

My maiden name is Colleen Raymonde and my sisters name Noreen.  
And all the other names he had.

We were brought up in a home from (8-7-57) till (14-9-64)

We spent to days in Nourra police station locked up like criminals

We were very scared as there was a single grey and white stripe  
mattress and a dirty grey blanket and a potty. At night time Noreen and  
I huddled to-gether as we was so scared of the dark.

We used to go up the police station after school and tell the police  
The terrible things dad use to do to us. His private in our mouth we  
vomit every time he enjected in our mouth. Raped us every time he  
Was drunk but in the end the police charged us with stealing purses  
And if we did'nt say we stole them terrible things would happen to us.  
But when you think about it dad was bought up in a home to and  
terrible things must of happen to him for the things that he did to us.  
And we were under welfare when we were babies and the welfare  
Should of protected us (but never) We weren't children only a number  
and there meal tickets.

We went to the shelter as Bidurra was in Quarantine and as soon as  
you got there a doctor examine our private parts. Then in a bath then  
had our hair done in kerosene god was it bad on you skin had sticks  
around in your private to see if you cigarettes hidden there. We  
shouldn't of been there as we were under age.

Then to Montrose which was for slightly handy cap children.

Then to Bidurra which we ran away a few times as matron Laws and  
nurse Richardson treated us very bad used to hit us with a wooden hair  
brush which she actually split my head open with it.

About the third time I had my face and back dragged back over the  
fence by nurse Richardson and still have the scares on my face.

When we ran away from Bidura Noreen and I used to go straight to  
a police station and tell them how bad it was there. But they only

bought us back to the hell hole. Then we were put out with foster  
parents Betty Pratt Greenacre on the (30-11-57)

Dumped at Bankstown swimming pool each day while here girls  
were at school and she was out with her boyfriends and Noreen and I  
had to stay there till she came to pick us up.

We used to sleep on a lounge that used to open out and had to put bricks  
under it to keep it up as it was broken. the place was filthy. Somebody  
broke the toilet seat so we was sent back to Bidurra. The welfare  
should of checked them out but never. Then Christmas went by. Just  
another day to us.

Then Noreen and I was sent to Lynwood Hall at 25 Byron Road  
at Guildford.

Miss Davies was worse as if you did anything wrong you were put into  
clink even if somebody laughted or giggled out place .

I didn't mind going there as I had food allergies and didn't get into  
trouble for not eating . Only thing if you were there a couple of days the  
put used to smell. There was a little high window you couldn't see out  
of . Never had enough to eat because of my food allergies.

For example every morning we had porridge or somallinna couldn't eat  
couldn't drink cocoa allergic to milk every Saturday quarter tomato and  
one lettuce leaf. Sunday night one egg in curry I couldn't eat eggs and  
bonox used to make me sick in the dining room.

Miss Davies had her meals cooked in another kitchen only the best for  
her and her staff. Once I asked could I have the same food as her ; I  
had to hold my hand out and got the cane which broke my finger boy she  
must have been mad that night was up most of the night polishing the  
great hall' That was another punishment she got great saterfaction out  
of making us girls do Many a night I slepted outside her room for  
punishment a lot of girls did. Miss Davies said I used to play with  
dolls , we never toys or dolls.

Then at fifhtteen was sent to the Christians who was suppose to be my  
foster carer but you was there slaves. If they had a party you had to stay  
up and clean up and be up early and look after there children and keep  
them quite till they got up. They used to eat in a nice dining of a silver  
service then when the food came back to the kitchen that's when I used  
to eat the left overs . Then clean kitchen scrub the floors and if it was

night time when I finished my chores go and ask them if they wanted tea coffee or make her pimms no-1 Which I was under age and shouldn't had to make.

I ran away from them a few times and went to my sisters but she would only come and pick me up and treat me like a dog.

Won time I faked appendicitis as I didn't want to go to Ferrisher Valley as there friends used to come with there family and doing the washing under the house it was cold. Then you had to climb up the ladder and put it on the drying racks. It was terrible when there friends boys use to stay back when the others went ski- ing they used to rape me. I used to tell mrs Christian but used to adnore me.

I ended up getting pregnant from them' she made go to crown street hospital and when they got the detales they was telling me they will find people who haven't got children who will adopt my baby I went back crying and my husband who was working on there house as they was getting more rooms built on asked me what was wrong and I told him and he ask me to come and live with his family as I had no where to go I did and I never met kinder people and when I married my husband and had my son they treated my son no different to there own Children I have never known kinder people. getting back to mrs Christian she wouldn't let me leave till the 14<sup>th</sup> September as she told me that was my real birthday. Well when I left I used to worry what would be happening to the next person in her car as every fortnight she used to take me to Mosman to her mothers place and I had to clean and mow the lawn with old fashion lawn mower which wasn't petrol gee it was hard work over there but I loved garding there as I felt free.

I went to a lady welfare officer a few times asking can I go back to Lynwood hall at least you new what was happening there and at least you had other girls to talk to.

I still dream about killing the Christians in a washing machine and in my dream I used to hang them on the line but used to put them back in the washing machine and bring them back to life I still often have that night mare dreams these days and wake up in cold sweats. I wish I didn't have those dreams anymore but I do and if somebody tells me my children has done something wrong I cry I don't want to but I do. I used to wish why I didn't die with my baby sister Elisabeth.

My life some times I lay in bed and wonder why we were born to be slaves for the government we were no different to the American negros. We were slaves to the government cheap labour for the rich. When I went to the welfare a few times when I ran away from the Christians they used to tell me to go back to them. You weren't a person only a number. The government has a lot to anser for what they put the children through in those days. We went back to Lynwood Hall for a reunion and met other girl from there had the same treatmeant as us. And we are grateful the homes are not as bad as our day and children have there say.

Colleen L. Clissold.