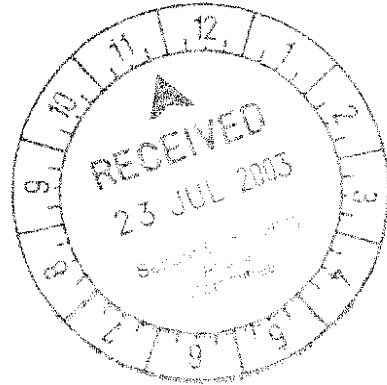


19.07.03.

THE SECRETARY
SENATE COMMUNITY AFFAIRS
REFERENCES COMMITTEE
SUITE S1 59
PARLIAMENT HOUSE
CANBERRA.



DEAR SIR/MADAM,

PLEASE FIND ENCLOSED IMPACT
STATEMENT DEALING WITH MY ABUSE, BOTH SEXUALLY +
EMOTIONALLY WHILE I WAS IN THE CARE OF THE
SALVATION ARMY

REGARDS
Barry Mason.

Victim Impact Statement

This Victim Impact Statement refers to the abuse I experienced during my time at the Salvation Army Riverview Training Farm for Boys and the Salvation Army Home For Boys (currently known as Alkira). During this time, my name was Ian Geddes Ethell. However, in March 1978, I changed my name by deed poll, at the Supreme Court in Brisbane, to Barry Maslen, in memory of my deceased step-brother.

I was sent to Riverview in January 1958 at the age of 11, after being deemed a "Juvenile Delinquent" and my single mother was no longer able to cope with me. I remained at Riverview until December 1959, when I transferred to Alkira, in order to be able to go to school. During my time at Riverview, I was subjected to physical, sexual, and emotional abuse at the hands of several officers including Captain Neville Spratt, Captain Arthur Gilliam, Envoy Mann, and the Officer-in-Charge Captain Reginald Septimus Cowling. I remember Captain Neville Spratt to be a very cruel and violent man. He had a quick temper and used to beat me and other boys for no apparent reason. I also remember an officer by the name of Captain Neville Bedwell, whom I remember to have been a good man. He was nice and not too bad compared to the others named above.

During my time at Riverview, I acquired the name of one of "Gilliam's Little Bum Boys". While on night duties, Captain Arthur Gilliam used to come to my bedside and begin rubbing his hand up my leg, offering me Milo, biscuits, or lollies, before taking me to his room and locking the door, where he would fondle my penis, perform oral sex on me and sodomise me. I remember this happening on numerous occasions. The last time I was sodomised by Captain Gilliam was Christmas Eve in 1959. Night times were always frightening, as I never knew when Captain Gilliam would be on duty and whether he would come to my bedside. We never got Milo, biscuits or lollies at Riverview, so he knew how to lure me into his room. Each time, I was tempted by the treats and hoped that the sexual abuse would not follow.

The food supplied to me and the other boys at Riverview consisted of condemned and rejected fruit, vegetables and bread destined for the piggery. Meat was almost non-existent and the little meat we did have consisted of green rissoles, mince and sausages. Once a week a truck carrying an officer and several boys would collect the fruit and vegetables from the Roma Street markets and visit various bakeries around Brisbane collecting stale bread, cakes and cream buns. This was our food for the week. On many occasions I travelled in the truck to collect this food. On the way home, Captain Gilliam would often stop at a pub to buy alcohol and we were threatened with a flogging if we told anyone. On return to Riverview, approximately 12 boys were made to sort through this truck-load of food and push the best of it in a wheelbarrow approximately 1.25 miles to the kitchen for our meals. Breakfast was either semolina or rolled oats, or a mixture of both. It was always crawling with weevils and we had no sugar. Before each of our meals, we were forced to sit with

our arms folded and say grace. After meals we had to say return thanks for the pig food.

While at Riverview I worked in the dairy. I was required to get up between 4.00 – 4.30am to bring in the cows for milking. This time of the day was extremely cold, especially in winter, and we had very little warm clothing and only sand shoes to wear. We were not allowed to talk. A sign saying “No Talking While Milking” was bolted to the wall, and if we did talk we were flogged with a stock-whip across the bare backside. This form of punishment was administered on a regular basis for both talking and failing to strip the cows dry. An officer would test each cow before it was released to see if it had any milk left. We were not allowed to use leg ropes while milking the cows and often the cow would kick, stick its foot in the bucket or knock over the milk bucket, which also resulted in a flogging.

Another job I was required to perform while at Riverview was regular sanitary duty. This involved pushing wheelbarrow loads of effluent and burying it beside the Bremer River. It was quite a lengthy and bumpy journey to the river and we often got covered from head to foot in the effluent.

Another form of punishment I endured while at Riverview was the use of a piece of stirrup leather. The boys would be made to sit in a circle in the recreation room and “the offender” would be stripped from the waist down, made to touch their toes and flogged usually 18 – 24 times across the backside until their behind and sometimes their testicles were bleeding. This occurred whenever we did anything deemed wrong, such as talking during meals and laughing while working in the piggery. I found this punishment to be particularly degrading and humiliating.

Other punishment included being made to sit under a wall-mounted television with our legs crossed and arms folded while the other boys watched television. If we laughed in response to anything on the television, the punishment would be extended for an additional week.

While at Riverview, we were made to attend church at the Chapel Hall once each week, where we were made to publicly confess our sins on the “stage” in front of the other boys and the Salvation Army officers and their wives. Most of the time we did not have sins to confess and were made to make up sins, for which we would be flogged with our pants pulled down and our hand touching our toes.

Fights were a common occurrence during shower time at Riverview while Captain Spratt was on duty. He would force us to line up naked in a queue for the showers and openly perve on and touch us. On one occasion I had my eye split open when Captain Spratt took a swing at one boy who ducked, leaving me to receive the blow. This resulted in me receiving four stitches from which I still have a visible scar on my right eyebrow line. I also still bear the scars on both my shins from being hit by Captain Spratt with a piece of wood. This occurred after I jumped a fence in the cow yard, instead of using the gate.

In December 1959 I was moved to Alkira (formerly known as the Salvation Army Home for Boys) in order to attend school and remained there until I was released into the workforce in August 1961. My experience at Alkira was worse than that at Riverview. The food was slightly better, but not much, and I did not experience sexual abuse. However, the physical abuse can only be described as unimaginable. Officers responsible for such abuse included the Officer-in-Charge Captain Vince Bennett (who I remember to be a very brutal and cruel man) and Captain Robert Rydell.

The physical punishment I experienced while at Alkira included being flogged repeatedly with a hollowed-out cane filled with sand and a leather strap. We would be severely flogged with these objects across the hands, knuckles, back, and backside until we were bleeding and skin had been removed. I recall many nights when I was unable to sleep due to the pain following a flogging.

At one stage I ran away from Alkira with another boy. We were caught at Eumundi by the police and returned to the Home. Whilst in the police vehicle we were asked to explain why we had run away. We told the police about the abuse we were experiencing and the conditions we were exposed to. They advised us that they would look into our allegations, however, we never heard any more from them and the conditions never changed. Upon return to Alkira we were severely punished. I was caned six times across each hand, then six times across the knuckles, followed by 18 times on the bare backside. After the flogging we were both made to sit for two weeks in the courtyard in the hot sun on potato sacks. No part of our body was allowed to be off the sack. We were given no water and allowed off our sacks only to go to the toilet. At which time we would be accompanied by an officer and flogged across our already bleeding backsides for masturbating if we shook our penis more than three times after urinating. Each afternoon the boys would return from school and jeer and laugh at us.

Each evening while I was at Alkira during shower time all the boys were made to stand in a line naked and shivering. The officers would walk up and down peering on us and poking the cane up between our legs, touching our penis, testicles, and backside. I remember the officers to be very cruel. They never seemed to care how much we bled or cried.

During my time at Alkira I contracted double pneumonia and pleurisy and was admitted to the PA Hospital in Brisbane. However, I was taken out of the hospital before I had recovered and upon return to Alkira, I was subjected to cold showers for a week for talking after lights out. To this day I experience recurrences of double pneumonia and pleurisy.

While at Alkira I attended Indooroopilly State School. Each day we were accompanied by an officer and forced to march military style the five or six miles to and from school. We were never allowed to talk to or sit next to girls while at school.

This always resulted in a flogging by one of the officers if we were caught. Captain Bennett had his spies who would report to him about our school activities.

I recall another incident when we were in the gymnasium making human pyramids. I became unable to hold the weight of the other boys above me and I collapsed. For this I received numerous cuts with the cane by Captain Bennett across my knuckles and bare backside until I bled.

Another incident that I will never forget is the time an autistic boy was caned across the penis and testicles. This boy used to experience erections for no apparent reason and on this occasion Captain Bennett had noticed the erection and gave him the flogging for "having filthy thoughts about girls". To this day I can still hear that boy's screams.

For many years after leaving Alkira I was unable to pluck up the courage to look at or talk to a girl. I was unable to have a relationship with a girl until I reached my late teens. Subsequently, I have had trouble maintaining relationships with women. I am currently single and living alone after having been married three times. Christmas was always a problem for me in my marriages, as this was such a traumatic time for me and I was unable to explain this to my family. I suffer from extreme loneliness and miss female company. I remain cautious of people and have no real friendships, only acquaintances.

For years, as late as the 1980s, Christmas was a time of misery for me. Christmas Eve was the last time I was sodomised by Captain Gilliam and this time of year always sent the memories flooding back. For many years after this abuse I felt dirty and memories of the abuse and the feelings of being dirty would resurface whenever I went to the toilet.

I have found the process of compiling this statement extremely traumatic and upsetting. Dealing with events and memories that I have tried to avoid for approximately 45 years has been very emotional and has resulted in me becoming physically ill. For some time I have been taking a range of medication to help me cope with my life experiences. I currently take Valium three times each day, as well as daily doses of Luvox and sleeping tablets. I am no longer suicidal after finding solace and comfort as a born again Christian. However, I have previously been very suicidal and attempted suicide in 1992 by taking a whole packet of Rhohipnol.

In summary, Riverview and Alkira can only be described as "hell-holes", which could be compared to a Gestapo concentration camp. My life at these institutions consisted of work, detention, abuse, and fearing both days and nights. We were not allowed to be boys and I feel that I missed out on my youth. The brutal punishment, pain, suffering, sodomy and inadequate food that I endured has scarred me for life. Upon leaving Alkira, I remember being full of intestinal worms and I can still taste the weevils and the sour cream buns. I cannot remember a single happy moment during my time in these institutions (birthdays were never celebrated) and I still bear the emotional and physical scars from my experience. Nightmares and flashbacks still occur regularly.

I, Barry Maslen, hereby declare that the above information is a true and factual statement of the abuse I endured at the Salvation Army Riverview Training Fund for Boys and the Salvation Army Home for Boys.

Signed B. Maslen Date 19:07:03.