

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

GUV

Support person present: Dr Anna Garrett, Specialist Clinical Health Psychologist in long-term conditions.

1. My name is GUV. My date of birth is 1945. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born at Glasgow. My mother's name was and my dad was. I had eleven siblings, who died when she was three months old, who died when he was two months old, then there was me and finally.
3. We lived in and my father was a lorry driver for British Road Services. We stayed in a one bedroom flat. There was a bedroom, a living room, a kitchen and a recess off that. There were fourteen of us in there. We had gaslights, there was no electricity. We all went to chapel on Sunday and we were given a halfpenny for the collection plate. I went to St Mungo's school on Hope Street, Townhead, Glasgow.
4. My father was a heavy drinker and he abused my mother. From when I was a kid, just crawling, he would come in from the pub drunk and beat up my mother. I would try to attack him, bite him, to try to get him off her. He used to beat me, he kicked me like a ball.

5. My father had been in the army and I think he thought he was still in the army. I also think that he thought I wasn't his child because I was the only one who he beat, although I was also the only one who tried to protect my mother.
6. I remember one time that my dad came after me, to assault me. I hid in a worker's tent, the type they used to put up over road works or holes for drains and cables and things. The workman tried to protect me but my dad just battered him and took me home. The next day, in front of the whole family, he tied me to a bed and battered me with a belt, to show my brothers and sisters not to try and run off.
7. A week or two later, I was in Woolworths and I stole two pencils and a rubber for school. Someone told my dad and I got a doing for that. My dad knew a couple of policemen and I think he wanted them to give me a warning. He took me to the police station, to show me what it was like and then the policemen came back to our house with us. He cracked me on the back of the head in front of the police. They did nothing about, they just left. Then he called me, "A wee bastard." and he battered me again.
8. I was getting my hair cut a couple of weeks after that. I was still very young and small. I was sitting up on the board they put across the arms of the barber's chair. The barber went in to the back shop and he had left the till drawer open. I took a two bob bit, a shilling and a tenner. I left the shop, with only half of my haircut. I went off with my pals, bought fizzy drinks, and had a party in a derelict building. My dad found us. He shouted, "GUV, you little bastard." I kept trying to hide but he caught me. We went home, I still only had half a haircut. I got another doing from my dad.
9. My dad got the police. They said they were taking me to the Sheriff Court for stealing from the barber's till and for stealing the pencils and the rubber from Woolworths. I'm sure it was the Sheriff Court, not the Magistrate's Court.

10. The first time I went to court, I got probation. The second time I went to court, I was sent to an approved school, St Mungo's. I was ten years old.
11. I can remember my father being at the court but I have no recollection of a lawyer or a social worker. My dad told the judge I was out of control, that he couldn't control me, that I was always fighting and being disruptive to the family. I went straight from court to St Mungo's.

St Mungo's, Mauchline, Ayrshire 1955 to 1957

Routine at St Mungo's School

First day

12. My first impression of St Mungo's was that it was like a big haunted house. The De La Salle Brothers ran it. There were all these priests, or rather, Brothers. I didn't know the correct terms at the time. They all had big black gowns and white collars with a split at the front. The head Brother was Brother Paul, he was like a headmaster. There were about thirty Brothers in total. There were about forty or fifty boys from age ten to about twelve. There were no boys of fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen.
13. There were dormitories, three classrooms, an exercise yard, shower rooms and bathrooms. The shower rooms and bathrooms had no doors. There were always about four or five Brothers in the shower rooms and bathrooms.
14. One of the Brothers, I think it was Brother Paul, was told to take me, give me a shower, and get me a uniform. I was given a uniform and my own clothes were put in a bin, as I would be there for the next three years, although I didn't know that then. After that, I was checked over by the doctor and taken up to my dormitory.

Mornings and bedtime

15. There were about twenty beds in each dormitory but not all of the beds were occupied all the time. The dorm rooms had big double doors at one end with a big fire bucket filled with sand and two little fire buckets. The dormitories were marked, "A, B, C." They were not right next to each other, they were in different parts of the building. I was in dormitory "A" which was for new arrivals, but I was always causing trouble and I was put in dormitory "C" with the older boys. They always wanted to attack me, so I fought with them. I was used to it, from fighting with my father. I stood up for myself. Brother Paul, the headmaster, was in charge of dormitory "A" and he had other Brothers to help him. They always went about two or three together.
16. In the morning, at 7:30 am, a Brother would come in to the dormitory, ringing a hand bell. We got out of bed and said a number of prayers. We went for a wash, got our clothes on, had breakfast, went back to clean up the dormitory and then went to school.
17. I was told, "This is your bed, this is your toothbrush." and anything else that they gave you. The beds had narrow blankets, about one foot wide. The bedding was in layers. Blanket, sheet, blanket. We went to bed at 7:00 pm. The first night, they showed me how to make my bed. They said that was how I had to do it the next morning. The next morning, I couldn't do it. Other boys tried to help, but one of the Brothers' gave me a clout on the back of my head for not doing it myself. When he did that, I wanted to attack him, even though I was only ten.

Mealtimes/Food

18. All meals were supervised. The boys ate at the same time, with seven or eight staff supervising. The food was not good, I never ate a lot in there. If you didn't eat your food, you would get it back. If you said you were hungry, they would bring back the food you hadn't eaten before. Breakfast was a bit of toast, sometimes a spoonful of scrambled egg. We got a type of porridge, but it was like hard shards of wheat. Tea was at 5:00 pm. Sometimes they forced you to eat. They would hold you down in a

chair, hold your nose and force the food down. I would just spit it at them, and then I would get a doing.

Washing/bathing

19. The bathrooms didn't have doors on them. There were old-fashioned cast iron baths with feet. We had access to the showers only when the Brothers' decided. There were other boys there when you had a shower. We were taken to the showers two or three at a time. The only time you had a shower without other boys was when the Brothers took you to the showers at night.

Clothing/uniform

20. My own clothes were taken from me when I arrived at St Mungo's, you wore the uniform the Brothers gave you. It was grey shorts, shirt and socks. In the winter, you got a grey V-neck sweater and a patchwork jerkin. If my mother ever brought me clothes at a visit, the Brothers would take it from me.

School

21. We were at school in the morning for two or three hours, then we had lunch and then we went to the playground for half an hour, if you were allowed to. Then we went back to school, which finished about 3:00 pm. After that, there was playtime, before we went back to the dormitories. There was no TV then, I didn't see TV until the 1960s.
22. There were three Brothers in each classroom. There was one at the side, one at the door, and one at the blackboard. You had to copy down what they wrote on the blackboard. I wasn't slow at doing this, I was quite quick copying stuff down. I wasn't good at spelling. I used to get rapped over the knuckles a lot for spelling words wrong. The Brother wrote down some sums on the blackboard and I just wrote down my answers. A Brother came up behind me and clouted me. He said, "I want to see the work." I didn't understand him, I just said I had got the right answers. He hit me again and repeated, "I want to see the work." but I didn't understand. All the Brothers had a

leather belt or strap they would hit you with. It wasn't a belt for holding your trousers up, it was a leather strap that they would have hanging down from their robes. These straps were about two and a half inches wide, with a little strip cut out of the middle at the end. I tried to get the belt off of the Brother who kept hitting me in class and I was dragged off by the ear. I was put in a corridor, to see the head Brother. He told me I would be punished on Sunday, after mass. Then I went back to school. At playtime, I wasn't allowed to go out. The Brother who kept hitting me would keep coming up to me and grabbing or squeezing the back of my neck. This went on for a few days. It was obvious he didn't like me.

Religious instruction

23. We said prayers every morning. We had to say Our Father, three Hail Mary's, and some other prayer. It might have been Glory be The Father. Everybody had a set of Rosary beads. We went to mass every Sunday. On Friday night, we went to confession.

Leisure time

24. We did crafts in the late afternoon, after school. It was just making things with paper, like paper aeroplanes. On Saturdays and Sundays, we played football, just a kick about, not a properly organised game. We had visits from family once a month, at the weekend.

Trips/Holidays

25. In the summer, we got taken down to the river to fish. They kept the bigger ones and threw the little ones back. I think they fed those fish to us.

Birthdays and Christmas

26. At Christmas, there was mass and a lot of prayers. Visitors did get to come up, but it was a religious practice, not something that was a celebration. There was no celebration of your birthday.

Visits/Inspections/Review of Detention

27. You were told that you could complain about things at St Mungo's but nobody listened. You could bring things up at corporal punishment on Sundays. I complained about six times when I was there, but it made no difference.
28. When my mother visited me, she would bring me sweets or a cake. The Brothers would take these from me. After being abused in the showers, the Brothers would give you some of your sweets.
29. My mother got to visit me once a month. I don't remember her visiting that often at St Mungo's. The visit sessions were just half an hour and they were supervised by Brothers so you couldn't do much. St Mungo's was about twenty or thirty miles from Glasgow but public transport wasn't as good back then, so it was hard to get there. It was just my mum who visited me, not my brothers and sisters. My dad never visited me. Although I never told my mum what was happening, I think she knew. When I saw her at visits, I used to break down and cry. I would still be crying after she left.
30. There were official visitors, but you were not allowed to talk to them. They would walk round the place, you would be standing at your bed. The Brothers would pick one or two boys and they would be asked questions about the home. They would never pick me, or anyone else who might speak up. Nobody official ever spoke to me at St Mungo's.

Healthcare

31. I saw a doctor when I arrived at St Mungo's, but I never saw a dentist. In addition to the doctor, there were also two brothers who were like medics. They had white coats on top of their black robes. If the doctor had to examine you or do something, they would hold you down. If you had been sexually abused, you would see the doctor the

next afternoon. I don't know what was written down or recorded, but if you complained of a sore bum, the doctor would check you.

32. I think the doctor was as bad as the Brothers. In a way, he was worse. When I complained of a sore bum and had to be checked over by him, he wouldn't believe me when I told him what had happened. He was very rough checking my bum. He didn't give a damn. I don't know if he was really a doctor. I think he might just have been one of the Brothers in a white coat. I don't know what his name was.

Running away

33. The first time I ran away at St Mungo's I went to the river, to Ballochmyle Bridge. I was hiding there and someone unconnected with the school found me. They took me back, they said I had been trying to break into a shed.
34. I was taken to a room like a prison cell and I was just left, locked in there. It was padded, cushioned walls. Little triangle shapes in the padding and the door was padded too. It was so you couldn't injure yourself. On the Sunday, I got taken to mass, with one Brother each side of me. I was punished after mass.
35. I was always trying to run away. I would break into sheds because I wanted to get a knife. If I had a knife, I would have been able to protect myself when I was taken back there.
36. I was eleven or twelve years old and I knew I was getting violent. I felt anger building inside me. Each time I ran away, I got further and further. I got away as far as Mauchline and at some shops, I stole a couple of apples and a carrot. I was wearing the uniform of St Mungo's, so I got caught.

Bed Wetting

37. Some of the kids who wet the bed were made to get up, they had a rubber sheet put on their bed and they got put back to bed without being cleaned up and just had their

blankets put back over them. They weren't physically punished for wetting the bed, but everybody knew they had done it because they would have to stand up to eat at breakfast the next morning. It was emotional abuse.

Abuse at St Mungo's

38. You used to be punished for doing things either at the time by being hit with a hand or the belt, or for bigger things you were punished on Sunday after mass. They would cuff you round the ear whenever they felt like it.
39. The first time I was punished on Sunday was after trying to grab the belt off the Brother in class. The head Brother told me I would be punished on Sunday, after mass.
40. We went to mass, and then a list was read out by the priest who took mass. He said, "GUV [REDACTED]." and I stood at the door with the other boys' whose names had been read out. I was taken up to a room with a round table. The head Brother said, "You've been nothing but trouble since you got here. I'll show you what we do with trouble makers." I got bent over a chair, my shirt was taken off and I was hit six times with the leather strap. I remember crying and thinking, "This is what they want." It was the last time I cried from abuse for years.
41. There were other boys there for punishment too. Their names had been read out by the priest at mass. You would have to watch each other being beaten. They saw the marks on me and I saw the marks on them.
42. I came to feel resentment towards other boys who were being punished because I knew I was going to get worse than they did. I would get up to twenty five licks of the belt at a time at St Mungo's
43. Different Brothers would apply the different numbers of lashes of the belt you were getting that week. It could be six, nine or twelve of the belt for progressively more serious offences. If it was more than twelve, it would only be one of two Brothers who would do those beatings, Brother PAA [REDACTED] and Brother PAB [REDACTED] Brother

PAA [REDACTED] was a sadistic man. There is no way he was anything to do with being a priest.

44. After the first time I tried to run away, when they took me from the padded cell, I went to mass and then I was punished. They took my trousers down and I got twelve of the belt. When I got back to the padded cell, there were no mirrors for me to see what they had done. I touched my backside and there was blood on my hands.
45. After I had been at St Mungo's for about six months, I was in bed and two Brothers, Brother GUZ [REDACTED] and Brother PAE [REDACTED], woke me up. They were both about thirty or forty years old. They used to work the nightshift. They went around the three dormitories, checking to see if anyone was missing, if they had run away. You could hear them coming.
46. They woke me up and I was soaking wet in bed. I was in shock. I hadn't wet the bed, they had thrown water over me. I think it was to pretend that I had wet the bed. They said, "You dirty little bastard, you're going for a shower." They dragged me to the shower room, stripped my pyjamas off me and threw me in the shower. They turned on the shower, it was freezing cold. One brother stood at the door and the other brother started washing me down with some pink cream out of a tub. It was coarse, as if it had sand in it. He washed me in between my legs. When I tried to protest, I was shoved against a wall. The other one came over with a towel to dry me and he started to touch me. I'd never been touched that way, this was the first time it happened to me.
47. He bent me over the sink and he stuck his finger up my bottom. The other one was holding me by the back of my neck and he was touching me at the front. The first one was still touching me from behind. I couldn't get away from them. I wanted to kill them. I was screaming. I was belted a couple of times. Then, all of a sudden, it stopped. I got given a fresh pair of pyjamas and they stripped the bed. They put a rubber sheet on the bed and gave me a dry blanket. I think this was to carry on the pretence that I had wet the bed.

48. The sexual abuse at St Mungo's took place about once per week. It would be the same two Brothers on night shift for about three or four weeks, then there would be a shift rotation to different ones for a couple of weeks, then back to the regular ones. There would be sexual abuse by both the regular ones and the ones in-between. With the regular ones, it wasn't just putting their fingers into your anus, it would be penile penetration too. When it was done to me, I was held over a sink or a bath.
49. One Brother would stand in the bath with your head between his legs and the other brother would penetrate you. Then they would swap places. Next, they would give you a shower and clean out your anus with this pink stuff.

Reporting of abuse at St Mungo's

50. I reported abuse to the doctor but he didn't believe me. I reported it to the head Brother on Sunday at punishment but he just used to say, "That doesn't go on here, you're lying." and then you would be punished. I used to tell him about the abuse in front of other boys.

Leaving St Mungo's

51. After the last time I ran away, when I got to the shops and stole apples and a carrot, I got taken back to St Mungo's and the following Monday I got taken to court and I was told that I was going to a higher security approved school. I went back to St Mungo's for a couple of weeks until a place came up and then I was taken to St Joseph's.
52. Shortly before I went to St Joseph's, I was given a medal by the priest at St Mungo's. It was Our Lady of Lourdes, a little gold metal circle with stars around the edge. I was told that this was to protect me and that I should never take it off.

St Joseph's school, Tranent, East Lothian 1957

53. The De La Salle Brothers ran St Joseph's, just like at St Mungo's. It was much bigger than St Mungo's, with more staff and more boys. It was a GRE [REDACTED] who was SNR [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] he was a Brother. There were about forty or fifty boys aged from about twelve to sixteen. The routine for everything was the same as at St Mungo's with just a couple of changes here and there.

Routine at St Joseph's

First day

54. I was taken to St Joseph's by a couple of the Brothers from St Mungo's. You had an inspection and you were sent to the shower and stripped off. It was commented that I had my Lady of Lourdes medal. I didn't take it off, as I was told that it was bad luck to do so, that Our Lady wouldn't protect me if I took it off.

Mornings and bedtime

55. The only thing different in the morning routine compared to St Mungo's was that when we got up, we went out for exercise. Every morning, we went out into the yard, training and doing different exercises. Things like running on the spot.

Mealtimes/Food

56. The food was the same and you would get forced to eat it, just the same as at St Mungo's.

Washing/bathing

57. There were more showers at St Joseph's, about six to nine showerheads coming out of the wall. You all went in to the shower together in groups. There were no doors on the showers.

School

58. At St Joseph's, they were more concerned with the basics, like reading, writing and arithmetic. There was always a Brother walking round the classroom with a leather belt to hit you with. I would still get rapped over the knuckles for my spelling.
59. There was more physical education at St Joseph's. At night time, we had to go for a run.

Leisure time

60. At weekends, we didn't have to do exercise. You had free time to see visitors or you could play out in the fields that they had. They would shout you in from the field if you had a visitor, but if you knew you were getting a visitor you would be waiting at the front door.

Chores

61. We had to mop the floors and polish them with these big bumpers, the heavy weights with a cloth under them to buff the floor. We had to clean the dormitories, the refectory, everything. The older boys worked in the kitchen.

Trips/Holidays

62. We went up to Smedley's farm near Dundee to pick potatoes and strawberries and we stayed in a barn. I think the Brothers got paid seven pence per day, per boy. We got a halfpenny each. We got to go out to the cinema once a month and we were allowed to spend the money that we had made working on the farm. We went to the farm for about three months in the summer, for different fruit harvests and went again in the winter for the potatoes.
63. Going to the cinema could be good but the journey there was not so good. We would walk to the cinema from St Joseph's and the local people would know who we were and we would get abuse from some of them. Also, we would have to walk in the rain or the snow with no protection from the elements, but the local people would have

umbrellas in bad weather and again we stood out because we didn't have anything like that.

Visits/Inspections/Review of Detention

64. By the time I was at St Joseph's, my dad had taken to hiding my mum's shoes to try to stop her visiting me. I remember one winter she came to visit me wearing her slippers. It was about three-quarters of a mile from the bus stop to St Joseph's and her legs were purple by the time she got to the school. I vowed I was going to kill my dad when I got out of there, but he died when I was fifteen.
65. There were no other visitors at St Joseph's, no social workers or inspectors that spoke to me.

Healthcare

66. I did get to see a dentist at St Joseph's. I only saw him because I tried to bite one of the Brothers. The Brother said, "I'm going to kick your fucking teeth out you little bastard." Another Brother held me down and the first one hit me in the mouth with a bumper, which was a big weight like a curling stone on the end of a broom handle that you used for polishing the floor. My mouth was bleeding and I spat out one of my teeth. The Brother then kicked me in the mouth and I lost all of my top teeth at the front. These were my adult teeth. The Brothers took me to the dentist and told him that I had been fighting and that another boy had hit me with the bumper, which they brought to show the dentist. I tried to tell the dentist it was the Brothers, but their story was believed. I had two visits to the dentist as a result of this incident. I don't know the name of the dentist, he came from outside the school.

Abuse at St Joseph's

67. There was a lot of corporal punishment at St Joseph's, you would be hit for just about anything. You would be rapped over the knuckles in class, or you got the belt. There was still discipline after mass on Sunday but it was a bit different, the other boys had

- to wait in the corridor when you were being beaten, rather than all being in the room together. You would still hear it and see each other after you came out of the room.
68. You would get three of the belt for swearing or acting up in class. They would just do it there, in class, you didn't have to wait for Sunday for that type of thing. If you were belted on a Sunday, it would be for things like trying to escape, fighting with a Brother or being abusive to them.
69. You would get as many of the belt as they thought were required. I would get from 25 to 50 lashes at a time. You would be stripped and belted across your back or backside. It was full force but after the first half dozen or so, you didn't feel it as much.
70. I was rebellious, I used to attack the Brothers when they took wee kids out of their beds at night. I would jump out of my bed but there wasn't much I could do. One time, I got a metal fire bucket and I hit one of the Brothers over the head. It split his head open.
71. There were three occasions when I got more than fifty of the belt. It was for fighting with the Brothers because they were sexually abusing me. I was sexually abused two days after arriving at St Joseph's. It was always at night-time. I knew what was going to happen, but I always fought back. The brothers said to me that if I behaved and stopped making up stories, about the abuse, then I would get on a lot better. There were about eight Brothers involved in sexual abuse at St Joseph's. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED].
72. The first time I realised they were sexually abusing me at St Joseph's, they took me to the showers. Usually, when they took you out, you would be marched passed an office and you would hear someone say, "Take him down for a shower." But you couldn't hear what was being said back. When I came out of the shower, the Brothers had an oval tin. I was held down over the side of a bath or a sink. They had this oval tin at the side. It had this blue stuff in it. It was called Brilliantine, like Vaseline. They put the blue stuff on my bum and sexually abused me. When they had finished, they put me in the shower. Then they put this stuff in a hose and put the hose in my bum

to clean me out. It was always two brothers doing this. They were Brother **PAG** and Brother **zPAF**. Sometimes, they would have a younger brother there, about twenty years old with a round face, I can't remember his name. He would stand at the door as a lookout. This abuse took place about three times a week throughout the nine months I was at St Joseph's.

73. One time, I saw this kid and he had the same medal as me, the Our Lady of Lourdes medal. Then I saw that there were eight or nine boys with the same medal. Everybody with this medal was taken down to the showers at night. Not all of the boys at St Joseph's had come from St Mungo's but some, like me, had got their medal at St Mungo's. Some got their medal at St Joseph's but every one of the boys with the medal was sexually abused. I spoke to some of the boys and they told me they had been abused.
74. The boys who had medals could take the sweets their family gave them, back to their dormitories. The non-medal boys didn't get to do this. You had to keep your medal on. You were told that the medal was blessed and it would protect you. I believe it was to mark you out for abuse. I realised this at St John's. I got my medal a week before leaving St Mungo's. Other boys got their medals at St Joseph's. Others at St Joseph's got their medals after corporal punishment on Sunday but you could be given a medal at any time. The majority of boys who got medals were new boys.

Reporting of abuse at St Joseph's

75. I tried to tell people at St Joseph's about the abuse. I tried to tell the doctors. There were two doctors and a nurse who came in every three months, but I never got a chance to tell her. When I would get punished on Sunday, I would say, "You are punishing me for him and him raping me." I would get another six of the belt for saying things like that.
76. I was a troublemaker. I told the other boys, "They are only men, we can gang up on them." I can remember the names of some of the other boys who were abused. There was **██████████** and two siblings, **██████████** and **██████████**, from Govan.

Leaving St Joseph's

77. After the last time I ran away at St Joseph's, I was taken to court for theft by housebreaking for breaking into a shed and stealing some gardener's clothes, even though the shed was actually open. They took me back to St Joseph's for a couple of days to sort out the paperwork and then I went to St John's in Glasgow.

St John's Approved School, Springboig, Glasgow 1957 to 1959

78. I went to St John's when I was just over twelve years old and I stayed there for two years. There were over a hundred boys at St John's, from age twelve up to fourteen, fifteen.
79. At the initial inspection and shower, my Lady of Lourdes medal was noticed. It was still the De La Salle brothers who ran it, with more or less the same routine that I had been used to for food, and dormitories. One difference is that there was more physical education going on in the morning and in the evening.
80. I can't remember the name of the Brother in charge at St John's, I think the head Brother changed after I had been there about a month. There was a higher turnover of staff at St John's but it was still the same repetition of names out of the bible. They didn't wear name badges, you just had to remember their names. Although there was a high turnover of staff, there was no interchange of staff between St Mungo's, St Joseph's and St John's, as far as I know.

Routine at St John's*Mornings and bedtime*

81. There were twenty boys to a dormitory. At St John's, the dormitories were identified by different colours they were given, rather than names or letters. There was a red, blue, or green marker above the door and I was always kept in the blue dormitory.

Mealtimes/Food

82. The food was the same as before. You ate in the same groups that you had for your schooling and for your work-group, not by dormitory.

School

83. You did what you were told. By the time I got to St John's I had realised I had to show the working for my sums and arithmetic, so I didn't get the belt as much in the classroom.

Chores

84. You still had your chores to do at St John's, polishing the floors and everything. You had to make sure you dusted behind the cupboard at your bed because they would check, and if you hadn't done it, you would get punished with three of the belt.
85. There was a work programme. After school, about 3:00 or 3:30 pm you would go to your work placement and worked until about 5:00 pm. Some people did painting and decorating, there was a cobbler, others worked in the tailor's shop, which is where I worked. We made our own uniforms at St Johns. A proper tailor from outside the school ran it, but there were Brothers in the shop too. In the tailor's shop there was an aluminium basin, you had to fill it with turps because when making trousers you would turn them inside out and put turps on them and cover the seams with beeswax so that the seams didn't curl up. I enjoyed doing that kind of work. I made my own suit at St John's, it was the first time I had long trousers. I still do some tailoring, taking up trousers for my grandchildren.

86. I remember an incident when I was working at the tailor's shop involving one of the Brothers who abused me. He was standing at a row of metal sinks, about to light a cigarette. I was getting turps in the aluminium basin and I threw the turps over him. Luckily, it didn't ignite. I went back to court at Ingram Street for endangering his life. After that, I wasn't allowed to go anywhere alone. Even if I went to the toilet, there would be a Brother with me.
87. Some of the civilian staff were all right, but the painter was as bad as the brothers were, although he didn't do anything to me.

Trips/Holidays

88. We did get to go on trips at St John's but I didn't usually get to go, because I was known as a runner, someone who would try to run away. We were closer to places I knew in Glasgow.

Birthdays and Christmas

89. We always spent more time in Chapel in December and January and at Christmas, there was a religious feast, a focus on religion, not a treat for children to enjoy as Christmas dinner. My mum brought me up birthday cakes. The cake was taken from me. It was cut up and brought over to where I was sitting and shared out with whoever was sitting with me. I don't remember anyone ever celebrating my birthday, the cake was the only way of knowing it was your birthday, other than that, it was just an ordinary day.

Visits/Inspections/Review of Detention

90. My mum got to visit me every fortnight at St John's and it was longer, we got an hour together. My dad still never visited me and my brothers and sisters had been told to forget me.

91. I never got to speak to the social workers, although they did come up for visits, there was no chitchat. You only got to speak to them if they spoke to you, but I was warned by the Brothers not to say anything. They threatened to cut out my tongue and I was just petrified of them, we all were. I don't think those people were human.

Running away

92. I tried to run away at every opportunity, I tried about twenty or thirty times and each time I got closer and closer to Glasgow, to getting home. When you got caught, you got battered. They asked you where you had been staying when you were on the run, but I didn't tell them, I didn't want the people who helped me, getting into trouble. The Brothers were frightened I would tell people what was going on. Although I didn't tell my mother about the abuse, I did tell the mothers of my friends, the friends I was staying with when I ran away. They would tell their husbands and they would ask me about what I was alleging, but I always denied it when they asked me because I didn't like being asked questions by men.

Discipline

93. The discipline was different at St John's. In the gymnasium, they had a gymnastic horse with four or five sections to raise or lower its height. Four Brothers would lift the horse and take it to the head Brother's office. The head Brother would be at one end of the room, with a row of Brothers on one side of the room and a row of nuns on the other. The nuns were there for mass but they would come in to watch us being punished. I think the nuns were there to see how to administer corporal punishment. They wore big white wing hats and black robes.
94. I hated being punished in front of the nuns, you could see them sniggering. You were stripped and put over the horse, which would be lowered or elevated depending on the size of the boy. Your hands and legs were tied by straps to the rings on the horse and they carried out the punishment. You would get thirty strokes for running away and if you caused any other problems when you were on the run, it would be fifty. You never got over fifty.

95. I always said that I would never cry for them. I tried to do what I was told, I tried to conform but the urge to run away was so strong. I must have been punished like this at least twenty times a year, as well as the corporal punishment on Sunday, and the sexual abuse.
96. There would be other boys waiting in the corridor when you were being abused. When I was waiting, I could hear other boys screaming and when they came out, they were dragged away, some of them still trying to put their trousers on as they went. Back in the dormitory, we would compare injuries. They weren't marks, they were welts. You weren't taken to the doctor's for these injuries, you were taken to the medical room and cream was put on the welts by one of the Brothers in a white coat. There was no point in saying anything to him about what had happened, he knew. There would be other boys there too being treated, some with pink lotion, like Camomile Lotion. Brother ^{GVA} [REDACTED], one of the abusers, once put Iodine on the welts on my back, which had me screaming in pain. It was in the medical room, I was held down then he did that and I was screaming, I had never felt pain like that. I wanted to kill him.
97. There was a record kept by the head Brother, he would write down in a book how many lashes of the belt each boy got. It was called The Punishment Book, they had the same thing at St Joseph's but I can't remember about St Mungo's.

Abuse at St John's

98. I was always fighting with the Brothers, and I remember an occasion when I was taken to the gymnasium. One of the Brothers had been a Physical Training instructor in the army, he may have been a boxer. He said to me, "You think you're a fighter?" He gave me boxing gloves, but they were the wrong size, they were at least three sizes too big for me. He put his gloves on and beat me up, he kept hitting me in the face. I ripped my gloves off, jumped on him, and bit him on the jaw, before I got dragged off him. He remembered me for that, I suffered a lot more abuse from him after that but he didn't attack me that way again with the boxing gloves. I was also punished that Sunday for

that incident. I said to the head Brother, "If he'd given me a pair of gloves that fitted, I would have fought with him. It would have been a fair fight."

99. I was put up to be an altar boy at St John's, which involved spending more time with Priests rather than Brothers, Priests like Father PAH and Father PAI, they were the Priests at St John's around about 1958 and they both abused the altar boys. Father PAH was about forty or fifty years old, he was a cruel man. When you were up in the Chapel, they would take you to their office and lock the door. They went more for getting you to give them oral sex because they didn't have the same amount of time as the nightshift. On Sunday morning, you would have mass from 9:00 am or 9:30 am, and corporal punishment was at 11:00 am so they only had about fifteen or twenty minutes after mass to abuse you. They would dress you up in white robes, like wee lassies.
100. The sexual abuse by the Brothers at St John's was the same as it had been at St Mungo's and St Joseph's, it was penile penetration. Two of them would take you into the shower, and another one would keep lookout.
101. It was the same wake-up call at night time with cold water being thrown over you. You knew what was happening when you heard them coming into the dormitory. One of them would have a cup of water and throw it over someone to pretend they had wet the bed and that boy would be dried off, a rubber sheet put on his bed and he would be taken away. I still always jumped out of bed if they went after a younger boy. The wee boy would be crying, but they would just be dragging him about. I would attack them. I knew I would be punished for that, I would be taken away the next night.
102. I remember the names of some of the brothers at St John's who worked the nightshift. There was a Brother PAM and Brother PAJ who worked together, and Brother PAO and Brother PAN were the other nightshift. The nightshift were always the same people, they change rotation once per month. They didn't just abuse me, it was a different boy every night. Boys would ask you what the Brothers had done to you and

some boys would tell you. They would say that the Brothers played with us, or that we had to play with them, but I always said they hadn't done anything to me.

103. I remember the names of some of the boys that I was friends with. There was [REDACTED], [REDACTED], and the two siblings [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] who had been at St Joseph's and then came to St John's. We were always trying to see how we could get away from the place, but the doors were always locked and the Brothers had the keys.
104. I had also been aware of boys abusing boys at St John's, it was the same at St Mungo's and St Joseph's but it was commonplace and it didn't affect me, as I was known as a fighter.

Reporting of abuse at St John's

105. There was one brother at St John's, Brother John, He got me interested in the pipe and drum band, he was a good guy. He taught me proper drumming and I felt I could talk to him. I told him a couple of times about the abuse I was subject to but he just said there was nothing he could do about it, and told me just to keep it to myself. He said that there was no point telling anyone, and he wouldn't tell anyone about what I had told him. He didn't tell anyone, but he didn't do anything about it either. Out of about one hundred Brothers I had dealt with by that time, he was the only good one.

Leaving St John's

106. One night, I was being abused by Brother PAM. He stuck his penis in my mouth and I bit him, even though I had no top teeth at the front. My gums were tough enough that he was bleeding, there was blood all over my face. I got battered for that. About one week later, I was moved to St Mary's in Kenmuir. I didn't go to court because I don't think they would want to report that incident, I just went straight to St Mary's.

St Mary's, Kenmuir, Bishopbriggs 1959 to 1960

107. St Mary's was again run by the De La Salle brothers, but it was completely different to the others. I had suffered the same kind of abuse at St Mungo's, St Joseph's and St John's but nothing like that happened at St Mary's. The Brothers all still dressed the same though. I was in St Mary's until I was fifteen, when my father died.
108. The Head Brother was Brother Matthew, which was the first time I had heard that name, it was different from the usual repeated names the others had. In all the places I had been, there was more than one Brother [REDACTED] or Brother [REDACTED]. It was very confusing.

Routine at St Mary's

Mornings and bedtime

109. You were up early, had breakfast, and then you went to classes. In the evenings, they had a games room, arts and crafts, woodwork, metalwork, many practical things. I made my mum a coffee table in woodwork and I made a fish lifter in metalwork, for lifting fish out of the river when you caught them. I made rugs with a crochet hook, I learned a lot of useful skills.

Chores

110. They had various workshops at St Mary's, woodwork and metalwork. I learned how to make a dovetail joint using chisels.

Leisure time

111. I was in the pipe band at St Mary's. I was the [REDACTED]. We used to go to the town square and play for people. Then we would play at the train station. The poorer people would go to Helensburgh in the summer, for the day. We would go too, pipe them down off the train, and then down to the beach. We played in halls for the pensioners. I used to enjoy doing that, I looked forward to it.

Trips/Holidays

112. We didn't get holidays at St Mary's, our trips out were when we went out playing in the pipe band.

Visits/Inspections/Review of Detention

113. My mum would come up once a week to visit me but she couldn't come up on a Sunday anymore, because I was out playing with the band. When my father died, I had to go to the funeral and I wore my kilt from the pipe band. You wore the kilt if you were going out to see family, or going to someone like the doctor.
114. There were no official visitors at St Mary's, no one came and spoke to us. Although I learned some useful skills in the classes I went to, nobody helped us to plan for the future.

Running away

115. At St Mary's, I ran away, not because of abuse, but because it wasn't very secure, so I could escape. After my dad died, I knew my mum would be on her own so I knew I had to get out. I ran away, broke into a bike shop in Townhead, and stole a bike. I got up to my mum's late at night and she said that I had to go back, but I didn't want to so I stayed at my aunty [REDACTED] for two weeks. I went up to my mum's house again and got caught by the police when I was leaving. The police didn't go around in cars back then, just the sergeants and the C.I.D. The night they caught me, there was a raid or something going on, so there were loads of police in cars and they had a Black Maria. One of the policemen was one that knew my dad, he recognised me and I was arrested and taken back to Bishopbriggs. Then I was taken to court for housebreaking, for when I broke into the bike shop and I was sentenced to borstal at Polmont, although I went to Larchgrove remand home first.

Discipline

116. I was never subjected to any corporal punishment at St Mary's

Abuse at St Mary's

117. There was no abuse at St Mary's, but I didn't report the earlier abuse, I felt there was no point upsetting the situation, because of all the privileges I was given.

Larch Grove Assessment Centre, Glasgow 1960

118. I was sent to Larchgrove for about one month, after the court appearance for stealing the bike when I went on the run from St Mary's. That case was on petition and I was told I was being remanded for up to 110 days, but they dealt with it after about a month, when I got sent to borstal.

Routine at Larchgrove

First day

119. Larchgrove was more or less attached to St John's, you went in the same gates and up the same driveway, but Larchgrove was run by the council, not the De La Salle Brothers. Mr GVB was SNR of Larchgrove. I was only there a short time, so there is nothing much to say about the routine for meals, schooling and things.

Abuse at Larchgrove

120. You would still be disciplined with the belt but it was not as bad as previous placements. Mr GVB SNR, he was the only person there who abused me. I was abused by him after only two days, and to be clear, I still had my Lady of Lourdes medal on because we were told to wear it all the time, that it was protecting us and that it would be unlucky if we took it off.

121. Mr GVB would come in to the play area after tea and shout, "GUV!" and then he would drag me away by the ear. Sometimes it was so bad, my ear would be bleeding. He took me away to the shower room and abused me sexually. He put his penis in my mouth, he held my mouth shut so when he ejaculated, I couldn't spit it out. It happened about twelve times in four weeks, and it wasn't just sexual abuse, he battered me too. He punched me, kicked me, and hit my head off the sink in the shower room. He made sure you did what he wanted you to do. I didn't tell anyone what he did.
122. Mr GVB abused other boys too. He shouted other boys to come out of the play area, or the yard. He had a list and would shout out names. These boys had a medal too, just like mine. He would give a cigarette to the boy he called, and light it for him. I think this was to keep them quiet. Before I left, he said to me, "You're over fifteen now, would you like a cigarette?" I took one, but I didn't like it and he didn't try to give me one again. He abused me again the night before I left, and when I went to court the next day, they told me I was going to borstal.

Polmont Borstal, Polmont, Falkirk 1960 to 1962

123. I was in Polmont for about eighteen months, from fifteen and a half, to seventeen years old. Polmont was very regimented, but I didn't suffer any abuse there. I would fight anyone who tried, so I was at the doctor's a lot because of fighting injuries. After the doctor's you would go to the digger, solitary confinement. You were stripped and your clothes and shoes left outside

Routine at Polmont

Chores

124. We worked hard at Polmont, we built Longriggend remand centre. We went out at seven in the morning, after breakfast. In the winter, we went up to Inverness to plant trees. We left Polmont at seven and drove to Inverness. We were planting trees from

about 10.00 am until about 3.00 pm, and then drove back to Polmont. We got back at ten at night.

Leaving Polmont

125. I got into a fight at Polmont when a guy attacked me in the cobbler's workshop and I cut him. After that, I was sent to Barlinnie prison and I was in there until I was twenty.

Reporting of abuse

126. I have never made a report to the police. After the life I have had, I didn't trust the police.

Life after care

127. After I left Barlinnie, I said to myself, "Nobody is ever going to tell me what to do." I was a violent person. When I had been in Barlinnie, from my cell window, I could see Blackhill where my family were. When I came out of jail, I went home to Blackhill.
128. I got myself involved with gangs and crime for a while. Eventually though I married and my wife and I had four children before we divorced. I now have sixteen grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Employment history

129. The first job I had after leaving jail at twenty was as a waiter, at [REDACTED] Hotel in Glasgow, where my brother worked. Six months later, I was offered a job at the [REDACTED] restaurant across the road. Then I worked at [REDACTED], but when I finished work, I was back out on the street with the boys in the gang.
130. I was married in 1964 and worked in bars and hotels for the next 35 years. I moved to Moss-side in Manchester, then moved to Macclesfield. I ran a nightclub there,

which [REDACTED] ended up buying and I got kept on to run it, so my wife and kids moved down from Glasgow to join me. Then I got into some trouble in Macclesfield and I ended up being sectioned for six months, and put in a mental hospital. I broke out a couple of times, I just wanted to get away. After that, I came to The Isle of Wight and kept on running hotels and pubs.

Impact

Relationship with mother

131. I hated my father. I can remember seeing him fighting outside the pub in the street, I could see out of the window of our house. I felt love from my mother, she never let me down coming to see me in the approved schools. That love got me through my time there, in borstal, and in prison. I took my mother's character in terms of looking after my wife and children. At the majority of my visits, my mum was in tears and although I never told her anything about what happened, I know that she knew. I knew when I came out of prison I had to repay that love because of all the pain and suffering she had gone through. I know she would have wanted me to come forward to The Inquiry.

General impact

132. The way I was treated in care made me a terrible person, a very violent person. I had no fear, if I was killed, it didn't matter. If I heard someone talking and they sounded gay or sounded effeminate, I hated them. I associated gay people with the paedophiles that had raped and abused me, because that's what people thought back then.
133. In Glasgow, I didn't let anyone hit my brothers and sisters. I fought anyone, I was small but I was fast and I was thorough. Even when I moved to The Isle of Wight, I was known as a fighter, when I should have only been known for managing hotels and pubs.

134. I became a born again Christian when I was 55. When I had my pub, I used to raise money in the bar, then packed up my car with clothes, sleeping bags, and things and go up to London and give them away to homeless people and give them money, thousands of pounds.
135. I also began to think about the people I had hurt over the years and that they didn't deserve it. I was an animal, and it was a direct result of where I had been and what had happened to me there.
136. I ended up being in and out of hospital over the years with pneumonia, Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease and asbestosis. I have had thoughts about taking my own life, but I started working with Dr Garrett in December 2017. She was the first person to give me any psychological help. If I had someone like her to talk to in my twenties, I could have been a different person.

Records

137. I have never tried to apply for my records from my time in care.

Lessons to be learned

138. It shouldn't be just men running approved schools or homes for children. I don't think a man can understand everything and listen to all that children have to say, whereas a woman will listen, at least that's my experience.
139. There should be proper visits by social workers, we never had them. Visitors would come and go but you never got to talk to them properly. My mouth was shut for five or six years.
140. I hope that as a result of this inquiry, someone will be able to stop the type of abuse I went through. When the courts are putting kids away, they should listen to the kids

and see if someone having a word with them can make them realise when they are doing something wrong. I didn't have anything like that and I ended up in care or custody of one sort from the age of ten until the age of twenty, all for what started with stealing two pencils and a rubber.

Other information

141. 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..... ^{GUV} 

Dated..... 20/11/2018