

From: "TOM JENKINS"  
To: support@clan.org.au  
Subject: Daruk Training School for boys  
Date: Sat, 09 Oct 2004 10:18:47 +1000

Dear Clan

My name is Tom Jenkins i am 43 years old now and have just found your site. I was 11 years old when i was first sentenced to 9 months detention at Mittagong Training School for Boys. The second time i was sentenced was at the age of 13 to again 9 months at Daruk Training School for Boys at Windsor near Penrith now the John Moroney Jail. I have searched and searched to no avail for information on this "hell hole" It was like no other, worse than a concentration camp, where i was degraded ,tortured, starved and deprived of any human rights at the age of 13 like all the other boys. I would like to write a story on "Daruk" and expose everything that still lingers in my mind after all these years. I am now married and have a wonderfull daughter who is a university student and i have a very sucessful job but the nightmares still exist. I have never had counciling for these nightmares as one day i just hope they fade away.I wonder why there is no information on Daruk? is it to hide the child suicides, the bashings. or maybe the scare of some one finding out what happens if some one trys to escape like i did once. I was hunted down like a wild animal, being chased by screaming "store boys" with madness in their eyes, like a contest to see who gets you first. Or was it torture they are tring to hide, torturing little boys by making them extend their arms out and placing a pillow on them and not allowing them to drop, or sitting on the floor with your legs crossed and head touching the wall, both these become very very painfull after just a few minutes. Or was it the "boob cells" they dont want any one to know about, how when your in this little cell for mostly up to 24 hrs at a time, with a green shirt with no sleeves and no buttons and green shorts with no pockets with a small blackboard and 1 piece of small chalk to amuse your diminishing mind. You are checked every hour and must be standing at attention with your face to the wall as soon as you hear the keys or you have a bucket of cold water thrown over you. No blanketts no heating, just left there to freeze and think i am a child what am i doing here. Or was it the Saturday Ritual to march into the scrub armed with a pick to dig out large trees as punishment, trees that were so big no one would think it possibe to fell these large trees by digging a huge hole arround the roots with a pick while being watched closely by officers. On the return journey our reward was waiting, lined up on tables were white cups filled with like watering cans and left there to get warm and a grave yard for flies and forced to drink the next cup in line whether it had a fly in it or not. Or was it the degradation, lined up with no clothes on, being told when to get in the shower, when to put the soap on, when to get the soap off, and when to get out of the shower. Or was it being handed 2 single sheets of toilet paper, cueing up and being told how long to sit on the toilet and when to get out, this caused a lot of bowel disfunctions in boys while i was there. Or was it because they tried to send us insane, no talking to each other, or making us sit lined up in rows of four in front of a raised television and not turning it on. Or making us get on the floor at all hours of the night on all fours and rub the fllor with a cloth four hours and hours as other tried to sleep. The list goes on and on.

I would like some help in writing this book and would appreciate any information or any ideas you may have. I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Regards, Tom Jenkins