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My name is Beverley Dawn Young, I am 63 years old. And was made a state ward in 1945. I am the sister of Kay Ohare

I was only two when my mother left myself and four other siblings at Dalwood, where we stayed for a couple of years, we then fronted up to the children's court and were made state wards. My sister and I went to Korrelli Children's home at Marrickville my two other sisters went to Bidura and my brother went to Royalston..

My mother died at the age of 43 I never got the chance to know her so I don't really feel anything for her which is a bit sad I don't have any resentment towards her as I am sure she had her reasons for putting us in Dalwood I believe her husband left her with seven children she gave the two younger boys away as she had seven children in seven years and had no means of support.

My memories of both these homes are very few, I do remember with my sister we went to an old couple

At Doonside however we did not last long as one of us hid our vegies under the tablecloth that we did not like and would not own up to who did it so we were promptly sent back.

Sandra my sister was sent off to Bidura when she turned seven she is one year older than me. When I was about six and a half, the welfare ran an article in the Telegraph about some children who needed a home, my foster mother saw the add, and came to the home to look at the children of course I was one of them, we were all dressed up and lined up in front of them they chose me, they felt sorry for me as I was cross eyed and could barely talk as I was tongue tied. I remember how very daunting it was when I left the home, as I had never seen the outside world before, they bought me a milkshake and I promptly bought it all up, the tram ride was also very daunting.

My new life started with my foster parents, I was first showed off to all the neighbours, and the one thing that sticks in my memory is that she said (Beverley is so affectionate she is like a little puppy dog but I will soon knock that out of her) which she most certainly did. Growing up with my foster family was not all bad, They had daughter 10 years older than me, a son eight years older, and a son the same age as me, they were all great to me.

My foster mum and dad were very intelligent people, the daughter with great patience taught me how to speak properly they had my eyes corrected I had stability learned all the finer things in life. The great down side was always knowing that she did not love me, she could be very cruel sometimes physical and mentally always telling me I could not do this or that as I just was not clever enough I was never pretty or slim enough etc. etc The cruelty consisted of pulling my hair when I used the incorrect grammar punching me in the back for the same thing. And made to repeat the same sentence this using the correct grammar. Kicking my shins under the table when I dare to put my wrists on the table let alone my elbows (she never did this to her own children) hosing me in front of my friends because I had not washed the dishes all those things at times I hated her. I was a bed wetter and stayed that way till I was 20 it was all very humiliating having to wash my own sheets when I was only six and half in freezing cold water wringing them out till my little wrists would hurt. You would always be wishing you weren't so different from other children if only you could have a real mother. My only dream was to be a nurse, but of course I was not clever enough for that. (but she sent me off to an office to work which by the way I really achieved very well at).

When I was 11 years she sent me back to Bidura because to her I was unmanageable because I took pkts of jellies and other sort of things and hid them in my room stole a pkt of jacks (knuckle bones) from the shop as I was such a bad girl and out of control (that was all I did) she just had to have a break from me.

Well I was for a cultural shock when I arrived at Bidura straight into the receiving room to have all my clothes taken off lie on the bed with my legs in a certain position till Dr Finger Green (that's what we called him)

Came in and gave you an internal examination I thought at the time what is he doing what is he looking for what is all this about , as if that was not enough they cut off your hair after putting a saucepan like thing on your head then de loused for lice (it was all quite disgusting) then were given a blue like prison uniform to wear shown your dormitory which consisted of at least 20 or so beds When I was introduced to the other girls I would be sharing a dormitory with as they were much older than me they took me under their wing and warned me about all the male

Welfare officers not to stand too close to not to let them touch me (I was a very naïve little girl) and wondered what t it was all about but soon found out and soon learned to be how to be clever in dodging them

Well it didn't take long to learn what incarceration meant, living by harsh rules hard work and punishment

For the slightest thing and leaving all your inhibitions behind you , scrubbing huge big floors on your hands and knees . polishing all the brasso etc.etc. I remember once I was the baby nurse assistant (at 11 mind you) changing dirty nappies feeding and taking the little ones to the toilet one day I took this little child to the toilet and when I went to wipe its bottom the bowel dropped into my hand (it gave me nightmares for weeks.) Bathtime for everyone was so degrading, they had two baths in the bathroom one small bath for all the little ones and one big bath you had to walk up four steps to get into it, you were all lined up in a que of so many the little ones for their bath and the big ones for their bath and you all had no clothes on, and they just kept topping up the water while you were waiting for your turn, it was so embarrassing especially for the older girls (I had not developed or had a period so I was lucky in that respect.) It was no fun for the bedwetters we were all lined up at 2pm and given our last drink for the day everyone knew the bedwetters it was pretty humiliating .

For breakfast they used to serve lumpy porridge this girl I used to sit next too always ate mine for me as I just could not come at it, but alas she left and I had to have a go at eating it myself well I just couldn't, so they served it up for lunch (cold) then for dinner that night and after a caning or two just could not eat it, They took me to the matron next morning and the one good thing that come out was they got into trouble and I was never served porridge again, the matron was quite decent it was the staff that could be so very mean. I never remember doing any school work as such while I was there. Every week they lined all the children up gave us a dose of Epsom salts (I grew up and as an adult have suffered lazy irritable bowel syndrome)and deloused our hair. Once a week you lined up and got a new set of clothes.

While I was there my real; father came with his new wife and child to see if I would like to go live with him

He was a complete stranger to me and I said no I would rather stay in the home than risk going to live in another family environment so they can get sick of you and send you back, you could not trust adult strangers but at least you Could trust all the kids you lived with, you did not have that feeling of be so different all the time in a way you had a sense of belonging more so than being in a family that wasn't yours.

After spending a year at Bidura my foster mother wanted me back so I went back and made the most of my life I learned to accept all the good things about living there and putting all the awful things out of mind , I was still a bedwetter and that was awful I used to be so scared about telling her that I used to hide the sheets till there was a few then wag school or work and stay at home and wash them in the washing machine as she always went to work she was a career woman sometimes she would find them and all hell would break loose. As I have said life was not too bad

and I got along so well with her children, and as I grew much older I really grew to love her and the family for all the things she taught me about the finer things in life such as education music theatre etc. she was such an elegant lady I looked up to her, she had given me a good start to life that a lot of foster children don't get my sisters and brothers were not so fortunate their attempts of foster care was horrific. I never knew my real family till I was in my thirties, we have got on very well I class them as my second family and always regard my foster family as my first.

You never grow up unscathed from such beginnings you never grew with real love so really how were you expected to know what love was all about how to give it and how to receive it. I got married to the first man I had sex with I thought sexual feelings was love I had four children to him one died at eight months with cot death. He was a terrible man he only married me because I was pregnant and freely admitted that he did not love me had plenty of other women he ripped away any self esteem I had he was the boss, I just wrapped my life up in my children and friends and detached myself from him, and just thought well this is what life is all about never thinking that there was a life without's rules someone to put you down all the time, But there was a very different kind of life, one with so much love in it my marriage to my second Husband of 34 years so full of love you wish sometimes you could just give more back than what you do. there is always that something holding you back and you know it comes from your early beginnings. When I had my children I then knew the feeling of love they were my life when they were little I had no trouble giving them love and plenty affection but as they grew into teenagers I found it difficult I have a great problem with rejection when I give affection to an adult it doesn't matter how much I might love them or fond I am it is just there. As an adult I never gave much thought of my life as a youngster not until my eldest son went to jail for the first time (he has been in out of jail since he was eighteen and is now 37 nothing really criminal just stupid things from drug taking. He is a nice person when not on drugs) all my other children have grown into lovely adults Getting back to my sons first time in jail when I went to visit him at Parramatta I had this overwhelming feeling of anger saying to myself he is incarcerated for doing something wrong do the crime do the time so the say, but I was incarcerated for doing nothing at all how dare they.

had committed no crime I was just a poor unfortuntee child at their mercy.