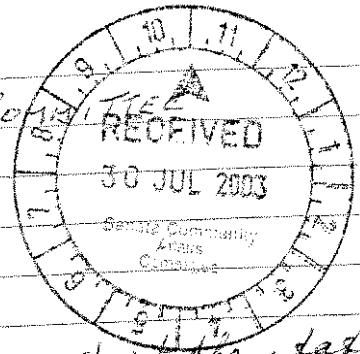


THE SECRETARY  
SENATE COMMUNITY AFFAIRS REFERENCES COMMITTEE  
SUITE S1 59  
PARLIMENT HOUSE  
CANBERRA, ACT 2000.



Dear Sir,

From 1945 to 1958, being a ward of the state of Victoria, I was placed in the protective care of the good and holy monks and Brothers of the catholic religion, in St. Anthony's home, Kew, St. Joseph's home, Surrey Hills and St. Augustines Orphanage, Geelong.

The only memories I have of the early days are cringing on a concrete floor, whilst being flogged with a straw broom by a huge nun, (Lester cloore) for the heinous crime of wetting my bed and another time a woman holding my penis in one hand, in the other a huge pair of scissors, telling me, "If I wet the bed again, she would cut it off." I was terrified. These incidences were a major factor in why I wet the bed almost every night until I was 17, according to a psychologist.

In 1952 we graduated to the big house, St. Augustines and the Brothers.

At breakfast on the ~~first~~ first morning, Bro. Hewitt called for "all members of the Royal Society, on Parade". About 20 boys lined up and had their names entered in a book. We new boys were seated close by, he came over and said, "so we have no new members for the society", we didn't have a clue what he was on about. The older kid appointed head of our table, said, "Any of you kids wet the bed last night?"

My mate said, "he did, he always does", pointing at me.

Hewitt grabbed me by the ear and hauled me to the middle of the hall to join the others. He reared at me, "You are a member of the Royal Society of Filthy Wet Beds, every morning when the parade is called, if you will line up here, do you

B. S. Hewitt

understand," all the while hitting me around the head. I was so scared and bawling so much, he had to get my name from one of the other kids to enter it in the book. On Saturday nights there was a picture show, before the show started, we criminals in the book were lined up according to how many entries you had for the week (7-101) and made to sit with our backs to stage and screen, the ones for 2 hr, the 7s the full picture, (I never saw a picture till 1954 when this barbarity ended). if we fell asleep, we would be woken with a belt across the legs with a leather strap.

I settled into the life in the early years, taking in stride the severe beatings and abuse for the slightest misdemeanor.

At that young age I learnt the different sides of the human animal, EXAMPLE. Brother Robinson and Father John Brosnan. Loved and idolized by every kid in the joint. Brothers Magee and Hewitt, loathed and feared by all. Hewitt's specialty was mental cruelty, he delighted in calling us "Orphan Yanks", making us feel we were the scum of the earth not fit for normal society, that's why we were in the orphanage, nobody wanted us.

1954 - The arrival of the beast.

Bro. Magee was replaced as head Brother by Bro. A. F. WEBSTER. a huge man, overweight and puffy - from overindulgence, food and alcohol, and as mean as catshit.

I would take me a month to record the atrocities committed by this man grell so I'll skip to when his perversity became apparent to us.

1956 my sexual abuse begins.

After a hiding off Webster one night I was in my bed, sobbing when I felt a hand on me, It was Bro Eastmuir, our dormitory boss, he asked "411" I said "I don't know, who that man

B. H. Harville

hates you and is so cruel, all the while caressing me, I thought I had a friend, and as I had never been shown affection by another human being that I could remember, I welcomed it.

This progressed over the next few nights, with the aid of lollies and gentle talk, As fondling my penis, I had not yet learned to masturbate, so it was a mystery to me. He took my hand and placed it on his penis, showed me how to rub it to pull him off.

Eastmuir devised a way to get me into his room without being seen, In his room he would give me a couple of smokes and some wine, he would then strip me, saddle me, kiss me and call me by girls names, I pulled him off as quick as I could so I got the hell out of there.

This went on for 18 months. I got to the stage where I thought, stuff it, I get a smoke and a drink of plank, all I've got to do is whack him off.

At this time a mate, Clatty Hayes seemed to be always spending money in the fuckshop, being a mate he shared some with me, I quizzed him about it. He told me a line of bullshit, how his father was sending it to him, I told him that was a load of shit, and kept at him, finally he said, "Clah, Webster gives it to me." "How come" says I. "Don't tell anyone, I suck him off and pull him off, sometimes he fucks me, he gives me 10 bob a week.

"Fuckin hell. Clatt all I get is a couple of smokes and a drink of plank." When I realised what I said, I had to tell him about Eastmuir, we had a bloody good laugh. Clatt told me to stay awake on Thursday night and you'll see him sneak into my bed.

Thursday was significant, as Clatty told me that was the night the Bros. had their late night piss up.

B. P. Affairville

figure came in and went straight to Clatt's bed.

Another boy in the dorm saw him also, the next day he brought it up with a gang of us, saying he was sure it was Webster, he challenged Clatt who admitted it. We decided to keep it quiet, then Clatt had us in stitches showing us Webster's antics, facial expressions etc. when shooting his bolt.

Over the next weeks he had (unknown to him) a growing audience, according to Clatt, he was so pissed to notice anything.

Kevin O'Reilly and I were talking about it, Kevin said to me "I hate that bastard", "not as much as me Kev" I said. Kevin came up with a plan to expose the mangrel.

We had to wait 2 weeks for it to happen, by this time the whole dorm was in on it.

By the time he arrived and went to Clatty, I was shaking with excitement and terror. My bed was 6 feet from the main light switch. When I saw movement from Clatt's bed, I crept out of bed and stood by the light switch, when I thought it was right I hit the switch and counted to 3 as planned, turned it off and bolted out the toilet window and straight up the bell tower.

I know Webster saw me, he looked straight at me at the switch.

Well, there was a hell of a stink, Easy came out of his room to a dormitory full of jabbering kids wanting to know what the hell was going on.

Robin Sherlock and O'Reilly fed him a load of shit about a burglar or robber or something, he swallowed that and settled everyone down, then noticed I was missing. "Where's Glanville". "In the toilet sir. He checked the toilet, must have seen the open window, the same escape route he taught me to get to his room. Nothing more was said about me.

got quiet and went to bed. Knowing Webster saw me, I was shifting myself.

It spread like wildfire, the next night we were lined up in our Dorms. Eastmuir was banished and we were addressed by Webster.

"There is a rumour going round about me, if I hear one more word of it you will be up before the court on a charge of defamation of character and you will be sent to Royal Park." His parting shot, "Who would believe you Agerags."

Royal Park (a boys jail) and the court put the fear of Christ into us, so it died down and nothing was done.

4 years ago, at a function in Geelong, Dennis Johnson, a tough Vietnam Vet (3 tours) was sobbing like a baby on my shoulder as he told how he was continually raped by Webster over a period of years after I left in 1958. As I comforted Dennis, I was looking directly at his sister Heather, who grew up in St Kathrines girls orphanage 5 miles from us. She made the most passionate and vehement statement I've ever heard in my life.

"Yes, and I spent most of my young life with my head buried in the mud of a man".

I have barely scratched the surface of these abominations.

I am willing to appear before any inquiry under oath anytime I may be required.

BRYAN ROBERT GLANDVILLE D.O.B. 4-7-42

SIGNED B. R. Glandville