

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

**John McCABE**

Support person present: No

1. My name is John Francis McCabe. I have always been known by that name. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1964. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### Life before going into care

2. I was born in [REDACTED] Uddingston. I lived at home with my mum, dad [REDACTED]. My mum's name is [REDACTED] and my dad's name is [REDACTED].

[REDACTED]

3. We lived in Uddingston for around two years, then my aunt and uncle got a house in [REDACTED], East Kilbride. It was just my mum, dad, [REDACTED] and myself at the time. [REDACTED]. We moved to East Kilbride and lived with my aunt and uncle until my mum and dad got their own house at [REDACTED], East Kilbride. My mum, dad [REDACTED] moved in to that house, but for some reason I continued to live with my aunt and uncle. They had five children of their own, so I don't know why I stayed with them. I found out about a year ago, when I was at a family funeral, that my aunt and uncle wanted to adopt me. I lived with them for about a year and a half, then I went to live with my mum and dad again when I was around four years old.

4. By the time I started primary school, my dad had left. He did a runner with another woman. I remember my mum taking me in a taxi to my uncle's house in Viewpark to look for him, but we were told he wasn't there. I later found out that he was at my uncle's house with this other woman.
  
5. My dad didn't come back, so my mum was on her own [REDACTED]. She started working four jobs. She worked in a baker's from 04:00 am to 05:30 am, then she went to do a cleaning job. One of the neighbours would come in to keep an eye on [REDACTED] in the morning. My mum came home to put [REDACTED] out to school, then she went to do a full shift as a conductress on the buses. She was back in the house for [REDACTED] coming in from school, then she went back out to do another cleaning job. [REDACTED] had babysitters while she was out and she would come home around 08:30 pm when [REDACTED] were ready to go to bed. Understandably, she was always knackered with the work. She was probably also knackered [REDACTED] proper little toerags and I was shoplifting as early as four years old.
  
6. My mother took in [REDACTED]. I think that was through the Social Work Department, but I can't be sure. [REDACTED] lived with us for a long time and I think it was as much for [REDACTED] to help out with us as it was for my mum to keep an eye on [REDACTED].
  
7. I was supposed to be going to Our Lady of Lourdes Primary School in East Kilbride which was a ten-minute walk from my house. I didn't have the best start at school, so I didn't go very often. On my first day, I ran into a class and pushed the door so hard it hit a statue and it toppled over and smashed on the ground. That was my first day of school and the first time I got the belt. In those days you got the belt for anything and everything. I seemed to manage to get in trouble without even meaning to, so I just didn't go. As young as five years old, I would leave the house as if I was going to school, but I would meet up with other boys and go somewhere else. We would make it to the end of the day and steal food when we needed to.
  
8. The school inspector would get sent out to look for us and put a letter through the door for my mum. He drove about in a wee grey van. Me and the other boys would wait for

him coming. When I left the house in the morning, I would leave the latch open on one of the upstairs windows. Once the school inspector posted the letter, I'd climb in through the window and get it before my mum could see it. That worked for a little while because she was always at work when he came, but after a few weeks a social worker would be sent out. Then, I'd be taken back to school and I'd get the belt. That didn't stop me though and I just carried on not going to school.

9. As I got older, I started getting in more and more trouble. I was out committing crime when I was dogging school. My mum wasn't giving [REDACTED] breakfast before [REDACTED] put out the house in the morning and I had to eat. I didn't have much at home so I was mainly out stealing. The Social Work Department got involved when I was in primary school, but I can't remember exactly how old I was. My social worker was a man called Mr Joyce.
10. When I was around six or seven, I got caught shoplifting in Glasgow. My mum had to come to pick me up at the police station. That's when I ended up in front of the Children's Panel for the first time. I hated going to the Children's Panel. They always asked you the same question, 'why did you do it?'. At the time I didn't know why I did it, so I couldn't answer their question. I know now that I was stealing out of necessity.

**Unknown Foster Care Placement/Children's Home, [REDACTED], East Kilbride**

11. Shortly after my first Children's Panel, so around 1970 or 1971, [REDACTED] I started going to a place in [REDACTED], East Kilbride. I don't know whether it was some kind of foster care placement or a children's home. It was two houses that had been knocked into one. There were maybe four or five adults looking after us and around eight to ten children.
12. Initially, [REDACTED] went there in the morning, got [REDACTED] breakfast, went to school and went back there until teatime, when my mum finished work. [REDACTED] went home to stay with my mum at night. There was a period, when my mum was in hospital, that [REDACTED] stayed at this

place overnight. I remember [REDACTED] and I shared a bedroom, but [REDACTED] had a bed each.

13. I think [REDACTED] went there for around a year. I was never told why [REDACTED] were sent there and I remember feeling angry about it. My mum and dad are both from large families. I couldn't understand why [REDACTED] weren't sent to stay with a family member. The thing that really made me angry was I could see my aunt and uncles house out the window of this place. They lived just across the road, in the same street.

### **Unknown Children's Home, Helensburgh**

14. At some point, before 1975, my mum went into hospital again. I ended up in a children's home in Helensburgh. I don't know the name of it. By this time, [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] taken to this place in Helensburgh.
15. I don't remember much about it, other than it was right in front of the water because I could see the submarines. I didn't like the place at all. I didn't like the staff and the way they forced things on you. They would put food in front of you and you weren't allowed to move until you ate it all. I ran away the first night because I wanted to see my mum. The police found me in the Clyde Tunnel and took me to the police station. When I got back to the home, no one lifted a hand to me which was quite surprising.
16. I remember one woman who worked there who was nice. She was the sister of my primary school teacher. I also remember them taking us out for the day to a carnival and I remember me and [REDACTED] fighting.
17. [REDACTED] seemed to get on all right there, but I just didn't like it. I felt like the staff disliked me and were always picking on me, but I wouldn't say they mistreated me in

any way. I just couldn't understand why [REDACTED] in care when my mum and dad had such big families.

18. I think [REDACTED] were there for around two to three weeks until my mum got out of hospital, then [REDACTED] went home. [REDACTED] I don't know how long I was back at home, but I continued to get in trouble and it was getting worse. At some point in 1975 I had to go to another Children's Panel with Mr Joyce and my mum. The Panel said I was out of control and the next day Mr Joyce drove me to Calder House Assessment Centre. I had two stints in Calder House. The first time I went, I was eleven years old and I was there for three weeks. Then, I was sent back, when I was twelve years old, on 13<sup>th</sup> September until 25<sup>th</sup> October 1976.

#### **Calder House Assessment Centre, Blantyre - 1975**

19. Calder House Assessment Centre was in High Blantyre. It sat in its own grounds and there was the main building and a massive, big shed which they used for PE. The main building looked like a typical 70's build and it was split into three units called Iona, Tiree and Arran. As you look at the main building, the canteen was on the right and one of the boys' units, Arran, was above it. To the left of the canteen was Iona, the girls unit, and the other boys' unit, Tiree, was above that. All the units followed the same layout. They were split into two or three wee dormitories and each unit had its own recreation room and shower room. There were also classrooms downstairs at the back of the building and a wee room that they used as a kind of church.
20. Mr <sup>BHN</sup>[REDACTED] was <sup>SNR</sup>[REDACTED]. I think he was ex-navy. He had a [REDACTED] [REDACTED] where he lived with his wife and daughter. There were teaching staff, but I don't really remember them. The only other staff I remember from Calder House are the old guy who came in for the night shift and the two guys that worked in Arran, which was the unit I was in both times I was there. In Arran, there was Mr <sup>GOI</sup>[REDACTED] who was one of the nicest guys you could ever meet and a man called Mr <sup>HWE</sup>[REDACTED]. I'll never forget Mr <sup>HWE</sup>[REDACTED] because he battered me up and down the place. We called the staff who ran the units, Housemasters.

21. There were maybe twenty-four kids in Calder House aged between nine and sixteen. Each unit had around eight to twelve kids in it and two or three staff. I seem to remember there being six boys in my dorm room. Each of us had our own bed and a side cabinet to keep our things in.

### **Routine at Calder House Assessment Centre**

#### *First day*

22. The day I arrived at Calder House, I was taken into the dining room and told to wait there. Mr **HWE** eventually came in and took me upstairs to one of the recreation rooms and told me to sit down on a chair. We must have sat in that room for about an hour. He didn't say a word to me while we were sitting there, he didn't even ask my name. Then, he just got up and left. About five minutes later, the door opened and a boy came in with a glass of milk and a snowball cake on a tray. He put the tray on the table and said, "that's for you". I had never even seen a snowball before so I didn't waste any time and I ate it and drank the milk. The next thing I knew, Mr **HWE** came back in and he was furious. It was obviously for him and the boy had set me up.
23. Mr **HWE** lifted me right off the ground by the hair and dragged me round to the shower room. I don't even think my feet touched the floor. The shower room floor was wet and he threw me so hard I went sliding along the floor and hit the wall. He came over to me and kicked me a couple of times, then left.
24. That night or the next day, my mum came to see me and my arm was black and blue. Even at that young age I knew I couldn't tell her what happened. I knew from experience that when you did complain about people, things got worse for you. I always remember complaining about something to a teacher at Our Lady of Lourdes Primary and getting sent to Mr Grimmes, the headmaster, to get the belt. I had no idea how long I was going to be in Calder House and I didn't want to make things worse by telling my mum, so I just said I fell.

25. When I arrived at Calder House the first time, I didn't know it was an assessment centre. No one told me why I was there or how long I was going to be there. At that age, I thought it was a jail because the doors were locked and you couldn't come and go. No one in Calder House explained the rules to me. I just had to learn them as I crossed them. I only learned it was an assessment centre the second time I was sent there.

*Mornings and bedtime*

26. In the morning, we were woken up around 08:45 am. We had to get up and make our beds, get washed, dressed and go down for breakfast. After breakfast, we went to the recreation room then, around 09:00 am or 09:30 am, we went to class. I'll never forget, around 10:00 am we stopped working and got a glass of milk and a digestive biscuit. I always look forward to that. We were in the classrooms before and after lunch. After dinner, we went to the recreation room. I think bedtime was around 08:00 pm.

*Washing/bathing*

27. As I said, there were shower rooms in each unit. In the morning we just got washed at the sink. Then, in the evening, we had a shower.

*Mealtimes/Food*

28. The food in Calder House was prepared by the dinner ladies and it was excellent. Each unit took it in turns to go to the dining hall to eat and staff from each unit would supervise mealtimes. I'm not a great eater now and I've never been a great eater. I can't eat peas, beans, potatoes or fish because of the bones. I don't know what the problem with me and food is, but the food there was brilliant and I wasn't made to eat anything I didn't want to. I don't even remember being questioned about it if I didn't eat something on my plate. I had no complaints about the food or any issues at mealtimes.

*Personal possessions*

29. The first time I arrived at Calder House I had some of my personal possessions with me. I remember having shorts like I was going to some holiday camp. That was all taken off me when I arrived and I never saw it again.

*Clothing/uniform*

30. The staff at Calder House gave me clothes, underwear and shoes to wear. I think it was all new stuff. I always remember being given socks and pants. That was a big thing for me because I never had enough of these things at home. We were given enough to wear and a spare set of clothes which we kept in our bedside cabinet. I think we were given new clean clothes every couple of days.

*Leisure time/Trips*

31. During the week, the staff would try to put on activities like hymn singing or pottery at night to allow the units to mix, but that's when trouble would start. They didn't have the manpower to control it when the units got together. Apart from mealtimes, the only time we really mixed with the kids from the other units was at disco they had every Sunday night and at school. The disco was always in the lassies recreation room. They would play music, but I just remember everyone sitting there, not dancing.
32. At the weekends, they would take us out during the day, never overnight. They had a minibus and they would take us hill walking or swimming to the Dollan baths in East Kilbride. It was quite good because I hadn't been anywhere before, but it was also a bit of a brass neck. We were all dressed in the same clothes so people would immediately know who we were.

*Schooling*

33. The classes at Calder House were split according to age. There were maybe six, seven or eight of us in each class. All I can really remember doing is woodwork and



painting, which I liked. I don't have any memory of being taught English or maths, but I imagine we would have been.

*Healthcare*

34. I don't remember having any medical when I arrived at Calder House. I don't remember seeing a doctor or dentist while I was there and I don't remember there being any medical room. The only thing I do remember is getting what they called 'jungle juice' put in our hair every Sunday night for nits. One of the staff would do that, so it would have been Mr **GOI** or Mr **HWE** in our unit, whichever one was working that day.

*Religious instruction*

35. It was a very religious set up at Calder House. We went to church every Sunday. We used to get dressed in our wee grey suits and walk along Blantyre Main Street where there were three or four churches. The kids would go to different churches depending on their religion. Some would go to the Catholic Church and some to the Protestant Church. I went to the Catholic Church.
36. On a Sunday evening, before the disco, a minister would come to Calder House. We would all go into the wee room at the back of the building. The one they used as a kind of church. We would sing hymns and the minister would shout at us to sing the loudest. The loudest singing group would get a sweet each. Calder House was definitely mostly Protestant.

*Chores/Discipline*

37. We didn't really have chores as such, but we were made to clean as a form of minor punishment, for fighting and things like that. I remember having to clean the showers and hallways. The staff tended to deal with discipline themselves and not take it to Mr **BHN**

### *Birthdays and Christmas*

38. I didn't have a birthday while I was at Calder House, but birthdays were celebrated. The dinner ladies would make a cake for whoever's birthday it was. The birthday would also be celebrated at the wee disco on a Sunday night. I don't know what happened at Christmas, because I wasn't thereover Christmas.

### *Bed Wetting*

39. I had a problem with bed wetting while I was at Calder House and so did other boys. The mattresses in the dorms were plastic, but the bed sheets weren't. If you wet the bed, you were able to take the sheet off and sneak out during the night to get another one. It was easy enough to sneak past the old guy who worked at night.
40. I don't remember anyone getting punished by staff for wetting the bed. The reason you wanted to change your sheet was so the other boys wouldn't find out. The embarrassment of them finding out was a harsher punishment than the staff finding out.

### *Family contact*

41. The first time I was at Calder House, my mum came to visit me once. That was either the day I arrived or the next day. I remember sitting with her in the canteen. It was when I had been battered by Mr HWE [REDACTED] and right away, she noticed the bruising. My mum wasn't stupid and [REDACTED] had both been abused in Catholic approved schools. She must have known, but I didn't tell her what happened. I didn't tell her because I didn't want to make things worse for myself, but I was also trying to protect her. I didn't want her to feel guilty about it.
42. Some of the kids could actually see their front door from Calder House. The staff took some of them to their homes for a daily visit and some were taken out to other places to see family. That never happened to me.

*Visitors*

43. Other than one visit from my mum, I didn't have any other visitors. I can't remember whether a social worker visited.

*Review of care/Detention/Inspections*

44. I don't remember there being any reviews of my care or external inspections. If there was, I didn't know about it.

*Running away*

45. I didn't run away the first time I was at Calder House, but I did manage to run away the second time.

**Abuse at Calder House Assessment Centre - 1975**

46. The first time I was at Calder House, the physical, psychological and emotional abuse was constant. Mr **HWE** was physically abusive towards me on almost a daily basis, but I was picked on by other boys too. Boys from the same areas stuck together and there was no one else there from East Kilbride, so I got picked on. It didn't help that I was so young and wee.
47. I had more of an alliance with the lassies in there than the boys. There were two or three older lassies who looked out for me and would step into leather people if they bullied me. Whenever the units mixed, there was trouble and I always seemed to get dragged into it. The staff didn't have the manpower to handle it. Sometimes when fights broke out, there wasn't even any staff around to stop it, hence the older lassies having to step in to break it up.
48. In later years, worse things happened to me than what went on at Calder House. Despite that, Mr **HWE** was, in my opinion, the worst person who ever did anything

to me. That's because I was so wee when it happened. I was a wee tiny skinny thing, but he battered me day in and day out. I saw him batter other boys too. Other staff would give you duties if you misbehaved but not him. He just battered you. I've always lived with violence and I had 'doings' off my dad before he left, but that was nothing compared to Mr [HWE]. He always seemed to hit and punch you in the back. He should have never been in that job. He was an animal and I'll never forget his face.

49. Growing up, I always put him aside from other abusers. I wasn't going to report him to police, I was going to deal with him myself and I didn't care if I went to jail because of it. It wasn't until I was much older that I realised, if I did go to his door, I would be confronting an old man and I couldn't do that. I realised I've not got it in me to do that, but that's how strongly I felt about what he did to me.
50. The first time I was in Calder House, I used to wish I could move unit to Tiree. The Housemaster they had, just seemed to be really good with the boys. He used to play the guitar for them and sing them songs. Mr [GOI] was good to us, but that Mr [HWE] was an absolute Nazi. When he wasn't being abusive, he just wanted to come in, sit at a desk and get out as quickly as possible.

#### **Leaving Calder House Assessment Centre - 1975**

51. I don't remember how or when I was told that I'd be leaving. I think Mr Joyce, the social worker, came to pick me up. I remember it was in the evening and when I got home [REDACTED] were waiting for me at the door. To be honest, everything about Calder House was actually alright, apart from Mr [HWE]

#### **Living at Home – 1975 to 13<sup>th</sup> September 1976**

52. Sometime after I went back home, I went into secondary school. I went to the first-year annex at St Brides in East Kilbride. I think I was only there for a couple of weeks though. I got caught stealing again. I remember going up the road and Mr Joyce was

in the house. I was taken straight from my mum's house to Calder House. My solicitor has told me that I was sent back to Calder House on 13<sup>th</sup> September 1976 and I was there until 25<sup>th</sup> October 1976. I would have been twelve years old.

### **Calder House Assessment Centre, Blantyre – 1976**

53. Mr Joyce drove me to Calder House and my mum was in the car with us. I don't remember much about arriving there the second time. I still didn't know how long I was going to be there but at least this time, I knew it wouldn't be forever. It's amazing how much you can mature in a year and I went there ready for Mr **HWE**. Going to Calder House for a second time, I felt like I didn't have anything to lose.
54. I was put in Arran Unit again, but I remember feeling like the dynamic had changed. I was older and I was with other older boys who knew they weren't getting home, so there was no need for them to behave. That meant there was more violence between the boys.
55. Everything else about the place was the same. Although, this time, Mr **HWE** wasn't the problem, it was Mr **BHN** and another guy. I can't remember the other guy's name but he was a skinny, wimpy guy with glasses, in his fifties, who was in charge of PE.

### **Abuse at Calder House Assessment Centre - 1976**

56. The guy who was in charge of PE was physically abusive. I really don't know what his problem was with me or anybody else. He was always at the back of you, kicking you for no reason whatsoever. Even when you were doing what you were supposed to be doing. It wasn't just me he did it to. I saw him do it to other boys too.
57. Luckily, he wasn't there long after I arrived at Calder House. They had a family sports day. Important people from Blantyre came along and some of the boys' families were there, but not mine. The staff brought the vaulting horse outside and this guy tried to

demonstrate something on it. He fell and broke his leg. I'll never forget that day. He was crying like a wean. I knew I was never going to see him again and I thought life was going to be alright in there.

58. This time, I was there with an older group of boys. They told me that after I left Calder House that I'd probably be sent to another place for eighteen months to two years. That made sense to me because I always wondered why the guys who were getting out of there didn't seem happy to leave. I wasn't for getting sent somewhere else so me and two or three other boys decided to bolt. We decided, a Sunday, when they took us out to church, would be the best time to do it. We knew there would be less staff around and if a few of us ran, the staff couldn't all chase after us and leave the other boys.
59. That Sunday, we waited until we got onto Blantyre Main Road and then we ran. They couldn't see us for dust. We were on the run for four days. By the time it was getting dark, on the Sunday night, we were in Craigneuk in Wishaw. One of the boys broke into a car with a screwdriver and stole it. We drove until it ran out of petrol, then he stole another car. That's when the police chased us down a country lane. The boy was driving so fast that the car toppled over. We managed to get out and split up. I ran with a boy from Airdrie. I don't know what happened to the other two.
60. On the third day, we got spotted so we split up again. I didn't know what to do so I went to my granny's house in Bellshill. It was my auntie that was in and she let me in. She made me something to eat and while I was in the kitchen eating, she was in the other room on the phone. The next thing I knew, two police were at the back door. Mr Joyce and my mum were at the front door. I got to see my mum for about five minutes. Then, the police took me to East Kilbride Police Station. I'll never forget it. I was put in a detention room, not a cell. The door opened and Mr BHN was standing there with two police officers.
61. We left the police station and Mr BHN gave me shorts, plimsoles and a vest to put on. He made me run with him from East Kilbride Police Station to Calder House in Blantyre. I think it's about three and a half miles. As we were running, he was kicking

me, tripping me up and booting my legs away so I fell. I knew I was in bloody serious trouble when I got back.

62. By the time we got back to Calder House, my legs were all skint. He grabbed me by the ear and dragged me into the gym hall. The other three boys I had escaped with were already there. We were all given a bucket of water and a toothbrush to scrub the gym floor. Mr BHN kept us there until midnight. I couldn't keep my eyes open and every time I fell asleep, Mr BHN kicked me.
63. Every morning for a week, we were taken straight back to the gym to clean the floor with a toothbrush all day and all night. Mr BHN randomly checked on us and just booted us when he felt like it. The mental and emotional torture was worse than the physical assaults. He was an absolute animal. I think he might have been ex-military because he always wore a jumper with a military badge on it. Mr BHN just seemed to give up after a week and after that, I very rarely saw him.

#### **Leaving Calder House Assessment Centre - 1976**

64. On 25<sup>th</sup> October 1976, I left Calder House, for the second time. Mr Joyce turned up with my mum and stepfather. No one told me in advance that I was getting out. Mr Joyce drove me straight to Ballikinrain Approved School.

#### **Ballikinrain Approved School, Ballikinrain**

65. As we drove into the grounds at Ballikinrain, I've never seen a place so beautiful in all my life. It was a huge castle and I remember big deer antlers on the wall inside. It was an old Scottish guy who ran the place. I can't remember his name, but he was the nicest man you could ever meet. The only other staff I remember are two ladies called Fiona and Alison and a Dutch guy. All of them were really nice.
66. Ballikinrain was a secure school for boys. I think I was there under a supervision order, but at the time, I didn't really have an understanding of that.

## **Routine at Ballikinrain Approved School**

### *First day*

67. When I arrived at Ballikinrain, I was shown around and someone explained the routine to me. I was shown the classrooms and the dorms which had mostly single bedrooms. There were some double rooms for brothers. The place looked absolutely brilliant and I could just tell straight away that it was going to be better.

### *General routine*

68. The staff really did everything in their power to make us feel at home. The food was brilliant, the schooling was brilliant and we were taken out to lots of different places. I remember going mountain biking, canoeing and on a holiday to Millport. I was in there over Christmas and every kid got a present. I got a teddy bear.
69. After I had been there for around three or four weeks, I started getting home leave at the weekend. On a Friday, we were driven to Buchanan Street and given money to make our way home. We were picked up from Buchanan Street on Sunday and taken back to Ballikinrain.
70. Ballikinrain was one of the few good parts of my childhood. The problem there wasn't the staff, it was the older resident boys.

## **Abuse at Ballikinrain Approved School**

71. There was a lot of violence between some of the boys there and it was mostly dealt with by going down to the forest to sort it out, where the staff wouldn't see anything. They were blind to it.
72. There was also a couple of older boys in Ballikinrain who were sexually abusive towards the younger boys. It happened to me. The first time it happened, I hadn't been in there



long. The boys were spinning a bottle and that's how they seemed to pick who they were going to sexually abuse. The abuse happened within the building and there was no stopping it. I don't think the staff knew what was going on and I certainly didn't say anything to anyone. I know one of the boys who abused me is dead now. That's all I want to say about that.

### **Leaving Ballikinrain Approved School**

73. Apart from the sexual abuse by older boys, I loved my time at Ballikinrain. The place was timid compared to what I faced after that. I was there around eight or nine months and left in July or August 1977. I was told a good bit in advance that I would be going home. I can't remember my last day there or who picked me up. I imagine it would have been my social worker, Mr Joyce.

### **Living at Home – 1977 to 1980**

74. I don't remember arriving home after leaving Ballikinrain, but I remember the next day was a disaster. I went back to St Bride's High School and I was told that I was going to have to go back to the first-year annex to repeat a year. I went to the annex and I was told by the headmaster, in front of the whole school, that I was not allowed in the school anymore. I just went home. It took a couple of days to get it all sorted out, but I did go back to school. It didn't go well. I assaulted a teacher the first week I was back. I was devastated because I didn't mean it, but that was the end of that.
75. I continued to get in trouble with the police and I was getting charged with various offences. I started off appearing at the District Court. Then, I was appearing at the Sheriff Court. I think I was at home for roughly three years before I was remanded for a breach of the peace and sent to Longriggend for background reports. I was taken from court straight to Barlinnie, then on to Longriggend, which was the norm.

## **HMP Barlinnie – between 1980 - 1982**

76. I ended up in Barlinnie loads of times between 1980 and 1982. I would have been between sixteen and eighteen years old, but I can't be sure of the exact dates. It was used as a stop gap between court and wherever you were going to end up, or if you were leaving one institution to go to another. When I was taken there, I usually ended up in C Hall for a night, sometimes a weekend, before being transported elsewhere. I also did an eight day lie down at Barlinnie once.

### **Routine at HMP Barlinnie**

#### *Arriving/Routine*

77. Barlinnie was an ancient looking place. I remember the first time I went there, it was a horrific experience. I was taken to a cell in C Hall and I remember it was pitch black. I didn't even see the guy that was in the cell. It wasn't until I was put in that he seemed to appear from nowhere. He was probably in his fifties and he started telling me all these mad stories. I never slept a wink that night. I was terrified.
78. You were lucky if you were put in a cell with one other person because most of the time, Barlinnie was overcrowded. Sometimes, there would be four or five to a cell.
79. When I was there on the eight day lie down, I seem to remember it was over Christmas and New Year. Someone started a riot by throwing hot soup in the face of one of the servers. After that, they imposed a twenty-three hour lock up. At dinner time, the cell door opened and you were given an apple and a piece of cheese. That was it. One person at a time would be let out their cell to go and get washed. You were lucky if you got a wash once a week.

## **Longriggend Young Offenders Institution – 1980**

80. I ended up in Longriggend twice when I was around sixteen years old. The first time, I was remanded there for three weeks for background reports. The second time, I was fully committed on an indictment. I had heard about Longriggend and I knew it to be a violent place. I was obviously concerned about going there and it was definitely a shock to the system. When you were sent to young offenders, it was as if the system had given up on you, as if you were on a life journey to adult prison.

## **Routine at Longriggend Young Offenders Institution**

### *Arriving/Routine*

81. I was taken by bus from Barlinnie to Longriggend with other lads. When I got there, I was taken into reception and had to take all my clothes off, shower and change into prison clothes. Then I was put in a cell. The first time, I shared a cell with two other guys, but the second time, I had a cell to myself.
82. I was in my cell for about twenty-three hours a day with nothing to pass the time. Every day was so long. It was absolute murder. The only time you really got out was for half an hour in the yard, if you were lucky. We hardly ever got a meal in the dining hall. Most of the time, the pass-men brought you meals to your cell. The pass-men were adult prisoners from other prisons who were coming to the end of their sentences. They were always escorted by a prison officer, or 'screw' as we called them.
83. Day to day, it was pretty grim. You were slopping out in your cell, spending all day in your cell and eating in your cell. It was a horrible place.

### *Violence*

84. The second week in, I got the shit kicked out of me. It was a case of mistaken identity. It happened when I was coming out the showers. It was a guy called [REDACTED] but

he came to me two or three days later and apologised. He said he got the wrong guy. Strange as it seems, it worked out not too badly for me because we became quite paly. [REDACTED] was from the Gallowgate and there was a lot of people from the Gallowgate in Longriggend and Barlinnie. It meant other guys left me alone. If it hadn't happened, I would have definitely been targeted by other prisoners.

85. There was violence between prisoners in all the young offenders' institutions (YOI's) I've been in. The prison officers had it hard. There were just too many people in these places and not enough screws. You could see the stress in their faces. The screws couldn't get away with being violent because they had families that would have been targeted. They knew there would be repercussions if they laid a hand on the prisoners. That's how drugs got into these places. Prisoners would threaten the screws families and blackmail them to bring drugs in. I've seen it happen.
86. The screws could have done their job better if there was more of them. There was maybe one or two officers to a full landing of prisoners which was around thirty to forty people. Out of those thirty to forty people, half of them wanted to attack the other half, so there was no way the officers could keep that under control. It was the prisoners who ran the YOI's, not the screws.
87. The only time I got a smack in the mouth, or something like that, from a prison officer, was coming through reception. The officers that worked in reception didn't work the halls. The only time you saw them was when you arrived. That's how they got away with it. It was more often the other way around. The amount of times, in Longriggend or Barlinnie, I've seen prison officers getting pulled into cells and battered or held hostage. They were outnumbered.

### **Leaving Longriggend Young Offenders Institution**

88. The first time I was sent to Longriggend, I went back to court after the three weeks were up. I ended up getting either a fine or a deferred sentence and going to stay with

██████████ in Blantyre. I couldn't have been home long before I was back at court and fully committed to Longriggend for one hundred and ten days.

### **Interaction with Police**

89. The real problem for me wasn't Barlinnie, Longriggend or the courts. It was actually the police. They were the problem. They were the ones who targeted me.
  
90. Where I stayed in East Kilbride, there was a football park. About twenty of us would meet up there on a Sunday to play football. Before we knew it, police minibuses and vans would turn up and the police would grab us. They would take us to the police station in East Kilbride. Then, they would line us up and bring the cadets in who were finishing their training. They would point each of us out, tell the cadets our names and say if they ever had the opportunity, they were to arrest us.
  
91. I got more of a kicking over the years from police than anyone in the YO's or prison. They were absolute animals. I had to move from East Kilbride ██████████ in Blantyre to keep away from them. Even after I moved, it didn't stop.
  
92. ██████████ was involved in an incident in a chip shop and I had been outside. The police arrested me, took me to the station and handcuffed me to a chair. They were punching and kicking me. They said the guy in the chip shop had been stabbed which was absolute nonsense. They charged me on indictment and that's when I got sent to Barlinnie on an eight day lie down, then I was fully committed to Longriggend.
  
93. When I was taken to court for the trial, it didn't go ahead and I was taken back down to the cells. The police came to me with another indictment. They just weren't for letting me out. I was accused of breaking into a post office at the same time I was in police custody. The police got caught lying in court about that and didn't even get done with perjury. When I left court that day, the CID passed me in the car park and said, "we'll get you". That's how bad it was.

94. I was charged by the police, remanded and fully committed three or four times over the years. Each time I went to court I was found not guilty. That was all because of the police and their lies. If I did the things I was accused of, I would have admitted it. I wouldn't waste my time hanging about in these horrible places on remand if I was guilty. There were times when I felt like just pleading guilty to get it over with, and in the hope that I'd make some kind of deal, even when I wasn't guilty.

### **Living in England – 1980**

95. After I got out of Longriggend for the second time, I went back to live with [REDACTED] in Blantyre for a while. I knew the police were still trying to get a hold of me for outstanding charges. [REDACTED] then moved to England, so I followed. That's when I started getting in trouble down there. I was involved in something with two much older men. I was only sixteen at the time.
96. I had to come back to Scotland because the police were hunting me down and by that time, I had an outstanding warrant in England too. A deal was made between the police and my lawyer. The deal was that they wouldn't come near me for four to six weeks, on the condition that I handed myself in to East Kilbride Police Station after that. I didn't hand myself in, so when they did get a hold of me, they weren't happy. They charged me with all the outstanding charges, plus other charges. That's how, between 1981 and 1982, I ended up in Friarton Detention Centre, Glenochil Detention Centre, Polmont Young Offenders and Glenochil Young Offenders. Almost every time I was released from one place, I was gate arrested and taken to the next.

### **Friarton Detention Centre – 1981 or 1982**

97. I was sentenced at Hamilton Sheriff Court to either three or four months in Friarton. I didn't know it even existed before I was sent there and I didn't know anything about it. I soon found out that I hated the place. I hated it that much that I counted it out to the very last day and I was in there exactly sixty-one days.

98. Friarton Detention Centre is just as you come into Perth. It sits on a hill looking down on Perth and from the outside, it looks beautiful. As we drove into the grounds, I could see they had a running track. Everything about it looked great, but that didn't last long.

### **Routine at Friarton Detention Centre**

#### *First day*

99. When I arrived, I went in through reception and was given a medical. I showered and changed into the clothes they gave me. I was also given a toothbrush, toothpaste, soap, shampoo, bedding, pyjamas, slippers and a cup. It was all as you would expect.
100. An officer took me up to a single cell. There was a desk, with paper and a pen, and a chair in it. The officer told me to put my bedding down and to sit down and write a letter to my mum or dad. Then, he left. I did what I was told as it was clear this place was strict. I was quick to abide by the rules and it was all yes sir, no sir. Five or ten minutes later, out of nowhere, I felt a bang to the side of my face. It was the sole of a boot and I went crashing into the wall. When I looked up, the guy that told me to write the letter was standing there with another guy who was the size of a bear. He started shouting at me and I got up.
101. After that, I went to get my dinner and then to recreation. Once I was inducted, I was moved to a dorm with four other guys. There was absolutely no one there that I knew, but I ended up speaking to one boy who said Friarton was the worst detention centre you'll ever be in. He told me to try to get a job in the kitchen because that way, you're not in the mainstream population. He told me just to make up that I'd done some work in a kitchen before, so that's exactly what I did. I got a job in the kitchen and I was moved to my own wee room which was near the kitchen.

### *Daily Routine*

102. Once I was in the kitchen work party, I was up at 05:30 am and straight into the kitchen to get the breakfast ready. I was there until night, then I went back to get washed and go to recreation. The guy in charge of the kitchen wasn't as strict as the rest of the staff. By that, I mean he wouldn't walk up the back of you and hit you for nothing, like some of the other staff did. As long as you worked hard, you were an asset to him. I worked in the kitchen every day, all day. We even ate our meals in the kitchen. The food was good, but I would say that because I was making it.
103. The only time I was part of the mainstream detention population was a Saturday morning when I had to clean and polish my cell floor like everyone else. We also had to dust our cells, strip our beds and fold our white sheets into a square. Two officers, a senior officer, and the Governor would come in to inspect the cells. They would often kick or throw a bucket of water over the floor you'd spent hours polishing. They would run their finger over the surfaces to check for dust. If they found any, two screws would turn your cell upside down. It didn't matter how perfect you did it, it wasn't good enough. Nothing was ever good enough.

### *Kitchen Work Party*

104. In the kitchen, you had to work your way up. You started off washing dishes and went from there to loading the potato machine. After that, you worked up to doing the bakery section or making pies. We were always supervised. I remember there were knives that were locked up on the wall. The guy in charge had to unlock a padlock to take one out. If a knife was out, you could tell right away because the outline of the knives were painted on the wall. The only person who was allowed to use them was the guy in charge, but most of the chopping and peeling was done by machine. They worked us pretty hard in there, but I don't remember any incidents happening.
105. We got paid for the work we did and we had to use our money to buy things like toothpaste, soap and shampoo. You were given these things when you first went in, but you weren't given them every week after that. Everyone was counting down the



day until they left, so when people found out that you were leaving, they would ask for your stuff. If you had say, twenty-eight days left, the guys would say twenty-eight days and a break. That meant twenty-eight days and a breakfast and you were gone.

### *Discipline*

106. There were two main forms of discipline at Friarton. You could either be put in isolation or lose remission. Neither of those things happened to me. I'd say the main form of discipline was getting a battering from the staff.

### **Abuse at Friarton Detention Centre**

107. The mainstream staff at Friarton were physically abusive whenever they felt like it. They would punch and kick you for no reason. If they were going to give you a right good doing, they took you to the digger. They wouldn't do it in front of everyone else. I know that happened to other guys, but it didn't happen to me. Apart from the initial battering off the screw, and getting kicked about for the first four days, while I was in the dorm, I was ok. If I didn't get into the kitchen work party though, the battering off the screws would have continued.
108. I don't really remember any violence or bullying between the prisoners in Friarton. The detention centres were different from the young offenders' institutions. The staff were much stricter and more violent. You couldn't look at another prisoner the wrong way or the screws would be on you.

### **Leaving Friarton Detention Centre**

109. I left Friarton after sixty-one days. I was gate arrested on release and taken to Perth Police Station. Then, two police officers took me by train to Glasgow. I was picked up from there and taken to Barlinnie for a night in C Hall. The next day, I was taken, by bus, to Glenochil Detention Centre and spent three weeks there. I wasn't told I was

going to Glenochil, I was only told what my sentence was. They never told you where you were going. You only found that out when the bus stopped and they shouted prisoners' names out to get off the bus.

### **Glenochil Detention Centre – 1981 or 1982**

110. I was sixteen or seventeen when I went to Glenochil Detention Centre. It's one of the worst detention centres ever. The minute you're there, you know about it. Straight away, they hit you as if to say, 'this is what it's all about'. I think there were four of us went in together. I remember the four of us standing in reception and one of the staff saying, "who laughed?". Nobody laughed, but this guy got hit right across reception. It was similar to Friarton in that way. It was like their way of letting you know that you weren't going to be able to think for yourself, never mind anything else. Your life wasn't in your own hands at all.

### **Routine at Glenochil Detention Centre**

#### *Daily Routine*

111. When I arrived, I was allocated to a single cell. It had a bed, a sink, a toilet and a bible in it. Every morning, lunchtime and evening we had an inspection. They would also check the bibles to make sure no pages had been ripped out to make roll ups. If that happened, it was like ripping a page out the bible in the Vatican. Everyone would know about it. It was usually a senior officer that did the inspections, but the Governor would sometimes be involved at the weekend. If everything wasn't up to scratch, you'd be straight down to the digger.
112. Glenochil Detention Centre, like most of the detention centres I've been too, was so strict. We were marched everywhere in single file and in silence. We ate our meals in the dining hall in silence. If not, you were put in the digger. If you didn't stand up straight enough, you'd get a good slap on the back and told to straighten up. The staff were

always shouting right in your face. It was like being in the military and there was always a screw within a yard of you. It was certainly short, sharp, shock treatment.

113. In the morning, we went to the dining hall for breakfast, then back to our cells. Then, we were allocated to school. It was a load of rubbish. We did a wee bit writing and arithmetic in the morning, but I could never concentrate in class. I was always trying to get my head around the last battering and think about what was coming next. In the afternoon, we went to our various work parties. I was in the garden work party. They just made us dig, but it was serious digging, not just turning over topsoil.
114. We had PT twice a week in the gym. That mainly consisted of playing a game called murder ball. We had to hit each other with a ball to knock each other out of the game. The prisoners were given a foam ball, but the screws used a hard medicine ball to hit us. You wouldn't see it coming. Another thing I remember having to do was pick up the primary school style benches. One prisoner would stand at each end of the bench and lift it up. We would have to stand there for around forty-five minutes with this bench in the air. If anyone dropped their end, everyone suffered and we were made to stand there longer.
115. We did get some recreation time in the evening. There was a little black and white TV and some books. We could read the books in the rec room, but we weren't allowed to take them back to our cells.
116. Once you were in your cell for the night, that was it. You couldn't even talk to each other. You couldn't even see anyone else because the cells didn't face onto other cells. The only thing you could hear was other prisoners getting a doing off the screws.

### **Leaving Glenochil Detention Centre**

117. I got out of Glenochil Detention Centre after I served my three weeks. I wasn't out long before I ended up back at Hamilton Sheriff Court on a warrant to clear up outstanding charges. I think by that point, a warrant had also been granted by the English Courts.

The Sheriff at Hamilton admonished me for some of the charges and I got fines, with no time to pay, for other charges. That meant I would serve sixty days on each fine. I think that's how I ended up in so many places and kept getting gate arrested. After court, I was taken to Barlinnie for a night, then on to Polmont Young Offenders.

### **Polmont Young Offenders Institution - 1981 or 1982**

118. I wasn't too bothered about going to Polmont YO. There were some guys in there doing pretty serious sentences, so the screws didn't take the chance of messing with the wrong prisoner. I knew about half a dozen guys in there, so I didn't have a problem with anyone and no one ever lifted a hand to me.

### **Routine at Polmont Young Offenders Institution**

#### *Daily Routine*

119. I had my own cell and we slopped out daily in Polmont. Every day, we got up, went down for breakfast and then we were allocated to our work parties. At night, we had recreation time and could play table tennis or snooker. They were murder for their inspections on a Sunday. We had to polish the floors and some of the screws would kick the polish over, but most of them were all right.

#### *Work*

120. I worked in the metal shop. The screw in there took a liking to me. We used to go outside the prison hall, right up to the fence. There's a river that runs past Polmont and we dredged it using ropes and hooks, looking for scrap metal or copper. Because I was that wee, I could get my hand through and throw the hook further. It seemed like every time I threw the hook, I'd pull some kind of metal out.

121. That screw was one of the few people who actually sat down with me and spoke to me about what was going on in my life. He tried to explain to me that if I kept doing these small sentences, it would lead to a big sentence, even for a small crime. He tried to encourage me to stay out of trouble when I got out of there and enjoy things that other lads my age did, like going to the dancing and things like that. That was the only kind of rehabilitation talk I ever got in all the time I'd been in and out of young offenders and detentions centres.

### *Punishment*

122. They did have a digger at Polmont which they could use for punishment, but I don't think they used it much. Most of the time guys were just locked in their cells as punishment because they were all single cells. That never happened to me though.

### **Leaving Polmont Young Offenders Institution**

123. No surprise, after my sixty days in Polmont YO, I was gate arrested on release, but this time I knew it was going to happen. I'm sure it was for another unpaid fine. It was the normal procedure after that. I would have been taken to Barlinnie and then I was taken to Glenochil YO for another sixty days.

### **Glenochil Young Offenders Institution - 1982**

124. I didn't really mind going to Glenochil YO because I knew some of my pals were there. If you went there and didn't know anyone, you were in trouble. In most of these places, I'd meet people I knew from the likes of Friarton or even Calder House.

125. The staff at Glenochil YO weren't that strict and there wasn't a lot of manpower. It was the same in most YO's. The staff weren't the issue, it was the prisoners. The place was ruled by gangs and the bullying was serious, to the point that it was better that it happened to someone else, rather than you.

## **Routine at Glenochil Young Offenders Institution**

### *Daily Routine*

126. In the morning, we were woken up at around 06:30 am by the loudspeaker and we got washed at the sink in our cells. I had a cell to myself. I remember all the cells were controlled electronically. The doors would be opened and we would go down to the dining hall for breakfast. After breakfast, we went back to our cells for a bit, then we went to our work parties. I was in the garden work party again, but this time, all we really did was dig a patch of soil that didn't need digging, while the screws sat around smoking.
127. There were a few different work parties, including the kitchen, textiles and metal work. I remember there was one work party called 'The 14 Party'. That was the one for absolute nutcases. They would make them do stupid things like putting clothes pegs on bits of paper to keep them occupied. They had about ten screws to fourteen prisoners, but these guys were uncontrollable and they just didn't care. That's where most of the trouble and riots started.

### *Peer Bullying/Violence*

128. There was a lot of wheeling and dealing going on in Glenochil YO, whether it was drugs or tobacco. If you went in there not knowing anyone, you were getting handed a roll up or something by one of the other prisoners. That was how they got you. If you took it, you would be paying for it until the day you got out.
129. There was constant fighting between prisoners and rival gangs. The screws would have to step in to break it up, but sometimes they would get it as well. There wasn't enough of them to stop the violence. Anyone that wanted to harm anyone in there could do it easily.
130. I remember guys in different gangs would shout out the windows every night. A guy came in who got six years for attempted murder. He thought he was someone and he

shouted out his window. He ended up getting slashed. You could get a hold of anything in there, so slashings and stabbings were pretty common.

#### *Discipline/Punishment*

131. The screws would put guys in isolation in the digger, but it didn't really make a difference. One of my mates, who was doing a fourteen-month sentence, spent eight months in the digger. His brother, who was doing a six-month sentence, spent the whole six months in the digger. It's not somewhere I ended up. I tried not to get involved in the trouble, so I didn't lose remission. The guys who did lose remission, couldn't be put back into the mainstream population because those guys had absolutely nothing to lose. That made them dangerous.

#### **Leaving Glenochil Young Offenders Institution**

132. When I left Glenochil YO, that's when they caught up with me on the English warrant. I was gate arrested and taken to Alloa Police Station. From there, I was taken to Scarborough Police Station and spent about twenty-one days in the cells there. The court was in the same building as the police station. They took me up to court every seven days to get an extension for further enquiries. The two older guys blamed it all on me, even though I was just seventeen when it happened. They got bail, but I didn't. After that, I was taken to a remand centre in Thorp Arch, Wetherby and that's where I stayed for about nine months.

#### **Medomsley Detention Centre, County Durham, England - 1983**

133. I was taken to York Crown Court on 18<sup>th</sup> February 1983, when I was eighteen years old, and sentenced to nine months. I was initially sent to Watton Detention Centre in Nottinghamshire, but that didn't last long.

134. The first day I was there, I went to get my lunch and some guy stuck his foot out to trip me up as I walked past. I knew I couldn't let it go. If I did, I'd be targeted by other prisoners, so I hit him over the head with my metal lunch tray. The screws battered me for that. They broke my arm, injured my knee and kicked me in the face. I was put in the digger like that for four or five days with no medical treatment. When I could stand, they took me to the Governor. He said he wasn't having an animal like me in there and gave me two options. I could go to Buckley Hall or Medomsley. I asked which was closer to Scotland and he said Medomsley, so I chose there.
135. I was taken to Medomsley the next morning and that's where I carried out the rest of my sentence. It was a truly awful place. I was physically abused by the screws before I was even through processing. They shoved my head in a bath full of water and held me under. They pulled me out, then held me under again and again. It was like they were water boarding me.
136. I worked in the kitchen at Medomsley. The man in charge of the kitchen was Neville Husband. He sexually abused and raped me both inside Medomsley and at his home on multiple occasions during my sentence. On one of the occasions Neville Husband took me out of Medomsley, I was also raped by a man I had never met before. I don't know his name.
137. I left Medomsley, and finally escaped Neville Husband, in June 1983.

### **Life after being in care**

138. When I left Medomsley, my head was all over the place. I went back to Scotland and life continued as it had before. I took to drink to cope with what happened to me and I was still getting in trouble with the police.
139. When I was twenty-three or twenty-four, I woke up in East Kilbride Police Station. I had been drinking and I couldn't even remember how I got there or why. One of the police officers came to my cell to speak to me. He sat down and talked to me for a



while. He told me that I needed to turn things around. I went to Hamilton Sheriff Court and got a six-month deferred sentence. The Sheriff told me that if I didn't stay out of trouble, I would be going to prison for a long time. That's when things changed for me and I've been out of trouble ever since.

140. By a stroke of luck, I got a job with a construction company. They were looking for steel erectors. When I saw the job advertised, I called them. I told them I had no experience, but I would work hard and learn. I asked them to give me a chance for a month and they did. I worked for them, all over the country, for four years. After that, I worked for another construction company. The old guy that owned that company took me under his wing. He put me through my driving test and various courses. I worked for him for about four or five years until he died. Then, I put myself through college courses and became a Health and Safety Supervisor, then a Health and Safety Assessor.
141. I met my wife when I was twenty-five years old and we married. Sadly, she passed away in 2016. We have three daughters and six grandchildren. We also got custody of [REDACTED]'s son who was having a rough time. My experiences opened my eyes to the problems young people can face and I was able to provide a safe, stable home for him. Now, he's doing great and works for my son-in-law.
142. I'm not working just now because my full attention is on getting justice for what happened to me at Medomsley.

#### **Inquiry into abuse at Medomsley**

143. Over the years, I've met with various members of Parliament about the abuse I suffered in Medomsley, but I didn't really get anywhere with them. I now have a solicitor and I'm involved in legal action for Judicial Review regarding an inquiry into Medomsley.

144. I have given my solicitor a full statement about all the abuse. I also met with police officers at Cathcart Police Station in 2012 and gave them a statement. A police investigation was opened in August 2013, specifically into Medomsley. That investigation is called Operation Seabrook. It has been going on ten years now.
145. The Ministry of Justice have admitted accountability for what happened to me at Medomsley. They offered me money in the hope that I'd go away. Money isn't what's needed though. I'm still fighting for Justice.

### **Impact**

146. I grew up with violence throughout my life at home, at school and in just about every institution I've ever been in. The physical abuse, I got used to. What haunts me to this day is what happened to me at Medomsley, because that was the worst of it. I have flashbacks about it every night.
147. I think they just got it completely wrong with the Scottish System. I was moved about from place to place without any focus on rehabilitation. The minute you were put in an institution, you didn't see or hear from a social worker. Then, once I turned sixteen, social work completely washed their hands of me. All I want now is for the truth to come out.

### **Treatment/support**

148. Over the years, the best counselling I've had was from my GP's. I'm going to get in touch with Future Pathways. I do feel that I need counselling for grief as well, after losing my wife, [REDACTED] mother and father-in-law in a short space of time.

### **Reporting of Abuse**

149. I haven't reported the abuse I suffered in Scottish institutions. This is the first time I've spoken about that. I contacted the inquiry because someone who had been abused in Calder House reached out to me. He told me about the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry.
150. I have of course reported the abuse that happened in Medomsley.

### **Records**

151. I believe my solicitor requested my social work records around 2017. Although I haven't seen them, my solicitor has discussed them with me and has provided me with some of the dates I have told you about.

### **Lessons to be Learned**

152. I think the main lesson that has to be learned, from mistakes in the care system, is one of accountability. I was under the care of social work, but there was no active involvement from them when I was in an institution. There has to be some kind of advocate for children in care. Someone they can trust and speak to if things are happening that shouldn't be.
153. If the social work had more involvement with me when I was in care, and a social worker visited me, I do believe I would have spoken up about what was going on.

### **Other information**

154. I hope, for everyone that has come forward, lessons can be learned for our experiences and the mistakes of the past aren't repeated in the future.

155. 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..........

Dated..... 27 February 2023 .....