

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

HJA

Support person present: No.

1. My name is HJA. My date of birth is 1957. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. My dad's name was and my mum's name was. My dad was a hardworking man. He had been a paratrooper during the war. In those days, Aberdeen was mainly a fishing town. The oil industry hadn't really started yet. Everybody either worked on the fishing boats or drove lorries full of fish. My dad was a trawler man. My mum worked in the fishing as a filleter. It was all hard work.
3. I had four siblings. The oldest was, known as, who was four years older than me, then there was, who was two years older than me. was two years younger and four years younger than me. We lived in a two-bedroomed house so we all shared one bedroom. My granny lived with us as well. She slept in the living room. She was fantastic. We called her.
4. The area we lived in had been built after the war. They were new houses but they were cold. We only had the coal fire to heat the whole house. We couldn't play in the bedrooms because we would freeze. It was often hotter outside than inside the house. There was no central heating or anything.

5. The fishermen were the hardest working men in the world. Many men lost their lives. They would go to sea blazing drunk. They had two days to get to the fishing boats. Once they got to Iceland or Faroe, the weather was really bad. The sea was as high as a building and they were in little rust buckets. It was 24 hours a day work. The men were rough, but they made good money. They would come into shore and go drinking. There would be fights all over the place.

6. We had a really comfortable life. My mum and dad both worked. We had plenty of food and fruit on the table. We were one of the first families in the area to get a TV. Then the strike came and everything changed. There was a big strike in Aberdeen in 1968. All the fishermen went on strike because they wanted higher wages. It destroyed my family. In those days, you got no money from the social when you were on strike. Our lights went out. We had no coal and we had no gas. I was going to school in sandals in the winter. We didn't get any help. We ended up getting evicted. It wasn't just us, there were thousands of trawler men in the same position. A lot of people fell along the way.

7. My dad was so proud that he wouldn't let us have school dinners. We had to do without food during the strike. Without my granny, we would never have survived. She came from a farm. She would kill and skin animals for us to eat. She could make a meal out of anything. She was starting to get old and she was getting Alzheimer's. She would forget that we were coming home for lunch. We would get home and the door would be locked. We would sit outside the house and then go back to school. We had no breakfast and no dinner. When we got home at night, she would have a bucket of tatties. We would get chips and bread and that was us until the next day. Other kids were cruel to us and called us names. It wasn't a nice experience.

8. During that time, my mother and father broke up. My mother was a beautiful woman. My father nearly killed my mother one night. He found out that she had been working as a prostitute to get money to feed her kids. He was about to throw her into the harbour. We were all in our beds. He gave my mum such a hiding. He tried to put her in the bath with an electric fire in beside her. My brother jumped out the middle floor window and went to the police. In those days, the police didn't get involved in things

like that. They came to the house and said that it was a domestic. My mother was half killed but nobody thought anything of that in those days. She was supposed to do as her man told her.

9. One day, I came home from school and there was a social worker with a big yellow bus. The social worker said that we were going into a care home because our granny couldn't look after us. She had gone blind. She was taken into hospital to get cataracts removed and she wasn't able to look after us. My mother had left after the beating she got from my dad and who could blame her. [REDACTED] was already in a girls' home for doing something or other, but I can't remember what she did. The neighbours took my brother, [REDACTED]. He was fifteen and he had already serving his time as a rigger. I was put into Aberlour Home with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. That was the start of the end of my life, really.

Aberlour Children's Home, Rubieslaw Den North, Aberdeen

10. I was eleven or twelve years old when I went into Aberlour. It was a beautiful home in one of the nicest estates in the east of Scotland. There were young kids of four and five in Aberlour. We had to call all the staff 'aunty'. There wasn't really any cruelty at Aberlour.

Routine at Aberlour

First day

11. I remember being taken to Aberlour. It was snowing and there was deep snow lying on the ground. Everything about the place seemed nice. We didn't have many clothes. The staff took our clothes and said that they were rubbish. They did that in front of the other children. I didn't like that. In the middle of the first or second night, [REDACTED] and I got up, climbed out of the window and ran away in the snow. [REDACTED] was about ten.

I remember being out all night and it was freezing cold. The police finally found us and took us back to the home.

Mornings/bedtime

12. I don't think I was in the same bedroom as my brothers. There were a lot of kids there. My brothers and I started to wet the bed when I was there. It was strange because we hadn't wet the bed before. I don't know whether it was fear. It must have been a psychological thing. The wetting the bed was a bad thing for us. The staff weren't happy about it. I found that in every place I went to, but they weren't too bad about it at Aberlour. However, other kids could be cruel. There was a lot of bullying.

Mealtimes/food

13. The food was first class at Aberlour. They also gave us new clothes. Everything we got was one hundred percent.

Schooling

14. I went to the local school when I was at Aberlour. I went to Summerhill School. I would walk up, get the bus and go to school. I went back to the home at night.

Visits/inspections

15. I didn't get to see my parents or my granny when I was in Aberlour. I never got a visit. I didn't see my family from the day I went into care. I never got a letter, a visit or a phone call.
16. I had a social worker called Mr Robb. If I told him that I had done something he would go and tell the police. It meant that I stopped trusting him. Things were starting to change around that time. I think that I was one of the first people to go to a Children's Panel. Prior to that, children went to the juvenile court. Women were coming into social work. Things started to improve around the time we were in care.

Leaving Aberlour

17. I was only at Aberlour for a few months. [REDACTED] and I kept running away, but [REDACTED] was too young to run away. Because we kept running away from Aberlour, [REDACTED] went to Seafield and I went to Craigielea Home. I didn't get to stay with my brother [REDACTED] again. I only got to see him now and again after that. I wasn't told anything about the decision to move me from Aberlour. I was just transferred and that was it. I ran away and got caught. I was put into a police car and taken to Craigielea Home.

Craigielea Children's Home, Craigton Road, Aberdeen

18. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Kaimhill Remand Home, Garthdee, Aberdeen

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Leaving Kaimhill

56. I was in Kaimhill quite a few times. I would go back to Craigielea and run away from there again, so I would be sent back to Kaimhill. I was also in Kaimhill before I was sent to Oakbank School and later Craiginches Prison. The last time I was in Kaimhill I was fifteen.
57. One of the times I ran away from Craigielea Home, I met a couple of boys. We went down to a garage. In those days, they left keys in cars that were for sale. We started the cars up and played dodgems. We did it for hours. I was there with another boy called [REDACTED]. He was a year older than me. A police officer came and caught the two of us. Neither of us had ever been in trouble before, but his father was high up in the Orange lodge.
58. We were taken to the juvenile court. [REDACTED] had been told to say that if he hadn't done it, I had threatened to beat him up. I didn't even know how to answer that. I was too

young. He was bigger than me and older than me. I came from a home so I was seen as a bad person. Nobody turned up in court for me. I was in court by myself. [REDACTED]'s father was there with a tie along with his mother, his brothers and sisters. I was wearing cords and they had a hole in the knee. I didn't have anything else to wear. Mr Robb, my social worker, was there but he wasn't interested. Nobody spoke up for me. I didn't even know what was happening. [REDACTED] got two years' probation and I got two years in Oakbank. The Children's Panel system came in not long after that.

Oakbank Approved School, Mid Stocket Road, Aberdeen

59. I was about thirteen years old when I went to Oakbank. Oakbank was an approved school. I was sentenced to spend two years there by the justice of the peace at court. It was a big school with about 140, 150 children in it. It wasn't locked so you went out to work or school.

Routine at Oakbank

Mornings/bedtime

60. There were big dormitories. One of them must have had about sixty beds in it. I was still wetting the bed at Oakbank. The staff didn't really bother about it. It was a big place so there were people who came in to deal with the wet sheets. I would say 60 to 70% of the boys wet the bed. They were living in fear because of the bullying that was going on.

Running away

61. Oakbank was near my family home. I could see my friends from Oakbank so I kept running away. I didn't like Oakbank. There were a lot of boys sent up to Oakbank from Glasgow. I was twelve, thirteen and some of them were fifteen, sixteen. They were a lot older than me. There was a lot of bullying going on. Because I wet the bed, the

other kids were really cruel. They would call me names. Because of that, I ran away a lot. I was running away because I was scared of the other kids. I would be out in the freezing cold. I would stay out all night and walk the streets.

62. Once, I ran away and stole a car. I couldn't drive. I didn't know how to get the car out of first gear. I couldn't get above twenty miles per hour. The police chased me and caught me. One of the police officers punched me in the stomach. Another one punched me in the face. I remember an older police officer saying that they shouldn't be doing that because I was only a kid. That was the start of police brutality towards me. I was wrong doing what I did, but I was only twelve, thirteen years old. I didn't know what to do with myself. I had nowhere to go. I had no house, no friends, no mum, and no dad. I was in Oakbank and it was horrible. I became a really tough boy.
63. Things were starting to change in the early 1970s. Prior to that, it was like living in a police state. Police would lift you and batter you. That happened to me many times. I got broken ribs and everything as a young boy. In those days, police officers were picked for their size and not their brains. The female police in the sixties and early seventies would smack you round the side of your face with a leather glove. One of them burst my lip when I was twelve. They were worse than the men.

Abuse at Oakbank

64. SNR [REDACTED] was called Mr HJE [REDACTED]. If you were sent to him for running away he would belt you. He would put you over the table or belt you on your hand, depending what mood he was in. If you were put over the table, he would tell you to bend over it. He didn't ask you to take your trousers down. Sometimes he would hit you on the small of your back or on the back of your legs. You would move because you were afraid. It was sore. You were struck with the belt four or six times, depending on what Mr HJE [REDACTED] chose. I didn't class that as abuse. It was just what you got if you misbehaved. If you misbehaved, you got belted. If you were cheeky, you would get a bang on the lug. That was second nature to me. I thought that was normal. It was just the way it was in those days. Everybody got it and you just took it.

65. There were big dormitories at Oakbank. At night time, there were fifty or sixty boys in one room. Some of the boys were fourteen, fifteen years old. They could easily batter other boys. You would hear five or six boys jumping on another kid. You would hear them greeting in their bed. The younger boys were living in fear. There were other things going on as well. I didn't actually see it, but I heard it. You knew what was going on. Boys were being interfered with by other boys. There was a lot of that going on. No wonder boys wet the bed. It was terrifying. You couldn't complain about what was happening because the staff would just laugh at you. I didn't get bullied in Oakbank because I kept running away.

Leaving Oakbank

66. I was only in Oakbank for a few months. I kept running away so they transferred me to Kerelaw in Ayrshire. It was a big change in my life.

Kerelaw Residential School, Stevenston, Ayrshire

67. I was twelve or thirteen when I first went into Kerelaw. It was a new building and it had modern showers and things. There were four units in Kerelaw. They all had Scottish names. I was in Baird unit and there was Fleming unit, Stevenston unit and Millerston unit. Things started to change for me at Kerelaw. It was like coming forward to the 21st century. It really opened my eyes. It was more modern. Some of the teachers were really good. 90% of the staff were good. There were lots of things to do. I started to make friends there. I was also getting older and bigger so I was able to look after myself a bit better.
68. Mr [REDACTED] was in charge of Baird unit. We called him [REDACTED] because he used to go mental and his head would go steamy. He was alright, but he had an awful temper. He never physically touched any of us, but he would scream at us.

Routine at Kerelaw

Bedrooms/food

69. There were three or four kids in each dormitory. They were called after Scottish islands, like Skye and Uist. The food was fantastic at Kerelaw.

Schooling

70. We had to go to school in Kerelaw. I remember my first day at the school a Glasgow boy asked me where I came from. I said that I came from Aberdeen and he asked whether it was in Scotland. The boy wasn't being cheeky. He came from the Gorbals and he had never been to school. He didn't know that Aberdeen was in Scotland. There was a teacher called ^{GFX} [REDACTED]. Apparently, he had been a [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. He was lovely and you never had any trouble with him. Mr ^{GFX} [REDACTED] told me that I was the only person in the classroom who could read and write.

Leisure time

71. There were so many things to do at Kerelaw. There was a big gymnasium where we could play 5-a-side football. We would be out playing football on the gravel pitch all day. I played for the football team. I played right-back at first, but I ended up as a striker. We played in a Scotland strip so we wouldn't get mixed up in Hearts, Hibs, Rangers, Celtic. We had a minibus and they took us to Kilmarnock and Greenock and other places to play other teams. There was an Ayrshire league and we played all over Ayrshire. I was getting quite tall and I remember people shouting from the side lines that there was no way I was that age.
72. [REDACTED]. It felt brilliant. I'd never had anything like that. Even getting to wear the kit was great. I'd been in these places for years and years and I'd never had anything. I represented Ayrshire at football. I hadn't been able to play for the Aberdeen schoolboys. Aberdeen only selected boys from the grammar school and places like that. It was only snobs who got selected. The Ayrshire team

went up to Aberdeen and we beat them 4-0. I scored all four goals. I could score four goals against Aberdeen but I couldn't play for them. It was just because I'd been in trouble. I wasn't even sixteen yet. I was just a boy and it was as if I'd committed a murder or something. That was the start of the stigma. It stuck with me.

73. There was a swimming gala at Kerelaw and every year they had a huge sports day. Families came from Glasgow and Edinburgh for the sports day, although nobody came down for me. I did boxing and athletics at Kerelaw. I ran the 100 metres for the first time and got 10.10 seconds on my first attempt. That was in plimsolls on the gravel. I ran the mile for the first time in 4 minutes 30 seconds. I was getting faster. I won the [REDACTED]. I was going to represent Scotland in games at Meadowbank. They took that from me because I got into trouble. I started a fight so I didn't get to go. They would stop you from doing things as a form of discipline. I didn't think that was right, to take that away from me.
74. There was a young female teacher at Kerelaw and she was brilliant. I fancied her. She would take all the kids to the beach and things like that. She stayed in the first unit. One night, we were at the gym. She took us for football. She would referee while we played 5-asides. One of the [REDACTED] brothers wanted to run away so he went over and punched her. I think it was the first time I'd been in a fight, but I blootered him. I didn't realise I could do that. The mangers came in and grabbed me. The teacher told them that I'd helped her so I was alright. They left me and took the other two away. They got transferred. That night there was a music concert at the school. The teacher told me to come to her room at 7:00 pm so I could walk her to the concert. I was so chuffed. I remember that to this day. I thought that I was a man.
75. There was a teacher called Mr Scanlon. He was a big man and he played rugby. He would train us and show us what we were doing wrong. It was him who organised the sports day at the end of the year. I'd never even heard of events like the discus and the shot put. I was really good at them [REDACTED]. I revelled in all that. I had come from being locked up in a dark room and being beaten, abused and treated like rubbish. I was getting to do all these sports and play football for a team in a football kit.

76. In 1971, one of the teachers asked me if I wanted to go through to Glasgow to see the football. It happened to be Rangers that I went to see. They were playing in the European Cup Winners' Cup and they won it that season. I went on the bus to Ibrox with Glasgow boys from the Kerelaw football team. I didn't have to pay in, the guy I was with just lifted me over the turnstile. I came from a small city. Aberdeen's stadium, Pittodrie, only holds about 19,000 people. I'd never seen anything like it. The record crowd was something like 118,000. I was standing there in awe. I'd never seen so many people in my life. They were all drinking bottles of wine and urinating where they stood.
77. When the players came out on the pitch I wasn't watching the game. I was too busy watching everything that was going on in the crowd. I always remember the Rangers supporters went mental when the players came out. They were throwing bottles and things onto the pitch. I couldn't understand what was going on. They were playing Sporting Lisbon, who wear green and white hoops like Celtic. I didn't understand it because I'd never seen anything like it.
78. I went to a heap of games at Ibrox when I was at Kerelaw. They would take us through on the bus. I saw all the rounds of the Cup Winners' Cup up until the final. They took us to see Scotland play as well. There were probably even more people in Hampden than there were in Ibrox. I'd never heard anybody singing the way football supporters sang. A lot changed for me at Kerelaw. I'd never had anything like that before.

Peers

79. The Glasgow boys still thought we had horses and carts in Aberdeen. They were emptying out the Gorbals in the late 1960s, early 1970s. There were boys from the Gorbals and Johnstone and Paisley as well. Most of the boys I was in there with were worse off than me. They were a lot more street-wise. It made it better. I got on with a lot of them. I made lots of friends in Kerelaw. The one thing we all had in common was football. We all played football and we would have played it all day if we got the chance. We would train together and go swimming together.

80. Those boys became really good friends to me. I didn't miss Aberdeen at all. Other boys got visits at the weekend, but they didn't look down their noses at me. It was different at Kerelaw than the homes in Aberdeen. It was more modern.

Healthcare

81. I never needed a doctor. I didn't get ill. There was a Doctor HJF at Kerelaw but I don't know whether he was a medical doctor.

Religious instruction

82. We were taken to church every Sunday at Kerelaw. I was never in a church in Aberdeen. It was a different world down that way.

Home leave

83. If they had been good, boys would get home to see their families at the weekend. I never got to go home because I had no home to go to. One Christmas, they told me that I could go home to Oakbank. They took me to Kilwinning Train Station and gave me my tickets. I got off at Central Station in Glasgow. I was only thirteen and I had to find my way to Queen Street Station by myself. I got the train to Aberdeen. It took about five or six hours. When I got to Aberdeen I had to walk to Oakbank. I had no bus fares.
84. I was getting a big older so being in Oakbank wasn't as bad as it had been before. I could get out, but I had nowhere to go. I didn't have any friends there. I used to walk about Mastrick shops. I'd see a few boys that I'd known from my younger days. They would say hello. I'd wander back to Oakbank and sit in my room all day. I'd reverse the journey on the Monday and go all the way back down to Kerelaw. If the staff weren't at Kilwinning Train Station, I'd walk the two miles or so back to the school. I found that weekend horrible.

Siblings

85. My brother [REDACTED] came to Kerelaw. He was in Fleming unit. Somebody was bullying [REDACTED] so I went and thumped the boy. He ran after me and ran into a glass door. He didn't see it and he ran right through it and cut himself. That was when I came across Doctor HJF [REDACTED] He put me over the table and belted me.

Running away

86. When I had just turned fourteen, I ran away when I was about to be belted. I jumped up off the table and out of a window. I ran away and walked from Stevenston all the way to Glasgow. I found my way through Glasgow. I thumbed a lift and I ended up outside Perth. I walked to Perth and thumbed a lift to Dundee. I was walking through the Kingsway in Dundee. A car stopped and the driver was a paedophile. I got into his car and he offered me money if I would do things to him. I remember thinking, "Oh my God, when does this end?" He stopped at the traffic lights and I got out of the car and ran away.
87. I walked and walked and got to Johnshaven. It was freezing cold and dark. I tried to sleep at a bus stop. I lay down to sleep, but it was too cold. I wandered down the hill to Johnshaven and a policeman was waiting for me. He told me that they'd been looking for me. The policeman was good. He took me into a hotel. The man in the hotel gave me soup because I was starving. The policeman drove me all the way through the night to Kaimhill. [REDACTED] Secondary Institutions - to be published later
[REDACTED] Secondary Institutions - to be published later
The next day, the staff at Kerelaw came up to collect me and drove me back to Ayrshire.
88. When I got back to Kerelaw, I was in a cell for about a week. After that, they said it was probably time for me to get released. [REDACTED] was left at Kerelaw and I got home to Aberdeen.

Abuse at Kerelaw

89. Mr MTT was SNR. He had little gold glasses and wore a suede jacket with fur. Mr MTT ran the football team and he was good in that way. He was into massaging boys' legs. He told us that he did physiotherapy. He would take boys on their own into a room. He would put heat on your legs. He liked to rub you down. He would do it before football and after football. There were staff houses on the grounds. He would take us to his house to watch football. He was always putting hands on us. He would put his hands on our shoulders and pat your back when a goal was scored. I was just getting to an age where I felt uncomfortable with it.
90. We used to call Mr MTT MTT. The worst thing he did was come into our bedrooms at night. The lights would be out and he would sit on the edge of your bed. I can always remember that his hands were freezing cold. He would ask how your legs were today and rub your legs. He would put his hands at the top of your leg, at the groin area. He would touch your private parts. It was supposed to be an accident. He would rub your shoulders. You were terrified. It wasn't a nice feeling. He did it to all the boys. We would speak about it the next day.
91. Doctor HJF would put you over the table and belt you. He liked you to take your trousers down before he belted you. You had to bend over a table. He enjoyed it. I don't know what his role was at Kerelaw and whether he was actually a medical doctor. When I was about fourteen, I remember Doctor HJF wanted to belt me. I decided that I wasn't taking it anymore. I jumped up from the table, jumped out of the window and ran away.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Kerelaw

92. After football one day, we were in the shower and we had marks on our legs, buttocks and lower backs because of Doctor HJF's beltings. The bruises had gone black and blue after a belting. There was a teacher in her early twenties, who I really liked. I can't remember what her name was. We were all about thirteen or fourteen. She came into

the shower area and was shocked by the marks. She asked us what they were. We told her that was what we got if we misbehaved. She was horrified. I don't know what the teacher did, but we stopped getting the belt after that. I always remember that she was mortified. We were able to go and speak to that teacher.

Leaving Kerelaw

93. When I left Kerelaw, I was put on the train and I went back to Aberdeen. I went back home to my dad's house and stayed with him and my sister, [REDACTED]. The social work department had agreed that [REDACTED] could run the house because we were older by then. [REDACTED] couldn't run the house. When she got money, she would buy sweets and ice cream. We got ice cream and sweets, but two days later we had no food.
94. I went back to Summerhill School. I was about fourteen or fifteen years old. The school team reached a cup final which was going to be played at Pittodrie. I was so looking forward to that. I went down to the Children's Panel for a review. I think I was one of the first people to go before a Panel. It took place at Golden Square in Aberdeen. When I arrived, I noticed that there was already a police car sitting outside. My social worker had told me that the decision wasn't made before I got to the Panel. He said that they would listen before making their decision. That was the most rubbish I ever heard in my life.
95. My social worker told the Panel that I hadn't turned up for a meeting. He knew that I didn't turn up for the meeting because I had been at football training, but he didn't like me. He told the Panel that I was out of control. I hadn't committed any crime. I was going to school. I'm not saying that I didn't take a day off now and again, but it was nothing to send me to prison for. I wouldn't have got into trouble because I was so looking forward to the cup final. If you took too much time off school, they wouldn't let you in the team. I can't really remember whether I got to say anything at the Panel. I think my attitude was that they had already made their mind up. I still believe that to this day.

96. The Panel sent me out of the room while they made their decision. They took me back in and told me that I was being sent to Kaimhill Remand Home. I was going to miss the cup final. I was really angry. They'd obviously made their decision before I went in. The police car had been there the whole time, waiting for me.

Kaimhill Remand Home (final occasion)

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

97.



98. When I was in cells at the courts, the turnkeys at the court told me that I'd be locked up in jail all day and I'd be raped. By the time I got up to Aberdeen Sheriff Court, I was terrified. I pushed the police officer out of the way and ran. I was a really fast runner. I dived through a window and ran away to Mastrick. The police were waiting for me there. I had cut my arm when I went through the window, but I didn't even notice it because I had been running and my blood was pumping. I was taken to hospital and given a tetanus injection and butterfly stitches. I was then taken to Craiginches Prison from the hospital.

HMP Craiginches, Aberdeen

99. I was fourteen or fifteen the first time I went to Craiginches, which was a really old prison. It was 1973. I was in the remand section, but I'm not sure whether I was

remanded or convicted. I was there on two occasions under the age of sixteen. I was sent there by the judge at the Sheriff Court. I can even remember the legislation. I'm sure it was under section 58(a) of the Criminal Justice Act that they were able to send a child to prison. Because of my age, I couldn't mix with the other prisoners so they put me in with the paedophiles. I watched them being beaten up. It wasn't a nice sight.

Routine at Craiginches

First day

100. When I arrived at Craiginches, I was put into a dog box, which was a little wooden box. I then got put into the bottom flat because of my age. Everybody else in there was a paedophile. They didn't know what to do with me because I was under the age of sixteen. I wasn't allowed to mix with the normal prisoners.

Leisure time

101. Every day at 10:00 am, you were taken out to the exercise yard. You would all walk around in a circle. I had to walk round by myself. Prisoners were shouting abuse at me. I was quite big and well-built. They thought that I was much older than I was. I would ask the officers why they were shouting at me. They told me that the other prisoners thought I was either a paedophile or a grass because of where I was being held in the prison. I felt like I would never get a break.
102. There was a group of Dundee lads who came through to paint B wing. I was in B wing, which was for untried prisoners. One of the Dundee boys looked at me and said, "What are you doing in here?" There was a card on the cell doors which listed your date of birth and things like that. He shouted to the other guys that I was only a wee boy. The other prisoners were alright with me after that. The shouting stopped.

Visits/inspections

103. My mum actually came up to see me in Craiginches. She came to see me for half an hour because she had been in Torry, where the prison was. She brought me a radio. It was the first time I'd seen her for years and years. I can remember what was at number 1 when I was there because I had that radio. It was Gary Glitter, *Hello Hello*.

Abuse at Craiginches

104. I remember one day I was going through for a visit. There was a man standing there and he was a good looking guy. He was a paedophile. The screws disappeared and all these men came out. They set about him. It was horrible to watch. I was told to stand against the wall. I just stood there. There was nothing I could do. They beat him up badly. He was stabbed and his jaw was broken. That sort of thing happened a few times. It wasn't nice. It was the start of the violence for me. I was getting to see these things.

Leaving Craiginches

105. I can't remember whether I was in Craiginches for four or six weeks. I was taken out of there and taken to Brimmond. The police came for me and took me to Brimmond in handcuffs.

Brimmond, Bucksburn, Aberdeen

106. Brimmond was a brand new place. It was right next to Dyce, where the helicopters would come in. I used to watch them coming in at night. There were about five girls and twenty boys in Brimmond. I think I was only the first or second guy in it. It had just opened when I went there. Mr **GJO**, who had been at Kaimhill, **SNR**. His wife was there as well. I think her name was **GJP**.

107. I was taken to Brimmond in handcuffs. I walked in and the officer said the handcuffs should be removed. I looked around and it was beautiful. It was brand new. It was alright there. There was a pool table. The food was fantastic. There were nice beds and fitted carpets. There was central heating. There were things that I'd never seen before. There were no bars on the windows and you could go outside. There was a football pitch so you could go out and play football. On a Sunday, you went for a big walk through the forest. I couldn't find anything wrong with Brimmond. To me, it was like a holiday camp.

108. I think there were two of us to a bedroom. The beds were beautiful. I'd never seen anything like it. There were thick mattresses. I was used to metal frames and thin mattresses.

109. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
Secondary Institution The surroundings at Brimmond were a thousand times nicer. You could go outside and play football. It was like freedom. Modernisation was coming into play at Brimmond. More women were coming to work in these places. Things changed when women came in to work in places like Brimmond. They weren't as hard as men and they weren't as cruel. They probably had children of their own and they had mothering instincts. There were female cleaners coming into Brimmond and they were fine with you.

Abuse at Brimmond

110. By the time I got to Brimmond, I didn't get bullied. I was a big, strong lad. I wasn't afraid anymore. There was a social worker or teacher at Brimmond, but I can't remember his name. His wife worked in the kitchen. He was a little fat guy. He came in one day and punched me in the stomach for no reason. I think we had been playing football and I had beaten him. After he punched me, I reacted quickly and head butted him. I broke his nose. The police were called and he said that I had hit him for nothing. That wasn't true, but the police wouldn't believe me.

Leaving Brimmond

111. I was taken to Bucksburn Police Station. I think it was a Thursday night. I was kept at the police station on Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. I was charged with assault. I was then transferred to the Sheriff Court or a Children's Panel and they sent me back to Brimmond again. I think it was Brimmond I went to, but I'm a bit confused about that. I was allocated to a new social worker, Mrs Thompson. My whole life changed when she became involved with me. I became a person under her care. I was sent to Rossie Farm.

Rossie Farm School, Montrose

112. I was fifteen when I was sent to Rossie. If you go through Montrose, Rossie is a couple of miles outside. Rossie Farm was a Victorian building. It was beautiful. It was white outside and it had beautiful flower beds. There was a farm there, which we had to work on. There was also a closed block called McDonald wing. That was for boys who kept running away. My brother █████ ended up in there. Those boys never got out at all. Rossie is still there now but the school has been knocked down and rebuilt.
113. Mr LLY █████ SNR █████ of Rossie Farm. He had been a colonel in the army during World War 2. He was really old-fashioned. He lived in a big house █████

Routine at Rossie

First day

114. It was █████ 1973. It was a Friday. I can remember Mrs Thompson drove me to Rossie in her blue Mini. She drove me to Montrose. I didn't know how long I would be there for.

Mornings/bedtime

115. Rossie Farm was infested with mice. When you were lying in your bed they would all be running over the top of you. It was horrible.

Work/chores

116. I behaved myself when I went into Rossie. I'd had enough of it. I got out to work on the farm. I worked hard and I learned how to scythe. I was a big, fit lad. I would pick tatties and tend to the gardens. I cut the grass. I also did grouse beating for the rich people. I would scare the birds and they would shoot them. I would put the birds in my bag. I got a Forfar bridie when I was doing the grouse beating. I'd never seen anything as big as that in my life. I got paid for doing the grouse beating, but I didn't see the money until I got out. When I got out I think I had about £180 in my account.

Leisure time

117. We were given Saturday off. We could walk down into the town. It was a two mile walk down to the main road then another four or five miles into the town. I used to go down to the seaside. There would be music playing at the shows. I remember that Wizard was at number one. I had some money so I would buy chips. We had to be back at Rossie for 6:00 pm. I would make sure I got back in time.

Visits/inspections

118. Social work changed when I reached the age of about fourteen. Lady social workers were coming in and you could speak to them. I got a social worker called Mrs Thompson. She had brought up six kids of her own. She was the best thing that ever happened to me. She became my social worker when I was fourteen or fifteen. She stuck up for me and she was on my side. I think she ended up in charge of social work in Strathclyde.

119. Mrs Thompson was fantastic. She was like a mother to me. She used to come to Rossie to visit me. She would take me out into the town and into a restaurant for fish and chips. I'd never had anything like that in my life. I'd never even been in a café. She paid for it herself. It doesn't sound like much, but it was a hand across the water. I could tell her things that were bothering me and she wouldn't betray me. She would go and do something about it. I could trust her.
120. Mrs Thompson continued to help me when I was no longer under social work supervision. I could phone her up and ask for help. Later on in life, I ran into trouble with my rent. I had a young family. The landlord wouldn't take money from us. He just wanted to evict us. I called her up and she said that it wouldn't be happening. She told me not to get myself into trouble and that she would sort it out for us. She did sort it out. She told the landlord that children wouldn't be put out onto the street in that day and age.

Siblings

121. My brother [REDACTED] was at Rossie Farm at the same time as me. He was in the closed block so I never got to see him. Mrs Thompson helped [REDACTED] as well. I couldn't praise her highly enough.

Abuse at Rossie

122. Rossie Farm was an experience, but it wasn't as bad as what I'd been through. I was getting too big to be pushed around and beaten up. I was as big as the staff that worked there and twice the build. I was getting tough because I had done boxing. I never had a fight at Rossie because people were too afraid of me. Mr LLY [REDACTED], who SNR [REDACTED] at Rossie Farm, would hit boys with his walking stick. He would hit you if you were in his way. He would hit you on the shoulder, the arm or the leg. I can remember boys were eating their soup at the table. There was a big plant and the flies were going into the soup. A boy moved the plant. LLY [REDACTED] smashed the plant onto the table and the soup went up in the air.

Leaving Rossie

123. I wasn't at Rossie Farm for very long. I think I was there for about six months. I was about to turn sixteen. My brother, [REDACTED] offered me a job as an apprentice rigger. Getting an apprenticeship like that was huge for a boy like me. Mrs Thompson told me that my reports were good. She said that I needed to go to SNR [REDACTED], Mr LLY [REDACTED], and ask him. One day, I'd made a beautiful job of the garden. Mr LLY [REDACTED] stopped and told me that I was doing a lovely job. I asked him if I could speak to him and told him that I'd been offered an apprenticeship. He told me to come to his office when I finished work at 4:00 pm. I went down to his office and stood to attention. He asked me where the apprenticeship was.
124. Mr LLY [REDACTED] came to my next Children's Panel. It was all up to him. He stood up and said that I worked hard and that I was a good character. He said that he was willing to release me to take up the apprenticeship. I was fifteen when I was released from Rossie Farm.
125. When I left, I had money in my account from the grouse beating. I bought new trousers because I had no clothes. I started work as an apprentice rigger. I served my time doing that. I worked hard, 84 hours a week. I lived at my dad's house at [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
126. When I was sixteen or seventeen my brother, [REDACTED], was drunk. He was getting beaten up by a big fat man. I knocked the man out so my brother and I got lifted and charged with assault. The two of us were remanded to Craiginches Prison. We were granted bail, but in those days you had to pay money or you didn't get bail. My bail was £10. [REDACTED] was on £20 bail because he was older. My mum came in and paid [REDACTED]'s bail and left me in jail. That was the thing that hurt me the most when I was growing up. The prison officer came in and said, "Bail for [REDACTED]," and my brother got up and told me he'd see me later.
127. Every time one of the screws opened my cell door, I thought that I was getting out. I never got out. The embarrassment was damaging, apart from anything else. My mum

had the money to get my brother out but not me. She would have got the money back when I attended court. I wrote to Edinburgh High Court and they reduced my bail to £5. Six weeks later I was still in prison. Nobody paid it for me. I found it hard that my mum could come and get my brother out. Surely she could have raised £5. It wasn't a lot of money. That was the kind of thing that hurt me the most.

128. I ended up doing eight to ten weeks in Craiginches Prison for helping my brother. I was locked up for 23 hours a day. My brother was working off shore. He didn't come in and pay for me to get out. People use you. It hasn't changed to this day. When I went to court for the assault, I took the blame for my brother. My mum told me to take the blame because [REDACTED] had a job. My lawyer said that I'd been remanded and the Sheriff said that I was given bail. The lawyer told him that I couldn't afford the bail so I had been in jail for the full remand. I was given a fine. I couldn't pay the fine because I wasn't working so I lost out again. I was sent to Friarton for sixty days because I couldn't pay the fine.

129. I don't understand why a mother would go up to the prison and do that. If you couldn't take out your two sons, you wouldn't take out one. I found it very hard. My mum never came to see me in Craigielea, Kaimhill or Oakbank. I never even got a letter when I was at Kerelaw. I used to watch all the other kids getting visits. Their mums and dads would come down from Glasgow and Edinburgh and take in sweeties and things. I'd be sitting in the corner by myself, watching everybody getting hugs. That was hard. That's the kind of thing that's difficult to look back on. People can be cruel.

Friarton Young Offenders Institution, Perth

130. I was sixteen, seventeen years old when I was sent to Friarton. It was a young offender's institution in Perth. There was a lot of running and training at Friarton. It didn't affect me. I actually enjoyed it so they weren't punishing me by doing that. Some kids were overweight and unfit. They would get shouted at and it was really tough for them.

131. When I got out of Friarton, I got into trouble again for fighting. I was sentenced to six months and returned to Friarton. I remember watching the Friarton Bridge being built. Nothing bothered me at Friarton. I could handle myself. I noticed that I knew a lot of people there from other places. I would meet kids who had been in Kerelaw several times down the line. I thought it was just me.
132. I served my six months, but when I was released from my sentence I got into trouble again. I was remanded to Craiginches for social enquiry reports for two to three weeks. They had to get reports before you could be sent to jail. I was then sentenced to three months detention at Glenochil. I was pleased that I hadn't been sent to Polmont. Polmont was a borstal and you could get up to two years. You served at least eight or nine months there. I didn't want that. I knew that Glenochil was tougher, but it was shorter.

Glenochil Detention Centre, Alloa, Clackmannanshire

133. I was sent to Glenochil in 1974. I think I'd just turned seventeen. I know it was 1974 because I watched George Foreman fight Muhammed Ali when I was there. They were building the prison there at the time. I watched it being built. For every 100 boys who went into Glenochil, 80 never got into trouble again because it was so brutal. It was a tough place. It was at a different level. They called detention the short, sharp, shock. The officers were all ex-servicemen. They didn't wear a uniform. They wore checked jackets. They were brutal.

Routine at Glenochil

First day

134. After I'd been to court I didn't go back to Craiginches. I went straight into a police car and the police drove me down to Glenochil. There was a green door. The guy opened the door and punched me in the face. I was pulled in by my hair and the officers said,

“Left, right, left, right.” I couldn’t do left and right. I’d never marched before and I was carrying all my things. They took you into the reception area. It was absolutely brutal.

135. The governor had different wings competing against each other in physical activities. The officers put bets on which wing would win. When new boys came into reception, the officers would fight over the fit looking boys. I can remember standing in the reception and they were all fighting over me. I couldn’t understand it. I thought they were going to do something to me. I found out later that they wanted me on their wings because of my physique. If a boy came in and he was big and fat, they wouldn’t want him. He had to be assigned somewhere.
136. You went to your room. You couldn’t walk into your room yourself. The officers would say, “Stand by your door.” Then everybody had to walk in at the same time. I went into my room and there was a bed. I had to make a bed block, which meant folding the sheets in a certain way into a little pile. You had to use your bible to straighten them. You had to learn how to do that in one night or you would get a doing. Another boy would come in and show you how to do it on your first day. It had to be immaculate.
137. You had two shirts, a working shirt and another shirt. If you took your shirt off you had to fold it and crease it the way a shirt is when it’s new. Every button had to be like new. You had to fold your socks and your boxers. The first morning, I had to march to the bathroom to wash and shave. I told the officer that I didn’t shave and he said, “You do now.” I had to shave and I would cut myself.

Mornings/bedtime

138. We were in single rooms. There was A, B, C and D wing. A bell went off at 5:45 am. If we weren’t up when they opened our cell doors, we were badly beaten up. We were then told, “Stand by your doors.” We marched down to the toilets and we had to wash and shave. They took us back up the stairs and we had to open our shirts up and put them on. They would shout, “Stand by your doors.” We then marched down, left, right, left, right. There was no talking. If someone spoke, he was beaten up. They would take us down to the dining hall.

139. After breakfast, we went back up to our rooms and took our shirts off again. We had to button it up and fold it. We put on our work clothes and went to our work.

Mealtimes/food

140. When we reached the dining hall, we couldn't pull our chairs along the floor. We had to lift them up, swing them and sit in them at the same time. We all sat down, at attention, with our feet together. Each table would be told to get up and we had to march to the hot plate. We would march right round, pick up our food and say, "Thank you, sir," although there was nobody there. We walked around with our plate, sat down and waited until everybody was back. We then swung our chairs back, sat down and ate our meals. We were allowed to talk to each other during the meals and the food was good. That was okay. The food had to be good because of all the training we did. We reversed the process to take our plates back.

Work/physical training

141. Work was stripping phones. At 10:00 am, the officers would say, "Right, everybody up." We were then taken to the gym. It was alright for me, but for some boys it was brutal. Because of where I'd come from and because I'd played football it wasn't too hard for me. It must have been so hard for some of the other kids.
142. We were given a circuit. The officer would come and ask you how many press-ups you could do in thirty seconds. I was young and stupid and I said thirty. He then asked the same question about sit-ups and wrist rolls. I did a massive circuit because I was fit and I was trying to impress him. He timed me. The next day, he told me to do it twice. The next again day I had to do it three times. That was my time. I had to do the circuit in that time every day. If I went under that time I would get a hiding. I could be put in front of the governor and get time added on to my sentence. They could add on a few weeks. Boys had to either beat their time or match it. A lot of the time it was hard.

143. I didn't go below my time on one occasion. The officer got the time wrong. I knew that I hadn't gone above my time. The governor said I could go back to the gym and do it again. He said that if I broke the time, it would be okay. I just broke it but it was really hard.
144. After gym we went back upstairs again. We opened our shirts up and went for our dinner. We would get our dinner and then we had to go back and get our shirts off again. We would put our work shirts on and go back to work. At 2:00 pm we had to put our personal training kit on and go out to the field. There was a massive football pitch. We had to run the 100 metres, 200 metres and the mile. We had to run with a big pole on our shoulders. It was like a wooden telegraph pole, ten to twelve feet long. We were timed. If we failed to get under our time, we got beaten. There was so much fear.
145. Some of the kids collapsed. It was a shame. Because I was fit, I actually enjoyed it. I broke records. It wasn't hard for me but it was hard for some of the other kids. There were boys there who were really overweight and unfit. They were taking seven minutes to run a mile. I had to run past them because I had to beat my time. I had no choice. It must have been hard for them because they were terrified.
146. There were a lot of kids who went into Glenochil and they weighed eighteen, nineteen stone. There was no way that they could do that training. They would have had to work up to that level. You can't expect kids to be able to do that level of training from the first day, but the officers at Glenochil did. I think that was the reason why the detention centre eventually closed. There were too many kids committing suicide or harming themselves.
147. After training, we had to go and change into our shirts again. That was torturous. We wore boots and gaiters and we marched back to our work. We worked until 4:40, 5:00 pm and then we went back to our rooms. We had to change out of our shirts again and put on our dress shirts for our meal.
148. If you were really good, you were awarded a yellow grade. The top boys were awarded a red grade. I failed on the red grade because I couldn't do the bed blocks as well as

other boys. It did my head in. You got some privileges with the yellow grade, like better jobs. You could actually get out if you got a red grade. You could go up to the Ochil Hills. You were trusted to go on walks with the officers.

149. When I was awarded the yellow grade, I got a job in the kitchen. I started at 5:00 am. The cook was an Irish guy. He would line us up. He had a ladle and he would hit us on the back of the head with it. He would say, "You, milk. You, sausages. You, bread." My job was to slice the bread. The cook would hit us on the back of the head with his ladle every day. I don't think he meant to hurt us, but it was sore. He was a big man. I felt like taking the ladle and ramming it round his face. Apart from getting the ladle in the head, it wasn't bad. I could steal some milk or a jam piece. If I'd been caught doing that, I would have been in trouble.

Leisure time

150. At night, we got to go to the 'rec'. We could read papers or play a bit of pool. We then went back to our rooms for bed time.

Uniform inspections

151. On a Sunday, we had to get our best blues on. They were woolly trousers and a woolly jacket. They had to be pressed down with a crease. We couldn't have any fluff on them. We had to spit our boots up. We were inspected every week. We had to stand to attention for about an hour and a half and the governor would inspect us. It was like the army. If your boots weren't shiny enough or you hadn't shaved properly, you would get a punch in the face. You might also have to clean the gym with a toothbrush. It could be any punishment they dreamed up.

Healthcare

152. I don't know whether anybody needed medical treatment in Glenochil. We wouldn't have been told. I think kids were having heart attacks during the physical training, but

there was no communication. If anybody was taken to hospital, we wouldn't have known about it.

Abuse at Glenochil

153. If you didn't say, "Excuse me, Sir," from a distance of fifty metres, the officer would do you in. He would batter you. He would punch your face in and slap you about. It was absolutely horrendous brutality. The officers would beat boys up and do them in frequently. It was kicks, punches and slaps. We weren't called by our names. We would be told, "You, move!" We had to say, "Yes, sir." If we didn't say, "Yes, sir," we were in trouble. There were so many rules. The worst brutality lasted about two weeks. It was still bad after that, but there were new boys coming in. The officers would pick on the new boys. The first two or three weeks were the worst, but it never got better, especially if you were unfit.

154. There was a ginger-headed officer called **KFL** He battered so many boys, including me. He would come into your cell and punch the lights out of you. You could hear screams from people at night. They were getting kickings from **KFL** and his mates. Four or five officers would go in at a time so you had no chance. Their secret was to tell you to take off your clothes because the doctor was coming in to inspect you. The doctor wasn't coming. You were trying to fight with no clothes on. They were wearing boots. That happened to me on one occasion. **KFL** was there and four other officers. I rolled up into a ball and tried to cover myself as best I could. It didn't happen to me again, but I heard the screams at night. It was happening all the time.

155. The different wings were competing against each other. I was a prized asset because I was fit and a good runner. If there was a boy in my wing who was unfit or overweight or had asthma, the team would lose. The officers all had bets on the competition so that boy would be costing them money. Those boys got worse hidings than fit boys. We knew the officers were putting bets on us because we heard them speaking to each other.

156. Every Saturday, you had to clean your cell floor. KFL would put on white gloves and come into your cell. If there was any dirt on his glove, he would punish you. He would come into our cells with a big tin of polish and pour far too much of it onto the floor. We had get down on our hands and knees and rub it in. It had to be shining for the next day or we were in serious trouble. It was a lot of work because there was too much polish. KFL was a bully. He was the most hated man in there. He ended up working at Friarton Young Offenders. He was a bully there as well.
157. If you got the cleaning wrong then you had to go down to the gym and clean it with a toothbrush. There were lots of boys doing that as a punishment. There was no way we could clean it, but we were on our knees all the time. We weren't allowed to speak or we got booted. We would be kicked in the side. Everything had to be clean and spotless. I remember one day I had just finished. An officer came past and kicked the bucket of water all over. I had to dry it and start all over again. It was mentally cruel. The atmosphere was one of terror. It was grown men against young boys. The officers were all ex-Navy and ex-Royal Marines.
158. I can still remember my number. I was [REDACTED] If you forgot your number, you were punished. That's the fear. I still remember my number from 1974. I was so scared of forgetting my number. Seemingly many of the boys in Glenochil never got into trouble again, but no wonder. It was an absolutely brutal regime.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Glenochil

159. I would have had injuries when I was beaten in my cell but I couldn't tell anybody. The governor would have laughed at me. I would have got another hiding. It was intimidation, fear, intimidation, fear. The whole corrupt system was about intimidating the kids.

Leaving Glenochil

160. Three months was the maximum period of detention. Most people served eight weeks and five days if they didn't break the rules. I couldn't wait to get out of there. It was so strict. I was taken up to Alloa Train Station and I got a train up to Aberdeen. I didn't need to get a train because I could have ran home. I felt fit enough. I was already fit before I went into Glenochil, but I was even fitter when I came out. That was one good thing that came out of it.

Life after leaving care

161. When I left Glenochil, I went back to live with my father. I was seventeen years old. I got back into trouble when I was eighteen, nineteen. I think I got a six month sentence and I was sent to Friarton in Perth. When I came out, I behaved myself until I slipped off the rails again in my early twenties.
162. I started working as a bouncer in a pub. I worked there for a few years and played football. I met a lassie who was older than me. She was 26, 27 and she had two kids already. Her husband had left her. I moved in with her and brought up her kids. We had a child of our own in 1978. She was born just after my 21st birthday. That was a big change in my life. I didn't want my kids to go through what I had gone through. I got a job as a bouncer and barman in a bar near where we lived. I got a wage for being a bouncer and barman.
163. Violence came back into it and I started to get into trouble. I should have gone off shore again, but I liked home and I missed my kids. We moved house and I started getting into fights. I slipped off the rails again and got six months in prison for fighting in 1983. I did my time, I didn't get into any trouble and I got out. That was the last time that I spent in prison. I met somebody, got a job and managed to settle myself down. It was hard. In those days, if you'd been in trouble you couldn't get a job. There was a stigma. Aberdeen wasn't as big as it is now. It was quite a small city. There are about three hundred thousand people in Aberdeen now. Back then, there were about eighty,

ninety thousand people. People knew about you. I managed to get a job offshore and I had a decent job with decent wages.

164. I loved football, but I didn't get signed for clubs. I found that hard. It was because of my reputation. When I reached the age of 21 I'd had enough. I didn't play football again until I was 29. It was so hard, getting fit again. I did it and I ended up receiving top awards. I went on to manage teams. [REDACTED] I took a lot of young boys on. I had young boys of sixteen, seventeen playing for me. I helped a lot of boys that way. Some of them went on to play professionally.
165. My brother [REDACTED] was four years younger than me when we went into care. He moved to London to live with our mother. [REDACTED] was never the same after being in care. He turned into a really quiet boy. I think he had had enough and he was never the same. It killed him. I don't think he ever recovered from his experiences in care.
166. When my kids were growing up it brought back memories of my childhood. I wanted to make sure they didn't go through what I went through. I was lucky and my kids were okay, but my son, [REDACTED], has ended up in prison. He got three years for robbing a bookmakers but he's never been released. He keeps getting into trouble in jail. It sickens me. Being in jail is different now than it was when I was in prison. You can get your own clothes, trainers, X-box and your own duvet. In my days, you got the prison uniform and that was it. When I was in Craiginches as a young man, I shared a room with three other prisoners. We had a pot. We were locked up all weekend. If we wanted to go to the toilet, we had to do it in that pot. We might not be able to slop out until the Monday. It was horrendous. That affected you.
167. I went back to Kaimhill as an adult to have a look around. I took my kids to show them.
Secondary Institutions - to be published later
[REDACTED]
Secondary Institutions - to be published I went down to Montrose to see Rossie as well. It was a grand place, but it should have been knocked down years before. My son was put into Rossie so I went to visit him there. It had all been rebuilt since I was there. There was still a bit of the closed block there. When I looked at it, the memories came back to

me. It wasn't too bad there compared to some of the other places. I always wanted to go back down to Kerelaw, but it's too far away. I spent about eighteen months there and there was a lot of good there as well. I learnt a lot down there. I enjoyed football. I couldn't believe how much they had on offer, like games and swimming.

Reporting of abuse

168. I've never reported anything that happened to me to the police. I just thought that what I experienced was the way that it was meant to be. I've applied to Redress Scotland for compensation but I haven't heard any more about it. I've only recently been allocated my case worker. They've told me that I need my records before I can get redress. By the time I get it I'll probably be dead. I want to take a private prosecution against some of these places. I'm going to get in touch with a lawyer about it after I get my records.

Impact

169. I was held back in my education when I was in care. When I was in Kerelaw, I was the only one there who could read and write. The teacher could only teach one class at a time and there were thirty of us in the class. The others were learning to read. I was bored out of my skull. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
Secondary Institutions - to be published later
Secondary Institutions - to be published later My education did suffer. I left school with nothing, no Highers or O'levels or anything. My whole life changed when I was put into care. I don't know what would have happened to me if I hadn't been put into a home.
170. I was put into a home through no fault of my own. I hadn't committed any crime. I was made to feel like a monster, like I was in there for a reason. The reason was that my mum and dad broke up, but I never thought of that until later on in life. The stigma of being in care stayed with me. I didn't get to play for Aberdeen schoolboys at football

because they only picked the snobs. That was the start of the stigma. I was selected for Ayrshire schoolboys when I was in Kerelaw and I was good enough to score four goals against Aberdeen. I could have been even better at football than I was, but I wasn't allowed to play in teams.

171. After a while, the stigma rubs off on you. When I came out of Kerelaw at the age of fourteen, fifteen, girls in my local area wouldn't look at me. I was just out of the homes so I was seen as a bad boy. Their families would have been horrified if the girls had gone out with me. After I came out of care, girls would fancy me because I would defend them if they'd fallen out with their boyfriend. At first, I didn't know any better. I had to learn that they were just using me. I had no experience coming out of care and prison and I lacked confidence. People would think that I was tough and rough and full of confidence, but I wasn't. People would be cracking jokes and I didn't know what to say. I'd never been in an environment like that. There was no preparation for leaving care. I was just a number and I was just flung out.
172. I had a complex about not being invited places. If there was a wedding, I wouldn't be invited because of my name. I had a name because I'd been in a home. People thought I was tough because I'd been in prison. If a man goes to prison for a crime it doesn't make him tough. It makes him stupid. I felt there was a real stigma in a town the size of Aberdeen. I could have disappeared in a town like Edinburgh, but Aberdeen wasn't big back then. People thought that I would cause trouble. They didn't really know me but they knew about my name. I didn't get invited to birthday parties, I didn't get invited to people's houses. It made me feel guilty. If I did get invited to someone's house, I'd feel so shy. I'm still like that to this day. I lost my confidence. I feel like people won't like me and they'll think that I'm a criminal. I think that nobody will like me because I was made to feel that way as a child. It's like treating a dog badly. The dog will turn bad eventually. We were treated like dogs.
173. I didn't get a chance to make friends in care. Kids got moved all the time so you didn't get the chance to make friends. It was also an environment of fear so you were trying to look out for yourself all the time. It took years for me to be able to interact with lassies. I never saw any lassies growing up, except for watching *Top of the Pops*.

When I first came out of Glenochil at 16, 17 I was shy around women. I didn't know how to approach them or what to say. I found it hard. I was alright with older women, but not around kids my own age. They just wouldn't have understood me.

174. I'm quite a laid back guy, but my experiences in care affected me. I can be quick to anger. I can only take so much. If I see someone being bullied in the pub, I'll say something. I can't help it. It comes back to me. I hate seeing bullying. I'm not proud of it, but I became a fighter because of the way I was brought up. I always hated bullies because of what happened to me. When I was older, I got myself into a lot of trouble fighting. It was all because of my childhood. I ended up being a bouncer on the door of one of the hardest pubs in Aberdeen. They were just using me. I was seventeen telling people that they couldn't get in because they weren't eighteen. I worked 84 hours as an apprentice rigger and got £12. I worked for four hours on the door of the pub and I got £17.
175. It was all because of my childhood. I was a boy who had never been in trouble in his life. I just liked to play football. I was forced into all this violence. It came to me at fourteen, fifteen. Secondary Institutions - to be published later I watched people being beaten up. I started to say, "No, you're not beating me up anymore." It's terrible and if I could change it I would have changed it. I never fought with somebody for no reason. I was a straight, street-fighting boy and it all came from what happened to me as a kid. That was the damage it did to me.
176. When I grew up, I never forgot what had happened to me as a child. I didn't have nightmares but I had memories. When I saw my kids growing up it would remind me. I never had a bike. I was never taken to the pictures. I was never taken to the swimming baths or to a football match until I went to Kerelaw. Things my kids took for granted never happened to me. All of that had a mental effect on me later in life. I wanted to make sure my kids didn't go through that. I never got a hug growing up. I never got visits, letters or phone calls. All of these things were hard on me. I made sure my own kids got plenty of hugs.

177. I think my mental health has been affected by my time in care. It's the memories. I get flashbacks. If I'm watching certain films, it comes back to me. There were 132 boys in one bedroom at Oakbank. Watching and hearing the things that went on has stayed with me for the rest of my life. Boys of fifteen, sixteen were doing things to boys of twelve. I would hear those boys greeting for their mums. I can remember lying there and hearing boys greeting all night. It wasn't nice. It made me more protective of my family.
178. I don't trust anybody because I was aware of paedophiles before I should have been. I took my kids to school and made sure that I picked them up in time. I took them to the disco and I took them home again. I can remember my daughter was twelve years old and she wanted to go to the shop, Tammy Girl. Her mum was working and asked me to take her. I took her into the shop and she was trying on clothes. She was asking me what I thought of things. I was the worst person to ask because I thought everything was beautiful.
179. There were young kids and their mums in the shop. I was standing outside the changing rooms and all the little girls were going in and out. I couldn't stand there, a great big guy, with all the little girls going in and out. I stood with my back to them. I felt like a paedophile. I felt so low. We ended up going home with nothing. That was the kind of thing that I couldn't do. To feel like that was horrible. I found that horrendously hard. I'd rather go back to jail than take a girl shopping again. It was so hard for me. I never spoke to anybody about it because they would think it was funny. I was traumatised by it. If I'm on a train or a bus and young girls get on, I look away. There's no reason for me to do that. That's what my experiences growing up have done to me.
180. I've been strong enough to put what happened behind me, but things hurt me. With things like the redress scheme, I don't expect to get anything. I never expected anything in my life. I was brought up being told that I was getting nothing, that I was bottom of the pile and that I was rubbish. That still affects me to this day. I'm used to just accepting my fate. When my mum bailed my brother out of jail and not me I just accepted it. It was just the way things went for me. I was only sixteen and I was back

in that prison again but I was so used to these things happening to me. If I get the redress, I'll probably be knocked down by a bus the next day. I'm not sad, but that's the way I feel. It's all because of what happened to me when I was younger.

Records

181. I applied to get my records from Aberdeen City Council about eight or nine months ago. A lady contacted me about a month ago. She said that some records were deleted in 2006 and she didn't know why. She told me they had records from Brimmond, Kerelaw and Craiginches Prison. I don't understand what has happened to the rest of my records. I find it hard to believe there are no records from the court and Children's Panel. I was told that my records would be sent out by registered post but I still haven't received them.

Lessons to be learned

182. They shouldn't put children into care unless they really have to. Breaking a family up must be the last resort. Unless children are being physically or sexually abused they should remain with their families. The best place for a child is with his mum and dad. If you do have to put children into institutions, they need to be run by caring and loving people. It can't just be a 9 to 5 job. If people are taking children in for money then it's not the right place. If their attitude is that they're taking children just to get money then it's not going to help the child.
183. If a child is coming from a broken home, he's going to be hurt. He's going to be challenging and he'll need support. They didn't deal with the mental side of things when I was younger. If a kid does something wrong then beating him up is not the answer. There are so many people in Scotland with mental health problems. I don't think there is enough help for them and it's shocking. If you can help people when they're children, there's a chance for them. If you leave it too late, they'll either hurt themselves or kill themselves and that's tragic.

Hopes for the Inquiry

184. I hope that children going into homes don't go through what I went through. I don't think children should be going into care for the wrong reasons. They shouldn't go into care because they've smashed up a window. Families shouldn't be broken up too easily. When you take one child out of a family, that family misses that child. I think locking someone up behind closed doors is a thing of the past. Secondary Institutions - to

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

185. If you do put a child into care, make sure his parents come and see him. The social worker should take the kid up to his house so that he can see his brothers and sisters. They need to make sure that happens. Some people don't have access to cars. The home might be down in Edinburgh and the family come from Aberdeen. If a child doesn't get to see his brothers and sisters then it affects him. It affected me.

186. Care must mean what it is, care. I just think that they did it all wrong in my day. It was really bad, what they did. It didn't just happen to me. There were kids who were probably a lot worse off than me. The training needs to be better for the staff. They need to be more educated. If a kid throws a tantrum then they should be able to deal with it better. He's doing it because he's got a mental illness. A child shouldn't be locked up for stealing a car or doing something stupid. Locking him up isn't the answer. All you're doing is adding fuel to the fire. The child needs help, not abuse.

187. 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.

Signed..... HJA

Dated..... 16 6 22