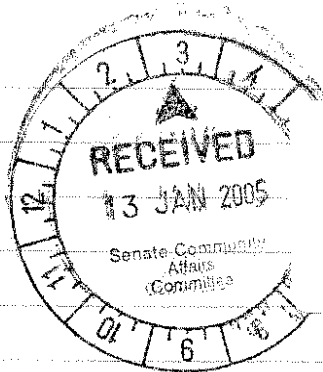




Mrs Rena Teabrook

The Secretary,
State Community Affairs Reference Com,
Suite 5.1.59,
Parliament House
Canberra. A.C.T.

Sir/Madam,

On so many occasions I have tried to write down my experiences (and (also my sisters) in so many orphanages we were in. To let you know what effect it has had on our lives. This has brought up so much anguish that I really didn't want to write. I will let you know about me as I cannot write for my sisters ever though their lives have left them scarred.

I was in a place called St. Michael's at Clayfield when I was nine. My father was overseas in the Army and my mother deserted 4 of us. My father at that time was a very heavy drinker and used to belt my

mother. He never paid for us to be placed in any homes.

After a while I was treated like an outcast because no money was coming in. Some nights the nuns made me stand in a dark dining room (in a corner). I was still there in the morning. It was pitch black and I was ~~so~~ stand.

Next I went to All Saints girls Hostel at Charleville. That was as bad as St Michaels.

Then I was placed in Queen Alexandra Home. At least now I was with my two sisters. It was good at first because it was run by a Mr & Mrs Reid. Then they went back to England. Then another person took over, Mr & Mrs. Rasmussen. He used to look at us having our backs (2 per week) also he used to take our pants down and smack our bare bottoms. He was relieved by a Mr Quinn for his holidays. I was told I could sleep in a special room with only 2 beds one girl was away. I was left in the room on my own. I was molested. Next day I was transferred to Diamantina Receiving Depot. I know soon I was told because I was bad.

after I was in hospital.

This place was only a slave camp, but at least the food was a little better than any of the places I was in (THE COLD COCOA WAS YUM)

Next I was transferred to the Salvation Army girls home in Isewcomba. This was no bed of roses. One day at school (Kangewick State) the head master called me into his office and said I was talking on line. It was not me it was a Day Student. I was caned by (Mr Ingram) so badly my skin was cut into. Not only my arms and legs but also my face and back. When I got back to the home I was punished again, even though I did not do any wrong. The food in this place was small. Really not even fit for starving dogs.

After two years I was sent back to Diamantina and after a short while I was placed with my father. I was 14. The State knew my Dad was a drunken wife beater, and yet they discharged me to live with him. I lived in a small tent and ran away when I was 18. Even to this day I am

so terrified of the night because
what happen 54 years ago.

I was shocked to read
that this also happened in ether
States bar Queensland.

What rules me so much
is that we aren't allowed compensation.
I remember a certain Petition falling
from a bike and get over a hundred
thousand dollars. I remember a
petitions wife holding herself with
a cup of tea she received \$25,000.
We the home kid what do we
receive. Decades of night mare.
Know why. WE ARE AUSTRALIAN
FORGOTTEN NOTHING'S.

Perhaps if we had
been giving an education we could
have become petitions and received
a handsome reward for a scratch.
I could have written a book on injustices
or very bitter Nothing Nemie
person

Rona Seabrook.

MOLESTED - STARVED - UNEDUCATED - BATTERED
RARELY BATHED - UNDERCLOTHED (IN
THE LUCKY COUNTRY?)