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My story begins when I turned 13, my girlfriend and I decided to go into Merrylands station. Whereas we caught a train to central station, we spent a couple of hours in the city. Returning to central station where we caught a train to Katoomba. The reason that we didn't return home was because we both had an argument with our mothers.

While we were in the station we met two boys who convinced us to break into an empty house. The boy I was with entered an old bathroom and pushed me to the ground and proceeded to have sex with me. The next moment he jumped up because there was a torch being flashed around outside. The police pushed their way into the bathroom, and we were arrested.

My girlfriend was not caught. However the next day she went to the police station to tell them that we were together. My parents came to Katoomba, I was taken to court and after telling every embarrassing detail in open court, I was given probation with a stipulation that I stay away from my

FRIEND [REDACTED] "5TH May 1966"

AFTER RETURNING HOME I TRIED TO SETTLE BACK INTO going to school AND DOING AS I WAS TOLD. ALTHOUGH OVER THE NEXT 12 MONTHS THERE WERE CONSTANT ARGUMENTS WITH MY PARENTS, THEY WOULDN'T ALLOW ME TO HAVE FRIENDS OUTSIDE OF SCHOOL. I REALISED THAT BEING HOMELESS WOULD BE BETTER. THEREFORE I CAUGHT A TRAIN TO THE CITY. I SPENT THE DAY IN A PINBALL PARLOUR. WHEN IT CLOSED I WANDERED THE STREETS OF SYDNEY ENDING UP IN THE MAIN STREET OF KINGS CROSS. I WASN'T THERE VERY LONG WHEN A COUPLE OF POLICEMEN ASKED ME MY NAME, I TOLD THEM AS I HADN'T HAD MUCH EXPERIENCE WITH POLICE. THESE POLICEMEN TOOK ME INTO CUSTODY JUST BECAUSE I WAS IT. THIS WAS ONLY THE SECOND TIME I HAD BEEN IN A POLICE STATION AND I WAS NERVOUS AND SCARED. AFTER A WHILE I ASKED IF I COULD GO HOME. THE POLICEMAN INFORMED ME THAT MY PARENTS HAD MADE A COMPLAINT BECAUSE I HAD RUN AWAY AND THEY DIDN'T WANT ME BACK. AFTER A FEW HOURS I WAS TAKEN TO MINDA REMAND CENTRE AT WIDCOMBE.

AFTER ENTERING MINDA EVERY DOOR I WENT THROUGH WAS LOCKED AND CLOSED BEHIND ME, I HAD A VERY ^{FRIGHTENED} ~~WARY~~ FEELING EVERYTIME THIS HAPPENED.

THE LAST DOOR I WENT THROUGH BROUGHT ME INTO A COURTYARD WITH VERY HIGH BRICK WALLS ALL AROUND. IN ONE CORNER OF THIS COURTYARD YOUNG GIRLS

WERE GATHERED LISTENING TO THE RADIO, THE OFFICER WHO HAD BROUGHT ME INTO THE COURTYARD JUST LEFT ME THERE. EVENTUALLY ONE OF ^{THE} GIRLS ASKED ME MY NAME AND WHY I WAS THERE. AFTER TELLING HER MY NAME I JUST SAID I RAN AWAY. I COULDN'T SAY THAT MY PARENTS TOLD THE POLICE THEY DIDN'T WANT ME.

SOME GIRLS STARTED TO SPEAK TO ME, BUT A LOT IGNORED ME. I FELT VERY ALONE. I MISSED MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

HOWEVER AFTER A WEEK OF BEING TOLD WHEN TO SHOWER, EAT, SLEEP, EVEN ASK FOR A SANITARY PAD EVERYTIME I NEEDED ONE, THAT WAS VERY EMBARRASSING I FELT VERY HOSTILE TOWARDS ANYONE TELLING ME WHAT TO DO. THIS RESULTED IN ARGUMENTS WITH STAFF AND THE GIRLS. I WAS MOVED TO THE OTHER SIDE OF MINDA, WHERE I HAD A SINGLE ROOM. EVERY GIRL ON THAT SIDE HAD A SINGLE ROOM. WHEN MY COURTEASE CAME UP I DIDN'T HAVE TO GO FAR AS THE COURTROOMS WERE AT MINDA. WHEN I WALKED IN THE COURTROOM MY MOTHER WAS THERE, THIS MADE ME VERY ANGRY. AS SHE HADN'T EVEN ATTEMPTED TO SEE ME WHEN I WAS ON REMAND. I FELT SHE HAD ABANDONED ME, AND I COULD NOT TRUST HER ANYMORE.

HOWEVER THE JUDGE SPOKE TO ME ASKED IF SHE SENT ME HOME, WITH MY MOTHER WOULD I LISTEN TO MY PARENTS. I AGREED AS ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN BEING LOCKED UP LIKE A CAGED RAT.

I WAS GIVEN A ~~12~~ MONTHS GOOD BEHAVIOUR BOND, NOT THAT ANYONE EXPLAIN TO ME WHAT THAT MEANT. AS A RESULT OF MY INCARCERATION I MADE A FRIEND, I COULD VISIT ON THE OUTSIDE. WE WOULD WRITE TO EACH OTHER, THEN I WOULD VISIT HER. HOWEVER SHE PERSUADED ME TO MOVE IN WITH HER. I JUST DID NOT GO BACK HOME. WHAT I DIDN'T REALISE IS THAT I HAD BROKEN MY GOOD BEHAVIOR BOND. MY PARENTS RANG THE POLICE, SO ON THE 3RD AUGUST 1967 I WAS PLACED IN A REMAND CENTRE AGAIN. WHILE I WAS AT MINDA I WAS MADE TO TAKE A MEDICAL EXAMINATION. ALTHOUGH I PROTESTED I DIDN'T WANT ONE, I WAS TOLD THAT OFFICERS WOULD UNDRESS ME AND PUT ME IN A MEDICAL GOWN, IF I DIDN'T CO-OPERATE. SO I PUT ON A GOWN AND WAS TOLD TO LIE DOWN ON THE TABLE AND PLACE MY LEGS APART IN STIRRUPS. THEN THE DOCTOR PLACED A METAL OBJECT IN MY VAGINA AND TURN A SCREW OPENING IT UP. THEN HE PLACED A COTTON SWAB INSIDE ME AFTER THIS HUMILIATING EXAMINATION. I GOT DRESSED AND WENT BACK TO WHERE THE OTHER GIRLS WERE GOING ABOUT THEIR EVERYDAY ROUTINE. THIS INCIDENT MADE ME VERY DISTRESSED AND RESENTFUL OF EVERYONE. SO FOR THE NEXT 2 MONTHS I ONLY SPOKE WHEN SPOKEN TO, WHILE I WAS AT THE REMAND CENTRE.

When I went back to court, as well as breaking my bond - "WHICH THE TERM WERE NOT EXPLAIN TO ME" I WAS ALSO CHARGED WITH BEING A CHILD EXPOSED TO MORAL DANGER. "THIS DOES NOT SEEM LIKE A REAL CHARGE TO ME."

HOWEVER I WAS SENTENCED TO ORMOND GIRLS TRAINING SCHOOL DUFFY AVE THORNKELGH. I ARRIVED AT ORMOND ON THE 11th OCTOBER 1967. THE DORMITORY AT ORMOND, WERE NOT LIKE THE ENCLOSED MINDA. THE WALL WERE MADE OF BESSER BLOCK WITH HOLES IN THE MIDDLE AND YOU COULD SEE IN THE CAR PARK OUTSIDE, WHICH ONLY MADE YOU WANT TO BE ON THE OUTSIDE BUT ALL I COULD DO WAS STARE. HOWEVER WHILE IN ORMOND I DID WHATEVER WAS ASKED OF ME, I FELT LIKE A ROBOT, DOING THE SAME THING DAY IN AND DAY OUT, I TRIED TO KEEP TO MYSELF, I DIDN'T FEEL I COULD TRUST ANYONE. MY PARENTS HAD TURNED THEIR BACKS ON ME NOT ONCE DID THEY VISIT ME WHILE I WAS IN ORMOND I EVEN FOUND OUT THAT I COULD HAVE BEEN RELEASED EARLIER, BUT WHEN THEY ASKED MY MOTHER, SHE SAID SHE DIDN'T THINK SHE COULD COPE WITH ME,

HOWEVER ONE MONTH AFTER MY 15th BIRTHDAY ON THE 22ND MAY 1968 I WAS RELEASED TO MY PARENTS. I DID GO HOME FOR ONE DAY, MY SISTER HAD BEEN GIVEN MY ROOM MY FURNITURE EVERYTHING HAD CHANGED, SO I LEFT.

My PARENTS couldn't relate^{to} ME, so they didn't EVEN try.

AFTER 4 MONTHS OF BEING HOMELESS AND RUNNING AROUND THE STREETS WITH OTHER KIDS SLEEPING IN EMPTY HOUSE AND PARK, AND WASHING IN public toilet I suppose I got USED TO MY LIFE.

ONE NIGHT WHEN AT A PARTY, I got into the middle OF AN ARGUMENT AND I WAS STABBED IN THE ARM, IT ONLY TOOK A FEW STITCHES.

While waiting in the HOSPITAL, UNBEKNOWN TO ME the police WERE CALLED, AND ONCE AGAIN I ENDED up in A REMAND CENTRE AT BIDURA.

ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY 1969 I WAS COMMITTED TO THE GOOD SAMARITAN CONVENT TRAINING SCHOOL CENTRE ARNCLIFFE. This was A catholic convent it WAS

DIFFERENT THAN ORMOND, THE NUNS WERE NICE I DIDN'T MIND GOING TO MASS, THE GIRLS WERE NICER, I MADE

A GREAT FRIEND IN A girl CALLED ROSLYN BOND. OR (THEY) ROSLYN WAS VERY KIND TO ME AND MADE ME FEEL LIKE SOMEONE CARED ABOUT ME, HOWEVER WHEN SHE CAME

INTO MY BED THE FIRST NIGHT, I WAS UPSET WHEN SHE STARTED TOUCHING ME IN APPROPRIATELY, I TOLD HER TO STOP AND SHE DID. WE STILL REMAINED

JUST GOOD FRIENDS, FOR 3 MONTHS I WAS HAPPY.

HOWEVER SOMETHING WENT HORRIBLY WRONG AND ROSLYN AND 2 OTHER GIRLS WERE TAKEN AWAY BY THE POLICE. NO ONE WOULD GIVE ME AN EXPLANATION

SO THAT NIGHT IN THE DINING ROOM I

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SCREAMED AT SISTER PROCESSOR, AND I PICKED UP A BUTTER KNIFE FROM THE TABLE AND SCREAMED THAT I WANTED TO KNOW WHERE ROSLYN WAS, I WAS TOLD TO GO TO THE OFFICE AND THE POLICE WERE CALLED. I WAS CHARGED WITH THREATENING SISTER PROCESSOR WITH A BUTTER KNIFE. I WAS SENT TO MINDA REMAND CENTRE, ROSLYN WASN'T THERE.

2 MONTHS BEFORE MY 16TH BIRTHDAY I WAS SENT TO PARRAMATTA GIRLS TRAINING SCHOOL FOR BREACH OF MY COMMITMENT TO THE CONVENT.

THE FIRST DAY AT PARRAMATTA I WAS TAKEN TO THE OFFICE WHERE A MALE OFFICER, STARTED YELLING AT ME AND TOLD ME HE WOULD NOT PUT UP WITH MY NONSENSE, OR I WOULD BE SORRY. NOBODY WAS NICE AT PARRAMATTA. BEFORE BREAKFAST YOU HAD TO STAND AT THE END OF YOUR BED AND EACH GIRL WOULD HOLD UP HER SHEETS, IF ANYONE WET THE BED YOU HAD TO GO TO THE LAUNDRY AND SCRUB YOUR SHEETS WITH SOAP AND STEEL SCRUB BRUSH. THE OTHER GIRLS WOULD SWEEP AND POLISH DORM FLOORS, SOME GET ON THE HANDS AND KNEES AND USE EXUMPTION AND A SCRUBBING BRUSH ON THE STAIRS.

HOWEVER WHEN I ATTENDED BREAKFAST TO MY GREAT DELIGHT ROSLYN WAS AT ONE OF THE TABLES, I WAS SO HAPPY TO SEE HER.

AFTER BREAKFAST I WORK IN THE LAUNDRY I DIDN'T LIKE THE JOB I HAD OFF FOLDING SHEETS

So I complained to the officer, SHE TOLD ME TO FILL A METAL bucket with cold water, get a CAKE OF SOAP AND A SCRUBING BRUSH. I WAS THEN TOLD TO KNEEL ON THE CEMENT FLOOR AND START SCRUBING ONE SPOT OVER AND OVER FOR HOURS.

THE STAFF AT ALL INSTITUTIONS WERE CRUEL AND NASTY, BECAUSE THEY HAD THE POWER.

IN PARRAMATTA I WITNESSED SAD AND LONELY GIRLS, WHOM WERE PHYSICALLY ABUSE, MENTALLY ABUSED, INCARCERATED IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

THE GIRLS INCLUDING MYSELF COULD ONLY FIND COMFORT AND A LITTLE HAPPINESS BY CARING ABOUT EACH OTHER.

GIRLS WOULD HAVE LOVERS AND SECRET LOVERS, THIS WAS NOT SEXUAL, JUST HOLDING HANDS, KISSING, LOVE LETTERS, PROMISES TO STAY FAITHFULL TO EACH OTHER INSIDE AND OUTSIDE OF THE INSTITUTION.

MY GRANDPARENTS VISITED ME EVERY WEEK, MY PARENTS NEVER CAME. AS I HAD SPENT SOME TIME IN THE CONVENT, I WAS ONLY AT PARRAMATTA FOR 5 WEEKS.

ALTHOUGH ON MY RELEASE I WENT BACK TO MY PARENTS, HOWEVER I COULD NOT SETTLE DOWN, I FELT UNATTACHED TO MY FAMILY, MY MOTHER WAS VERY CONTROLLING, MY FATHER WOULD DRIVE TRUCKS AND NEVER BE HOME. SO I LEFT.

HOWEVER I HAD LEARNED A FEW TRICKS FROM MY FRIENDS WHEN I WAS PICKED UP BY THE POLICE, I DIDN'T SPEAK ONE WORD, I ACTED DUMB WHILE IN THEIR CUSTODY. SO THEY PUT ME IN A PADDED CELL. BEFORE THE TRANSFERRED ME

Callan Park, PSYCHIATRIC CENTRE AT ROZELLE. That was my ONE AND ONLY introduction to a SCAREY place, they TAKE your clothes AND give you pyjamas to wear. HOWEVER I ASKED FOR MY CLOTHES SO I could wash them FOR COURT, THEN I WENT INTO THE TOILETS AND put my clothes ON AND THEN WALKED OUT THE DOOR THEN OUT THE GATE. I WAS HOMELESS FOR THE NEXT 7 MONTHS.

EVENTUALLY I WAS PICKED UP BY POLICE AND TAKEN TO A REMAND CENTRE, BEFORE BEING RECOMMITTED TO PARRAMATTA GIRLS TRAINING SCHOOL. ONE DAY AFTER MY 17th BIRTHDAY. APRIL 1970. ONE WEEKEND MY GRANDPARENTS DID NOT VISIT, MY GRANDFATHER WAS AN ABORIGINAL BORN IN A RIVER BED AT WELLINGTON WITH HIS TWIN BROTHER. ONE DAY I WAS TAKEN TO THE OFFICE TO BE TOLD THAT MY GRANDFATHER HAD DIED OF A HEART ATTACK. THE SUPERINTENDANT THEN LOCKED ME UP IN A HOLDING CELL FOR 3 HOURS, NO WORDS OR SYMPATHY, JUST SILENCE.

THIS INFORMATION SHOCKED AND DISTRESSED ME BUT I COULD NOT CRY, I FELT NUMB.

YOU LEARN TO PUSH YOUR FEELINGS ASIDE. THE REST OF THE DAY I FELT LIKE A ROBOT GOING THROUGH MY DAILY ROUTINE.

I LOVED MY GRANDFATHER SO MUCH.

I NEVER WENT TO MY GRANDFATHERS FUNERAL,
I NEVER KNEW WHERE HE WAS BURIED UNTIL YEARS
LATER; MY MOTHER WOULDN'T TELL ME.

ANYWAY I SPENT 3 MONTHS IN PARRAMATTA TRAINING
SCHOOL I WAS RELEASED TO MY COUSINS MOTHER.
ALTHOUGH I WAS NOT LONG BEFORE I WAS
HOMELESS.

HOWEVER THIS TIME I MET A BOY AND BECAME
PREGNANT, MY MOTHER DEMANDED THAT WE GET
MARRIED, I WAS 18, THIS MARRIAGE LASTED UNTIL
JUST AFTER MY SON WAS BORN, BY THE AGE
OF 24, I HAD 5 CHILDREN TO 3 FATHERS.

MY LIFE SPIRALLED OUT OF CONTROL FROM ONE
BAD EXPERIENCE TO ANOTHER.

THEREFORE I END THIS STORY, SAYING THAT MY LIFE
BECAME A NIGHTMARE FROM THE AGE OF 13 AND
THIS SHAPED MY LIFE.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]