

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

FGV
[REDACTED]

Support person present: No

1. My name is ^{FGV} [REDACTED] My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1967. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. My mother's name was [REDACTED] I do not know who my natural father was. For whatever reason [REDACTED] was nominated as my father as far as my records are concerned. My mother married [REDACTED] around about the time that I was born. I have one sister called [REDACTED] She was born in [REDACTED] 1965. She is about two years older than me.
3. My sister and I were born in an area in the south side of Glasgow between Govanhill and Queens Park. My mother, sister, grandmother and I all lived together in a tenement flat on [REDACTED] It was my gran's house. Her name was [REDACTED] She would have maybe been in her early seventies when we lived with her.
4. We lived in extreme poverty. There was nothing in the flat. There was linoleum on the floor in places but other parts were bare. We didn't have much by way of possessions. There were maybe only two chairs, a gas cooker, a radio and a kettle in the flat.

5. It's an awful thing to talk about looking back but I think my mother may well have been prostituting herself. It pains me to say that but that may be the truth. Our mother used to disappear for days on end with different men. She drank too much and mixed with every wrong type of person. Because of that [REDACTED] and I were more or less looked after by our gran. We didn't realise it at the time but my gran was suffering from the early stages of dementia.
6. I also wonder whether the fact that my mother was an only child played its part in her behaviour. Her selfishness led to her only being concerned about her own needs being met. It was really a form of narcissism. It seemed to me that her needs always came before the needs of her two young children.
7. My mother's marriage to [REDACTED] was a marriage made in hell. He used to visit the house regularly. He had a propensity for extreme violence. He would appear at all times of day and night. It was usually at night time after the pub had closed. I remember the front door being kicked in by him. I remember that happening whilst we were having our breakfast in the morning. He would come in and things would be flying everywhere. He'd be looking to see whether our mother had been out the night before and asking when she would be back. Other times I remember him sticking machetes through the letterbox.
8. I saw [REDACTED] physically assault my mother and my gran. I remember both [REDACTED] and I feeling like futile referees trying to keep him away from our mother and our gran. He never really assaulted [REDACTED] but he did sometimes assault me. I didn't know it at the time but I think he didn't like me because he knew that I wasn't his son.
9. The woman who lived downstairs from us was an elderly lady called Mrs [REDACTED]. She was the only person in the tenement who had a telephone. I recall that she was terrified to call the police when things happened. She thought that if she did that then she too might become a victim of [REDACTED]'s violence. The only way, therefore, that the police could be called was for my mother or gran to open the

window and scream for help. Opposite us was Queens Park Railway Station. Sometimes someone at the station, or on the street below, would call the police.

10. When the police were called, and discovered it was anything to do with [REDACTED] [REDACTED] they would send round a support unit. It would take eight or ten police officers to take [REDACTED] away and arrest him. He always put up a fight. He was continually being arrested, put in prison and then getting back out.
11. The police wouldn't always do things when they came out. Sometimes they would just ask [REDACTED] to leave without arresting him. He was only really arrested if he attacked the police or they caught him with his machete. The police had an almost "hands off" attitude to domestic violence back then. Men were able to chastise women with impunity.
12. Looking back at my early years it was all a background of alcohol fuelled chaos. That went back as far as I can remember. I don't remember a time at home when that wasn't the case. Violence was normalised. I was terrified but it was just a normal part of our lives. It was an eruption that would happen as and when.

Early years' experience with Social Workers

13. I think our mother coped alright with [REDACTED] to begin with but when I came along, alongside the friction that was caused by [REDACTED] that proved to be the catalyst for her finding things too much. There were a few occasions when we were taken temporarily into care following there being police involvement. [REDACTED] and I's records don't reflect that but that did happen. I remember social workers taking us away and putting us into overnight care or places for the weekend. They were almost crisis situation placements. They were usually children's homes in the Pollokshields area. I don't remember the names of those places. There is no mention of those places in any of the records I have recovered. I think my sister was taken to some of those places after I was placed permanently in care.

14. I think the placements were done urgently by social services to keep us out of harm's way. There were a number of social workers involved in those placements. At that time the social workers we dealt with were all temporary and transient. I don't have any memories of the social workers who were involved during that period. The first social worker I recall is a man called Bob Hay. However, he came along a lot later. In the records I recovered he did not become involved with my family until 1975.
15. I remember that my mother sent me to Yorkhill Children's Hospital because she said that she couldn't deal with me. I would have emotional outbursts or something like that. That happened between the ages of three and five. I remember occasions where either myself or ██████ were taken in ambulances to Yorkhill Children's Hospital. ██████ would have been between the ages of five and eight when she was taken. ██████ and I were never in Yorkhill together. The occasions when I was there my sister was in a children's home. I don't know why they did that or how that all came about. When I went I would stay in Yorkhill for a couple of days. I remember being analysed by an eminent child psychiatrist called Professor Fred Stone. His observations were that he could see I had been exposed to violence because I was able to recount it. He thought that if the violence could be sorted then I, in turn, could be sorted too.
16. When my mother was around, and not in one of her periods when she was away for days at a time, she would become overly protective. When I was five I started at Cuthbertson Primary School in Govanhill. I remember that when I started there my mother would walk me to the school gates and stand there during playtimes. She then went through a phase of keeping me off school. At the time her reason for keeping me off school was that she was fearful that I would be attacked. That was my understanding at the time. Looking back, I think the wider reason she kept me off school was to use me when she went to the shops around the Victoria Road area. I think she thought that if I was there, and ██████ appeared, she would be less likely to be assaulted. I was sort of her aegis in all of that.
17. My mother used to take me on daily errands with her to department stores in Glasgow, Hamilton and Paisley. She was going on shoplifting missions. I think she

tried to make up for some of the deficiencies that were obviously there through shoplifting things that she couldn't afford to buy. I remember [REDACTED] and I being clothed in some of the things that she took. Although I didn't realise it at the time, I think during these trips she would use me as some sort of decoy so as she could take things.

18. I remember my mother being stopped when we came out of certain stores. There were lots of occasions where she was apprehended alongside me. I remember that we had a distant relative called [REDACTED] who was an ex-policeman. He worked as the head of security in [REDACTED] in Glasgow. He would occasionally catch my mother shoplifting and take us up to the fifth floor. I remember sitting in a room waiting whilst [REDACTED] took her into a private room. After that happened we would be allowed to go without there being any repercussions.
19. On occasions where the police became involved my mother would end up in court. I would have to be there too. I think she sometimes managed to outwit the court system through making people take pity on her. She used me as part of that.

Aunt [REDACTED]

20. Aunt [REDACTED] was the only stable adult part of my life during my early years. We called her "Auntie" but she was actually our great aunt. In some ways she was more or less like our mother. There was an emotional attachment there. She was one of three sisters. She lived in a bungalow in Cathcart. Her second husband was quite wealthy and had a business in Singapore. She had no children but had taken in children over the years. She had taken in a lot of Polish and German children from the Kindertransport during the war.
21. Aunt [REDACTED] used to look after [REDACTED] and I. She would have been in her seventies at that time. [REDACTED] ended up living with her permanently prior to her being taken into care in 1979. Aunt [REDACTED] would provide us with financial support. She would take us to her house and feed us properly. She would take us everywhere and look after us. We used to more or less stay with her for periods of time. I remember her taking

us into town and buying us things. I remember she bought me my first bike in 1976 before I went into care.

22. I remember that Aunt [REDACTED] would occasionally take us along with her to see her solicitor. At that time you would have to go and see a solicitor to buy and sell shares and so on. I remember being introduced to the solicitor. On one occasion, I remember that it was explained to [REDACTED] and I that Aunt [REDACTED] had made out her will in the name of [REDACTED] and I. We were told that we would receive her estate when we were eighteen and twenty one.

Going into care

23. I don't really remember a time when social services weren't involved in my life. They were always in the background. However, they only really became more involved when my school reported that I wasn't attending school. Before that time all the social workers I had been involved with had been more piecemeal. They had been more or less appointed by the courts with a view to managing non-custodial disposals concerning my mother. They were involved in putting together social reports and things like that. I don't know how many social workers there had been involved up until that time but there had been a lot.
24. It was after my primary school reported my non-attendance at school that Bob Hay the social worker became involved. That would have been in about 1975. I would have been eight or nine when he arrived on the scene. He would go on to be my social worker until he ceased to be involved in and around 1981 or 1982. Social services ended up putting in measures to make sure that I then attended school.
25. I attended a blizzard of children's hearings. I think they all started in about 1975. They were all held in a building on Albion Street in Glasgow. Bob Hay and my mother attended all those hearings. I remember that I was always taken in to see the panel separate from my mother. The instructions given by the panel at these hearings were that I was to return to school. Invariably there would be a review six months later and it would be discovered that I had been to school for only part of that

intermittent period. My mother would then creatively invent excuses why I hadn't been at school. Invariably, none of these would be close to the truth. It was all just a mille-feuille of lies. My educational record was essentially getting machine gunned down by my mother.

26. It all came to a head in September 1976 when I was eight years old. I had been to a children's hearing and was in a period where I was being forced to go to school. A boy from my year jumped off the school shed and landed on top of me. I didn't see him coming. The force of the boy combined with the fact that there was a pothole in the ground in front of me. It all resulted in me tripping over and breaking my arm. My left arm was smashed into bits. When I was taken to hospital I was diagnosed with a transverse compound fracture. I had to have my arm placed in plaster.
27. My broken arm started off another period of my mother keeping me off school. She was concerned that my arm would come to further harm. I remember that she told the school that the GP and consultant had advised that I be kept off school. That wasn't true because when they were later asked about that it was discovered that that was not what they had advised. I was aware of those set of circumstances at the time but it also features on page two of a social work report I have recovered dated 28th September 1979. That provided further clarity to what I recalled at the time.
28. In November 1976 the doctors said that my arm was so badly damaged that it wasn't going to heal. I was then taken into Philipshill Hospital in East Kilbride to have a plate fitted. A plate was put in that was about three inches long and had six or eight screws. I had a plaster cast put on that had to be kept in place for a further few months. All that led to my mother becoming adamant that I wasn't going to school. My school then reported my absence to social services and they became involved again. That then started the children's hearings again.
29. The re-commencement of the children's hearings resulted in the decision being taken to place me into care. That decision was made in [REDACTED] 1977. At the time I wasn't aware of that decision. I remember being at hearings but the outcome was

never something that was shared with me. I was always outside of the room when the panel, social workers and my mother discussed what to do.

30. The way I discovered I was being placed in care was that the day before I went my mother told me that I would be going into a home. She told me that Bob Hay was going to come and get me and I was going to go to the home for a day. She told me that that was being done so that she could have a rest and could go to a hospital appointment. Of course all of that was lies because, as I found out later, it had been agreed that I would be going into care for a longer spell.
31. I remember Bob Hay arriving at our house in his Volvo to pick me up. I had no idea where we were driving to. I had never really been anywhere else other than Glasgow city centre. I remember going through a big long tunnel. I had no idea at the time that it was the Clyde tunnel. We drove for forty minutes or so then stopped in what I later learnt to be Milngavie town centre. Bob Hay then bought me an ice cream.
32. Bob Hay then drove me towards Mugdock. When we turned into the reservoir road, and went along the two mile stretch that led to the home, I felt as if I could be anywhere. It all felt so remote. I had no idea where I was. I remember feeling as if I might as well be in a parallel universe. I hadn't seen grass or flowers or heard the noises of nature. I hadn't experienced any of that stuff because I had come from an urban jungle. Everything felt so alien to me.

Mugdock Children's Home, Mugdock, Stirlingshire

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later



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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

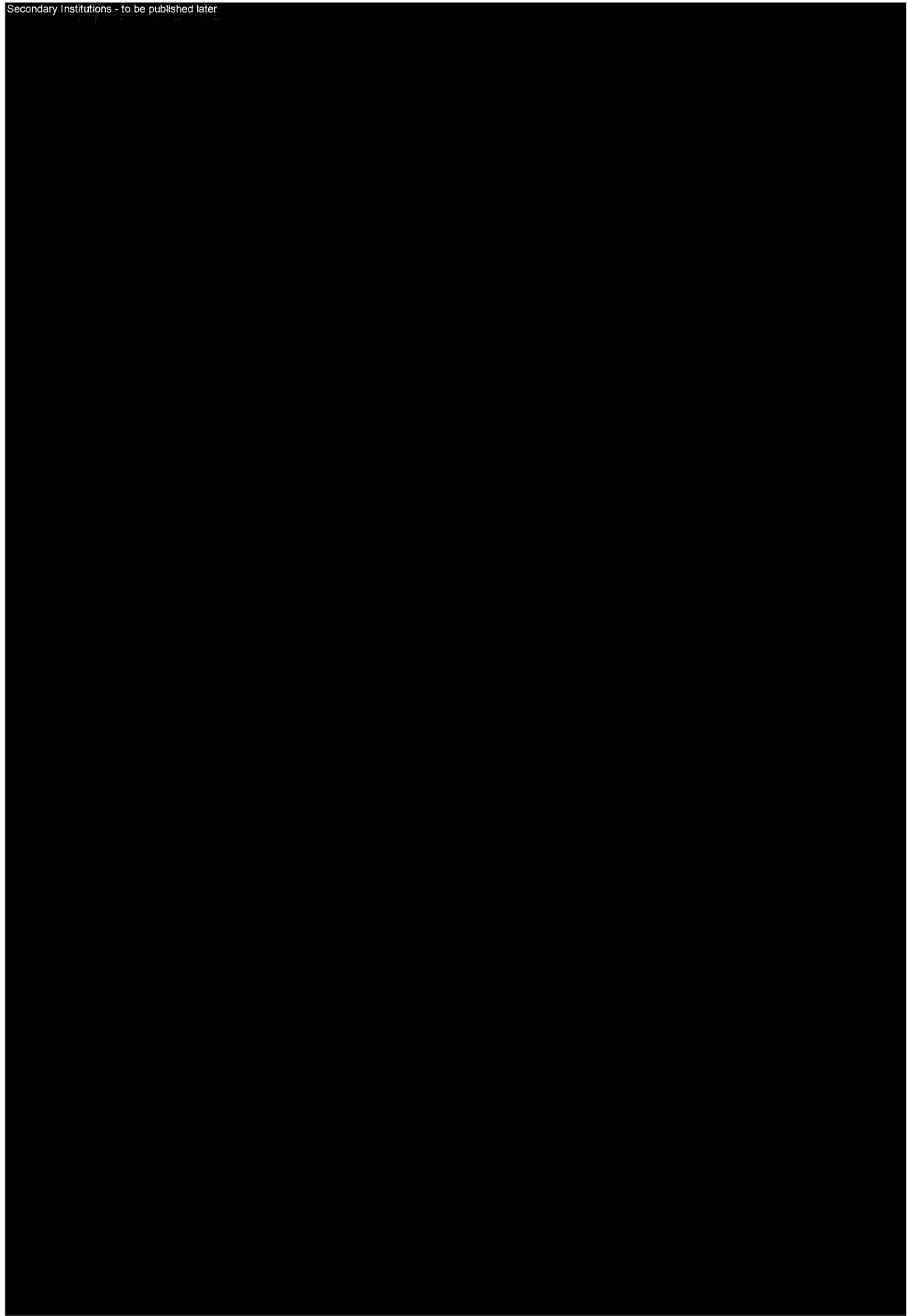
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Attempted placement into foster care

The background of the attempt to place me in foster care

273. I didn't know about it at the time but I have subsequently learnt that from about the middle of 1980 onwards my sister had been putting pressure on the social work department to have us taken out of care. She didn't do that through Bob Hay, because she had lost faith in him, but through another man who worked in the Social Work Department called Stuart Bates. He was someone who had sat in some of her children's hearings. He was the reporter. [REDACTED] wrote to Stuart Bates and demanded that we both be taken out of our respective children's homes because it had become clear, during the hearings, that our mother was willing to take her out of care but was making excuses for having me returned.
274. Around about the time that my sister was writing letters to Stuart Bates the whole idea of me being placed in foster care started. That's when the concerted effort seemed to start. Looking back, I wonder whether Bob Hay may well have been looking to pursue that in order to counter the pressure that [REDACTED] was placing on the Social Work Department.
275. In the end, they only started trying to place me into foster care when they realised that Mugdock was going to close down. That would have been in about the middle of 1980. They initially tried voraciously to organise a foster placement for me. Looking back, at that time and knowing what I do now, they had no intention of re-uniting me with my family. If they'd had their way I would have ended up with nobody. I think that if that had happened I probably would not be alive today. I don't know whether they thought about that or whether that was an unintended consequence.

Management of the foster care placement

276. One Friday night I was told when I came in from school by Matron that I was going out to a house for the weekend for an experiment. I was told that I was going out to

see whether I could get fostered. That was the first time that I heard that anything like that was going to happen. I had no prior warning. I had no time to say no or respond in any way because virtually around about the same time I was told a man and woman appeared to take me to their house. That was the first time I had ever met them. They were total strangers to me. I remember that a plastic bag of clothes had been assembled for me to take with me. I got into the man and the woman's car and they drove me to their home. I did not come back to the home until Sunday night at about 8:00 pm.

277. On each of the weekends I told people when I returned that I didn't want to be fostered and that I didn't want to entertain it. I told them that I wasn't going to go back. I didn't go into the detail about why I didn't want to go back but I made it clear that I didn't want to.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

278. In the end I had no choice in the matter because it was compulsory. I was in no position to be having a say over whether I would be going or not. I was told each and every time that I would be going without any prior warning. I remember that I used to lie awake at night worrying that I was going to be told that Friday that I would be going to stay with this family. There wasn't long enough a notice period for me to build up a whole architecture of anxiety around what I was going to be doing in the way I would when I knew the trips to collect the papers was approaching. However, there was still an anxiety there. That anxiety was ramped up even more so when the foster carers arrived at the home to collect me.

279. As far as I was concerned at the time the attempts to place me into foster care just stopped. I doubt that it came to a conclusion because I had made a complaint

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Looking back, I believe it is more likely that the attempts to place me came to a conclusion in September or October 1980 because, by that time, my sister had intervened to such an extent that there were plans put in place to get us out of care and back with our mother.

Foster placement with family in Helensburgh area

280. Over a period of four months in 1980 I was forced to spend four or five weekends staying with a family. I would have been about twelve or thirteen years old. They lived in the Helensburgh or Dumbarton area. I think it was more likely that it was in the Helensburgh area.
281. The father was called [FNI] I can't remember what his surname was. He had an involvement or position within the Army Cadets. I can't remember what his wife's name was. They had a son who was about my age. I don't remember his name. He was about the same height as me. I remember that he was in the army cadets. They also had a daughter. She too was involved with the Army Cadets. I don't remember her name.
282. I really didn't like the family. There was a very unpleasant miasma about the house amongst the family members. I could see that the son and daughter didn't like me and I didn't like them. I could tell that they didn't want me there. I remember spending the entire weekends running up and down hills doing army exercises around about Dumbarton and Helensburgh. I remember running in fields in Rhu and places like that. The father would dress me in full combat gear to do these things. That's practically all I would do during the weekends I stayed with the family.

Abuse suffered whilst on foster care placement with family in Helensburgh

[FNI] (*surname unknown*)

283. [FNI] the father, would collect me from Mugdock on Friday evenings and return me the subsequent Sunday evening. He was usually on his own when he collected me. Not long after arriving at the family's home in Helensburgh on the first Friday night I was shown where my bed was by [FNI]. The bed was in a box room. I remember that the first Friday night I got fitted up for an Army Cadets uniform. At that time I

didn't realise that that was what I would be wearing all day on Saturday doing all day outdoor pursuits.

284. During the process of putting on the uniform and the boots [REDACTED]'s hands were everywhere. I remember him pulling up and down my trousers, saying they didn't fit properly, checking how they fitted around my waist and him checking to see whether I was wearing any underpants. I remember him saying that the army didn't wear a certain type of underpants, getting me to pull them down and making me put on other underpants instead. Throughout that whole process his hands were lingering over my penis area, back passage area and the top of my thighs. I remember him asking me to bend over. Nothing further happened though. He was fully clothed in his Army Cadet uniform.
285. I remember that on the Saturday and Sunday morning he would undertake something like a mock inspection. He would frisk you much in the same way you would get frisked going through an airport but in slow motion and lingering over certain areas. Looking back, the reason he was slowly moving back and forth over certain areas was because he was trying to see whether he could arouse me. The focus of his attention was definitely the groin and upper leg region. This whole process and pattern was repeated by [REDACTED] over the course of at least three further weekends. It could possibly have been as many as six weekends.
286. About ten or fifteen years ago [REDACTED] came into the Arnold Clark I worked in in [REDACTED]. I discovered that he was employed as a driver in the hire car department. He had come in with a car he had collected from Helensburgh. I recognised him instantly. I don't know whether he recognised me. I was on the cusp of going to my desk and calling the police. I don't know what happened but I ended up not taking that opportunity to call the police. I saw [REDACTED] on a number of occasions after that. I deeply regret not taking the opportunity to call the police when I could have. I think I just didn't want to make a scene. I didn't want the people I worked with learning about my past.

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Life after leaving Mugdock

302. [REDACTED] went back home permanently the same day as me. When I left I discovered that [REDACTED] had been allowed home during the weekends leading up to us returning permanently back to our mother's. She had been allowed to go back and forth between Lochgarry Children's Home and our mother's.

303. Locus parentis or guardianship must have been fully returned to my mother at some point. I don't know how, and when, that was returned to our mother. There would have had to have been a children's hearing to do that. That is something that I don't

remember happening. All of that aspect is a mystery to me. If that was done it must have been done ad hoc. What I have discovered is that over the period since [REDACTED] and I were first taken into care our mother had been taken into Levensdale Hospital. I have also learnt that she had also been in Corton Vale Prison at some point over 1980.

304. [REDACTED] and I were essentially returned to abject poverty. I remember us being in constant hunger. We had one set of clothing which comprised of what we were wearing on the day that [REDACTED] and I were released from care. The flat had no furniture, beds, carpets, heating or hot water. There was absolutely nothing in place. Later on, we got three old armchairs from The Salvation Army that [REDACTED], my mother and I used to sit on and sleep. I remember that we spent Christmas Day 1980 listening to Radio Clyde on a tiny radio [REDACTED] had been given by Lochgarry Children's Home and eating cheap white bread and Spam sandwiches.
305. Social services didn't help us out financially in any way. I am aware now that when people leave care there are resources and things thrown at people, and rightly so. However, back then things were different. There was no infrastructure of any sort. There was no financial or moral support or anything like that. We were provided with literally nothing. Because of that [REDACTED] and I had to work to bring money into the household.
306. [REDACTED] started working at the bingo at nights and the weekends to earn money to help. She did that whilst still carrying on at school. She later got a job with the Health Board at the Glasgow Victoria Infirmary. I had to force myself to go out and get a job. I purely did that job because we needed the money to eat and live. I ended up getting a job in [REDACTED] Hair Salon on Hope Street. I spent my Saturdays and Sundays washing people's hair. I remember the people I met there being such a contrast to my background. The clients were all from the upper echelons of Glasgow society. Quite apart from apparently being good at washing hair I think that [REDACTED] took some sort of shine to me.

307. When I first left Mugdock I couldn't count, read or write properly. I was really far behind where I should have been. I remember that when I went to Shawlands Academy in 1981 I sat my prelims the following December. When the results came in the English teacher there gave me back my English paper. The paper had a big red circle with 48% written inside it. I remember the English teacher told me that I would never pass any exam, never mind an English exam, if I didn't learn to read. Up until that moment I hadn't really been aware of what I had missed educationally during my childhood. It bothered me and offended me that that English teacher said that to me. In a way it reminded me of the times I was made to stand up in front of the class in the schools I was in in Milngavie and forced to read and write in front of everyone.
308. Subsequent to that teacher saying that I spent two or three years displaying severe OCD behaviour. For two and a half years I used to only sleep about two hours a night. I avoided having any friends at school or socialising. I studied night after night. Saturday, Sundays, you name it. I got hold of a dictionary and read it from cover to cover. I got study books from WH Smith in Glasgow. I read those voraciously and memorised their contents. I remember studying so hard that I used to get migraines. I then sat eight O Grades. I ended up getting good results. I got five As and three Bs. It took me three years of extreme cramming to get me to that level but I got there. I'd effectively managed to do that myself between when I left the home in 1980 and when I sat my exams in 1983. After that I did four Highers. I got three A's and a B.
309. I wanted to do law at University but because I got a B in my Highers I ended up doing accountancy. In the end I went to university for about a fortnight. I think I had my first nervous breakdown at that point. I was speaking to a lot of people who had known me from my area and I think that is what triggered that.

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Contact with social services after leaving care

313. Bob Hay appeared two or three times in the aftermath of [REDACTED] and I leaving care. I remember that part of the condition of my release, if that is the right way to describe things, was that I had to attend at night time a youth club on Calder Street that was located above the regional social work department's offices. I remember having to go down there after school. I was basically forced to mix in with boys who had been in borstal and the prison system. They were basically criminals. Some of them had been convicted of serious offences. I realised that after only three or four visits to that youth club. I remember that some of the attendees were living in the same area as us. There was drug taking and all sorts of other stuff and I didn't want to get to know these people.
314. Having to attend that youth club was like some twisted relay race where one bastard passes you on like a baton to the next bastard. It was as if they were saying "you've finished part three of the race now run to the finishing line and get yourself into Barlinnie." Fortunately, that never happened because I stopped going. I remember that during the second visit that Bob Hay made to us before he disappeared he said that he was considering sanctioning me for not attending the youth club. That would have resulted in me being placed in a home again. That was his remedy for me not attending the youth club. He also told us that Aunt [REDACTED] was now in a retirement home. He wouldn't tell us where. We asked and asked but he wouldn't tell us.
315. The following year we found out that Aunt [REDACTED] had died in a home in Port Glasgow. We found that out through our mother reading her death notice in The Evening Times or The Glasgow Herald. After Aunt [REDACTED]'s death Bob Hay came to visit us again at [REDACTED]. I remember that during the visit he was holding a document. He then decided to read out the document he was holding. He told us that it was Aunt [REDACTED]'s will. I remember him taking great delight in reading it out to us in the bareness of our mother's home. I remember that we were told that she had left £20,000 to a children's home in Ayr, and a lump sum to the United Free Church of Scotland and other beneficiaries. In amongst all of the beneficiaries was a woman who lived near to Aunt [REDACTED] and went to church with her. [REDACTED] and I believe that

that woman was a relative of Bob Hay. Aunt [REDACTED]'s whole estate ended up going to everybody but [REDACTED] and I. Bob Hay took great delight in telling us this was the case.

316. Looking back, I have no idea why he chose to read us Aunt [REDACTED]'s last will and testament when we weren't beneficiaries. The only way I can think about it is that he was doing it out of 'schadenfreude'. He was getting joy out of harm to us. That's the only way I can think about it. Other than that I can think of no other logical reason why he did that. It had to be out of malevolence.
317. Bob Hay actually makes mention of Aunt [REDACTED] in the reports that I have recovered amongst my records. He refers to Aunt [REDACTED] as having a close relationship with us. He states that he was concerned that my mother was taking advantage of Aunt [REDACTED] and that was why he took steps to have her admitted into a home. Looking back, I can't believe that there were no legal protections that could have been pursued to protect Aunt [REDACTED] from our mother. He could have looked to get an interim interdict or something like that.
318. I don't know whether there was an actual problem with my mother or not. If there was then it makes sense that he placed her in a home. However, even then he could have still come up to Mugdock and taken me to visit her in Port Glasgow. Not once did he ever do that. He didn't need to do that. He repeated the formula he used with me on Aunt [REDACTED]. He made sure there was physical distance between her and her family. On top of that, just to pollute the mixture further, he made sure that [REDACTED] and I were disinherited from Aunt [REDACTED]'s estate.
319. I'm not concerned about the money. What I am concerned about is the indecency of it all. You would like to think in your old age that nobody would creep into your life like a burglar and schematically disinherit your relatives. It's detestable in extremis. It's like something out of a novel.
320. I appreciate that the changing of Aunt [REDACTED]'s will and Bob Hay's involvement with her is not necessarily directly relevant to what the Inquiry is investigating. However,

what I think it does show is that Bob Hay was willing to do exactly the same thing he did to me as he did with Aunt [REDACTED]. He stuck her in Port Glasgow so no one could go to see her. Nobody knew where she was. There were lots of homes in Pollokshields and Cathcart where he could have put her but he chose not to.

Life after care – later life

321. After leaving university I ultimately got a job with Royal Bank of Scotland. I worked there for about four years before getting a job with a finance company. I was involved in putting together asset finance for cars, planes, garages and all other sorts of other things. I started as a trainee and worked my way up. In 1992 or 1993 I had another meltdown. I hadn't drunk until that point but that is when I started drinking and smoking. A short time after that I got involved on and off with drugs. Within a short period of time I lost my job and nearly lost my flat. I then ended up working for Arnold Clark. It was the worst mistake I made. The culture there just wasn't right for me. Before I knew it I had spent ten years abusing alcohol, cigarettes and drugs.

Impact

322. The impact of abuse is a bit like a waterfall that never ends. It can manifest itself in many ways. I liken it to almost to an oyster making a pearl. First of all there is an irritant, the oyster then produces a layer of nacre around that irritant, it then produces another layer, and another until the point that a pearl is formed. That has been what my life has become. It has been a succession of poisonous pearls. It has got me in every way. It's as if you live "a half-life." It is like someone has taken a paint brush and mixed all of the different colours of paints together. The outcome is that the colour is black. No matter what you do you cannot change the colours back. That's how it feels to me. Abuse discolours everything you go on to do. No matter what you go on to do it is always black.

323. I find myself just existing with little enjoyment out of life. If you don't get enjoyment from anything then what is the point? I know that there are lots of people who are in much worse positions than me. However, you need to have enjoyment in your life if your life is to be rich. I just can't turn on enjoyment. There is no lever there to make myself have that. I have no interest in anything.
324. I have read an article which discusses some research that is out there concerning people who have lived through the sort of experiences I have. It said that about 80% of people who have experienced similar things don't make it to the age of fifty. People have either been killed through their bodies aging quickly or they have died as a result of suicide, drug addiction, alcoholism or crime. I don't want people to feel sorry for me but there has been consequences. My life has been indelibly changed because of what I experienced in my childhood.

Mental health

325. I have been in and out of hospital because of my mental health. I think I had my first major breakdown when I was about seventeen. It happened about two or three weeks after starting university. I ended up having to drop out of university. I had another breakdown in my twenties.
326. Over my life I have had repeated thoughts of suicide. Ultimately, I haven't been able to do it because I ended up thinking about my mother and my sister. Up until 1993 I hadn't smoked a cigarette or drunk any alcohol. I then started drinking, smoking and taking drugs. Secretly, or privately, I hoped that my lifestyle would kill me. However, in the end all my lifestyle resulted in is me losing my job and nearly losing my flat. I ended up being sectioned in the Southern General in 1995. When I got out of the Southern General I got another job.
327. A lot of psychiatrists have speculated in the past that I have a borderline personality disorder. However, I was ultimately diagnosed with a complex post-traumatic stress disorder (CPTSD) by a doctor called Dr Alison Cummings. That was in 2014. Various other psychiatrists I have been with have also given that diagnosis. I have

since discovered that CPTSD from childhood trauma is often misdiagnosed by psychiatrists as a borderline personality disorder because traditionally PTSD is affiliated with persons who have seen combat. I now know that my CPTSD is as a result of my experiences as a child and I have had no means or ability to escape. Essentially, escape or rescue from the trauma has been impossible. That in turn leads to your personality being changed.

328. I have been diagnosed with obsessive compulsive disorder (OCD). My OCD affects my life in a number of ways. The one thing I am obsessed with is detail. That's a constant that is always there. Since I was a young man I have walked around with a packet of wet wipes. I never feel clean enough. Because I don't get any pleasure out of people I buy things. I have to get joy through inanimate objects. Ever since I started working and had money I have been buying things in duplicate, triplicate or quadruplicate. Sometimes it is much more than that. I have sixty three Marks and Spencer t-shirts that are all the same colour. There's a financial cost to all of that which I just have to grin and bear. Over the years I have bought things that I have never worn. I end up taking them to The Heart Foundation shop. After that I find myself going out and replacing the items I took to the charity shop. Over the years I have talked to Dr Alison Cummings about my habits. We've come to the conclusion that it is because I'm fearful of loss. Because of that I purchase multiple items as a backup.
329. In moments where I have been really hurting inside, like when I was providing the police with statements, I turned to self-harm. There are occasions where I purchase things, deliberately wait until you can no longer buy a particular thing then I return it. The hurt, for me, of letting go of that item and not being able to replace it again is terrible. Up until about two or three years ago I had my own share trading account online. I went through a phase of deliberately buying stock and then deliberately selling it two or three days later at a loss. Sometimes, I will punish myself in the way that I was punished when I was in care. If I am in a real state of crisis and there is something causing me stress or worry I will starve myself.

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Heart attacks

333. Between 2003 and 2005 I had a series of heart attacks. Fortunately, the most serious heart attack occurred in Glasgow and I was rushed to the Royal Infirmary. The doctors initially couldn't believe that someone of my age was having heart attacks. They discovered, following an angiogram, that one of my main arteries had been narrowed by 20% to 40%. I remember that I was checked out with a supermarket bag full of medicine. It turns out that heart problems can occur as a result of CPTSD. That wasn't necessarily known about at the time of my heart problems but it is known now.

334. Men traditionally have heart attacks in their fifties, sixties or seventies. On a very basic level, the age inside my body is at least twenty to thirty years older than what it should appear like from the outside. There's a very simple explanation behind it all.

When you suffer stress your body, unbeknownst to you, spits out cholesterol into your bloodstream from your liver. It's all part of the fight or flight mechanism and it is meant to be burnt off escaping or fighting from your attacker. If you don't use up that cholesterol then it circulates in your blood and collects in your arteries. That's basically what happened with me. My body, through my childhood, has had to work hard and it's continually been spitting out cholesterol. That's why my body internally has aged so much.

335. Once you have a heart attack you never forget. You realise that life is ephemeral. You're left wondering when the next one might be. When you raise your blood pressure it can be raised for up to four hours. When most people have heart attacks it isn't because of cigarettes or alcohol. It is because of some ridiculous event that has taken place. It's because their body has been fired up with adrenaline and it has burst an artery. Because of that I try not to react to certain things. You never have a day off from thinking about that.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

336.

337. I remember that in 1984 I sat five Highers. I achieved three A's and two B's. One of the Bs that I got was in accountancy. I remember that the morning before I sat my Higher accountancy exam I was standing outside a newsagent waiting for a friend. It was then that I saw a board with a headline saying yet another person had died of "the gay plague." I had seen billboards like that at that time, however, for some reason that morning it had an effect on me. I then went to school to sit the exam. When I flicked over my paper I answered question three as my first question. At the end of the exam I thought I had finished but suddenly realised that I had not

answered the first two questions. That is what ultimately resulted in me getting a B in Higher accountancy and not being able to go on to do law at university.

338. I remember that I spent an unhealthy amount of time throughout the 1980's and 1990's in red BT phone boxes around Glasgow city centre and the Southside. At that time those phone boxes would have signs for various organisations which had helplines. I remember calling organisations like the Samaritans, the Terence Higgins Trust and the Scottish Aids Monitor. I'm not gay but I also called the Scottish Homosexual Rights Group because they too were one of the few organisations who were offering help at that time. Those were the four favourite go-to places for me throughout that time. The reason that I was calling those organisations was because I was seeking advice and reassurance. When I called I just couldn't speak to any of the people who picked up the phone at the other end. The person at the other end would answer and I would hang up. I rang those organisations so many times that, even now, I still remember the answer machine messages for some of them. I ultimately never did speak to anybody through those helplines.
339. In 1992 I was driving my car home one night and felt a terrible pain in my stomach. I then passed out and my car went onto the pavement next to the Victoria Infirmary. I was then taken in and they did an emergency operation on my appendix. A couple of days after coming round in the ward I heard a couple of the doctors or nurses talking in the corridor outside. I remember that, even though I could barely walk, I got up out of my bed and listened to what they were saying. The reason I did that was that I wanted to hear whether they had done a blood test and whether the result might be positive for Aids.
340. When the doctor and nurses came into the room there was no mention of whether they had done a blood test or whether the results had shown that I had Aids. My mind then went to asking them to do that but then it was changed when I remembered about my mortgage and attached life policy. Back then one of the exclusions was that if you had HIV or Aids then you could lose your life policy. That could in turn result in you losing your mortgage and your home. Over the years subsequent to that I had various blood tests, including the day I was sectioned. On

each occasion I would wait for them to tell me whether I had HIV or Aids. That never happened though.

341. In 2005 I ended up having an angiogram. Alongside that I had a raft of other associated blood tests. They didn't tell me what tests they were doing but I later discovered that one of them was for HIV or Aids. The results from that test were negative. I'd been tortured for over twenty years with the thought that I had HIV or Aids. The cruel irony of it all was that the point I stopped worrying about Aids was the point I started to worry about heart attacks.

Education and missed opportunities

342. My sister and I went through our whole early childhood not reading a single children's story. We weren't exposed to any of the children's classics at home or in care. There were no fairy stories, no children's stories and no fiction. I now have a working knowledge of what the classics are but I have had to learn that in later life.

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

344. I think dropping out of university led me to working in sales driven environments. To do those sort of jobs you have to be greedy and venal. Because of the lack of opportunities through not having a degree, I was in the wrong place for the type of person I am. I was placed in the position where I was around people whom I perhaps didn't really want to know. They weren't the sort of people who shared my core values. If I had been able to stay on at university I possibly may have gone down the route of law or accountancy in terms of career.

Relationships

345. I don't trust people. There are a lot of situations in my life where I avoid people, friends and relationships. I don't have any friends. I had a friend when I was at school but I haven't really had any friends since. I've had kitchen tables in various flats that nobody has sat at other than me. I have never been to a wedding or a christening. That's partly because I have no family left other than [REDACTED] but it's also because I don't know anybody.

346. I have had three relationships that have lasted around a couple of years. During all of my relationships I have tried to avoid intimacy. [REDACTED]

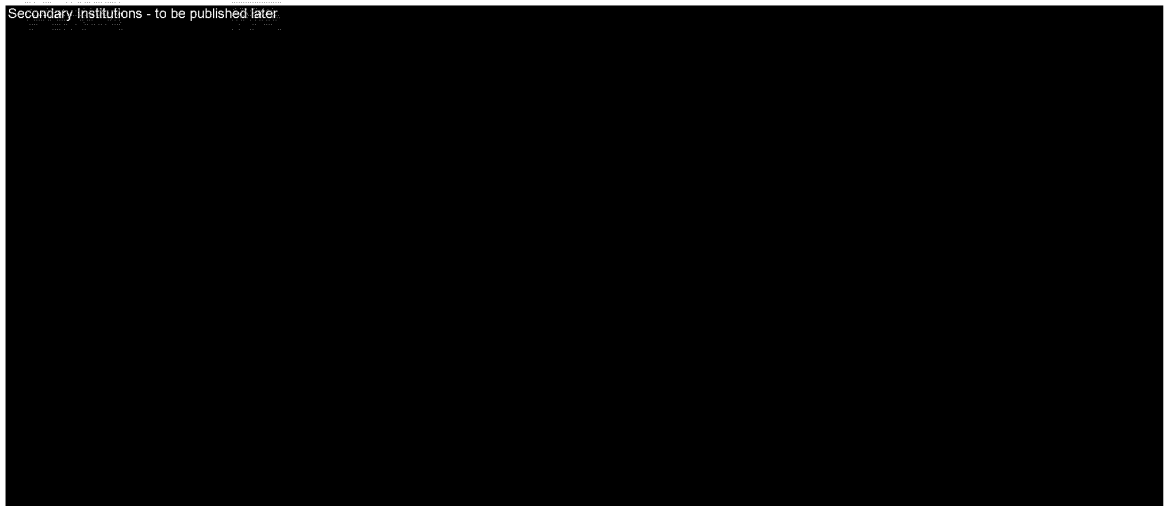
Secondary Institutions - to be published later

347. I remember that when I got my job in RBS I met a nice girl who worked there. She came from a nice family and had a nice house in Clarkston. Very early on in the relationship her family paid for us to go on a holiday together to Majorca. I was then confronted with the fact that I may have to become involved in intimacy. Most young men of that age would be desperate to become involved with intimacy but I definitely wasn't. I had to become inventive about avoiding it. I had to make up lies. It all just got increasingly worse. It eventually became too much pressure for me. I started ignoring her phone calls. What should have been a positive joyful journey became something that wasn't. It had become something that would fill me with dread. I think that dread then turned into avoidance.

Other impacts

348. There are lots of impacts from my childhood that you wouldn't necessarily first think about. I don't read fiction and never have done. I never watch anything other than documentaries on TV. I've only ever seen two films, "Return of the Jedi" and "ET." I think people look for fear and excitement in these sort of things because they

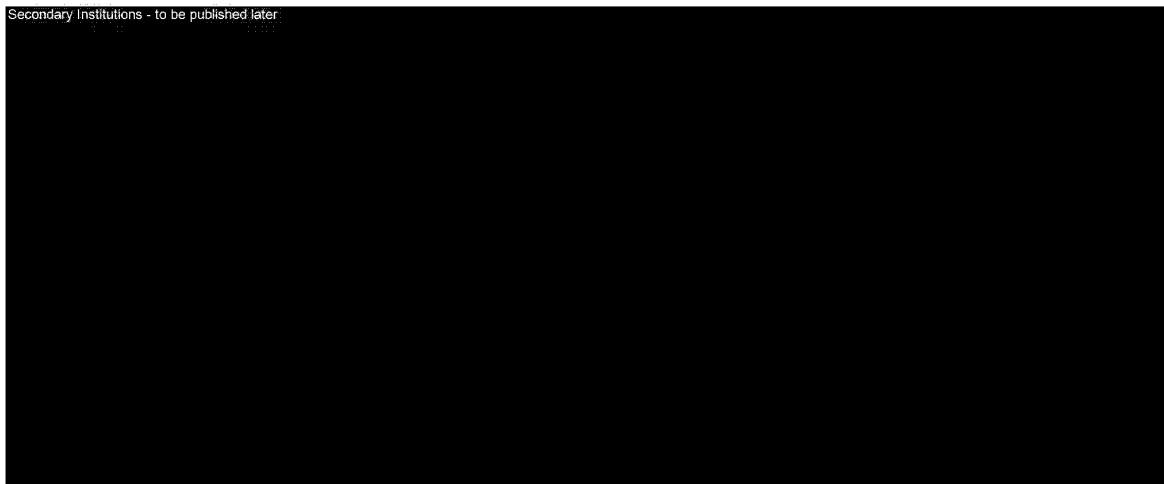
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Treatment and support

350. In 2008 I was randomly referred for counselling. If it had been a male counsellor then I would have only attended one session. However, I was fortunate because I was referred to a woman. The counsellor's name was Dr Alison Cumming. I think it is not only the fact that she was a very good person that enabled me to continue but also because she was a woman. I initially saw Dr Alison Cumming through the NHS but the funding for that was withdrawn after about a year. I have been paying to see her privately ever since. Dr Alison Cummings probably knows about 75% or 85% of the abuse that I suffered. I haven't told her about everything that happened in detail.

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and the other part recognises that it needs to be kept alive. In a way, the way things have progressed has meant that I can't allow myself to 'reset' properly. You can be doing anything and all of a sudden something comes from nowhere. I realise that the system hasn't been designed that way but the length of time the police take to do things is one of the persistent incidental issues that makes life more difficult. You never ultimately get a rest from it.

Records

Own personal research

355. In July 2019 I went to Milngavie Library and looked back through the [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. That proved to be a rich source of information about Mugdock. Over and above that research I have looked to recover records from other sources.

Obtaining records from Glasgow City Council


356. Over the years I have called all around Glasgow City Council and their social work department in an effort to recover my records. I think I counted that I made around about 103 phone calls trying to recover my records. Every phone call I made I came up against a brick wall. No one knew anything about my records or attempts to recover them. I was passed on from one person to next. It was only by sheer accident that I eventually got through to somebody who knew anything about my records. A women answered the phone in a department that I had been put through to erroneously. She told me that she was the person who was dealing with it. I felt as if my numbers had come up in the lottery. I have to say she was great.
357. I eventually recovered my records around about May 2017. They came through my door in a big envelope one day. Prima facie I thought that they were my sister's. I thought that because I noticed that they had been indexed at The Mitchell Library under [REDACTED]'s name rather than mine.

358. Sadly the woman who had been helpful to me before has been replaced by somebody else. There is a vast difference between this new person and the last person. I have felt I have been swimming against the tide. They don't answer their phone calls and really haven't been helpful.

Observations following reviewing my records from Glasgow City Council

359.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later



360. It is clear from the records that my social workers weren't writing my records contemporaneously. You can see that they were writing them in arrears. The first social worker report is written about two and a half years after I went into Mugdock. The report was drafted in consideration of a children's panel hearing. There is one subsequent social work report that is present which was written on the anniversary of my birth. It is focused both on my sister and myself. Prior to those reports there is nothing in my records in terms of social work reports.

361. The first children's hearing report is dated 28th September 1979. The social work report for 1980 is also present. There is a whole load of stuff that isn't there. The social work reports that would have been written up following my reporting what happened in the children's hearing in September 1977 are not there. The report for my annual review in 1978 is also missing. Furthermore, there are no records surrounding the children's hearings that took place before I permanently ended up in care. None of that is there.

362. I have looked at my sister's records from when she was checked into Lochgarry Children's Home in the West End of Glasgow. They are extensive. There is a form in [redacted]'s records called "RICI Form - Admission for the reception of children into care, Strathclyde Social Work Department." There appears to be a reference on that

form which is "WS795". I don't know whether that is an HMSO reference or something like that. There is also a form called "RIC3 – Health record card for child in care, Strathclyde Social Work Department." That form too has a reference which is "WS793". There are records surrounding her being checked over during a doctor's appointment by a GP when she first got there. There are also records showing that she averaged an appointment with her GP once a month. Her records are filled out assiduously over the first ten months she was at Lochgarry Children's Home.

363. The forms and records I highlight that are present in [REDACTED]'s records are all standardly required records which were produced through staff following the protocols that were adopted by Strathclyde Regional Council for any child entering care in the Strathclyde region, or was placed elsewhere by Strathclyde Regional Council, at that time. All those records and forms therefore should be in my own records. There is nothing of that sort in my records.
364. All of the detail concerning my foster care placements with the family in Helensburgh towards the end of my stay at Mugdock is missing from the reports prepared by Bob Hay. Also missing are any notes concerning [REDACTED] coming under parallel pressure from Bob Hay to submit to being fostered to a family in Portobello.
365. I don't know whether it is an accident that there are records missing or whether it is by design. I can make inferences as to why certain records might not be there.
- Secondary Institutions - to be published later
- Secondary Institutions - to be published later
366. What I have discovered through looking through the social work records and comparing what's said there with my memories is there are conflicts between my own perception and those of my social worker, Bob Hay. The records I have are

solely written by him and a lot of what is described isn't contemporaneous to when the events occurred. My impression from reading those records are that he perceived the children who were part of his caseload as being damaged. It feels to me that the way he describes things doesn't consider that it could be the system, the home or indeed himself that could be the things that are damaged. I feel that his reports are extremely critical of me rather than anything else. My perception of him, and his records, is that we were the children of drug addled or alcoholic parents and that we were a societal problem.

367. There is one paragraph in particular written by Bob Hay that almost defies belief which I want to highlight to the Inquiry within this statement. It features in his social work report dated 28th September 1979 at page two. He says ██████████^{FGV} *is a slightly built boy of pale complexion and fine features. He was of nervous disposition, spending his time fidgeting with various toys and never sitting still for one moment. He often seemed to be distant from any conversation which was taking place as he paced up and down at times chatting to himself quite unintelligibly. He was always tidily dressed and respectful when questioned answering in a "baby like" voice. However, when pressurised into explaining his non-attendance he became extremely distressed, sobbing and pouting his bottom lip shouting in a high pitched voice. When questioned about his non-attendance at school he blamed his mother for keeping him off. Although a timid child who did not participate to any great extent with his classmates he did acknowledge that he did like school."*
368. When I look at this paragraph now I can see that the child he was describing was obviously psychologically traumatised. However, to me that isn't what he focussed on. He chose instead to focus on me having a high pitched and baby like voice and so on. He chose to look at that rather than thinking that he was encountering a child who was in distress. It seems to me to be very value and judgement laden rather than looking at the broader picture.
369. There is a part in one of his reports that refers to me as picking the plaster that was on my left arm when I was staying with my mother. That features on page two, paragraphs five and six of his social work report dated 28th September 1979.

Looking at that comment, and a couple of others, I think that that is Bob Hay suggesting that it was me who was causing further damage to my arm rather than it being the fact that the home neglected to follow through on the consultant's advice to have the plate in my left arm removed. I do wonder whether part of Bob Hay's duty might have been to take me to see Mr Newton, he neglected to do that and he is in some way trying to divert attention away from that. In a way, I wonder whether he was trying to "lay off" some of the blame for the damage caused through me not getting the plate removed earlier on.

370. I think it would be very easy for me to review the records and say that Bob Hay is a compulsive liar and that none of the things that he writes in his reports happened. I don't want to leave that impression because there are lots of things that are correct. However, what I do think is that the way he has described things leaves the impression that the problem was with the child and not the system.

Experience of the police's efforts to recover records

371. In July 2019 I handed the police copies of all of the research and pictures I had uncovered. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
Secondary Institutions - to be published later I have kept a copy of what I handed to them. I provided the police with copies of the records I recovered so as they would have a copy to compare with anything they had recovered. As it has turned out there are no differences between the records they have recovered and those that I have recovered.

372. The police told me a couple of years ago that all the records from the home, including medical, dental and school records, had been destroyed. That turned out to be completely wrong because various records have appeared as time has gone on. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
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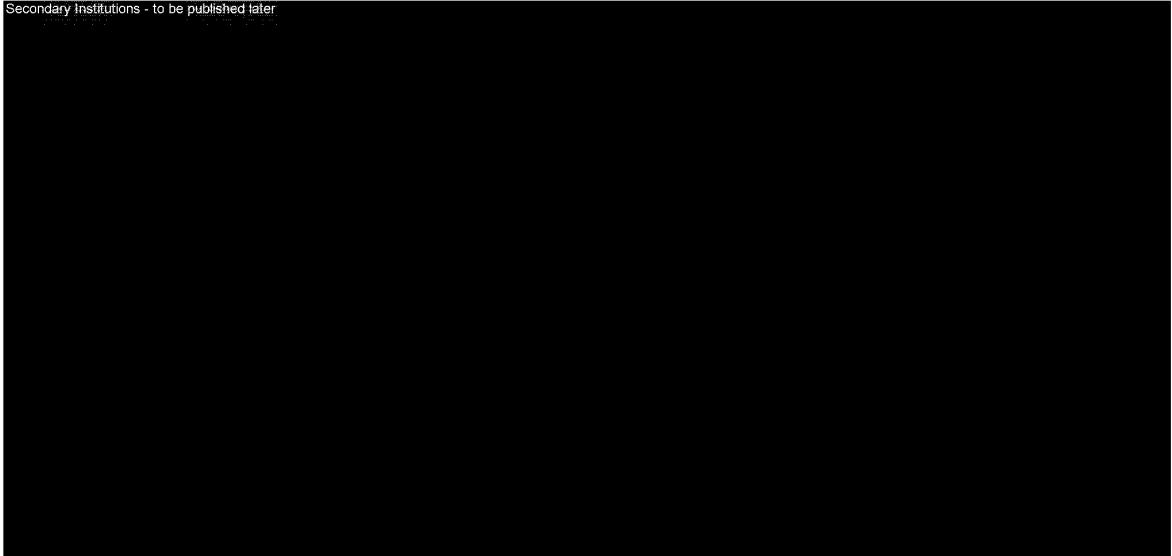
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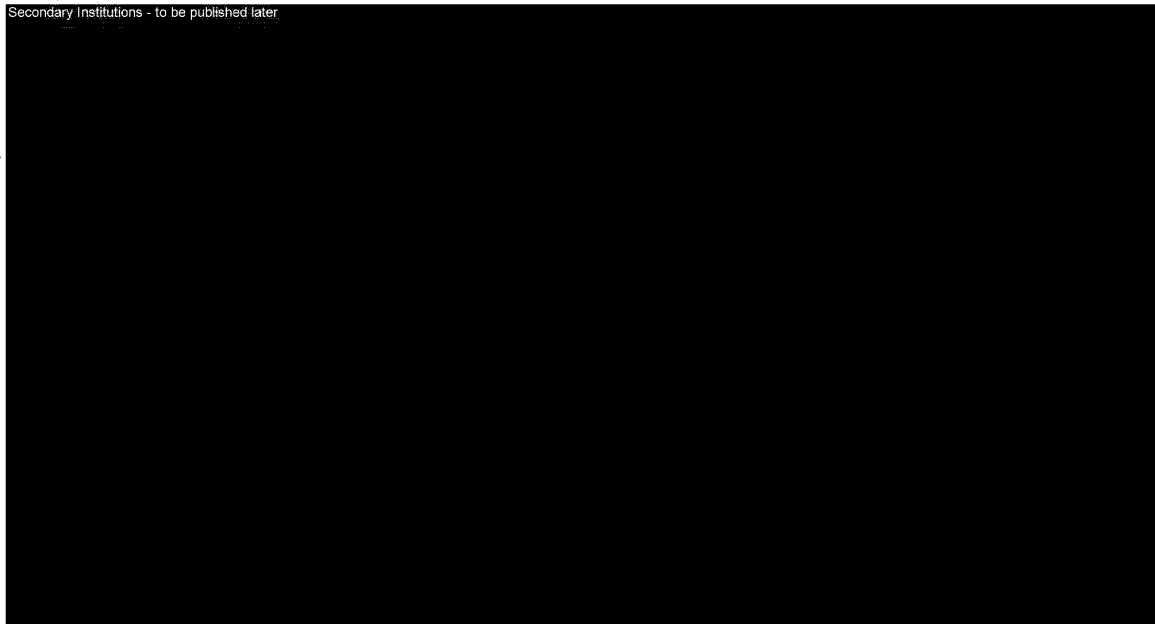
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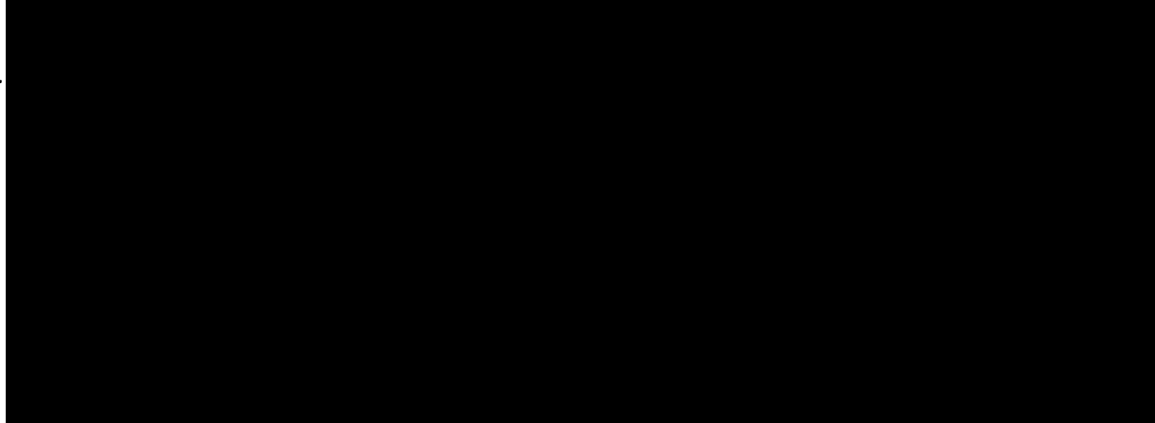


Lessons to be Learned

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Oversight and regulation of local authorities and their social work departments

395. I don't know whether things have changed now but from my experience the architecture in place surrounding councils and their social work departments effectively leaves them beyond reproach. Councils, by way of the way they are formulated and in the things that they do, are generally ultra vires and beyond control. My perception is that social work has become a monster that has metastasised. I think that councils and social services are effectively a law unto themselves. They are not accountable. There's no organisation that is regulating them. I just can't think of any other structures in the country that are like that.
396. My own particular issue is that Bob Hay, in his role under the social work department, had complete and utter free reign. The children's panels at that time I was in care were effectively a new experimentation that been brought in from the court system. Whatever Bob Hay said or reported to those hearings, and in that system, was accepted verbatim. No one challenged him or the system he was part of. I don't know what his ultimate motive was but he had ultimate control over lots of people's lives including me.
397. I see lots of things around the country where it has been discovered that social services have got it wrong. There has to now be the case for there to be some sort of oversight of social services. I think that has to happen because they are people who are meddling in people's lives and the consequences of their decisions on the child can be lifelong. Those consequences aren't just consequences for the individual, they are consequences for wider society. If social services get it wrong people can end up becoming trapped in the criminal system. I would say that most of the people who had a similar background as me ended up in Barlinnie Prison or wherever. That then becomes another cost to the state.

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Separation of siblings

403. I always think about whether things might have been different if I had been placed into care in the same place as my sister. I don't know who thought it was a good idea to separate me from [REDACTED] and why they persisted with that for so long. From my knowledge of the records the police have recovered from the schools in Milngavie and my own knowledge from being there at the time, there were family units in Mugdock all of the time. They were there regularly on both a long and short term basis.

404. If the need was such that my home life was so chaotic and violent then surely [REDACTED] should have been taken into care at the same time as me? [REDACTED] was as much exposed to the violence from [REDACTED] as I was. Given that, I can't see the rationality for splitting me from her. I can't imagine anyone then or now thinking on balance that that was appropriate.

Further thoughts on abuse suffered

405. At the time of the abuse I had no concept of what sex or sexual things were. I knew innately that the things that were happening were not right however I just didn't know how wrong it was.

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Media Reporting of abuse

410. In the last eight years there has been a constant bombardment of reporting on childhood sexual abuse or sexual abuse in general. You could argue that all sexual abuse is a crime and it should be treated in a similar way in terms of reporting but it's not. When you have people in adult life who have complex traumas emanating from childhood sexual abuse it is different to those who have suffered from other crimes. I am not saying it is more important but it is just different. Stories concerning sexual abuse are continuously going to trigger things. I try to filter things out but it's not always possible because you have no warning when it is about to come.
411. I have no issue with news outlets reporting sexual abuse. However, I think there should be something there, possibly by means of a law, put in place that allows you to filter out that sort of material. I think that there should be an opt in thing that allows for you not to have that sort of material constantly sprayed out at you. They manage to do that if there are articles which, for example, involve flash photography so as people suffering from epilepsy can look away. They have in place on news websites and apps options to filter out certain news items like sport or Brexit and so on. I can't logically see why those reporting the news don't have a responsibility to allow people the opportunity to opt in to reporting on childhood sexual abuse if they really want to hear about that sort of thing. Sometimes some things need to be controlled for the wider public good. My life would have been a lot easier if I had been able to avoid that.

Final thoughts / Hopes for the Inquiry

Secondary Institutions - to be published later


412.

413.

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415. My hope is that the Inquiry understands what happened in the past so as it can shape things in the future. Social workers and carers need to be stopped from going ultra vires and going berserk.

416. 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. 24/1/20