



Howlong 2643  
12-1-05

Dear Senate Inquiry No 2, Forgotten Australia;

I wish to submit this letter to you  
and Inquiry 05 into Life in Outrage etc,

To begin in the year of 1955 till a time in 1956  
I was part of the Outrage system, this  
is how it occurred + its 50 year results on  
me as person, in the year of 1955 - my  
dearest mother now deceased Eileen Mc Gillroy/  
Steele - as I was adopted into the Steele family  
at the age of 2½, my name then was  
Geoffrey Alan Davis or Davies - now its  
Geoffrey Alan Steele, in the early part of  
1955 my mother took a position with  
Melbourne Outrage "Windmere", I will refer  
to in this letter as Windmere, situated  
in Brighton - Victoria, her position was  
one of Senior House Mother, with family  
lodgings for herself + myself her son of 8 years  
old; on arrival to our new home +  
mums new position - my father lived in  
Hawthorn at the time, My mother was  
welcomed to Windmere by Margaret +  
was told she was Senior House Mum +  
your quarters are here with the  
senior boys + your son will be  
housed over there - cottage with the junior

boys - tears all round as I was  
 lead to my dormitory of 30 odd beds  
 + faces, my mother wasn't allowed to  
 see me or contact me + this became  
 the demand + rule for me - then I  
 tried + was punished with work duties (ironing  
 blankets for many weekends whilst others went  
 to the beach - movies + even some went  
 on outings with people + organizations etc, I  
 was a quite boy of 8, a child of  
 dreams + love a great need of his own  
 mother - not - house mother + father  
 who now controlled my life + well being,  
 I became sad after crying - Bullied by  
 the senior boys for being a Mum on night,  
 + if I was to come over again to see her  
 \* they threaten to "kught my Balls", I began  
 wetting my bed + at school wetting my pants  
 - I became distance + isolated - losing my  
 identity - I cried at night for my Mum  
 - I loved Dad but he was then a  
 stranger to me mostly as he'd been less  
 than around in those early times - I was  
 punished for not being able to eat my  
 lump (like rock) porridge - others were  
 made to sit at table while I was forced  
 to put it to my mouth - at times I was sick  
 on the spot - I hate porridge to this day  
 + soup - sheep's brains + Date Snawishes  
 which was the norm for school lunch, were  
 throw away or given to another, coconut  
 seem to be another dream or food, I  
 can still taste it in biscuits now at 58  
 + will stop eating right away - I feel ill.

we were made the like holiday, in  
 lines - no miles - no luggage & no joy  
 we were controlled as one - marched  
 to Movies at Brighton - marched to Beach,  
 marched to Church & some went to go to  
 school next door - I was a individual &  
 this was taken from me & freed from my  
 thoughts - after work I did cross for  
 being me - after I got rounded across the  
 head for showing signs of life & personality,  
 well time went on - Mother & son in  
 the Wingham Oylounge - yet apart -  
 one meal time in the evening - the home  
 mother comes to me & calls me aside &  
 in whisper to Homeparents Home/cottage - where  
 in solemn voice I'm told your mother is ill  
 & will be away for awhile - I begin to cry where  
 is Mummy - I want to see Mummy - but now  
 you will be staying with us in our care  
 till she is well - then I was taken to my  
 Dormitory - no cuddles - no feelings -  
 I was now alone - not even will call  
 your father / family - who all lived  
 in the Paddock - Brighton area in those days,  
 my time had come to be an Oylounge  
 Full Time for time being - I remember  
 3 outings - 1 to march to Brighton Hights  
 to see the 1956 Olympics on TV  
 on roller seats - going to the Olympics & seeing  
 John Hardy - my mother was present also  
 I find out years later - on the opposite  
 side of the MCG with parents for hundreds  
 of people - the last the State Family had  
 was day out apart in the system, also a

a night out with a group of people  
 & we all went to the Drive-in at  
 Toronto - they were the 3 positive times I look  
 back at as the "stuff of cyborgs" actually  
 showed compassion & signs of feelings they  
 never showed at Osborne proper to us  
 children - it was rules & order cleanliness  
 - tidy bed, tidy you - tidy this - I now  
 have a Manual for tidiness, correctness.  
 Well it's still 1956 - early 57 finally & a  
 few lucky junior boys are given a  
 holiday away from Windermere & off we  
 go to Cottage Boy the Son - Queenscliffe  
 - on arrival whom do I see but  
 my mother working there - happy as all  
 hell I am to see her - I run towards  
 her & I'm stopped - Mrs Steele is working  
 will show you to your rooms - she won't  
 be able to be alone with me & over my  
 my holiday at Cottage Boy the Son as one  
 of the cyborg boys - end of  
 holiday - a tear - wave for Mum & me  
 to Mum & life begins again at Windermere  
 - this period is less clean - but  
 I now have Dad contact to Windermere  
 & asking that I be allowed to travel  
 by rail to Spencer Street & will meet  
 me - I think it was every 2nd Saturday,  
 I'm allowed to go about 10 am & should  
 be back at about 10 pm - but this  
 doesn't occur - due to how late times etc,  
 & I arrive at Brighton Station & run all  
 the way back to Windermere & sleep -  
 after opening the front door as organised,

Jim meets with a smooth reason the back  
 of the hand - you hate - I try to  
 explain to late adult mole - house filler  
 figure - but to no good - in holidays  
 it will be next weekend, & this routine  
 went on & on for weeks - as the rail  
 didn't get me back ever on time, one  
 day I blurt out to dad what was  
 happening & he said this would stop &  
 not to worry any more, I more sleep  
 & it stopped & so did the ironing clothes,  
 till this day - I have on ironing today  
 or stop do my ironing - I hate it with  
 a post passion of my time in Widener -  
 my time and soon after that last visit  
 with Dad, & I then found I was  
 doing the house at the family & the house  
 I believe by Melbourne Oxyloges "Widener"  
~~decision~~ decision to separate them was  
 deliberate - they were short of staff, Jane  
 ran down & they had it over a single  
 woman in 1955, they left her traumatic for  
 many years - she being I'd become a  
 ward of the State if she got ill again &  
 she did for many years - my time there  
 under the circumstances - Oxyloges was in  
 no money way & in brief I will  
 try & list my life - not settle, angry  
 - resent authority figures - hate the system,  
 sadness I can't explain - nervous tension  
 & anxiety attacks - moody - tears outburst,  
 feel isolated & different to others in severe  
 feelings, made a mess of my schooling time  
 as in no job, lost my passion for drawing

creating + my relationships as much as I  
 give love - I need more than is humanly  
 possible of my partner - I don't trust  
 as I should, 2 marriages, 5 failed attempts,  
 I'm now 58 living alone with my dog &  
 cat + I appear to world to be settled - happy  
 + positive - yet this sadness within  
 never dies - I want family all around  
 me - yet we grew apart + Mum + Dad  
 Steele have parted some years ago so  
 it's me + my son 35 (Dion) who is  
 a trouble man + it's due to the scars  
 within me + what a control freak I  
 was over his youth + school, I wanted  
 for Dion what I never wanted for myself  
 I wanted a wife - happy - comfortable  
 living alone home, yet I managed a  
 50/50 effort + destroyed his trust in me  
 + his respect in me + his love, for 17  
 years we were apart + only mail healing  
 + going closer as Father + Son - his  
 Father is given a ~~new~~ second chance to  
 be part of his life + love, I cannot  
 separate him - his mother or my relatives  
 to know what it was like to loose  
 your mother twice to the systems of the  
 dog - after all these years in coming  
 in from the pain of Windermere days,  
 I hope this contribution help others never  
 to allow a member of staff + children or  
 child be separated or employed to care  
 for others - great as this is - my life  
 change + it only really now, yours faithfully  
 D. Steele

PS

I remember being part of a play put  
on at Winderemere in the Hall, on stage  
we were were performing Hiawatha (Orson  
Wells) I was Munnice HA HA - it has  
always stuck with me little boy lost  
got the girls role, but Mum wasn't  
there to see her, nor the Actor - &  
life has been just that for since 1955  
a Act - without the curtain lifting, my  
survival & isolation have been put with  
the strength that Steele Steel said  
I was a special child & aren't we all.

Golf Steele