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 Subject: For the CONFIDENTIAL attention of Dr. Lennox please
 Date sent: Tue, 6 Jun 2000 00:17:22 -0400

CONFIDENTIAL

Dr. Peter Lennox
 Headmaster
 Brisbane Grammar School
 Gregory Terrace
 Brisbane, QLD 4000
 AUSTRALIA

Via Email

Dear Dr. Lennox:

I attended Brisbane Grammar School from 1976 to 1980. I first heard of Mr. Kevin Lynch's suicide this weekend, and while I have not read the details of the stories apparently published in local Australian papers, I did feel it important to again relate my personal experience with the school, in the event it may help to serve bring closure. The events remain vivid in my memory, and I often recall them.

In 1979 or 1980, I was being "bullied" by a fellow student, and the then administration of the school (Mr. Coote, Assistant Headmaster -- a very good man) suggested that I seek guidance counseling from Mr. Kevin Lynch. I had three, brief meetings with him, in the counselors office opposite the Assistant Headmasters office, next to the "computer room" - I assume long since gone, since the "punch card" computer at the time filled the room.

As I recall, the first meeting was uneventful, a talk about my parents recent divorce and concerns of my being bullied.

The second meeting was disturbing. Mr. Lynch tried to hypnotize me, and while doing so rubbed his hand around my crotch area, while I was fully clothed. I left the meeting feeling uncomfortable, not fully understanding what he was trying to do.



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Mrs W Mauer

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The third (and final) meeting was even more disturbing. Again, Mr. Lynch tried to hypnotize me, this time asking me to remove my belt and loosen my pants to "relieve stress". During the course of the "therapy", Mr. Lynch placed his hand inside my underpants and attempted to masturbate me. He pulled my pants with my underpants down to my knees. At this time, I snapped out of the "therapy" and pulled his hand away from me. Mr. Lynch then used an excuse of this being a "confidential" and supportive way of relieving me of the "stress", and justified it saying he was a friend, and was "there for me".

I left the final session not knowing what to do, partly from embarrassment, and partly from uncertainty of appropriate behavior.

A couple of days later, I asked to see Mr. Howell, then Headmaster. His secretary wanted to know the purpose before convening a meeting, and I did not wish to disclose to her. My school peers would have construed approaching Mr. Howell in the courtyard as "sucking up". About a week later, I asked a trusted teacher (Mr. Bob Cannon -- my favorite and most cherished teacher) to help me get a meeting with Mr. Howell. Without having to give the details to Mr. Cannon, he saw Mr. Howell in the teachers common room almost immediately, and I got an appointment that afternoon.

I met Mr. Howell in his office, at the rear corner of then administration building. During the meeting I told Mr. Howell, in rather explicit detail, what had happened in the last two sessions with Mr. Lynch. I was very embarrassed, I remember crying as I was telling him. I further remember Mr. Howell not leaving his chair, remaining behind his desk. I recall Mr. Howell gave very little indication of urgency or emotion. At the end of the meeting, Mr. Howell suggested that I may have been exaggerating the situation, and that since I was under hypnosis, I may have "dreamed" of the events. He told me that this was the first he's heard of any boy in this situation, but he would investigate it internally, and take appropriate action. He asked me, for the good of the school, and to save me from embarrassment, to keep it between he and I until his investigation would be completed. The meeting was ended, with the understanding he would investigate.

Several weeks later, Mr. Howell saw me in the quadrangle and asked if I had any further interaction with Mr. Lynch. I explained that I had not. He said "good", and that the investigation was continuing, and gave me his opinion that the matter was being addressed at the appropriate level. I did not pursue Mr. Howell further, for fear that



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either he would tell my father (REDACTED), or that I would be appearing to be pushy.

I never heard anything more until this past weekend, when, by telephone with my mother in Canberra, she asked if I had heard of Kevin Lynch. Before she had a chance to tell me what was being reported in the press, I told her, in less detail, of what I am now telling you. She then told me of the suicide, and of the allegations. It is with her encouragement, I am writing to you now.

I can assure you that for 20 years I have harbored these memories. While it is difficult to express twenty years on, my anger and frustration of the breach of trust with Mr. Lynch, and the "shoveling under the carpet" by Mr. Howell lives on.

I hope that my testimony above will be of use to you, and that the exposing of a very embarrassing incident in my childhood will bring some level of closure for me, and be of help to you in this uneasy and awkward time for the school.

My memories of Brisbane Boys Grammar School, and in particular it's drama program, my teachers, including Mr. Cannon and Mr. Coote are very positive. While I was never a sports aficionado, and therefore never quite fit into the typical BGS "clan", the school prepared me for life well. It is thanks to the school, and it's excellent teachers, that I am now thriving in my entrepreneurial business life, in REDACTED, and on REDACTED. I have achieved my schoolhood dreams and believe the system works.

I will be visiting my family in Australia later this year, and if it would prove useful, I make myself available to you, or any investigation team. I can be contacted as per the information below.

Sincerely,

BQP

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BQP

