

MY NAME IS JAMES MERVYN JARMAN I WAS BORN IN BRISBANE ON THE 26TH OF FEBRUARY 1950. MY FATHER WAS A STOCKMAN AND MY MOTHER A COOK AT THE SAME STATION IN THE WINTON DISTRICT WHEN MY PARENTS SEPARATED MY MOTHER, BROTHER, MYSELF AND TWO SISTERS MOVED BACK TO BRISBANE.

MY MOTHER WAS UNABLE TO SUPPORT ALL OF US SO SHE PUT MY BROTHER RONNEY AND MYSELF INTO THE CARE OF THE STATE CHILDRENS DEPARTMENT. THEY PUT US INTO THE SALVATION ARMY BOYS HOME AT INDOORoopilly. I DON'T REMEMBER MY AGE OR THE YEAR BUT I THINK I WAS ABOUT 7. DURING THIS TIME I EXPERIENCED A LOT OF CRUELTY AND ABUSE NOT ONLY TO MY-SELF BUT OTHER BOYS AS WELL.

THE CANE ONE OF THE OFFICERS USED (HIS NICK NAME CHROME DOME) WAS SPLIT AND WE WERE ALL SCARED OF HIM AND HIS CANE, IT USED TO LEAVE BLOOD BUSTERS ON OUR HANDS AND BEHINDS SO BAD THAT AT SCHOOL I WAS UNABLE TO HOLD A PENCIL AND UNABLE TO SIT PROPELY. THE TEACHERS WERE AWARE OF THE CRUELTY THE HOME BOYS RECEIVED BUT TO MY KNOWAGE

⑨¹²⁵

NOTHING WAS SAID. WE WERE HUNGRY MOST TIMES AND USED TO DIVE INTO THE BINS AT SCHOOL TO GET SOMETIMES A GOOD SANDWICH BUT IF CAUGHT WE FACED CHROME DOME AND HIS CANE.

THE HOME HAD ABOUT SIXTY BOYS IN IT AT THE TIME, THE GAMES THEY PLAYED WITH US WERE SICK, WHEN WE WERE ALL ON PARADE THEY USED TO THROW ABOUT A DOZEN LOUIES INTO THE GROC AND LAUGH AT US FIGHTING OVER THEM, HEAVY BOXING GLOVES WERE PUT ON US AND WE WERE MADE TO FIGHT FOR THERE AMUSEMENT, IF YOU DIDNT THEY WOULD PUSH YOU UNTIL YOU GOT MAD ENOUGH TO FIGHT.

DURING THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS PRIVATE PEOPLE USED TO FOSTER OUT A HOME BOY AS COMPANY FOR THEIR LITTLE JONNY, I COULDN'T HANDLE THIS AND WAS TAKEN BACK TO THE HOME ONLY TO FACE WITH NOTHING ON THE GARDEN HOSE OVER THE GYMNASTIC HORSE. I WAS A DISGRACE TO THE HOME

WE DID HEAVY WORK IN THE KITCHENS, LAUNDRY, SCRUBBED OUT THE TOILET BOWLS AND PISS TROUGHTS BEFORE AND AFTER SCHOOL. THERE WAS A MAJOR BENNET A CAPTAIN RYDELL AND CROME. DOME, I DON'T REMEMBER ANY OF THE OTHERS.

SHOWER TIME WE WOULD ALL LINE UP WITH A TOWEL AROUND US SEVERAL AT A TIME WOULD GO IN AND SHOWER, WHEN WE FINISHED WE WERE CHECKED TO SEE IF WE WERE CLEAN. SOMETIMES THIS INVOLVED BENDING OVER, SOME BOYS WERE SENT BACK TO THE END OF THE LINE SOMETIMES THATS WOULD MAKE A BOY STAND NEXT TO THEM WITH NOTHING ON, I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING THEM AT TEA TIME BUT AFTER LIGHTS OUT A SOBBING BOY WOULD CREEP INTO THE DORMITORY AND GO TO BED. I THINK MOST OF US LET IT OUT BY PUTTING THE BLANKETS OVER OUR HEADS AND CRY OURSELVES TO SLEEP.

AT THE AGE OF ABOUT TEN MY BROTHER AND I WERE RELEASED INTO

④

THE CARE OF OUR MOTHER AND STEPFATHER FOR ME LIFE WAS MADE IMPOSSIBLE DUE TO THEIR DRUNKENNESS AND CRUELTY. I RAN AWAY AND BECAME A STREET KID. THE YEARS I SPENT IN INDOOR KIDLY HOME TAUGHT ME TO LIVE OFF MY WITS. I TRUSTED NO ONE. FOR A WHILE I LIVED WITH SOME BIKIES IN AN OLD SHACK AND CLEANED THEIR BIKES FOR POCKET MONEY. I GOT INTO TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE WHEN I WAS ABOUT FOURTEEN OR FIFTEEN AND WAS MADE A WARD OF THE STATE UNTIL I WAS EIGHTEEN.

I WAS SENT TO WILSTON BOY'S HOME. ON ARRIVAL I WAS STRIPPED OFF AND MADE SHOWER, GIVEN A PAIR OF PANTS AND PUT INTO A SMALL ROOM. THEY BROUGHT MY MEALS INTO THE ROOM. TO GO TO THE TOILET I HAD TO KNOCK ON THE DOOR, SOMETIMES THEY WOULD IGNORE MY KNOCK AND I HAD TO WAIT UNTIL THEY WERE READY TO OPEN THE DOOR.

AT EXERCISE TIME A MEDICINE BALL WAS USED, OFTEN IT WAS PUNTED

AT YOUR STOMACH QUITE DELIBERATELY TO HURT YOU. PUNISHMENT WAS TO STAND BACK FROM THE WALL AND LEAN FORWARD SUPPORTED BY ONE FINGER ON EACH HAND FOR LONG PERIODS, SOMETIMES WE WERE JUST FLOGGED.

THE VISIT TO THE PSYCHIATRIST (DR THORLEY) WAS WEIRD. I COULDN'T CONVINCE HIM THAT I WASN'T MAD. I KEPT TELLING HIM IT'S THEM NOT ME. AFTER A WHILE I WAS SENT TO MARSDEN BOYS HOME. BOOYALL IT WASN'T TOO BAD BECAUSE THEY MADE ME WORK ON THE DAIRY FARM.

THIS INVOLVED EARLY MORNING STARTS. ALTHOUGH WE WERE ISSUED WITH WORK CLOTHS AND BOOTS WE WERE SENT OUT BAREFOOT TO BRING THE COWS IN, WE USED TO FIGHT OVER THE FRESH COW PATTIES TO WARM OUR FEET, WHICH WERE CRACKED AND BLEEDING.

IF YOU STEPPED OUT OF LINE AT ALL YOU WERE MADE TO HANG ON TO THE ELECTRIC FENCE. LOOKING BACK I REALISE HOW HARD I ^{HAD} BECOME TO THINK

⑥

THIS WAS OK. ^{TIME}
AFTER SPENDING ^{AT} MARS DEN I WAS
SENT OUT TO A SERVICE FARM. THIS FARM
GREW POTATOS, CARROTS, PUMPKINS AND
CORN AND WAS OWNED BY GLEN LITZOW

I WORKED VERY HARD AND VERY
LONG HOURS. ALTHOUGH I LIVED WITH
THE FAMILY I WAS NEVER ~~INVOLVED~~ ^{INCLUDED} I
HAD TO GO TO MY ROOM WHEN VISITORS
ARRIVED. ONLY ONCE DID THE STATE
CHILDRENS DEPARTMENT COME AND
CHECK ON MY WELL BEING. IT WAS
DURING THIS PERIOD I COMPLAINED OF
TOOTHACHE AND WAS TAKEN TO IPSWICH
HOSPITAL AND HAD EVERY TOOTH IN MY
HEAD REMOVED. I WAS THEN LEFT
TOOTHLESS FOR WELL OVER A YEAR.

ON MY RELEASE WHEN I TURNED
EIGHTEEN LITZOW DROVE ME TO
BRISBANE TO THE STATE CHILDRENS
DEPARTMENT WHERE I WAS GIVEN
A PEP TALK, HANDED MY GRAND SUM
OF \$493 AND DUMPED AT MITGRAVAT
TRAM TERMINUS FROM WHERE I WALKED
THE REMAINING 3 OR 4 KILMS TO MY

(7)

MOTHERS PLACE LUGGING A SUITCASE.

I JUST WASN'T SURE HOW TO USE
PUBLIC TRANSPORT.

ARRIVING AT MY MOTHERS PLACE
HER FIRST QUESTION WAS "WHERE'S YOUR
WATCH I SENT YOU." I NEVER RECEIVED
A WATCH BUT CLEARLY REMEMBER GLEN
LITZOW SHOWING OFF HIS NEW WATCH
TO ME -

JIM JARMAN