

24th May 2010
Senate Committee .
Re: Lost Generation

Dear Sir Madam ,

I would suppose this can be received as another request for a hand out , from yet another person or group looking to see what they can get from the Government . But this is more than a request for money it is a call for a little justice on my part I suppose .

Like so many others ,my two brothers and I grew up in state care . As both a ward of the state of South Australia and Victoria and later in Foster care . We had a rather a horrific childhood that has taken me so many years to come to terms with (not to mention countless relationships that have failed through alcohol, and the lack of family role models.) all the issues that went on in the state care and the foster care included the death of a brother that is still with me today .

You look at your lives and consider what is your childhood worth , and can you recall what has happened

In 1968/69 Warren Guyer as I recall his name was my friend (I was 7) had an epileptic fit while unsupervised in the bath tub and drowned . Being a child I did not have the strength to lift him out and informing one of the staff she did not believe me . The child died in state care at Morialta Orphanage in the Adelaide Hills.

1969 sent to live with a Woman that we had never seen but had turned out to be our mother . Stayed there for three to four months perhaps longer . Beaten with electric cord from the kettle on a regular basis .Starved to a point that we had to eat from bins behind the local bakery and steal fruit and vegetable from the next door property that we ended up in hospital with being poisoned from pesticide on the vegetables. (Camperdown Victoria) .No school attendance was ever taken during this time as we were all too ill or too hungry to concentrate.

A seven year old , five year old and a four year old hitch hiked to Colac to where they new a Great Uncle lived . (Newton Roads) The distance is 44.9km may have been a thousand for children of that age. We made the journey and managed to find our Grandmother's brother .No mean feat for half starved children .

Another institution Allambie in Melbourne was the next stop and then Glastonbury in Geelong . Here was an interesting and sterile environment for a child to grow .Not to mention some of the weird sick individuals that were hired to look after you or should I say their own needs . But needless to say an education was on the table and we were at least not hungry nor beaten to the point of what had happened in the past . a few years had passed and we were beginning to get used to the idea of a home and the something that may on the outset seem normal . But I assure you there are some very sick people who will do anything to get their jollies . One particular (woman) carer would insist that you had had to shower with the curtain open so she could watch and then informed you the job was not done properly and she would have to wash your genitals .This was a regular occurrence when she was working at night.

And then the so called Dept sent us back to the evil woman (mother) for a second time

with the same , outcome . Only this time I left . My two brothers stayed until the dept sent them to live in Melbourne .

I was sent to foster parents , at fifteen I left and began to work and try to make my way in the world .

Very little education , a disrupted childhood , dead friends , dead brother , and your compensation offer ranges from a little dental work to an upgrade of a drivers license . This country will offer a black man almost anything he wants and we are insulted with trivial bull shit . I had no way been the cause of my problems I have chosen to accept my lot in life work and try to get on with it .

I have noticed that if I was a black man (stolen generation) I would receive assistance hand over fist . I am white and therefore have no land entitlements or Abstudy to learn. (you will note that Austudy is available , but not for an MBA or PHD unless your Black) I say that because as like most people I have chosen to improve my lot in life myself I have gone to the effort of chasing higher education and paying for it , Including Three Bachelors degrees (yes I left school at fifteen and have had many jobs) and the insult of the government to tell me I am a ward of the state of Victoria and South Australia and yet you will cover my HECS fees of pay for my PHD unless I am black . It is no wonder that people are racist .

When I was fifteen I went to the government with no food and no were to live and they gave me a cabin at the Millicent caravan park a box of food a pat on the back and good luck you're an adult of you go , by the way the park is paid for two weeks after that you will need to have the money to pay yourself.

And you think that that in this day and age you will do that again , I don't think so .

I am a white Australian male in his late forties I have worked all my life to get anything and have tried to always be honest and straight forward with all . You guys chose to make my brothers and I wards of the state , now you can give us the same as you have decided to give the Australian Aboriginal.