

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

GRD

Support person present: No

1. My name is GRD. I am also known by the name GRD. Those were the names I was known by when I was in care. My date of birth is 1944. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. My father's name was. My mother's name was. I am one of eleven siblings. In age order from oldest to youngest it runs, myself, and. I was born in Dundee but spent the early part of my life living on a street called in Lochee to the north west of Dundee. Lochee is part of Dundee but was fairly out in the country at that time. I think at that time I lived with my grandmother. There was a bit of an extended family that resulted in various parts of the family living together. The only real memory I have from that time is seeing cows passing our fence when they were being taken in for milking.
3. I can't exactly remember when my family moved through to Glasgow but I was probably about the age of four or five years old when that happened. I don't know the reasons behind why we moved. I assume it was down to my father and mother. It's hard to say how I felt about moving to Glasgow because I was just a kid. We ended up staying on a street called in Townhead in the centre of Glasgow.

4. [REDACTED] is an area that has been described as one of the worst slums in Europe. I find trying to describe what life was like there difficult because it was almost indescribable. There we were living in one of the richest countries in the world and yet children were being treated like they were and living in those conditions. We stayed in a tenement with an outside toilet which was always overflowing. It was all gas mantles inside. One of the positives was that all the children played together in the street. However, on the negative side there was always a lack of food. If you were given food it would be bread and dripping. Occasionally there would be a bit of a splurge by my parents and we would have something else. We were also given meals at school. I remember children being kept off school and people going to the school to collect their meal. The meal would be brought home and shared amongst the other people in the family. I remember things like keeping warm being difficult. Sometimes we would 'find' coal in the coal yards and bring it back home. At other times I remember things like linoleum and old shoes being burnt on the fire. I remember us having to sleep underneath army coats at night.

5. I attended St Mungo's Primary School in Townhead. The only teacher I can remember is a teacher by the name of Miss [REDACTED]. I remember her walking up and down between the desks looking at what we were writing down. If what you had written down was wrong she would give you a smack round the back of your head with a ruler. We all didn't mind that. We thought it was fantastic because she would check your head at the end of the day. If there was a lump she would give you a penny and tell you not to tell your parents what had happened. I didn't get on too well at school because there were a lot of times when I wasn't there.

6. There was a lot of unemployment in Glasgow at that time. I think my father worked on and off. I don't recall exactly what my father worked as but I remember him working at times on the roads alongside other little jobs. There was a time when I had to get a job delivering bleach on a horse and cart. Life at home wasn't a happy one. From what I recall my parents would have their domestics. Sometimes that would get out of hand. There was nothing by way of support from the authorities. I don't think there were any social workers around at that time. If there were I certainly didn't see them. The only people in authority we interacted with were the police. Even then you never

saw too many police officers around [REDACTED] or Townhead more generally. You saw them more in the city centre and The Merchant City itself. I found the police a bit indifferent towards us and I was frightened of them.

Events leading up to being placed in care

7. We used to go out stealing. I don't think we ever went out stealing for the simple reason of going out stealing. We went stealing because there wasn't a lot of food around. Some days you would go out on your own and on others there would be two of you. I remember it all started with stealing fruit from the fruit market in what is now called The Merchant City. I would be put through a window at the back of the market to gain access to the vegetables. My parents probably would have been aware of me doing that but, given there were so many children around, they might not have known exactly what was going on.
8. If I recall correctly the incident that lead to me being placed in care surrounded me breaking into a car in the city centre. I would have been about ten years old at the time. I was caught by the police and taken to a prison on Duke Street just off Tollcross. The prison was run by the police. I was placed in a cell overnight with eight or nine adults. There was a concrete floor, a concrete bed and a toilet in the cell. I remember it being cold and having to sit in the corner. A couple of the men were carrying on like they were as mad as 'two bob watches.' I don't know whether they were indeed mad or whether they were on something. The next morning someone with a bit of common sense must have looked through the grill, seen me and pulled me out of the cell. I remember being taken to an office. For some reason I said something to one of the police officers and their response was "shut your fucking mouth." The police then got in contact with my mother and I was taken home. I was given a hammering by my parents when I got back.
9. The next thing I remember is being in a room that was set up like a court. That was the first time I'd engaged with anything like a court. I don't recall my parents being there but if they were they would have been alongside my uncle from Dundee. Also

present in the room was a lady from the Salvation Army, a judge with a wig and half-moon glasses on and a man in a suit. I remember the lady from the Salvation Army's blank stare. I thought she might have been some sort of social worker who might have pleaded my case but in the event she didn't do that. I have no idea who the man in the suit would have been. I don't recall him, or anyone else, providing me with any support.

10. I remember standing in front of the judge. The judge, the man and the lady from the Salvation Army talked amongst themselves about what they should do with me. They all talked but no one was actually telling me anything at all. I remember my uncle saying to the judge that he could take me back to live with him in Dundee. Seemingly, that idea didn't work because it was decided that I would be sent to St Mungo's instead. I don't know why my uncle's idea was overruled. All I can think of is that I must have been a pretty bad little bastard. Either that or that was just the way children like me were dealt with back then.

11. In the end St Mungo's wasn't the first place I went to. I was taken to what I think was a remand centre instead. No one spoke to me at all to tell me what was happening. I don't recall that ever happening at all before arriving at St Mungo's. At the time I was a bit apprehensive but I soon realised that I was being taken somewhere that provided a better environment than living with my family.

Unnamed institution, St Vincent's Place or Street, Glasgow

12. I think the place I was taken to was somewhere like a remand centre. I would have been ten years old when I went there so that would have been some time in 1954. I think I only stayed there for one night.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later



13.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

14.

Leaving unnamed institution, St Vincent's Place or Street, Glasgow

15. I don't recall how I was taken from the place on St Vincent's Place or Street to St Mungo's. I can only think that some person must have somehow transported me down there because it was a fair distance away.

St Mungo's Approved School, Mauchline, Ayrshire

16. I believe that St Mungo's was run by the De La Salle Brothers. I went there some time in 1954 when I was ten years old. I left approximately two years later in 1956 when I was about eleven or twelve years old. I believe around that time St Mungo's was getting shut down.

Layout of St Mungo's Approved School

17. There was a long avenue and an old big red sandstone bridge over a river that lead up to St Mungo's. I remember there was a fair drop down to the river from the bridge. The place itself was a beautiful old mansion. If you went to the right of the building there was an archway that led to a playground for the boys. The building had the most magnificent gardens around it. They were all immaculate. I remember the gardens all being full of beautiful tulips during spring time. I think there was a man who owned the estate. He lived in a big white house not far away from the mansion. I think he might have been a member of parliament or something. I remember hearing about that when I was there.

18. The main building had either three or four floors. As you entered the building there was a main foyer with a beautiful old polished stairwell leading upstairs. On the ground floor was a kitchen where you had your meals, the matron's surgery and the classrooms. We slept in dormitories but I couldn't say where they were in the building. There was also a chapel but I don't recall where it was in the building or what it looked like.

Staff

19. There would have been a De La Salle Brother in charge because I remember being told by the matron that she needed to speak to the headmaster and I remember him being a Brother. I don't remember any of the staff except one Brother, a matron and a night-watchman. What I do remember is that the majority of staff were De La Salle Brothers and a lot of them were Irish.

20. Brother LAA is the only Brother at St Mungo's that I can name. He was a little thin sort of character with grey hair. He was almost anorexic looking. He looked like an old man to me. I remember that he had no sense of humour.

21. I don't remember the matron's name but she would have been in her fifties when I was at St Mungo's. I don't know what she did with most of her time there but she was always dressed up in a matron's uniform. She wore the hat and all of that.

The children at St Mungo's Approved School

22. It was all boys between the ages of nine and thirteen years old. I'd estimate there were between sixty and eighty boys there in total. It was for Catholics exclusively. I don't remember there being any Protestant kids there. I think the circumstances of the other boys were much the same as myself. We were all boys who had got into trouble with the police. I don't think it was the sort of place where they sent boys whose parents had split up or something like that. I didn't have any problems with any of the other boys who were there at the same time as me. I don't remember any of their names.

Houses

23. There were four houses in St Mungo's. Their names were St Patrick's, St Joseph's, St Mungo's and St Andrew's. I think I was in St Patrick's. The house system was purely a way of dividing up the boys. I remember that we used to have to line up in our houses on occasion. I don't think we were split up by dorms or classes by whatever house we were in.

Routine at St Mungo's Approved School

Daily routine

24. I can't remember what time we got up or what the routine was during the day.

Sleeping arrangements

25. We slept in dormitories. The dormitory I was in was big and long with three rows of beds in it. There were lines of beds along the sides of the room and one down the centre. They were all old wrought iron beds. I couldn't say how many boys were in each dormitory. We went to bed at about 7:30 pm or 8:00 pm. It was a mixture of ages of boys in the dorms.
26. I'm sure that there were either one or two Brothers who were around at night on duty. There was a night-watchman who was a lay staff member who came in whilst the Brothers slept. I think he basically worked as a caretaker and administrator around the grounds and generally kept watch. I don't think he came into the dormitories at night. I would doubt very much that that happened. I don't think any of the boys had issues with the night-watchman.

Washing / bathing

27. I am not sure whether it was at St Mungo's or St Joseph's but I recall that there was a shower room that we used for washing.

Mealtimes / food

28. I can't remember what the routine was surrounding mealtimes but I can say that the food in general was ok. Before you went to bed you had to line up to receive a piece of bread and butter and a cup of cocoa for your supper. There is only one occasion when I was forced to eat or drink something that I didn't want. I didn't witness any other boys experiencing that.

Chores

29. I don't remember having to do any chores.

Clothing / uniform

30. We all wore a type of uniform that was issued to you after you arrived. Every house wore a different coloured jerkin and jacket. I was in St Patrick's so I wore green shorts and a green jerkin and jacket. I think that one of the other houses wore a brown jerkin and jacket and shorts and another wore a red jerkin and jacket and shorts. I have no memories surrounding laundry. All your clothes would have been numbered.

Possessions / pocket money

31. I had no personal possessions. I don't recall being given any pocket money.

School

32. We were taught in classrooms within the main building. I think it was a mixture of about twenty boys from different houses in each class. I think it might have been a lay teacher who took our lessons. I don't know why they did it but I remember being taught every Irish rebel song under the sun. Looking back, if you didn't know them then you were probably disciplined for it. I couldn't say in what way. Unfortunately, due to the educational foundations I had, I wasn't the brightest of boys. I remember having to spell everything phonetically.

Leisure time

33. I think my memories of the place are fine partly because there was so much to do during the day. The Brothers would take you down to a massive playing field to play football. We did running and various other sports there. There weren't any clubs or societies at St Mungo's that we could join or be part of.

Religious instruction

34. It was a religious institution so you always had to go to chapel. Going to chapel was a compulsory thing. There was a priest who came in to take Mass. Religious

instruction went on all of the time in one form or another. At times this included going on retreats within St Mungo's. That involved a priest coming in and giving us lectures on religious things.

Trips / holidays

35. I remember being taken out by the Brothers on nature walks and walks into the hills here, there and everywhere. It was beautiful countryside. I don't recall being taken anywhere outside of Ayrshire.

Leave home

36. I never got to go home at all during the two years I was at St Mungo's.

Birthdays / Christmas

37. [REDACTED] I don't remember my birthday being marked. I don't remember birthday parties being held for anyone. Christmas was a religious thing. It wasn't as if you were dished out presents, a Christmas tree put up or anything like that. On Christmas Day you went to Mass and carols were sung. It was all the usual stuff.

Visits / Inspections / Review of Detention

38. I don't have any actual memories of my family visiting me. If I did get visited by my family it would have happened very rarely. It was a long way for them to get down to see me. If I was visited it would have probably been my mother rather than my father or my siblings. I don't think there were any social workers, or people from any other authority, who came to visit me. I don't recall anyone from the outside ever coming in to chat with the boys. The only person I could think of who was like that would be the priests who came in to give Mass or run the retreats. There weren't any inspections. I don't recall anyone at either St Mungo's or St Joseph's ever asking us about how we were being treated.

Letters / telephone

39. There was no phone so you couldn't call home. I am sure you were able to write letters home to your family but that wasn't something I personally remember doing.

Healthcare

40. There was a matron and a surgery you could go to if you were ill or injured. I only remember going there on one occasion. I never saw a dentist whilst I was there.

Pastoral care

41. There was no one I could speak to from the perspective of my emotional wellbeing. I don't think there was anything in place to allow boys to do that. I think I probably would have remembered that if there was. I don't think there was a point where I would have wanted that. I was a bit tougher back then because of what I had previously experienced prior to being placed in care.

Running away

42. I don't think I ran away whilst I was at St Mungo's. There were other boys who did though. They would be caught and brought back. I don't know what happened to those boys when they were brought back. If physical punishments were issued that didn't happen in front of me.

Bed-wetting

43. I don't think I had any issues with bed-wetting. There were other boys who did have that problem though. If you were a bed-wetter everybody else would know that that was what you were. I don't think those boys were treated very well by the staff because it seemed to be a big thing when they wet their beds. The boy would be made by the Brothers to drag off their sheets in the morning. I think they were also verbally told off. I don't think there was any physical stuff happened. I couldn't say

what happened beyond that. Kids being kids they could be pretty ruthless with those who had wet their beds and that led to bullying.

Discipline

44. I think generally the discipline was fine at St Mungo's. It didn't cause any issues for me. If you misbehaved you would be given the belt across your bare backside. That could be issued by any of the Brothers. If you were going to be given the belt you were taken to another room.

Abuse at St Mungo's Approved School

45. Looking back at St Mungo's it was generally fine. I think we were fairly well looked after. It wasn't all bad and I have some fond memories of my time there. There probably were a lot of good staff members there. It was a good place apart from one person who made it our living hell. All my memories of the school would have been good were it not for that particular individual.

Brother LAA

46. Brother LAA is the only staff member I identifiably recall as being abusive in the home. I don't know what was wrong with Brother LAA but he made our life hell. I think most kids were terrified of him. I am absolutely sure that if anyone were to be asked about their time at St Mungo's they would mention Brother LAA's name. Very little would spark off his anger. It didn't take much misbehaviour to set him off. Looking back, he was a fairly sick guy.
47. One of the things he used to do to boys, including myself, is pick them up by their sideburns. You could be lifted right off of the ground. Brother LAA seemed to take great pleasure in doing that. I remember that his teeth were always gritted whilst he did that. On other occasions he would grab hold of boys and hammer the shit out of

them. It would take nothing for him to grab a boy and give them a smack with his open hand around the back of their heads. He would hit boys multiple times. He didn't seem to have any issues with doing that. I remember him in particular doing that in the playground.

48. I didn't like cocoa and still don't to this day. When I was given it I would hand it to one of the boys behind me to avoid drinking it. The boy would hand me his own empty cup back in return. One day Brother LAA must have spotted me doing this. He asked me, just before we were dismissed to our dormitory, whether I had swapped my cocoa and I told him "no." He then dismissed all of the other boys and told me to stay in the kitchen. Brother LAA then gave me a cup of cocoa and made me drink it. He proceeded to fill me up with cocoa for about three hours. I'd drink it, throw it up and he would then give me more in my cup. He stood in the corner of the kitchen just watching me between and during every cup. It all went on so long that the night-watchman eventually came on shift. I remember that when he appeared Brother LAA turned to him and told him to make sure that I finished the cocoa. After Brother LAA left the night-watchman turned to me, told me to pour the cocoa down the sink and then told me to go to bed. My impression was that he was disgusted with what Brother LAA was doing to me.

49. There was a time when I had an abscess on my stomach. It could have been a boil or something like that. I decided to hide it because I was worried about all the horrible things that people might do to me if they saw it. I would think about it being cut with a scalpel and things like that. I don't know what I had done wrong but one day Brother LAA punched me in my stomach and burst the abscess. Brother LAA, who didn't know about the presence of the abscess, saw the blood all over my shirt and was scared. He sent me off to see the matron in the surgery that was within St Mungo's. Brother LAA didn't say anything else to me after the incident but I imagine he spoke to the matron to find out what the story was.

Unnamed Brother

50. I can't recall whether this happened in St Mungo's, St Joseph's or both but there was something strange surrounding the communal showers. There were showerheads either side of the room and we would all wash ourselves facing the walls. There was one Brother who would come into the shower room and get all the boys to turn around so they were facing one another across the room. I don't know who that Brother was but Brother [LAA] may or may not have been the person involved. Whoever the Brother was he would walk up and down between the boys just looking at us. He would go back and forth multiple times. All the boys knew what he was up to. As a child I was a bit modest and didn't want to show my genitalia to anyone.

Reporting of abuse whilst at St Mungo's Approved School

51. After the incident with Brother [LAA] where I was punched in the stomach I was sent to see the matron who worked in St Mungo's. When I took off my shirt to show the matron my stomach she asked me what had happened. I told the matron that Brother [LAA] had punched me. Looking back, her response was as if I had said the worst possible thing. She said "how dare you" and told me that she was reporting me to the headmaster for telling lies. I don't recall whether I ultimately was sent to the headmaster. I don't remember anything happening after that. I don't know what land they were living in because I am sure that staff witnessed what was going on from time to time. They must have been aware Brother [LAA] was hitting the boys.
52. I didn't report anything else at any other time to anyone whilst I was there. I don't think what the matron said stopped me from reporting things further, rather, I think I was just too frightened to report things. You had no one to report things to anyway. I knew I would be dealing with authority and they wouldn't take any notice. That had been my experience whenever I have been involved with systems in the past. All that led to you just sucking things up.

Leaving St Mungo's Approved School

53. We discovered that St Mungo's was closing down in 1956. It was never actually announced to us by the staff but we heard rumours amongst the boys. From what I remember a lot of the children at that time got discharged home. However, it was decided that five or six children, including myself, would be sent to St Joseph's instead. I think I was told that by someone. I really don't know why I was selected to go to St Joseph's and don't know the backgrounds of the other boys who went with me. Nobody gave me an explanation why I was going to St Joseph's but I was somehow under the impression that they really didn't want to send me to Glasgow. I remember feeling disappointed but I couldn't say how I felt otherwise. I think the more disappointing aspect for me was that Brother LAA was the only staff member coming with us. I remember feeling fearful of that.
54. I didn't speak to my parents, or was even given the opportunity to, before I left St Mungo's. There were no phones at that time so that would have been more difficult to do. I don't know whether my parents were aware of me being moved. They must have been informed at some point because my mother came to visit me once or twice when I was at St Joseph's.
55. We were all taken to St Joseph's in a combi van with a driver. I don't know who the driver was. Also in the van was Brother LAA. That was the first and only time I saw Brother LAA in civilian clothes. I'm not sure what time we left St Mungo's but the whole journey seemed to take forever. I used to get travel sickness and had to get out of the van two or three times to throw up. I remember one of the occasions being in Edinburgh. It might have been somewhere near the top of Leith Walk. Brother LAA wasn't impressed with me at all when that happened. We arrived at St Joseph's fairly late on because I remember it being dark.

St Joseph's School, Tranent, East Lothian

56. St Joseph's was run by the De La Salle order. I arrived there in 1956 and left when I was fifteen in 1959. I was there approximately three years.

Layout of St Joseph's School

57. It was a place that was much the same as St Mungo's. It was a big mansion. At the back of the building was a very large playground. Beyond that, towards Meadowmill, was a big park which we would use for exercise and playing sport. To the front of the main building was a big shed where you were taught metalwork. There was a playground and an aviary where one of the Brothers kept pheasants, canaries and budgies.
58. There were big doors at the entrance of the main building with a big long corridor that led off to the administration area of the ground floor. Also on that floor was the kitchen which doubled up as a dining area, a cloakroom, toilets and possibly the shower room. On the stairs leading up to the first floor was another toilet. The chapel and classrooms were all located on the third floor. Brother **GRE** classroom was directly above the kitchen. Brother **MJI** classroom was right next to the chapel. The dormitory was on the top floor. I only recall there being one dormitory.

Staff

59. The headmaster was in charge of all the other staff. The staff were all De La Salle Brothers apart from one lay teacher who used to do metalwork. There may have been other civilian staff but I don't recall them. All the Brothers stayed on the premises.
60. Brother **GEC** was **SNR**. He was a tall fairly elderly thin man. He had grey combed over hair.

61. Brother **LAA** was the only staff member who was sent from St Mungo's to St Joseph's after it shut down. I don't think he actually taught at St Joseph's and don't remember what he did. I don't ever remember being in a classroom with him there.
62. Brother **MJI** was one of the Brothers who taught classes. He had a classroom that was located right next to the chapel on the third floor. He took certain classes that I attended. I don't recall a specific subject that he taught. He was probably in his late forties when I was at St Joseph's and was about five foot eight inches tall. He wore glasses and had greying wavy type hair.
63. Brother **GRE** was the other Brother in St Joseph's who taught classes. He also took a lot of the kids for sport and things like that. He was a bit younger than the other Brothers. He was a big man who wore glasses, was quite tall and had brown reddish hair.

The children at St Joseph's School

64. St Joseph's was all boys. There would have been between fifty and sixty boys there at any one time. The age range was between about nine years old and fifteen. There were boys from all over the country. I remember boys from Brora, places in Fife, Edinburgh and Glasgow. They were from all over the place. Everybody was Catholic. I don't remember boys of other religious backgrounds being there. The backgrounds of how boys came to be at St Joseph's was much the same as St Mungo's.

Houses

65. There were four houses by the names of St Joseph's, St Patrick's, St Andrew's and one other. When I arrived I was placed in St Patrick's which was the same house I had been in in St Mungo's. I don't recall the dormitories or classes being divided up by house. Houses were used to divide us up when we were being lined up outside.

Routine at St Joseph's School

First day

66. I didn't see much of St Joseph's when I arrived because it was dark. I don't recall what happened after we arrived. Those thoughts just aren't in my memory. I don't recall where the other boys who arrived with me went. They might have been placed somewhere else rather than being kept together.

Daily routine

67. The daily routine was fairly mundane with nothing overly exciting going on. You would get up, get showered then get dressed. After that you would have breakfast before heading off for your classes. I am not sure how long the classes lasted but there was lunch in the middle of the day. After classes we would play in the playground followed by an evening meal. I don't think there was supper later on in the day. I think we went to bed at approximately 8:00 pm. At weekends there were no classes but you had to go to Mass all the time. There was evening Mass and God knows what else. It was as if they were trying to brainwash you with it all during the weekends.

Sleeping arrangements

68. The dorm I was in contained between fifty and sixty beds with a locker and chair by each one. They were lined up along both sides of the room. All boys, whatever their age, stayed in the one dormitory. You had to say prayers before you went to bed. I think there was a period where the lights were on before they were turned off. There were dim night lights left on along the sides of the dormitory after that. Sleeping in a dormitory was as you can imagine. It could be noisy at times with people talking in their sleep and things like that.
69. I'm sure that there was either one or two Brothers who were around at night on duty. There was a night-watchman but I think he basically worked as a caretaker and administrator around the grounds. The night-watchman was a lay member of staff

who came in whilst the Brothers slept to keep watch. I don't think they came into the dormitories at night. I would doubt very much that that happened. I don't think any of the boys had issues with the night-watchmen.

Washing / bathing

70. You had a shower every morning. I don't think you could go at any other times. I think it was a communal shower with showerheads down each wall. They provided you with toiletries. I think they gave you a toothbrush, toothpaste and soap.

Mealtimes / food

71. The food was reasonable and you got fed enough. I think you had to go and get your food. You sat at whatever seat was available. A Brother would say Grace before mealtimes and we would all have to repeat it. The Brothers were always present watching you with their arms folded and each hand in its opposing sleeve. You could chat during mealtimes. I don't recall any incidents because the Brothers were always standing there. You wouldn't dare do anything.

Chores

72. We probably were given chores to do but I don't remember them. There would have been various things we had to do to keep the dormitory tidy. I think there were cleaners who came in to do things like polishing the floors. I don't recall ever doing something like that.

Clothing / uniform

73. We had none of our own clothing and it was all theirs. However, I don't think we were sharing clothing. The uniform was much the same as it had been at St Mungo's. I can't recall anything surrounding laundry.

Possessions / pocket money

74. I didn't receive any pocket money. You didn't buy anything because you didn't have any money. I don't really recall having any personal possessions. Sometimes if someone got a visit they might be given something by their visitor. I think I was once given a Meccano set, or something like that, because I remember having that. I kept that in my bedside table.

School

75. Each classroom contained between fifteen and twenty boys. Brother **GRE** and Brother **MJI** each had a separate class. I don't feel I was particularly academically brilliant at school but got through it. I still can't do joined up hand writing and have to print everything out instead. I could only spell phonetically. I don't know why I was never taught how to handwrite properly. I think I probably did get support from the Brothers who were teachers. I don't think I was the dumbest kid in the class and there were a few other kids who had worse issues than my own.

Leisure time

76. I don't know where I acquired them from but I was allowed to keep a couple of rabbits. They were domestic rather than wild rabbits. I don't know why the Brothers allowed me to keep them but they did. There weren't any clubs or societies at St Joseph's that we could join or be part of.
77. St Joseph's had a pipe band that would put on a show every now and again. I don't recall who was in charge of the band in terms of staff. Someone must have organised it but I don't know who that would have been. All the regalia was available and the boys would get all dressed up. If a teacher thought you might be good at music then you would be pulled aside and made to join the band to practice. I often tried to learn the pipes but I don't think I had enough wind for them. That led to me playing the drums. I wasn't very good at them either.

Religious instruction

78. Overall I was indifferent to the religion in St Joseph's. I just accepted it was all part of the routine. You used to have religious sessions in your classroom during the day. There was a chapel within the main building. You seemed to be in the chapel a lot. You were in there just about every day. I remember often going to the chapel and praying to the statue of the Virgin Mary to "get me the fuck out of here."
79. For some reason I was an altar boy in the chapel. A few boys were picked out to do that. I don't know why that was or how I was selected to do that. I didn't have much choice surrounding that. I would have to support the priest who came into St Joseph's to give Mass. I remember having to learn religious Latin and was tutored alongside other boys in other things too. There were no privileges attached to being an altar boy.
80. They would sometimes put you on what they called a retreat for the boys in St Joseph's. Sometimes the Brothers would be there and at other times they weren't. It was more a religious thing than anything else. It used to be a young priest who would come in to take that. The priest would be very evangelistic and full of fire. However, they would be friendly and the boys would look up to them. The retreats would last a whole week. You'd go on the retreat and spend your time praying, receiving lectures, singing hymns and doing this and that. You would come out of the retreat feeling very holy. I would feel holier than thou after the week had ended. Looking back, it was a form of brain washing.

Trips / holidays

81. The Brothers used to take you on fairly long walks. I remember being taken out to go to Riggerhead Farm near to where the battlefield of the battle of Prestonpans was. We'd be given history lessons and things like that. There was an occasion when they took us to the cinema in Edinburgh to see 'The Ten Commandments.' I think they only took us to that because it was a religious movie. They took us there and back on buses.

82. Boys who didn't go home for either leave or holidays would be taken to a place called Tealing which was just north of Dundee. That happened once a year and would last for about six weeks. A certain number of staff would come with us. I don't recall whether Brother LAA came on those trips but he may have. We would pick strawberries and raspberries on the fruit farms there. There were huts that we used to sleep in. We worked every day except the weekends when I can't remember what we did. We didn't receive any payment for that but I think the Brothers did. I didn't mind the trips to Tealing and remember stuffing myself silly with strawberries. At that age you were more agile so you could manage being down on your knees picking strawberries all day long. The routine was fairly relaxed and, as a child from Glasgow, being on a farm felt like a novelty. The weather also always seemed to be ok.

Leave home

83. I think some boys got to go home for the holidays and had leave. I never got any leave. I was at St Joseph's right from the day I started to the time I was released.

Birthdays / Christmas

84. I don't recall anything different being done for my birthday or at Christmas time. It was the same as St Mungo's. Christmas was treated as a religious thing by the Brothers. It was all singing carols and things like that.

Visits / Inspections / Review of Detention

85. I very rarely received any visits. Some boys got them more regularly but that wasn't the case for me. My mother came to visit me on a couple of occasions. The first time would have been some time after I arrived. It might look a short distance today but in those times it was fair hop and a jump to get to Tranent from Glasgow. They didn't have the funds to travel anyway. You were left alone when you had visitors. There wasn't anything like Brothers telling you what to say or not say beforehand.

86. I don't remember receiving any visits from social workers or from anyone outside. That didn't exist back then. There was nobody who kept me updated as to how long I would be at St Joseph's. No one told me how long I was going to be there when I arrived. There was nothing like that throughout my time there. The only thing I knew was that when I turned fifteen there was a chance that I would be discharged. I knew that was how the approved schools operated. That wasn't to say that that was what always happened. Looking back, I think I can safely say that there was no one who was looking out for my welfare. I certainly didn't experience anything like that myself. It was as if the Brothers were trusted to do their jobs and that was fine by society.

Healthcare

87. There would have been a matron there but I don't ever recall being really sick. I don't remember any boys being taken to hospital or anything like that. I never sought medical attention for any of the injuries I sustained following abuse from the Brothers. You were terrified to do that because you wouldn't know how to explain what had happened. You just hoped that the injuries would go away. In the end they always did. I don't recall there being anything surrounding dentists or dentistry.
88. I don't think the Brothers were aware of it but I had pleurisy when I was six or seven years old. I'd ended up in Stobhill Hospital followed by a period of recuperation in Lenzie. I wasn't able to run very fast because of the impact of the pleurisy. I remember that Brother LAA would be a real bastard and would make me run even though I couldn't. I just couldn't do that because of what I had suffered from when I was younger.

Running away

89. There were a lot more boys who used to run away from St Joseph's compared to St Mungo's. It was an easy place to escape from. It wasn't as if it was somewhere that was all locked up. You could just disappear if you wanted to. The Brothers soon found out which boys were missing when they 'called the houses.' That was when they called on all the boys to line up in the playground to be counted. That all happened

fairly regularly. I wouldn't say that happened on a daily basis but it happened from time to time. That was when they usually discovered someone was missing but sometimes it was at mealtimes too. Looking back, they kept a fairly strict eye on the numbers.

90. I once tried to run away but I didn't get far. There were a couple of us who escaped. I think I'd just had it and it could well have been after a certain incident. I haven't for the life of me got a clue where I thought I was going to get to. I certainly wasn't going to go back to Glasgow. I think I got to Prestonpans or somewhere like that. I think one of the Brothers picked me up in a car. I don't think it was the police who found me. I still had my green jacket on so I stood out like a Christmas tree. I would have only been away for about half a day or something like that. I think I got taken to the SNR [REDACTED], Brother GEC [REDACTED], when I got back and was given a telling off. I don't recall being punished in any other way for it. I'd imagine other boys were punished for running away but I never witnessed what happened to them.

Bed-wetting

91. Bed-wetting was never an issue for me at St Joseph's but there were boys who would do that. It was much the same as St Mungo's in terms of the way that was dealt with. Boys would have to take all their sheets off and get their mattresses dry. Everybody would see that and, kids being kids, that would lead to cruelty and so on.

Discipline

92. I was always under the impression that you just did as you were told. You didn't have much choice in that. I felt that the discipline was a bit tighter than it was in St Mungo's. You were more out in the open and there always seemed to be more Brothers around. The use of the belt continued amongst the Brothers in St Joseph's. They all loved that strap and would take you away to administer it across your bare backside. I remember the welts that they left were sore for days after. It was a black strap about twelve inches long with two tails. I don't recall whether they all carried a strap but the ones

that did carried them inside a pocket in their gowns. I remember Brother LAA in particular using the strap but he wasn't the only one.

Bullying amongst the children

93. Bullying wasn't something that I experienced but it did go on amongst the boys. It came from the boys and was usually one kid versus another kid. There were wee bits and pieces of that. There was not a lot done by the Brothers to combat the bullying. Looking back, I think that boys were being led by example and acting how the Brothers were acting. Boys being boys they were following that behaviour.

Abuse at St Joseph's School

94. I didn't like the atmosphere at St Joseph's but I had no choice. There were a lot of other boys who didn't like it too. Fear ruled in St Joseph's. That fear was always with all of us. Just the presence of the Brothers around you left you feeling that way. We'd all had experiences which resulted us in being scared of them. My experience was what Brother LAA had done in the past at St Mungo's. There were occasionally some kids who could just never be controlled. They would be taken away and presumably given a hammering by a Brother but it usually didn't make a difference to them. Generally boys just tried to behave.
95. The abuse and incidents happened throughout my time there. The things I mention in this statement are the incidents that particularly stick out clearly in my mind but there would have been other things. I was there a long time so it is difficult for me to say a particular thing happened at a particular time.

Brother GRE

96. I was only able to spell phonetically. For whatever reason one of the words that I just could not spell was 'attention.' I would only spell it 'attenshon' because that was the

only way I could spell things. I remember that during one of Brother GRE's classes he pulled me to the front of the class and made me write out 'attention' on the blackboard. Every time I wrote it out I misspelled it. Every time I wrote it out incorrectly he smacked me across my calves with a ruler. That continued for nearly half the day. I continuously misspelled the word and he continuously smacked me with the ruler across my calves in front of the class. During the breaks he gave me a piece of paper and made me write down the word 'so many' times. He would tell me he wanted it done by the time he came back.

97. Not once did Brother GRE give me the correct spelling for the word. Looking back, it was a bizarre way to teach me. I was completely humiliated in front of all the other boys in the class. What I experienced was probably something that happened to other boys in the class but I don't recall that specifically. It certainly was something that happened to me and wasn't something I experienced in any of the other classes.

Brother LAA

98. If Brother LAA wasn't around you would generally be fine. I don't recall him being in the classrooms and I'm not sure what his exact role was but I remember him mostly from being in the playground. He would watch all of us like a hawk. He didn't act any differently to how he had been at St Mungo's. He treated the boys already present at St Joseph's in much the same way as he had treated us at St Mungo's. It still didn't take much for him to react to boys. I don't think the boy's in St Joseph's knew what was coming before he arrived.
99. Brother LAA continued to pick up boys by their sideburns by way of some sort of punishment. I remember him standing up on a stair whilst we were all lined up in our houses in the playground. He would call boys out to do that, literally grab hold of their hair and try to pick them up off of the ground. I remember that happening to me at St Joseph's. It was quite painful. Sometimes he would give you a slap across the side of the face after he did that. Other times he wouldn't try to pick you up and just give you a smack across the side of your face instead. He did all of that openly and repeatedly in front of all the other boys.

100. We all wore what was called a jerkin as part of our uniform which was like a waistcoat with an elasticated waist. One day I pulled out the elastic so that I could make a sling. I was just being a boy and doing what boys do. Brother LAA caught me doing that and said to me something like "if your parents had bought your clothes would you be doing that?" I said that I wouldn't do that and then it seemed that everything went quiet. At that time I thought that I had got off with things lightly. Little did I realise what was coming down the pipeline.
101. Brother LAA later took me into the cloakroom on the ground floor. When I got into the cloakroom we were alone and he told me to pull my shorts and pants down. He then pulled out a belt that he always carried with him. It was a black strap about twelve inches long with two tails on it. He then proceeded to try and smack me across my backside with the belt. I remember that Brother LAA couldn't get a clean shot because I was always jumping. Eventually he got so frustrated he just lost it. Somehow I ended up in a corner and he proceeded to stamp and kick me all over. I remember he was wearing a pair of black shoes. At times he was actually stamping on my head. I remember his gown obstructing him and preventing him from getting a really good kick. I thought that he was going to kill me and that he had gone crazy. Even with his past behaviour it wasn't something I would expect from a Brother. It was quite a beating. The whole incident lasted quite some time. I think it came to an end because he had got exhausted. It was too much effort to continue stamping and kicking me. After he was finished he told me to pull my shorts and pants up and to get into the playground which I did.
102. I was sore but I didn't have any visible injuries following the incident. Being a kid you are fairly plastic in that respect. There were non-visible consequences for me though. I don't recall whether it was that afternoon or the following day but I went to the toilet. I was standing at the urinal with all the other kids. That was when I noticed that I was pissing blood. When I noticed that I went into one of the cubicles because I didn't want anybody to see it. At the time I didn't realise it was blood because I had had an experience with beetroot a long time before that. I thought it was much the same but I couldn't remember eating beetroot. Eventually the blood slowed down and my urine

became clear. It is only in adulthood that I have related me passing blood with Brother LAA's beating. It seems to me pretty likely there was a connection between the two things.

103. I think I told some of the other boys that Brother LAA had given me a bit of a hammering but that sort of thing wasn't unusual. There was no one else in the room during the incident. I don't think he, nor any other Brother, would openly do things like that in front of other people.

Brother MJI

104. I never had an issue with Brother MJI when it came to punishment. He wasn't the sort of Brother to inflict that on the boys. If he did then I know nothing about that. During one of Brother MJI's classes I was reading a book called 'The Young Chevalier' which was a book about Bonnie Prince Charlie. During the course of reading the book I came across the word 'adultery' and asked Brother MJI what the word meant. He came out with a bit of a spiel. He said it was being unfaithful in the eyes of God and things like that.
105. As we were all leaving the classroom for a break in the playground he called out to me to stay behind. Once everyone had left the room he sat down at his desk and I stood beside him. He then brought out two little booklets on sex and men and women. As I was standing listening to him explaining from the book he took his hand and placed it up one of the legs of my short trousers and moved his hand towards my genitalia. He then touched my testicles. I literally froze. I couldn't say anything or do anything. It's hard to say how long all of that lasted because I felt frozen in time. It couldn't have been too long. The whole break couldn't have been longer than twenty minutes or something like that.
106. When Brother MJI was done he pulled his hand away and told me to go down to the toilet that was half way up the stairs. He told me that once the rest of the class had come in from their break I should re-join the class. He also told me not to say to anyone what had happened. When I came back after the break and sat down at my

desk my mind was blank. What happened never happened again to me and was never mentioned. I'm not aware whether he did what he did to me to anyone else. Looking back, I had a guilt complex about the incident. I felt that I had taken part in something that I shouldn't have.

Unnamed Brothers

107. I couldn't say whether it was at St Joseph's or St Mungo's where the incident I described earlier took place with Brothers getting boys to turn around to glance at their genitals in the shower room. If it was in St Joseph's it was exactly the same as I described in St Mungo's and I couldn't say which Brothers were involved. I couldn't say for certain whether Brother LAA was one of the Brothers who was involved. What I can say is that we were all wide awake to what was going on.
108. At night time in the dormitory night lights would be put on. There used to be evening visits by Brothers to the dormitory. I couldn't say which ones because it was too dark. You would see them in the distance though. I remember seeing them sitting down on certain boys' beds. I think they would say a prayer or something. I think that was the pretence for them coming into the room. Sometimes you could see their hands going underneath the sheets. That never happened with me but I could see that happening with other boys.
109. I couldn't say what time it was happening because I didn't have a watch. It was certainly sometime after we had gone to bed because most of us were asleep. I would think it was at least an hour after we went to bed. I couldn't say how often it happened because a lot of the time I would be asleep. I can say that I saw that happening a number of times though over the years. None of the boys who experienced that discussed it. I tend to think that they were in the same boat as I was following the incident with Brother MJI insomuch as they couldn't really discuss it. That fear would always be there. I don't think it caused an atmosphere in the dorm overall because either the kids were asleep or those who were aware of it just didn't want to think about it.

Reporting of abuse whilst at St Joseph's School

110. I'd never dream of speaking with any of the other boys about what happened with Brother **MJI**. That was one of those things that you just wouldn't do. If that had got out then it could have worked both ways. It might have been interpreted by people that you were having some sort of intimate thing with a Brother. Conversely, it would just be denied and you would then be getting questioned why you were saying what you were saying. There were no outside visitors who spoke to you, however, you wouldn't have told visitors what was going on anyway. Being a Catholic you had it on your mind back then that you didn't tell about these sort of things. No one would believe you that Brothers would be doing the things that they were doing. Things are very different now in terms of people believing that these things were happening.

Leaving St Joseph's School

111. At some time when I was fifteen years old I heard a conversation about me potentially being sent off to borstal. I can't recall where I heard that conversation. In the end, it was the same situation as when I was initially placed into care. My uncle from Dundee once again stepped in. I don't think my parents, as had been the case in the past, were very pro-active when it came to my care. They had other issues going on with a whole load of other children. I don't think they had evolved any further from the time that I had been placed into care. I think there was a meeting between my uncle, the Brothers and someone else that I didn't know which I wasn't present at. Eventually it was agreed that I would go to stay in Dundee with my uncle instead of Glasgow. In hindsight, that was probably the best thing that could have happened.
112. I don't recall there being any great procedure surrounding me leaving St Joseph's. I was picked up by my uncle and, I think, taken by bus back to Dundee. It all felt like a great relief to me. I was happy that I was going to Dundee and was over the moon I was getting out of St Joseph's.

Life after leaving care

113. When I got back to Dundee I didn't end up staying with my uncle. I initially stayed with an auntie before staying with my grandmother. I had no contact with my parents or my siblings in Glasgow. That wasn't something that I particularly wanted because of the bad memories I had. I eventually got a job in one of the jute mills in Dundee. That was a mind bogglingly dull job. I sat all day putting pins into boards. I worked five and a half days a week earning about £2. What I earned was at the very lower end of the scale in terms of pay in those days. I wasn't long in that job before I became a delivery boy for a co-operative. I'd deliver all these parcels from a van with another man. I had another job after that.
114. When I turned sixteen I wrote away to join the merchant navy and was accepted. I ended up going down to Berkeley in Gloucestershire to do my training on an old German training ship. When I finished my training I came back to Dundee and joined a ship. I did a circumnavigation of the globe aboard that ship which was fantastic. I worked as a deck boy. I spent my seventeenth birthday in Hamburg in Germany towards the end of that trip. The final destination was Glasgow. I think the whole trip took about seven months. When I got off at Glasgow I couldn't get out of there quick enough. That was the first time I had been in Glasgow since being taken into care. I didn't go to see any of my family. I went straight to the train station and caught a train back to Dundee. I ultimately did ten years in the merchant navy and by the end of it I rose to the rank of able seaman. My time in the merchant navy was fascinating. Considering where I had come from there probably wasn't a place in the world that I didn't go to by the end of my naval career.
115. After my ten years I wanted a change and didn't want to go back to Scotland. I had a couple of friends who lived out in Melbourne in Australia so I went there. I intended joining the merchant navy out there but, during the three months I had to wait, I ended up getting a job as a medical orderly in a hospital. After twelve months there I trained as a nurse and passed my nursing exams quite well. When I returned back to the hospital I started at I asked to work in emergency nursing but was placed in urology instead. I was about twenty six years old when I started as a nurse there. I eventually

became a nurse specialist. I had my own clinic and became involved with training patients in their own care.

116. I worked with a consultant for nearly thirty years. My intention was to retire at the same time as him but I carried on for another eight or nine years after he retired. I ultimately retired when I was about seventy five years old. I have never had a family. I think what stopped me was my experiences in Glasgow before going into care. I had a partner but that didn't last too long. I have enjoyed having a freehand at doing what I liked. I'm enjoying my retirement. I have a house with a big garden to maintain and travel often to Scotland to visit family. I'm very fortunate. I have a lot of really good friends and enjoy life, I really do.

Contact with institutions in adult life

117. A number of years ago I went back to Mauchline to try and find St Mungo's. I don't know why I did that but I couldn't find it. I often think back to St Joseph's and think about going back to the area to see it. Whenever I come up on the train and pass Dunbar I always look out the window to try and see St Joseph's. I don't know why I do that either. I'm not sure why I want to re-visit the places I was during my time in care.

Impact

118. I'm sure that there are people who were in the places I was who have been impacted a lot worse than me. My journey when I was a child allowed me to become what I am now. I tend to think that my experiences in care have made me stronger and more confident. I do occasionally get emotional about my childhood but I can also, at times, laugh about it as well. I think about some of the things that happened in a positive way and appreciate that some of it may have been character building. I can talk about it all now. I don't think I feel guilt surrounding the incident with Brother MJI now

but I do get emotional thinking about it. There has been no lasting impacts on my physical health.

119. There may have been an impact on relationships in later life to a certain extent. I didn't make contact with my siblings for many years but eventually got in touch with them. I still meet up and stay with them when I am across in Scotland. By the time I was in St Joseph's my younger brother had been sent to St Ninian's near Stirling. It was another home that was run by De La Salle Brothers. For whatever reason they were the organisation that was chosen to be the keepers of the keys for both of us. I often speak to my younger brother about his time in care. I don't think he had any great issues during his time there. However, the impact on him was that after being placed in an institution he went from one to another then on to jail. He just went from one place to the next and never got out of the chain. He spent nearly seventeen years institutionalised. He's alright now but that happened.
120. It's hard to say whether I was affected by the education I did or didn't receive in care. I think a lot of the issues were with me at the start. Sometimes I was at my primary school and sometimes I wasn't. Sometimes I was kept out of school because I was ill and so on. Those were the social circumstances I found myself within and I wasn't the only kid experiencing that.
121. I had previously attended a chapel in Townhead called St Mungo's but it wasn't something that I was impressed by. I went because I had to rather than because I wanted to. That was the same when I was in care. I'm no longer religious. That is most definitely because of the experiences I had as a child.
122. I don't think my time in care has done any lasting damage on my mental health. You often hear people talking about their mental health, having mental breakdowns and so on. It may seem harsh but when I hear people talking about their issues I can't help but think "you don't have a clue." I don't get flashbacks but sometimes memories will crop up during conversations. I fairly regularly think back to my time in care. When I think about it I tend to think about how we were all given a raw deal. People are still suffering to this day from all sorts of experiences they have had in their lives. It's just

how the cards are dealt. I was dealt the cards I was but, at the end of the day, I wouldn't have got to where I am now without them. God knows what would have happened if I had ended up in Glasgow. I probably would have ended up in jail.

Reporting of abuse after leaving care

123. For years there was no way that I would sit down and discuss the things that happened during my time in care. I just wouldn't have been able to have done that. Nowadays it doesn't bother me. I still get emotional about it but I can talk about it. My route to contacting the Inquiry came through my interactions surrounding a painting by an artist called [REDACTED]. She used to paint the children in the streets in Glasgow when I was a small boy. [REDACTED] Quite some time ago an art expert got hold of one of her paintings. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] That lead to the art expert tracking me down, contacting me in Melbourne and asking what had happened to me. When I discussed what had happened, and the institutions I had been to, he told me about the Inquiry. He mentioned that he was aware that the Inquiry might be looking into both the institutions I had been at. After learning about that I came to the decision to make an application and that has, in turn, led to me providing this statement.
124. After first contacting the Inquiry I spoke to the police. That would have been some time after early 2022. A nice policeman called me up in Melbourne. I think I told the policeman everything that I have mentioned in this statement in terms of abuse. He told me that Brother [LAA] 's name had cropped up a number of times and that there had been a number of reports where he had been mentioned. He told me that the police hadn't heard about Brother [MJI] before. I mentioned how I had felt in the past and that I was so angry I had wanted to get revenge particularly against Brother [LAA]. In response to that the policeman said that I didn't need to worry about that now because Brother [LAA] was now dead. At the end of the telephone call the policeman asked me what my expectations were and I told him that I didn't have any. He said that the police would get in touch with me again to formally interview me. He

mentioned that he would need to speak to someone in the proper jurisdiction for that to be undertaken. I think he said the police would contact me if things progressed to the point of them trying to get convictions. I ultimately provided a statement to the police later on in 2022. That was done over the internet. It was a young police woman who took my statement. I think she was from Edinburgh. She was actually very good.

Records

125. I've never sought to obtain any records. It isn't something that I am interested in as I can't see the point.

Lessons to be learned

126. I don't think children should be placed in institutions at a young age. That leads to them being institutionalised. Nowadays children tend to get into trouble over a protracted period of time before they are placed in some sort of care. I think the attitude back when I was a boy was more just to shove children in an approved school, or somewhere like that, out of the way.
127. There was no preparation provided for the outside world. None of that existed at all. Absolutely nothing was done. After being so long in care you felt a bit strange when you came out and walking the streets in somewhere like Dundee. It was a totally different environment away from the Brothers. Looking back, I seemed to adjust fairly well to it all. I think, fortunately for me given my background, I was a bit streetwise.
128. There is part of me that blames my parents and parents who had multiple children. If you can't provide for your children then you shouldn't have them. Children are precious. From what I see in Glasgow, and other areas of Scotland, there are children in exactly the same position as I was when I was younger. You can walk the streets and see what happens to children who have been in care. They are either dosed up

on drugs or homeless. Poverty brings on that. It removes hope and leaves some people in those places.

129. Children who find themselves in poverty can be helped through the provision of proper support and facilities. When I was a child in Glasgow we didn't have access to that. Facilities need to be built and mentors need to be provided. I appreciate that will cost money but it will pay off in the long term. Mentors need to be available to treat children positively and to encourage them. If you treat a child positively then you will get a positive reaction. The vulnerable need to be looked after. You need to get to the root of the problem. If a child is stealing something then they should be asked by those in authority why they are doing that. The child's difficulties and family background should be looked into. The answer shouldn't be to place the child straight into care or a reform school.
130. I don't think any of the Brothers were trained. I think the only reason the Order looked after children was because it brought in money and allowed the Order to continue. The Orders that ran institutions where children were supposed to be looked after now have a shocking reputation. Looking back, I just don't know how they were allowed to be in charge of children. However, the system allowed that to happen. I don't believe that people weren't aware of what was going on. I think it was just easier for people to place children at these institutions and just brush it under the carpet. I think that those Orders should just be disbanded because the Brothers' behaviour was just absolutely disgraceful.
131. If there are people looking after children within institutions it should be lay people who have families. It should be people who come from a background, such as teaching, who can relate to kids. The Brothers at St Mungo's and St Joseph's just couldn't relate to children because they never had any. The Brothers who were in charge of us were definitely not the sort of people who should have been in charge of children. They were all single unmarried men who had frustrations. They had to let out their frustrations somewhere and unfortunately that was the children in their care.

132. The people who worked in St Mungo's and St Joseph's weren't all bad. It wasn't so much the individuals who were looking after us who were the problem. I can't condemn the whole lot of them. I think the people who want to do these things will find their way through to looking after children irrespective of what systems are in place. I don't know what you can do about that. You can't read into someone's mind. Those sort of people will always get through. For me, the big thing that would improve the quality of care provided by staff would be to provide them with a decent salary. Everybody wants a higher salary but doing that might mean that you attract the right people.
133. Having best practice is a great idea but it isn't always feasible. If you have to have institutions where you place children you need to have inspectors who come in to speak to kids quietly. Those people should, if there are any issues, ask the children what those issues are in a place separated from the school. If need be, the parents should also be with them. I never had that opportunity. Those inspectors should be separate from the school. The school should know what questions the children are going to be asked to put the fear into those running the institution rather than into the child.

Hopes for the Inquiry

134. I ended up in an approved school but the journey I made afterwards took me to where I am now. I remember that I would kneel in front of the statue of The Virgin Mary in the chapel at St Joseph's and pray "get me the fuck out of here." I'm not religious but looking back my prayers were ultimately answered. I got out of it and never looked back. I often wonder where I would have got to had I not gone to the approved schools I was in. It took me a long time to reach that realisation but that is where I am now.
135. I don't blame the schools for what I experienced. I more blame the system that put me there. I'm not interested in compensation. I have had a very good life and I'm fairly comfortable. My only interest is to talk about what happened to the Inquiry and show that the system was to blame. It wasn't the Brothers but the people who placed

children at these institutions. It was the three adults standing in the courtroom at the hearing that placed me into care, and the system they were part of, who are to blame.

- 136. At the end of the day all of the people I have talked about in this statement are probably dead. What is important is the future. I hope that in the future children aren't placed in institutions and institutionalised. I would hope that, instead, whatever issues that are present are found out in discussion with the child's parents and the child. Placing the child in an institution should be the very last resort. Some kids are really bad and that needs to be done but everything should be done to see what made them bad before doing that. If you have to do it you have to have the right people in place and treat the child positively. If you throw mud at a wall it will eventually stick. Encourage children rather than punishing them physically or verbally. Treat the child positively and you will get a positive outcome.

- 137. 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..... 16 November 2022