



I am writing regarding the redress scheme which I find was very fair. In fact it felt like a slap in the face. We were young women placed in Mental Hospitals by the then State Government. The cruelty was unbelievable why we were placed in there I will never know. You only had to commit a minor mistake and that is where you ended up. I was placed in a suicide ward at fourteen called Ward 16. Why I do not recall but if you were in the "care" of the state they could do any thing they liked. I then came Goodna Mental Hospital. The things that happened there hurts me even now. I know I was a chronic runaway and had run away from Catholic

Orphanages. I spent seven years
waiting for the police to
take some of these people to court
then the sergeant rang me up
and said they were not going
to do it. I was had already died
but there was still two left.
I wasn't surprised. I knew
as the years went on I was
not going to court. Goodie Mental
Hospital is a stain on QLD
past. They the staff could
do what they liked and get
away with it. The beatings I
received and the patients as
well. So many drugs for us
all kids as well and if that
wasn't enough. They started
putting new girls in with the
men these were Rapists men with
violent histories. And of course
the male staff as well who had
carte blanche to do what they
like. Then while all this was
going on Clarke who was in
charge of State Childrens Dept
decided to get a spare ward
up in a place called Sandy

fall up at Ipswich. This was to
piece up all bits of humanity
we had. I might add that I
have papers of few people
from different departments have
given me so I have proof
once spent two months type
days in a small cell where
he had shutters on the windows
so you could not see out and
you got no fresh air. We were
not allowed to use the toilet
in the hall and if they felt like
emptying it they would if not
at. I will say there was one
recent staff member Sister Clayton
I knew she was the only one
all that solitary confinement did
some thing to me and I have
never gotten over it. I will say
his then I will sign of a young
girl in the next cell to me
committed suicide one night. When
we were "being good" they opened
the shutters and we use to talk
out through the Bars. She told
me that her mother left the

family, and her father started
using her as a sex object
she became pregnant and her
neighbour notified the police. She
was put in Holy Cross where the
nuns would tell her the baby would
be born mentally ill. But the
baby was not she was put
in another home and she was
was to see her. I add her
sisters put placed in home (which
she blamed herself for) her father
went to jail. I didn't want to
talk about it as I'd built a
stone wall around my heart by the
time I was seventeen (only way
to survive) Then she told me
she was going to hang her
self and to give me word I
wouldn't call any one. I didn't
and have carried that buried
some where since that night.
And my illness depression, I got
traumatic stress disorder I have
carried around but also my
sister children have too. There
is so many things to say
so much grief but this is

all I can cope with now
but I write this to say you
may have made a success of
our lives given half a chance
I know. I ask myself what
did I do to be treated this way?
What did any of us do? We
deserve to be treated the same as
the others don't we.

Any way I remain
faithfully yours