

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

LVE

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is LVE. My date of birth is 1977. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in Glasgow. I lived in Barmulloch with my mum, and dad, . My mum and dad both worked. I have two brothers, and . is ten years older than me and is seven years older than me. I had a great family life. I was good at cycling and I played football for a well-known club. I went to Barmulloch Primary School and All Saints Secondary School. I had no problems at school, I was always round about top of my class in everything. I was good at sport and education and did pretty well.
3. When I was thirteen years old, me and my pal stupidly stole a pedal scooter. We thought it was just dumped in the park and we had a shot on it. That was my first time being charged by police. I was done with theft of a motor bike. Round about then, I started dogging or skipping school and going off the rails a wee bit. Everybody, in the crowd I was going about with, was dogging school. I hated doing it. I felt stupid. We started dogging school in the winter. We were standing out in the cold when we could have been in school. Then it spiralled.

4. With the first charge, I was sent to the Children's Panel at MacKenzie House in Argyle Street in Glasgow. I got a slap on the wrist. I carried on dogging school and went back to the Panel. My mum or my dad was always there when I was at the Panel. I didn't have a lawyer. I ended up with a social worker for a couple of weeks, a woman called Maureen or Margaret, then she went away on maternity leave. That's when I got **HOU** **HOU** as my social worker. My mum spoke on my behalf at the Panel. I got put into Newfield Assessment Centre in Johnstone for three weeks, for an assessment.

*Meeting **HOU** social worker*

5. I was thirteen years old when I first met **HOU**, the year before I got him as a social worker. I met him through my pal, **HOU**. **HOU** is now dead. **HOU** was a born-again Christian. He ran a church group **HOU**. They took you to play football and had discos. I went along because it was an extra game of football. I was staying with my granny in **HOU** so I ran about there for years. **HOU** took me and **HOU** out shoplifting. He bought all your stuff you that you stole, he'd give you a third of the price for it. **HOU** would sell you temazepam and other drugs and you'd pay him with the money that he'd given you. I moved back up to my mum's in Barmulloch and never saw **HOU** for a year and a half.
6. When I was about fourteen, I was told I was getting a new social worker. **HOU** came into the room. When I knew him first, he didn't have a moustache but now he did. I was looking at him, thinking that he was the guy from last year. I thought, it couldn't be the same guy because this guy was a social worker. When I got **HOU** as a social worker, he was the best guy since sliced bread. He'd write my social work reports as if they were for a Saint. **HOU** was my social worker from then until I was sixteen or seventeen years old.
7. People would say you wanted to get big **HOU** for your social worker, he'd take you out for a turn and get you this and that. I was fortunate, I had my trainers and tracksuit, anything I wanted, from my mum and dad. Boys and lassies whose parents were addicts or not working thought it was great that **HOU** could get money from social work to buy them new trainers and the stuff that kids want.

Newfield Assessment Centre, Johnstone – first stay

8. I went into Newfield for the first time when I was fourteen years old. I got out and, a year later, went back in again. There were five separate units. The units were mixed. In a unit, you could have five guys and six lassies, it varied. The numbers depended on how many people went to a Panel and got out or went to another establishment. There was a young kid's unit in the same building but separate from the older kids. The residents were aged from newborn babies right up to sixteen. There were kids in Newfield for their own safety, they were being abused at home. There were other kids who were out of control. Newfield was run by the council.

9. The office was in the middle of the four main units. The toilets and the shower were at either side, so there were eight toilets and eight showers between the four units. The staff sat in the middle. The staff were pre-occupied doing other stuff, rather than supervising. Newfield was hell on earth. There was a lot of violence in the unit.

Staff at Newfield Assessment Centre

10. There was a guy called HJZ [REDACTED]. We called him 'HJZ [REDACTED]'. He was one of the senior members of staff. He was gay. You couldn't have met a nicer guy.

11. HOX [REDACTED], Morag and HOV [REDACTED] worked at Newfield, in Lomond Unit. HOX [REDACTED] and HOV [REDACTED] were ex-military. HOX [REDACTED] didn't take any nonsense. HOX [REDACTED] was one of the staff who would lash out at residents. HOV [REDACTED] was a bully and a big brute of a man.

Routine at Newfield Assessment Centre

First day

12. I went into Newfield straight from the Panel, HOU [REDACTED] took me. By that time I was into taking drugs. I had used heroin but I wasn't an addict. I was taken to my doctor's

surgery at Springburn Health Centre before we went to Newfield. The doctor gave me diazepam and dihydrocodeine because I'd told social work I'd used heroin. I ended up on those drugs for a long time. My mum says she insisted on going to the doctors with me. My mum didn't know anything about me taking drugs at that point. My mum says she asked why I was getting a prescription for medication. HOU [REDACTED] told her I was no longer in her care.

13. When you went into Newfield, the staff had a pad of paper with a picture of a body. They asked if you'd any injuries or scars. If you did, it would be marked on the sheet. There was no medical professional there. All the units were named after hills. I was going to Lomond Unit. I was shown where I was sleeping, given my bedding and told to make my bed. I was put in a dorm with about twelve beds in it although only four of them were being used. I didn't have any clothes with me. When your clothes came in, the staff took a note of how many pairs of socks, boxers and whatever else you had.
14. I was a new face, so it was a bit of excitement. Everybody in the unit would come to see you. You were introduced to the residents. No-one said what the rules were. There weren't really any rules.
15. When I arrived at Newfield, I thought, "Wow". It was an eye-opener. I was a wee guy from the north of the city who'd been in a wee bit of trouble. In Newfield, there were a couple of boys done with murder. The place was wild. I could look after myself and I still thought it was wild.
16. The first night I was there, the dorm was set on fire. There were four of us in the dorm. [REDACTED] was one of the boys. I can't remember the other boy's name. One was a boy called [REDACTED] who was done with murder in [REDACTED]. He was fifteen years old and was too young to go to Longriggend Detention Centre. The staff told him he was going to Kerelaw Secure Unit in the morning. [REDACTED] set the dorm on fire and pushed a full size pool table against the door so we couldn't get out. The pool table was in the dorm. The staff member on the other side of the door managed to get the door open a wee bit and get us out. [REDACTED] got charged with wilful fire-raising.

Mornings and bedtime

17. You got up at 8:00 am and had your breakfast. Directly below the unit you had school classrooms. After school, everyone went back up to their separate units. That's when the bickering would start. Then, you got your dinner. You watched TV, played computer games and went down to the gym.
18. During the week, you went to bed at 10:00 pm, depending on your age. At the weekends you were allowed to stay up.
19. You had your own clothes and your own room. You had everything that you had at home. Your parents provided your clothes.

Bed Wetting

20. Some kids wet the bed. How it was dealt with depended on what staff were on and their mood that day. You had a lot of staff who would ridicule the person. You would have staff who'd call people a manky bastard and others who would say it was okay, you'd had an accident and to change the bed.

Mealtimes / Food

21. The food was alright. Fights used to happen at the dinner table. Somebody would reach over and knock juice over. Before you knew it, the place was up in the air. It was always around dinnertime or bedtime that things would kick off.
22. There were a lot of girls that were anorexic, they were in Newfield because they had eating disorders. You didn't see anyone being force-fed but you saw staff watching to make sure stuff got ate.

General Routine

23. There were two showers and a toilet in each unit. You could get a shower whenever you wanted. It was a bit strange because you had females and males in the unit and the toilets were shared. It caused problems. Guys went in and opened the toilet doors when lassies were in getting showered. A carry-on would start.
24. On the odd occasion, the unit staff would take you out to Paisley Lagoon or somewhere like that. Most of the times I went out it was with **HOU** my Social Worker.
25. To have a bunch of unruly kids and try to teach them, Newfield did the best they could. A lot of the residents had attitude problems. Some would play up in class. Newfield did have the facilities and the work there for the residents. It's down to the individual kid whether they do the work or not. There were English, maths and science teachers. It was a mixed ability class. You could be the oldest in the class, so you would get work that was relevant to you and the younger kids would get work relevant to them. Newfield had the right structure in place for school.
26. I was prescribed two 120 mg of dihydrocodeine and a blue Valium, diazepam. I was given that in the morning, at lunch, dinner and at night. I was on those drugs all the way through care. The prescription was coming from my own doctor but was moved to Johnstone, where Newfield was. You didn't even see a doctor, the doctor just wrote a repeat prescription. The prescription carried on and got upped and upped. Later, I got put onto methadone.
27. If you needed the dentist, the staff would take you. I never needed the dentist.

Visits / Inspections

28. My mum, dad and brothers visited me a couple of times a week. That depended on whether I decided to run away from Newfield or not. I would run away and end up getting temazepam from **HOU**. Then we would go shoplifting. My mum says I

looked stoned and drugged on the visits but the staff said to her that everything was fine. You went into a wee side room for the visits. You were on your own with your family.

29. You did have people coming in that the staff would say to be on your best behaviour, such and such was coming in. I don't know if that was inspectors. The people came in and had a look about, asked you how your day had been and how you were finding the place. I only saw that once or twice.
30. A lot of students came in and had a look round the place. I don't know if they were studying to be social workers. They would ask you questions about how you were finding Newfield.
31. I don't know who was assessing me while I was in Newfield. I never sat down with anybody and was asked questions. There was nothing formal. I probably didn't care at that point.

Running away

32. People would say they were off and they'd just bolt. I ran away. If you caught, you just got taken back.

Discipline

33. Depending on which member of staff it was, you might get a slap. Other ones would laugh it off. There were a few of the male staff members who'd wait until you went upstairs and you'd get elbowed in the mouth. There was nothing you could say was pure violence, it was just a punch or whatever. If you were fighting with somebody, the staff would put you into one of the other units with a TV in the room. You'd stay in your room for the next 24 hours. You got your dinner in your room. You weren't allowed to come out and mix with anybody else, until you'd cooled down. The door wasn't locked. You could go out to the toilet.

Abuse at Newfield Assessment Centre

34. I was on dihydrocodeine and diazepam four times a day, morning, lunchtime, dinnertime and before I went to bed. I was zonked, you walked about in a bubble.
35. The residents gave backchat, were cheeky and flew off the handle. The younger ones would copy the older ones. Residents would kick off and punch members of staff. The staff would hit back. It doesn't make it right. There was a lot of excessive force used on residents. I saw HOX hit residents. Anytime I saw that, HOX had been hit first. HOX didn't hit somebody just for the sake of it. For some of the abuse the staff took, their reaction was wrong but it was also right. At that time, it was the only way they knew how to deal with it.
36. The staff tended not to pick on the bigger boys. The bigger boys were more than capable of fighting back. It was always the younger ones you would see greeting and upset. When you asked what had happened, they'd say a member of staff punched them. I hated seeing bullying in the homes. It happened every day.
37. HOV was nasty to a lot of the boys and girls but not to me. Usually raising his voice was enough. If someone answered him back he wouldn't react right away. He grabbed boys by the nipple, over their clothes, and twisted their nipple. He got people's pressure points and put his finger in the back of your ear or grabbed your hand between your thumb and finger and pressed hard. People would fall over or scream loudly.
38. If a wee boy got punched, it tended to be the one who'd been calling staff for everything, for hours. It was like somebody just snapping. You had four members of staff covering four units. If somebody played up in one unit, all the staff would be through there. Then, there'd be a fight in another unit and all the staff would run through there. It was mayhem, staff running back and forward. I saw boys with their noses burst open and black eyes. Some of the violence was totally bizarre. It'd be like running battles. Members of staff would be getting hit, cups, pool cues and pool balls would be thrown.

39. The staff would give half an hour to resolve the situation. If they couldn't resolve it, the police from Johnstone and Mill Street Police Station in Paisley would come down. The police were at Newfield three or four times a week. It could be someone stealing a staff car or a mini-bus or somebody smashing the place up. The police were sick of coming to Newfield. It was always the same cops. They would take the resident away to Mill Street Police office for a few hours and bring him back when he'd calmed down. The police didn't want you in their police office, screaming the place down and banging doors. Nobody was charged with assaulting staff.
40. Both times I was in Newfield, [HOU] my social worker came to visit me as often as he needed money. During the week, he could take you out if there was something in the diary for you. The visits all had to be logged, who was coming to get you and where you were going. At the weekend it was a different ball game. He would appear on Saturday or Sunday and say he was taking me out ice-skating or wherever. As soon as you were in the motor, he would say, "Where are we hitting?" He took me out stealing.
41. A couple of times I was out with [HOU], if we got caught shoplifting, [HOU] would come along and speak to the store staff, He would say he'd been in the store and saw one of his clients getting lifted. He'd show his social work identification and wait until the police came. The police would charge you but you never went to the police station. [HOU] would say he would take you back to the unit. You got released to a social worker, so it was all above board. [HOU] was right fly, he was so clever with it. My mum says the police were saying to her to get me off the street because I was committing so many offences. The police were wondering how I was getting away with all the crime I committed.
42. If you didn't get what he wanted and he wasn't making enough money that day, [HOU] would set about you. He became violent. [HOU] had a truncheon and he used to batter you with that on your belly, the back of your legs and your bum. He never hit your face. The assaults didn't happen at first, only later. I found out later [HOU] was in a lot of debt to moneylenders.

43. HOU sold drugs to me, that was HOU's role as a social worker. He would come to get you from Newfield. You would wake up in his car and you'd lost a day. I'd go missing from Newfield and, as far as they were concerned, I'd absconded. I'm fortunate, I can't remember if HOU did anything sexual to me. The thing is, everybody else that's involved, he abused them. I got told that by [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. Why would it be different for me? HOU had a licence to do what he wanted.

Leaving Newfield Assessment Centre – first stay

44. I went back to the Panel. The Panel said I could go home.

Living with my mum and dad, Barmulloch

45. HOU visited me three or four times a week over a period of two years, at Newfield and my home. My mum was dubious. I thought he was alright but he was far from alright. HOU took you shopping and if you liked something, he bought it. He said he could squeeze as much money out of the social work as possible. I ended up a walking zombie with the temazepam I was getting from HOU I swallowed them by the handful, twenty or thirty a day. I started using heavier drugs. I was still taking the dihydrocodeine and diazepam first prescribed to me when I went to Newfield.
46. A year after leaving Newfield for the first time, I was charged with an assault. I was sent for a three week assessment at Newfield.

Abuse during home stay by HOU

47. HOU was still my social worker when I went home. He continued to take me out shoplifting three or four times a week and sell me drugs.

Newfield Assessment Centre– second stay

48. When I was fifteen years old, I was sent back to Newfield for three weeks. By this stage, my mum was fighting with [HOU] s boss, Norman. I can't remember Norman's second name. Norman was based in the Red Road Social Work Office. My mum was making accusations about social work. She was asking what they were doing to me because something was happening to me. She didn't know what but knew I wasn't being me. My mum fought with social work. There wasn't a time she didn't fight with them.
49. Social work kept telling my mum she was a hysterical mother. I heard Norman saying that to some senior social worker on the phone when I was sitting in the corner of the room. [REDACTED] was my mum's neighbour and was a clerk at the social work department. [REDACTED] told my mum she had to get me out of the Red Road social work department.
50. The general routine at Newfield was pretty much identical to what it was during my first stay. I was still getting dihydrocodeine and diazepam from the health centre. Nobody spoke to me about getting help with my drug use. My drug use had got out of hand. It got out of hand pretty quickly.

Abuse at Newfield Assessment Centre– second stay

51. [HOU] continued to visit me, taking me out shoplifting and giving me drugs. One time I had a bruise that went right across the back of my leg. You could see the shape of the bat. The teacher who did the Physical Training in Newfield asked me what happened. I don't remember his name. I probably told him a pack of lies. My mum was told I fell in the gym. [HOU] manipulated me so much, I was blind to what was happening and how I was losing two days here and two days there. [HOU] would say he was under

pressure and was so sorry. He would say he would get me things or give me a big handful of temazepam. He controlled me with medication.

Reporting of Abuse at Newfield Assessment Centre– second stay

52. Three senior members of staff, **HOUX** Morag and another guy, came in and started asking me questions about **HOU**. The staff asked where **HOU** took us and if **HOU** had ever touched me. **HOU** was pregnant. She slept about but, later on, I found out that **HOU** had got **HOU** pregnant. The staff said I had to take all my clothes off to be given to the police.
53. Me and **HOU** were taken into an interview room at Stewart Street Police Office. Two police came in. it was unusual for the police to take two people into an interview. They asked me and **HOU** about **HOU**, if he was a decent social worker and if he'd ever done anything inappropriate, like touched you in your privates. **HOU** said to me to tell the police. I didn't know what I was to tell them. I just sat there.
54. I spoke to the police about what was going on with **HOU**. I told the police he was giving us drugs and making us do this and that. I wasn't the only one making accusations. **HOU** spoke to the police, she was pregnant. When you tell police, who don't know you, they call you a liar. The police are not going to listen to five kids who are in a unit, under orders. Any lawyer worth their salt would have ripped us to bits in a court.
55. I was asked if **HJZ** had done anything to me or acted inappropriately round about me. I said that **HJZ** had done nothing but be nice to me. He once asked me for a diazepam tablet. That was the only thing he did that could be classed as not right. I saw **HJZ** a lot because I had to go through to **HJZ**'s unit to get my medication. He was **SNR**, **HJZ** took us out a lot. He did what he was meant to do. He took us ice-skating and swimming. I think it was more to do with the fact that he was gay that this was getting asked. Everything about **HOU** got laid to the side. They asked more about **HJZ** than they did about **HOU**. **HJZ** disappeared after that.

Leaving Newfield Assessment Centre– second stay

56. After three weeks, there was a review. At the review, my mum says the staff said I was a wonderful, well-mannered boy. My mum disagreed and said they had a false assessment of me, I'd been under the influence of drugs at the unit. I went to the Children's Panel and my mum said the same thing to the Panel. I was told I was going to Kibble but there wasn't a place for me. The Panel said I could go home. I was given all my prescription to take with me.

Going home for the second time

57. I'd had enough and I tried to kill myself. My brother saved me. I was fifteen years old. The day after, my mum says **HOU** visited me at home. The next thing, my mum says I was psychotic, stripping off and climbing up walls. I got out of the window with no clothes on. Mum phoned the police. The police brought me home.
58. Mum says I couldn't be seen at my doctor's surgery as I wasn't a patient there anymore. My medical records went missing. A senior police officer, from Baird Street Police Station, found out that the records had been removed from my doctor's surgery out to Newfield because I'd been there for three weeks care. A psychiatrist at Gartnavel Hospital told my mum that I had a drug induced psychosis which was wearing off and would wear off after five days. I stayed at home for a couple of weeks, then I went into Kibble.

Kibble School – Residential Unit, Paisley

59. I went into Kibble when I was fifteen years old in 1992. I didn't know how long I was going to be there. I stayed there for two or three months. I was there because of the earlier assault. I was fine in Kibble. I went from being a resident to being a day boy. **HOU** didn't have any access to me there. It was a lot stricter than Newfield.

60. Kibble was bad because it was all male. The boys were aged twelve to sixteen years old. There were 25 boys to a unit and six or seven units. Every unit was made up of two units attached to each other, like Mossedge North and Mossedge South. The staff were in the middle of the two units.
61. Kibble wasn't a secure unit as such but it had a secure unit in it. The secure part had bars on the windows. The secure part was for people that were running away constantly or the self-harmers. The unit I was in didn't have any bars on the windows. Day boys got a taxi from where they stayed, went to school at Kibble, then went back home.
62. A man called **HOS** ran the brickwork class. When I was in, the head teacher ran away with £3 million. I think it may have been the church who ran Kibble. The staff tended to stay away unless there was a commotion. As long as the place was quiet, the drugs were in and everybody was on an even keel, it was an easy shift. I noticed that with prison too. There were more staff in Kibble than there had been in Newfield.

Routine at Kibble School – Residential Unit

First day

63. I think **HOX** took me to Kibble and **HOU** met me there. I went in, what we called, the Germoline Bus. The bus was blue and pink, the colour of the Germoline tin. I was in the unit called Mossedge North, it was one of the better units. I was shown my room and put my gear in it. You didn't get introduced to other residents as such, everybody came over because you were somebody new. Nobody sat you down and explained the rules. There were no rules.

Mornings and bedtime

64. The routine was structured. The units and the classes were spread out. You got up at 8:00 am. You got washed, dressed and went for breakfast. You were told whose class

you were in that morning and you made your way there. Classes went on until 3:00 pm. Lights went out at 10:00 pm during the week and 1:00 am at the weekend.

65. It was single rooms, not cells. There was just a bed and a wardrobe in the room, that was it. Depending on whether your wardrobe was actually fit to put clothes in, you kept your clothes in it. Most of the time, if somebody flew into a rage, the wardrobe was the first thing to get kicked or the doors got pulled off it. The reason for having the bare minimum in the room was that it was less to break.
66. The window was locked but you could get it opened a wee bit. People called it window visits, when you had pals come up to the windows and put drugs in. If you wanted the window open, you could get it open but you weren't meant to.

General Routine

67. The food wasn't great, compared to Newfield, probably because Newfield was smaller. Kibble were cooking for more people. You had a menu that you picked from the week before. You were given an option, like chicken nuggets or burgers. You ticked off what you wanted. If you didn't like it, the staff would say, "Well, you asked for that."
68. The washing facilities were better than Newfield, the showers were better and they were cleaner. It was as though there was more money spent on Kibble. Showers weren't supervised by the staff. If you were in the unit, you could have a shower when you wanted.
69. After classes, you would watch TV, get stoned or get drunk. It was easy to get drugs and drink in Kibble. There was no security as such. The shop was on the main road and, if you looked old enough, they would sell you alcohol. The older boys would go into the shop and get carry-outs for the younger ones. People would get drugs dropped off on visits, by their pals.
70. There were wee motor bikes in Kibble that you were allowed to play on, if you'd been good. You had the gym and five-a-side football games. The staff tried to keep you

occupied while you were there. There were so many people in Kibble, the staff tended not to take you anywhere.

School

71. What you did depended on whose class you were in that day. Your timetable changed, it wasn't the same every week. You got to pick what subjects you wanted to do. You had English, maths and science. You had real teachers, not just somebody standing in. If you wanted educated, it wasn't to a great standard but it was there. There was a purpose built building with six or seven classes in it. You did a lot of physical training, brickwork and gardening.
72. Whether you got anything done or not, depended on what you wanted to do and how everybody else was that day. You could go into classes and everything would be fine or you could go into a class and, from the second you went in, it was a war zone. You had a lot of boys who'd been right through the system, they'd been in the system from an early age and they knew how to work the system. I think that's why the timetable was always changed.

Healthcare

73. I wasn't getting the amount of drugs I was used to and that was making me act up. The senior staff member held your medication. You got people to bring drugs up as well.
74. It was pretty much the same as outside. If you needed a doctor, you got a doctor. If you needed a dentist, you got a dentist. I never saw a doctor or dentist.

Visits / Inspections

75. My mum, dad and older brother would come to visit. You could sit in the sitting area, in the unit, or go to a room if you wanted. You didn't have to go into a wee room, like at Newfield. When family members were up, all the other residents would be alright.

The residents wouldn't play up because they wouldn't like you doing that to them, when their family was in.

76. HOU didn't get to see me a lot in Kibble. He didn't see me as often as he had in the past. I don't know what his reasons were. If HOU wanted to take me out during the week, he had to come in with a letter to say where I was going. HOU was allowed to take me out at the weekend. He would come at the weekend and say he was taking me to the cinema or ice skating. We never went anywhere except to the city centre where we shoplifted. He took me out about four or five times from Kibble.
77. There was no-one to sit down with at Kibble to talk about your life. You were that messed up with drugs, you took more drugs to blank things out.
78. I was about sixteen years old and it was just before I got my first sentence as a young offender. I had been in front of the same older woman at the panel about two or three times. She came across as someone who was in charge and sometimes she told you what she thought of you. She was never far off the mark. My mum got a letter from that woman saying we had been failed as a family. The letter was an apology.

Running away

79. I ran away twice. I got bored. I was away for a couple of days. I went back to Glasgow. As long as you came back and you didn't have any charges, there was no punishment. If you did have charges, you'd go to the Panel again or, if it was serious enough, you'd go to court. My mum says she was never informed that I'd run away.
80. The staff would ask why you had run away. You would say you were fighting or arguing with somebody or make up a lot of nonsense. Sometimes you'd just tell the staff to fuck off.

Discipline

81. In Kibble, there was no real discipline but the staff were a bit quicker off the mark to give you a punch. The worst punishment that was used was not getting home leave at the weekend. It was used a lot on residents but not on me.
82. Once everything had calmed down, the member of staff who'd hit the resident would swap with another member of staff in another unit. That was to try to calm things down, to stop friction between you and the member of staff who's hit you.

Abuse at Kibble School - Residential Unit

83. Me and a boy from Paisley were fighting. We were punching lumps out of each other. The member of staff that was there, [REDACTED], tried to break it up. [REDACTED] was about 6' feet 4" inches tall and built like a wall. He was about 35 years old. I punched [REDACTED] in the mouth, although I didn't mean to. [REDACTED] took a hold of me by my arm and my leg and swung me over the low back sofa. I landed against the wall, my arm went into the plasterboard and made a hole. [REDACTED] set about me and kicked me all over.
84. There were staff in Kibble who'd worked there for years. They'd taken shit off residents for years. The way I looked at it was, if you're going to hit somebody, expect to get hit back. There were a lot of times the staff did the hitting. They went in heavy handed. On about six occasions, I saw boys being restrained and getting bad doings. I saw members of staff fighting with each other.
85. Members of staff picked on specific people. It tended to be the smaller people. The way some residents got treated was appalling. [REDACTED] used to pee the bed and pee in the sitting room. [REDACTED] was a tiny, frail guy. He was about thirteen years old. Whenever you saw him, he had bruises on his arms, black eyes and a burst mouth. The staff called him for everything. They called him, a fucking manky bastard. [REDACTED] might have been doing wrong but what was the reason for him doing wrong?

I never saw him being hit by the staff. [REDACTED] would be in bed and would scream at 3:00 am. You heard the screams during the night. You'd be told the next morning that he'd had a nightmare but the way [REDACTED] looked, he'd be black and blue, you'd say he was getting a doing.

86. A resident, [REDACTED], had mental health problems, he was backwards. He was a big lump of a guy who was really bad for attacking people. He didn't care who you were or what size you were. In the gym, [REDACTED] flung a big weight like a shotput. It went right by the Physical Training Instructor's head. If the weight had hit the instructor, it would have killed him. The instructor attacked [REDACTED] with the weight's bar. He smashed [REDACTED] on the back, a couple of times with the bar and gave him a right good hiding. I can't remember the name of the instructor. He was a big, tall guy with ginger hair.
87. There were days where [REDACTED] HOU would take me out from Kibble and say I had ran away. I hadn't run away. You would take some drugs, get mad with it and wake up in his car. [REDACTED] HOU would take you back after that. He would say to the staff that I had phoned him, he'd picked me up and he was bringing me back. The police were notified that I was back, so you didn't have any police intervention. That happened two or three times at Kibble.
88. Sometimes, [REDACTED] HOU would say to me on the Saturday morning to come out of Kibble and he would pick me up at the top of the street. You were classed as absconded. You didn't get punished for absconding.

Peer abuse at Kibble School

89. The violence levels could go from zero to a hundred, in seconds. People were hit with hammers. I saw a boy smash a boy's face in with a brick.

Leaving Kibble School - Residential Unit

90. After two or three months, I went back to stay with my mum and dad in Barmulloch. I attended Kibble as a day pupil.

Kibble School – Day Pupil

91. I became a day pupil when I was fifteen years old. I travelled from Barmulloch to Paisley every morning in a taxi. Social work paid for the taxi. I did that for another couple of months.
92. There was a big difference being a day boy. You didn't have the violence you had in the unit. You went from being a resident to just being at school.

Leaving Kibble School – Day Pupil

93. I left when I was fifteen and a half, not far off my sixteenth birthday. I left because you were to leave school when you were sixteen. I was still in social work's care. When you're in these places, it's just training school for jail. I went straight from Kibble to Longriggend Remand Centre.
94. I had appeared at Glasgow Sheriff Court and got remanded. You go to Barlinnie for a night and, in the morning, you got taken up to Longriggend. When you went into Barlinnie, you were thinking, "Wow." When you went into Longriggend, it was hell.

Longriggend Remand Centre, Airdrie

95. When I was sixteen, I still had social work involvement but I wasn't under a Supervision Order. The Supervision Order ran out when I was a couple of months shy of my

sixteenth birthday. I think social work knew, by the way I'd been, that I was going to jail. Between the ages of sixteen to 21 years old, from 1993 to 1998, I was never out of Longriggend. My charges gradually got worse until I was doing right bad stuff. I've been in every jail in Scotland.

96. Longriggend was hell on earth for everybody. The shortest time I spent there was a three week remand. The longest time was on a due course of law warrant, when you were fully committed for trial on Indictment. The least time spent then was 110 days. A lot of the times, I got extensions of time, so you could be in for five months, on remand. It was always Indictments that I was on.
97. Longriggend was a centre for young offenders, run by the Scottish Prison Service. There were about 250 inmates, aged from 16 to 21 years old.
98. Tam Cowan, who's on the radio, was a screw there. Other members of staff were Neil Webb and Paul Haran. LVF [REDACTED] was a Supervising Officer, a step below a governor. [REDACTED], [REDACTED], also worked there.

Routine at Longriggend Remand Centre

First day

99. You went into what was called the 'dog boxes'. You got changed and sat in there until the screws were ready to take you to the allocation hall, which was D Hall. You spent a couple of nights in D Hall. Depending on who you knew and whether you were wide enough, you might be put to one of the other halls. When you got put to the other halls, it was mayhem constantly. No-one sat down and told you the rules. You just had to get on with it.
100. One time I was remanded and was on the prison bus going to Barlinnie. HOU [REDACTED] got on the prison bus. He had been remanded for shooting a moneylender. HOU [REDACTED]

tried to speak to me and said to the boys on the bus that he was my social worker. I was rigid with fear.

Mornings and bedtime

101. You either had a single cell or a double cell. If you had a single cell, you had in it a bed, a bin and a piss pot. If you were lucky, you had a radio. The cells were locked at night. You didn't have any electricity that you could control from your cell. The screws controlled the light from outside. You didn't have a TV or a kettle in your cell. It was doing real time, it wasn't like it is now, when it's easy. There was a call bell in the cell, to call the screws. In D Hall, there was one screw on the bottom floor, in case you put your call bell on. The screws said you were only to hit that bell if you were attempting suicide.
102. You got up at 6:30 am. The screws would open up your cell door. You went and got a shower, then breakfast. You had a shower every morning. That was good. After breakfast, you came back up to your cell. You were locked up 23 hours a day. There was no school. They brought in school about 1996 or 1997. Around 1998, they brought in televisions in your cell and electricity. I missed that.

Mealtimes / Food

103. You went down to the dining hall and got your breakfast. D Hall and C Hall shared the dining hall. D Hall would always go first. A Hall had its own dining-room and recreation room.
104. The food was woeful, in every way possible. If you didn't eat it, you went hungry. You could buy things at canteen. If you didn't have canteen, you went hungry.

Leisure time

105. Twice weekly, you got recreation. That was an hour of TV. The place got wrecked every time. You were guaranteed that, within the first fifteen minutes, the riot bell would

go off, with people getting slashed and stabbed or hit with pool balls. You might not have had recreation for days, you'd go down for ten minutes and it could be over in ten minutes.

106. You didn't have television or anything in your cell, so you wrote a lot of letters home. I wrote to my mum and dad, my pals and my girlfriends. The letters weren't checked by the screws so you could write whatever you wanted. You had as much paper and envelopes as you wanted. The letters went out second class post. A lot of drugs came in, in letters from the outside. If a letter came in for you and you weren't in your cell, the screws would throw the letter in your cell.

Clothing / uniform

107. The staff gave you clothes that didn't fit you. You got a shirt that had two buttons on it. The rest were missing. The uniform was a blue and white striped shirt, jail issue denims and, in the winter, an old brown knitted jumper. If you didn't have your own boots or trainers, you were given a pair of plastic shoes. The shoes got called sex offender shoes. You could wear your own clothes but you had to have enough to last you a week, until you had a visit.

Healthcare

108. If you weren't well, you got two fuck-off tablets. That was two paracetamol and told to fuck off. That was your medication, whether you were on 100 ml of methadone or taking heroin. You withdrew from drugs hard-core. If you didn't get drugs in, it was bad. Inmates would hallucinate and a lot committed suicide. I knew a lot of boys who did that, they couldn't take the withdrawals anymore and had had enough.
109. Coming off heroin, it's three or four days that you're really not well for. Coming off methadone, it was five or six weeks. You had boys on 60 ml to 100 ml of methadone getting stopped overnight. It was hell because you didn't have an actual toilet, so you had to rely on some screw coming to open your door to let you go to the toilet. Diarrhoea would be running out of you and you'd be being sick. The screws would tell

you to clean the mess up and get a shower. It was brutal. That's why the jails were rife with drugs. You had to get drugs in and the screws knew they had to let drugs in. If they didn't, there'd be more people killing themselves.

110. For years, there was nothing to help you detox. It was because of all the suicides between Barlinnie and Cornton Vale that Longriggend decided to change things. When you went into Saughton Prison in Edinburgh, you got a detox. That was the only jail in Scotland that did that.

Visits / Inspections

111. Occasionally, you'd get over-zealous screws who'd jump on people at visits and confiscate drugs. If the drugs didn't come in, it was the screws in the hall who had to put up with the fighting, bullying, screaming and all the carry-on that went with it.
112. For a long time, I was never convicted but was on remand, so I got visited twice or three times a week. My mum, dad, my brother, girlfriends and pals would visit me. You went into a visit room with thirty or forty other people. If you got a visit in the afternoon, you got an hour visit. If you got a visit at night, it was a half hour visit.
113. I always got found guilty and 99 per cent of the time I'd done it. Then, the Court would order a Social Enquiry Report. HOU ██████ visited me once, to do the Social Enquiry Report for Court. After my first year in Longriggend, HOU ██████ was convicted of the shooting. He had been suspended before that. Some social workers said they'd been told not to discuss HOU ██████ with me, if I asked about him. HOU ██████ went to jail for seven years and was murdered the day he got out.
114. You never saw any official visitors checking up on the way Longriggend was run because you were locked up 23 hours a day.

Abuse at Longriggend Remand Centre

115. Violence in Longriggend was every day. The screws were brutal. I got one doing but other people got doings too. One side of the shift was called the Dog Squad. You were entitled to nothing, you qualified for nothing and you got nothing, when they were on. You got your dinner and that was it. You got no recreation. The Dog Squad were nasty. They used to play mind-games, saying to inmates that another inmate had stuck him in, so that boys would be stabbed and slashed. The Dog Squad would sit laughing. That was their form of entertainment. It was like Gladiator, the screws picked people to fight. As soon as you were cheeky with a screw, they'd set about you or they'd get another inmate, who was well known and had done a bit of time, to set about you.
116. The second time I was in Longriggend, I was nearly killed. I was sixteen years old. It was the year the Lottery came out, 1994. LVF [REDACTED] used to call me a junkie bastard every time I went by him. He was right, I was a drug addict. I had access to a lot of drugs inside because of the people I knew. It must have pissed him off. I went by him one day and he slapped me on the back of the head. I turned round, punched him and put him on his arse. I knocked him out. What a blunder that was.
117. LVF [REDACTED] got back up. Other screws had restrained me and were taking me to the digger, to solitary confinement. They got me a lock, my arms and my legs were up my back. LVF [REDACTED] was running at the side of me, kicking me with a pair of steel toe-capped boots on. I can't remember much about what happened, other than seeing flashes to my face, when I was getting kicked in the face. I got flung into a cell.
118. By a pure fluke, a screw, wee Rab, was on that night. Rab saved me. He used to give me newspapers that were lying around. Rab had gone to my cell and realised I wasn't in it but I was still marked on the hall board as being in. Everything in the jail is run on numbers. If you get moved from one hall to another, the first hall has to take you off their numbers and you get added to the next hall's numbers.

119. Rab did a bit of checking and found out I was in the segregation unit. He came over to the unit. The cell I was in had a blue floor, every other cell had a red floor. Rab could see I was lying in a pool of blood. Rab opened the cell up. Rab was a first-aider at Parkhead Football Stadium and he realised the mess I was in. Rab and another night shift screw took me to Monklands Hospital. They have to get permission from the governor to take a prisoner out of prison. I was in the back seat of the van spewing blood up. When I got into Monklands, I was going into septic shock. My ribs were broken and my appendix was burst. What had happened was, when I was kicked in the ribs, the rib had snapped, went in and pierced my appendix. I was black all over. You could see the boot marks on my legs and the bruises.
120. For two weeks, Longriggend told my mum and my lawyer that I was refusing visits. My lawyer, Richard Lobjoie, threatened to go to the press if they didn't let him see me. The staff then said I wasn't in Longriggend, I was in Monklands Hospital. My mum says a screw at the hospital told the ward sister to phone her. The ward sister said to my mum she had better go to the hospital, I was being moved at that moment. My mum came to the hospital and saw the prison van outside. My mum says when she got to the ward, the screw was wrapping up the chains I'd been chained to the bed by. He said he was sorry but I was away back to jail. The ward sister told my mum I'd had my appendix removed but I was in a bad way.
121. I was taken to Barlinnie hospital wing. My mum had gone to Longriggend and they said I wasn't there. My mum demanded to see someone in charge and they refused at first. Longriggend had no idea where I was. It was two days before my mum was told I was in Barlinnie.
122. What the screws said was that I'd been struggling and, while restraining me, they'd stood on me. I said to the medical staff that the screws were liars. I said they'd smashed my head and ribs in. The staff couldn't say I'd fallen down stairs because of the mess I was in. The incident wasn't reported by me. A couple of the screws told me if I was charging them, I was getting charged with seven assaults on the screws. Alec, who did the hospital watch with me at Monklands, said that. He was friendly with the young [REDACTED]. He is still a screw in Barlinnie.

123. I knew I was walking out jail after my trial that I was remanded for. I knew if I got charged with seven assaults on seven screws that I was going to jail. They would have made sure I went to jail. You just bit the bullet, thinking you weren't getting charged. What was the point? I could charge the screws, knowing they wouldn't go to jail or I could get charged, knowing I would go to jail. I never qualified for anything other than jail. I wonder how many people were involved in covering up what happened. You can't cover up what happened to me without the help of other people.
124. Later, I walked into Barlinnie and was telling a screw what happened to me at Longriggend. Alec was there and said it didn't happen. He said I got dropped down the stairs, I didn't get kicked. Alec was a nasty piece of work.

Reporting of abuse by ^{HOU} [REDACTED] whilst at Longriggend

125. By the time I was in Longriggend, other boys from Newfield had also come through the system and were in with me. It was widely known then, that ^{HOU} [REDACTED] was a monster. I spoke to social workers, who prepared Social Enquiry Reports for court about me, about ^{HOU} [REDACTED]. I told them how he used to take us out thieving, how he treated us and what had went on. A lot of them knew he'd been under investigation.
126. That I had a social worker who was abusing me got brought up in Court and was taken into consideration when they were sentencing me. On numerous occasions, I got social work reports that went right into everything that had happened and brought it all up. Every time it all got brought up, there was always a senior social worker there to say there was too much in the report, the report had to be done again.
127. There were a couple of occasions where social work had done my social enquiry reports and, when I got to Court, they said the report wasn't ready. The judge would go off his head, saying I'd been in jail for the specific reason that social work were to do the report. My lawyer would say the report had been done and someone was wanting it changed. Then I'd get bail.

Her Majesty's Prison Barlinnie - Hospital Wing, Glasgow

128. I was the youngest person to do a sentence at Barlinnie Prison. If you were a young offender, you usually only ever spent a night in Barlinnie. I spent two and half months in the hospital wing at Barlinnie. That was unheard of. Barlinnie were only allowed to keep young offenders during their trial or on transfer. I was lying in bed, out of it. You didn't get a shower every morning, only every second or third morning.
129. The prison didn't know what to do with me and, for the first six or seven weeks, I was held in what we called the tanks. I was in for 24 hours a day. You weren't allowed a book or anything. It was a single cell with silver, aluminium walls and roof. Your bed was a thin, blue mattress on raised brick. There was an aluminium toilet in the cell. There was a digital clock, which you looked at all the time. It clicked every time the time changed. It was bizarre.
130. It was standard practise that your clothes were taken off you. You were given suicide stuff to wear which was a black canvas top with a low neckline and Velcro round the waist. You had three quarter length shorts. My mum got in to see me and I'll never forget her face. I was covered in bruises wearing this top. I got to wear my own clothes after six or seven weeks.
131. The good shift would let me go into the ward into the day room to watch TV. Other staff would come on and say because I was a young offender I couldn't be in there. I'd be put back in the tank. A nurse called Mary Bennett was really good to me.
132. At Christmas I was moved into the ward. The ward was like the film, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. You had guys on hunger strike and guys that were schizophrenic. You had guys attacking other guys. There was one guy that I'll never forget. He went out and did all sorts of robberies to stay in Britain. He was in the Rhodesian White Army and was getting sent back to go in front of the firing squad. The guy thought the screws were trying to poison him and he would only eat food he got from the priest. There was a guy called [REDACTED], he used to swallow [REDACTED]. It was a frightening place and not the kind of place a wean should be in.

Reporting of abuse by HOU

133. When I was about seventeen years old, I spoke to the police about HOU. I said he was a wrong'un. I spoke to Dougie Comrie from Baird Street Police Station. He was our local beat screw and went up through the ranks until he was in the Criminal Investigation Department. I'd be in the station, getting charged and Dougie would speak to me. Dougie Comrie said he was going to get HOU.

Life after being in care

134. My life since I was 21 years old has been hell. I've spent a large part of my time in prison, addicted to drugs. I was last in prison a couple of years ago. I have held down some jobs.

Impact

135. In the 1990's, it was hard enough for an adult to get help with their drug use, never mind a kid. Because of the circumstances I was in, I ended up running around with guys who were ten or fifteen years older than me. Things escalated so quickly that I ended up with a season ticket for jail. The way I saw it, I was more bad than good, through everything I went through. I was called a liar and a junkie. All you were was a jail number. I've had the same jail number as far back as I can remember. You're never seen as a person.
136. What screwed my head up was, did HOU actually do anything to me, sexually? I can't remember. Was it the temazepam making me forget? Or my brain kicking in and saying that didn't happen? If he did it to [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], why would he not do it to me?
137. The impact on me has been misery and mayhem. That's all I've known from an early age. I'm trying to get away from it all and trying to lead a normal life. My health has

deteriorated. I've been stabbed, you name it, I've had it done to me. You wouldn't wish it on anybody. You get to the stage where you go, nobody cares about what happened, so what's the point of bringing HOU s name up?

138. The drugs are always there. I asked to go into rehab, in the hope I could go away. I got told, no. When you ask for help, there's none there. I think that's because of all that happened with social work and HOU. I'm on a prescription of Subutex, buprenorphine, just now. I have my slip ups and use drugs at times. When things get too much, that my only coping mechanism.
139. HOU is never out of your head. You try to put it to bed but he is always cropping up. Reports about his crimes were all over the papers. He never went to jail as beast and was killed when he was liberated from jail. I feel justice has been denied to me. Certain smells and places bring it all back. Your head says it isn't right. I am diagnosed with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.
140. My education suffered terribly. I didn't sit exams.

Counselling / Support

141. In 1996, when I was 19 years old, I was to go for counselling at the Douglas Inch Centre in Glasgow. That was the day of the Dunblane tragedy. All the psychologists and psychiatrists had understandably been flown to Dunblane for counselling for family members. My counselling was cancelled for the foreseeable future. I never got any counselling back then.
142. More recently, I had a drug counsellor. I couldn't trust her because I found out she was disclosing stuff about me to people. I put in a complaint about her and was given a new drug worker.

Records

143. I haven't done anything to get my records but I'd like to see them. I don't hold out much hope that my records are there. I think they'll have disappeared or been destroyed.

Lessons to be Learned

144. Away back then, I don't think I merited going to assessment centres. I was clever at school and had sporting achievements. Somebody should have spent more time with me and have seen that I was somebody who needed put on the right path.

145. There should have been more supervision of ^{HOU} [REDACTED] by senior social workers. He had a free rein to do what he wanted.

Other information

146. I hope by speaking to the Inquiry, it stops some other person from going through what loads of us have gone through. Everything is a bit more above board in places like that now but you still get bad in everything. Senior social workers have a lot to answer for.

147. 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 ^{LVE} [REDACTED]

Dated 27/7/21