

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

QDR

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is QDR My date of birth is 1955. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I went into care when I was three years old. I only really know snippets about my life before going into care. I have two older brothers, who is four years older than me and who is ten years older than me. My brothers have told me bits and pieces. We lived at Street in the Bridgeton area of Glasgow. My mother's name was but I don't know much about her. My father's name was He wasn't much of a worker and when he did work, he spent most of the time at the pub. He used to rub his feet in dust and concrete so it looked like he'd been working, but he hadn't.
3. I have very few memories of my life before going into care. One is of running up the street with bare feet. I also have a memory of a coal fire, a bed, a dull room with no light on and a lady with a chair wearing glasses. I was small and trying to get up on the lady's knee. Another memory is of a stairway and a lot of disturbances, shouting going on up the stairway. The police were there and they told my granny, "You should've thrown him down the stairs." My dad was putting us into a home but my granny wanted to take us. My granny's name was My dad didn't get on with her.

4. My mother died when I was three years old. She had a pauper's grave. A letter in my records indicates that my father asked for assistance. Somebody came in from the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, but I don't know much about that. People advised my father to write to Quarriers. He wrote to them, asking for them to take in his children. Our granny had offered to take us. My granny also told me that some people in Australia had offered to take us. They had a bungalow at the bottom of the garden and when [REDACTED] and I were old enough, they would have let us have the bungalow.

Quarrier's Village, Bridge of Weir

5. It was a stunning place. The buildings were to die for and the houses were dream houses to live in. Some of them even looked like castles. It was in a country setting with up to forty houses. The little lanes outside the houses all had different names, like Peace Avenue. It was immaculate in every way possible. There was no litter. Every blade of grass seemed to stand up. There was no turf disturbance with soil coming out. It didn't just seem that way because I came from Glasgow. It was that way and it still is today. It looked like a dream of a place to live, except it wasn't. It depended on which house you were in.
6. I don't recall the name of the man in charge of Quarriers. Apparently, he only liked the younger children. He communicated better with them and he became more distant as we got older. We didn't have much contact with him. He stayed in one of the big houses nearer to the hospital.
7. You answered to your house parents. Miss [REDACTED] QDZ was the house mother of the first house that I was in, house number three. She lived in the house. She retired when I was ten. She died in the last ten years. I don't remember any other staff. When Miss [REDACTED] QDZ retired, Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] QEA/QEK became the house parents. I was eventually moved from house three because my behaviour became difficult after I was raped. I think the second house I was in was number seven or eleven and Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] QAX/QCN were in charge.

8. I stayed in that house number three with my brother, [REDACTED]. There were sixteen children in that house. I was one of the youngest children when I first went in. I remember there being older girls who were sisters, one of them was called [REDACTED] or [REDACTED]. They let me hang about with them. One of them had a boyfriend who was a policeman. I would keep their secret. They would use me to walk around with them. In time, people left and new people came in.

Routine at Quarriers

First day

9. I remember a big table and a man sitting there. There were windows there and then my memory goes blank. The next thing I remember is going into the pathway to our house. The house was gigantic. There was a lady at the door. She put me in the playroom and invited my dad into the dining room. They were taking forever. I was in the playroom with all these kids. I went out to look for my dad. I ran through the door I had seen my dad go through. I ran through the dining area and down into the kitchen. I couldn't find him. I used both hands to turn this huge, glass knob and I ran like hell, screaming, "Daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy."
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10. I ran all the way down the pathway and another girl came to take me back. Both my brothers were there, but I don't remember them on that day. My brother, [REDACTED] told me that he heard me screaming. He said to my dad, "I'm going to kill you one day." [REDACTED] was taken away from us too, but I don't know the full story of that. I think he was too old to go into Quarriers. I didn't see my dad again that day.

Mornings and bedtime

11. There was a boys' dormitory and a girls' dormitory. The beds were all lined up, like in old movies. They were made of wrought iron. At night time, we all had to queue up in

our pyjamas. Miss QDZ would sit next to the fire. We had to give her a kiss and say, "Good night, mummy."

12. We all knelt down to say our prayers before bedtime. The prayer was, "As I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, and if I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take." I will never forget it because we said it night after night after night.

Mealtimes / Food

13. We went back to the house for lunch. Mealtimes were very regimented. We had to be in time for dinner. We weren't allowed to talk. We had to keep our elbows off the table. We had to eat everything on our plates. Miss QDZ was very strict. If I didn't like the food, I used to slide it under the table to my big brother. I got away with that for years and years. There were certain dishes I couldn't stand, not even the smell of them. When my brother left I was fully exposed. I had nobody. I was forced to eat those dishes.
14. I can't remember the food when I was really young. When QEA/QEK came in, some of the food was pretty nice. We got proper, old fashioned puddings, like apple crumble. I couldn't wait to finish my dinner so I could get the pudding. On one occasion, I stole some candy. I was just a kid, but it felt like the worst crime ever. I was put to bed without any food. One of the girls saved me a cake and snuck it up to the dormitory.

Washing / bathing

15. There were two baths, raised on metal feet. Sometimes we had to share a bath, other times we were told when it was our turn. We all used the same water. We got privacy for our bath when we were older. The sinks faced away from the bath. I remember brushing our teeth. It was all regimented. The routine didn't change.

School

16. The school was on the grounds. It was pretty strict. There was one teacher who I thought was exceptional. Although he was still firm and strict, he was interesting and he made learning a bit more fun. I don't know if the classes were divided by age. Because I was a slow learner, I was dropped down to a lower class. I was also brought down to the front because they thought I had a hearing problem. I used to adore my class teacher when I was in the infant class. She had us all sit beside her. Bearing in mind the attention span of that age group, she didn't use discipline and yet we all naturally gravitated towards her.
17. I used to love cookery class. The cookery teacher used to sneak us out to her house. We all loved her to bits. We went to her home in Bridge of Weir and she spoiled us. We never told anybody because we would have got into trouble and she would've got into trouble. The cookery teacher felt that I could've been excellent and that my future might be working on cruise ships and travel. She treated us the way we should've been treated.
18. I wasn't encouraged to pursue the things I enjoyed. I don't know what happened for sure, but school became a horrible place. I hated it. There was a window next to the playroom. Through the window was the big class. When you got to the big class, you were almost ready to leave. I used to wish time would hurry up so I could get to that big class.
19. The teachers came from outside of Quarriers. Children would go to school covered in bruises or sore. They were being hit at home and yet the teachers turned a blind eye. Nobody ever asked.

Leisure time

20. We hardly had any music in our house, but we did get comics to read. There were plenty of toys. We had a play room with lockers. We shared our toys, but the big present from under the Christmas tree at church belonged to you. There were lots of

games, rope games, and we shared the bike. I don't recall any fights about sharing. We played out on the grounds. The boys played cricket and we played rounders as well. There was a play area with swings. There was a huge pond. We used to go looking for tadpoles. Being outside was the most freeing part of it.

Trips / Holidays

21. I'd never been to the office before. People came in from behind the door to meet me. I'd never met them. I was told they had come to take me out for the day and asked if I'd like that. I said I would, but inside my head I was thinking no. I didn't know who they were. I was bored to tears and I felt uncomfortable, but they showed an interest and they wanted to take me out again. This time I went into a sulk. I hardly spoke to them and gave them every reason not to talk to me. I don't know why it was done behind closed doors and I wasn't brought into it.
22. We went on a day out in the taxis with balloons and everything. My brother and I met a couple who were pure diamonds. We fell in love with them. They absolutely adored us. They snuck us off to their house and asked if we'd like to live there. The next time we saw them, one of the girls ran down to the park and told me there were people in a car who wanted to see me. I took off with my big, lanky legs. All I heard was, "Here she is, she's coming." They were so excited to see us. It was genuine. If I had the choice, I would've picked them. They gave us sweeties and that was the last we saw of them. I don't know what happened at Quarriers, but we never got to see them again. We loved them.
23. The summer holidays weren't bad. The house parents were a bit more laid back. We went on a double decker bus with children from our house. We would sing songs and make noise and we weren't corrected. I think we went somewhere in Ayrshire. Butlin had a connection to Quarriers. He would give us bungalows to live in. We had coca cola and ice cream and bunk beds. We hardly ever saw the house parents. My brother and I used to go potato fighting. They had a great big hut where they stored bales of hay and stuff. We all used to line up and hide. We played on a disused air

field which had lots of pot holes on it. We played rounders. We went to places like Largs as well.

Chores

24. We had to make beds and do the dishes. We had to prepare a huge big pot of potatoes.

Religious instruction

25. They liked to instil the fear of God into us. We went to church. We had no choice. The minister was holier than thou. My brother, [REDACTED] hated it as well. They would poke us to make us sing. If we got the giggles or didn't sing, we got it when we went home. It was pure silence. It was an unnatural environment.

Birthdays and Christmas

26. I can remember one birthday at Quarriers. There was cake and we were in the playroom. I think it was special, but I didn't have a real party as such. I don't think I got any presents. The first party I ever had was when I was with my ex-husband.
27. At Christmas, we got second hand toys. We did get a big present from the tree at the church. I got a white teddy one year. I went everywhere with that teddy. Any time I got scolded or put to bed, I would talk to the teddy. That teddy got me through a lot of things. Everybody needs somebody. Mrs [REDACTED] QEA said I was too old for it and she took it off me and that was it. Even today, I still make sure I have a white teddy in the house, not because I need one but as a symbol. If I'm without one, I go and search for one.

Relationship with house parents

28. Everybody cheered when Miss [REDACTED] QDZ left. I hugged her. I don't know if I loved her, but I had a sense of attachment to her. I'd been there since I was three years old. I

didn't think she was the bees knees, but she was all I knew. My gran told me later on that she got drunk with Miss QDZ. My granny opened a bottle of sherry and she had to stay overnight. For some reason, Miss QDZ liked me and a girl called [REDACTED]. She invited us out for cake where she lived. I think it was in Maryhill. We had to call her mummy. If she took us out in public, like to the hospital, we had to call her mummy.

29. She wasn't that great and I didn't love her, but I didn't get on too badly with Miss QDZ. She was all I knew. Others didn't get on so well with her. When Miss QDZ left, the QEA/QEK became our house parents. They hated [REDACTED] and me. They shouldn't have been there. Years later, I asked Mr Dunbar how they had got the job. He said that he knew and told me that they got sacked. Sometimes you think things are personal when it follows you around wherever you go, but whatever happened they got rid of them.
30. Before I left Quarriers, I was moved to cottage number seven or eleven. I was moved after I told the superintendent, Mr Mortimer, what was going on in cottage three. I was relieved to be away from the QEA/QEK but it took some getting used to. There was a lot of chatting at the dinner table, which was alien to me. I would offer to stir the porridge for the matron. Then the matron in the new house was gone all of a sudden. We were just left with an aunty looking after us. The aunty was very popular. She would do people's make-up for them. It was all more happy and chitty chatty than house number three. There was a lot more freedom in the house, running up and down the stairs. The house was noisy. That was normal and the way it should have been.

Postman at Quarriers

31. I used to run to see the postman. Sometimes I'd be late for school. He was genuine and non-threatening. He didn't harm me and he never did anything wrong. He gave me a necklace with a [REDACTED] on it. It wasn't gold, but to me it was a million dollars. That was it, I never saw him again.

Visits / Inspections

32. There was a formal visiting day, called, "Friends Day". It was roughly every month. I think that was well thought out because some children didn't have parents. We would meet visitors in the hallway and we could walk about. There was a tea room. We could get juice and things. All these ladies would come on coaches to gawk at us. We were never told when they were coming.
33. I saw my dad intermittently throughout the years. I remember him coming to the door once for a pre-arranged visit. I was less than ten years old. It was a pouring wet day. The matron, Miss QDZ got me to put my trench coat on and told me that my dad was coming. Oddly enough, I wasn't excited. I was very frosty to him. We didn't communicate much. We just walked and walked and walked. When it was time for him to pass me back in and leave, I neither felt happy or sad. I felt nothing.
34. On one occasion my dad came, one of the kids came running down to the cottage to get me. I don't know why he came. I don't know why he ever bothered. I don't know why, but he was hiding. He just caused more damage, each and every time. He may as well have just stayed away. But then staying away would have hurt too. He would arrive and cause more hurt. He wasn't a good man.
35. There was never any comfort offered to us when a parent or a brother didn't turn up. What would it have taken to make us a hot chocolate or walk us down to the main road and see the buses? To reassure us that maybe the traffic was bad or they were ill? Next thing, another week had gone by and it was three more weeks until the next visiting day. They could have at least done something rather than leave us at a window, sitting by ourselves.
36. I very rarely saw my brother, [REDACTED]. Once, he came to visit us because he was worried about us. Miss QDZ allowed him to come in, even though it was late at night. I think it was 9.30 or 10 o'clock, so there must have been an important reason for her to let him in. He spoke more to [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was always very distant from me.

When he left, I went back up to the dormitory. All the girls tip-toed over to the window. All the girls were whispering that he was lovely.

37. [REDACTED] and I were sometimes excused from church. We were allowed out. We would walk up the big road and get the double decker bus to Glasgow from the main road. We had to be back at night time.
38. I was allocated to a social worker called Miss Orr. She was based on the grounds at Quarriers. I hardly ever saw her. I would see her walking around and she'd talk to groups of people. I never saw her on my own. I think the staff just communicated and reported to each other. If there was somebody from the local authority allocated to my care, I didn't know it.

Healthcare

39. I saw a doctor at Quarriers for many things. I received my immunisations from him. I also had problems with my ears. I got an earwig in my ear. There was a hospital on the grounds for minor operations, the doctor and the dentist.
40. I vaguely remember being taken to the hospital for an appointment. I don't remember how I got there, but I remember the horror of it and all the noise. They were only looking at my ear, but you would think they were doing a brain operation.

Running away

41. A lot of us ran away, but we were always brought back. The police would bring us back from either Linwood or Johnstone. I remember running away on one occasion. I don't know how old I was. I was lanky but I was still small enough to hide behind a stone dyke wall. As the teachers left after school, we hid behind the wall. We didn't get very far. We paid our bus fare with pennies and everything that we'd managed to put together. When we got on the bus, we asked the man to take us to where we wanted to go and paid with all our coins. He must've worked out where we came

from. When the bus pulled up, he got the police and the police came on and took us back to Quarriers.

Discipline

42. They managed discipline by keeping us in a container. All they needed to do was give us a look or threaten us. Sometimes it was as if Mr QEK wasn't there, but if he was needed he was there for discipline. If the girls fell out doing the potatoes or there were arguments, there was never a sense of hearing what the row was about. We weren't taught how to argue better without falling out and pulling hair. The QEA/QEK would accept someone's side of it and then dish out hard hitting punishments to the other side. For example, we would have to polish everybody's boots, including Mr QEK's big heavy boots.
43. Even when we peeled potatoes, the bin was checked and if the peelings were too thick we got into trouble for that too. They were always on top of us. There was no relaxing because we never knew when they were going to check bins or any of those things. It was a life of being tense. We'd be playing ropes and having fun and then our home was filled with tension. It wasn't a natural state to live in. Children need good portion sizes of structure, discipline and love, not too much discipline or heavy handedness. They didn't allow us to have our minds, our brains to form opinions, to say what we like, to express ourselves. They contained us and had us keep everything inside. If we clumsily shouted back or got angry, we'd be shut down or hit or sent to bed. There was a constant tension of having to behave. There were clearly times when it wasn't justified.
44. I threw a brush and was messing about in the playroom before church. They sent me for a psychological report. I had to have an EEG (electroencephalogram) to test my brain. It was scary because there were wires and things connected to my head. A psychologist stated that it was normal behaviour for a girl my age. There was a suggestion that I should be moved because I seemed to get on with older people.

45. I was in that house with [REDACTED]. She and I would get up to no good. She loved make up and things like that. She was more grown up than me. We snuck away to Bridge of Weir to buy cigarettes. Everybody had somebody that they would combine their money with to buy cigarettes. We'd get back and pass the cigarette round. We met these boys in Bridge of Weir. They said they'd take us for a ride and then drive us back to Quarriers. All they wanted was a kiss and a cuddle, nothing else. They didn't take us back to Quarriers and drove off, laughing. We were already late and then we were even more late because we had to walk from Bridge of Weir all the way back. Matron was waiting for us along with the superintendent. We were taken to the big office. We got into serious trouble.

Abuse at Quarriers

46. Miss [REDACTED] QDZ made us call her, "Mummy." At bed time, we had to queue up and she would sit by the fireplace. We had to go and kiss her and say, "Good night, mummy." I remember one night, I said, "She's not my mummy." I walked away. She made me stand in the corner for goodness knows how long with my face to the wall and my hands behind my back. In the end, I wanted my bed. I was tired. I was only in bare feet. I went in and did it but I thought to myself, "She's not my mummy. I don't mean it." She got me well and truly disciplined, but I got my way, I was up in my bed. It was a ridiculous thing. She wasn't my mummy. Miss [REDACTED] QDZ didn't treat me too badly, but other people had a harder time.
47. I may have gone up and hugged her, but that didn't mean I went up and loved her. There was a form of love in respect, but I had no desire ever to see her again. Did I agree with everything she did or the ones who came after her? They just continued a line and a process that I was already on, only some were a bit more strict. How could they get up in the morning and do what they did? How dare they impose their will on us and tell us how to live?
48. When I was eight or nine, one of the aunties knocked my head on a bath and made my nose bleed. I don't know what I'd done, but it wasn't anything that would warrant

that. She got the fright of her life because visitors arrived. Even as a child, I saw the fear in her eyes. The door opened and outside, people were going around the house. She managed to bluff her way out of it, but she never, ever shouted or gave me a hard time again.

49. We had to be silent in church. It was an unnatural environment. They kept us in a container. If we were caught giggling or talking in church, we would be sent to bed without any dinner or cracked around the head by the house parents.
50. I've found it in myself to forgive myself for all my cheek and my rowdy behaviour. All it did was bring me more problems. I'm sure I was an embarrassment to them. They had a standard that they wanted to present to others. All these ladies would come on coaches to gawk at us.
51. At mealtimes, the QEA/QEK had fun with me. I got caught out for leaving my food. I hated liver. I still hate it today, the look of it, the smell of it and even the word itself. I would be made to face the wall and Mrs QEA would pull my hair back and ram it down my throat, cold. It was humiliating. Maybe Mrs QEA didn't like me, I don't know, but life became very difficult.
52. My brother still won't tell me what Mrs QEA did to him. I remember sitting at the long table. My brother was at the window table. She ripped into him. I can't remember everything that was said, but he was trapped and he couldn't get away. All of a sudden, he threw his chair back so fast. He took off and hid. I knew where he was. He was hiding in the bunker, having a cigarette. I took off too. I went and joined my brother. I threw my chair back so I could get away at speed.
53. I don't know what I'd done wrong, but I was made to sit on the bench where we took off all our shoes. Mrs QEA was right up in my face, bending over me when I was sitting. I can't remember what she used, but it was something like a wooden spoon. I just sat there and looked at her. Because she got no reaction, she did it again. She raised it again. My eyes watered a bit because it left a raised print on my right leg.

She struck me three times. The first one was sore, the second one she stepped it up. I smirked at her but I was crying inside.

54. When I was thirteen, I was raped when I went home to my father's. It's on record. There's paperwork about it. It was reported to the police, but my dad told me to lie. He told me to say that I'd been at a boy's house and that I was listening to music. I wasn't. I think my dad was trying to protect himself because he'd fumbled with me before. My dad had sent me down to get chips, late at night. Mr Dunbar put down on the records that I was winching. I hate that word. It wasn't like that. I didn't even get a hug after I was raped. How could they do that? Quarriers should have picked up on that. They should have helped me. They should have taken me to the police. More care was given to a girl who injured her head playing bat and ball when we were on holiday in Ayrshire. A man travelled all the way from Quarriers to check that she was okay. I died inside. I died over and over and over again. I was left with a mess to try and fix. I became so detached that I was a shell of who I should be.
55. After the rape, [REDACTED] QEA/QEK [REDACTED] sent me all the way up to the hospital. I didn't know why I was going, they didn't tell me. I had to go on my own all the way up that road, up to the hospital on the grounds. When I got there, they took me into a little room and there was a matron with a stiff collar and a hat. There was another female and a doctor. There was a huge standing lamp, which was really bright. I was told to take my clothes up from the bottom. They did what I know now is a swab. I got a bit agitated. Nobody spoke and I wasn't prepared for it either. Nobody comforted me. There was never any comfort. They left me to go all the way up there on my own and I didn't know why I was going.
56. I never saw my dad again until I was in Aberdeen. After the rape, I was allowed out to stay at my Auntie [REDACTED]s in the Bridgeton area of Glasgow. I was in the same area as the rape took place. I cleaned the house one time and I saw things you should never see. Just because it was family, they allowed me to go into that filth and stay with people who were bad news. It didn't make sense. I used to share a bed with Auntie [REDACTED]. She left the house to go to work or something. Uncle [REDACTED] came into my bedroom. I was asleep. He stuck his hand up my skirt and put his fingers to my nose.

I got dressed quickly and went through to the room he was in. I screamed and told him if he ever did that to me again I would tell. He never bothered me again. Another time when everybody else was out, Uncle [REDACTED] wanted to give me a whisky. Auntie [REDACTED] and Uncle [REDACTED] wanted me to go and stay there when I left Quarriers, so I could bring in a wage.

58. The dirty shoe man is famous in Quarriers. He worked as a cobbler in a workshop on the grounds. We went there for our school shoes. We called him the dirty shoe man because that's exactly what he was. He would want to warm up our legs by the fire. He did it in front of men who were sewing shoes. They must've known. It was right there, in front of them. A lot of us hated going there. He would pretend he was rubbing our legs to keep us warm and then he would slip his hand under our pants. He would also put our feet on his willy to check whether the shoes fit and press on our toes. He'd get us to lift our legs up as high as we could to check the shoes fitted and look up our skirts. All of us hated it and we felt uncomfortable and it was a relief to get out of the place.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Quarriers

59. There was no point in speaking to an adult about the abuse at Quarriers. There was no point. They weren't approachable like that. We would either be disbelieved or get a crack on the head or be scolded. The teachers in the school saw bruises on children, but they never asked.
60. I did tell Mr Mortimer on one occasion. Mrs [REDACTED] QEA was being nasty and hitting me. I did a runner out of the house and straight down to Mr Mortimer. It was a big deal for me because he was the superintendent. I knocked on his door and told him what was going on up at the house. He said, "Okay, [REDACTED] QDR now just go back." He sent me back to the cottage. When I came down the driveway, I threw up in the garden.
61. Sometime after that, I can't remember how long, I was moved. Everything was very different. I was moved to either house number seven or eleven, which was right next

to Mr Mortimer's house. It was a different atmosphere altogether. I was relieved to be away from cottage number three. Nobody ever spoke to me about it. I was just told I had been moved when I got back from school.

Leaving Quarriers

62. They told me one day that I was being moved to a different place. I was about fourteen years old. I didn't know Quarriers had a house outside. I can't remember leaving, just the gravel at Overbridge and going through the front door when I arrived. I was actually a wee bit upset about leaving. There was no say, no preparation, just bang, you're being moved.

Overbridge Home, Ibrox, Glasgow

63. I moved to a home ran by Mr and Mrs QAX/QCN who had been in charge of a house in Quarriers. I couldn't stand Overbridge. I would have rather stayed at Quarriers, at least in the last cottage that I was in. I came out of one hole and into another hole.
64. It was a big house, but I don't know how many children were there. It was just like Quarriers. Mr and Mrs QAX/QCN two children lived there too. We weren't all the same age, but I'm not sure what the age range was. I think some of the children were primary school age.

Routine at Overbridge

65. It was very uniform. We weren't allowed to sit on chairs and we had to sit on the floor around the telly. Mr QCN's son would be allowed to come and sit in on a chair. The playroom was one big table with lots of chairs, like an old people's home. At bedtime, we had to stand around the table with our jim jams on, all ready to go. We'd

be given a hot drink and a biscuit for the night. It wasn't leisurely and nobody ever asked how your day had been. It was all very, very regimented and clinical.

66. One New Year, Mr [redacted] QCN told us all to get our coats on and that we were all going out. We ended up at his friend's house. I think the man maybe needed some emotional help. We all had to sit around whilst Mr [redacted] QCN spoke to him. The man asked me if I smoked and I said I didn't. Mr [redacted] QCN told him that I did and that I smoked at school and I was allowed to have a cigarette.
67. My brother, [redacted] had been placed in an approved school round the corner. We bumped into each other. He told me not to say anything and I didn't see him again before I left.

School

68. I went to Bellahouston Academy. School was scary. There were regular people who wore make up, talked and chattered and were worldly. And then there was me with my long, grey uniform that I had from Quarriers. I was trying to be grown up and trying to be a part of it but I didn't fit in at all. I made a clown of myself, trying to fit in, and actually excluded myself even more. I hated the school.

Mealtimes

69. When we came home for lunch from secondary school, the others had had their lunch and ours was cold. There was a table for the children from the big school, which we all sat round.

Friendships

70. I made friends when I was at Overbridge. I met nice, churchy people. The husband hardly ever spoke to me. I suspect he knew parts of my case because he went to great lengths not to be alone with me. His wife, [redacted], and I clicked and got on really well. She would invite me for dinner in a real house. They were nice people. I

liked her a lot. I was told to sit down wherever I wanted. I stood there, not knowing where to sit. I hadn't a clue where to sit. I still stood there because I was so used to being told where to sit that I didn't know what to do. I couldn't function like a regular person out there.

71. I went to pottery classes and I made a big frog. I'd made it. It was glazed. I couldn't wait to get from school to give it to [REDACTED]. She put it in pride of place on top of the telly.
72. I settled in and I got on really well with the girls. I remember [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]

Abuse at Overbridge

73. Somebody let me borrow a Ouija board. I wanted to talk to my mum. Mrs [REDACTED] QAX's voice went up a decibel. She cracked me one on my face. She was in a shouty mood, she was angry. I cracked her back. I've only done that twice in my life. I showed disdain for her, but inside I was worried. However, I didn't get into any trouble at all. Now I understand her anger and her response. If she'd just asked me not to do it and pointed out that it wasn't a good thing, given me an understanding. Her mouth was still open when she was walking towards the door. She didn't say anything.
74. Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] QAX/QCN's daughter didn't like me. She was older than me, but I can't remember her name. She never, ever spoke to me. I got on fine with everybody else. She was sullen and ignored me if it was just me around. I felt it. I could feel it coming from her. It went on for some time. She would walk ahead of us going to school. She came out the main door and we came out the back entrance, which was very fitting because that was the way we were treated. One day, I'd had enough of it. Maybe she didn't want to be associated with the home, but that didn't explain her coolness. She speeded off. I took umbrage and I snapped. I just let loose. I said she was always ignoring us and she wouldn't walk with us. I said, "Who does she think she is? She's only bandy legged anyway."

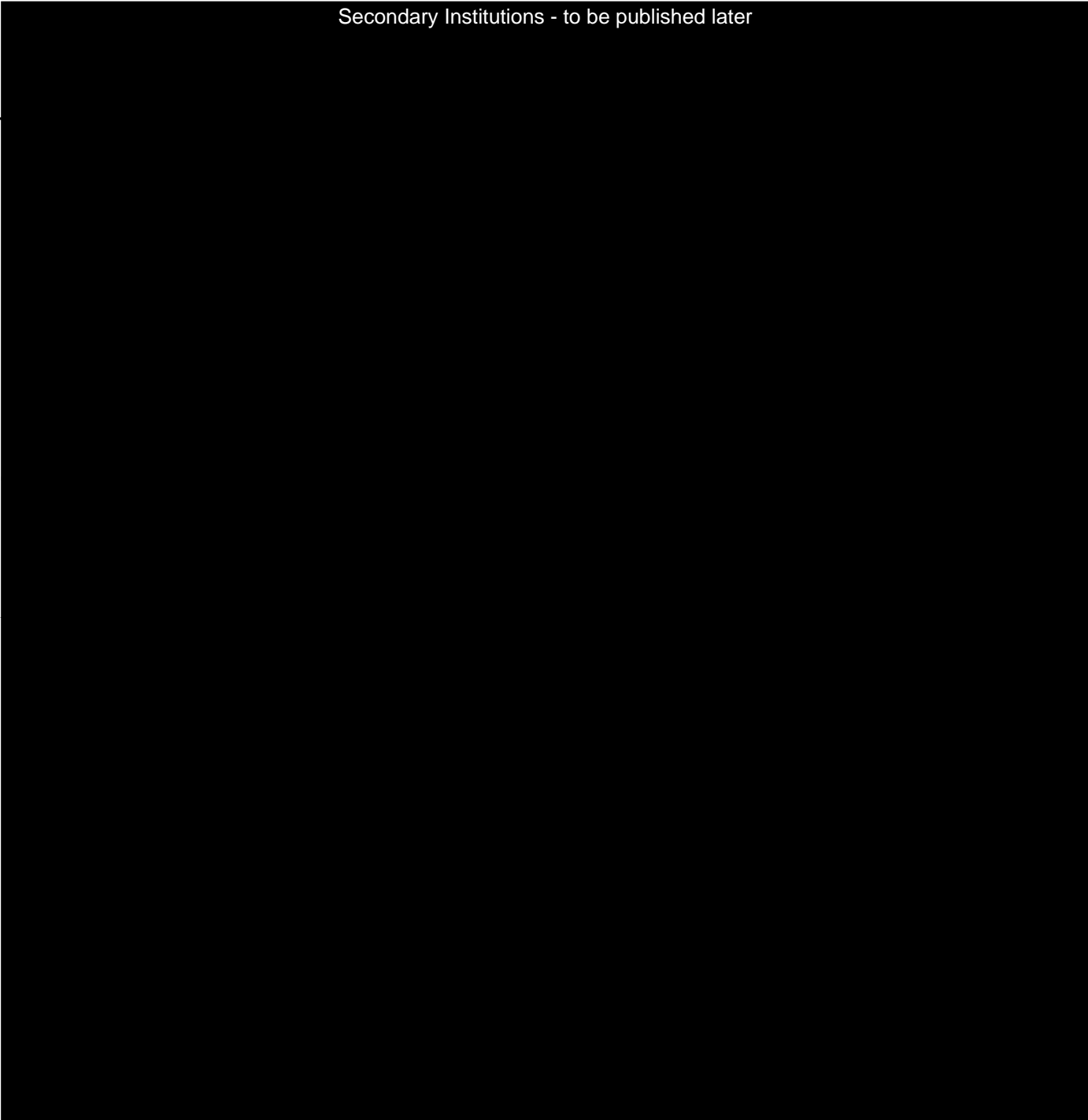
75. It was a cruel thing to say, but Mr [QCN] got his own back on me. I was coming up the corridor to see if the television was on. He came out of their private room or office. His face was like thunder. He'd either just been told what I'd said or he had been getting raised up with anger. He collared me, swung me round and grabbed me by the hair, the back of my neck and some of my clothes. He lifted me up off the ground and threw me into a tiny little box room where he kept his paperwork. He let me have it. He was really, really loud. He made me apologise and I did go and apologise. I don't think she accepted it. She didn't say anything.
76. Somebody told me Mr [QCN] used to be [REDACTED], which would make sense. It put me in my place. I was reaching an age where I bit back or made a remark. It didn't get me anywhere. I understand that what I did was wrong, but what would have got through to me at a much deeper level would have been to have me sit in front of her and she could've explained how hurt she was or how I ruined her day or whatever. That would have pulled me down. I would've heard. I got the message from Mr [QCN] fast and furious, but instead of feeling a deeper sense of shame it was ineffective. I think they could have used different methods.
77. Mr [QCN] asked me to come and count the underwear with him. All the navy blue knickers had to be counted, but I don't know where they were going. It was odd that he asked me to come in with him. I thought it was a waste of time, but maybe he was covering himself in case somebody walked in. The experiences I'd had, that was the last uncomfortable feeling I wanted. I think he probably did something along those lines so that he wouldn't be seen to be behaving out of order and touching the knickers on his own. I wasn't needed there.

Leaving Overbridge

78. I remember being told I was being moved to Aberdeen. I asked why and I was told that's where had been suggested. I said that I didn't want to go but I was told that I had to go. I kept protesting that I didn't want to go. I was at Overbridge for about a year. I had no connection to the [QAX/QCN]. They said goodbye, but they meant

goodbye and they didn't care whether they saw me again. I thought I finished school in Ibrox. In one of the reports, it said that they thought it would be in my interests to finish school before I began work. I didn't know I was going to have to return to school in Aberdeen to prepare me for leaving and going into work. It wasn't for long. Miss Orr picked me up and locked the door and took me all the way to Aberdeen in her car.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later



Secondary Institutions - to be published later

83.

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Life after being in care

93. When I left St. Clair's, I didn't believe it for a long time. That was it. I was free, but then I became frightened by the whole thing. I fell out with [REDACTED]'s mum. It was a stupid row. I spoke to her like I would speak to an aunty and I had no right to speak to her like that. I was a guest in her house, but I took the home with me.
94. That was my first experience of being homeless. [REDACTED] came with me after a while. We slept in a car down at the beach. The police came and shone a torch on us and questioned us, but they were satisfied everything was fine. I suppose they kept an eye on us because now and again they would pass in the early hours of the morning.
95. I fell pregnant to [REDACTED] when I was nineteen. I went back to see the matron at St. Clair's. I had passed the home many times, but this time I asked [REDACTED] to hold back. He couldn't believe I was going to go back in there. I had been told that they had the power to take me back into a home if I got into bother up until the age of 21. When I got pregnant, I didn't tell anybody. I didn't even go to antenatal appointments. Only [REDACTED] and one friend knew. [REDACTED] was put in prison for motoring offences. I was shocked. The judge in the court allowed me to go down and speak with [REDACTED]. The policeman took me down and that was it, he was taken away.

96. I got pregnant and I carried on as usual. I went to work. It was surreal. I wore my trousers with a huge safety pin so I'd have more room. I got ill at work. A girl asked me if I was alright and I said I hurt like hell and I was bleeding. I told her I was pregnant, as casual as that. I was taken straight to hospital. In effect, I was in labour for two days. They gave me stuff to induce me and make the birth come quicker. I changed a little bit then. I did what I always did in the past and I completely shut down. I put it away. Everybody else wanted to talk about how I was. I had lost my baby. I should have been able to go and speak to somebody.
97. It took an Eye Motion and Desensitising Reprocessing Therapy session later on in my life to bring it all back. We were working on something else and we arrived at the loss of the baby. I had never ever cried. [REDACTED] had cried. He cried at the coldness of the way they told him in the prison. He threw things around the cell, but they let him off with it. It changed things between us. He had never hurt me, but he did towards the end. He never fully dealt with it. He started to push me around in a phone box. I was trying to get my brother for help. He was losing his cool.
98. I moved a lot, not belonging anywhere. At the same time, a lot of it was exciting and it was great to be out. There was a sense of freedom, coupled with fear. These ridiculous rules had made me unable to breathe and totally frightened out in social circles. I'd never paid for shopping, I didn't know how. I was bright. It was a waste of time. I had a life to live, but I was too busy learning how to live out of that environment, in total chaos. All I knew was get up in the morning, go to work, get my wages and then I'd spend it. Then I learned from other people that I could go on the dole and get money for doing nothing. I went to the dole house, slummed around and hitched everywhere. I would get stoned, go down to the beach and listen to music. I got bored of that. I was brought up to be a worker. That held me in good stead.
99. I'd gone from Quarriers into that environment, with so-called normal people, the churchy people with good social standing and the lower down ones who worked hard, were gritty and let loose. They became animals and you couldn't reason with

them. They didn't care whether they were throwing up in front of you. There was dishonesty and fights out of fresh air. I entered that world and my upbringing didn't serve me. Everything they had said to us, "Don't wear trousers, you're not allowed to wear make-up. You're not allowed to go to the pictures, not allowed to go to people's houses. You're not allowed down to the beach." Why didn't they just put a rope up there and just hang me? I wasn't allowed to breathe there and live.

100. The very things they took away, I went out and took it all. There were good people out there. Genuine people, who wouldn't cause you any harm. I came out and I didn't know how people could live in such chaos when we lived in such order. I feared God for a long time. I feared people and life. The God I know today is not about going to the churches and presenting yourself to be a holy and righteous person. To me, being in touch with God and being spiritual is more about being a decent person. You don't knowingly go in and take from somebody, you don't knowingly go in and hurt somebody, you don't knowingly do a cruel act to anybody because you have to answer to somebody much higher than yourself. Without these spiritual things I know today, I think I would be a lot more lost. I feared their God. Suffer little children to come unto me. We suffered alright. We were treated like machines.
101. I joined a hippie squad. I met beautiful people and people who didn't fight, people who didn't abuse, people who didn't hurt others. And yet these were the very type of things we were protected from as it was wrong. When I came away from that world and entered the world I was supposed to be in, what did I find? Drunks, alcoholics, people that wanted to hurt, abuse, rubbish music. No wonder their brains were self-destructing. The drivel they used to play in comparison to the music that I was exposed to. The freedom and people who had respect. I lived in a flat with five men and not one of them stepped out of line. I was safe to go to sleep. I was treated with more regard and respect than in Quarriers. I hardly ever saw them have a drink. They would hardly ever go to the pub, and if they did they would probably stand all night with the same drink.
102. Somebody offered to get me a job. It was where it was just hills and hills and hills. It was an oil place, full of men. There were women there, cleaning chalets. That was

the job I was promised. I gave up my flat. I got caught lying on the floor in my sleeping bag. Security came out and I was taken off the base and taken to social services. I had nowhere to go. I went back to my friend's, but there was no room. Things just went downhill. I was begging for beds and sleeping around. I even slept with someone just to get a bed.

103. I tended to work in cleaning jobs. I had been taught a lot about cleaning at Quarriers and in Aberdeen. We were good at cleaning. Today, I can't do that because of my health. I just do basic cleaning. I don't care as much if something's not spotless.

104. I've been a regular customer at [REDACTED] for years. I've met some wonderful people there. On one occasion, two summers ago, it was mobbed. The seats are very close together. I pulled my seat back and knocked another lady's seat. I apologised. She was waiting for her friend to go on the tour bus. I asked how long she was up for. She said, "We just came up for the day. We come up every now and again." I asked how far she'd had to travel and she told me she came from Kilmacolm. I told her I went to school near there. She asked me which school. I told her I went to Quarriers and she said, "I was a teacher there." Her name was Miss Allan. She was my school teacher. I last saw her up in the big class, the place I prayed I could be so I could get out of the place. We spoke a little, but they had to go to get the bus.

105. She went to the toilet and when she came back she said, "It's [REDACTED] isn't it." She had remembered me. We had some more small talk and then she was on her way. That was the last I saw of her. I hated being in her class, but I didn't tell her. I had an opportunity to say, "Why did you treat me as if I was invisible? Yes, I wasn't very good. Yes, I was a bit thick. I was all of those things." She had such a silent order. She would throw the chalk at us, it would come flying through the air. She wasn't an approachable woman. When she left, I wished I'd said this and I wished I'd said that. I went and told the owner [REDACTED] I opened my mouth. I didn't care. I was flipping out. I told her that was my teacher. I was totally blown away.

106. I do a lot of shopping in charity shops. I met a girl who worked in the charity shops. She didn't really fit in. She looked a bit hippyish. She was a smashing girl. She ended up working at a charity shop that I went to regularly. We continued with our small talk. We got on rather well. She was emptying bags. She held an old fashioned, grannyish skirt up to herself. I said, "They used to make us wear things like that in the home." She said, "I was in a home." I asked, "Where were you?" She said, "I was in Quarriers." I told her I was there too. She said she was there with Miss [REDACTED] something or other and I said, "[REDACTED]" We were in the same home together at the same time, but we couldn't remember each other. She had an exceptionally difficult time. She hated it there.

Impact

Skills

107. I left Quarriers without skills to take on life's other challenges and deal with uncomfortable situations. We were left like dithering idiots. We were told what to do. They continued to take over and do my thinking for me. It was much more than not knowing where to sit. I didn't know how to spend money. I didn't know how to communicate and be sociable. I was so institutionalised, it was far too long to keep me in there.

108. Who did they think they were? What crime did we commit to be treated in that manner? Each elder in their house had control. They could've turned blind eyes. They could've broken rules. They could've communicated better, they could've used their judgement and imparted some learning processes and skills and wisdom, given us something. But don't take of us and give us nothing. We were out there and we were just shells. We had to build up who we were going to be. We had a bit of us in us and then the rest, "Who am I?"

109. I wouldn't have got into so many dangerous situations as an adult if I hadn't been in care. I probably would have handled money better, had I been taught. I'd never paid,

I didn't know how to get a flat. I went from flat to flat. People would share flats, move and get married. I just seemed to be the one that tagged along and agreed.

110. I think my brain would have kicked into action if it hadn't been in an environment of this needing done and that needing done. There's much more to life than having to make your bed properly and doing the folds like in the army and queuing up to wash your underwear in the sink. There's much more than the uniform way of life. They were walking around with brains, their dislikes, their senses. They had knowledge right under their nose and yet they didn't impart it and teach us their wisdom. They didn't teach us how to deal with the hurt. You cannot starve a child. Firstly, it's cruel. Not only that, you're setting that child up for baggage on top of baggage. A child should be taught to communicate, to make a difference, to be great at their work, to be better than working in a laundry. All our jobs need doing but we could have been better than what we were accepting of. I thought that was it, that was all I was capable of.
111. What could I have been if they had got it right? I thought I was thick. I went to college to learn care of the handicapped and elderly. I worked hard. The other girls were just giggling. They were passing through. I was like a sponge. I learned like crazy when I left Quarriers. It wasn't me, it was the environment. I still make mistakes, but I have the ability to laugh and accept that I won't excel at everything, especially with these chronic illnesses.

Relationships

112. After I split up with [REDACTED] nothing really changed. I picked bad ones all the time. I look back on it and I realise that's all I thought I was worth. I didn't sit comfortably with the men who were nice to me. On occasions, that can still arise.
113. The staff at Quarriers didn't have to adore me, there were many of us. What they had to do was value me for who I was and to appreciate the bigger picture. I believe strongly that I would've been a much better person. I believe deeply had my emotions been nurtured, I wouldn't have screwed up as much. I strongly believe that.

Instead they let a mess go out. Yes, I ran away, but I was coming up for leaving anyway. I went out a mess, but I don't regret running or sleeping in a car.

114. I was always prone to believe people. If somebody smiled at me, I believed it. If somebody said something, I believed what they said. But then I started to see things in the world that I didn't like, hear things that I didn't like. I heard about cruelty to animals and all sorts. I felt protected from that. I felt I had more of my own hurts. I didn't give any more of me. I held back from being more human. The world didn't make sense. The world was odd. The people who I met smoking their joints, I stand by them. I won't have anyone decry me or bring me down. They may have had their problems, but I know throughout those years that I lived in a flat with five men and none of them stepped over the mark, except ██████ right at the end. ██████ liked me more. When he stepped over the boundary, rather than deal with it emotionally, I shut down. He'd gone into that domain where there was pain, he'd gone into that domain where it was what people wanted, he went into that domain where I hated sex.
115. Despite all of that, I gravitated more and more towards men. I loved them as my friends. I never tested them. I went in blind. They would prove themselves just by being who they were. They cared about me. They would walk me down the road to get me back to the flat. There were things that helped me to grow but still deep underlying emotional damage. I didn't know it then. I would tell myself I didn't want that job, get out of that job and move onto another one. I was still too busy grabbing at life. I made many, many mistakes. All I was doing was shutting the door on the garbage. If it entered my head for a moment, at the speed of light, before I blinked, it was gone. I was so skilled, I could close the door at the speed of light.
116. Things got more sophisticated when I met ██████ I was meeting people from America and New Zealand. I was going out for dinner and there were conversations round the table. Then I became lost again. I had nothing to contribute about life. I had lived in containment, without newspapers or television news. That was it, that was our world. I had nothing musically and I love music. I would make a fool of myself and then I closed down. I shut myself away. Bizarre things would come out of the upbringing

and the experience. Wherever I went, it caught me. I could not escape. I thought I did. It was going to have to come out, but it came out in bits and it hurt me more. I had nowhere to go. I didn't have the emotional tools to deal with it, to unravel it, to make sense of it. I became frightened again. I wasn't as secure as I had thought. I needed security all around me, the things that made me happy, the people that made me laugh, the beautiful music. For everybody carrying it, they're skilled at holding it.

117. I couldn't handle relationship breakdowns. My first love really wasn't [REDACTED] I loved [REDACTED] but I didn't want that love. [REDACTED] was my first love. It totally ripped me apart. When I was ripped me apart it meant in that moment, in that rawness, that damage was all there. It showed its face in a profound way. I couldn't cope. It took many, many years to get over it. I went from that to being almost a slag. I behaved almost like a whore. I didn't care. I didn't care what people thought. Gradually people talk. I slid down the scale. I would never go back and live in Aberdeen. How could I? It's a bigger town than Oban, and yet it's small to an extent. I miss Aberdeen. I belonged there. Life was opening up for me there, but then I got out of my depth.

Family

118. The separation from my brother, [REDACTED] still affects us today. I'm still not close to him. We have this emotional separation. I loved him, I idolised him. Many times, I would set out trying to please him. Sometimes, I would think he loved me. For example, he beat my dad up because he said he didn't give care about me. My brother turned on him, but he would have turned on him one way or another because he was angry. It wasn't just about me. He put my dad in hospital. He hates my dad and yet he has traits of my dad. My dad wasn't a good man. My brothers hate him. I don't hate him anymore. I just don't like some of the things that he did.
119. My brother knew my mum and my dad and he lived the Glasgow hardships, the rough life and the gangs. My brother expected too much of me. He expected me just to come out of the homes and drop in. There were never the conversations, the connections and the understandings that develop over time [REDACTED] got teased for

hiding his underwear under the bed. We were made fun of for mistakes we made. We didn't have a clue. I didn't invite [REDACTED] to my wedding.

120. [REDACTED]'s daughter once asked me why I didn't let him be a brother to me. I thought that was odd, like letting somebody be a mother to you. It doesn't fit like that. He used to put me down. He told me not to smile when we went to a club because he didn't like how discoloured my teeth were. He was always borderline cruel. He would think nothing of punching someone's lights out. He kicked me once, on the Isle of Man. He did apologise, but the healing process was just beginning and he expected things to go back to the way they had been. I shook his hand when he left, I was so detached. I saw the tears well up in his eyes. The distance has never gone away.
121. I tried to find my dad but he had already died six years before. I feel cheated by that. I would've loved a moment with my dad. I was ready. I've forgiven him but I can't forget. He doesn't deserve the word "Daddy".

Health difficulties and support

122. I used to drink. It got me through situations in life. It gave me confidence. Then down the line, it made me a dithering idiot, a bore and just an embarrassment. It didn't do anything except bring me pain. No matter how you run, no matter much you do, you need to leave that stuff and start working on yourself. I needed to bring about changes and keep close to people who are half decent and stop being hard on myself. To be forgiven.
123. The amount of rubbish that comes from alcohol, the destruction, the breaking of homes, the frazzled brains. I'm in a position to talk about it because I used to hit the stuff too. It's a great anaesthetic. They should put it on the National Health Service short term. After that, it gives people hell of a side effects. But it's fine to leave alcohol out there. Chaos on the streets and the police are out in great numbers to deal with it. They have buses to get the drunks home safely. Alcoholics take up a lot of time and cost lots of money. The life I led brought me more and it probably rescued me.

124. I believe strongly that my experiences in care affected my physical health. I would love someone to take that on board and quite seriously look at that in depth. If they can master that, not only would people like me benefit, but other people out there who are hurting and who have situations, then people could start to take full responsibility for their well-being. I don't. I smoke cigarettes. That started when I was at Quarriers. They must have known.
125. I suffer from systemic lupus erythematosus. I have severe Raynaud's Syndrome and I nearly lost one of my fingers. Even on a sunny day, I have to wear two pairs of socks or gloves. It's quite a complex illness. You can get mild lupus where it just affects your skin, around your face. It can also attack any organ. I've got heart trouble now. I have a tear in my aortic valve and a heart murmur. I have clots, which they think come from the aorta because I get blindness in one eye. I have pernicious anaemia. I suffer from meniere's disease. Recently, I've been suffering from full dizzy turns. The whole room moves as if I'm drunk. I feel like being sick and I was sick not long ago, but mostly I get away with not being sick. I have a high pitched ringing in my ear which has got louder and louder over the years. I actually checked electrical stuff but I knew it was me.
126. The cervical vertebrae 4, 5 and 6 in my neck are out. It affects me if I lift something heavy or I lie a certain way or if I'm on a bus and it goes over a bump or if I have bad posture. I have lower back trouble. If I bend over and stay in that position, it will lock and coming back up is very painful. My joints in my hand, feet and knees swell up. It can jump from joint to joint, there's no pattern. I can get up the next day and feel like a million dollars then after half an hour, it can change. You don't know where it's going. Stress is not good, but life deals you stress. I suffer from migraines. I have self-inflicted chronic obstructive pulmonary disease, due to smoking. I'm on a lot of medication. I had a benign tumour on my pituitary gland caused by sickness tablets. The tablets caused the menieres disease. I'm on so much medication, it causes stomach problems and now I need a tablet for that. I suffer from dry eyes and dry mouth. I have polyarthritis. My bone density isn't great because of steroids.

127. I have post-traumatic stress disorder, but that was caused by waking up during an operation as well as Quarriers. A lot of stuff came out before Time to be Heard. I think I have a mental health problem but not a mental illness.
128. [REDACTED] was my Community Psychiatric Nurse. He took me through fourteen years of treatment to undo past traumas, including Quarriers. I underwent Eye Motion Desensitising and Reprocessing therapy. If it hadn't been for that, I don't know where I'd be today. I don't want to own the abuse and store it. If I hadn't had EMDR, I think I might have been splatted all over the table. I don't know who I'd be today.
129. [REDACTED] is my support worker from In Care Survivors Service Scotland. I share a lot with her. I struggled emotionally with losing people. I can be drawn to tears if I value people highly. [REDACTED] has a profound effect in bringing about change and making a difference, a continuation of growth. When I hit rock bottom or I slide, she's still there. She does it without judgement and without expecting too much of me. She leaves me all that breathing space without me feeling suffocated. Sometimes, she allows me to step up to the mark, to tell her off. Quarriers should have applied that. I would rather not have [REDACTED] in that capacity. If I met her, apart from this damage, we would be friends.
130. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] have held me up in life, held me up in the right places. I worry for the rest of them because they're not living life fully. They're not feeling the pure joy of music and laughter. On the surface, they can do it. They may even think they're happy. They're hearing music, but they don't truly hear it. They're seeing, but they don't take in the beauty. We can't do it all on our own. Otherwise, I would have been successful in Aberdeen. I would have worked through and understood emotional behavioural patterns but instead I shut down and this nervousness and people pleasing.
131. I love music. I love jeans. When I put on a dress, I'm nervous now the longer I leave it. I get my confidence the more I do it and wear heels. I feel just like anybody else. The EMDR therapy allowed me to open up like a flower, reaching up. [REDACTED] took me through a process and the rest I put in. I worked hard to get where I am. The work's

not over. None of it's over. Life's like that. It's wonderful, but I know that. They didn't need to tell me that, I worked it out for myself. My brain was mine, my mind was mine, my body was mine. It didn't belong to them. You can't take a broken child and do that. My mum had gone, everything had changed and I was in a hell hole. How dare they criticise me and look down on me with my failings when they failed me? Then they put me somewhere else and somewhere else.

132. I was given a voice by Tom Shaw. A Time to be Heard was perfect. He let me talk. I haven't finished. I'll never finish. I'm open for all of it. You can only really be open when you unload this nonsense. People missed out on A Time to be Heard. They're carrying it inside. They've got to unload it and pass it and start untangling the garbage. Another door opened. It left empty space where things could come in that mattered. Then there was an understanding of why I behaved in certain ways and why I felt separated from the world. Then there would be a quiet time. I didn't understand the quiet time, but I do now. You can't overload. You've got to do it in stages. If you rush it, then it hasn't been done right.
133. The people that hang on don't hang on because they really want it. They don't know any better. And not only don't they know any better, they're afraid. It borderlines terror. Right now, they'll be getting by just the way they are. Some will not let you in.

Records

134. Many years ago, when I was married, I travelled up from England to obtain my records from Quarriers. I met a man called Mr Dunbar in an area of Quarrier's village where they used to deliver food and household things. When I went back, it was a little trinket shop selling necklaces, gift cards and things. He worked behind the counter.
135. I wasn't offered a seat or any privacy. Mr Dunbar took my records from underneath the counter and handed them to me. They had been underneath a glass cabinet with

trinkets underneath for people to gaze at. This man had been part of my care package throughout my time at Quarriers. He met with my dad many times.

136. When I was handed the records, I responded by saying, "Oh my God." He said, "Yes, I know," and twirled his pen. He just stood there. I realised I was supposed to pick notes out. They were heavy. He said to me, "What you need to do is go through them all. Anything you need photocopying, we can get that done and send them to you." There were so many pages. When you opened them, they formed a fold and some of them would roll round. You had to press on the fold to continue to read all of the words underneath the roll. They were thick. I held them in my hands.
137. I was supposed to flick through them and go through them over this glass counter. Mr Dunbar stood, twiddling his pen. It was a very uncomfortable experience. In the end, I pretended to read them. I said, "I'll have that, I'll have that." I realised it was going to take much longer. I didn't think I could have them copy all of it. What sort of donation was I supposed to put in for that amount of work and copying? I thought I'd do it in stages. I pay the price for that today. To my horror, I've never seen those records again.
138. I went back to Quarriers to reclaim the rest of my records. Each time I asked for my records again, I was given a limited amount. In around 2010, Josie Bell, the archivist at Quarriers, gave me a story that was how they used to do it back then and that was all there was. She said, "Your memory must be playing tricks on you." Josie Bell was wrong. I might have fallen for that, but I had held my records in my own hands. She had pulled out a page and said there was something distressing in them. At one point, I went out for a cigarette and Josie Bell leaned in and said, "He didn't even come looking for you, did he?" I knew she was referring to the rape and my dad not coming to look for me, and yet there was nothing in the records I was given about the rape.
139. I've seen and held the records. I had to get a solicitor involved to ask about the whole business. I instructed Eddie Thornton, a solicitor in Oban. He divulged to me that he used to play cricket at Quarriers. He also told me that he'd witnessed things

there that he wouldn't want to happen to his children. I went back to reclaim the rest of my records, but I knew I wouldn't get them. I'd already been told by Josie Bell that was all there was. I could describe them. Paul Moore took over looking for the records because I was banging my head up against a brick wall. He wrote to me on 27 September 2011, saying that he didn't know where the records had gone. I have provided that letter to the Inquiry. Eddie Thornton laughed. Paul Moore acknowledged that the records were incomplete.

140. I asked Paul Moore what would've happened if I'd taken the records when I first held them and ran like hell. He gave a little smile and said, "Technically they're yours. We'd have had to get the police." I said, "I would've had time to go and photocopy them. I missed an opportunity."
141. I accuse Mr Dunbar of either having a hand in my records going missing or having knowledge of what happened to them. I do so without fear and I want a response. I want it to be looked into. I want him to talk freely about what happened. I'm willing to sign anything and leave compensation and anything else aside in order that I can be treated right. I want him to speak up in a safe environment and give me pure honesty about my past, which my brothers are unable to do. I need Mr Dunbar to take responsibility for what he stole, got rid of or was negligent about. I don't care what his reasons were, I just want him to acknowledge it and I wish him no harm.

Lessons to be Learned

142. First of all, I want somebody to recognise and hear our truths, no matter how bad it is. If somebody says they had their knickers put over their head then they had their knickers put over their head. If somebody says they were poked in the back every day, they most likely have been poked in the back every day. Even if the person had a day off, to the child it's like every day because they think it's going to come. I want them to hear the truths.

143. I want the Inquiry to put a brick wall up against anybody who wants to take this kind of work on. This is how it is now and that was the olden days. I want society and the world to look back in horror and say, "Really?" I want the change to be of such magnitude that everybody looks on and envies Scotland. I want people to look on with pride. I want Scotland to strive, to get to where we can become and reach how it should have been done.
144. We need to take the whole package because when you get a broken plate, it can be glued. And if it can't be glued, an effort should be made and it shouldn't just be left. A child needs to be spoken to with eye contact, with human touch and for his pain to be acknowledged. When he cries, he shouldn't be told not to cry. Everything needs to be acknowledged and not fixed with toys. Children's moments should be valued, but they need to be taught respect. Adults need to show them that they can come but it's not always appropriate. They need to set time aside for the child and if it falls through, go back to them and say, "I'm so sorry I was late, but how about we do this tomorrow and I'll write it down and that's our time."
145. When I grew up, rules were rules and we had to obey the rules. Then they wonder why some kids leave care and they're fiery and into all sorts of trouble? Where was everybody when they needed them to step up to the mark? Where was the organisation? Where was something like this for us through Quarriers and all these stages, totally unrelated to Quarriers and there just for the children. It needs to be broken down to humanity of sharing and growth and healing, anything that gives a child something back for the price that they're paying at that moment. You can't take without giving back.
146. We need to fix what parents should have done. The people out there who are supposed to be parents can screw up. There are many, many reasons, poverty, deaths, murders, things happen. We can't fix the world, but we're sitting on a magnitude of people, little knights who can go out there and become great things. We can send them out there to show by example, show by common sense, to go and do great work, to become part of government at a high level where they have so much power that their words and commands matter. Because a child means more

than silly rules. You need rules to keep a bit of structure, but some rules have to be broken. You have to dilly dally with each child because you get to know them. They're not machines. Queuing and regimented ways aren't what people do out in the real world, unless they're queuing for a bus or at a buffet.

147. Let the children hear more music, teach them about the world, let the news come through radios or to hear things no matter how bad they are. Don't shield them from the cruelties of life unless the child is extremely sensitive and has witnessed something really bad. Turn them into little beauties because they are little beauties. They didn't arrive in care for no reason. If they arrived broken and frightened, don't break them anymore. If you do, you're just as bad as the tyrants in the world. You cannot go around breaking people beyond because they don't know that there's a way out. They then don't trust systems and therefore they don't trust. They stay in their heads. But sometimes, they're dealt a blow and no matter what they do, it's out.
148. I got blessed, but not everybody is blessed. I want to be around to see the fruits of all the labour and make a difference. When a child is hurt, he should have a safe place to go, totally removed from anybody. The child should be treated as if he's the most important person in the world and that he matters and his feelings matter. All of it matters and needs to be taken seriously. The child needs to come without fear.
149. Somebody needs to be able to override these institutions. They can't be left totally in charge. History has shown they can't be left in charge, not just in Scotland. The world is losing trust in the police, authorities, hospitals. Social services say they'll make sure something won't happen again. Then something happens again and they say they'll do everything in their power, so why didn't they do that earlier? There are so many things right under their noses.
150. It's a shame we ended up in the mess we are. We would have been brilliant. We would have far exceeded whoever had been trained. We needed to be taught the basics, like how to cook, in order to function. Nobody can teach what we know. We're sitting on a bed of knowledge and it's wasted. We're sitting on things that could make a difference. I was invited to go to a children's home with my ex-

husband. I didn't enjoy the experience. One little boy ran upstairs and put on his shirt and his tie and said, "Aunty, do you think they'll like me?" I couldn't look at the boy. He was staring so hard and I recognised us. He was talking to me with his eyes and I had to look away. I knew what the child was going through.

151. A little girl lay down on the floor, in the foetal position. She was new to the home. I got down on the ground with her and whispered in her ear so only she would know and said, "I used to be in one of these places. One day, all will be well. Trust me." But I didn't know that for sure. I hadn't dealt with any of this garbage and I thought I was alright. They ignored her. They were sitting talking to us. Did they think they were doing right, hardening her up, to totally ignore her?
152. Children need hope. They need the right tools. I understand rules. The world will not work without rules and a sense of order. I understand all that, but you can't take without giving back. Even in the here and now, sometimes we don't get what we want at that time. Sometimes it comes at the right time. I look at the Inquiry today. I look at Tom Shaw and A Time to Be Heard. What about the kids that didn't make it? The ones who committed suicide? If they'd known that we would have had this today, if they had something. How we're here, I don't know, but it doesn't matter. We are here. If they knew that this was being born, I don't think they would have stepped out. And no psychologist, nobody in the world can tell me otherwise.
153. We want change. To get change, we have to sift through the garbage of life. How do we do that in this day and age, with the volume of people, internet, all the filth, everything that's coming out? It's a tough job for the Inquiry. Out there, if it's done right, value these people, pay them their wages, make them stay until they're old and decrepit because they don't want to leave and they're going to go in there and make a difference. It has to be worth their while, not just to go in for the money but to go in for the love and the passion and the determination to bring something instead of taking a child's soul and taking their identity. We need to be somebody, not nobodies. I'm not going into the grave a nobody. I'm working and I still have work to do, I haven't completed it. Don't dare put that nail in my coffin till I'm finished

because I'll poke my finger up and kick out and say, "Hang on a minute, I ain't finished yet."

Final thoughts

154. I think everybody looking into these institutions must go and have a look at Quarriers. It's no longer a children's home, it's private homes, but it gives you a sense of the place. Some people come away and say that they don't like the feel of it and they're happy to leave. I felt the same way, but I was surprised that people with no connection, who were just involved in work connected to institutional care, felt it too. I'm the one who discreetly threw a cigarette end down at Quarriers, out of defiance, when I went back to reclaim my records.
155. We had real food, not tins. We had clean beds and schooling. We could attend music classes if we wanted to. We had access to religion, if we needed that. If I'd stayed in Glasgow, the filth was off the wall. Oddly enough, my dad always looked clean. I can remember him with an Abercrombie type coat. When we were taken away at first, [REDACTED] had to stay behind in Glasgow because Quarriers wouldn't take him. He was ten years older than me, so he would have been thirteen. He had to sell furniture to eat. My dad just went away to England and left him. That's too much for a boy. My brother said he was glad to go into a home because at least he got fed. I was always pleased to get out of Quarriers and yet I was always glad to go back. One of the reasons was a rough family and a filthy house.
156. I never want to end up in an old people's home. A lot of children brought up in care are concerned that they end up in an old people's home, with people in charge of them and regimented and waiting on mealtimes. The same sort of environment as the children's homes. They're scared to death of that. If they do end up in there, the people in charge would need to understand their cheek, their rebellion, their disruption or their depression. Whatever form it comes in, they will be deeply unhappy. Sometimes, there's no other way and that's the only place they can go but I think a note should be made that old people's homes need to be more

accommodating and sensitive. There should be flowers, keep them in touch with the outside world and they shouldn't need to wait for permission to go out the door.

157. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

QDR
Signed [Redacted]

Dated... 1st 6-2018