

To Whom It May Concerned
I William Frank Turnbull spent fourteen years in Saint Vincent or as it was know as Rudgee Orphanage, I don't remember much as to what happen to me as a very young baby, I started to remember things at about three years old, I remember being given the strap after I done something wrong, when I was born my left foot had paralysis my foot was turn to the left and the Doctors had to try to straighten my foot, they put my leg in plaster of paris which they had to change often, I think every two months, this happen for four years. you see I was always in hospital, some times they had me in there for weeks on end, then they had my leg in weights and this happen for a long time, so you see I didn't have much schooling as well I had a very bad stutter and this didn't help me at all through school I actually didn't start school untill I was nearer seven, when I was five I was sent up to the little Boys section because I was getting to old for the babys section, I kept on going to the hospital to get treatment for my leg and all so for my stutter, then after few years the doctors finniaily took the plaster off my leg I had to stay in the hospital about a month so I could get some exercise on my leg that they could put iron boots on my leg from the waist down I had to stay in for another week and a half so I could get use to them, then they sent me back to the orphanage, and that's when I started school. (School)
I started my school lesson in grade one I don't remember the teacher name, but I got a few hiding for not doing the right thing which wasn't bad, the next year was grade two but I still don't remember the women name, she was a bit harder because I could ^{not} think proper, I spent 5 years there because I stutter, she would put me out on the

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veranda especially when some subject like spelling poetry history anything verbal and there were a lot of subject that were verbal, I spent more time out on the veranda than I was in class. The next year was grade three the teacher was another women named Miss Mac Grady and just like the two teachers in grade one and two she use to put me out on the veranda and got plenty of hidings from her. the next year I was sent to grade four and the teacher there was Sister Keler caners she was the boss of the school and was a lot of trouble for me, for two years she kept me in grade four and boy did she give me hell, several times I was about to grab the strap off her an lay into her but I just wasn't game enough she would give me a hiding for no reason at all just because I stutter and could not think properly, she would get me up to spell when we were having spelling and if I stutter she would get the strap and belt me untill I spelled the word, the whole of the class would be ~~laughing~~ laughing at me which I thought she was in the wrong for letting them do it, then I would do my block I would throw all the books on the floor, she would try to make me pick them up but I wouldn't, then she would send me out on the veranda to scrub them, but I would just go ^{out} side and sit down and cool down a bit, truly I don't know why she kept me in grade four for two years because I learnt nothing at all, she was nothing but a Bitch. I had just turn thirteen on the 25/10/45 and a few more weeks went by and then came the new year the kids and myself had our holidays and went back to school, I was sent to grade five, hoping I would have a good teacher and do well in grade five, the teacher was sister Allowishers, but it was not to be just like all the others

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all had it in for me, she again would send me out to scrub the
verandahs and clean the windows. when ever we had verbal
subject, then one day she was writing on the black board and
all of the class started to talk I was sitting in the front desk
right behind her and without turning around she said out
into the porch Turnbull I'll deal with you soon, I got up and said
why me the hole of the class is talking she said out so I went out
while I was waiting for her I said to myself I'm not going to
take the blame for this, so when she came out and brought
the strap with her she went to hit me with it, I grab the strap
off her and got stuck into her, sister Mathices the teacher that
was teaching six and seven came out to her rescue, I had done my
lolly, but I said next time get the right person, and then said I'm
sorry, I no more hidings. On the 25.10.42 I turn fourteen years
old so I left school very glad to leave but was sorry I didn't get
an education because I could hardly write my own name let
alone write a letter (growing up with the boys) I told you about my
leg when the doctors put the leg in plaster and when they took it off
and put my leg in ironboots, then the sisters transferd ^{me} up to the
littel boys to live, the sister in charge was Sister Oliver ~~bar~~, she also had
an elder boy to help her, during this time this older had thought I was
an ^{easy} target, one night I got up to have a pee and when I was going back
to bed he call me over he pull his pajamas ^{down} and wanted me to
play with penis and suck it, I started to cry, his bed was just over the
other side of the dormitory just away from sister Oliver's room, she heard
me ~~ear~~ crying and came out as a me what was wrong and I told her
she ask him whether it was ~~right~~ and he said no, she gave me a smack

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across the face and told me to go back to bed, about two weeks after he tried it again, he Kevin O'Leary drag me out of bed and pull his pajamas down I started to scream sister Olivehen came strate out and caught him with his pajamas down and smack him across the face, then she told me to go back to bed, the next day she sent ^{him} back to the big boys to live, then I became nine years of age, I had to go back to the hospital for my leg to get ~~me~~ seeing ^{to} by the doctor took my iron boots off and made me walk without them, he told the nurse I would have to stay in the hospital for a week so I could walk properly, then I was sent back to Orphanage. I battle year ten out with my ups and downs, because I didn't do much I got tease a lot from the other boys, I would fight them and if I hurt anyone of them they would tell the sister in charge and I got a lot of belttings I got transferred up to the big boys when I became eleven, that's when a lot of trouble started, the sister sent me over to Saint Patrick dormitory, after all the fights I had with the other boys and belttings I got from the sister in charge I all of a sudden became very nervous and I got worse I didn't give a ^{these} bugger whether I got a belting or not, because I wasn't going to have ~~the~~ kids tease me, then one night I wet the bed, I got another belting and then I got moved up to the top dormitory I think I was twelve years old the nun in charge was sister Amaral and she was a fair bitch she put me in bags there were a lot of other boys there as well, when ever any of the boys wet the bed they were made to wash all their bags right dress and all, even pillows everything on the bed was bags blankets and all, then they would put us under a cold shower and beat until we were black and blue, when every some high authority from the government was coming to inspect the place they

ing and gave to days notice then the Boys would have to clean up the dormitory scrub all the veranders and clean all the windows. If the Boys that wet the beds they would make us take all the bags off and replace them ^{with} sheets and blankets and pillows strip, after he or she had left the orphanage they would make us take off all the blankets linen and put all the bags on the beds again. Then one other night I wet the bed again, I had to wash and clean up everything when I did she amand took all my clothes off me put me under the shower and trash me ^{all} I was senseless I don't know about the other boys but after that trashing I could not think properly I was sore could not sit down properly the first time I had that feeling. Then one day I was sitting by my self and thinking about them trashing and said to my self that enough was enough I wasn't going to take it any longer. These runs had no mercy on them at all, whether you were cripple or a stutter or anything else that was wrong with you, I remember one of the girls had ~~the~~ a weak bladder, she was all standing up away from the desk in the middle of the floor, ^{thinking} we were in grade two teacher was a nun, this girl had put her hand up and had ask her half a dozen times could she go to toilet and the nun refuse ~~and~~ finally the girl went herself, the girl was made to go out and wash her pants and put them down on, then the girl was made to clean the floor, after we said that she was given a spanking, that was one out of two or three hundred times I had in there, every time that I saw anything to do with boys and girls I would be hitting I said to my self as I wrote further up the page would I was not going to take it any longer, ~~and~~ well it wasn't long, we were to get up at five in the morning have a meal and get ready for church, after church

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We all line up and got march over to the mess room, there we had a bowl of porridge & slice of bread with ^{honey} ~~honey~~ or jam and a mug of tea after that we would all go out and play and then we were called back off the ground and get read for school, that morning I had to go to the pharmacy, I was called up to the line of boys by an elder and I took no notice I just kept going over to the pharmacy because I was late you would get a belting, the pharmacy was run by a nun name sister perpetua I had to go over there to get my leg checked out, all the boys and girls were very frightened of her she was so small, after she had finish with me I went back to the school to get them up and get ready for school, this elder said that I should go into the line of boys as usual as usual I took no notice I came up to the line and the next time I came up you had to be there I told him that I had to go to the pharmacy to get my leg out, what ever he had in his hand he hit me over the head with it, at that time I was about twelve and a half and getting very strong, I just closed my eyes and got into him, he was for the, but that old man didn't give me one hit of a thing, he kept away from me after that and we did a lot of other stuff, that same morning we were all lined up on the veranda he kept shouting to us to march about what had happened, the next one out I told her what he had done to me but that made her ignorant she just said it up for me because I detested her and I was this after all the belting I got from her, I stayed my legs and did me over to the school and took the book down and went out the next day I grabbed the book up and put her down ever since, it took several days to drag me off her, she was in the school, next day she was there than before, and just said to me that she was

going to report me to Mother Superior, before she did I went
 straight over and told my story, and I think Mother Superior believed
 me, because Amand had been in trouble before over belting children.
 I went to school the rest of the day when four o'clock came in the
 afternoon I thought of Amand when we got out of school, and you
 wouldn't want to know Amand was on the afternoon shift because
 sister Rumold was sick. The afternoon went alright we change our
 school clothes went out play I just sat on the veranda and watch
 her, the rest of the day was call in and then we all had a bath in the
 big tub the nun in charge we had just watch us even if you were
 fourteen we would put our clothes back on and then go over for
 tea which was two slice of bread butter honey jam and a mug
 of tea, I was more ~~hungry~~ hungrier than when I ate it, then
 we would go out play for awhile and then get call back, line
 up and then say the bloody rosary which took an hour to say, we
 were in bed about nine thirty at ^{church} ~~church~~. That meant Rumold and
 Rumold went to church for ^{prayer} ~~prayer~~ as they would be away for
 an hour, while there were away, this monard name brother in law here
 became an uncle to me, he work on the Dominion plantation
 it was down by the ocean, when he was in the dormitory he come
 up to my bed and said "now you hit me" he hit me on the head, I was
 by then he got me out of bed and closed his fist on my head he give
 me one hell of a bashing one of my eyes was swollen and there was
 blood every ^{where} ~~where~~, it was not long before Rumold came back from
 church Morrie said I'll be going now and said he had dealt with
 me. I'd seen big men before but this bloke was very solid and his hands
 were twice as big as any other men that I have seen, the reason I was in

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Pain is that I had a broken jaw a ~~bad~~ broken nose and my face was all swollen right a round to my neck sister Rumbold herd me moaning from pain and I was very depressed, she came an and look at me and I could see the horror in her face, she got me out of bed and led me to the bath room, she took my baggage night dress of me I could see it was covered in blood and so was I, she put me under the shower and wash me all over my ribs were very sore, when she was drying me down she happen to rub my ribs and I ~~was~~^{yell} she ask me if my ribs were sore I nodded my head the blood would not stop from my nose and my mouth, she gave me a clean towel and put a cotton night dress and put me to bed beside her cell it was a bedroom for the nuns why they ever call them a cell for I dont know and it had sliding window when she put ^{to} bed she said that she wouldnt belong, by the time she got back the towel was wet with blood, she took that towel of me and wrap some ice in a nother towel, she would slide the window back and ask me if I was alright I just nodden my head, the next day she got sister perpetua to look at me I herd her say we will hear him there to day and see him tomorrow, but she came back that night to look at ^{at} me, seeing that I was getting worse she got me out of bed wrap ~~at~~^{at} around me then took me over to the convent, she rang a up for a adulance and it took me to hospital, for nearly two and a half weeks, they fix me up and brought back to the orphanage I admit I was no saint, but I had to look after my self I had a few fights with the older boys un I got their respect, sister Rumbold got stuck into me a few times and I told her to lay off me or I will do the same to her as I did to Amarel, I told her I didnt mind getting a hiding if I did something wrong but I wasnt

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about to take a beating for nothing. After I got back from the hospital from the injurer I received, the two nuns were told never to put me to sleep in a bed of Bags again as I suffered from itch, you see not only was I suffering from the injurers I received from my jaw and nose but I was also suffering from this itch, while I was at the hospital the doctor notice that I was covered with itch, he ask me how come I was covered in red spots, and I think I said that I was sleeping in bags, he ask me why and I said because I hit the bed and if I did anything real wrong, they the nuns would put me in bags to sleep, so sister Rumold told me that I had to sleep in the bed beside her cell that was her bed room, at night she would slide the window open and poke me until I woke up then I would have to get up and have a pee, she would do this two or three times a night, every morning I would have to go over to the pharmacy to get my leg seen to and then sister perpetua that Bitch would give me two tablets to take, one of them was for a nervous disorder and I think the other one was for blood, and then ^{the} sister in charge in the evening would give me a tablet just before I would go to bed, I was so nervous I was easily agitated I wouldn't give a damn who I had a fight with, because after that flogging I got from that Banstand he morric which I'll never forget, I wasn't afraid of any body not even Rumold or Amard or any other nun admittedly I'd get a kicking off some of the bigger boys but they didn't get it all their own way, at the time when sister Amard was going to flog me and I took the strap off her and got into her and then told that Banstand he morric, and I ended up in the hospital I don't think that incident was ever reported, because I never heard nothing from Mother Superior,

and I think it was all hush up, I'll bet anything it was never reported. When I turned fourteen I was sent out to work, I was sent to a place call Flinton, the farm I was to work on was a pineapple farm the boss name was Bill Cross, that date was 15/11/47 I spent a bit over twelve months there the reason I left was the pocket money I was getting, my first weeks work was four shilling, I said is that all I get for about seventy hrs per week and he said yes, but the rest of your wages is put in a trust ~~for~~ account run by the government and you don't pick it up until you are twenty one, then he ask me to sign for the money, I could hardly ~~to~~ sign my name he ask me why, I told him all about how I learned nothing at school because I stutter very bad. After I left him, I was sent to work on a dairy farm at lime stone Ridgson just out from Peak Crossing, the bosses name was a Mr Althus I like the work very much and he was a good bloke to work for but the money I was getting wasn't ~~worth~~ worth the eighty hrs I was working, I staid there about twelve months and then I left, I went back to the orphanage, I got a job down at the stock yard the boss was name Lindsey Gordon he was a real good bloke and as like a father to me, I like the work very much I thought I could stay here for ever, I use to give the neighbour a hand to clip their Cattel and ^{then} they gave me blue Cattel pup which I called George, then I started buying horses from the sandgate pound, I ended up buying six to seven horses all together, I was very happy there I had my own room and everything about it I like, I would go out cutting the corn down bring it into the shed a chaffing it up and put it into the silo in the summer months and then taking it out in the winter

^{feed} to the stock on it. By this time I was getting bigger and hungrier, there was a married couple at the stock yards that used to cook for the men their name was Lawler the meals ~~was~~ were getting worse and she wasn't cooking enough of it, I told Lindsay Gordon about it and I ask him and the men to ask Mrs Lawler could she cook more of the food but they didn't, so I took ^{it} on myself I just ask her could she cook more food so that I could back up for some more if I wanted more, because we were only getting morning noon and night meals and there was nothing in between, Mrs Lawler took offence to this suggestion and said that she was going to report me to the boss which was Lindsay Gordon and told me never to come back, so she told Lindsay that she wasn't prepare to cook for me anymore, Lindsay came up to me and ask me if it was true that I'd had ask her to cook more food and I said yes well he said that I can't work and not eat so he will have to report it which he did. About two hrs after that a government car came down to the stockyard pick me up and drove me to South Brisbane railway station there they put me on a train and two of the men came with me, one on each side of me, I ask one of them where was I going he said you will find out, after about three hour trip we got to Toowoomba station, I was transferred to a waiting car and taken away, the car ended up at Westbrook, I was taken to the superintendent office his name was Mc Millan I ask him what I was in Westbrook for and he told me that he was told that I was an uncontrollable child, then he told me that if I behave I would be alright, then he ask me what experience I had and I told him that I had a lot to do with cattle, so he put me in charge of the dairy.

A few weeks after I got to Westbrook Mc millan called me up to his office, he ask me how would I like to go to the toowoomba show to look after the cattle and the pigs, I said I would be happy to go, so he gave me four other boys, we were there for six days, and then the cattle and pigs were truck back and so was I, the four other boys piss off and left me on my own, about three more months went bye, and Mc millan called me up to the office again and told me that he had got me a job at south brook, it was a job which I had to fill all the milk cans up with the curds from the cheese factory and take it to the dairy farmers and pick up their milk on the way back to the factory. After doing that, I would go back to the Bosses home have something to eat and then go out chopping wood all day, I did not like that job so when I turned eighteen I left, even the wagers were no good but the boss wanted me to stay but I went on my way. When I left the job at southbrook I went back to Brisbane, while I was there I met up with an ex orphanage fellow that use to work for a chap by the name of Vib Boland. this fellow had work for him when he was fourteen and got ^{the} job through the orphanage, the job was on a dairy farm, it was located in the ~~hinterland~~ hinterland from herang Gold Coast, while I was working their I got in touch with my ex boss from the stockyard at the orphanage he ask me to come and visit him one week end, I ask my boss could I have one week end off and my request was granted so up I went to visit Lindsay Gordon my ex boss he told me that I could stay at his place for the week end, while I was there I had ask him all about the cattle and the work I use to do, I all so ask him about my

dog and my horses, what he told me wasn't very good news he told me my dog Gorge would not work for any body else and was pining away from grief he all so said that Gorge wouldn't have the front door of my room that I stayed in while I was working there, then he took Gorge up to his house to look after him there but he said that Gorge wandered off and died, he said he gave my horses away to other people because he thought I wouldn't be back to claim them, I was very distress what I had heard I thank him for telling and went back to the dairy farm, I was working on, I don't know how long I work there but when I left there I went out west, the reason I went out west is that I was very upset with life, I had no one to turn to and no one to help me because of my stutter and to say, I was so uneducated that I didn't know anything about canceling, when I went out west I started working on a sheep station all I had was a radio the local radio station which was 4 Lg. long reach we to close down at 9. PM then all you could get was the ABC station and all it had was parliament that was it my cup of tea, so I started to teach myself to read and write and the other men that were working there were a big help, I went out and brought myself a dictionary and this help me to learn to read and write, I even learnt to write my own name this is something I couldn't do when I left school, I know I'm not a good writer and I'm a very bad speller but I get by, I don't know how good I would have been, because anything I put my hands to I was good at it, if I had been educated I think I could have learnt a trade, when I was working on the first station the windmill broke down I got some tools pulled it to pieces got the broken bit out and put the

piece in and get it going again I fix up a lot of windmills
 and even put up two southern cross windmills by myself,
 one on a station called stainburn downs, and the other on
 stamford station right from the foundation upwards.
 so you see I could have been anything if I had a education.
 I'm still sour with the the nuns that were supposed to look after
 me and educate me especially those nuns and the other teacher that
 sent me out onto the veranda, its not because I didnt want to
 learn I did want to learn but they didnt want to teach me just
 because I stutter and it was them that cause the trouble in the
 first place. The Indigenous people talk about how hard they were
 done by, they say that they were taken away from their mother and
 father they call themselves the stolen children, but they were taken
 because their mother and father could not look after them, & in
 my opinion where they ^{were} ~~taken~~ taken to a mission where they were a
 clothes and well educated and fed (thats a lot more than what I
 get) these Indigenous people when they grew up all they wanted is
 land they reckon they owed and then they wanted compensated
 for been stolen, at lease they had a right to go back to their people
 one thing we never had the right to, we the children of the orphan
 were sent strate out to work, a soon we ^{reach} ~~took~~ fourteen years of age
 we were sent out to work, or if you were intelligent you were sent
 over to nudgee collage and I'll tel you there wernt many of the be
 from the orphanage that maid it there, thats in my time of caus-
 If any people that should be compensated it should have ^{been} ~~the~~
 children from nudgee orphanage most of them I supposed includ
 my self and I mean that because of all the insult I received for

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the people that supposed to look after me, if anything, if I received any compancation at all, I don't think I could ever forget the illtreatment I received, all the belting unable to be taught because of stuttering because I was very nervous and sleeping in bags, ^{they} may as well put me in a dog kennel to sleep, on top of all that you were sent out into the big world with out no knowledge about who your mother was or if you were a illegitimate or how many relatives you had, we should have been given all that information when we left the orphanage. And then I wrote a letter to the state government of Queensland asking them were they holding any monies owing to me from the people I had work for under the state ~~the~~ Government the monie was taken out of my wages and was put in the state Government trust account, and that I would received that monie when I turn Twenty one years old, my trouble never ended at St Vincents Orphanage, the reply I got from the state treasury under a thorough search was fruitless so that means that all the work I had done while under the state Government I had work for ~~was~~ pittance in other words there was no monies in the trust account, I mean I had work for four years from 1947 to 1951 for nothing I want compancated for those years I'd work and also the years of illtreatment I received while I was down at St Vincents orphanage and the lost of my dog a horses and my dignity

yours truly

W F Turnbull

P.S. I hope you can understan my writing as I have macular Degeneration it affect my retina