

Submitted

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Community AFFAIRS COMMITTEE
PARLIAMENT HOUSE
CANBERRA ACT 2600

(1) Growing up with Mother.

1943. TO 1946.
(2) CARLINGFORD C.E Boys Home

1950/1 TO 1953.
(3) CHARLTON C.E Boys Home
GLEBE NSW.

From:

CARL BEAUCHAMP JP.

Dear Newtown 26.6.1937.
AGE now 67.

Lord Beauchamp JP

1 Sept 2004

Community Affairs Committee

Si 59

Parliament House

Barbosa

ACT 2600

Dear Senate Committee,

I previously submitted a submission on my time spent in Church Boys Home when I was a child. Not having heard from you I assume my submission was lost or misplaced, I now tender my second submission on my time in Church of England Homes at Colvingford and Charlton Home for Boys at Gble.

I was placed firstly at Colvingford C of E Boys Home about 1943 by my mother who could not cope with us my brother was only two I was about 5½ years old;

My father had left my mother about a year earlier because of mums

drunkenness and her taking up and sleeping with other men when he was at work, our early years were filled with drunkenness and violence and no love by our parents, mum was more interested in giving love to her many boyfriends, when I was about 4 years my father left for good, things became worse for us as mum became a full time party girl.

My Uncle Seth now deceased once told me how my mother's affairs hurt my father badly and how one day after a violent argument with mum he came out with a rifle and was near to shooting mum, when suddenly mum picked me up and placed me in front of her. She is alleged to have said, "Now shoot me, but you will kill Corlie first."

As the second world war progressed and mum found us to be a hindrance she placed us in Church of England homes at Corlingford, even at such a young age I remember how quick she was to get rid of us. My brother and I were separated as mum took him to Infants Home Havilah next door, I never saw him until early 1946. That was when the war was over and mum picked us up with her newest man friend Stan Skidmore who we were to find out later was a drunk as mum had become. My brother and I were once again in a dysfunctional house where our life was full of drunken sex parties and we were often bashed up, I still at 67 years carry the scars. Mentally and Physically today.

After a while I understood the rules of the home, everything was in institution order, gaiters, towels and tooth brushes and clothing raised tagged always in order.

I never saw Mum again until she took us home to Enskineville in early 1946. I was 7½ years old.

I had been alive 7½ years with no parental love and in Carlingford no one ever gave me any love, never a hug or a kiss or a cuddle. During my time here all I can ever remember is sadness.

Every Saturday I would spend most all day at the front gate on Pennant Hills Road watching every person get on and off - many coming into the home to see other kids. I felt I was the only one who never had my parents visit, when everyone was gone I would realise Mum was not coming and every Saturday I would break down and cry my little heart out, often finish up hiding in seclusion in the dairy shed so as not to be embarrassed by others seeing me sad and crying. Nearly every Saturday some in charge would come and get me and take me back to the lady in charge of our cottage, who would have me clean up for evening tea. Then when the next Saturday came, the same thing again.

The people in charge including Mr & Mrs Hill who ran Carlingford never harmed me or used violence. But they also never showed any love or got close to a very sad little unloved boy.

After the war mum picked me up and took me home to Erskineville and my brother, I went to Erskineville Primary School, the first year home was not too bad although there was still drunken sea parties and fights and violence.

Next year Mum had found other men and she often went weeks without coming home we were alone often with no food in the house, so we stole neighbours milk money - no warm clothing, so we stole people's washing off the clothing line, we never had any shoes.

In winter we had one old army blanket each no pillow and a old thin army mattress which was full of bugs and fleas. we were cold, starving and always were the only kids who had nothing.

As the years went by I waggled school all the time, stole milk money to buy food, we were truly neglected home alone kids.

When I was about thirteen (13) I was arrested by the Child Welfare and charged with being a badly neglected child. Mum spoke against us and said we were uncontrollable. We had no say in it. Those were the days when kids were not given a say or allowed to say "Why" children seen but not heard.

I won't go into all the trouble I got into but having no parents to discipline us or give us love we were both neglected and truly uncontrollable by standards of that period.

I am now about 13½ years old and taken to Court at Yasmus Children Court and Detention Centre at Ashfield. Our day came for Court before a Mr Murphy Magistrate a very hard and officious man. Mum was asked would she take us home, she said No.

She did not want us and had no love for us. I wanted to tell the Magistrate, why I was as I am and how Mum had so much harm to us, why I had knife cuts on my hand the scars on my body. How we were made to stand all night on a corner because we had seen mum & her girlfriend having sex with men, we had to pass them to visit the Toilet which was outside towards the back fence and sneak back upstairs to our one blanket bed, no pillow no sheets, bare floor boards and always hungry. Mum often hit us hard with pieces of a 4 inch by 4 inch post sometimes over the head. But you can't because she is your Mum even though it was a one sided love, my love for her. I will never forget how I cried myself to sleep so many Times wishing I lived elsewhere.

Our Father had another family and when I told him 5 or 6 years ago about being in homes he said he never knew.

Here I am 13½ and I have never ever had a Birthday or Christmas present in all my life.

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TO CHARLTON C.O.E BOYS HOME GHERE

Magistrate Murphy then said to the Court Chaplain Rev Ray Hais could he arrange me to be put in a church Home, He said, all was arranged at Charlton Boys Home at Goble. So the Magistrate said I was to stay there until my 16th Birthday.

Rev Ray Hais drove me a man to Charlton C.O.E Boys Home Goble where we were taken to the office of Mr Packinstall who was the Boss, He had previously been at Mt Denong at Gosford

Mr Packinstall was a very strict hard disciplinarian, the home was regiment and very institutionalized, if you were disliked by the staff, your time here was hard, if you were liked and did everything you were told you survived OK. The worst part of Charlton was the mental pain you suffered by trying to do what they wanted you to do.

I worked very hard at Charlton for near a full year as a 14 year old I helped construct ten foot high walls to retain what was to be an activity area, every day a man Norman would have us men handle sand stone rocks as much as up to a ton in weight or what ever, But very heavy. shift by hand a few hundred yards and position into making retaining walls.

Every day our hands were cut and sore cracked with your back in continuous pain for all of

a full year, stopping only for meals and sometimes a rest I imagine how the convicts at Port Arthur were made to lift near impossible weights. But the mind and body can do the impossible when you are forced to with no choice.

after the lifting would near kill me but you did it to survive and to do what they wanted thus keeping you in the good books.

Our reward for building the area for activities was we were taken to the Pictures on glee to make up for the pain & sufferings we are endured as convict labor at charlton

One day Mr Dackinstall came up behind me hitting me twice with an open hand as hard as hell on the head, because he heard me saying no one deserves to be chastised for wetting the bed after he made an example of two boys who wet the bed every day. I recall he grabbed me by the ear and led me to the showers where the wet the bed boys were waiting. Dackinstall then stood by and made us stand under cold showers on a very cold morning

I remember one evening he Mr Dackinstall had everyone assemble in the hall, he was in a very bad mood, he had us run around the hall, Mr Dackinstall in the middle with a long handle which as we ran around the hall

Mr Sackstall in his rage kept hitting with the whip Boy after Boy, when hit the whip mark hurt and some boys would stop running to rub the pain away, this was worse because he then hit those boys harder as we ran and ran until we were all tired.

I recall he at last stopped hitting with the whip, lined everyone up and gave us all a religious lecture on how to be good boys.

During the time I was at Charlton my Mum only came and saw me twice.

One thing in favor of how Charlton was controlled was a open policy of trust. The gates were never locked although we were closed in by a high wall. and once a month a few local girls and girls from Bidsons Girls Home would come for a dance night or concert. We were able to go to Church each Sunday at St Johns, walk to and from and we all walked to school at Jpleic Technical School and any Boy who had a job went to work each day each boy was able to retain a small part of wages and the rest paid into an account Mr Sackstall kept, I mention this on all fairness, all in all and taking everything into account good and Bad being in these homes was better than being with my Mum. The concept of trust at Charlton was an idea that was good.

But there was no love and punishment
 at times harsh and uncalled for in hindsight
 I feel Mr Rochester was manic, I say this
 because his mood swings were not normal.

But all in all growing up through all
 the pain and unlove has made me a much
 better person than if I did not experience
 such things.

I think that is why I love my family
 so much and would give my life to save
 anyone of them.

My grandchildren and great grandchildren
 are truly the love of my life, they are what
 make's everyday worth while

Yours sincerely

Carl Beauchamp JP

Carl Beauchamp:

extra submission

Community Affairs Committee
51 59
Parliament House.
ACT 2600

Dear Senators;

Yesterday I mailed you my own submission on my Time and Treatment at Charlton Boys Home at Glabe Sydney NSW.

On going to bed last night I could not sleep as my submission was on my mind and could not sleep, because after all these years I thought it was over forgotten and never to worry me again, as I lay in bed other horrors came back and soon I was crying in a uncontrolled manner, imagine a 67 year old crying like a child.

I left Charlton when I was 16. a few matters that I did not include in my previous submission because I always believed I had put my personal demon to rest. What I'm to tell you here is something I have never told anyone not even

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CHARITEN C.E Boys Home

I mentioned about Boys who wet the bed they were ridiculed by the Boss standing them up at meal times and telling everyone how wicked they were and I remember how the Boss hit them with a cane and were forced under cold water showers while Mr Sackinattell watched on, I also recall was cold showered and cared for Telling Sackinattell he was cruel, further to that instead of drinking 1 cup of Epsom salts he forced me to drink two full cups.

I was also made to assist a old local Plumber put a galvanized new roof on a very long Building, I had deep cuts on my hands which became infected and he would not allow me to see a Doctor to stitch a few deep cuts:

One day a Mr Boyton who use to often take a Boy or two out and often to sleep the week-end at his house at Bunker Street Coogee. One week-end he took me to his home. during the night he came to my bed and he started Touching me masturbating me and had me Touch him.

I was too scared to tell anyone, many more times he had me out and did the same thing very often, I was very happy when after a while he did not want me and took out other Boys and I know he did the same to them.

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No one other Boy asked me did he do sexual thing to me. I just would not tell anyone I was so ashamed and embarrassed and til this day this is the for time I have been able to speak of it.

Later when I left Glebe school at 15 Mr Sachinall got me a job with a Mr Whitten the Boss at Camerons Pies on Anzac Parade Kensington, many other Home Boys worked there at times.

One day Mr Whitten kept me back to clean all the Boxes made of wood that pies were packed into. after I finished he called me into his office and pulled me close to him, Mr Whitten pulled my penis out and started to masturbate me, he then sucked my penis and this happened many times and had me rub his penis.

Mr Whitten warned me not to tell anyone otherwise if I did I would lose my job and in any case no one would believe me.

It would appear a few of the senior Postycocks asked me was the Boss trying me out. of course be very ashamed and afraid I said nothing but by the many rumours I knew because they kept naming many other Home boys who Mr

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Whitten had this type of sex with us soon as I turned 16 I could not get away fast enough - getting a Despatch Packing position with Stromberg Carlson wireless manufacturers at Alexandria where I worked with 18 year old Brian Blay who played Rugby League with Newtown

I know how many years it took me to forget those sexual advances on me until this week, as I said this is the first mention ever. Now that I've faced it here, I might get enough courage to tell my wife. But at 67 years and crying at memories of 50 years ago. I know I had to speak out.

The other thing I recall was some boys beside those who wet the bed and were punished, some boys masturbated and I recall Mr Dochastall telling everyone of their sins, I recall them being made fools of and they also were punished by cold showers.

But all in all even though those things were going on at least we had warm Beds and three good meals a day, I know the girls at Bidare and the Boys at Royston had it worse than us, Boys at Royston were often beaten and the Bidare girls had it hard too. often we would meet up when these people

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were invited to the Charleston monthly dance
I recall one girl from Bidwell said she had
been bashed up. The Royster Boys I knew
a few and they said, life was pretty crook.

Well I dont know if writing this will
help me at 67 years but maybe my sad
experiences might help improve the life of
young boys and girls who find themselves
in trouble.

You know for many years I often thought
and wondered "what was wrong with me"
and "why was I always in trouble" and being
in homes twice before I was 14. I often made
myself sick wondering if ~~to~~ I was such a bad
Boy I would spend all my life in goal.

Maybe there was a reason for it, I have
always been interested in Politics and in
Australian history, and wear my heart on my sleeve
to help those worse than myself.

I have a loving wife of 44 years and
have 4 children, 13 grand children and three
Great grand children and I will never allow them
to go through what I did.

Unless one has walked in my shoes one
just cant understand how sad we were

Yours faithfully
Gene Beauchamp