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Excerpts from former Child Migrants' submissions for redress. CONFIDENTIAL REPORT FOR CHAIR HEALTH SELECT COMMITTEE.

'As a child I spent my early years in a Catholic orphanage in London. My mother used to visit me sometimes but she was separated from my dad and had to work so I couldn't live at home. Life in England was OK I think, I had long hair and I remember one of the Nuns brushing it and I felt pretty. Then one day I was told I was going to the land of sunshine where I'd ride horses to school and have tropical fruit; I didn't know what that meant and thought it was a holiday. I learned many years later my mother was never informed and arrived one day to see me only to be told I'd been adopted in England.

'At the institution in Queensland I was beaten all the time with cane strips the nuns took of the insides of tea chests. They hurt like hell and caused bruising, cuts and welts. I was hit not only on the hands and legs, but across the head shoulders and back. The first thing they did when I got there was to shave off all my beautiful hair, I was devastated. Little wonder I wet the bed until I was 12. As a punishment we were thrown into cold baths, the cold water hurt but the degradation was worse. We would be made to stand for up to two hours with urine soaked sheets over our heads. I remember feeling suffocated, your eyes would sting and if you moved your legs you were beaten with canes.'

 **deported from London to Australia aged 8, 1947**

'My mother was a single woman and placed me for adoption soon after birth. When I eventually met her in my fifties, she was devastated I'd never had the family life she was promised. She'd always comforted herself at least I was safe with a good life in England. In Nazareth House Cheltenham I was sexually abused for as long as I can remember, locked into a cupboard and molested in the dark.

'My life in Australia too was a nightmare, from my earliest memories of being there. I've carried the shame of it to this day because I could not bear to tell anyone, even those closest to me. I was traumatised and made to feel dirty because I wet the bed. We were made to walk around the courtyard with a wet sheet over our heads to shame us and humiliate us. I was tiny and timid. Told we were the daughters of English whores, pulled from the gutter. I lived in daily fear of the punishments handed out. I never ever felt safe.'