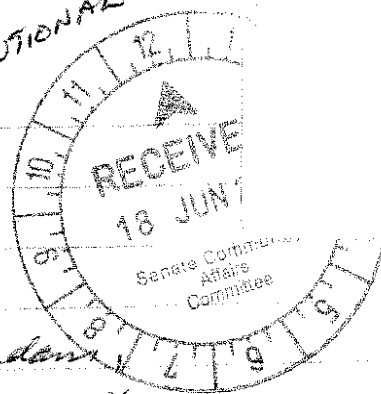


REG  
INQUIRY INTO  
CHILDREN IN INSTITUTIONAL  
CARE



15.06.04

Dear Sir or Madam

In 1942 my mother was very ill with T.B.  
My father was a shearer & had to go away  
to work.

As a consequence my Brother & I were  
put into a facility at Box Hill, a suburb  
of Melbourne Vic.

I was only six years old  
at the time so my memories of the place are  
rather vague.

The staff who ran the place  
were sadists who seemed to get a great  
deal of pleasure out of hurting us.

We would  
be beaten for no obvious reason with a  
strap cane or a stick of wood.

I became  
very fearful of the place & nightmares &  
bed wetting followed.

The bed wetting then  
brought more punishment including being

made to walk for quite long periods of time through heavily matted grass in bare feet.

We were only in the place for 12 months I think.

I know I pleaded with my brother (2 years older) to write to dad to get us out.

Eventually he was able to & it was like being set free what I would imagine a concentration camp to be like.

Our mother died in 1943 & our dad would find private board for us or rent rooms when the shearing season was over so we could be together for a while.

It took a long time but I got over it & went on with life.

Yours Sincerely,  
Daniel J. Burgess