

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

HYJ [REDACTED]

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is <sup>HYJ</sup> [REDACTED]. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1950. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### Life before going into care

2. I was brought up in Tranent and stayed in a few different houses there with my parents [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I was the eldest in the family and have six brothers and sisters. My brother [REDACTED] is a year younger than me, [REDACTED] is four years younger and [REDACTED] is six years younger. [REDACTED] is eight years younger, [REDACTED] is thirteen years younger and lastly [REDACTED] is sixteen years younger.
3. My dad was a lorry driver and mum looked after the house. Life was alright even although we didn't have much. I slept at my granny's for a bit because at that stage they had three children and there wasn't enough room. We all moved including my granny to a new build in 1956. We lived out a soup pot and never had a three course meal as we couldn't afford it. It was always either soup and a main course or soup and a pudding.
4. I went to St Martin's Primary and Junior Secondary School. You went there until you were fifteen but it was limited with some of the subjects. Catholic kids from all over the area went to St Martin's. It was an unfair system because as a Catholic you could only go to the local Tranent secondary school, Ross High if you got an A or a B in the qualifying entrance exam. Basically if you were a stupid Protestant and you got a D

for your qualifying you got in but if you were a brainy Catholic and got a C you didn't get in. That was discrimination but that's how it was in these days. School was alright for me, I was very clever at school and loved the poetry there.

5. I kept getting into trouble and had my first appearance in the burgh court when I was eight years old for smashing windows. Then it was small things like vandalism and petty theft. I don't think the social work or welfare were involved at this time. I would get taken to the burgh court and then started getting taken to the Juvenile Court at Haddington where my friends and I had a couple of appearances.
6. There was three of us and they got sick of us. In [REDACTED] 1963 we got remanded to Gilmerton Assessment Centre, Edinburgh for two weeks to see if we would be suitable for an approved school. The centre was run by Edinburgh Council. There is nothing to tell from the remand centre. We just sat about in a big room reading comics and playing games as there was nothing else to do.
7. I did get hit once by a member of staff for refusing to share the sweets my mum had brought in for me. I can't remember his name but he was a big tall skinny guy. I didn't bother about it and just dealt with it myself. I threatened him with my dad and said to him that I knew where he stayed and knew his car. I told him we'd find him and my dad would kick him up and down the place and that was the end of the story.
8. Don't get me wrong, I'm not making out I was a wee innocent. I was a wee ned, a wee skinny guy but I could take care of myself. I wouldn't take nonsense from anybody and my attitude was it was better to take a sore face than a red face. Nobody bullied me and Gilmerton was just a passing through phase.
9. After the two weeks we went back Haddington Court. One of my friends got sentenced to detention in St Guthrie's School because he was a Protestant. Me and my other pal were Catholics so we got sent back to Gilmerton for another week until they found a place for us. With us being Catholics they had to put us in a Catholic home. We were expecting one of the ones like St Marys, St John's or St Ninian's in Glasgow but the only place they could find for us was St Joseph's in Tranent.

### **St Joseph's School, Meadowmill, Tranent**

10. We got sentenced to one to three years at St Joseph's. That meant the shortest we could serve was a year and longest would be three years. I did two different stints at St Joseph's because after I was released I re-offended. It worked like a licence system where if you got released before the three years and then re-offended you had to go back to finish your sentence.
11. The youngest age for boys in the school was twelve and the oldest you could stay until was fifteen years and four months maximum. If you were going to get kept in longer you would get sent to St John's or St Mary's in Glasgow.

### **Routine at St Joseph's School**

#### *First day*

12. My friend [REDACTED] and I got picked up by social workers on the Monday morning to go to St Joseph's. At that time it was the school holidays so we were taken to the [REDACTED] camp where the boy's from St Joseph's went every [REDACTED] holidays at that time. It was at Turin Home Farm which was part of Lochrin Fruit Farms and was in Aberlemno, a village just outside Forfar. The camp was run by monks from the De La Salle Brothers.
13. It was like a prisoner of war camp like you saw in the film Colditz. There were wooden sheds that were big long dormitories and a big field with grass mounds. The ablutions area was just a big roofed trough with a series of taps and showers outside in the wood.

14. There seemed to be over a hundred lads my age there. We were told to take our clothes off and were given a pair of boots, jeans, a tarpaulin raincoat and khaki shorts, shirt and jersey.
15. When I look back it was like the old chain gangs getting hired out. All we did was pick berries five and a half days a week. The locals got paid sixpence a pound and we got three farthings which was an eighth of that. I questioned some of the Brothers as to why we got paid less. They told me to shut up and said we had to pay for our accommodation.
16. The accommodation was just straw mattresses. There was no electricity and no hot water. You got sent to ablutions in the morning but it was that cold we didn't bother. We wouldn't even clean our face just brush our teeth and that was it. I wasn't happy with the surroundings and didn't like the mattresses and washing arrangements but my attitude was if they can do it I can do it.
17. The highlight of the week was that we would finish at midday on a Saturday, get lunch and a bus would take us to Forfar. The school hired the swimming pool there so we got to swim for an hour and a half and get a hot shower. We then got taken to pictures and then back to the farm on the bus for our big treat meal which was a Forfar Bridie and beans.
18. On a Sunday we would go to mass in the dining room which was made into a chapel and then we would run about the pine wood, climb trees, play football, run about the fields and just be young laddies.
19. I had my thirteenth birthday whilst I was at the camp but there was no birthday celebrations.
20. We were there [REDACTED]. All the long term pupils that had been at St Joseph's were sent home for holidays over the summer but because we had just arrived me and my pal got kept there the whole time. We were the only ones that were part of St Joseph's.

21. When we finished at the camp eight of us boys and the staff got taken by minibus from the camp down to St Joseph's at Tranent. The six boys other than [REDACTED] and I were guys that had been sentenced to St Josephs during the summer and the monks and domestic staff were from St Joseph's and had been up at the camp.
22. When I left Aberlemno to go to St Joseph's it felt like another adventure and just like a change of school.

*Building layout and facilities*

23. St Joseph's was an old building in its own grounds. When you went up to the front of the building there was a ramp and Doric columns with gigantic steps up to the entrance. When you went in that entrance you were into the main hall.
24. On that first level on the left hand side was Brother <sup>PAF</sup>[REDACTED] office and on the right hand side was the sick bay. Downstairs on the ground level for a while there was classroom until they built the extension. There was the kitchen, a dining hall and a shower room.
25. Upstairs from the headmaster's office, looking out to the front of the school, was the Brothers' bedrooms and on the other side was a toilet and number two dormitory. When you came to the end of the dormitory there was a staircase that took you down to a big dormitory which housed forty pupils. From there you went through to the chapel and the library and then downstairs to take you outside again.
26. There were four dormitories in total and when I first started I was in one of sixteen pupils. It was in the main building on the top floor looking out the back onto the yard. Number one was the big one next to the chapel and number two was when you went up the stairs from there. Just after the toilet was number three and that was for the boys that wet the bed. Then you went on and it was dormitory number four which had new toilets in it.

27. When I left in 1965 there were two new buildings on either side of the path called Savio and Ogilvie which was named after the blessed John Ogilvie, the Glasgow martyr.
28. In the grounds there was a tarmac play yard where we could kick a ball about and we played five-a-sides at night. There was a playing field down at the bottom of the grounds and there was a sports building that was basically just a small storage area for keeping sports equipment in.

*Staff structure/roles and dress code*

29. All the Brothers used to have the long black robes down to the ankles with the wee white collar at the top.
30. <sup>SNR</sup> [REDACTED] at that time was <sup>PAF</sup> [REDACTED] and he was <sup>SNR</sup> [REDACTED]. His real name was <sup>PAF</sup> [REDACTED] and I knew that because I saw his name on the inside of his glasses case one day and he confirmed that was him when I asked who it was. He retired in 1969.
31. <sup>SNR</sup> [REDACTED] was Brother <sup>MJJ</sup> [REDACTED] and he and Brother <sup>PAF</sup> [REDACTED] worked in the office most of the day but <sup>MJJ</sup> [REDACTED] also took art classes.
32. There were four classes and I was in class four. This was the highest class and an Irish guy Brother <sup>HHT</sup> [REDACTED] was the class four teacher. He took general studies and mathematics. He was a great teacher but he also physically assaulted me just like every one of the Brothers.
33. Brother <sup>HYK</sup> [REDACTED] was class three and he mainly taught us English. He was okay really and although I got a few punches and slaps from him, he was really a sort of soft guy compared to the rest of them.
34. Brother <sup>LUU</sup> [REDACTED] was another Irish guy. He was a psycho and should never have been near children. He was an old man and I think he was just put out to pasture. He was good for nothing. I don't know what he did when he was a young Brother but when he

was an older Brother he was just put in charge of night school and would show you how to make baskets and weave. I had no time for that type of carry on.

35. Brother <sup>GWM</sup> [REDACTED] was the youngest of the brothers and was the most violent.
36. There were civilian members of staff who were separate from the Brothers. Mr <sup>GVX</sup> [REDACTED] was the woodwork teacher and he was my favourite teacher and my housemaster. His role was to be there for the boys from our house if we had any problems. He came from Macmerry and didn't stay on the premises.
37. They never actually had housemasters the first time I was there but by the time I went back they had been introduced. Mr <sup>GVX</sup> [REDACTED] was a really nice man and was good with me. I actually met him after I left the school and thanked him for all the help he gave me.
38. Other teachers were Mr <sup>GVV</sup> [REDACTED] who taught tailoring and Mr <sup>MJK</sup> [REDACTED] the metal work teacher was a really nice man from Musselburgh.
39. There were two matrons whose names I forget. They looked after the sickbay and they cooked the food. Eileen O'Shea and Margaret Gilmour were the kitchen assistants who served it up and also cleaned the Brothers' bedrooms. Mrs Pender and her daughter were in the laundry room and another two women used to darn socks.
40. Mr <sup>MJL</sup> [REDACTED] was the secretary and Mr Byrne was the electrician and the handyman. Jimmy Mulrooney was the gardener and his father-in-law Paddy Sweeney was the head gardener and was the man who cut our hair.
41. Sometimes the male staff would be on duty at the weekend, not on a teaching basis but supervising to give the Brothers some time off.

### *Mornings and bedtime*

42. We got woken up at seven o'clock every morning unless you were going to chapel and you were up at twenty or quarter to seven. I was an altar boy so I went to chapel every morning and did my duties. We then went for a wash before breakfast at eight o'clock. After breakfast it was time for everyone to do their allocated housework and you went to where ever your individual cleaning stuff was kept.
43. After your housework was done and before we went to school everyone went to the main hall, for a morning assembly. We were all lined up in our four separate houses. I was in St Andrew's and was number [REDACTED]. Brother <sup>PAF</sup>[REDACTED] came and spoke and then we sung a couple of hymns with Mrs Reynolds playing the piano.
44. At night time you would then get a shower and go upstairs for your supper. Latterly I was working in the library so would be there until everybody was away up the stairs. I used to go to the chapel to say my evening prayers but you could do them at the side of your bed. We were in our beds for about half past eight or nine o'clock. There was always a monk on duty and they would wander between the four dormitories making sure there wasn't too much noise. My mum gave me a transistor that I was allowed to play and would listen to Radio Luxembourg. About ten o'clock they would come round and put the lights out and you weren't allowed to speak after that.

### *Bed Wetting*

45. I never wet the bed but there were the guys, including one of my pals who did and they were all in the one dormitory next to the toilet. It was a shame for them as they got pulled out there beds at ten o'clock to do the toilet and then up with the night watchman every couple of hours. They would get up and not be able to do the toilet and then when they went back they peed the bed. We used to make a fool of them but nobody bothered about it as it was just one of these things that happened.



### *Mealtimes / Food*

46. Brother <sup>LUU</sup> [REDACTED] was mainly in charge of the dining the room. You were lined up ready to go into the hall or in the dining room and when you went in he would be standing there. You would stand at your table, say Grace and then because there were four houses there at the same time you didn't go up for the food yourself. A couple of guys from each house would go and pick up the grub and then they would serve it to you.
47. No detriment to my mum and dad but the food I received at St Joseph's was far superior and I got more. At my mum's I had to get up in the morning and make the porridge and all we got was that and toast. At dinner time we got a plate of soup and a couple of slices of bread and then same again at teatime. At St Joseph's I got a fried breakfast, a three course meal at dinner time, a two course meal at teatime and at suppertime you got a wee bottle of milk and a half slice of bread and butter or jam.
48. Every table had a pot of jam on it and you maybe got a pot of jam a week. You would get strawberry, raspberry, blackcurrant but when it was the greengage nobody would take it.
49. This was the only time I can remember anybody not eating. It's a green plum jam and there was nothing wrong with it. I took it but if you did take it you got a bad name and you would get called a slop. I was starving and didn't want to eat dry bread. One time Brother <sup>GWM</sup> [REDACTED] was calling people tramps for not eating it. He went on about us not realising how well we were fed and how they put clothes on our backs.
50. If you refused to eat your meal you wouldn't get your next meal. They wouldn't give you what you hadn't eaten earlier it just got binned. There wasn't any other punishment. We were hungry all the time because we were running about all day and you needed a source of fuel.

### *Washing / bathing*

51. The shower room had twenty eight showers, wash hand basins and cubicles to put your soap, tooth brush and toothpaste in but I wouldn't leave my toothpaste there as it would disappear.
52. There were a hundred and twenty boys there and there was four sessions for showers every night run on a rota. You had to be on the first session to get the hot water. There was always a monk there supervising and telling you when to go in.
53. For the two years I was there I only once had a shower naked. You had to wear swimming trunks in the showers. I'd never heard of that and this was something that puzzled me. When you got folk transferred from other schools they just went in naked and everyone was laughing at them.

### *School*

54. It was a far superior education than I would have got at either school in Tranent. It was Brother <sup>HHT</sup> [REDACTED] that was responsible for that. I think it was because you had to pay attention. It was fear that made you pay attention because if you didn't you got punished with some sort of assault by the teacher. If you got caught day dreaming like I did two or three times you got punished for it.
55. It was a different system of teaching. For example at St Martin's you would get woodwork for forty five minutes but because it was out with the main building the time you walked there and set your model up it was time to go back again. At St Joseph's you got four hours at a time of woodwork and same with metalwork so you got a chance to make stuff. You actually got time to do things and it was the same with the tailoring class. We made our own trousers and vestments for the priests. We made the Albs for the priests at the monastery that was in Prestonpans at the time.
56. The traditional subjects like maths and English were good as well. I loved reading and I was good at it. I was rubbish at mathematics but Brother <sup>HHT</sup> [REDACTED] taught me and I

ended up brilliant at logarithms. He showed me how to take readings with metrological instruments outside. We also got art but I was useless at that.

### *Leisure time*

57. After school finished we got about a quarter to half an hour in the playground and then we went in for our evening meal. After the meal you would be allowed to go down and play football at the field or in the winter we would play five-a-sides in the playground. There would always be a monk or two supervising.
58. <sup>GWM</sup> [REDACTED] was in charge of the sports hut and he would delegate somebody to hand out the balls at night. I just used to get a ball out and play at heading it against a wall. There was cricket equipment in it and we played that in the summer. I liked running and used to run round the field all night.
59. I was also involved with the pipe band and I was on the piping side. You could go to woodwork or you could go into the hall and play table tennis. You could do arts and crafts with Brother <sup>LUU</sup> [REDACTED]. You got a choice of what you wanted to do.
60. On a Saturday we never had school, you just got up and did your housework and then we played outside until lunchtime. In the afternoon we'd get walked up to Tranent where we went to the pictures and watched the matinee at three o'clock. There was always two monks with us in case you jumped into a shop to get cigarettes or that. At that age it was great to get a cigarette. I smoked from thirteen until I was thirty eight. We'd then be walked backed down to St Joseph's and get our tea and then play outside again or go to evening activities.
61. On the Sunday you had chapel and then it was outside to play football until dinner time. In the afternoon we all went on a walk from St Joseph's along the top road to Longniddry and down to Longniddry Bents number three car park and beach. We then walked back along the coast road to Port Seton and back up to St Joseph's. You never had a choice, it was like it or lump it and if it looked like rain you put on your rain jacket.

### *Trips / Holidays*

62. We did get taken on trips. When we came back from Aberlemno they took about eight of us up to Edinburgh to see Cleopatra at the Odeon Picture House at Newington. They would take us out in the mini bus for rambles and down to Gullane Bents.
63. We never got taken on any actual holidays. In the school summer holidays we went to the farm to make money for the school. When you came back from the farm and at other holidays like Easter and Christmas you would be sent home.

### *Clothing / uniform*

64. When we left Aberlemno we took off our khaki clothes, socks and everything, threw them into a hamper and that was them until next year. They never even got washed.
65. We got more clothes when we transferred down from Forfar to St Joseph's and I was better dressed than I had been at home. My mum couldn't afford underpants so it was bare trousers. On the first day at St Joseph's I got underpants, vests, socks, a jersey, shirt, a jerkin and a rain jacket. You got a suit and a fancy shirt that got kept separate and worn for going to the pictures and for mass on a Sunday. They got kept locked away in case you ran away. You got the majority of the clothes from the laundry but the suits you got from Mr <sup>GVV</sup> [REDACTED] the tailor.
66. When you left the school you got a new pair of shoes, two pairs of socks, two sets of underwear, two shirts, a short sleeved jumper, a suit, a raincoat and a wee suitcase. When I left the first time it was from Forfar and I got the train back down the road with all these split new clothes. To me this was luxury as my mum had got our clothes from a shop in Musselburgh and had to pay them up.
67. Eventually we were allowed to bring in our own clothes but I would've been embarrassed with my own clothes. Anyway if you did bring your own clothes in you were only allowed to wear them to go to the pictures or the chapel and they were locked away the rest of the time.

68. After evening activities you had to polish and then put your shoes away in a cubicle in the hall downstairs with your shirt, jumper and jerkin so that you couldn't run away during the night.

*Healthcare/Welfare*

69. There was a medical room where you went if you were ill or injured. I was in it once because I had a sore stomach. The matrons would look after you. I don't know if they were nurses or not. There was a couple of beds. The only other guy I saw in there was a guy who had a swollen eye due to a virus. The local GP came in and examined him and he was off school for a week.
70. The dentist came there on a regular basis and took so many boys per week. I was terrified of him because if you got a filling you never got a jag. He was claiming for injections but never gave them. You were going through the roof with the pain and he would try and give you another filling but I would say it wasn't sore to stop him. I pulled a couple of teeth out myself rather than have him at them. Sometimes when they shouted my name I wouldn't even go unless they found out I wasn't there.
71. If you had any issues like bullying or you wanted to write a letter home or anything like that you could go and speak to Brother <sup>PAF</sup> at night. I kept away from it as I wasn't interested but there would be a queue down the stairs waiting to see him.
72. Any letters that did get sent in for boys were intercepted and opened by the monks first. This was in case postal orders were getting sent in so they could put it into the boys account and the boy would then get it when they were going out for the holidays.

*Religious Instruction*

73. I was a really devout and staunch Catholic and used to sit in the chapel just me and the big man talking. I would be in there saying I'll never do this again and I'll be a good

boy when I get out. I volunteered to be an altar boy and I was good at Latin. There were usually two or three of us and part of our duties were to dress the priest.

74. On a Sunday everybody went to church. During the week it was a choice but I went every day. If you wanted to go to chapel in the morning, at night before you went to bed you would hang what we called a snake belt over the end of your bed so that when the monk coming round in the morning and saw this belt he knew to waken you up. What we sometimes used to do if we got up in the middle of the night was take somebody else's belt, hang it over their bed so they would get woken up early and if they never got up they got a slap for not going to chapel. We had our own cabaret there.
75. The staff from the home stayed in St Joseph's Cottages next to the home and brought their families to the chapel on a Sunday.
76. We had the spiritual week in 1964 and civilians were coming to this as well. We would say prayers and go to mass three or four times a day. There were lectures with these monks and priests that came from Edinburgh and up and down the country. They were saying the mass in Latin and then changing it to English and I was saying to myself that was not right.
77. This priest asked if there were any questions from the body of the kirk. People were a bit apprehensive about asking but I put my hand up and got told to stand up. I saw the Brothers looking at me as if to say what is he going to say. I said I'm a wee bit confused here, I've spent a few years learning Latin at school and I can go right through the mass without prompting so why is it the church is changing it to English? He said the second Vatican council had taken the decision to which I replied that they never asked me and I'm a member of the church. I said I'm the same as you in the eyes of God. He fobbed me off making out there was a hierarchy to go through and I got told to sit down.
78. That night Brother <sup>PAF</sup> sent for me and asked why I had asked that question. I told him that I thought it made sense to keep it Latin because if I went on holiday to Spain

or anywhere else in the world and I went to church and they say it in Latin, I can take part. He said he had never thought of that. I told him that we were just taking what the Pope said as verbatim and he hadn't just thought of that himself, he was just head of the organisation.

79. On reflection I had some good conversations with Brother <sup>HHT</sup> [REDACTED] and Brother <sup>PAF</sup> [REDACTED] on the substance of the mass. I actually considered being a monk and leading a spiritualist life.

#### *Work*

80. Brother <sup>GWM</sup> [REDACTED] was in charge of day to day housework and he checked every bit. Everyone in the home had a job in the morning seven days a week and the place was immaculate.
81. My area of housework was cleaning an area and the stairs outside the headmaster's office and I had to scrub them down every day. My cleaning stuff was a bucket, a brush, a bar of soap and a cloth. Everyone had big boots with rubber soles and you needed steel wool to get the marks off. There were four boys allocated to sweeping the yard every day no matter what the weather was even during the wind and snow.
82. Most of the time I had that cleaning job but not long before I left I got made the librarian and didn't have to go to school. I got sent up to Edinburgh to get books and used to type out the tickets. When you went up the stairs the library was opposite the chapel and I got left in charge of cleaning that as well.
83. The money that we earned when we were at Aberlemno got kept for us and you got it away with you when you went home for the holidays. When you were up at the berries you were given a number. I was [REDACTED] the first year and [REDACTED] the second time. You got a 'luggy' which was a wee pail and when you filled that you would put them into the big thirteen inch pail. Once that pail was full you would go up, give your number, he would weigh it and write it down. You would get a tally at the end of the day and that was credit to you.

84. Sometimes we got a wee bit cocky and would swap a nearly empty bucket for one of the local's ones that was full and run up and get the credit. I got caught once by Brother HYK and he kicked me up and down the place with the locals laughing at me.
85. At St Joseph's we would sometimes get money to spend at the tuck shop in the home. You were allowed a shilling's worth of sweets. The boys over fourteen were hired out to work picking potatoes in the winter for the local farmer Mr Fullerton. We got a cup of tea and a bar of chocolate every afternoon. I was just glad to get out the home for a wee while.
86. Again the home would get some of the money and I did get paid but I never got the money until the Christmas holidays. I got five pounds and four shillings for six weeks work, seven days a week.
87. I never realised that some of the pupils' parents that went to St Joseph's had to pay for them to go every week. I didn't think anybody had to pay and because it was like a jail I wondered why they should be paying for it. My family didn't have to pay because I had a big family and it was means tested.

*Visits / Family contact*

88. When we were at St Joseph's I sometimes got home at the weekend for a Saturday or a Saturday and a Sunday because I just stayed up the road. Pupils from Edinburgh would get the same. Pupils from Glasgow would get home in double decker buses for a long weekend maybe every three months. There were also pupils from Perth and Dundee and when we were at Aberlemno they would get to go home every weekend because it was nearby for them. That meant everyone was getting their turn of going home and it was nice to see them getting that. There was one guy who I felt sorry for because he came from Buckie and there was no chance of him getting home for a weekend.



89. You would only get home if you had been behaving. They would just say to me on a Saturday lunch time that I could go home. I would never ask if I could go home as I was terrified to ask questions like that. I was to be seen but not heard.
90. If a boy wanted his mum to visit, the school would get in touch with them and sometimes parents would come in at night to see them. I remember one boy [REDACTED] [REDACTED] from Edinburgh had his mum and dad down to visit him. I didn't like him but was actually really pleased for him that he had got to see them. When he saw them coming in he ran right to them and grabbed them. I could see the joy on his face and I remember feeling I wish I could go and see my mum and dad.
91. My mum and dad only came to the home once. They were going across to Silver Sands and my dad came and asked to get me out for the day. The home let me go but I wished I never went because when I was there I knew I was going back to the home and the rest of the family were going back to the house. I was thinking to myself that once I got out the next time I was never going back.
92. It wasn't the De La Salle Brothers fault. They were just part of the system. I got sentenced by the court and I was sent there to be punished. I was meant to be punished and educated but not kicked up and down the place like a skivvy or a slave.

### *Inspections*

93. Nobody from the social work came to see me whilst I was there. I saw a psychologist twice. I can't remember his name and it was just a lot of nonsense. We were terrified to go and speak to them because the Glasgow boys used to run the place and they would fill your head full of nonsense saying he was a witch doctor and had a big spear so watch what you're saying to him.
94. I was quite guarded with what I said because I was scared of the monks and had the fear I would say something wrong. Some boys got moved homes for being unruly. I thought I'm just down the road from my mum and dad and can go home at weekends

so I'm going to keep my mouth shut because I didn't want moved away to Glasgow or elsewhere. You had to put up with a lot but your brain was working all the time.

95. Every six months or so the governors would come and have a meeting with the headmaster. We always knew if they were there it meant there would be an announcement soon about who was getting out. One of them was Dr Stark who I knew from Tranent and we could tell it was them by their fancy cars. They never spoke to us other than to say hello so we were always nice in return and used to complement their cars, sort of sooking in with them so we might get picked for release.
96. They weren't there to inspect the place. It was immaculate and they never would check on boy's welfare as that would never be allowed. The monks were clever and would have an answer for everything. Even if the governors saw a monk being overly cruel they would just turn a blind eye.

#### *Personal Possessions*

97. We were allowed personal possessions. Before I went into St Joseph's I had worked seven days a week during the school holidays and I gave my mum the money. She bought me a transistor radio and I had that at St Joseph's. You couldn't lock anything away but if anything got stolen the Brothers knew it would be in the home somewhere and they would just search the place. If you wanted to hide anything you had to hide it out in the playground or down in the field.

#### *Discipline*

98. The second time I was in there Brother <sup>GWM</sup> started a regime of ultra-discipline. He was in charge of the dining room a lot. He would make you go in to the dining room and stand behind your chairs in silence and he would say Grace.
99. Then he started this regime where he would clap his hands. After the first clap you had to lift the chair out without scraping it or making a noise and then another clap to allow you to pull the chair in. If anybody made a noise it had to be done again. You

could be there for five or ten minutes. He would then clap his hand to allow you to speak. I was terrified of the guy. At the end of the meal it was the same clapping to put the chair in and out before he said grace again and then he would tell you what order the houses were to leave in before clapping to allow you to go.

100. I remember the matrons saying to him the food was getting cold and him telling them not to worry we would eat it cold. He would actually send us back outside to queue again. He was a control freak.
101. The monks wouldn't even stop you fighting if they saw it. They just let you get on with it.

#### *Running away*

102. Although the gates were open you weren't allowed out the grounds. It was just a small fence that you could jump over and run away but you would just get brought back. I never ran away and I never had any inclination to run away until the second time I went back and that was because I got sexually abused by <sup>MJJ</sup> [REDACTED].

#### **Abuse at St Joseph's School**

103. To summarise my experience of St Joseph's I would say it wasn't all doom and gloom and to be honest I got a great education there but I was terrified the whole time I was there.
104. I was terrified of the Brothers and they all had different methods of hitting you. They were all guilty of abuse. Brother <sup>PAF</sup> [REDACTED] would slap or punch you. I got the three of the belt from him for smoking at Tranent pictures. I was guilty and it wasn't like the belt at St Martin's, he walloped into you. Fair enough I accepted that, as that was the punishment but what got to me was when you started getting punched and kicked. At least if the pain was too much you could pull your hand away but if you were getting punched in a corner you couldn't.

105. Brother <sup>HHT</sup> had a belt but he wouldn't use it. You had to put your hand out and he'd hit you over the hands with a drumstick. That was absolutely sore.
106. He hit me over the hand one time with the drumstick for not paying attention in class. There was a guy working outside on the overhead lines for the railway and he had slipped and was hanging. I had noticed and drew this to Brother <sup>HHT</sup> attention saying we needed to help him. He told me to forget about the guy and made me put my hand out to be struck. He never even did anything to help the guy.
107. If it was in the playground he would grab you by the hair, pull you up to your tiptoes and raise his other hand to make you think you were about to be hit. I would pull the other way and then he'd slap you on the head or the face. Other times he would just kick you on the back of legs or up the backside.
108. Due to Brother <sup>HYK</sup> being soft some of the guys would take advantage of that. If you did something wrong you wouldn't see it coming but he would throw the blackboard duster at you or if he was near you you'd get it on the top of your head and you'd have chalk and stars flying around you.
109. There was one day when he was teaching us limericks and one of the guys came out with a wee limerick about a guy farting and we were all heehawing. <sup>HYK</sup> went berserk hitting at anybody and everybody and shouting at us all to shut up. He was chasing the boy up and down the classroom and none of us could stop laughing because when you're told not to laugh you couldn't stop and my stomach was killing me.
110. I reckon Brother <sup>LUU</sup> was mentally unstable. He was brutal and you never got any warning when he assaulted you. He would just appear wherever you were and hit you usually with a long, wooden, flat handled clothes brush that he kept in the pocket of his robes. He used to walk around and if you were misbehaving he would skelp you on the side of the face with brush that he kept in his pocket. If you were unlucky and he had forgotten the clothes brush he would hit you over the head with a coca cola bottle or he would punch and kick you.

111. At breakfast and evening meal you got a whole loaf of bread and you used to get turns of having the heel or the outsiders as the Glasgow boys called it. They always wanted the heel and one day whilst we were saying Grace I licked my finger and stuck it into the heel when it wasn't my turn for it. The guy whose turn it was sat over the table from me and booted me on the shin under the table. I let out a yelp and the blood was pouring out my leg.
112. Brother [REDACTED] was standing behind the guy and told me to come out. He could see my leg was bleeding and asked what had happened. I lied saying I had crossed my legs and banged it on the underside of the table. He grabbed me and started slapping me about the head and shoulders with the brush. I was in pain and crying and he told me to sit down.
113. The guy that had done it was anticipating getting hit and crouched down. When Brother [REDACTED] grabbed him the boy shouted nah and ran for the door. As he was going out the door Brother [REDACTED] jammed his foot in the door and all we could see was the boy's hand hanging in the door. The boy was outside screaming and [REDACTED] was hammering his hand with his brush. He then let him go and shouted at him he wasn't getting any tea.
114. We were all killing ourselves laughing. We all had our tea and it was back to normal. We didn't think there was anything wrong that. The other Brothers knew this was happening. They all did the same. There were six brothers and they ran the place. The civilian staff that were there had nothing to do with it.
115. Brother [REDACTED] he thought he was a saint. He stopped me serving the altar for two or three days because I'd been caught short and went to the toilet wearing an Alb and Cassock. He had seen me through the frosted glass and when I came out he grabbed me and took me into the library. He punched me but I don't know how many times and knocked me out. When I woke up my face was swollen and all black and blue. He told me I wasn't eligible to go into the chapel because I had gone to the toilet in sacred vestments.

116. Brother <sup>GWM</sup> never had a drumstick, a brush or a coca cola bottle, he would just kick you up and down the place. He was really an absolutely brutal person and was the most brutal out of all of them.
117. I witnessed <sup>GWM</sup> hammering a boy from Perth and burst his head open. The boy was chatting up Eileen O'Shea from the kitchen staff in the playground and <sup>GWM</sup> was jealous of this. He started kicking a really hard plastic ball at him from a short distance and it must've been really sore. The boy asked him for a square go so he ripped his vestments off and said I'll give you a square go. He dragged him into the hall, ran him along a bench and cracked his head against the radiator. The boy was only fourteen, had no chance and he blootered him. The boy had a burst head and black eyes, the lot. I don't know if he got any medical treatment but the matron wouldn't ask any questions anyway. The Brothers ran the place and would just saying he was fighting or he fell.
118. He was from Glasgow and he had a really bad attitude to the Glasgow guys. He used to call them wee tickets, accuse them of thinking they were wee hard men and then turn around and punch them. When he heard the Glasgow guys mention anything about gangs he would beat them up. He wasn't there to educate or rehabilitate you. It was just brutality.
119. I hammered three boys once in front of a Brother. It was three Glasgow guys who I was terrified of and they kept picking on me. I just lost it and hammered the three of them in front of Brother <sup>LUU</sup>. He never punished me. However the Glasgow boys got a hard time from the other Glasgow boys and one of them challenged me to a square go that night. I hammered him and Brother <sup>GWM</sup> saw it. The boy was his favourite and used to help him with the sports equipment so he started hammering me.
120. I was dumbfounded just before I left. He had viciously assaulted me umpteen times and I was terrified of the man and kept out his road. One day I got sent down to the tuck shop by Brother <sup>HHT</sup> to get stuff for myself and when I walked into the hall

Brother <sup>GWM</sup> was playing classical music on the piano. I thought how can such a vicious man play stuff like this. I asked to sit down and listen as it was just beautiful.

121. About ten years ago I spoke to Mr <sup>MJL</sup> who had been the secretary and he was wanting me to go as a witness for St Joseph's but he didn't know I had a claim in with the lawyers Ross Harper in Glasgow. We were talking about <sup>GWM</sup> and he agreed with me that he was over the top.
122. <sup>MJJ</sup> was the one that sexually abused me. At night time when it was lights out he used to come in and ask for a loan of my transistor radio. I used to say the battery was about finished but he said he would put a battery in it and he would take it. His room was about a dozen steps from my dormitory so the arrangement was I used to have to go to his room the next night to get it back and it transpired that this was how he got me into his room.
123. When I was going to his room I had been stealing money out his top drawer and the dirty old bastard knew it but he was letting it happen. He was just playing me along so that I would go back to his room and he would catch me in the act and put more pressure on me.
124. He was also in charge of the pipe band and I was learning the pipes, just the basics like the scales. He kept saying to me I was to teach this one and that one. He had a couple of chanters in his room and he said he wanted me to teach him how to learn the scales himself. This was during my first time at the school and I wasn't thinking anything as he was <sup>SNR</sup>. We had a civilian piper and drummer come to the school to teach us.
125. I used to teach him in the night school classroom and then went to his bedroom and show him what scales to do. He was always cuddling me and kissing me on the face and I never thought anything. I didn't mind that as I missed my mum and my dad and wasn't getting kisses and cuddles from them or my wee sister.

126. It got to the stage I was wanting out of it as he would fondle my legs and buttocks with my pyjamas on. One night he was holding me and he put my hand on his erection through his clothes. Right away I backed off and shouted no, no, no. I dropped everything and ran out.
127. A lot of the guys in there used to say you're just his 'bumboy'. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't go to the headmaster as he would deny it and I'd probably get a doing as they would say I was lying. I tried getting out the pipes and drums but he told me I couldn't get out as they needed to teach me and me to teach others. He was putting psychological pressure on me.
128. I went to see Mr <sup>GVX</sup> [REDACTED] who took woodwork on a Tuesday and Thursday night and said to him I wanted to get out of pipes and drums and into his class. I didn't tell him about him making me touch him. He said he would do his best but in the meantime I would have to put up with the pipes and drum until the end of term. We got to the end of term and we went away to Aberlemno and got out whilst I was there so that was me, I was away from <sup>MJJ</sup> [REDACTED].
129. When I went back into St Joseph's the second time they asked about night time activities and I said I'm not wanting to do pipe band but they said I was doing it and I got made to do it.
130. It got to the stage where <sup>MJJ</sup> [REDACTED] kept asking me to go to the room either to get the radio or the chanter carry on. I went in to his room one night, I wasn't happy and I felt there was something wrong. <sup>MJJ</sup> [REDACTED] was sitting on the bed and he took his robes off. He had his normal clothes on and the next thing I knew he's standing and I'm showing him how to play the chanter. He was telling me play it again.
131. I had my pyjamas on and he was playing with my buttocks. He started squeezing me, fondling me and the next thing I know he had his penis out and made me masturbate him. I had to masturbate him and I didn't know how to do it. He put his hand on it and showed me what to do. I was saying to myself let's go, let's go but I didn't want to scream for anybody. I masturbated him and then I got out.



132. A couple of months later in about March 1965 he did it again. He had an erection and I had to masturbate him. He forced me on the bed and tried to rape me. I started screaming the place down. I got out of it but he had locked the door. I was pulling the door handle and I eventually got out. The boys from the dormitory came out and asked me what was wrong. I said he'd tried to shag me. I ran away to the furthest away dormitory which wasn't mine to get away from him.
133. I was trying to get out the pipe band and I told Mr <sup>GVX</sup> what had happened. I told him that it wasn't right and that <sup>MJJ</sup> had tried to kiss me and everything. He asked if I could prove it and I said the boys were there and heard me screaming. What he did was that we made a wee story up that I was wanting to be a joiner and that I would benefit from going to night school to get extra lessons in woodwork. It was lies but he must have known it was true and that we couldn't prove it.
134. I got out the pipe band and started night school for woodwork. <sup>MJJ</sup> kept appearing and saying 'Come here you I want you in the pipe band.' I just kept out his road but he kept pushing psychologically.
135. I told him I was going to tell my dad what happened. Next thing I knew he threatened to keep me there until I was fifteen and a half. I said you can't keep me and thinking I was being smart said you can only keep me until I'm fifteen and four months. He said that was wrong and if he said I was being disruptive they could send me to St Mary's until I'm fifteen and a half, or send me to St John's until I was sixteen.
136. In hindsight that couldn't happen because what I'd been sentenced to. However that is what he was using as a deterrent for me not to tell my dad. He had my head all wasted and I didn't know what to think.
137. What I did do was I got permission to go home on a Saturday at dinnertime. I went and got my clothes from the store then ran all the way up to the top floor and I ended up going into his room without permission. Luckily there was a matron in so I went and

got my wireless and took it home so that he didn't have the chance to get me in his room to retrieve it anymore.

138. When I came back from my visit home he got a grip of me and asked me where the wireless was. I told him I took it home because there was something wrong with it and I was getting sorted. He said it had been okay when he had it and asked when and how I had got it. I told him I'd gone to his room and he went ballistic and I got a couple of slaps for taking the radio away.
139. I just tried to keep out his way and when Brother <sup>PAF</sup> went away he took over as the person you had to go and see if there was problems. I wouldn't go near him, simple as that.
140. I never saw <sup>MJJ</sup> taking any other boys into his room. I do know through newspaper articles that he abused other boys at a school in Glasgow that he moved to after.
141. I reckon <sup>MJJ</sup> knew I was vulnerable and was setting me up with the classical music in his room. I reckon he would have raped me. That's what happened in St Joseph's, guys got raped in there. I never saw any of the other monks behave in that way.
142. This had a massive psychological effect on me. I was serving on the altar and I'm looking at a guy that has slapped me, hammered me, tried to pull my trousers down but couldn't as I had them tied in a reef knot and I'm thinking about stabbing him. I could have stabbed him and I was actually thinking about killing somebody. As I was leaving St Joseph's I was thinking I that was going to go back and stab him. Him and <sup>GWM</sup>. I was trying to think how I could get away with it.
143. My head was ready to bust and I didn't know what to do to help myself forget. My pal  from Glasgow said get on the Evostick that'll set you up and make you forget. We would do it last thing at night school. Brother <sup>HHT</sup> kept asking if I had a cold as my nose was always red from sniffing the glue.

144. Worse than that I was going into the church after I'd finished my duties in the library to hoover the night before instead of in the morning and I started stealing and drinking the sacrificial wine. I don't know what strength it was but I was glugging which was theft and a sin in God's eyes, stealing wine from the church.
145. I then had to think what to say at confession with the priest. Did I just say stealing and hope he didn't ask. That was putting pressure on me all the time and it was getting worse and worse. At the end of the day I made some bad mistakes.

### **Reporting of abuse at St Joseph's School**

146. When I told Mr <sup>GVX</sup> about brother <sup>MJJ</sup> he looked away and was disgusted, not at me, at what had happened. I was breaking my heart and telling him I wasn't lying. I think he believed me but said what can we do as he knew the <sup>MJJ</sup> would just deny it and nothing would be done. That is why he helped me get out the pipe band by making up the story about wanting to become a joiner.
147. If I had told my dad about the sexual abuse he would've taken me out of there but I would've just been sent to another place.
148. I never mentioned to my parents what was happening at the school. I got a black eye from <sup>GWM</sup> and my dad came down one night to ask to take me out the next again day. He was in with Brother <sup>PAF</sup> and he let me in to see him. My dad asked me who had given me the black eye. Brother <sup>GWM</sup> was there and said he won't be getting out tomorrow he's been fighting.
149. My dad asked me if that was true and I said yes. I was terrified and if I had told my dad he would have filled him in. He would have killed him. My cousin that was there he was a wee hard man as well and he would have got tore into him as well but that would've meant I had to live with that. I had nowhere to go because if I ran away I would get taken to another home. Everything just got swept under the carpet and all

that would happen would be you would go from one institution to another and it would be brutality in each one. It didn't matter where you went the system was wrong.

### **Leaving St Joseph's School**

150. I left St Joseph's for the first time on [REDACTED] 1964. I remember the headmaster putting his arm round my shoulder and saying he had good news for me and telling me that was the date I was getting out. We were up at Forfar again for another summer camp. So I was in for thirteen or fourteen months.
151. I went back to school at St Martin's and couldn't settle in. It was frustrating as some of the guys were making nasty remarks calling me a thief and whatever. I wouldn't take nonsense from anybody in the class. I would just stand up go over and scud them or blooter them. It didn't bother me and the teacher would tell me to come out for the belt. I just used to walk out and they used to threaten me I was going back to the home if I didn't take the belt.
152. Anyway I broke into a shop with a couple of pals and stole a considerable amount of jewellery. We got caught trying to sell it up in Edinburgh and were sent back to the home to finish the remainder of my sentence as it was like a licence type thing and it had been between one and three years originally.
153. I was back in on [REDACTED] 1964 and it killed me going back and I broke my heart for two or three hours thinking that the day before I had been out and about in Tranent with my brothers and my sisters and my pals and that was me back in there but it was my fault of course.
154. I got out again just after I was fifteen in [REDACTED] 1965.

## Life after being in care

155. When I left St Joseph's I got a job as an apprentice grocer. I would buy sherry for fifty pence a bottle and sniff glue. One night I was drunk and was urinating outside a house in the town. The guy who stayed there shouted he was going to get the police so I threw the sherry bottle through his window and the police came.
156. One of them knew me and asked if I was still on licence. When I said no he asked if I was sure and I was worried I was going to get sent back to St Joseph's or sent through to Glasgow. I didn't know who was lying to me and was scared to ask him in case he asked why I was asking.
157. On my first afternoon off after that because I was worried what was going to happen I went up to Hanover Street, Edinburgh and signed on with the army for twenty two years. I joined as a boy soldier at fifteen and four months. I started in the army on [REDACTED] 1966 and came out in 1971. Once I was in the army I found out that they couldn't have taken me back to St Joseph's and thought then what have I done, I'm now stuck in the army for twenty two years.
158. The army asked if I had any ambition in life. I wasn't clever enough to go to the REME (Corp of Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers) so told them I could play the pipes and they put me out to The Royal Scots at Glencorse Barracks to go to Piping School. I got kicked out of there but they wouldn't kick me out the army. I was trying to work my ticket to get out as I didn't have enough money to buy myself out.
159. That was me out the boy soldiers and even though I was too young I was put in to the adult soldiers, still in The Royal Scots. I got best recruit and was sent to Germany. The worst thing was all you could do at night was drink. I was in Belgium, Holland, France and ended up on [REDACTED]. As I was a piper I was in [REDACTED] for whisky and getting to drink the whisky I was [REDACTED].
160. After I got out the army I had a lot of jobs. I was always looking for a job where I could drink at night. I was working seven days a week at one point, pick and shovel jobs.

Getting all the rubbish out my body during the day but binge drinking at night. I could handle it until I got older and until I started getting blackouts. I walked off a bus that was travelling at thirty miles an hour and right into the bus stop and never knew anything about it. I was walking out in front of cars and didn't know what I was doing.

161. I met my wife in my twenties and at that time my mum and dad warned her to stay away from me. We had our kids [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] and then got married after that.

### **Impact**

162. I started drinking and abusing substances when I was in the home. I was fourteen when I started sniffing Evostick glue and drinking the wine. The motivation to start on the drink and substances when I was at St Joseph's was to blank things out that were happening to me. It was either that or stick a black bag over my head. When I drank and took glue my mind went blank and I would forget about the flashbacks.
163. I drank from fourteen up until six years ago because of what happened to me in St Joseph's. The drink was never out my system other than when I was in prison. I did a couple of spells in prison through drink driving and deliberately driving at a policeman. I've said sorry to him and made amends.
164. Even when we went on holiday abroad, I'd go to shops to buy the tea and would come back with not only the tea but also with a litre of vodka. My children missed out on a lot because their dad was drunk.
165. I stopped drinking because when my grandson was young I would ask to take him to the park or elsewhere but my daughter wouldn't let me because I had drink in me. She and her husband don't drink and he wasn't seeing that with them so she didn't want him to see it in me. My daughter told me I had to stop or that was it.

166. I knew I had a drink problem since I was a boy. When I was in my sixties, I was drinking twenty four hours a day, seven days a week. I blanked out one night. I went out to the garage where I had drink in the fridge outside and then blanked out.
167. I stopped abusing substances seven years ago after an incident where I thought I was being clever. I was on prescribed Temazepam and my body built up a tolerance.
168. I was a taxi driver for thirty years and I knew Temazepam was a favourite of the drug addicts. If I picked up a drug addict I would bring it into the conversation and they would ask if I could get them. When I told them I was getting fifty six at a time they wanted to buy them from me.
169. I was swapping them for different things and one time instead of taking half a tablet which I should've been taking I took a full one. I woke up at the side of my bed about nine o'clock at night and I was like Bambi on ice. I was under the influence of alcohol and drugs and I thought I'd been sleeping since three o'clock that afternoon but it turned out I'd been sleeping since three o'clock the afternoon before. I was drinking more and abusing more drugs, was getting into debt and it was affecting my work and my mortgage so I had to do something so decided I had to wean myself off it.
170. I was trying to cut down my drinking and drugs gradually. I was getting sore heads and sweats. I went for a medical for my taxi licence and they found out I had an irregular heartbeat, atrial fibrillation. They couldn't pinpoint it but it was caused by alcohol addiction. Memory loss was through too much Temazepam.
171. If I drink again I won't have a heart attack it will be a stroke. I do sometimes want a drink but I have the tools to stay away from the abyss. I pray and meditate every day. I go round the graveyards, sketching the gravestones and meditate. This is part of my coping mechanisms.
172. I have great long term memory recall but I have had to go to the memory clinic at the hospital twice in the last five years for my short term memory and they say I have mild

cognitive impairment. They are blaming that on excessive alcohol and being addicted to the sleeping tablets.

173. My daughter took me down to an agency who put me in touch with Mid and East Lothian Drug Forum because I was hooked on prescription drugs as well. I got counselling there but I was telling them a load of lies. I didn't realise the peer support worker was an ex-heroin addict. He is a great guy and he knew I was telling lies.
174. I went to Alcoholics Anonymous (AA) for eight months but it wasn't for me. I then went to Cocaine Anonymous (CA) at the [REDACTED] in Edinburgh. It's the same format of a twelve step programme that they advise you to go on. I've been going for six years now. I'm not saying I need to go on a daily basis but go on a weekly basis.
175. I still have flashbacks and had one about three months ago and I leapt about three feet out the bed. After another one I woke up and ended up dragging every bit of crockery out the cupboards and smashing it all.
176. I go to these CA meetings in Edinburgh and one was in a convent in Edinburgh. I went in and as soon as the nun shut the door I started panicking. I had to get out of there. It was the woodwork and the smell of the furnishings. To me it was like an old country home but the furnishings and everything was just like St Joseph's. I was trying to calm down but I couldn't get out of there quick enough and I couldn't go back in.
177. There are always things that take me back to St Joseph's. There's a drain outside our house that makes a certain noise that reminds me of a slack panel in the shower room at St Joseph's and they would never sort it.
178. I'm now finished with Catholicism because when I wanted help I prayed endlessly for hours every day when I was in St Joseph's. I don't believe there is a good god and bad god. Catholics believe in purgatory. I can't believe that you go to some place hell for a time of a human life and then you go to heaven. If they are right and everything is good with Catholicism then why are they getting locked up for abuse? I can't believe in it after the way the catholic monks treated me.



179. I now like to see god for who he is. When I go to AA or CA meetings we say prayers at the end. You're encouraged to believe in god or a higher power.
180. All my life has been fear, anger and hatred all the time. Hatred towards anybody that crosses me. Forget about the Mr <sup>HYJ</sup> [REDACTED] that I am at the moment, I can be a baddie if I want to. I don't want to be a baddie but I'll not let anybody put me down. If I've done wrong I'll take the punishment for it but I'll not let anybody touch me or my family.
181. The rage has come from the monks and the way they treated me at St Joseph's. If you got yourself into a fight with Edinburgh or Glasgow guys they would encourage you. You couldn't say excuse me Brother he's hit me for doing this. They weren't interested they just said take care of it or hit him back. I wasn't a hard man but nobody bullied me, simple as that. It stood me in good stead when I went to the army because there were some people in there who tried to bully me but they learned the hard way.
182. At St Joseph's I thought I was going really mad. I would sometimes step on the altar and carry a plate called a paten. The priest would go along and put the host in their mouths and I would put the paten under their chins in case they dropped the host. When I came to <sup>MJJ</sup> [REDACTED] and <sup>GWM</sup> [REDACTED] I would say to myself if we have a miracle here on the altar with the transubstantiation please make it a miracle with this paten and make it a razor so I can slash their throats. That was the visualisation I had.
183. I was thinking how do they get away with it but how they get away with it is the way Catholic hierarchy system is made. As long as they make a confession and get penance that's it forgotten about in the eyes of god. It's not forgotten about in the eyes of society or the victim but between them and god that is it.
184. I've got a book in the house 'The Pyjama Parade' by Father Steve Gilhooley. He got abused and he needed help. I thought he could maybe help me and maybe I could help him so I went to his house. He couldn't help me it was him that was needing help. It ended up they took him across to Ireland to brainwash him.

185. I got a questionnaire from Ross Harper Lawyers about the De La Salle Brothers and one of the questions asked was had the cruelty had an effect on my physical health. I answered it saying I stupidly turned to drink to try and forget the abuse and that I been treated for depression.
186. It also asked about the long term psychological affects and I said I break down frequently when I see sexual and physical abuse against children shown on the TV or in newspapers. I have great difficulty in sleeping due to past experiences and I have great difficulty in showing or receiving emotional love.
187. I find it hard to show my feelings at times. I love my family to bits but I have moods at times. I have flashbacks and if things get too bad I get in touch on the phone with somebody from CA, tell them I feel I'm going to relapse and they talk to me. People phone me sometimes for the same reason and I give back.
188. I sometimes sit and feel sorry for myself but I'm happy with what I've got. I've got a great wife, a great family and a great grandson. I don't want for money and all I've got to do is not pick up the first drink and keep on the straight and narrow.
189. I now do things to take my mind off what happened in the past. I love poetry and am a member of a poetry club. I do meditation and prayers every day and I do a lot of sketching when the weather is good. I go round graveyards and sketch hand carved graves that are really beautiful. It's visualisation and my mind is just away when I am doing it. It's like being in another world.
190. I'm lucky that I have support. Future pathways are phoning me again shortly and I'll just go with the flow for Redress.

## Reporting of Abuse

191. I couldn't tell my wife and I hadn't told anybody about what happened to me in St Joseph's until my wife and I went to the pictures in 2001 and saw the film Sleepers. I didn't know that was what the film was about before I went but it was about four boys committing crime and getting sent to a school of correction in America where they get physically and sexually abused. When it came to the part about them being abused I burst into tears. My wife knew right away and said that's what's wrong with you.
192. I went down to the police in Musselburgh where I gave a statement to a detective sergeant. They put a report through and a criminal injuries claim through. I was meant to go back to give another statement about <sup>MJJ</sup> [REDACTED]. I'd told them about the physical abuse and him feeling my buttocks but not about him trying to rape me because the policewoman that was taking the notes was just a young lassie and I was embarrassed.
193. I didn't want to go into it all because that would then mean bringing out my drinking and the Temazepam addiction and they would be asking why I was still driving a taxi. I was worried they would put a recommendation to the Cab Office in Edinburgh to remove my licence and I still had a taxi to pay and a mortgage to pay. I was in a quandary and thought I'll just let that go.
194. I got a citation from Haddington Sheriff Court to go as a potential witness against <sup>GWM</sup> [REDACTED] on [REDACTED] 2003. The name on the citation was <sup>GWM</sup> [REDACTED] <sup>GWM</sup> [REDACTED] but at that time I didn't realise that was Brother <sup>GWM</sup> [REDACTED] real name. They later said he was too old and frail to attend court.
195. The police told me to get in touch with lawyers as well. I got in touch with Ross Harper Lawyers from Glasgow. I never got to meet the lawyers it was all done over the phone or written correspondence. I used to tell them, they never had a clue what it was like.

196. They took out a civil action against the De Le Salle Brothers on my behalf but at the end of the day they got back in touch and said the Catholic Church had told them it was time barred. It was at the time but they have changed their mind again.

### **Other action taken**

#### *Compensation*

197. When I reported the case to the police they referred me for criminal injuries compensation and I got £1300 but it got brought down to £1050 once I paid the lawyer's fees.
198. I am taking out civil action again. I waited five years for the criminal injuries compensation. I'm seventy two and there is at least eight thousand putting in for redress at the moment. By the time I go through that system I could be dead and gone.
199. The choice I have now is take a civil action and wait for it to go through or I can take the fixed sum of ten thousand pound through redress which I've already taken through the advanced payment.
200. My third option is I fill in forms and I have these forms. I fill in one saying I was abused and then form three what was the abuse and they want proof of it. I've got the criminal injuries. The option I'm going to take is Individually Assessed Redress which is like the criminal injuries. They put fondling my buttocks as minor sexual abuse and I got a thousand pounds for that. For the physical abuse I got three hundred pound. So say they give me fifteen thousand they will take the ten thousand pound advanced payment and the thousand and fifty pound criminal injuries off that.

### **Treatment / support**

201. I used to phone INCAS to get help because I had a drink problem. I am now in touch with Future Pathways who are also helping me.

### **Records**

202. I applied to Haddington Sheriff Court and Haddington Education Department but they don't hold any records after fifty years. I applied to the National Records of Scotland and they didn't have anything. What I do have through an assistant at St Martin's School is an old register from 1964 to 1965 saying <sup>HYJ</sup> [REDACTED] returned to approved school.

### **Lessons to be learned**

203. I think there should be an independent body in place where they keep in touch with people in care, maybe every six months asking how they're getting on.
204. I can't give a truthful opinion because at my age so much has changed.
205. I have nothing against practicing Catholics whatsoever and respect them for their beliefs. It's the system where people take religion over sense or morals. It's not about money. I'm a soft person. Life is cruel to some people. We have the money in Scotland to minimise it but how do we do that in religious institutions where everyone takes for granted that because they are priests they won't do anything wrong.
206. In the survey that I spoke about earlier I was asked what prompted me to seek advice and I said I had seen others were brave enough to come forward and I hoped my revelations would help stamp out this barbaric behaviour in the remaining establishments. This is also my motivation for coming forward to the Inquiry.

**Other information**

207. 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...

HYJ  


Dated.....

7. 4. 2022