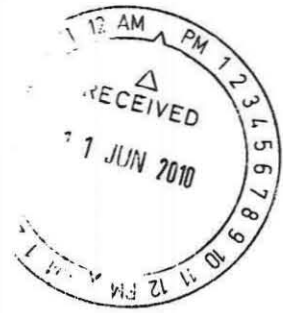


Committee Secretary
Senate Legal and Constitutional Committee
P O Box 6100, Parliament House
Canberra ACT 2600



Dear Sir/Madam,

I am a member of CLAN and wish to submit my document outlining some of my conditions
When I was living in hell in a Catholic Orphanage in Sydney.

When I was just 6 years and a few weeks old I was put into this Catholic Orphanage named
St Josephs Orphanage at Gore Hill. It was a hell on earth. This was in the year of 1927.
My sister was 8 and one half years old. We were taken out in the year of 1933. It is very
Hard to put six years onto one piece of paper

When we arrived there, my job as a 6 year old was to scrub a three story stone staircase
On my knees. If the other kids walked on it and made marks I had to redo the whole
Thing again. My sister worked in the kitchen. She has since passed away due to cancer
We were made very obedient Oh how that was instilled into us. I have never known such
Cruelty, physical abuse, and absolute self worth. The cane was used every day on us if we
Did not do anything that was right. We had a few Irish nuns of the St Josephites. One nun
Had a crippled hand and was so cruel she used the can when it was not necessary. I often
Think, looking back, they were in the wrong profession and their spite and malice was
Taken out on all of us. I saw girls who ran away and were brought back by the police and
Were beaten unmercifully. They were caned black and blue but there was no body to help
Any of us because we rarely had any visitors. My parents had abandoned us and there was
Nobody who wanted us...(girls were trouble we were told)

I found it very difficult to adapt to outside life when we were taken out in early 1933. I was
Very much an unwanted child. My mother put me to a Catholic school when I was 13 ;and
I could not adjust. She sent me to school in my orphans clothes and button up boots as
They were worn at that time. The other kids used to laugh at me. I left school at age 14
Without an education. I always felt I had no self worth. My oldest brother raped me when
I came out of the orphanage and I was too frightened to tell my mother. I felt she would
Not believe me. She put my oldest brother in charge of me as she did not want to take
Care of me. She had made another life for herself with her de facto husband and their
Family. I was very much an outsider When I eventually married, she told me I should tell
My husband about my past life in the orphanage. This I did, and to my great regret, it
Was thrown up at me right through my married life until the marriage ended up in divorce
And I had 5 children, the youngest was 3 years old. I used to wet the bed in the orphanage
And had to wear the sheet around my back to let the other kids know that I was a bed wetter.
I cannot write this down without letting a few tears drop. Even now I am 88 years of age it
Affects me deeply.

I have tried to get some information from the St Josephites at North Sydney but I have been
Unsuccessful. If you can help in any way I would be very grateful. I think they are afraid of
Being sued and to get money out of them would be almost impossible.