

Thank you for accepting late submission

SUBMISSION OF JOAN BERENICE McINTYRE

Ms Joan Berenice McIntyre
 11 Brinsley Rd East
 Camberwell Victoria
 3124

Also on behalf of my deceased Sister Gwenneth Margaret May McIntyre
 (Formally Mrs Gwen Griffin) DOB 11-2-1939

My mother Berenice McIntyre had placed us in the care of our Father
 Thomas Vincent McIntyre, who placed us in the care of the Salvation Army
 He was a bus driver.

At the age of approx 2 yrs I was placed into the care of the Salvation Army
 along with my sister Gwen who was approx 7yrs old
 The address of the home was 11 Brinsley Rd East Camberwell Victoria
 and we remained in the Home for approx 12yrs.

This "Home" housed approx 60 to 80 children living there at one time.
 The inmates were mainly girls but also under 5 yr old boys.
 The home was a two-story building with an upper open balcony, set out into
 dormitories, sleeping from 10 to 1 per dormitory, with separate staff rooms nearby
 where they could hear the children.
 There were ablution blocks on both levels one built or upgraded during the time I was
 there, also large dining area and kitchen, sewing room, a TV room was introduced
 when television came in vogue. A separate laundry 2 Staircases one with white carpet
 as a façade to the entrance near the front door, the rear staircase we used was toward
 the back or central area. There was a large area of asphalt to the rear leading to a
 locked open-air playground, which had swings and slides used only at certain times.

The staff comprised of 4 females.

The hierarchal structure being Matron, (at the time of entry this was Matron
 Hounslow) Captain Lewis & Lieutenant Nelson (promoted to Captain during my
 stay.)

I think the 4th woman was named Lieutenant Wilson?.

These persons lived on the premises.

Lieutenant Nelson was a cruel dominant abusive person as were some of the others
 I cannot remember Captain Kathleen? Lewis engaging in physical cruelty,
 nor do I remember any of them ever intervening to stop acts of cruelty or abuse.
 I can honestly say that none of the above persons were a good role model or
 compassionate, they were an authority figure to be feared and obeyed at all times
 or you would be punished severely,

During my time at this "home" my sister and myself experienced directly and also
 witnessed many acts of cruelty, deprivation, sexual abuse, premeditated physical &
 emotional torture.

I have no doubt that our time in this establishment has caused irreparable damage impacting on all aspects of life, depriving us of "normality" and contributing and causing mental breakdown, for my sister leading to E.C.T (Electric Convulsive Therapy) contributing to the premature death of my sister.

Her psychiatric records are currently being sought via her daughter Julie Cartledge 880 Princes Hwy Tower Hill.

She is able to contribute further to the impact and effects that the childhood mistreatment had on her Mother's short life.

I have recently received a letter from Julie (copy attached) she is prepared to go to any length to see that justice is done re this impact that has reverberated through to another generation effecting her family upbringing, (she has a brother) reversing the parental role of Mother, Child..

I am aware that there were many breaches of Basic Human Rights, which went unchecked, and those responsible were and have not yet been held accountable to the best of my knowledge. The persons and Authorities in charge of this "Home" were certainly not fit and proper and have much to answer for.

We lived in fear during most of our childhood. And our childhood was stolen from us. Over the years I have sought and been denied counselling at least 4 occasions over the last 5 yrs through the Salvation Army, I have a witness to one lot of phone calls dated the morn of the recent 4 corners programme (which I had no knowledge that it was to be shown)

The most recent occasion leaving my return phone number on S/A John Dalziel phone and he still has not bothered to answer my call. I phoned many numbers to be told the Salvation Army would not give me counselling unless it was related to alcoholism or gambling, even after explaining my predicament and stating "THEY" the Salvation Army caused the problem. After my sister died I confronted a S/A couple re my feelings of distress, they prayed over me as though I were a sinner.

I was offended due to my upset grief and finally anger.

I write this letter to present information to be used to expose the atrocities carried out against innocent children by members of the Salvation Army

The lives of my sister myself and our families have been irreparably damaged and we have been denied a normal life.

My earliest recollection of the Home is the day I arrived there from the innocent tender age of 2. Still learning to walk and talk and so vulnerable. Never to have a childhood again. Now stolen forever.

Have started a story I am happy to produce "Goodbye outside World" 1st chapter on childhood.

Following are "some" examples of abuse, I know I have some "blockages on others.

SOME EXAMPLES OF ABUSE

- Physical

- Beaten and strapped
- Emotional
- Sexual
- Child Slavery
- Deprivation, (food, social, childhood, toys, normality family.)
- Isolation when ill
- Forced and held under cold showers
- Forced to eat vomit.
- Forced to sleep on open balcony in rain and thunderstorms
- Forced to sleep in rain soaked bedding.
(causing me to get rheumatic fever suffering terrible physical and emotional pain)
See accompanied pages

- Strapped with leather strap that left welts for days.
- Stolen my childhood
- Denied me a normal relationship with my family especially my sister Gwen.
- They performed cruel and heinous acts.
- Caused my sister Gwen to have mental breakdowns, E.C.T treatment

(Therefore I believe causing her a short life)

- When ill, inappropriate care and cruelty
- Forced to work from 6am, strapped or deprived if not done “properly”
- Forced to kneel and pray on swollen painful knees caused by rheumatic fever. strapped when I winced and told them it hurt too much to kneel.
- (I was on many tablets for illness and hospitalised at one time)
- They not only stole my childhood but also denied me a normal relationship
with my family especially my sister Gwen.
- During thunderstorms in winter when I cried out in fear and distress and cold,
Matron whose room was next to balcony. Yelled at me to Shut up and called
me a sook.

- I got rheumatic Fever soon after. Was so ill and in so much pain. Then
- Isolated not allowed to speak to anyone for days.
- Belted if I called the cat onto my bed, reprimanded (ruler or strap or deprived of food) if I was caught knitting or reading on a Sunday.
- Caused long-term emotional damage. Among other things

See accompanied pages for details.

- Took any self esteem
- Comment of "You think you're it and a bit going to Stotts Business College"
Then belted me about my head and face after I commented (in an innocent fashion) "I'm not." It has recently been discovered I have blood "Venus lakes lodged in my skull" putting me through 3 yrs of tests thinking it may have been an incurable bone cancer but now to be told it may have been there many years as a child.
- I felt and still do that I am a tool of God to do the best I can "without ego". I knew that as a twelve year old. St Bernadette was my idol image.
Captain Nelson. S/A Officer cruel verbally and physically.

- **Long-term damage caused.**

Continuous nightmares, light sleeper, must hear and seek out every noise.

Low self esteem. Feeling of belonging nowhere. Guilt associated with eating.

Can't settle for long in one place, causing housing, work and social problems.

Cannot trust easily. Fret for and long for normal relationships but elusive.

FEAR OF

Unknown.

Authoritarian figure

Relationships of any kind, even a distance with my own children.

Going to sleep for fear of recurring nightmares.

Adopted one child to try to heal something in me, causing only more anguish.

Tried for 28 yrs but again failed to bond also with her.

Therefore causing isolation, feelings of rejection, failure, and abandonment, not fitting into society. In other words **my whole life is distorted** in all areas due to the treatment as a very vulnerable child.

I find I have "swinging" behavioural patterns, can be overconfident, intimidated, rebellious, over-assertive.

Always feel responsible for other people's feelings and am a total carer(to my own detriment) Currently need to stop p/t carers job due to physical pain also emotional effects after the loss of someone dying who I got close to.

I was made to be a "Mother / Carer" to approx 12 to 16 children at the age of approx 10- 12 yrs old.(Again punished if time limit etc. was not reached)

At 6am was made to dress and wash and present them for breakfast, I remember the smell of odour of the discharge and the slime of infection from their eyes and ears sticking their hair together. I tried to comfort as best I could, (but their little cries of pain I still hear) as I did this I apologised so often for "hurting" them as I tried to clean the infection up.

I had to run home from school to bathe a girl called Jenny as she had extremely bad eczema, she could not straighten her legs and arms without bleeding and walked "like a monkey" with bent legs, if I was late, again punishment of strap or denied something. I was also on a roster system had to clean 40 pr of shoes, cut lunches polish floors sweep yard help with washing etc etc.

make beds, polish stairs and floors (with a red wax in the ablution block), among other chores.

I was strapped harshly one day for "enjoying work, as I giggled with another girl as we "played" & slid on the cloths to shine the floors better.

I was a good girl and won the good girl award many times,

I prayed hard and I did believe in God and was so conscientious it destroyed me.

Got paid nothing, except punishment if not done on time or to their S/A Officers standard.

I have a strong spiritual belief yet also feel abandoned by God a lot of the time but feel it is all I have to hang on to.

The strange thing is that I have always CRAVED the security of a home, where I would be safe and warm even loved, things denied me as a child.

Then not the least but possibly the most long term was the effect of my sister who carried the "guilt" of being the older sister not being able to protect me.

Each time I would visit her she likened me to her idol Marilyn Munroe and when I would leave she would have a breakdown causing her flash backs and needing ECT, And hospitalisation. I now carry this anguish of the pain that my sister suffered just by seeing me, so eventually had to pull back. My heart has been broken so many times it can never be mended.

Over the last few years I was humiliated and offended by the Salvation army as on many occasions I have asked for counselling for this problem and been denied access to this unless I was alcoholic or drug addicted.

The officer on TV John Dalziel said we want "healing"

How can you heal a dead sister???? How can you heal the unhealable.

Can talk more in detail if needed, re this.

My children were robbed of a normal mother figurehead all 4 of them suffering relationship breakdown.

- Night visits of sexual abuse,

I would be awoken from a dead sleep feeling hands exploring my body, when I said no, I was dragged out of bed and strapped for "refusing to go to the toilet".

Many nights I ended up laying so still and pretended to be asleep hoping it would end. Silence was my best defence. as these perversions and abuse on the pretence to wake me up to go to the toilet, "so I wouldn't wet the bed", (I did so until I was 13 yrs old) an alternate to cold showers and strappings in front of others after being stripped naked and washing the sheets under outside taps and trying to wring them out, then strapped for having wet clothes.

- Cold showers forced.

I am still haunted and have regular nightmares by the fear in children's eyes as they looked at me with fear and silent begging's of help that I could not give. I saw the tiny little naked body's some in beginnings of puberty trying to cover themselves, but most of all "the eyes of silent fear will never leave me". We again were strapped for even making a noise or especially talking. We did not dare. Before this atrocity, I and others as we had to wait in line naked and watch in absolute terror as we awaited our turn.

I tried desperately to get out, I was pushed back in hitting the wall or even falling down once in the freezing cold shower full force of pressure blasted me back so hard to fight, gasping, gasping, gasping in, in in, in, for breath. held under until either violent headache or flashes of light took over or collapse, only then pulled out and shouted abuse of "that will teach you for wetting the bed".

I would then go to sleep and have nightmares that I would be on the toilet urinating Only to suddenly awaken and realise I was still in bed then lay awake so scared until the morning, the cold wet sheets on the plastic so cold and uncomfortable but if you didn't move you stayed warm, but the fear of awaiting the punishment was so awful. Then being made to take the sheets to an outside tap mid winter and trying to wash and wring them out, at least when my hands were blue and numb then the strappings on the hands after I was late to breakfast for doing this chore, I was so numb and also was my heart void of emotion so I could cope. The welts lasted for days. If I said "ouch" as some of us did instinctually, was seen as insolence and then the strap or ruler was given behind the knees, I can remember the ruler being broken until it was replaced with something harder. I was strapped for asking, "please pass the salt" an officer bawled "who talked" I answered, "I asked for the salt".

Was told to come out the front of everyone for being cheeky and strapped until I was again silent and just stared back at the other little faces trying to eat their meal.

It was not as though I were an insolent or even a disobedient child as I studied the

bible hard, read sermons in S/A church and won my bible which I still have for

knowing the most answers, was put into uniform to collect money door to door.

The Salvation Army should be held accountable for the atrocities to the children in their care.

I am terrified of cold water and often hug a hot water bottle for warmth and comfort.
I have a habit of running from so called threatening situations. i.e. emotional.
I am afraid to love as anything I get close to I loose, so am afraid of normal relationships.

I have asked for counselling help on numerous occasions
and been denied it by the Salvation Army as "I am not a gamble or alcoholic."
I have a witness to one occasion 2003-10 where I phoned many people in the S/Army.
Especially since my sister died I have really needed to have some help.

Even now I am only finding out why she had breakdowns when she saw me, I
thought it was because I had done something wrong, yet we know we loved each
other so much, but could not talk about it as it was too painful.

Recent years, the Salvation officers at Camberwell, who's names I cannot recall, but
two ladies who actually tried to sell me their motor home approx 5 or so yrs ago,
when I told them of my problem, asked for counselling, records and photo's of the
Institution never followed up, except a photo of the motor home for sale.
(so should be traceable) At another time another officer said after begging for help
"Yes it is awful we have to admit even though we have caused the problem we can't
help you."

I now ask for some redress on these issues as I now need help more desperately than
ever as I am finding I cannot cope emotionally, financially, socially, sexually.

I have reached a stage in life where I believe I cannot recover a normal life.

I cannot recover what I believe is a basic right to myself and family which can never
have a bond of normal degree because of the damage. I am quite prepared to talk out
and discuss any relevant issues so no one ever has to be treated like I was
(and my now deceased sister.)

Joan Mc Intyre (Jo-An Bates)