

22-7-2004 AD

I Jack Healy, the writer of these stories, do hereby give my consent to the Senate Community Affairs reference Committee, to make these writings Public if they so desire.

Healy



①

20.7.2004 AD.

Hi! my name is Jack Healy aged 70 yr 4 months and this is my story of my early formulative years 25-3-1934 to 23-12-1949 then aged 15 yrs 9 months.

At the age of 3 yrs 1 month, I and my elder brother Ron (15 months between us) were placed in the care of the Salvation Army home for boys at Bealey North. This is now the Cadet officer training college.

The home opened on 23-4-1938 we entered on 29-4-1938. It was supposed to be short term 6 months tops, but it dragged out for 11 yrs 8 months. This was a combination of early and primary school. On 21-1-1947 we were sent to the Salvation Army Gil Memorial Boy Home at Goulburn N.S.W. where we spent our last 3 yrs. One of your C.L.A.N. members Ralph Doughty who was a feature in the story *Sunday Sun Herald* 18-7-2004. That's how I came to learn of C.L.A.N.

Bealey boys home though one institution was divided into what were known as No 1 home under 8 yrs of age, and No 2 home 8 yrs to high school was reached where you left or transferred to the Gil Memorial boys home.

Other than being home sick, and being bullied by Subly Doy there was nothing untoward.

happening.

It was after being transferred from the protection of No. 1, down to No. 2 that I came into the realization of what I was and witnessed things as well as experiencing some for my self.

In those days caning was part and parcel of daily routine!

I was an every night bed wetter, and for this we were punished. We received 2 cuts of the cane, made to have a cold shower, take wet mattress out onto the verandah of dormitory, take washing to laundry, wash and hang out to dry, all before breakfast. After school collect and make bed.

Canes were of a bamboo nature, except they were not hollow. They varied in size, from 1 meter in length and as thick as four little fingers to 1 meter and thumb thickness, depending on who was doing the caning. Two cuts was the normal, 4 for slightly serious crimes, and six of the best for the worst offenses.

In most cases you could double the count because if we dropped over extended hand and you were hit across finger tips, that was called a miss so you got another one.

If their aim was bad you got it across the palm and thumb.

Saturday was a turnoff, as we filed into dining room you were given Seneca tea to drink, spill a drop and it was the cone or a stint of standing on line (an explanation later). Saturday night was the big weekly shower. This involved a complete strip, but on edge of bath using small scrubbing brushes. We had to scrub feet, legs and arms to remove dirt. They did not know the difference between dirt or birthmark. I was sent back several times to re scrub the area, I was timed and not gone to speak up, my brother realized what was happening and told the officer it was a birth mark, to which came the reply, "I knew that, but there was dirt."

We would then parade stark naked in front of officer for inspection, hands up, hands down, turn around, bend over, now have shower.

Standing on line for a period of time minimum 15 minutes, or upwards, again depending on the offense. any moving, twitching of toes, talking, meant time was added on. sometimes, especially after tea in play room, as it was called or recreation hall, we could be there standing up to 4 hours.

Day time it was on the quadrangle (concrete)

and as we were barefooted it became very hot and uncomfortable especially on hot days. meals were shocking, something disgusting breakfast was porridge, which looked and tasted like German seed, it made me have but you forced it down, it was wartime food was rationed, and you do not waste it.

One officer lieutenant White, who prior to joining Salvation Army worked for St Peter's Council (not that St Peter) the suburb of Sydney.

He contacted fruit markets, and vegetable markets and had them deliver all the rotten fruit and veges that were destined for the garbage tip to be delivered to the Bealy Boys home.

We had to shell smelly brown slimy peas, stinking rotten potatoes, slimy beans had to be string and sliced. This was then cooked and served at dinner, which was at mid day, as school was next door to the home. All veges were cooked, rather overcooked, no colour, no flavour; the meat was mainly steins, tough fatty grissly, but we ate it. Tea was usually soup of a sort, 1 slice of bread & butter a second slice no butter but thin spread jam honey etc. Of course desert was served with dinner.

I mentioned bare feet earlier that was normal, shoes were for marching to Bealy

Salvation Army Citadel about 4 weeks for church meetings.

In the home and at primary school bare feet were the normal practice. In winter or on wet windy days the feet developed hundreds of cracks which hurt when walking or bending the feet, causing them to bleed! The cure was to rub dripping muced with sugar into the cracks. We developed a very unhygienic and in retrospect a disgusting habit that being get a handful and eating it. Every time we applied it to our feet. Just visualize it; some 80 boys dipping into this dripping applying it to dirty bleeding feet and eating it as well.

Of course it was trouble if we got spungy. I must admit I enjoyed eating it, I guess it helped me develop an immunity to nasty ailments (we were kids, so what).

Back to Lieutenant White. He could be very amiable, yet he was arrogant.

When your visitors came you had to get the permission of the officer on duty to go to the visitor park. He would bury his nose in a comic book or western, pretend he didn't know you were waiting on him, after a time he would look up and apologise to your visitor for his not seeing them.

Lieutenant White took great delight in the

Confiscating of the boys favourite objects: e.g. Pen knives, torches, comic books, tennis balls, marbles, the list was endless. He didn't tag them, so he didn't know who owned what, so we never got them back.

Lieutenant White was also a horse of a different breed; he had a dark warped mind, perverted you might say. At the time when the incident I am now going to write about happened, I was around 9 or 10 yrs old, knew nothing of the outside world in most matters.

Two other boys and myself were playing a game of war, we were members of a O.S.'s battle ship. Lieutenant White asked us what we were doing, we told him, he replied there is more to the game than we were admitting, we had no clue what he was on about. The only thing we knew was that there was a war on, the janks and japs we heard about by headline news read to us a breakfast, and some yankee propaganda war movies, the battle of mid way, Okinawa in which the janks were winning, more or movies, late on.

Anyway Lieutenant White insisted in his line of questioning - like you know what sailors are like, what sailors do. He was referring to going down to the bowel of the ship to be shown the golden key, or taking a turn

(7)

in the big empty wine barrel. Again we said we didn't understand.

We then made us separate one to each side of playground, the other to the end.

We sat on these garden seats in all our free time at night we stood on the sides of Recreation Hall until bed time, then stood at foot of our beds until lights out, and then only when he said we could go to bed. This went on for a couple of weeks, until one Saturday when my mum came to visit, and when I didn't leave the seat she came over to find out what was the problem. I didn't know how to explain it, my brother Ron told mum.

Mum marched straight up to Lieutenant White grabbed the comic out of his hand and slapped him hard across his face. Told him he was an evil minded person!

Naturally he denies that he implied improper behaviour but it was something totally different. He later became a decent officer a changed man, all those things he had unjustly confiscated he not knowing who ~~had~~ owned what, did what was called a scramble.

He tossed it all onto the playground, yes Jay guessed, we scrambled for it. Lieutenant White's replacement a certain

Captain Bevan made a grand auspicious entry.

He rode in on a big J. A. P. Motor Bike, and we were impressed. However that impression soon changed. At the drop of the hat he would have us standing on line for 2 hours. He never used the cane on us, but he did use the cord or belt of a singer's treadle sewing machine. He brought it down with force, across your hand with an overlap that wrapped around your hand or wrist, leaving welts on the hand & wrist.

Eventually the matron, a godly woman, a caring person, could not take the seeing of boys at Sick Bay with these welts.

Matron Hepburn (Scottish I believe) told him that is Captain Bevan she was reporting this cruelty to the Manager, and if no satisfaction she would go to H.Q. it ceased.

Talking of matrons, Matron McLeod who was Matron before Hepburn, was one for the books, she was in our eyes a very large woman, she was always ready to bore your ears, a claut to the side of the head.

As stated it was war time and army uniforms coats from deceased soldiers, or wounded and no longer fit for action, who had returned from middle East, these tunics were sent to the boys home, for which we

(9)

were grateful. It appears to my mind now on reflection they were not de caused.

I developed an itch, I thought fleas or mosquitoes. I did not report it after a few weeks it was unbearable. I reported to sick Bay. Matron M'Leod was first horror stricken, it was not fleas but scabies. Matron flew into a rage, clouted and abused me for not reporting earlier. Matron poured some stuff on my head and with all the vigor she could muster scrubbed my head with the knuckles of her hand likewise to my body all the time I was being treated or should that be ill treated, 3 times daily for a couple of weeks, I received a thumping from her.

One day Matron sliced her hand on the bread or meat slicer and had her hand heavenly bandaged. I was glad she couldn't thump me, I was wrong, she made me get down on all fours, she straddled me and thumped me just the same, she just couldn't loose my ear.

On another occasion I like job had an outbreak of boils and carbuncles. This I reported, I had them squeezed, poulticed with magnallium and bandaged. I was ordered to sit in the sunshower, one of the loop piggy backed me to the playground.

The boys went to school I stayed home, the sun moved across the sky I stayed put, emotion came out saw no sitting in the shade and immediately started screaming at me. I told you to keep warm and sit in the sun, I got the usual clout. I tried to explain I could not walk as the boils & furuncles were at back of thigh and on my knees. The boys came home shortly after and I was moved.

Another episode was in relationship to my refusing to eat a dessert of Vanilla Rice. I loved Rice puddings but not this one, the cook must have dropped the whole bottle of Vanilla essence into the pudding. You could smell it as you went into the dining room.

The smell was making me hear, I waited to throw up.

I asked permission to leave it as it was making me sick. permission denied.

I refused to eat it when meal was over and the boys went to play I was told to stay until I did eat it. I didn't, it was put in Cooler and I got it for tea, and breakfast this went on for a couple of days. Then on the Saturday or Sunday, after dinner I still hadn't eaten the pudding I was sent to recreation hall as it was a little cool. whilst in there some boys were preparing the hall for a concert or some

(11)

other programs for that night. They moved the piano and there was a hole in the floor, and you guessed right again, in a flash I had that pudding down that hole and the piano moved back over it. I took the empty plate to officer on duty and lied about finally getting the horrid stuff. He asked why I didn't eat it before and save myself the heartache. I said nothing, but thought about saying it was because I did not know the hole was there.

When about those war movies, we saw those movies because of the generosity of a certain Mr. Goddard. He donated the film projector and supplied movies because he had a devious friend and was making himself out to be a respectable and generous benefactor to the boys home.

Whether he was or wasn't he claimed to be a reasonably high ranking air force person, air commodore or something.

If worked he sought and was given the blessing and permission to take some of the lesser privileged boys out for day trips, usually around 5 or six boys. No matter the weather he had his air force great coat with him.

We were taken to places like Heathcote Camp, Blackheath. Usually bushy country with a river or stream for sherry dipping.

On the train he would spread his coat over his and our laps and start to touch us to arouse us.

On arrival he would tell us to go for a mud swim, he usually kept one of us back, where he would begin his sexual abuse. He was insatiable on the train there, all day and on train back.

Next week another group, some of the senior boys told the officers, who wanted nothing to do with it, denial was on their lips.

It was during school holidays, and this Mr Goddard wormed his way into Mum's good graces. Mum was working so instead of taking time off work, Mum could continue and he would take us out. Mum agreed, we pretended to go, we went to Circular Quay but never got off the ferry, we told Mum we'd be back again after several days of excuse making. My brother Ron came to the rescue again.

He was able to talk to Mum and explain why we didn't want to go.

Mum went to see him next day and neither us nor the boys have seen him again.

It's now time to move onto the Salvation Army Gil Memorial home for boys.

We departed Besley 21-1-47 travelled by train to Goulburn, where we were met by the C.I.C. referred to by the boys as bass.

His name Captain Ken Patterson one of the

Early day officers at Bexley. He was 2.i.c. or Adjutant at that time. I don't recall to much about his doings at Bexley. I may have still been in N^o 1 house under 8 yr of age.

I have plenty of memories of him and his side kick the 2.i.c. one Captain Moreton (Tex for obvious reasons) I've seen Captain Moreton on recent Anzac marches, usually gets a mention, but I did not hear his name mentioned this year.

Captain Patterson had a bit of the devil in him, he was mischievous happy, nothing would worry him. Do something wrong, he would say I'm in a good happy mood, lets not spoil it!

However your name was recorded in his black book, and maybe a couple of weeks later he would be in a foul mood, and out would come this black book, your name called out and you lined up, the place to be was at the front of the line, for by the time he reached the last boy he would be in a ferocious out of control. I was last on one occasion, he told me to go then. I'll explain that a little later.

Captain Patterson also did away with the cane and plastic hose were common, ins. being for used a length of this hose it bent like hell, but it had a draw back, it was brittle and in Goulburns freezing winter they would snap on impact. Not to be outdoors he purchased a strip of rubber, it was flat, an inch across $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick and

a couple of feet in length. A couple of acts with this made four hands round.

If you got into trouble at school, you also got punished by Captain Patterson for bringing the name of the home into disreput. It was for such an offence that I was put on the end of the line. I wagged maths and went to the park opposite the school with a couple of others with the girls, over girl friends, we only held hands and talked. Other wagging school (not home boys) were there they gave I took to the gardener, he phoned the school, who did a class roll call, thus we were sprung.

Captain Patterson knew no ring I was a toddler 3 yrs of age at Bexley. He also thought highly of Ron and made him home captain, the girl I was with was from a church of England girls home, her name was Wanda the surname I won't mention lest I cause deep embarrassment to a person who does not deserve to be embarrassed. I do however apologise to him for any embarrassment I caused there many years ago. This person was then the vice captain of the home.

When Captain Patterson reached me, he stopped and told me of his disappointment in me, and because of Mums position I was allowed to go on holidays, where the other boys were not and that the reason they're not in the line, but I am, and he was going to exact his pound of flesh.

Including what they called tip, messes I received

the proverbial biblical 40 lashes but one. I was in pain bawling my eyes out, they me were sent to bed. At the head of the bed was a Holy Bible. I ripped it up and dispersed of it damn the tailer. I thought if this is Christianity they I wanted no part of it.

I am a born again Bible believing Christian and I am not ashamed of it.

However I do have trouble about taking the proverb literally or for value. The one they would emphasize, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." However that's a different story.

Back to the Gil Memorial Boys home.

The boss Captain Patterson again in foul mood would produce the black book with the names of boys he claimed had brought dishonor to the good name of the home.

These nights I call gladiatorial nights. we would be sitting on our lockers around the recreation hall, Captain Patterson would ask if any one would defend the honor of the home nobody, but his 2-i.c. Captain Moreton would say yes. There was one lad Gordon Sumner a gentleman, but somehow he troubled Captain Moreton the wrong way - (personally clash) and this returned service here, was going to teach this lad a lesson. I'm talking about fist fights man to boy toe to toe the boss says ready

and off they would go. He would then pick somebody usually the offending boy best man to fight each other, if either held back then the boss 14 store would step in and personally floor them.

It was a no win situation, the offender couldn't or rather wouldn't win, but had to make it look as though he was really trying to win.

Captain Moreton and Gordon Turner would go at each other. Who won? it didn't matter for they would be trading blows again in a week or so.

Unlike Bexley there was no punishment for bed wetting, the meals were generally good.

School lunches weren't the best.

They consisted of 2 slices of bread, no butter with jam or honey on them put together to make a sandwich. A second sandwich had a scraping of butter plus fish paste or baked beans.

These were placed in a white cotton bag. It was embarrassing to pull these out in front of non home boys, so we usually ate it during class.

Standing on line was also the practice at Gill. Only here the yards were asphalt, barefooted as at Bexley. At Gill we wore school uniforms with shoes.

Another punishment was roll your pants up until thigh exposed, and you received a hard wallop or two, leaving the imprint of officer's hand on your thigh for a couple of hours.

There were times when boys were locked in the strong room, this was under the stair case to the dormitory, the door was a 6 inch thick metal safe door. Time in the room was variable, all night or day or just several hours, there was not a window or air vent in it.

Captain Patterson was a bit of a womanizer while we were serving dinner he would drop jelly down Matron Blair, Matron would run into the vegetable room to get the jelly out, and Captain Patterson would follow her. He would be saying let me help you Matron and attempt to put his hand down her blouse, much to the Matrons discomfort and embarrassment.

In those days women were not permitted an opinion, just keep quiet, there were no sexual harassment laws then. Matron was a lovely lady and didn't appreciate his physical attention.

There is definitely more to this story, but I can't write what I don't know about.

There could be other incidents of cruelty to boys which which we did not witness, it is up to them to tell their stories.

Both Besley and the Jell memorized homes were not orphanages but were for kids from

broken and dysfunctional homes. Some were delinquents sent there by the courts to be straightened out; the reasons and length of stay varied.

All Salvation Army officers were not cruel or sadistic, most were good and caring people. As in all walks of life there are good and bad, however in this case the bad memories outweigh the good ones.

How did these men become our guardians? It depended on their aptitude and academic qualifications. Those who obtained the top marks at Training College, were usually sent to the various suburban Citadels (churches) to run the local corps. Those with the low marks were sent to the institutions and were told by their superiors that God had called them for that type of ministry. These men who were young and single became our substitute parents. They had no formal training in handling boys of various ages. They were to go and trust God. Captain Bevan of Bealey Motonery said he was instructed to let us know that he was calling the shots, and not let the boys put it over him. Maybe they were all given that same instruction.

Things have changed and life goes on, we must not let the past drag us down. Life is short.

21-7-04 AD

Hi: my name is Jack Healy and I'm writing this on behalf of my elder brother Ron born 29-12-1932, he passed away Easter Saturday 2004.

Ron and I were both institutionalized together 1938 - 1949. Glenelg & half yrs. of yrs Bexley boys home and Gill Memorial boys home Goulburn N.S.W. both avowed and run by the Salvation Army. To tell his story would be similar to mine, so I will only relate to things that applied to him.

Ron like me was a regular bed wetter and received same punishment. i.e. Cane, cold showers take bedding to laundry wash wrong and hang it out all before breakfast.

For some reason nurses had to take Ron home for a few days. During this time he was taken to local family Dr. He noticed wetts on Ron's wrist & hands, he asked how and was told from Caring for bed wetters.

The Dr. contacted the home, and threatened them with exposure to authorities and newspapers. The Caring for bed wetters ceased. This was at Bexley Boys home, early 1940's.

In the Gill Memorial home for boys Ron suffer two physical beatings from the boss - one Captain Ken Patterson.

(2)

Ron was home captain as in school captain and was a trusted person.

We had never had the birds & bees talk from anybody, only gutter talk from delinquent boys sent there by courts.

It was around 1948 - that the Kinsley sex report came out in film. Ron sneaked out, went down town and saw the film.

He was speaking by Captain Patterson on his return, after giving a truthful explanation, he was knocked down by a punch from Captain Patterson 14 store, Ron was 7 store or thereabouts.

Result was that the Captain decided to try a birds & bees lecture. He called several of the senior boys to his office. They were asked to tell in their own words or terms, what we used, which as already stated was gutter language. Captain tried to talk to us using our terminology; he couldn't do it it was for his Christian belief too crude, so we remained ignorant and were like fish out of water, when we re entered the world of reality.

The second bashing resulted ~~as~~ because of a medical problem we both had but never knew what it was or what caused it.

We know now, it was HEREDITARY HAEMORRAGIC.

(3)

TELANGANESIS. (Foreign spelling).

It was during dinner my lip started to bleed, it was pumping blood, like a fountain. I was excused to go to wash room to stop the bleeding and clean up. It wouldn't stop dinner was over, I got into trouble for the Captain Patterson claimed I was using this as an excuse to not have to eat what we had for dinner.

Whilst the boss was going to care me Ron stepped forward, having a vague notion of what the bleeding was called, as he had the same problem. Captain Patterson then threw a punch to Ron's head, Ron fell to the floor.

Ron picked himself up, determined to hide the fact that he was hurt. Ron glared at Captain Patterson who hit Ron a second time, again Ron got up and a third time was punched and knocked to the floor. By this time other officers were ushering boys in to wash after dinner, and there were no further punches thrown.

These three incidents (not accidents) for they were intentional, along with all that I wrote in my story - is my brother Ron's story.

Jack Healy
for Ron Healy -

(1)

21-7-2009 (11)

Hi. again my name is Jack Healy and I'm writing this brief note on behalf of my younger brother Owen Healy.

Owen died whilst in the care of some Church of England nuns.

Owen apparently had a tumor on brain, and he was smacked across the head by the nun or nuns. This apparently caused the tumor to burst and Owen died as a result.

Owen was 3 yrs of age at that time. His D.O.B. was 14-2-36 I don't know what year. I don't recall ever seeing him, I only have a small photo to remember him by.

I would like some one to tell me all the facts like D.O.B. what home was it, what was the real cause of death? -

That is the Owen Healy story as I know it.

Jack Healy
Per. Owen Healy

P.S. I just found a solitary photo of Owen on the back it says 1936-1940.