

2-6-10

The Senate Committee.

attached my submission. My name is  
, current address as above. My phone number is  
address is

Please find  
, born  
and my E-mail

Yours Faithfully,



## **Submission**

### **Foreword**

I suffered very severe beatings from my father when I was a child from a very young age. I was belted unmercifully, punched unconscious in the head, and remember my mother trying to stop the blood pouring from my nose with tea towels. I do not remember the punch but I was told about it sometime later. I was lowered into a cot in the lounge and I do not remember another thing after that. Obviously I survived which was a miracle; there was so much blood. I currently receive ongoing treatment from an eye specialist to prevent blindness because of the nerve damage that was done by that punch on that day.

He treated my mother cruelly, and I saw him pushing her head down on the floor by the neck into his vomit and telling her to clean it up. He was drunk a lot and my brothers and I were terrified of him. They suffered the same beatings as I did and one morning I saw him take my mother by the neck and push her toward the stove; he lifted the lid of the stove and when the flames shot up, he pushed her head towards the flames just stopping before he burnt her. She was struggling and crying. I was crying and sick with fear. It was a house of fear. The beatings were with his hands, fists, razor strop and military belts. The fear I had for my father was so bad I started running away from home and going bush for days and would creep back home when I thought it was safe to do so. The sickening crippling fear I had for my father made me run away from home many times and police would pick me up and take me home, but the next beating I got I would run away again, and when the police picked me up again I was charged with being an uncontrollable child, and sometimes a neglected child. I could not face my father when he was drunk or angry and would hide under the bed in fear of him.

## **Submission**

I was put into different homes, but always ran away. They were so strict and regimented and cold. I was worked hard and I always fretted for my mother.

One day in court, I remember well a grumpy old judge asking me why I always ran away from home. I hung my head and could not answer him. He said, and I quote him verbatim, "Well I'll put you in a place you'll never get out of". Subsequently, I was taken by police to this huge foreboding looking place, and from there, after about a week, after a series of invasive tests and questions and needles, I was taken to what I was to find out was GOODNA MENTAL HOSPITAL, WARD 8 where I was locked in a long narrow cage of heavy wire and brick and bars. Later that afternoon, a door was opened and all of these people rushed in. I soon learnt that these people were criminally insane lunatics, including child killers.

I was terrified of these strange people, some in straight jackets, some in muffs. I was in fear of my life because they all came up and prodded and poked me. I could not believe it; the terror and shame was overwhelming. I had to learn to defend myself very quickly. I was set upon for no reason, choked by one grizzly woman who got me round the neck from behind with her loose ties and almost killed me. I was a small terrified child, and I condemn this judge, although long dead, for putting me there. I was not and never have been mentally ill. I was a child in fear of my father, and look

where that judge put me – a life of fear and brutality for a very long time. **Why? Why?**

The Soapy Towel was their favourite form of torture, and many a poor soul suffered it at the hands of brutal nurses. I suffered it myself (soapy towel) **many** times.

Recipe for Soapy Towel:

First, wet the towel, and then rub to a lather kerosene soap.

Wrap it around the victim's face to the back of the neck.

Twist as hard as you can whilst others continued to rub the face with the soap.

It was impossible to breathe and when they finally released you, you were gasping, your throat, nose and eyes were burning. It took an awfully long time to get over this treatment.

Some other ill treatments as listed.

- Being force fed with powerful drugs every night
- Scrubbing floors every day causing hands and knees to bleed, always with kerosene soap.
- Making beds at least 50 every day.
- Cleaning filthy cells every day.
- Collecting filthy laundry – being general fetch it
- All forced labour.
- Never anything to read or play with
- Solitary confinement if you refused to work.
- The total fear of the place
- Food – slop and even then I had to fight to defend it because people would steal it.
- The cries of the poor sad souls in the night were very disturbing.
- Electric shock treatment; I witnessed this terrible abuse, convulsing, tied to the bed and sometimes left there all day.
- Lining up for showers (with some women menstruating) and the real bad lunatics out of their straight jackets. I always felt frightened and vulnerable.
- Boots locked on my feet, ill fitting, rotten, stinking, community boots.
- Bashings between inmates were common – sometimes ending in death.

By the way, I did escape eventually from the place the judge said I'd never get out of. I had been locked in the filthy bottom cells and gradually I picked my way through the thick wooden door at night till I had a hole big enough to fit through and wasted no time scaling the high fence. My triumph was short lived as a warder caught me and took me back (I was thinking as I was running free of what the judge had said. He was wrong). A few days later the police arrived and I was taken to Sandy Gallop which was just as violent a place, where sometime later I was discharged for good.

When I was finally released, I had many problems trying to live a normal life. I found I had many phobias. No help from the government. I went from psychiatrist to psychologist to counsellor – Lifeline, G.R.O.W. etc. to try and sort out my many problems. One thing I know for sure, I was never mentally ill EVER and to be thrown

into an adult mental institution was an act of pure BASTARDRY, and I have suffered the shame of this all of my life and still do to this day. I have never felt fit to be with some people, never felt good enough. I still feel inferior and what about my beautiful, sad mother, how would she have felt about this? There have been many lies written about me and I have learnt never to trust the written word of police, doctors or psychiatrists of yesteryear.

I was said to be very bright as a child and was deprived of any opportunity to develop my full potential.

I had been put in many places as a child but GOODNA MENTAL HOSPITAL was by far the worst and I have never got over the **shame** of it – but I am working with an excellent counsellor now.

The Redress Scheme structured by the Qld Government took advantage of omissions by the Forde Enquiry of adult institutions and places where children should never have been placed. This meant that those children who suffered the worst were denied any compensation for their suffering. Compensation would be nice.