabbing one of them by the hair as I went down.

I came too, face down in a pool of blood. On walking back inside and Rowdie seeing me, she ran the cops. They took me straight to hospital where they put a few stitches in my head and cleaned me up. They wanted me to spend the night and have X-rays and see a dentist in the morning (Australia Day).

I looked myself out and went back to the Park I didn't like leaving my family alone with these people around. Plus being Australia Day long weekend.

the Park was flat out and love had to be done. I know they had done a fair bit of damage to me, my front teeth had been kicked in and as it turned out I was also carrying a fractured jaw, cheek and ribs plus heaps of bruising. That beating and what they were chanting brought flooding back heaps of pain, psychological pain. The pain (physical) from the injuries wouldn't take it away, even as well after the physical pain had passed it never went away and my drinking got way out of hand, everything got way out of hand after that I couldn't think anymore to hide.

My ex wife had people coming around to talk with me, people from the church, that is the assistant pastor was wanting me to go to T.C. 6 months before we separated. Against not listening to me about my experiences in such a place the well known convinced it was the best place for me, they could hear or see proof one alcohol. Kevale started to turn against me because I wouldn't go to T.C. Kevale then started calling me fucken useless, fucken hopeless. I started doing some very serious wall punching, my anger was growing. Everything just seemed to be coming in around me, alcohol and medication, seemingly become my best friends. Then come an attempt at suicide and kicked out the park.

Here I am now three years down the track, not drinking, not on medication. I now know why I truly am the way I am, but the damage had been done. Those I still love and more so those who were a major part of my life see me as nothing more than a lost cause, a loser. All caused by caring people. If it wasn't so serious it would be laughable.

There is so very much more that I could write with no problems at all about the affects my time spent in that Boys Home has had on my life. It almost cost me my marriage 6 years ago when I tried writing about this place. I did have a 8 month separation because of it.

Its unbelievably fantastic, a real relief that these places and ~~this~~ the treatment for kids while in these places is being exposed. Its felt so very lonely for so many years, because when you as an individual try to explain these things to people, they look at you as if you have 2 heads. They are more inclined to say "Get Over It" and not try to understand any of it.

I have spent many hours just trying to avoid to much associating with others, or being so, being isolated is what anti social. Its wilded me up many functions and many jobs and now at the age of 47, knowing now what I know, still at the time to repair some out of bedrom to get it another go. If it wasn't for the fact that I have three beautiful kids, now 14-12-10, I would give up. People are even using my kids as a weapon to get at me. I live only 150-200 metres ~~from~~ from them and disallowed to see them.

As I have already mentioned, it would be very possible for me to write much more about the affects that this Boys Home has had on me. The States may have given up running these kinds of places now with many people oblivious to the going on in such places. For myself and many others however, we have to live with it on a day to day basis.

I had only 18 months in this Home and I am now

aware of the damage its done to me, Im trapped between two very real, hurtful worlds. I know what its like to be loved as a child, but I also know what its like to feel absolutely rejected and carry an over load of blame. I know what its like to be put trust in people who come across as caring, only to be beaten and abuse by them. I know the struggle involved in trying to rid my life of the past only to be kicked with each into a hole.

For many of these kids that know not much of a life before entering these types of homes (indentations) and spend their entire childhood in such a place I truly feel for. I also ask myself, how much does take, having physical and psychological abuse, to destroy a child's life?

Thank you for your time, should you require any more info please feel free to get in touch with me.

Thank you.  
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my address is

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