

To Committee Secretary

To The Senate Enquiry, Government Compensation

Sandra Beaton Nee Holland

I was about 4 ½ years old when I lost the security of having family around me. I was placed in the care of The Church of England at Armidale, NSW. At this young age I was sent to school, each afternoon it was my job to polish & shine 16 pairs of school shoes. I remember being ridiculed & made to strip my bed on the many occasions that I had accidentally wet myself. I remember being strapped with the ironing cord for some misdemeanour or other, there seemed to be no love or understanding. Being told to only use 5 squares of toilet paper when u needed to go toilet, told when to bath & when to get dressed. Hair washed with cloudy ammonia or kerosene when you had lice. Being made to stand in the corner of the hallway, hands on head, for hours on end, & then being further punished if I wet my pants while doing so. No records kept, no school reports.

When I was about 10 years old, I came to Sydney to live with a family, but it didn't work out. I was then sent to The Church of England at Carlingford. Here again, there was no love & no caring. We were given different jobs to do, on our hands & knees, put polish on the dining room floor & use a commercial machine to make it shine. Then when the wax built up too much, on our hands & knees, we had to scrape it off with a dinner knife. Always plenty of scrubbing & cleaning to be done.

Aged about 14 years, I got very sick, much vomiting & diarrhoea over a long weekend. The matron was told about it, but she did not want anything to do with us girls as she was in her flat in McGarvey building. On the Tuesday, I was taken to the doctor, he said my appendix was inflamed, but he did not know why. I was admitted to Denistone East Hospital, lapsing in & out of consciousness, blood transfusions, intravenous iron, loss of skin on both hands, no medical records kept & no visitors. I was in hospital for 6 weeks & just before I was discharged, I woke to find Deconness' sister B (grey nurse), standing beside my bed. I turned over hoping she would disappear. No such luck. She took me back to Carlingford & back to work, hanging washing on the old prop clothes line, I felt so weak & so tired, having been in hospital for so long.

This is only a very small portion of my story, redress is important as not only did I suffer as an innocent child, my children also suffered, due to the lack of love & care shown when I was a child & the emotional & psychological damage done.



Sandra.