

Exserpts from my story

LIVING A TORMENTED LIFE

By Warren Rocky Porter (Nee Davis)

CHAPTERS 1

THE PRESBYTERIAN HOMES OF WR BLACK AND BLACKNEATH

WR Black home for girls Chelmer QLD is to where the lives of myself and my brother Graham were about to be ruined for ever would never to be the same again. Being only four and my brother two at the time we were terrified when our mother took us there and even more so when we met up with the one in charge, Matron , a very cruel and abusive woman who didn't give a damn hell that we were only children, the punishment given by her was still in a very brutal, as was the punishment given by many of those that had charge over us. As a child growing up in a institutions no one seemed to care or give a bloody rats arse about what the bastards in charge of those shocking places were doing to us, we were just garbage to them.

Most of these files that I have sent are excerpts, some show the dates of when I was admitted while others show the dates of when I was discharged from those bastard shocking Hell Holes.

TELEPHONE NO. B 9680

REPLY SHOULD
BE ADDRESSED TO
G.P.O. Box 7 J, BRISBANE

The Presbyterian Church of Australia

State of Queensland

Ann Street,

Brisbane, 4th January, 1949

NURSING HOME ROLL

W.R. BLACK HOME FOR GIRLS, CHELMER

Names of Children on Nursing Home Roll as at 31st December, 1948

F.			
M.	DAVIS	Warren Frederick	" 18th March, 1944
M.	DAVIS	Graham John	" 12th March, 1946
F.			
F.			
F.			
F.			
XXX			
F.			

(50)

With this we hand you list of names of children on our Nursing Home Roll. as at 31st December, 1948, as requested.

We might mention that we have had cases of Measles at Blackheath Home and Chicken Pock at W R Black Home.

Yours faithfully,

M. F. Wilson

Secretary

Committee on Homes and Hostels.

The Presbyterian Church of Australia

State of Queensland

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On the 24 of May 1948 was the day that would change the lives of my brother Graham and mine forever; the day our mother went and dumped us off into an institution, Making matters worse for us was that we were being put into the W.R Black institution for girls at Chelmer Queensland. I never really did find out the reason why our mother went and did this, Maybe she'd got a little mixed up about what sex we were, well I might have been only a child at the time but I did know the difference between a girl and a boy, as sure as hell we weren't girls.

As little boys we should never have been put into a girl's home in the first place, Although in later years W.R Black did however become a mixed institution where they took in boys and girls together, but in our time it was for girls only. How the bloody hell mum got us into that place in the first place beats me. Still this didn't really matter anyway and sure as hell the girls had nothing worry to about us not at our age, with me being only four and my brother two years of age at least they were safe from us.

What our mother did that day still has a huge and lasting effect on my life, not only from putting Graham and me into a girl's home, but to the many other institutions we finished up in afterwards. I guess our mother must have been in that much of a hurry to get rid of us that day, she just dumped us into the first home she'd come across, no actually it wasn't really like that she knew exactly what she was doing alright, it was done just to get even with her family, she didn't give a damn who was going to get hurt in the process as long as it wasn't her.

Mum never gave a thought about the many years of suffering that she was putting her two little boys through by doing this. Anyway it was too bloody late to do anything about it now as we were at the home to stay and for us there was no turning back.

CHAPTER ONE

LIVING A TORMENTED LIFE

B3

WARREN FREDERICK DAVIS

EXCERPT

①

LOUIS A FORMER THING LIKE
BY
WARREN FORTIA NIEL DAVIS

CHAPTER 2

PRESBYTERIAN HOME FOR BOYS BLACKHEATH

At the age of six I was sent from W.R Black off to the Blackheath home for boys Oxley QLD as I had now reached school age, On reaching there I found it to be just another mongrel place, no better than the last one I was in. I soon found that the superintendent of this hell hole got most of his pleasure out of kicking and slapping boys around, seemed to reckon by doing this it was doing us good, well for those us copping his brutal punishment never bloody though so, still that's what all the bastards running those institutions seem to think, that abusing us the way in which that did was making us better, little did the bastards know that what they were doing was only making us worse, A hell of a lot worse. What the mongrels were doing us boys is something I'll never forget, specially the bastard way they had of getting rid of nits and lice, rubbing bloody DDT into our scalps, The only bloody thing they did by rubbing that that poison into our scalps was have us running around in pain, We'd be rubbing our heads into trees posts anything at all we could find just to relive the shocking burning pain that we were all having to suffer from having this done to us. It's bloody no wonder so many of us came out hating the world. It wasn't until I was about eight and a half years old that I along with my brother were taken out of Blackheath by our mother, only to find that at the time we were locked up she went and got herself bloody married to a proper mongrel bred bastard whom Graham and I nicked named the basher, It was not that long after going home with her that we would find out just how much of a bashing bastard he really was, Because of him and what he did to us we would spend many more years in institutions,

ALL COMMUNICATIONS
TO BE ADDRESSED
BOX 637 J, G.P.O., BRISBANE

TELEPHONE: B9680
TELEGRAMS: "PRESBYTER," BRISBA

The Presbyterian Church of Queensland

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OFFICES
ANN STREET

Brisbane 7th July, 1950

The Director
State Child ren Department
William St
BRISBANE

Dear Sir,

22521

NURSING HOME ROLL.

We have to advise that the following boys have been transferred from W.R. Black Home, Chelmer, to Blackheath Home, Oxley, to-day, as they have now reached school age.

Warren Frederick Davis born 18th March, 1944.

Yours faithfully,

H. T. Wilson

Secretary
Committee on Homes and Hostels.

SALAVITION ARMY INSTITUTION FOR BOYS INDOORROOPILLY

By the time our mother had taken us out of Blackheath to live with her and the bastard she had married in a place at Salisbury Street Coopers Plains I was eight Graham six, we were hoping that this place we were going to would be a nice place for us to live; that it was going change our lives for the better, Never knowing at the time she took us through the front door of that f[]ing home we thought was going to be a nice place for us, wasn't going to be at all. Within about two weeks of getting out of Blackheath, we were to find out just what a bastard this bloke our mother married really was.

Mum had started to realize by this time, that the weak gutted bastard she'd married hated our guts and that he had never ever wanted us from the start, well she should have known because the bastard had told her enough times that he never wanted us and that he hated our guts.

As each day went by he started treating us worse than ever because of his hate for us, like wise for Graham and I, as each day went by on we started to hate his guts also and a hell of a lot worst then he hated us. Our Mother knew that it would be much better and safer for us if we were sent back to an institution. It was really easy for our mother to do just that with Graham and myself still being wards of the state.

I still often wonder if our mother ever told the department the reason for wanting to put us back into the institution, if she ever told them the truth about how we had the s[]t belted out of us by a mongrel stepfather, I bet she bloody didn't and because of that and what the p[]k did we were to go through a lot more pain and suffering, yea back into another bastard institution.

This time it was to be the Salvation Army home for boys at Indooroopilly Queensland, a place mainly for boys who like us were not wanted by family or by anyone, abandoned by all. Being not wanted is very hurtful it gives a boy or girl a feeling of being worthless, knowing that no one cared or wanted anything more to do with us, Even worse was our own mother dumping us off into an institution for a f[]ing basher.



SALVATION ARMY INSTITUTION FOR BOYS INDOORROOPILLY QND

excerpt from
living a tormented life
warren porter

CHAPTER 4

SLAVE LABOR FARMS

There were so many boys just like myself that got taken out of institutions at a young age and put to work on farms and used for slave labor. I was one of those unlucky boys that got sent out to work on one of these dairy farms at around about the age of eleven, The one that I got sent to was a few miles out of Kingeroy Queensland, It was not only a dairy farm property they also ran a lot of beef cattle along with growing Lucerne for hay. But like the many other boys sent out to work on these farms I also was treated like dirt, because of us being wards of the state we bloody meant nothing to them and these farmers knew it, They knew they could get away with treating us like s□t because of what we were, From the very first day I arrived on that farm, my life was made miserable, bloody was a proper mongrel to me, nearly every morning that bastard would come into my room at 4am yelling,

"Get up out of that bed you lazy little bastard there's work to be done".

Some mornings with a boot to me arse. Then after getting dressed I'd head down to the yard that was next to the Dairy, where I'd saddle this grey horse that was part Arab called Zack who was I must admit really good with cattle, after doing that I'd call out for Blue the cattle dog then ride out to where the cows were and bring them back in for milking. Being 4am in the morning it was still pitch bloody black and with it being like that I just couldn't see those bastard cobwebs that were hanging there in between the trees, with me being only eleven at the time I'd be s□tting myself, because every time I went through one of those bastard webs, here I'd be thinking that one of those hairy bloody spiders might just be crawling on me somewhere, I'd be sitting up there on Zack's back brushing my face my body all over making sure that those hairy bastards weren't still clinging on to me, I couldn't wait for the sun to come out just to make sure that they weren't. By the time I got those cows back to the dairy I'd be a nervous wreck. It sure took me a hell of a long time to get used of those hairy bastards and their bloody webs. Once I'd got the cows back and into the holding yards, yards that were bloody shocking when it rained, because I would have to go out in that stinking mud to bring a cow in to be milked, in doing so would sink down to my knees in that slimy s□t, in fact it's a bloody wonder I never drowned in it being such the little fella I was. Just before the milking started old would yell at me,

"I want you to get yourself up to the house have your breakfast and don't be too long about it".

excerpt

Living a tormented life

Warren Porter

Chapter Seven

BRISBANE TO ADELAIDE then BACK to a LIVIN HELL

What that mongrel did to poor Graham, the bastard should have been locked up and the keys thrown away. All we were doing at the time was sitting underneath the house in the laundry trying to fix up this old bike that was given to Graham by a bloke who lived just over the back fence, we were just laughing and mucking around while fixing it, having a little fun like any other normal twelve and ten year old boys would do, then the spanner Graham was using to fix the bike slipped and he lost some skin off his knuckle.

"S□t that bloody hurt" Graham said.

The same time as that bastard was coming down the stairs.

"I heard that you little brat," he said, "What have I told you about swearing?"

"I thought; bloody hell he could talk the bastard, that's all he ever does".

Then without any warning at all he grabs hold of Graham's arm drags him further under the house to where he had his timber stacked, then the bastard picked up a length of 4x2 timber from the stack and started belting my brother with it, in doing so went and busted Grahams arm.

Then I started swearing at the mongrel;

"Stop it you mongrel bastard, I'll f□ing kill you if you don't."

At Least by me saying that to him made the mongrel come after me, giving Graham the chance to take off and get away from him. Graham took off alright, running down the street screaming, and in bloody great pain at that. It was about a couple of hours after Graham had taken off screaming, the cops found him wandering around the Gabber with his busted arm hanging limp by his side and crying in pain. Straight away they put him into their car and drove him around to the Mater hospital, It was there the cops got it out of Graham what had happened to him, and what he told them made them bloody sick. After hearing this sickening story they told Graham they'd sort things out for him and not to worry; that he'd be safe where he was at the hospital. This was when a couple of Dees Detectives from the Gabba CIB went out to pay that bastard a visit, what a shock it was for our mother to answer the front door only to find a couple of Dees banging on it.

SOUTH BRISBANE SALVATION ARMY HOME FOR MEN

Even before the train had come to a halt that morning, I had this funny feeling that things were not quite as right as they should be, a gut feeling that something was very much wrong, after I'd stepped from the train I soon found out just how right I was. Mum came over to me and said,

"Warren! I'm not taking you home with me because Tom doesn't want you there."

Hell she could of at least said hello then asked how I was going and how did I enjoy my trip, but nothing just a heap of bull s□t. I said

"Listen mum, I don't give a s□t what you do with me, you have already messed up my life and another thing, I wouldn't want to go back home, not with that bastard you married still there."

It was then that she hit me with the bad news, and bad it was.

"Warren, I've made arrangements for you to be taken out to the Salvation Army Training Farm for Boys at Riverview where you will be able to do farm work." I said,

"Hang on a sec mum don't you think I've done enough bloody farm work already, s□t I still haven't been paid for all the work I've done on those other farms." Then she said,

"This place is not like any of those others you'll be looked after where you're going."

"Don't go messing me around" I told her, "this place you and that mongrel stepfather are sending me out to is just another Institution, I don't know why the bloody hell you didn't leave me in Adelaide Instead of bringing me back here to more bloody misery, if you think I'll be staying out in that joint your wrong." I was then told.

Warren I couldn't let you stay in Adelaide not at your age, you're not quite thirteen yet so I thought it might be better if you waited until you're a bit older before going away, anyway you won't be going out to Riverview straight away, you'll be staying at the Salvation Army men's shelter in South Brisbane just until they can find room for you at the farm." I said

"Wait on a minute, you can't leave me in that joint, that place is not for boys it's a bloody men's shelter, if you think I'll be staying there I bloody won't be."

"Oh you'll be alright! It's only for a couple of days." She told me.

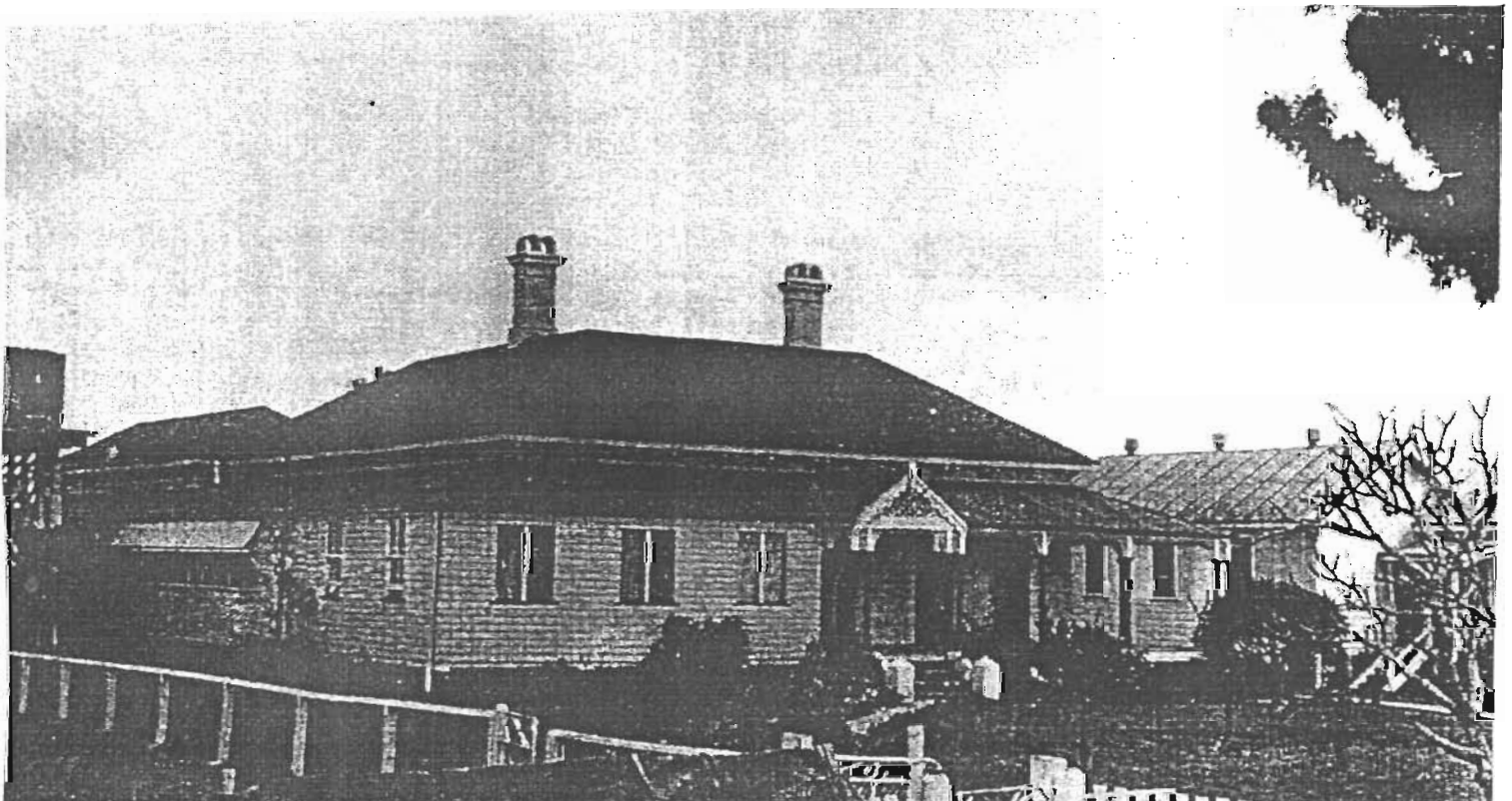
"Well it had better be," I said.

CHAPTER 9

RIVERVIEW

Around about two days after the assault, I had just finished cleaning up that stinking room where I had hid myself away for the last couple of days apart from having my meals; well I was too bloody ashamed to come out after what had happened. Although Sam popped in now and again to see how I was going and making sure that I was alright, it would have been about 10am when one of the officers came in and told me that I'd finally be going out to Riverview; s---t I was so bloody happy at the time to hear this and to know that I'd soon be getting away from this shocking place. Before going I went and said goodbye to Sam also to thank him for helping me sort out those mongrel bastards. Sam said, "Watch yourself son when you get out to Riverview, don't let anyone put it over you, all you have to do is stand up for yourself and you'll do fine; you never know son I might need you to help me out one day, anyway see you and take care."

Riverview was a training farm institution on about 300 acres of land right next to the Bremer River that bloody stunk because of the Dinmore Meat Works being not far upstream from the Institution; All the s---t from the meat works went into the river, the shocking part about it all is that most of the water we used for drinking came from the river, what they'd do was pump unfiltered water out of the river to fill our rain water tanks when they went dry, it was a bastard thing to do, fill those rain water tanks with the s---t coming down from the meat works and us having to drink it. In those days no one seemed to worry too much about the s---t that was being dumping into the river, although Riverview had a lot to do with this also, as they too were draining their s---t into the Bremer, even the water used for washing down the pig sties went into the river adding to the cause of the bloody mess it was in, I believe it was the water that caused a lot of the sickness going around the place, I know it was giving us the bloody runs (The s---ts) Well what could one expect with the bloody set up they had, being so unhygienic and primitive it was like going back to the dark ages or like when the first settlers arrived out here in Australia that's how bad it was. It was bloody shocking what was happening there not only to myself but to all the other boys, it was such a bleak bloody place with its harsh physical discipline, the food was also disgusting, but just like all those other institutions it was still the same rotten stinking stuff. Only what us boys got to eat in this joint was worse than what the bloody pigs were fed, hell they got fed a hell of a lot better than what we were that's for bloody sure.



THE NOTORIOUS GOVERNMENT RUN INSTITUTION WESTBROOK

What was about to happen would be for me the worst f—ing day of my life, a day that I would never forget for the rest of my life. Bloody Westbrook was the last bastard place on earth I ever wanted to finish up in, The story's I 'd heard about that hell hole while in other institutions were bloody shocking, about boy's that had finished up being sent to the mongrel joint never coming out the same as they went in. How bloody right they were, one thing's for sure the bastard place ruined my life the same as it did to all those other boy's who were in the Brook with me.

I'll never forget that day the 24th of June 1958 when the judge brought his hammer down on the bench, saying to me after I'd told him that I never wanted to go back home to live with my mother while that bastard abusing stepfather was also living there.

"Well son if you don't want to go home to the care of your mother, I have no other choice that to send you to the Reformatory Farm Home for boys Westbrook where you will be detained under the State Children's Act until you reach the age of eighteen or other wise dealt with: have you anything further to say?

"No you honor" was my reply to him.

I was then taken back to the Brisbane City Watch House until a escort could be arranged to take me to the Brook. When it was time for me to go the cops took me from my cell to where they had a car waiting before being loaded into the back of it they made bloody sure that I was handcuffed first, then we were off on our way to hell itself.

THE GATES OF HELL

As we drove through those gates of hell a chill ran right up my spine, s[ic] it we had entered Westbrook known to be the most notorious institution in Australia, making Boggo Road jail seem more like a rest home on the Gold Coast compared to this bastard joint. I must admit I was s[ic]ting myself as the car pulled up out side the first row of cream buildings and these couple of blokes stepped out from it, The first of the two being short and stubby with part of his thumb missing, this was Kolburg, the other was a giant of a man must have stood at least 6ft 6ins of heavy build with a mean looking face and had eyes that seem to look straight ya, I knew by the way he was looking at me it the devil himself Superintendent [redacted], everything I'd be told about this bloke was bloody true, It wasn't to be that much longer I'd find out just how much of a bastard this [redacted] really was.

Photo of the Brook with us doing bloody exercise's, the way they had us doing them was shocking and brutal, also a photo of one of the wards they had there where us boys would have to spend many a lonely night. Most for doing no wrong at all.

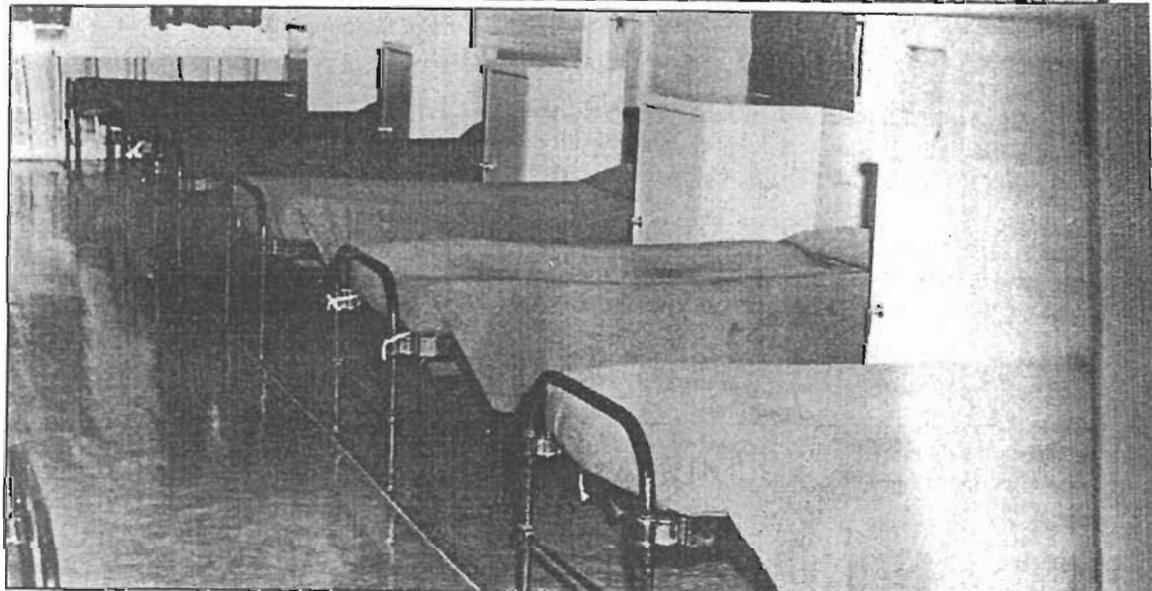
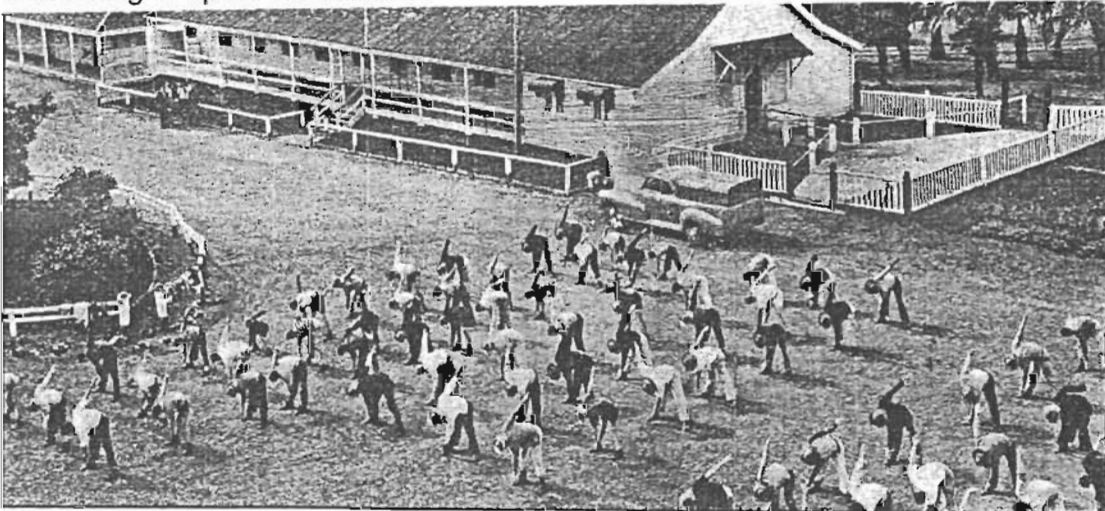
"Ok Davis, get your gear and come with me!" the short bastard said.

We walked to the ward where I'd be spending many a lonely night on going inside he took me down and stopped a the end of a long row of beds then yells at me.

"This is your bed Davis get it made and hurry up about it, I want you back out side in five."

I got the bed made in four, then thought to myself.

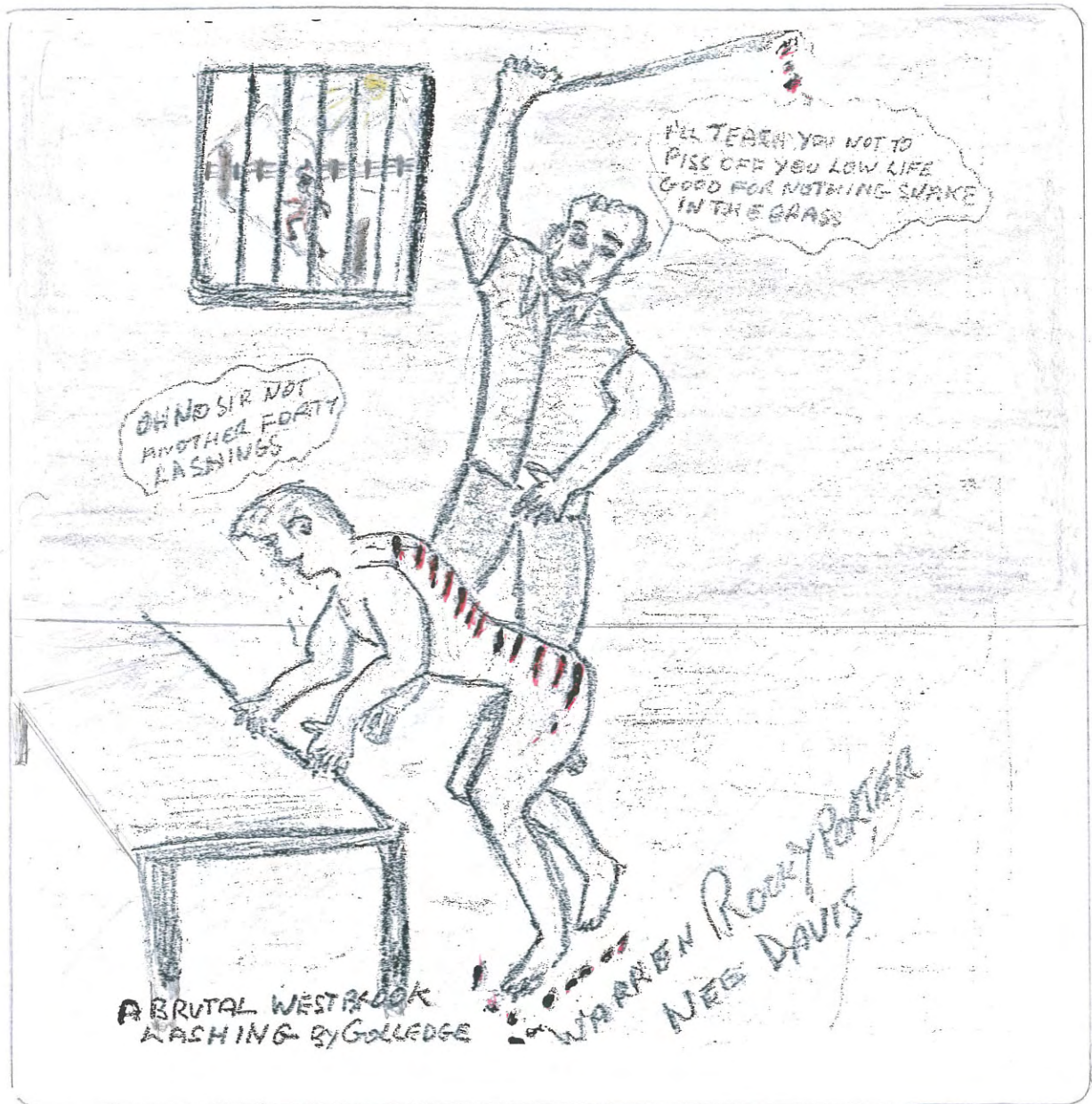
"S[ic] I'm off to a good start, here I am haven't done anything wrong yet, and already the bastards having a go at me; I'd sure hate to see what would happen to me if I did do something to upset the bastard".



Photograph 7.5: Westbrook dormitory—Courtesy Queensland Newspapers

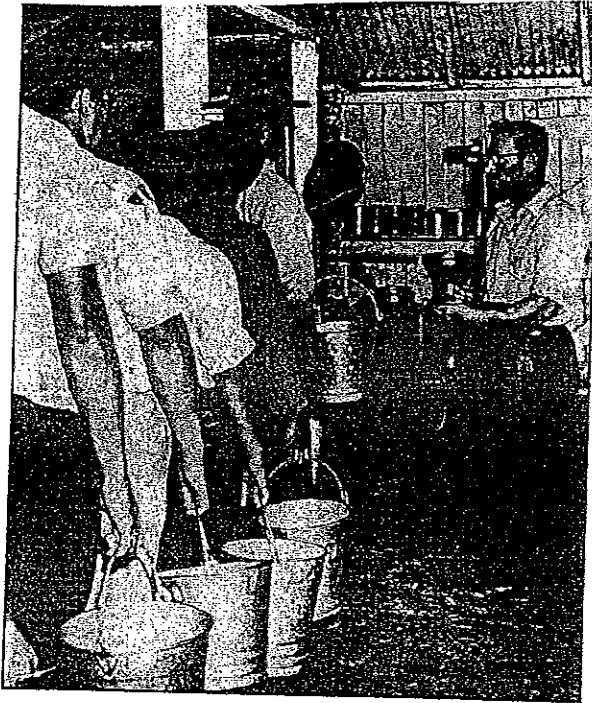
STRIPPED AND LASHED

It was around about June 1959 when my mate Charlie and I were making plans to p[] off from the Brook but made the mistake of telling this new boy who wanted to come with us about what we were going to do. It was just before we were about to carry out our plans of going over the fence, when this new boy went and told bloody [] all about it. Once the bastard found out about what we were up to he had us brought up to his office. What was about to happen to us was bloody brutal, forcing us to remove our cloths then between [] and [] layed into us with the thick leather belt giving each of us about thirty lashes and leaving the wounds made from this brutality bleeding profusely.



THE DAIRY FROM HELL

Coming off the path this time, _____ put me to work in the dairy, where a bloody screw named _____ the _____ was in charge, a proper mongrel bastard who had no time for me whatsoever. If I had any say in what part of _____ I wanted to work in, as sure as hell it wouldn't have been with bloody _____ and his f_____ing pigs. I had to be bloody careful in what I was doing while working here, knowing what would happen to me if that mongrel screw _____ caught me eating his f_____ing molasses.



Photograph 7.4: Westbrook boys working in the dairy (1958)
—Courtesy Queensland Newspapers

did just about went and killed me, it was to do with not keeping his bastard pig sties cleaned, which had nothing to do with me that was Jimmy's job. Still it didn't really matter whose job it was to clean them, What the bastard did to me I'll never ever get over and still has a big affect on me to this very day.

"Sir, it's not my job to keep those pig pens clean, I've got otheerrr", That's as far as I got before the bastard layed me out.

The mongrel bred bastard brought the handle of the rake he was holding down across the back of my head with a awful thump, as the f_____ing handle struck the back of my head it felt as though my brains had burst, felt as though I'd been kicked in the head by a horse, my knees started to buckie, felt like I was about to black out, I thought I was a gonna for sure. I must admit I was bloody scared, Shit what if the mongrel had have killed me it would have been Jim's word against his, As sure as bloody hell they would have believed what the _____ said before what any of the other boys had said.

I know if anything had happened to me in the Brook, more than likely would have came out in the paper something like this.

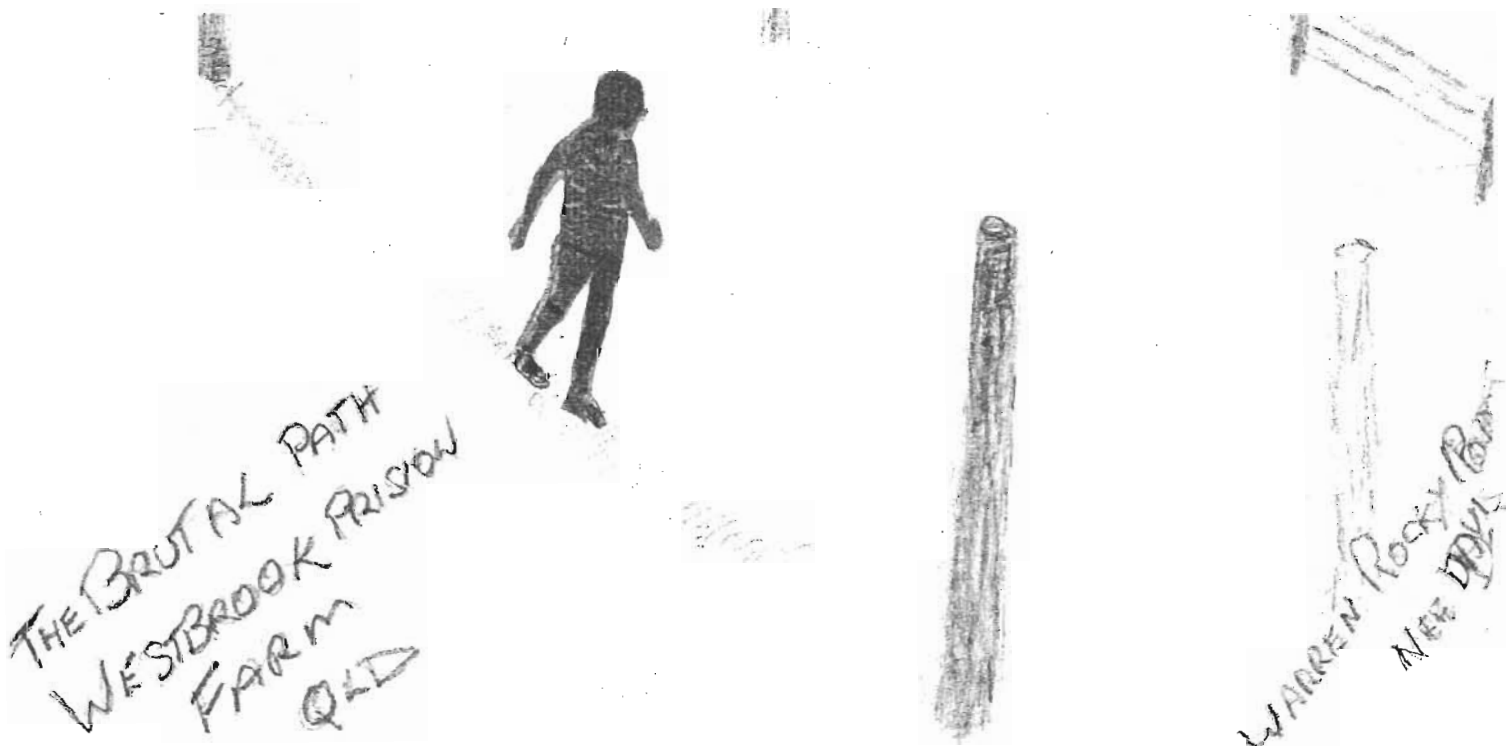
"Westbrook youth killed after having a accident, slipped over while cleaning out pig sties hitting his head on the concrete".

Well it's true, if anything like this ever happened to an inmate in any of those f_____ing hell holes it was always put down as an accident, Shit many a boy maybe girls also have gone missing from institutions never heard of again after something like what was done to me happened to them also. I can only be thankful the prick never killed me that day, lucky for me I was able to grab hold of the fence rail in time, if I bloody hadn't I would have gone face down into the stinking pig shit. The last thing I wanted to have happen to me was to drown in f_____ing pig s_____t.

Chapter Twenty Four

A PATH TO NOWHERE

These paths they had there for those of us that got it in their heads to f□ off were about 30ft long with a post at each end and led to bloody nowhere. We'd have to walk back and forth along these bastard paths everyday or in what ever spare time we had, it was bloody torture. While on these bastard paths it at least gave those of us doing the walking plenty of time to think, to think about those bastards who had got us into the mess that we were in and about those who had been abusing us, who had ruined our lives forever. I got to thinking a lot about the other Institutions I'd been in and about the pain and the suffering that so many of us went through, This was when I felt the hate for those bastards start building up inside me because of what had happened and the shocking abuse that went on, not only to me but the many other young boys and girls that were it these mongrel places with me.



But the hate I had for Westbrook was even worst, being a government run institution the brutal punishment that was happened to us should never have been allowed, It could have been stopped, but no the bastards wouldn't, not one bloody thing did they do to protect us from the shocking atrocities that were going on, just turned a blind eye to the sexual physical abuse; the bashings the bloody whippings, The bastards didn't give a s□t about our health and wellbeing or about us having to walk this f□ing path back and forth in the hot Queensland sun that was driving us f□ing crazy. Every day in what ever spare time we had the bloody same walking the path wiping sweat off our faces brushing away the f□ing flies thinking about our future, something I did do a lot of, mostly of what I'd do when I got out of the mongrel joint, But then I got to thinking, how the bloody hell is there goanna be any future for us, not having no education, s□t the only report card I ever received was from a test given me in the Brook, that one proved I was bloody hopeless ruling me out of ever getting myself into the big time, or being

LIVING A TORMENTED LIFE

WESTBROOK 3rd August 1959

This file is to let the State childrens Department of Queensland know about Charlie and myself plans to abscond from the bastard Brook and that we have been cleaned up and this was for only talking about p□ing off. The real meaning for boys being cleaned up is a bloody good lashing, That's what we were given about thirty lashes each between Gollodge and Kohlburg, This file also states that we were not allowed to have anyone come see us for three months, The real reason being for this, is that's how long it would take for the shocking wounds on our backs and arses to heal.

3rd August, 1959.

The Director,
State Children Dept.,
BRISBANE.

Sir,

I have the honour to advise that, the boys Warren Frederick DAVIS and [redacted] were arranging to abscond. They had discussed with the boy [redacted] a new boy, to see if he would go with them if they got the chance, but This lad Davis has a bad reputation outside and is one of those "smart" boys,

I would respectfully request that no permits be issued to relatives to see these lads for the next three (3) months until they settled down as parents are usually the ones who preach to them and tell them that they will have them out soon

I have cleaned up both of these youths, and it will be a lesson to the rest to know that their permits will be stopped if they give bother.

Thanking you, Sir,

Yours obediently,

Superintendent.

TWO MONTHS BEFORE MY RELEASE FROM WESTBROOK.

This is the file wrote back to the Director State children's Dept about a couple of months before my released from bloody Westbrook, letting them know that it might be alright for me to put into the care of my mother, even though he was a proper bastard himself he was sure right about one thing, that is, there was never any hope whatsoever for those like myself being kept from going back onto the streets when we had the same mongrel abusing bastard stepfather living there with us under the same roof, The Dept were soon to find that by sending me back to live with the bastard they made one big mistake in doing so.

25th May, 1960.

Sir,

Re: Warren Frederick DAVIS.

I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of yours of 24th instant reference No. 24350 F. relative to the discharge of the abovenamed boy to the care of his mother Mr. D. Murray, Sunnybank.

I would advise that this lad was admitted to here on 25th June, 1958 charged with stealing.

When this lad first arrived here he was one of those "smart boys" and was anxious to abscond when he was reported by another boy, then he, with other boys on 24/9/59, jumped the Court yard fence at 6.43 a.m. and made a wild bid to escape but were soon surrounded and captured. After a "clean up" on this occasion he has not been in any trouble since.

If there is reasonable hope for his being kept off the streets I feel that he will be alright, though there is never much where a step-father or step-mother in the home, nevertheless, if the Department is satisfied with the home set up, then he should be alright.

Yours obediently,

Superintendent.

The Director,
State Children Dept,
BRISBANE.

Chapter Twenty Seven

RELEASED FROM HELL

At the time I really didn't know for sure if it was for my release or that I might have been in some sort of trouble about something or other, because when Golledge wanted to see you in his office none of us knew for sure what that p[]k had in store for us, Although I think everyone else had a fair idea about my release but me. As I stepped forward from the line a couple of the boys there beside me said under their breath.

"We Sure hope that everything will go alright for you this time Rocky."

Macca who was about four boys further down the line says.

"Just you take care of yourself when you get out of this f[]ng joint mate, don't go getting yourself into any more trouble."

"Don't you worry fella's, I'm gonna make sure not to do anything that's likely to land me back in this f[]ng joint, the thing that I am going to do is to make up for the time that I'd lost in these bastard hell holes, that's for bloody sure."

As bloody Essex escorted me up to the office I was only hoping that Golledge didn't want me for anything else but for my release. As we got to the office door Golledge yells, '

"In here Davis! I have something to tell you."



All communications must be addressed to the Director.

TELEPHONE: 2 1462

If telephoning or calling ask for Mr. **Burkitt.**

Header to

Dear Madam,

With reference to your recent application in respect to your son, Warren Davis, I wish to advise that his discharge on probation to your care has been approved.

I have advised the Superintendent, Farm Home for Boys, Westbrook, accordingly.

He will be placed on the Toowoomba Mail leaving at 3 p.m. on Monday next, 11th instant, and arriving at Roma Street at about 7 p.m. on the same evening.

Kindly have him met on arrival.

Warren will still be under the jurisdiction of this Department and I am enclosing herewith a List of Instruction which should be complied with in connection with his release on probation. Please request Warren to call at this Office when he has settled into your home.

B/c The Superintendent,
Farm Home for Boys,
WESTBROOK.

Yours faithfully,

Forwarded for your information.

H. Harris
Director 8.7.60.

H. Harris
Director

By Warren Porter

CHAPTER Thirty Three

MT PENANG TO NOWHERE

Here I'd been in this f[]ing joint about eight bloody months and they were still trying to work out what to do with me. The N.S.W government didn't want to pay my fare back to Queensland, They reckoned that it was the Queensland government should have been doing that.

I could have paid my own bloody fare back, if only the bastards had fixed me up with the money I'd been owed for all the slave labor that I'd been forced into doing. Bloody shocking having us working our guts out for them from the time we'd first been admitted to the time of being released from bloody MT Penang training farm only then to be thrown out onto the streets with f[] all to our name. No education, no nothing, no bloody wonder there were so many of us that went back to crime just to survive. The Government has no one to blame but themselves for what happened to us and for the damage they caused to the so many innocent young lives that were destroyed because of the shocking abuse we copped while in those mongrel places. A letter to the State Children's Dept in Brisbane, to prove what I'm talking about is true, about being thrown out of institutions onto the streets if there was no other place for us to go once we were released.

000019

17th January, 62.
B.23624 LN.

The Director,
State Children Department,
BRISBANE, B7, QLD.

Dear Sir,

Re: Warren Fredrick DAVIS, born 18.3.44.

Further to this Department's communication of the 28th September, 1961 and yours of 17th October, 1961, reference 2465 OF, it is desired to advise that this lad is approaching discharge but is still in need of a further short period of training.

However, he was committed to an institution in general terms and, as he will turn 18 on 18th March 1962, he must be discharged on that date at the latest.

No placement is available for him in N.S.W. And it is proposed to return him to his mother who, if she cannot take him into her own home, should make other appropriate arrangements for his accommodation.

Yours faithfully,

(A. C. THOMAS)
DIRECTOR.

15

Excerpt from

LIVING A TORMENTED LIFE

by Warren Porter

It was not long after arriving at Mount Penang that I'd found my brother Graham on the 10 June 1961 along with three other boys tried to burn f[]ing Westbrook to the ground, S[]t I didn't even know that my brother was in that mongrel joint and most likely wouldn't have only for this other boy who was also here in the Mount had known Graham while he to was in the Brook and had filled me out me on all the details, On hearing what happened made me bloody sick finding out that Graham along with these three other boys were being sent to Boggo Road Jail, Hell they were all only fifteen years of age, they should never have been set to f[]ing jail, S[]t the bastards soon got rid of me out of there when they found out that I was under age so they should have done the same to these boys, But I soon found that age didn't matter when it came to burning down that government run hell hole Westbrook.

What they the government did to those boys, was bloody human rights abuse on children, allowing them to be sent to prison at such a young age, it was a bastard thing to do, But what made things a hell of a lot bloody worse for me was finding out also that my brother had tried to hang himself, all because of the shocking abuse he suffered from those bastard screws after they had got them back at the f[]ing Brook.

What happened to Graham played on my mind for a long time after that; making matters worse was there was nothing I could do to help him, well being bloody locked up myself how the hell could I thanks to that bastard judge back in Casino for sending me to this mongrel place for no wrong at all. But no matter what, I still put all the blame on that mongrel bastard stepfather of ours, we wouldn't have been in this mess only for all the damage he had caused to us.

HJP:CF

15th December, 1961.

2 1511

The Director,
State Children Department,
BRIKJAMES.

Dear Sir,

Re: Graham John DAVIS

Graham lives at Sunnybank and has been in Westbrook for quite some time. He was in the mass escape and faced an arson charge. He has a step-father with whom he does not get along and knows nothing of his real father. I understand that one of his older brothers was sent to Westbrook for breaking, entering and stealing.

Graham was apprenticed as a fitter and turner although he did not do very well at school. Apparently he has always been emotional and resentful. He appears to deeply resent his step-father, who he said bolted him for years and then sent him away as uncontrollable.

When I saw Graham on 30.11.61. he said that the Security Section had got him down and that he had intended to suicide. He was very resentful towards the warders in the Security Section who he said picked on him, and so he took a belt to bed with him intending to string himself up when he got a chance. When I saw him on 30.11.61. he had been released from the Security Section and had considerably improved. I think this boy should be seen by a psychiatrist on his weekly visits.

Yours faithfully,

B.J. PHILLIPS,
Senior Medical Director.

"Davis were been trying to get hold of your mother to get her to pay for your fare back to Queensland, but have now received a letter back from the State Children's Department in Brisbane saying that your mother is unwilling to pay your fare back. F I could have told him that, I also felt like saying to him where all the money I'd earned while in this mongrel joint what the hell happened to that, and would have, only that I didn't want to be locked up again, so I kept my mouth shut. He then looked at me as if I were to blame for not having the f ing fare back. The letter below states, That bastard stepfather and my mother refused to pay my fair back to Queensland. Mongrels wanted nothing to do with Graham and myself.

14/3

B23624.

Warren Frederick Davis 18.3.44. CB

MT Penang.

000023

This lad, committed in general terms, will turn 18 on 18.3.62.

His mother & step-father live in Brisbane & according to a report by the State Children Dept, are not keen on his returning to them.

However, no other known home is available & the S. Dept. was advised on 17.1.62 that we proposed to return him to his mother on completion of his training.

In view of the above it would appear useless (& unwise) to ask the mother to pay the cost of his air fare & it is recommended that this, viz. £10/0/-, be paid by the Dept.

Discussed by Mr Doyle with C.P.D.
To go by train & parent to be requested to forward fare from the border to Brisbane after he has been discharged.

18.3.62 X

5 MAR 1962

Discharged 19.3.62

Diang X