

From: terence dean [REDACTED]
To: fcdc@parliament.vic.gov.au
Date: 18/09/2012 01:13 PM
Subject: Handling of Child Abuse by Religious and Non Government Organisations

Dear Sir,

My name is Terry Dean, I would like to submit my account of my unpleasant stay at the Salvation Army Box Hill Boys Home in Elgar rd Box Hill, to the committee of that is conducting the "Handling of Child Abuse by Religious and Non Government Operations" this is part of my life story.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

1949: Terry (John) is 6 yrs when he enters the Box Hill Boys Home run by the Salvation Army, I remember this event so clearly, the very first day that I entered this place, it is so indelibly etched in my memory it is though it was yesterday, my mother and I went to the front office of this huge mansion called Howard House, as we went in I sat with her, I was so anxious, what is this place. I'd never been here before, I kept thinking to myself, my mother started to goad me into thinking that this place was going to be great for me, I moved closer to her and held her hand as I was most apprehensive about where I was, I wanted to go home, [REDACTED] as I sensed that my mother was about to leave me.

[REDACTED], Terry's (John), foster mother, is so concerned with the deterioration of her relationship with her partner [REDACTED] that she makes enquiries about placing Terry into a Boys Home in order that she can access visits on a regular basis as [REDACTED] is not keen on the idea of young Terry living with them.

[REDACTED] has accepted young Terry as her own son and agrees to this de facto concept of parenting, for the time being, it takes a lot of pressure off [REDACTED]

At the end of the day when you went back to your respective section, the intimidation and harsh discipline was at times too much to bear, and I often thought, why am I here in this horrendous place.

The level of violent behaviour lay with the officer of the day, as officers would come and go with being transferred and so on, some with the gentleness of normal compassionate human beings, others were as brutal and callous as mongrel bulls in a stampede.

We had on this particular occasion, a lay person by the name of "foot slogger" [REDACTED] who was obviously a very disturbed returned soldier who served in the Asian war fronts.

When school was finished for the day, we would go back to No 3 only to be greeted by this insidious wreck of a man, dressed in his military regalia, standing most erect and shouting at us boys to come to attention, he then proceeded to march us, and march us, until we nearly dropped, this happened every day it was a most intimidating and futile exercise, he was absolutely obsessed with these dictatorial military procedures and hammered them home, much to the displeasure of the boys.

I was going on 8 years of age and I can't remember when I last saw my mother, apart from her letters, her visits were becoming infrequent, however, one got accustomed to this pattern of visiting days.

1951: It was now time for us 8 yr old to move on to the next house which catered for 8 to 11yr olds, it was called No 4, and it was managed by lay persons by the name of Mr and Mrs [REDACTED], they had two daughters [REDACTED].

This is a chapter at the boys home which was a most enjoyable time for me, as the [REDACTED] try to introduce a family theme into this section of the home, their attitude is warmly welcomed by the boys, and it is a change from the dominant behaviour of other officers and lay person that proceeded us.

It is a visiting day, which were only once a month, my mother comes to see me, I was so excited, for I was starting to think that I didn't have a Mum, as so many boys didn't have parents or relations that would never come and see them, some boys never saw their parents during their whole stay in the Boys Home.

The visit comes to an end as we walk to the main entrance, I can remember asking Mum when can I come home, she looks at me, her eyes swell with tears, and she says, soon son,!! I gave her an approving nod and walk her to the front entrance, [REDACTED] her husband, is sitting in his van, he sees me and waves, he doesn't bother to get out as I suspect he is listening to the races as usual.

Life is not easy, as we all have our duties to fulfil in cleaning, polishing, sweeping, etc., for which perform every Saturday morning with monotonous regularity, the [REDACTED] are hard task masters, the work is arduous and demanding and takes hours, however, Mr [REDACTED] will always reward you with a simple pat on the head or an encouraging word, this small token of appreciation is accepted by the boys and the [REDACTED] are revered by all, and it is a pleasure to go back each night from school to be under their supervision.

Sunday was a terrible day at the Boys Home, as we had religion all day, at least 3 sessions, the afternoon session we would march to the Salvation Army citadel in Box Hill, some considerable distance down the road, fully dressed in suits, some days were so hot you would nearly collapse through heat exhaustion, it was such a demanding walk in oppressive conditions, we were not allowed to talk during the walk, and we were not allowed to play at all on this so called day of rest.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

There were the times that we all dreaded in the No 4 home when Mr [REDACTED] and his family would have their week ends off, it was of great concern for us boys as we would have a temporary officer for the weekend.

One of those officers was a Major [REDACTED], he was a brute of a man and had a temper to match his grotesque frame, this mongrel of a man was not afraid to give you a back hander that would literally knock you off your feet, his behaviour was so intimidating, you were glad when the week end was over, and Mr [REDACTED] came back.

There was a time that another boy and myself, being so hungry we decided to pick and eat some of his strawberries that we used to tend for this fat gluttonous and intimidating officer, on catching us in the act we were ordered to the showers where we underwent the obligatory brutalities of this monster had on offer.

I was second cab off the rank I had to endure the screams of my friend as the cruel blows rained down upon him from this bastard of a man, I was so scared as I awaited my turn for the onslaught of his human savagery, a gentle and most pious officer of God, I must say.

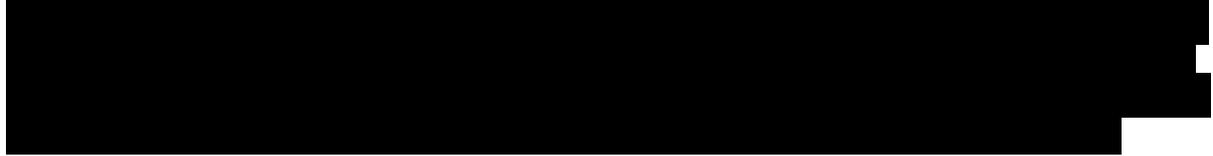
We also had another of these temporary weekend so called carers, this person had no difficulties in slotting into the vacuums of cruelty and fear, with the aplomb of a seasoned veteran, I am led to believe he was a man of just 21 yrs of age at the time, and single.

His name was L [REDACTED], a master of administering a sickening degree of unwarranted violence on the boys at any given time - how could this Christian Society which embraces the code of ethics in caring for the underprivileged, employ such an unskilled person in human behaviour with such an intolerable level of violence.

I had the personal experience of being belted across the ears from behind which dropped me to the ground, such was the ferocity of the inflicting blow from this cowardly so called "Christian Soldier" [REDACTED] in order that he may appease his status of authority.

This infamous officer who's trademark appears to have centred around his lust for authority and violence was I believe, transferred to the notorious Bayswater Reformatory, made famous by its reputation for it's unprecedented level of brutality.

It is rather ironic that as a form of intimidation we would often be threatened by the officers, that if we played up we would be sent to Bayswater, we were terrified of this appalling option, that was on offer, of this horrible place, called Bayswater.



From time to time we would be advised by the Salvo's that an inspection was to be conducted by the Social Welfare Dept into the conditions of the home and whether we were happy with the treatment by officers and the general running of the home, we were told to tell Welfare that we liked the place and that the officers were friendly and kind, if we didn't the obligatory threats were on offer, beatings and punishment which was more than anyone could contemplate.

This event threw the Salvo's into a back flip they literally turned into saints overnight with the rolling up their sleeves and joining in the football games and other activities also the sudden change in menu's from a dogs breakfast to ala carte, but how disillusioned were we as soon as the Social Welfare left, the games and other activities soon ceased and the food went back to it's deplorable standard and the mongrel officers assumed their mantle's of uncaring bastards that they were.

As Mr [REDACTED] worked at the State Electricity Commission at Newport, he was gone by the time we got ready for the day, it was a Captain [REDACTED] who would take charge of the morning ritual of getting the boys off to breakfast then off to school.

It is a most poignant time that I write this chapter of my life which is so painful for me to endure, all of my hate for the Salvation Army arises from the distasteful and provocative actions of an officer called Captain [REDACTED].

This particular day as all of us boys were lined up ready to go to school, Captain [REDACTED] said "Terry Dean you can stay behind and I'll have a look at the boils on the back of your leg, the rest of you can now go to school," and off they went, I stayed behind in anticipation that finally, some one was going to treat the boils the were giving me so much pain behind my left knee.

Captain [REDACTED] and I went into the play room, [REDACTED] shut the door behind us, and he instructed me to take off my trousers and get on the table and to lay on my stomach, I was naked from the waist down.

As my mother used to send me the Monday Argus every week, I had this newspaper with me, and [REDACTED] told me to read the paper, for which I did, whilst he attended my boils with what I thought was a most soothing ointment or cream.

Suddenly the massaging eased off, thinking that the treatment was over I looked over my left shoulder to see Captain [REDACTED] masturbating, as I looked around I remember him saying in a most agitated manner, "Look to the front" in which I did.

I was totally perplexed and confused with what was going on as he told me to get dressed and go to school.

This officers appalling behaviour has left a stain on my childhood memories that are forever with me, the anxiety that has been with me for all these years over this officer's inexcusable actions.

This officer totally betrayed my trust and I have never forgotten this act of mental and physical vilification as a young boy.

I trusted this Captain [REDACTED] as I thought he was a kind person, he was forever touching me, holding my arms and hands and then he would rub his face against mine on the pretence that he had a "six o clock shadow," he would do this so often to me.

I could never understand why my mother called me "John" as my real name was Terry, I confided in Captain [REDACTED] about my dilemma and it was he that told me that my name had been changed to Terry Dean and that my mother [REDACTED] was never coming back to take me home again, as she wasn't really my mother, this insensitive news was a most devastating blow to me.

I was completely shattered, who was I to challenge the word of an honourable servant of God, I was so sad I didn't know what to think.

I was 10 years old and confused, and I firmly believe that these scurrilous lies perpetrated by this "UnGodly" man was to be the catalyst in the mental breakdown that awaited me in my boyhood years.

An officer that I must commend and make a special mention of his impeccable character and behaviour was Captain Don Roach he was an officer that encouraged us in all types of sport, he coached the football and cricket teams and all the boys liked him a great deal.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

There were some frightening times, I remember an incident that happened in our dormitory at No 4 as if it were yesterday, I was awakened by noise from outside, it was in the middle of the night.

I lay there contemplating what the noise was, the silhouette of a man's figure appeared at the window, I literally froze in total fear, I pulled the blankets over my head and watched in a most terrified state, peeking from under the blankets as the silhouetted figure of this person was moving up and down outside the window.

All the windows were always open to allow fresh air, my heart was racing, I was so scared!! I plucked up some courage and decided to get out of bed and go to the other end of the dormitory and wake one of the boys.

I tried to wake [REDACTED] who was at the other end of the dormitory but he didn't respond to my agitated shaking of him, I was scared and I was getting cold, I had to get back to bed, I proceeded to go back towards my bed, got in, and pulled the blankets over my head in fear when all of a sudden I heard this soft whisper from this person, he was in the dormitory!! he approached me, he must have known that I was aware of his presence throughout this whole ordeal, as he reassured me as to who he was, and not to worry.

I recognised him as a lay worker from the laundry, he was related to [REDACTED], the boy in the next bed to me and closest to the window, the intruder stayed for what appeared a considerable time, crouched between the wall and [REDACTED] bed, obviously, I suspect fondling and molesting [REDACTED]

The next day when we were in the quadrant, this person made contact with me, and asked me not to mention his presence in the dormitory the previous night as it was to be our secret, as he put it, I duly agreed, as I was too immature to understand as to what had happened and the ramifications that would follow.

After experiencing the good times in the No 4 home with Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] and it very sad to be going to the next level, No 1, which cared for the ages of 11 to 15 year olds and older.

This was to be a most turbulent period in the boys home for me, as the person in charge was the notorious Major [REDACTED], a man whose temperament was laced with violence and savagery, the beatings handed out by this bastard of a man were part of his character, it was a most uncomfortable and terrifying time.

Boys who ran away from the home, and there were plenty, as the front gate and driveway were more than accessible for their escape were eventually caught by the police as they had nowhere to go and when they were brought back and handed over to a deceptive, warm smiling, Major [REDACTED] he would reassure the police that everything was under control and it would not happen again.

As soon as the police left, the poor bugger was then ordered down to the shower block, which was the traditional torture chamber, he would be most brutally flogged by this callous mongrel, the poor bugger's screams could be heard all over the No 1 compound, it was a most distressing sound, to hear one of the boys being beaten so savagely for running away from torment and despair.

I can remember one Saturday night when we had movies, a boy was asked to sit facing the rest of us boys under the screen, as he was not allowed to view the movies as punishment, as he had run away, and the police had just returned him to the Boys Home, prior to the movies starting, [REDACTED].

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Pedophilia was another abhorrent event that was endured by some of the boys, it appears to have been more prevalent toward those who unfortunately didn't have visitors, some would be told to warm the bed of one of the most notorious house supervisors, a Mr [REDACTED] a lay person employed by the Salvation Army, another mongrel with a temper that matched the devil, a most despicable person.

Some of us young boys were jealous that other boys were allowed into his bed and not us, in hindsight we were so lucky that invitations weren't freely available to everyone, this

particular supervisor, [REDACTED] always had one or two boys in bed with him as he was in charge and he ruled with an iron fist and had a predilection for a boy or two.

The abhorrent behaviour of this ruthless pedophile was to go unchallenged for some considerable time as we were too afraid to speak, who would believe us, we were in a boys home, we had to be “disciplined,” we were not worthy of belief.

While we young boys showered this perverted bastard would stand there and watch us in his deviate manner, I always thought he was watching out for anyone misbehaving, but in fact it was his night of perversion for which I can personally relate to.

The first who showered, had limited time under the showers, as many had to have showers, so I tried to be in the last group of boys in order that we would have the longest shower, however this was to be to my detriment as being one of the last out of the showers, [REDACTED] would ask if you had thoroughly cleansed yourself, in his devious and perverted manner he would not believe you and he would have you bend over and part the cheeks of your backside so he could check for himself whilst feeling your genitalia at the same time.

I thought he was genuinely interested in my welfare, how wrong was I this horrible person had a smorgasbord of perversion at his disposal and nobody recognised that this man was on a course of destruction of young lives for his own gratification, and yet no one twigged!!

This same person, Mr [REDACTED] would take us out to the movies in town if we were successful against other schools in sports and other events, but this was no justification for his incessant depravity and cruelty to young boys.

I truly hope that this bastard of a man is dead and is in hell (if there is a hell) along with [REDACTED], for they certainly were not two of God’s chosen disciples.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Eventually the day came when I was to leave this horrible place and go and live with my mother and her husband [REDACTED]

I was given short notice by the incumbent Major [REDACTED] when I returned from school this particular Friday afternoon that I would be leaving that day, he told me to get my things together, his exact words were "you are lucky you are leaving Dean, and he then repeated the threat again you are lucky you are leaving Dean," I was filled with total fear, was it my turn to be bashed and what had I done?

I remember telling my mother sometime earlier that I didn't like the place and that the treatment was extremely harsh, I can only conclude that my mother made contact with Major [REDACTED] and complained to him with regard to this treatment handed out to me and the boys and informed him that she would be taking me out of the home on the Friday.

The look that I received from this brutal monster was the most frightening experience that I have ever encountered, I thought it was my turn for one of his outrageous floggings that he handed out so frequently.

I was most apprehensive with his display of intimidatory behaviour, as I didn't know if I was going home for the week end or if I was in fact going home for good.

The day I departed the home was sad in a lot of respects because I had to leave behind the many friends that I had made over these years, and without saying good bye, it was such a poignant time for me on reflection.

The day of my departure, [REDACTED] my mothers husband was standing in the shade of a tree awaiting my arrival while Major [REDACTED], oblivious to [REDACTED] presence was in the process of brutally bashing this poor unfortunate bugger for what ever reason, his screams attracted the attention of [REDACTED] and every one else for that matter, this sense of trepidation was so familiar and frightening, I can still hear them today.

As I approached [REDACTED] with my modest belongings he asked me what was going on and I replied that I did not know as I was to afraid to speak about it, I kept walking toward the front gate to finally be going home, hoping that indeed it was for good. I couldn't afford to tell him that this public display of mandatory flogging was a regular event, for should I happen to return to this hellhole and it be discovered that I had made a report as to the frequency and unrelenting beatings that took place, my life would not have been worth living.

I duly took a subdued approach and kept this dark secret to myself until I was assured that I was never to return to horrible place again.

[REDACTED] stood there in complete awe of what he had just witnessed, we went home to [REDACTED] it was so nice to be finally going home to live with my mother and try life in the normal outside world, free of the savage beatings and the enduring screams that haunted this hell hole with monotonous regularity.

I was 12 yrs old. I had never seen the house that [REDACTED] and my mother had purchased, my fist impressions were of shock, as the house was in need of considerable repair, but it was home, and it could not be as bad as the Boys Home, surely!! And it wasn't.

The time that I spent in the Boys Home was to last for approx, 7 years, I witnessed a level of brutality and cruelty that no boy should have to carry with him for the rest of his days.

The behaviour of some of the offending officers was beyond belief, for what is considered today as an honourable Christian Society, that prides itself in its response to the needy and the unfortunate.

I cannot believe and justify the treatment handed out to me and the boys, was it our fault that we were born in impoverished times, and neglected and abandoned by our parents, and placed in these institutions, was it really our fault!! Hadn't we suffered enough.!!

This document has been an absolute nightmare to write as it has evoked the many memories of sadness and unwarranted cruelty the writer has had to endure over the many years.

I feel compelled that I must make a statement on behalf of all the boys that were swallowed up in this brutal machine of torment and despair.

Yours Sincerely
Terry Dean