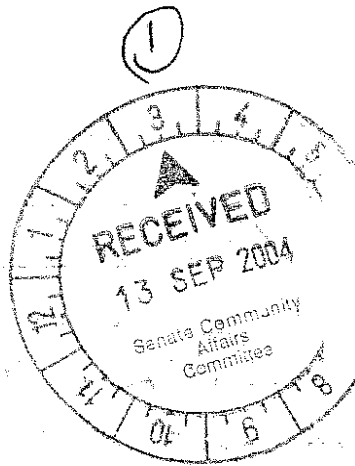




31-8-04

To the Secretary of Senate Committee
Affairs.

I'll try to begin my story, I hope you understand my side of it. My mother began to keep my sister and myself home from school I was thirteen and my sister was a few years younger, all of a sudden there was a knock on the door one morning, it was the Welfare and Police, I didn't know what was happening as I started to run they grabbed me and took me away. I first was taken to Glebe Shelter for 2 weeks, went to court and then went to Parramatta Girls Training School, why they called it training school, it was more like I-lave Labour, I was only a young girl and to be subjected to the

(2)

indignity of my body being abused by the government Doctor was not only abusive but degrading. I kept in the system in and out till I was nearly eighteen. I feel I was victimised through no fault of my own. The men were allowed to walk around freely while we were having a shower it was wrong. If you had to stand on the covey way and you were not standing properly Mr Mayhew would kick you fair and square up your backside it didn't tickle. Mr Guilford was a sadistic -----, he would punch you around like a kick bag and punching bag. He tried to kiss me one day in the office, and I pushed him away, I got a few punches in the face for that one. Mr Greenway was a perverted ----- he came up to the top cell one night I was sent to the cell because a girl wrote all over the walls.

(3)

I love Rhonda, Mr Greenway looked down my top and said you have grown up, Can I come back later to night to see you, I ignored him, I heard noises outside the door late I pretended to be asleep, he walked around then went. There was a woman officer who used to be on our Dorm., I would wake up in the morning and she would be sitting on the end of my bed not saying anything just glaring at me so I couldn't stand it at all, when the second last time I was in Fleet St, she asked me to visit her at her home, of course I didn't. I went back for the last time and she would not acknowledge me. When the night duty officer came and unlocked the Dorm one night I was laughing because a girl farted, she shone the torch on my face and said get up, I was taken to the office, Mr Guilford and Mr Mayhew were there, they

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put me in the concrete holding cell for two days, then they walked away laughing. Mrs Baker locked me up in a small broom closet would not let me out, I was pleading for her to let me out she just walked away, came back when it suited her. The sick officers in there thought, I'm sure, what can ^{she} do, nothing. There was no schooling which was very wrong, just work, work, work, if the officer on duty didn't like the way you made your bed she would make you go without lunch and you had to remake and remake your bed. Sunday mornings the officer would make you stand ~~next~~ at the foot of your bed and check you all over humiliating it was. When being punished you were made to scrub the Soviet way with a toothbrush and a little bit of water, then in the later years it was a bucket

(5)

always in cold water with a brown wooden scrubbing brush, I can write a book about the abuse and mental treatment I went through, I wasn't the only one. I am under a good Psychologist for a while now to help me through my life, its not helping much yet. I now am a girl of the Klan organisation with the caring people and love of Leonie Shedy, and Joanne. I hope you acknowledge my letter.

Also I was at Parliament House 30/8/04 & signed my name whilst Mrs P. [unclear]. I was in Parramatta Girls Training school was -

Miss - RHONDA KELSO
of 24 Dunbar ave, Regents Park -
We were the lost souls, seen but
I was in Parramatta from ^{Not heard}
1963 - 1967 and a bit -