

MY NAME IS DONALD ROY BOWMAN I WAS BORN IN BELLINGHAM HOSPITAL ON 2/9/39 MY FATHERS NAME WAS ROY MY MOTHERS NAME WAS IVY I HAD 2 OLDER SISTERS & YOUNGER BROTHER MY SISTERS NAMES WERE HORNA AND IVY MY YOUNG BROTHERS NAME WAS NORMAN.

MY PARENTS OWNED A DAIRY FARM AT A PLACE CALLED BURKPIKE ON THE NORTH COAST IN THE DORRIGO AREA. OR N. ~~3~~ DOLES. WE USED TO GO TO MACKVILLE ONCE A WEEK A JOURNEY OF 36 MILES TO DO SHOPPING ETC.

WE WERE A HAPPY AND CONTENTED FAMILY EXCEPT MY MOTHER THOUGHT WE WERE TO ISOLATED, MY MOTHER MUST HAVE GOT HER WIND SO MY FATHER BOUGHT A FARM CLOSER TO A MAJOR CENTRE AT PLACE CALLED COOPER-CREEK. THIS WAS DURING THE WAR AS I CAN REMEMBER THE PETROL COUPONS LIFE SEEMED NORMAL.

AFTER SOME TIME MY MUM WANTED TO MOVE EVEN CLOSER TO TOWN, SO MY FATHER BOUGHT A TRUCK WITH A MAIL CONTRACT AND GENERAL CARRYING BUSINESS ALSO A NICE HOUSE ON A SMALL ACRES AT A PLACE CALLED GREEN HILLS OUT OF KEMPSEY THE MAIL RUN WAS 72 MILES OVER UNSEALED ROADS BETWEEN KEMPSEY AND GEORGES CREEK A SMALL VILLAGE UP IN MOUNTAIN RANGES THE MACKAY RIVER WAS VISIBLE A LOT OF THE WAY UP TO GEORGES CREEK P.O.

MY FATHER WAS NOT HAPPY WITH THIS LIFE STYLE AS HE HAD GROWN UP ON FARMS IN THE DORRIGO AREA AND WAS THE CHILDREN OF A HISTORICAL AND PROMINENT DORRIGO FLY.

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THE MARRIAGE STARTED TO DRIFT APART AND MY FATHER BECAME ATTRACED TO 1 OF THE DAUGHTER OR THE POST MASTER AT GEORGES CREEK.

HE FINALLY LEFT THE FAMILY HOME AND WENT AWAY WITH THE OTHER WOMAN, HE GAVE THE HOUSE AT GREEN HILLS TO MY MOTHER I CAN NOT RECALL EVER SEEING HIM AGAIN.

MY MOTHER WAS TALKED INTO SELLING THE HOUSE AT GREEN HILLS BY HER SISTER WHO LIVED AT COFFS HARBOUR SHE THEN WENT SOME OF ^{THE} MONEY FROM THE SALE OF HOUSE TO "FRIENDS" THIS MONEY WAS NEVER RE-PAID SO THE FAMILY WAS PUT IN THE POSITION WHERE IT COULD NOT AFFORD TO BUY ANOTHER HOME. MY MOTHER GOT HERSELF INVOLVED WITH A MAN CALLED VINCE PERCEY WHO CLAIMED TO BE A RETIRED SOLDIER THIS WAS NOT TRUE, HE WAS A VERY LOW FORM OF A PERSON, HE TALKED MY MOTHER INTO BUYING A LARGE TENT ~~WHICH~~ WHICH WAS ERECTED ON ^{THE} EDGE OF THE ABORIGINAL RESERVE AT COFFS HARBOUR SO THEN MY MOTHER AND 4 CHILDREN WERE LIVING IN THIS TENT WITH THIS VINCE PERCEY. THE WHOLE THING BECAME SO BAD THAT THERE WAS BASICALLY NO FOOD IN THE PLACE, THERE WERE NO DESERTED WIVES PENSION OR SOCIAL SECURITY IN THOSE DAYS ONLY A SMALL CHILD ENDOWMENT PAYMENT.

AFTER A PERIOD OF TIME ONE DAY THE POLICE ARRIVED HAD A LOOK AT THE SITUATION THEY WENT AWAY THEN CAME BACK WITH BOXES OF FOOD AND GAVE THAT TO MY MOTHER.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER WE WERE TOLD THAT WE WERE BEING TAKEN BY THE CHILD WELFARE. THE CASE BEING NEGLECTED, UNDER IMPROPER G'SHIP.

(3)

A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER A MAN ARRIVED KATE IN THE AFTERNOON HE ACCOMPANIED US OVER NIGHT BY TRAIN TO SYDNEY. US BOYS WERE TAKEN TO "ROYALSTON" IN GLEBE THE SISTERS WERE TAKEN TO GIRLS HOME FARTHER UP GLEBE RD.

I CAN ONLY RECALL SEEING MY SISTERS A COUPLE OF TIMES AFTER THIS AND THAT WAS ON SUNDAY MORNINGS WHEN WE ALL HAD TO GO TO CHURCH, THE BOYS WERE MARCHED UP ONE SIDE OF GLEBE ROAD THE GIRLS THE OTHER SIDE OF ^{THE} ROAD, IN CHURCH THE GIRLS SAT ONE SIDE OF THE CHURCH AND THE BOYS THE OTHER, I CAN RECALL HOW NO ONE WAS ALLOWED TO TALK TO THEIR SISTERS AFTER CHURCH.

AFTER A FEW WEEKS OF THIS SUNDAY CHURCH I NEVER SEEN MY SISTERS AGAIN TILL I WAS 14 YRS OLD.

A BIT MORE ABOUT "ROYALSTON" I CAN RECALL MY BROTHER AND I ARRIVING THERE VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING THEY TOOK US INTO THE MAIN DINING ROOM I CAN REMEMBER ^{IT} LIKE IT WAS YESTERDAY THE TABLES WERE ALL SET WITH WHITE TABLE CLOTHES AND THE DINING ROOM HAD TIMBER PARQUETRY FLOORS, NONE OF THE ~~OR~~ CHILDREN WERE OUT OF BED AT THIS TIME. THEY GAVE NORMAL AND I A WARM DRINK AND SOME BANANAS EACH TO EAT. I WAS SEEN TO HEAR THIS WAS NO HOLIDAY CAMP RULES WERE STRICK, I MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING WRONG ONE DAY AS I WAS MADE TO SCRUB A FLIGHT OF TIMBER STEPS WITH A TOOTH-BRUSH WITH ONE OF THE "OFFICERS" KEEPING A CONSTANT EYE ON ME. I BECAME VERY DEPRESSED IN THIS HORRIBLE ENVIROMENT I MISSED MY FAMILY AND KIFE ON THE BEACHES AT SANDTELL, THEY NOTICED MY PROBLEM BUT THERE WASN^{AS} I CAN RECALL ~~ME~~ ~~DO~~ DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM HE IS ONLY KRETTING FOR HIS FAMILY OR WORDS TO THAT EFFECT.

(4)

ON THE 23/9/48 NORMAN & I WERE BOARDED OUT TO A MRS BIRCH AT GRAVILLE, SHE HAD GROWN UP ON THE NORTH SHORE AND ~~HE~~ HAD COME FROM A PRIVILEGED BACK-
GROUND SHE EXPECTED IMPECCABLE MANNERS, WE WERE NOT ALLOWED TO PLAY WITH THE OTHER CHILDREN IN THE STREET AS SHE RECALLED THE OTHER FAMILYS BELD HER STANDING IN LIFE, I CAN RECALL CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN HER AND MR BIRCH THAT SHE WANTED THE NEIGHBORS TO THINK THAT WE WERE ^{HER} CHILDREN WHO HAD BEEN STAYING WITH OTHER RELATIVES.

MR BIRCH I CAN RECALL WAS A LOVELY PERSON HE WOULD TRY TO HELP YOU, HE WAS ALWAYS BRINGING HOME PRESENTS FOR NORMAN & I.

MRS BIRCH WAS ALWAYS SAYING IT WONT BE LONG BEFORE THEIR NEW HOUSE WOULD BE COMPLETED ON THE NORTH SHORE I THINK MR BIRCH OWED A BUILDING COMPANY THEY SEEMED TO HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY, MRS BIRCH DID NOT WANT TO TAKE ME OUT OF "RYSTONE" BUT HAD TO BECAUSE MY MOTHERS WISH WAS THAT THE BOYS & GIRLS WERE KEPT TO-GETHER.

I THINK SHE ONLY WANTED NORMAN SO SHE COULD SHAPE HIM IN HER MOLD AS HE WAS YOUNGER THAN ME.

I DID NOTHING WRONG WHEN I WAS WITH HER BUT AFTER SEVERAL WEEKS I WAS RETURNED ALONG TO ROYALSTON, ON 13/9/48.

ON THE 16/9/48 I WAS BOARDED OUT AGAIN THIS TIME TO A MRS BRADLEY AT TONGABBIE HER AND HER HUSBAND HAD SEVERAL OTHER STATE WARDS IN THERE CARE IF THAT WORD CARE IS THE RIGHT WORD. THESE PEOPLE WERE GETTING THE CHILDREN OUT OF THE WELFARE HOMES

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FOR MONOTRY GAIN AND TO WORK ON THESE MARKET GARDEN FARM, WHEN WE CAME HOME FROM SCHOOL WE WOULD HAVE TO WORK IN THE GARDENS PULLING WEEDS ETC, WEEKENDS WERE THE ^{SAME} SORT OF ROUTINE. THIS COUPLE WERE EXPERTS IN THE MENTAL & PHYSICAL ABUSE OF CHILDREN UNDER THEIR CARE.

THEY SEEMED TO GET DELIGHT OUT OF BELITTLEING THE CHILDREN IN CARE, THEIR PHYSICAL ABUSE WAS A HIT AROUND THE HEAD AND BASHING WITH A RAZOR STRAP SOMETIMES THE BUCKLE END WOULD BE USED. TO LIVE WITH THESE PEOPLE WAS LIKE TO HAVE A BAD ~~FEELING~~ NIGHTMARE.

I WOULD LAY AWAKE AT NIGHT, MY BED WAS OUTSIDE ^{ON THE} VERANDAH. MY THOUGHTS WOULD BE HOW CAN I GET AWAY FROM HERE, I CAN RECALL THAT I EVEN ASKED GOD FOR AN ANSWER BECAUSE WHEN WE WERE MADE TO GO TO CHURCH WE WERE TOLD BY THE MINISTER IF EVER YOU NEED HELP ASK GOD & HE WILL HELP YOU I DONT KNOW WHO DECIDED FOR ME BUT I DECIDED I WILL RUN AWAY AND IF THEY BRING ME BACK HERE I WILL RUN AWAY AGAIN, SO I RAN AWAY ONE AFTERNOON AFTER SCHOOL MY PLAN WAS TO GO BACK TO MY MOTHER, I WAS NOT SURE HOW TO GET TO CORFS HARBOUR AND ENDED UP AT NORTH SYDNEY. IT GOT DARK I WAS HOSI SO I WENT INTO NORTH SYDNEY POLICE STATION AND A DETECTIVE SPOKE TO ME FOR A WHILE THEN TOOK ME BACK TO BRADLEY'S FARM, I FAILED BUT THIS TIME BUT, I KNEW I WOULD NOT BE STAYING THERE I CAN RE-CALL THE DETECTIVE WARNING THE BRADLEY'S NOT TO TOUCH ME IN ANY WAY.

WITHIN DAYS ^{THINGS} WERE BACK TO NORMAL WITH THE BRADLEY ABUSE.

SO I DECIDED TO GET OUT OF THERE AGAIN, SO I RAN AWAY AGAIN

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MUCH THE SAME STORY GOT LOST AGAIN, THIS TIME ENDED UP AT PARRAMATTA POLICE STATION. MR BRADLEY CAME AND GOT ME TOOK ME HOME AND GAVE ME A FLOGGING WITH HIS RAZOR STRAP, AFTER BEING TOLD BY A POLICEMAN AT PARRAMATTA THAT HE WAS NOT TO USE ANY PHYSICAL PUNISHMENT ON ME.

SOME TIME DAYS LATER A WELFARE OFFICER CAME TO BRADLEY'S HOUSE AND SPoke TO ME, I TOLD HER I DID NOT WANT TO STAY WITH THESE PEOPLE SO I WAS RETURNED TO ROYALSTON ON 24/11/48. THANK GOD.

ON THE 2/12/48 I WAS TRANSFERRED TO YARRA BAY BOYS HOME, HERE THE DISCIPLINE WAS HARSH, YARRA BAYS BOYS HOME WAS LIKE A PRISON CORRUGATED FENCING ABOUT 8 FT HIGH TOPPED WITH BARBED WIRE, THERE WERE STEAM LAUNDRIES WHERE WE ALL HAD TO WORK AT DIFFERENT TIMES.

SOME OF THE STAFF SEEMED TO GET DELIGHT OUT OF GIVING THE BOYS AN OVERDOSE OF ERSON SALTS THAN LAUGH AT THEM BOYS ALL TRYING TO GET INTO THE LIMETED TOILETS AT ONCE. I CAN RECALL 1 YOUNG BOY ATTEMPTING TO COMMIT SUICIDE BY JUMPING FROM A TOP FLOOR WINDOW HE WAS STRUGGLING WITH STAFF HE WAS STANDING OUT SIDE OF THE WINDOW ON THE SHAKING BED, THEY GOT HIM BACK INSIDE & TOOK HIM AWAY NEVER SEEN HIM AGAIN. SPENT THE ^{REST} OF MY TIME THERE TRYING NOT TO BRING ATTENTION TO MY SELF.

28/1/49 WENT TO LIVE WITH MRS JACKSON AT HENRY MRS JACKSON HAD A SON NEAR THE SAME AGE AS ME AND A BABY GIRL, MR JACKSON WAS A BRICK LAYER BY TRADE

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AND WAS NOT A BAD SORT OF SHOLE.

IT ALL STARTED OFF FINE IT WAS IF THE FAMILY HAD GOT NEW PET DOG PLenty OF ATTENTION EARLY IN THE PICECE.

AFTER A FEW WEEKS THE HONEY MOON PERIOD WAS OVER I WAS THEN EXPECTED TO HOOL AFTER THE BABY GIRL AT TIMES BY MYSELF, TAKE THEM IN CURS OF TEA IN BED ON WEEKENDS PLUS OTHER CHORES, BUT THEIR SON WAS EXPECTED TO DO NOTHING.

ONE OF MY OTHER JOBS WAS WHAT THEY CALLED RUNNING BETS, THERE WAS AN S.P. BOOKMAKER AT A SHOP IN JERSEY ST HORNSBY THIS WAS A GENERAL STORE, I HAD TO RUN BETS FOR KEN JACKSON AND HIS WIVES AROUND GEORGE ST HUNTER ST AND JERSEY ST MOST OF THIS WAS NIGHT TROTTING & GREY HOUND MEETINGS.

BY THIS TIME IN MY LIFE I WAS QUITE DISALUSIONED, MRS JACKSON DID NOT CARE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME, I CAN REMEMBER BOIL ULCERS ON MY LEGS AND ARMS NO TREATMENT FROM HER.

THE JACKSONS THEN TOOK IN SOME BORDERS ONE WAS A GERMAN LADY AND SHE HAD A RUSSIAN HUSBAND, TO CUT A LONG STORY SHORT KEN JACKSON STARTED AN AFFAIR WITH THIS LADY WHEN HER HUSBAND WAS AT WORK AND MRS JACKSON WAS AT WORK SHE USED TO WORK AS A CLEANER FOR BANKS ECT.

I WAS ONLY YOUNG BUT I KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON BETWEEN MRS JACKSON & THE LADY AFTER I WALKED IN ON THEM UNEXPECTED. I COULD ELABORATE MORE, BUT EVENTUALLY A WELFARE OFFICER CAME TO SEE ME AND I TOLD HER I DID NOT WANT TO STAY THERE I ALSO TOLD HER I DID NOT WANT TO BE PLACED

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P/S (SEE WELFARE REPORT ON ^{MRS}JACKSON.)

WITH ANYMORE OF THESE ~~SO~~ SO CALLED CARERS.

BACK TO ROYALSTON 6/10/50, ^{I WENT TO} ~~WENT TO~~ "WERRONA"
BOY HOME AT WOODFORD IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS
IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL HOME WITH ACRES OF GARDENS
THE GARDENER WAS A MAN CALLED MR DURRO AND HIS
WIFE WAS THE COOK FOR THE BOYS HOME, THEY HAD A
SEPERATE COTTAGE WITHIN THE GROUNDS.

MR KENNEDY WAS A HARD BUT FAIR MAN HE
WOULD GIVE YOU 6 CUTS OF THE CANE IF YOU BECAME
A PROBLEM.

MRS KENNEDY WAS A GREAT PERSON AND TRIED TO MAKE
"WERRONA" A REAL HOME FOR THE BOYS.

MR MORGAN, WAS OUR SCHOOL TEACHER THE SCHOOL
ROOMS WAS ALSO WITHIN THE GROUNDS, WE PUT A LOT OF
TIME INTO SPORT - CRICKET, ALECTICS ECT. WE ONLY HAD
28 BOYS BUT NO SCHOOL BETWEEN PARRAMATTA & KATONBA
COULD BEAT THE BOYS FROM "WERRONA".

I USED TO EXCEL AT CRICKET & RUNNING AND SEEMED TO
TOP THE CLASS AT ~~THE~~ SCHOOL.

I LEARNT A LOT AT "WERRONA" MY JOB THERE WAS WHAT THEY
CALLED A KITCHEN BOY I WORKED WITH MRS DURRO & MRS GILBY
THE TWO COOKS THEY AND MRS KENNY TAUGHT ME A LOT OF
VALUES IN LIFE.

LOOKING BACK "WERRONA" BOYS HOME WAS ABOUT AS GOOD
AS IT GOT IN THE STATE WARD SYSTEM.

TIME TO START HIGH SCHOOL. CASTLE HILL 24/2/53 BOYS
HOME. WENT JAMES RUSE HIGH AT CALLINGFORD WE USED
TO GO BY BUS.

(19)

FIRST TIME I HAD MIXED WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD IN MANY YEARS, BIT LIKE COMING OUT OF PRISON I WOULD SAY.

AT CARLISBROOK I MEET A BOY CALLED EDDIE MCPARTLAND WE WERE BOTH ABOUT 13 YRS OLD WE BECAME LIKE LONG FRIENDS I AM NOW NEARLY 65 YEARS OLD AND WE ARE STILL CLOSE FRIENDS AN KEEP IN REGULAR CONTACT.

WHEN I FINISHED HIGH SCHOOL I WENT TO LIVE WITH EDDIE'S FAMILY AT WEST PENNANT HILLS, MR & MRS MCPARTLAND HAD A VERY STRONG INFLUENCE ON MY LIFE THEY PUT UP WITH MEAS I TRIED TO GET MY LIFE ON TRACK, I FOUND IT VERY HARD TO COMMUNICATE WITH THEM FOR QUITE A LONG TIME.

TED M^C PARTLAND TOOK ME ONE DAY FOR AN INTERVIEW FOR AN APPRENTICESHIP WITH A COMPANY AT EPPING CALLED P.A. JAMES TIMBER MERCHANTS & JOINERY THE POSITION WAS FOR AN APP. IN WOOD-MACHINING WHICH ENTAILS A 5 YR INDENTURED APP.

I GOT THE POSITION AND SERVED 5 YRS WITH THE COMPANY.

I DID 3 YRS WOOD-MACHINING AT ULTIMO TECH, THEN ANOTHER 3 YRS SAW-DOCKING & MACHINE KNIFE MAKING.

MEET MY WIFE WHEN I WAS 18 WE WERE MARRIED WHEN I WAS 21, WE ARE STILL MARRIED AFTER 44 YEARS, WE HAVE 3 CHILDREN

1 BOY STEVEN WHO LIVES IN TASMANIA AND IS A PSYCH NURSE.

1 GIRL SHARON LIVES IN CAIRNS AN IS A SOCIAL WORKER.

THE YOUNGEST GIRL JULIE LIVE ON THE CENTRAL COAST AND IS A TRAINED FLORIST & I.T RECRUITMENT WORKER.

I AM NOW RETIRED AND LIVE ON THE HALKSBURY RIVER, WE HAVE A NICE HOME AND SPEND TIME BETWEEN HERE, CAIRNS & HOBART.

THATS MY JOURNEY

REGARDS Don Edwards

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FOOT-NOTE

I SEEN MY BROTHER NORMAN AGAIN WHEN I WAS 21 YRS OLD. HE DID NOT LAST WITH MRS BIRCH, BUT FINALLY WAS ADOPTED BY A FAMILY AT COOMO IN SYDNEY HIS NAME IS NOW NORMAN McDONALD. MARRIED WITH TWO BOYS.

KODIA. MARRIED A DUTCH MAN HAD 4 CHILDREN SHE AND HER HUSBAND ARE VERY RELIGIOUS.

IVY MARRIED. NEAL HE WAS A NICE PERSON AND HAD A HIGH PROFILE JOB WITH THE R.T.A. THEY HAD 4 CHILDREN. SHE NOW LIVES AT COFFS HARBOUR AND HAS SAID TO ME THAT THE WELFARE SYSTEM LEFT HER VERY UNSETTLED ALL HER LIFE.

MY THOUGHTS ON THE STATE-WARD WELFARE SYSTEM OF MY ERA WAS CHILDREN WERE PLACED WITH FOSTER CARENS WHO WERE NEVER OR ON MOST OCCASIONS CHECKED OUT TO SEE IF THEY WERE SUITABLE DECENT PEOPLE. THE THING WITH THE STATE WARD SYSTEM APPEARED TO BE TO PLACE CHILDREN WHERE EVER THEY COULD AN WORRY ABOUT THE CHILDENS FATE AT SOME OTHER TIME, THEY DESTROYED PEOPLE LIVES. A LOT OF THE CHILDREN LATER IN LIFE TURNED TO CRIME ENDED UP IN JAIL, BECAME ALCOHOLICS ETC.

I WAS ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES THANKS TO TED & WINN McPARTLAND AND THEIR SON EDDIE. THE SYSTEM DESTROYED CHILDRENS CONFIDENCE IN THEM SELVES, HANGUPS AND ^{HAD} TERRIBLE MEMORIES FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES.

(11)

YOU HEAR ABOUT THE CATHOLIC HOMES AND THE PREBIS AND
THE ABORIGINAL LOST GENERATION.

WHAT ABOUT THE WARDS OF STATE UNDER CHILD
WELFARE.

Don. Edwards.

ALLOTMENT/NOMINATION/RELATIVE

B 12848 / 3 / 4

WARD EDWARDS Donald Roy

BORN 2.3.39. RELIGION C.E.

FATHER Arthur EDWARDS

Wellington Park, Nambucca Heads.

MOTHER Ivy EDWARDS

As above.

~~ADMITTED~~ COMMITTED 3.8.48. at Coffs Harbour C.C. -

negl., under improper g'ship.

PLACEMENTS	Date	Classification and rate of payment
oyleston	6.8.48.	
rs.K. Birch, 37 Namur St., Granville	25.8.48.	
oyleston	13.9.48.	
rs.D. Bradley, Barnetts Rd., Old Toongabbie	16.9.48.	
oyleston	24.11.48.	
arra Bay	3.12.48.	
rs.D. Jackson, 86A George St., Hornsby	28.1.49.	
oyleston	6.10.50.	
eroona	3.11.50.	
oyleston	23.2.53.	
astle Hill	24.2.53.	
rs.W. McPortland, 654 Pennant Hills Rd., W. Pennant Hs.	27.8.54.	B.2
rs.C. Dalgairns, Wearn Ave., North Rocks	3.2.56.	A.B.
rs.W. Portland, 654 Pennant Hills Rd., W. Pennant Hills	19.4.56.	A.B.
rs.E. Smith, 34 Cleone St., Guildford	13.6.57.	A.B.
rs. McPortland, Palm Grove via Ourimbah	22.7.57.	A.B.
ischarged	2.9.60.	

DIS

SPECIAL NOTES: Immunised against Diphth.

Donald Edwards

B. 12848/3/4
BORN: 2.9.39

This boy said that he was glad that he had left Mrs. Jackson because she strapped him frequently. He said that he had been unhappy there. He admitted that he had been returned because he had truanted or absconded away.

His behaviour at Parkston was good and he was transferred to her room on 3.11.50

I contacted Mr. Bell who had placed him in Parkston. Mr. Bell said that Mrs. Jackson had complained that he had been stealing, truanting and running away. Mr. Bell does not consider that Mrs. Jackson is a satisfactory P.F. and would recommend that no further placements be made with her.

J.P.H.C.

12/11/50

① Miss Harris

② Mr. Robinson

The Secretary

Senate Community Affairs Reference Committee.

Re: File No. B12848/3/4 Donald Roy Edwards

As a wife of one of the thousands of "The Forgotten Generation" I feel I must put in writing my own feelings. They are a mixture of sadness & hurt - for not only my husband of 43 years but every child who was taken or voluntarily placed, supposedly for their own good.

Disgust - For the way they were treated in most cases by people who were supposed to be there to help these children.

Anger - That the government, who in most cases were their legal guardians seemed to do nothing or chose not to know about the cruelty & degrading circumstances that the majority of the words grew up in, both in homes and foster care.

Don was taken into care along with his 2 older sisters & younger brother at the age of seven. He was charged with being a neglected child.

His family came from a farming background and after his mum & Dad separated the family farm was sold by his mother. (A story Don has written in more detail). Due to family members talking his mother into giving away most of the money from sale of farm at West Kempsey they ended up living in a make shift tent at

the edge of an aboriginal reserve at Paulell

The children spent a lot of time running along white beaches & playing in the fresh air.

A policeman arrived one day to check out the situation & returned with a horse of feed. About 2 days later officers were to arrive with a Court Order & removed all 4 children from their Mother.

They travelled overnight to Gylbe where the brothers & sisters were separated. The girls were put in a home further up Gylbe Rd & the boys were "committed" to Boyleston.

They saw each other for a couple of weeks at Church but were not allowed to talk to each other. It was years before they would contact each other.

This was the beginning of Dons other life as serial number B12848/34.

Over the years he has talked to me about things that have happened to him and although I could listen with love and be there for him It wasn't until he actually sat down to write his story that it hit me really hard.

How can people who were supposed to be caring for these children EVER be allowed to beat them as they did, and the system who committed them to this situation because of "negl. under improper g' ship" as was stated on his records be NOT ACCOUNTABLE FOR DOING EXACTLY THE SAME THING.

As Don has written a comprehensive account of his time in care I will not go over every thing. But after talking about it he has remembered things like watching a young boy from "Yanna Bay" attempt to jump out of an upstairs window. He was taken away to god knows where only to the system.

He has been used as child labour on farms at Old Songablee & flogged with the buckle end of belts.

He along with other boys were made to stand with arms outstretched by a relieving ex. army officer at "Weroona" ~~by~~ Woodford.

It was interesting that after reading other peoples stories he felt he had been proud to scrub steps at "Royeston" with a tooth brush. He has talked about this over the years but was actually relieved to hear he was not the only one with this memory.

Another thing that happened was he was told while at "Castle Hill" that his mother had remarried. He was at a loss to understand why she didn't want him home at her new place. It turned out to be an error on the department. They had put the wrong serial number on the letter. Imagine the trauma this would have caused.

For years Don could not get over his mum not contacting him.

It wasn't until a few years ago on reading his file He found a letter from her requesting him for a school holiday. The department in their so called wisdom did not forward the letter or to him as they thought he might still be placed in danger. WHAT A JOKE.

Donny was one of the children lucky enough to find a friend with a family who took him to live them after leaving school. They organised an apprenticeship as a wood machinist for him and kept him on the straight and narrow.

At the age of 15 he had been given his so called discharge with a suit case and a regimented number of singlets unshoes etc. found a room & thrown to the wolves

Don is now 64 and a wonderful man. But over the years his welfare upbringing has affected him greatly.

He has found it very hard to show his feelings both to myself & our children. Although we have never had any doubt about them I think he felt maybe it would be taken from him if she was to show it.

We have three wonderful children a son & 2 daughters whom he has instilled great values.

As with other ^(most) people words, Don has for most of his life looked to the future with

thoughts that something would go wrong.

About 12 months ago he had a serious breakdown (although short lived) it was a terrible time for all our family and something I would never want to see him go through again. A lot of this was put down to his upbringing in the homes, both foster & government. He will be on medication for some time yet.

From the bottom of my heart I would like to thank "blan". After reading so many stories written by men & women who as children had to suffer so much, there is NO WAY any of us other "Homies" or their partners can stand back any longer and let them be swept under the carpet because the "ban of worms" might spread too far.

WHO WAS AND STILL HAS TO BE HELD ACCOUNTABLE FOR THE NEGLECT AND MISTREATMENT OF THE VERY SAME YOUNG INNOCENT CHILDREN THEY ADMITTED AND COMMITTED TO PROTECT THEM FROM IN THE MAJORITY OF CASES A LOT LESS.

On a recent visit to see our son's family in Tasmania Don found it hard to comprehend he was the same age as our grandson when the story of B 12848/3/4 began.

Please don't let this be swept under the carpet again - Fayz Edwards. 1st 40 Meega Avenue Spencer 2775



*For all the "Forgotten
Children"*

....."I'M SPECIAL".....

A poem of Self Worth:

by Thom Schultz...

I'm special. In all the world there is nobody like me.
Since the beginning of time, there has never been another person
like me. Nobody has my smile. Nobody has my eyes, my nose, my hair
my hands, my voice. I'm Special....

Nobody anywhere has my tastes for food or music or art.
Noone sees things just as I do.
In all of time, there has been no one who laughs like me,
no one who cries like me.
And what makes me laugh and cry will never provoke identical
laughter and tears from anybody else, ever.

No one reacts to any situation just as I would react.
I'm Special....

No one in the universe can reach the quality of my combination
of talents, ideas, abilities and feelings.
Like a room full of musical instruments, some may excel alone,
but none can match the symphony sound when all are played
together.
I'm a symphony....

Through all eternity no one will ever look, talk, walk,
think or do like me.
I'm Special, I'm Rare....

I'm Special.
And I'm beginning to realise it's no accident that I'm Special.
I'm beginning to see that God made me Special for a very Special
purpose.
He must have a job for me that no one else can do as well as I.
Out of all the billions of applicants, only one is qualified,
only one has the right combination of what it takes.
That one is Me.
Because"I'm Special".