

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of HFG [REDACTED]

Support person present: No.

1. My name is HFG [REDACTED]. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1957. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in Calton in Glasgow. There was my mum [REDACTED], my dad [REDACTED], my three brothers, my sister and myself. I was the second oldest, [REDACTED] was three years older than I was, [REDACTED] was two years younger than I was, [REDACTED] was four years younger and [REDACTED] was seven years younger than I was. My mum died when she was 52. My dad had been in the merchant navy and when he left, he worked at a dairy farm, as a guillotine operator in a factory, and as a postman. He died in 1978 when he would have been about 57.
3. I went to St Mary's Primary School for about one year. I was there for primary one and part of primary two. Then, we moved to Ruchazie in 1966 and lived at [REDACTED]. It was a four apartment house, whereas we had a one-bedroom house in Calton, with bunk beds. The house in Ruchazie seemed huge. There was a balcony and an indoor bathroom. [REDACTED] and I shared a room, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] shared a room, and [REDACTED] shared with my mum and dad.
4. In Ruchazie, I went to St Phillip's Roman Catholic Primary School. I won a prize at school, it was a Ben Hur book. I left St Phillip's when I was about twelve. I still remember all of my teachers there.

5. I then went to St Gregory's Secondary School. It was OK, I still remember all of my teachers there and all of the subjects I was taught.
6. Life was pretty normal. We had bikes, we went to the Campsie's in the summer holidays, which was about fifteen miles from where we lived. We played football and I was in a league for Subbuteo, which we used to play in each other's houses.
7. I was coming back from school one day and I met a guy from my housing scheme and two other guys I hadn't met before, although I was about to find out they were called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. The guy I knew was called [REDACTED], and he was about sixteen. He had a starting pistol with him. He fired it into a close which is like an alley between houses and all the people came out. We ran away and [REDACTED] and the others said they were going to Hogganfield Loch to get a rowing boat and I went with them. Kids did that back then, they would steal a rowing boat, mess about on it and then just dump it.
8. [REDACTED] had a couple of golf balls with him and up at the golf course at the loch, there were two guys teeing off. [REDACTED] asked them if they wanted to buy the balls but they said no, and for [REDACTED] to mind out while he took his shot. [REDACTED] said something along the lines of, "Who the fuck do you think you are talking to?" then [REDACTED] said to us, "Watch this." as one guy went to play his shot. He grabbed the guy, put the starting pistol up against his face, and pulled the trigger. As I learned subsequently, a starting pistol could produce a fourteen-inch flame from the muzzle. The guy's face was all burned. [REDACTED] grabbed the guy's golf clubs and told us to run. Guys on the next hole on the course had witnessed it and came running down, I told them that [REDACTED] had shot the guy. I was traumatised, I was in shock.
9. I got caught and put in the back of a police van. That was the first time I was ever arrested. I told the police what happened and who I was with. They took me to Maitland Street police station in Springburn. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] had already been arrested. The police said they wanted me to identify [REDACTED]

They took me to his family house in [REDACTED] in Royston. His family were all in there, drinking and I had to identify [REDACTED] in front of them all.

10. I was charged with serious assault and robbery. The wording was, 'acting in concert' but I didn't know he was going to shoot anybody. My parents were very upset, no one in the family had been in trouble before. I was thirteen years old. I got taken to court the next day and went to Larchgrove School that evening, around six o'clock.

Larchgrove assessment centre, Edinburgh Road, Glasgow

First day

11. They told me that Larchgrove was a remand home. I got taken into an area called The Square. They stripped me naked and I was given stuff they called Jungle Juice, which was like Brylcreem. They put on my hair, to protect against nits. I was given clothes, cord trousers, plimsolls, a shirt, a jumper, and I was given bedding.
12. I was taken up to a dormitory called The New Wing, because it was an extension, not because it was for new kids. Then I went downstairs for a drink of cocoa. The other boys were taking the mickey out of me, saying things like, "Have you got your fire-bucket ticket yet? Have you got your cocoa ticket yet?" Back in the dormitory, it was lights out, apart from a little red light that stayed on.

Routine at Larchgrove

13. Mr LQT [REDACTED] was SNR [REDACTED] of Larchgrove, and he was very close with another member of staff, Mr zLTB [REDACTED]. They both lived in houses on the property. There were about one hundred boys in total at Larchgrove. The age of the kids was from ten to about sixteen. There were some older kids with beards, they were men. I was thirteen, the three others I was arrested with were older, so they went to Longriggend.

Mornings and bedtime

14. The dormitories had about eight to ten beds, all single beds. There were about six to eight dormitories, not counting the new wing. In the morning, you got up, got washed and went down to the dining area.
15. At night, bedtime was about 8.30 pm or 9.00 pm. Larchgrove ended up very overcrowded. By the time I was leaving, they had camp beds in the corridors.

Mealtimes/Food

16. Breakfast was porridge, cereal, or toast with a boiled egg. We got a cup of tea when we went down to the gym to sit about.
17. The meals weren't bad, I can't remember specific meals but there was a lot of steamed or stewed food. After every meal, we were allowed to play football for about half-an-hour, and then go to the TV room or to the art room.

Washing/Bathing

18. I can't remember any showers at Larchgrove, I just remember getting washed at a sink.

Schooling

19. There wasn't much in the way of schooling at Larchgrove. I did well at school before Larchgrove. After breakfast, we just went to the gym hall and sat about with our backs against the wall. You were allowed to smoke in the gym hall. They came round with a box full of cigarettes. I started smoking at Larchgrove.
20. There were classrooms, but we only saw them when parents came for a visit. The classrooms were used for visitors to see us in. There was an art class in the evening. I came to the conclusion that the classrooms were for remedial classes.

Leisure time

21. At Larchgrove, I didn't really have any personal possessions.
22. There was a big exercise yard at Larchgrove, and we went out playing football, but with a tennis ball, about fifty boys all playing. There was a big high wall around the yard, it was like a prison.

Chores

23. There was no work for us to do. This made the days very long, but you got used to it.

Healthcare

24. Some boys reported sick and got treatment but I don't know the details of the treatment because I never got ill when I was at Larchgrove.

Birthdays/Christmas

25. I can't remember if there was a Christmas tree at Larchgrove, although I was there for Christmas.

Abuse at Larchgrove

26. If you did something wrong, you were sent down to the main office to get the belt from Mr zLTB or Mr LQT. You got belted for fighting or anything else. I got hit on the legs. SNR, Mr LQT had his house on the property, and so did Mr zLTB. They were there constantly.
27. When I was remanded at Larchgrove, they shaved my head before I went up to court. They said it was for nits but I think it was to make me look guilty. I pleaded

guilty. I was convicted on [REDACTED] 1970 and sentenced two weeks later on [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

28. I was known as a grass at Larchgrove, because of speaking to the police and identifying [REDACTED] [REDACTED] s brother was in Larchgrove and he kept shouting that I was a grass. One time in the dinner queue, a guy in front of me called [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was shouting to others that I was a grass. I was not a fighter, but I bashed him right in the face. He hit me in the face a couple of times, and then the staff broke it up. I got taken to a big cell and I had no dinner that night. After that, there was no more abuse about being a grass. People started saying I was the one who had shot someone, and I admit I started milking it a bit, so as not to get any abuse because some of the older boys did abuse the younger ones. You saw that sometimes in the TV room. The lights would be down low and you could hear these younger boys crying because someone was interfering with them. The main culprits for sexually abusing the young boys were [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]
29. One night, I wet the bed. I had been at Larchgrove for about three days. I was worrying and couldn't sleep so I went downstairs and told the staff who were on duty. They were Mr HFW [REDACTED] and HFX [REDACTED] something, they were both in their fifties. They took me into a wee room and told me to take off my pyjamas. Then they were both round me, one at the front, one at the back. They started touching me down below, they were sexually assaulting me. I told them to fuck off. I knew what they were doing was wrong. I think they were testing the waters because I was new. I think the noise I was making caused them to stop. I dread to think what would have happened if I hadn't cried out. They gave me fresh pyjamas and told me not to tell anyone. I went back up to bed and the other boys asked me what all the shouting was about. I told them, and they warned me to stay away from those guys, because they were known for that type of behaviour.
30. Mr HFV [REDACTED], one of the staff, would call you a flipping twit, and flick you with a bunch of elastic bands. When you were sitting all day in the gym hall, he would sneak up behind you and do it. I got hit like this three or four times a day. He would do that if

you were talking, or just for doing nothing. Mr HFV ended up as the [REDACTED] [REDACTED], at the Children's Panel office in Glasgow.

31. I told my mum and dad about the sexual abuse and a couple of days later I was taken down to a meeting.
32. Mr zLTB was the guy in charge of the meeting. Mr zLTB said that my dad told him what I had told my dad about HFX and Mr HFW. He said those guys wouldn't do that, he said that I was lying. He slapped me a couple of times, and told me not to tell any more lies.
33. There was a lot of violence at Larchgrove. Abuse was rife, it was a terrible place. There was a woodwork teacher whose nickname was IJR everybody knew what he was. He was a masturbator. There were always fights, because there were boys from all over the city. It was a territorial thing, boys trying to make a name for themselves, so they had status for going back to their own area. It was the law of the jungle.

Leaving Larchgrove

34. It was decided to move me, I had been given my own bed at Larchgrove before I was sentenced but after I was sentenced, I was stuck in a camp-bed in the corridor.
35. One night, I was called in to the office and was told that I was being moved because of overcrowding. I got my civilian clothes on, got in the minibus and I was driven to Cardross, to wait for a vacancy at an approved school.

Cardross Park Home, Cardross, Ayrshire

36. I was at Cardross for about three weeks. When I got in there, I put their clothes on, a shirt and a long sleeve jumper. Cardross was a big mansion house, it had big bay

windows. Upstairs were the two dormitories, big bedrooms with big comfy beds. There were about fifteen to twenty boys maximum at Cardross. They had a TV lounge on the right. On the very top floor, lived the family who owned the mansion. At weekends, they had parties with guests who came in big fancy cars. I could hear them.

37. Mr **HGQ** and Mr **HGR** were the two main members of staff. Cookie was the name of the cook.
38. The next day, there was no school for me, I was just left sitting in the drawing room, just looking at the driveway. There were cars going up and down the drive all day.

Routine at Cardross

39. Once again, there was no meaningful structure to your routine. You were just in the playroom during the day. I was bored.

Mornings and bedtime

40. Mr **HGQ** and Mr **HGR** got us up at about 7:00 am, or 7:30 am. You got your breakfast and you got washed. After that, you went and sat in the playroom. There was a break in the morning when you got a piece and jam.
41. Bedtime at Cardross was about 8:00 pm, with something for supper.

Mealtimes/Food

42. We said Grace before every meal. At lunchtime, the meals were not bad, nothing to write home about.
43. One night for dinner, I was given a cup of tea, two cream crackers, and a bit of cheese. They told us to muck in, but there was just nothing there you could call a meal.

Washing/bathing

44. I can remember there was a bathroom in Cardross. It was on a landing with a big white door, to segregate the remanded boys from the owners on the top floor. I remember going to the bathroom one night and there was a couple from the top floor, on the landing. They were laughing at me because I was wearing a nightshirt.

Chores

45. There were no chores in Cardross, just long days with lots of time on your hands.

Leisure time

46. I was never allowed out of the building on my own when I was at Cardross. Other kids got to go out to go to Chapel, but I didn't get to go because I was known as an absconder.

Abuse at Cardross

47. The discipline at Cardross was that you would get a slap from Mr **HGQ** or Mr **HGR**. I saw a few other boys being slapped and kicked.
48. We went in to the TV room if it was a wild night outside. Bear in mind this was the end of December, the beginning of January. One night I decided I wanted out so I threw a chair at one of the big bay windows. The chair just bounced off. The next thing, the door burst open and then Mr **HGQ** and Mr **HGR** came in and asked who had tried to break the window and the other boys indicated that it was me. They asked me if I had tried to break the window. I said yes and Mr **HGQ** turned around and

slapped me in the face, turning my face away. The door was ajar, so I hit my face off the door. I still have a wee scar near my eye.

49. Mr HGR then dragged me out of the TV room, threw me into a room they called the Cooler, and locked me in. It was a cell about seven or eight feet long, by about three or four feet wide. The Cooler was hot during the day and cold at night. About half-an-hour later, they came back with bedding and told me I would be dealt with in the morning.
50. In the morning, they told me to go for a wash. They took my pyjama jacket away, I thought I was getting my own clothes back, but I wasn't. They came in to my cell with breakfast and then took me to the dining room. This was done in front of the rest of the school and they then left me in the dining room until 5:00 pm. After that they took me back to the Cooler.
51. The next day, they came and gave me remand home clothes to put on, then they took me down to the drawing room, I didn't go to school.
52. I was in the Cooler and drawing room with another boy called [REDACTED]. When he got put in punishment with me, at least I had someone to talk to.

Leaving Cardross

53. I was only in Cardross for about three weeks. I got a visit from my dad, he said my social worker had told him I was going to St Joseph's. I didn't know I had a social worker, I had never seen them at Larchgrove or Cardross. He said it was a good school. He said not to tell the staff I knew. Then the staff just gave me my own clothes and said I would be moving on the next day. The next day, Miss Nicol, a social worker, took me in a big brand new car. It was so new, her driver had to stop on the way to get road tax. She took [REDACTED] and me to St Joseph's. I think that was the only time I saw a social worker.

St Joseph's school, Tranent, East Lothian

54. When I arrived, I was met by Brother MDC. He welcomed me in and made a point of telling me he was a former Commando and Welsh rugby player. He looked pretty tough. He introduced Brother Benedict, who said he would show me to the dormitories. Brother Benedict smelled of mothballs. He was strange and he mumbled rather than speaking clearly. He took us upstairs and [REDACTED] was put in one dormitory, and I was put in the other. My dormitory was called Killiecrankie. It was the bed wetter's dormitory. It was in my notes that I was a bed-wetter at Larchgrove, even though I had only reported it once. There were about ten boys in that dormitory. There were about a hundred boys in total at St Josephs and they were aged from ten to about fifteen.
55. They took me and showed me around the reception, the playground, and there was a wee white building, over near the chapel.
56. They introduced me to Mr GVV from St Columba's, and Mr McKinnon from St Andrew's. Brother Benedict was from St Ninian's and said that I would be in his house.
57. They had different houses, or cottages. Ogilvie house, or South Cottage as it was also known, was a cottage run by David Burns and his wife. North Cottage was called Savio house run by a woman who we called MCR.
58. I was never in the cottages, other than looking in the door of Ogilvie Cottage. It was something you aspired to. They had nice carpets and you sat down with them as a family for meals.

Routine at St Joseph's

Mornings and bedtime

59. When you got up, you got washed, got dressed and had breakfast. Then you would do your work, then went out into the yard until the teaching staff came and took you to the classrooms.
60. At night time, lights out was about 8:30 pm or 9:00 pm.

Mealtimes/Food

61. We had our meals and would usually then go to the play hall to play snooker, table tennis, and things like that.

Washing/bathing

62. Off the play hall was a large shower area. There were probably about thirty showers, one row, with another backing on to them. Some afternoons, you would have P.E, and then get a shower. Whoever was on duty would supervise the showers.

School

63. The teaching staff would take you from the yard, down to the classrooms at about 10:00 am. We had playtime at about 11:00 am for about fifteen or twenty minutes. Then we went back to the classroom for about forty-five minutes and then went for lunch. After lunch, we went back out into the yard.
64. Brother **zMBZ** taught science, Mr Loftus, who was a nice guy, taught Modern Studies and current affairs. Mr **GVW** we called **GVW** because of his nose. He had

thin, sharp features. He was very strict, but fair. If someone farted, he would take their bum and stick it out of the door into the corridor and shut the door over on the boy. Mrs Reynolds was the remedial teacher. I was in her class because I wet the bed.

Religious instruction

65. We had to go to mass every Friday morning for the Benediction, it was the same on Sundays. We would go to chapel but just go through the motions. The priest would come in with two men helpers. They would point you out if you were talking. Brother **MJF** played the organ.

Chores

66. I worked cleaning the play hall. They had a piano, a snooker table and a table tennis table. It took about an hour to clean it.
67. They had workshops and outbuildings all in a row. We had woodwork and metalwork during the day. Brother Benedict had an electrical shop with a couple of old TV's, radios, and a train set. You could go there in the evening. **GVX** **GVX** ran the woodwork shop, **MJK** ran metalwork, and we called him the **MJK** **MJK**. He would bang a hammer down on the bench next to you, to try and frighten you. He would also take hot metal out of the furnace and come towards you with it, backing you up towards the furnace. As a wee boy, you were terrified. It was like hell, a big furnace and I guy coming at you with molten metal.
68. We had to pick berries in the summer at Turin Home farm, near Forfar. We had two weeks on, and two weeks off. We got paid one-and-a-half-pence per pound. Half a pence went to St Joseph's and we got a halfpence. The other halfpence went to charity. You used to try to pick one hundred pounds of berries a day, that way you would be called a Ton-up kid and you would get a certificate.

Leisure time

69. When we went out to the yard, we would have a kick-about, there would always be a ball. Some boys had pigeon huts. Down where the pigeon huts were, there was a brazier, so you could light your cigarette, but you had to watch out in case the staff saw you smoking there.
70. There was a tuck shop. Wednesday night was tuck shop night. Decimalisation came in when I was at St Joseph's, I remember I got thirty-two-and-a-half-pence pocket money. You had to get in to the queue for the tuck shop early, otherwise you were just left with rubbish sweets to buy.
71. When it wasn't tuck shop night, we would play snooker and stuff. I learned how to play the piano and the harmonica.

Trips/Holidays

72. Brother MDC and other staff would read out your marks for behaviour for the week. You started off with twenty marks and lost marks for bad behaviour, but if you did things like washing one of the staff's cars, you could get extra marks. If you got thirty marks, you got weekend home leave, so you had to build up your marks to get that. Some boys didn't get weekend leave, sometimes I didn't get weekend leave.
73. I did get a few weekends home from building up my marks at St Joseph's. I probably got home about twenty times during the eighteen months I was there. A weekend leave was from Friday to Sunday. Brother Benedict would drive the bus to Glasgow bus station where we would be picked up or get our buses home, and then he would pick us up from there on Sunday. He used to call us all his slaves, or slum dwellers. I was Slave ■ because that was my house number. He would sometimes try to get on your good side, he would call you, "My babe". It was grooming.

74. One weekend, on the M8 motorway, going back to Glasgow for weekend leave, Brother Benedict pulled over. He had spotted an old TV at the side of the road. He gestured for me to help him get it on the bus. We got it on to the steps of the bus and then he drove away, leaving me at the side of the road. I thought it was a joke, and he would stop after a couple of hundred yards, but he didn't and soon there was no sign of the bus. I cut through the fields, I didn't know where I was, and I walked for miles. When I saw someone, I asked directions for Glasgow. I got a bus to Glasgow, to Buchanan Street station and I got there about 11:00 pm. Then I went home for my weekend leave. The police were there because I had been reported missing. My dad said Brother MJF was coming to get me on the Monday, rather than going home on the Sunday. He did a deal with me and my parents. He said he would speak to Brother Benedict about the incident.
75. If you weren't on a weekend home, they would have staff take you out for trips. We went to North Berwick, Dunbar, places like that. One time, we went on an orienteering course, reading a map and compass. I wasn't into it, but it got you out of school classes. The first time I went orienteering was up in the Pentland hills. We got snowed in, it was a whiteout, and we were freezing. We were outside for seven hours, people had been out looking for us. On the last day, we got sent out in pairs. I was sent out with a boy called [REDACTED] who was a weird guy, he didn't talk much. We had to write down anything interesting that we saw. [REDACTED] couldn't read maps and neither could I. He kept trying to cuddle up to me, invading my personal space. Years later, he became known as [REDACTED]. He was convicted of raping women in [REDACTED].
76. [REDACTED] was the only person from St Joseph's I met after leaving, I met him at a police identity parade and at the Procurator Fiscal's office when we were giving statements about the abuse at St Joseph's.
77. Mrs Reynolds, my teacher, took us to an art exhibition in Prestonpans. She put up a couple of my pictures.

Birthdays and Christmas

78. I had Christmas back at home, and your birthday wasn't celebrated at St Joseph's. You might get an extra smoke from your friends, if they remembered.

Visits/Inspections/Review of Detention

79. I got a visit from my dad after two or three weeks at St Joseph's. I told him not to come back, because I would be getting my home visits soon, and it was a long way for him to come.

Healthcare

80. One time, I jumped off a kitchen counter, and the cupboard door below was open. I cut all my backside. I went to the sick bay and Matron put a plaster on it. I remember Brother Benedict coming in and saying, "My slave, poor babe." he hung about, annoying me.

Running away

81. There were a couple of boys who were always absconding from St Joseph's. They got threatened with the closed block at Rossie Farm School. You didn't want to go there because of what you heard about the daily beatings and having food withheld.
82. Brother Benedict was known as Bootsy, because he had steel-toe-cap boots and would kick you with them. Brother MDC said, "If anyone wants to abscond, come and see me. I will give you bus fare and a one hour head-start, but God help you when I catch you." One time, me and another boy took him up on that. We went to see him and said we wanted to go. We got our bus fare to Edinburgh. We got there and the police were waiting, along with Brother Benedict and Brother MDC and a couple of others. They knew where we would be going, there was only one road out. They took us back to St Joseph's and we were held over a table by Brother zMBZ and belted by Brother MDC

Bed Wetting

83. I wet the bed more at St Joseph's because I was anxious. In the morning, if you had wet the bed, you had to go downstairs with the sheets. You would be sent down to get a shower. Brother Benedict or someone would take you down and supervise you in the shower. Then you went back up to the dormitory, got your bedding and do the walk of shame. All the boys from all the dormitories would be lined up on the stairs, giving you verbal abuse. They would say things like, "Make way for the midnight swimmers." You were embarrassed, humiliated and felt anger towards the other boys. You had to take your bedding to the laundry, Mrs Gillan did the laundry.

Discipline at St Joseph's

84. The main form of discipline was losing your weekend leave marks, which could ultimately deprive you of your weekend home. They also used to threaten to send you to Rossie Farm School, at Montrose.
85. On my first night at St Joseph's, I went into the art class. Everyone was calling the art teacher MJN. I was given a bit of paper and a pen. I asked the teacher, MJN can I have a piece of charcoal?" he asked what I had called him, so I repeated it. He threw me out of the class and I had to go down and sit in the play hall.
86. The other forms of discipline were being beaten, either with a hand or with a rope.

Abuse at St Joseph's

87. The first or second night I was at St Joseph's, I was in Brother Benedict's workshop. He had a big train set and a record player. He was playing records and then it all went

quiet. Everyone was looking at me. Brother Benedict came over to me with a generator. It had an "H" shaped metal handle. He told me to hold onto the metal ends, he started turning another handle and I got an electric shock. I couldn't let go of the handle. He was smiling and laughing, as if he was getting pleasure from it. It was a serious electric shock, my hands were tingling.

88. Another time at Brother Benedict's workshop, I started having a scrap with a boy who had a twin, so his twin joined in. They were called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. Brother Benedict was roaring mad at us. He was chasing us around the workshop, punching and kicking us. We ran out of the workshop door, but he grabbed me and pulled me back in, along with the boys I had been fighting with. He was punching and kicking us. Then he got the generator out again and I was left holding the metal ends. He hesitated, before starting to turn the handle, and he just kept on turning it. My hands were all burnt. Then he did the same to one of the twins. The next thing, Benedict threw the generator at the wall across the room. After that, he just ran out of the workshop. I think he lost it, I think he knew he had crossed a line.
89. One day, I was cleaning the playroom when Mr [REDACTED], we called him [REDACTED] came in and started moaning that I was not cleaning it properly. I had words back with him. He started shouting and bawling. He took his hat off, and he kicked over my bucket of water. He grabbed me and hit me on the back of the legs. I grabbed a snooker cue and chased after him. He ran out of the room, so I bashed his hat with the snooker cue. Brother [REDACTED] and Brother Benedict came in and told me I was on report. I went back to my room, then I got taken up to Brother [REDACTED] for that. I got four of the belt on my backside. My trousers were taken down and Brother [REDACTED] beat me on the backside.
90. There was a guy in our dormitory called [REDACTED]. He was known as Brother [REDACTED] informer. He would report you for doing anything. One night, a guy called [REDACTED] crept over and hit [REDACTED] in the eye with a snake belt, an elasticated belt where the buckle was an S shaped piece of metal that linked with a metal loop on the other end. Then [REDACTED] just went back to bed. Mayhem erupted. [REDACTED] was taken away, I could hear him screaming. He came back about two in the morning, he was covered in bruises.

91. MJK would sit at dinner, drinking alcohol and being verbally abusive. He would say things like, "Your ma's a whore." and lots of racist comments. I hated it when he was on duty. He would sometimes withhold supper before bedtime.
92. There were some good staff at St Joseph's, but ones like Brother Benedict were predatory, always hanging about.
93. One night, I woke up in bed. Brother Benedict was interfering with me, touching my genitals. He tried to say he was just checking if my bed was dry. You would see him most nights, going all round the beds and then he would go out if he got caught.
94. One night when I was in bed, I couldn't move. Brother Benedict was in my bed, on top of me, trying to have sex with me. His weight was on top of me, I couldn't move. That happened about two or three weeks after arriving. I didn't report that incident to anyone at the time.
95. There was another member of staff who used to sneak about in the dormitories at night, that was HLU the boiler man.
96. Another time, myself, and another boy called were at the chapel, having a smoke. When we walked out, Brother Benedict caught us. I got punched in the face and knocked to the ground while the other two legged it. He picked me up and threw me in a cupboard, locked me in, and went looking for my two friends. I was stuck in there all night. The next morning I had a black eye. Mr MJM, the gardening teacher found me in the cupboard and asked what I was doing there. I told him Brother Benedict did it. Mr MJM told me to go and get a shower. He waited outside while I had a shower, then I got fresh clothes and went back into my classroom. I saw Mr MJM shouting and bawling at Brother Benedict for that. It wasn't unusual to see boys going about with black eyes.

97. Brother Benedict would give out stilts to boys in the yard. He would get you into a corner and pretend he was trying to help you get your balance, but he was really feeling people up.
98. There was another monk called Brother HED he had a box that he carried about. Boys would go over and get something from him, from the box. He said it was Saccharin, others said it was Bromide, others still said it was something to calm you down.
99. One night, when we were picking berries in Forfar I was sitting in a tree, playing my harmonica. Everyone else had gone to the pictures but I wasn't allowed to go because I had been accused of putting a quarter-brick into my berries, to add bulk when they were getting weighed. Mr HGS was one of the staff from St Joseph's who was like a part-time teacher and I knew he was a predator. I knew a boy who had had bother with him and heard other stories about him doing sexual stuff. I had been told there were allegations made against him, but there wasn't enough evidence to support these accusations. He told me to come down from the tree and help him in the Glory Hole, which was what they called the toilet. I refused to come down from the tree but I dropped my harmonica. He told me to follow him and he would show me where he was going to put my harmonica. He went into the Glory Hole and threw my harmonica down the toilet. I didn't follow him into the Glory Hole. That kind of thing made you resentful, it made me think that I wasn't going to do anything these people told me to do.

Reporting of abuse at St Joseph's

100. Every two or three months, you had to see the managers of St Joseph's, they were like a Board of Governors. Once, I was waiting to go in for my meeting, and Brother Benedict was waiting with me. I asked him what I should say, and he just mumbled something. Then he pulled his hanky out and started wiping the floor. He had been masturbating under his robes and he was trying to clean it up after he had ejaculated.

101. I didn't tell the managers about the abuse, or about Brother Benedict masturbating outside before we went in, because Brother MDC and Brother Benedict would be in the room with you. They would ask you how you were getting on, but you wouldn't say anything about what was going on.
102. You didn't report the abuse because you knew that the staff would get you back if you did. After I told my father about what had happened with Brother Benedict leaving me on the motorway, Brother MJF came out and smoothed it over.

Leaving St Joseph's

103. I had a weekend leave, and I was told not to bother coming back. I just went home in my own clothes. My parents thought I wasn't telling the truth, they hadn't been told I was being released. It was a shock to the system. I had just turned fifteen and I was suddenly back in mainstream school, but I only went back very briefly. Mr Potter, the science teacher at St Joseph's told me I should stay on at school, that I was clever, but I didn't fit in back in mainstream school, I played truant a lot, I don't think I ever went for a full week. Also, just as I was leaving St Joseph's, my brother went in there for committing crime.

Life after being in care

104. I went back to stay with my mum and dad. Going back to school was not successful. I played truant because I couldn't take the school seriously. I started hanging about with other guys down at Monklands canal, looking for scrap metal to sell. I started buying cans of lager with my money from the scrap I sold. I drifted into a life of crime. I was hanging about with the wrong crowd of people, and staying away from home. As well as drinking, I started abusing lighter fluid and solvents, but it wasn't enough. As I got more involved with that type of behaviour, things got worse. When other people were going out to the dancing, I was breaking into shops, for money to buy

cannabis. I went to Karate classes for about a year, paid for with money earned from crime.

105. Then my mum died. She had been in hospital, unwell. The police came to the door saying that my mum was really poorly. She died before my dad could make it to hospital. My brother [REDACTED] had been transferred from St Joseph's to St John's, next door to Larchgrove in Glasgow. I had to go and tell him that our mum was dead. My sister [REDACTED] was only ten at the time.
106. The next year, my dad got a house back in Calton, which I thought was great because our family were in the area, and going to the Barras in Glasgow was a lot cheaper than going to the normal shops.
107. I got more heavily involved in the drugs scene back at Calton. LSD was my drug of choice. Me and my mates, and [REDACTED] when he was back on weekend leave from St John's, would sit about smoking cannabis and taking amphetamine sulphate. I had witnessed the introduction of heroin to the Calton area and I had read about the damage it could cause. I just kept taking cannabis and LSD until I was about nineteen.
108. I worked in [REDACTED] Bakers as an apprentice baker but I only lasted about two or three months. I didn't like the work or the early starts.
109. I worked in a clothing-manufacturing factory, putting the patterns onto cloth, cutting out the pieces. It was good, it was indoor work. Next, I worked as a painter and decorator for about a year.
110. I had a couple of prison sentences. When you went into Longriggend Young Offenders, you got beaten up. It was an officer called Mr HGT [REDACTED]. I got told to write a letter home. I wrote the letter, and went along to the office to find out where to put it. I asked him where to put the letter and he went off his head. He hit me across the face with a bunch of keys and marched me down the stairs.

111. At Glenochil, there was another Mr HGU, he was the brother of HGT at Longriggend. He asked me what I was in for. Before I could answer he shoved the plate of food I had been give up against my throat so I couldn't speak. I got taken down to a cell block. Another officer, Mr Ross told me to write a letter to my family, to tell them I was OK. I did two months at Glenochil. There was another prison officer KFL he was known as 'KFL' he was handy with his fists and his feet. He would pull you up for any reason. I don't think he did any sexual stuff. Mr HGV a warden from England, he was bad. I remember one boy asking him for a drink of water. He made the boy take his bin from his cell to the ablutions and fill it with water, and drink from it. They called it the Short, Sharp, Shock but you just came out fitter, the police couldn't catch you.
112. When I got out of Glenochil, my dad died of lung cancer. I got involved with the Calton Unemployed Workers Centre. Somebody there told me about a job as a Community Development Worker. I got the job and started work there on 8 January 1981. I turned a corner in my life, and never looked back. I became involved in setting up the Drug Initiative and the and Credit Unions. They now have a turnover of £12.5 million per anum. I helped set up the Day Centre, for the elderly and disabled. There are 28 workers there now. I got involved with the Socialist Workers Party. I went to various meetings and demonstrations.
113. When I went to work for the social work department, I met Fred Docherty, who had been a teacher at Larchgrove, along with his brother. I recognised him, but he thought I was a client of the department, not staff. Once I explained I was working there, he said that the only thing to worry about working for social work was to make sure nobody 'rattles your cupboard'. That was the first time I had heard that expression, I took it to be a reference to having skeletons in your wardrobe. I told him that I had nothing to hide. Fred Docherty's brother had been convicted of child sexual abuse in Glasgow, it was in the papers.
114. I met my wife, when we worked together at the social work department. We got engaged in 1987, and married in 1989. Our son was born in 1991 and our

daughter [REDACTED] was born in 1994. We bought a flat and moved into our current house, in Baillieston, three years later.

115. I was a Community Development Worker for sixteen years, and then, in 1997, there was a budget cut of forty per-cent. I was encouraged to apply for a job with the social work department, as a social work assistant. I applied, and I got the job. My wife got a job in the same post.
116. I worked in Castlemilk, working with vulnerable adults and carrying out community care assessments. I applied for a social work course in Edinburgh, but it was over-subscribed. I went to Jordanhill College for an interview for another course. I didn't get that, but there was an appeal procedure and I wanted to appeal against the refusal. I got offered another position. They said I would have to work in residential care, until a position came up that I wanted. I took this to be a hint to drop the appeal. I refused, as I felt this would be doing somebody else out of a job in residential care. I went to St Mungo's school to do English and Modern Studies.
117. I left the social work department as my manager was moving on, and I felt it was time for me to move on too. Also, it was becoming a bit much travelling from the east end of the city to Castlemilk on the south side, as I couldn't get a direct bus. My son had also been born and I was diagnosed with vision problems.
118. After the social work department, I worked for [REDACTED] Mental Health, I was there for fourteen years. I was a senior project worker, for people with mental health problems and addiction problems. I was supervisor for a group of nine workers. I set up five family support groups in the east end of Glasgow.
119. I retired in 2015, I took voluntary redundancy. After retiring, I started working in a care home for the elderly.
120. In 1999, [REDACTED] and I applied to be foster carers. The training took about two years. We started by doing respite care, we have now dealt with about twenty kids for weekend respite. Then we started to take children for long-term placements, children

with difficult behaviour, children who had been sexually abused. Our current foster child has been with us for about five-and-a-half years. She was the captain of her class in primary school, and vice-captain of the school. She has just started secondary school and is doing well.

Reporting of abuse

121. I reported the abuse I suffered to the police in 1999 or 2000. I had been out with a co-worker, [REDACTED]. He was married to a minister's daughter and he was going through a bad patch in his marriage. He told me he had been at St Ninian's and Brother Benedict had raped him when he was nine years old. I couldn't believe Brother Benedict was still working and still had access to young boys. I decided to go to Cameron Fyffe, the lawyer, because I wanted to do something about it. He was good, he told me to go to the police.
122. In 2003, my brother [REDACTED] and I went to see the Procurator Fiscal in Haddington, after they contacted me. Between 2003 and around 2015, I heard nothing. Then I was told there was going to be a trial, although it was initially delayed. There was a trial, in 2016, at which I gave evidence. Brother Benedict was convicted of all four charges he was facing. He was sentenced to seven years imprisonment. The court reference is PF: HA14000073, HMA v Michael John Murphy, which was Benedict's real name.
123. When I was working at the social work department, no one I was working with reported any abuse at St Joseph's. The only person who reported any abuse to me was at a school in Pollock, on the south side of Glasgow. His name was [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and he told me that he had suffered from abuse, and I told him to report it to the police and one of my colleagues went with him to the police.
124. I was directed to get in touch with Incas, the In-care survivors group. I met with a woman from the group and spoke with her. Then, she emailed me telling me that [REDACTED] sent his regards. I knew that meant she had breached both my confidentiality and his. I didn't get back in touch with them after that.

Impact

125. My GP referred me for psychotherapy, due to the nightmares I was having. I went for about six sessions, but it wasn't for me. The therapist would take some notes, smile at me, but then it would be, "Time's up, see you next Wednesday." I just felt deconstructed.
126. I don't want to delve too deep into my own past. I have a lot of distractions to occupy my time. I play the guitar, go hill walking, and I read a lot. I do get anxious thinking about it, but I feel good about having come forward to the Inquiry.
127. My life could have been very different if I had gone to school that day, instead of playing truant and bumping into [REDACTED] and the others. I think about that a lot. If I had gone home just a little bit later, I could and would have gone to university.

Records

128. I did apply for my records a couple of years ago, but I never got them. I dealt with a Mr Peacock, but I didn't get what I was looking for.

Hope for the Inquiry

129. I hope that things get better for any looked-after children in care now. I hope that the people responsible for them discharge their duty of care. To ensure that those children have the same opportunities as any other child.

Other information

130. 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... HFG

Dated... 01/03/19