

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

HCH [REDACTED]

Support person present: No

1. My name is HCH [REDACTED]. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1949. My contact details are known to the inquiry.

Life before care

2. I was born in the Duke Street Hospital, Glasgow. My parents were [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I was their firstborn child. My mum had three of us one year after another, myself, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. After [REDACTED], there was a four year gap and then [REDACTED] was born. [REDACTED] was born five years later and then [REDACTED], who was fifteen years younger than me. We lived in a single room in the Gorbals before moving to the West End, in the Knightswood area of Glasgow.
3. My dad worked at all sorts of things. He was a machine operator at Singer's. He also did casual work, like chopping sticks. He did everything just to get money into the family. My home life was amazing when I was there. We only had two bedrooms and I slept in the same bed as my sisters. We were a really close knit family. I went to St. Ninian's Primary School. The big change came when I went to residential school.
4. After the Second World War, Glasgow District Council came up with residential schools. My mum had me when she was nineteen. By the time she was in her early twenties, she had four kids. Children were put into residential schools to give families a break. [REDACTED]
Secondary Institutions - to be published later

[REDACTED]
Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Biggart's Residential School, Prestwick

5. I went to Biggart's Residential School when I was six or seven years old. I can't quite remember exactly how old I was. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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20. I remember being back at school when I was at home. I would get into trouble periodically. I was doing things that I shouldn't be doing, to my shame and to my mother's heartache. I remember breaking into an ice cream van garage with two of my friends. We were only kids. I was seven or eight years old. We got bottles of Irn Bru from the garage. I was so delighted to take the juice back to my mum and give it to her. I got the biggest scolding of my life. She let me know that I shouldn't do that, so I knew never to take anything back to my mum.

21. Our local police station was Temple Police Station on Bearsden Road. When I was nine, I was in trouble for something and the police arrested me and charged me. I can't remember what the charge was. I was sitting in the back of the police car. One of the policemen was asking what they should do with me. I remember them discussing whether to take me home or take me to Larchgrove Remand Home. They held my future in their hands. It was getting late, but they decided instead of taking me home that they would drop me off at Larchgrove. I was incarcerated for the first time as an untried juvenile, instead of going home to my mum.

Larchgrove Remand Home, Springboig, Glasgow

22. Larchgrove opened in 1957. I went there for the first time in 1959 when I was nine years old. Initially, I was there for a three day remand before going to court. After my court appearance, I was taken back to Larchgrove for reports to be prepared. I then got a fourteen day detention sentence for theft. At the time of the theft, I was already on release by the courts on a deferred sentence for another charge.
23. The boys at Larchgrove ranged from seven to sixteen years old. When boys were taken to Larchgrove, they always had a three day lie-in. That was enough time for the Procurator Fiscal to bring their case to court. You then went back up to court and nine times out of ten the judge would put you on reports. You were sent back to Larchgrove for two weeks before being taken back up to court for sentencing. I don't remember having a lawyer at any of these court hearings, but I must have been represented.
24. It wasn't about how good a fighter you were in Larchgrove, it was about who you knew. It was similar to prison. I came from a big family, the [REDACTED]. Even at that age, people knew where I came from and they knew my family. That was where respect came from. It didn't come from what boys had done or who they were, it was who their family was. It still works like that in prisons to this day.
25. I can't remember the names of any of the staff at Larchgrove. They were very strict and regimented. The building was almost like an H-block. The front of it was an admin

and dining area, then there was a corridor leading up to the next block which housed the inmates with a north and south wing, then you went straight through to the end and there was a gymnasium. There was a playground on the left hand side, The playground was surrounded by three buildings, the main corridor, the dormitories and the admin building. A high wall helped enclose the playground.

Routine at Larchgrove

First Day

26. When I first arrived at Larchgrove, the night-shift staff were on. They said to the police that I had just made it and they might be able to get me in on time. All the boys were in their beds. They took me up to the shower room, got me stripped off, put me in the shower, gave me a toothbrush and toothpaste, a set of pyjamas and a blue Larchgrove uniform. If you were untried, you got a navy-blue v-neck jumper and if you were convicted you got a brown jumper. You were given short trousers and sand shoes as well. They took me along a corridor. It must have been about 10:00 pm by this time.
27. I was taken to the dormitory and there were about seven beds in it. There were two beds in the centre and one of them was mine. I went to bed and fell asleep. Half way through the night, I woke up and I had wet the bed. I was totally embarrassed and I didn't know what to do. I'd wet the bed once or twice at home, but it was my first time in an institution.
28. There was a very large, six inch wide central heating pipe that spanned the length of the room. I pulled the sheet off my bed and tried to dry it. A wee boy in the bed next to me woke up. He asked me whether I'd wet the bed and told me that he had done it too. He must have been about twelve. He started telling me what was going to happen to me. He spent about two hours talking to me until the sheet dried. That was my entrance into Larchgrove Remand Home. That boy was a wee angel.

Mornings and Bedtime

29. The dormitories had mixed age ranges. Larchgrove was very regimental. We got up in the morning, got washed, made our bed blocks and sat on our beds. We would then file back down to the main reception area and go upstairs for breakfast/lunch in the morning/afternoon and sit at fitted tables in rows of five or six.
30. There was a toilet we could use at night. If you needed the toilet, you would chap on the dormitory door. The officer would look along and let you go to the toilet. The lights were switched off at night. There was a small red light in each dormitory and in the corridor so you could barely see.

Mealtimes/food

31. The food at Larchgrove was fine. If you didn't like the food, you could just leave it. There were long tables with about six boys to a table. Mealtimes were good because we could see out to the Edinburgh Road. Larchgrove was next to the Olivetti factory. We could see people going past on buses. It was nice to see that the world was still surviving, still going on.

Washing and bathing

32. We had a shower every other night. We would sit in the hall reception where they kept us and be called into the shower area three at a time. You would get your shower, change into your pyjamas and go to your bed. The showers were cubicles, but they didn't have doors or curtains on them. An officer would remain along at the end of the cubicles.

Chores

33. We had wee jobs to do right after breakfast. We would sweep the floors and shine them with polish and a bumper. We generally just cleaned the dormitories where we slept.

School

34. After our chores, we went to one of the classes. The classes were quite good. There were three or four different classes, like painting or the gymnasium. We would do things like make clay cats and dogs in one class, then go into another class and paint them. I don't remember doing any traditional schooling although I was allowed to write a letter home.

Leisure time

35. In the evening, we went into our rooms. We weren't allowed to lie in our beds until bedtime. We would sit on the pipes or the floor. There were no books or games. Somebody had a quiz book at one point. If you got one of those, it was a luxury and we had a good laugh. The playground was a release as we were allowed to kick a ball around after dinnertime.

Religious instruction

36. The only time that I left Larchgrove was to go to chapel on a Sunday. Two or three guards would take us to St. John's Approved School, which was just around the corner. We would go to Mass and then come back. I think I got my own clothes back to wear to Mass.

Visits/Inspections

37. My mother was heartbroken when I went into Larchgrove. We weren't allowed many visits, but my parents did come and visit me. My mum would never have abandoned me. That was all I had to hold on to. The visits were rare and I don't think I was allowed any after I had been sentenced. We used to write letters instead. That's why I love writing. I write all the time now. I express myself with words. We were given the letters at night when we went into our rooms. They were just a joy and were the stability of my sentence. We weren't given the opportunity to write letters very often, but I did write them every chance I got. I maybe wrote two letters during my sentence.

38. Other than my parents, nobody came to visit me. Nobody came to talk to me about why I was in there or anything like that. That just didn't happen in those days.

Running away

39. A few boys escaped from the playground at Larchgrove. They ran up to the fence that joined the dormitory building to the high wall, climbed up, jumped over and ran. Edinburgh Road was on the other side. It was quite high so you had to be quite athletic to get up and over it. The boys who ran away usually got caught after a day or two. The police would pick them up and bring them back to Larchgrove.
40. I remember one boy ran to the fencing, climbed all the way to the top and jumped over the wall. He got over before the officers could catch up. It was the best day I had in there. The rest of us were all gathered in and taken inside. It was like *The Great Escape*. It was an adventure for us and we were happy for about three days that someone had got away. The guy who ran away was our hero, but I don't know what happened to him when he got caught. I think boys who ran away were put in the digger as punishment.

Discipline

41. The staff wore civilian clothes, but they had big chains with their keys on them. They were very strict and regimental. It was the type of regime where you were in fear all the time. Doors were locked behind us. If you went somewhere you weren't supposed to and you were found by the staff, you were taken to see the governor. If you said anything, you got the belt or you were put into the digger. I kept my mouth shut and kept going.
42. The digger was a single cell with a thick window that you couldn't see through. There was a bed in it without a mattress. I never went in there, but that was the punishment if you did anything wrong. It was often used as a threat. Boys were put in there quite

regularly, but I don't know how long they were in there for. It could be anything up to two or three days.

43. Punishments depended on which officer was on duty. Some were very strict. If you were sitting in your dormitory and you stuck your head out of the door, some staff would let out a roar. They would bring you down to the reception area where you had to wait for the governor. You would sit there terrified. The governor had the last word when it came to punishments.

Abuse at Larchgrove

44. There was cruelty in Larchgrove. A couple of boys were beaten up. In my day, it was the done thing to get a slap. I wouldn't say that we looked upon it as criminality, it was just the way it was back then. As children, we accepted it. There was a hopelessness you felt when you were in Larchgrove. It felt as if the staff could do anything they liked to us and we could just disappear as far as they were concerned. It was that kind of feeling, that kind of regime. There was nothing to cling on to. We just had to hope that when our time was up, they would let us out.

Leaving Larchgrove

45. When I was released from Larchgrove I was then to be returned to court again on [REDACTED] 1959. Because I had broken my previous deferred sentence, I was given another 28 day detention sentence. I had only just turned ten, but there was no mercy. It felt as if I was never going to get out. It seemed as if I was doing a life sentence by instalments.
46. When I returned home in early 1960, I went back to St. Ninian's Primary School. It was a good school. I think school was a missed opportunity for me. I'm terrible at spelling but I love writing. I loved storytelling. When I meet young people nowadays, I look for

something that they're good at. If somebody had picked me up academically, things might have been different.

47. My schooling was affected by being in Larchgrove. Before I went into Larchgrove, I was holding my own at school. I could do my times tables, my writing was very good and I was good at history and geography. When I left Larchgrove, St. Ninian's sent me back a year. I was in with younger children. Everybody knew that I'd just got out of prison. It was probably the only time I've ever been embarrassed about being in prison. I didn't let myself get embarrassed again. After coming out of Larchgrove and later on approved school, schooling didn't matter anymore. The schooling in approved school was entirely different.
48. I went back to Larchgrove on two or three occasions before going to approved school. It was always the same routine there. I didn't serve any more sentences at Larchgrove so I was probably there for background reports. I was at Larchgrove for a two week remand before going to court on [REDACTED] 1961. I was sentenced to an indefinite period at approved school. I was eleven years old. I didn't even know what an indefinite sentence meant.

St. Joseph's Approved School, Tranent, East Lothian

49. I was eleven years old when I went to St. Joseph's. At my age, I should have been sent to St. Ninian's in Gartmore, Stirlingshire but it was full. St. Joseph's was for boys aged thirteen to sixteen. It was ran by the De La Salle brothers. It really belonged to them. Civilian staff didn't have any overall authority in running the home. The females who worked in the kitchen and Mr McGuiness, a teacher, had no say in the running of things outwith their departments.
50. There were four houses, St. Patrick's, St. De La Salle, St. Andrew's and St. Joseph's. I think there were about forty boys in each group. It was a very strict regime. I was in St. Patrick's House and my number was [REDACTED], which stood for St. Patrick's House number [REDACTED]. We were given a uniform according to our house. St. Patrick's was green,

De La Salle was brown, St. Andrew's was blue and St. Joseph's was red. We had v-neck jumpers, short corduroy trousers and corduroy jackets.

Routine at St. Joseph's

First Day

51. I had no idea how long I would be in St. Joseph's for. My co-accused was sentenced to approved school as well. My probation officer, Mr Irvine, drove us from Glasgow Sheriff Court to Tranent. When we arrived, we were met by Brother PAF SNR SNR He took us into the reception. Mr Irvine had a cup of tea with Brother PAF and I was taken in to get changed. We were given a uniform with short trousers. They put a boy in charge of us to show us round the school.
52. When I first arrived at St. Joseph's, I was put into a big dormitory. It seemed massive to me. There were probably thirty or forty boys in there. I couldn't sleep at night. I was so despondent. I remember praying to the lord to let the time pass quickly. The same thing happened that had happened at Larchgrove and I wet the bed again.
53. I was used to being in a home, so the first few days weren't too bad. I then started to really miss my mum and my family. I became unwell. I was physically ill, but the matron told me it was homesickness. There was a sick bay at St. Joseph's and I was in there for a couple of days.

Mornings and Bedtime

54. We went to bed around 8:00 pm. My first night, I was in the big dormitory with thirty or forty boys in it. Because I wet the bed, I was moved. If you wet the bed in St. Joseph's, you were taken out of the big dormitory. You were placed into a small dormitory of about fourteen beds. They left you in there. I stopped wetting the bed after my first night, but I didn't mind being in the smaller dormitory. I got to know the boys in that dormitory and I preferred to protect them and stay with them.

55. The boys from the big dormitory had to walk through the small dormitory to get to the dining hall for breakfast. You had to take your sheets and blankets off if you'd wet your bed. If your bed block was made, the other boys would know that you'd wet the bed and you'd be open to ridicule. It was a daily thing. It wasn't a very nice place to be. Most of the boys in the small dormitory managed to stop wetting the bed, but wee [REDACTED] [REDACTED] couldn't stop. There was no punishment for wetting the bed, just the ridicule.
56. In the morning, we got up, made our beds and then sat on our lockers. We had to be quiet. One of the Brothers would come in and clap his hands. There was the bed wetters' dormitory, which I was in, with about eight to twelve boys in it, a dormitory with about forty boys and another small dormitory adjacent to mine. The downstairs sleeping area was the largest with between fifty to eighty boys in it. The boys in the first dormitory would start walking and as soon as they walked through our small dormitory, we would follow them, then we'd all go in a big line into the dining hall for breakfast.

Mealtimes/food

57. Mealtimes at St. Joseph's were okay. There were civilian cooks, who were always pleasant. Some of the staff came out of the kitchen to clean up after meals, but we would help. The food was basic, but it was fine. What we ate the most was bread. We got plates of bread in the morning and plates of bread in the evening. We were given porridge at breakfast time along with jam, bread and butter. I had no complaints about the food. We got as much bread as we wanted so I just used to eat tonnes of bread. There was the odd thing that I didn't like, but it wasn't a problem. You could usually swap with someone.

Washing and bathing

58. We would filter down the stairs in the morning to wash and then go for our breakfast. We also took a shower before bedtime. The Brothers would always be in the shower area. Brother PAF [REDACTED] was there quite often. We weren't allowed to go in the shower nude. We had to take our underpants off and put a pair of swimming trunks on. We

lined up in four lines of about ten boys. There were four rows of six showers. We weren't allowed to speak. We would go in and get wet and the Brother would say, "Soap on." We'd turn the shower off and put the soap on. Then the Brother would say, "Soap off." We were allowed about three minutes in the shower. We came out, got dried and changed into our pyjamas before going up to bed.

Chores

59. We did housework after breakfast. We would go back upstairs and we were designated a section that we had to clean. The whole school had to be cleaned every day. I used to have a stairway to clean outside our dormitory. I had to sweep it and then buff it to shine it. Some of the older boys had to clean the toilets. We had about an hour of cleaning everything up. After cleaning, we went to our classes.

School

60. We had classes in the morning and the afternoon. There were three civilian teachers at St. Joseph's, the joiner, the metalwork teacher and the tailor. I learned how to work a sewing machine at St. Joseph's. I made a pair of trousers when I was twelve. I've worked on sewing machines all the way through my prison life. I use the joinery and metalwork skills that I first learned at St. Joseph's to this day.
61. We did some traditional schooling as well. It wasn't very intensive, but I've never been a very good pupil at civilian school or approved school. Brother ^{HHT} [REDACTED] was a teacher in the school. He had a bit of a temper as well. We all had to tiptoe round him and I think I once got a knuckle to the head, but that was normal in those institutions. In saying that, it must have been difficult having thirty rascals in your class. Brother ^{HHT} [REDACTED] read us the book *The Longest Day* about D-Day. He then took us to see *The Longest Day* at the cinema in 1962. He was a good teacher and it was a good way of getting us to learn.
62. Brother ^{GRE} [REDACTED] was also a teacher. He smoked a pipe. He was quite a genial guy and I really liked him. He used to take you aside, put his arm around you and hold you

in. He didn't do anything else to me. He taught us how to play the bagpipes and the drums. He let me go to one of the pipe band's playing outings when I had turned twelve. Brother GRE would let you know that there was no messing about with him. He would let out a roar that would put fear into your heart. He was very regimental. I got a couple of slaps from him, but that was the way we lived in those days.

63. There was a civilian teacher called Mr McGuinness, but we called him [REDACTED]. He was nicknamed [REDACTED] because he came in with his daughter's briefcase and it had "[REDACTED]" written on it. The boys were cruel when it came to names. I used to feel sorry for Mr McGuinness. The boys were quite abrasive towards him and sometimes he was on the verge of losing control of the class. He had a genuine heart, but there were some wee rascals in our class.

Leisure time

64. There were good things about St. Joseph's as well as bad. I learned how to play the bagpipes. I still love watching cricket, which I was taught there. I love football and I was allowed to play on a grass pitch. I was a goalkeeper and the goals had nets on them. These things were joys that I would never have experienced outside of St. Joseph's. We got about an hour of football after classes and before our tea. After tea, there might be football in the yard, pipe band practice or wee games. I think I had band practice two nights a week. There was always something to do in the evenings.
65. We were made to go on walks and things like that. The winter of 1961, I'd just arrived. It was one of the worst winters that I can remember. The Brothers took us out for walk in the cold. We were wearing short trousers. They'd take us down to the beach. The inside of our legs would get all dried out.

Trips and Holidays

66. St. Joseph's had a summer camp every year. Everybody went, although there may have been about half a dozen left behind to maintain the school. We would go and pick berries in Forfar for six weeks. During that six weeks, the school would save up

your earnings for picking berries. I got 15 shillings or 75p for six weeks' work. I was delighted to go and give that to my mum. I enjoyed it up in Forfar. Although we were picking berries during the day, we got to play a lot of football at night time. The only thing we all hated was that we had to take an afternoon siesta after lunch. When I look back on it now, that was when I realised that was because Brother PAF was doing things he shouldn't be doing during the afternoon nap.

Birthdays and Christmas

67. I was at St. Joseph's for two birthdays, but I don't remember them being acknowledged. Most boys got home for about ten days at Christmas. The first Christmas that I was there, I wasn't allowed home because I had just been placed there in [REDACTED]. I hadn't been in for long enough so I had to stay in the school. There were six or seven of us remaining. It was quite pleasant because we weren't with Brother PAF. We had the run of the place and I think we probably got a Christmas dinner, but obviously I wanted to go home.

Religious instruction

68. I was quite religious as a child. It wasn't really taught to me, it was just something that I always had. I was brought up a Catholic and I've always been very religious. I was into decades of the rosary and praying all the time. I started to serve Mass at St. Joseph's. The De La Salle Brothers went to Mass every morning. I had to get up at 5:30 am and go to the small church, which was in amongst the dormitories. All the boys attended Mass on a Sunday.
69. LRM [REDACTED] would come and visit once every month or two. I would serve Mass for him when he visited. He took a liking to me and would ask me how I was. That was very unusual. I was worried that he might be like Brother PAF and thinking along those lines. He wasn't. He was the very opposite. He asked me if I had been confirmed. He singled me and another boy out and arranged for us to be confirmed. We went through to the cathedral in Edinburgh to be confirmed. That was quite a touching thing for me because LRM [REDACTED] was somebody who cared. When I was confirmed, I

took the name [HCH] because I liked Brother [HHT] and I think I wanted him to like me.

Visits/Inspections

70. It was hard, being away from my family again. My mum and dad came through to see me. They didn't have any money to talk about. They had to get a bus to Central Station in Glasgow, the train through to Edinburgh then a bus through to Tranent. It took a whole day and they only got to spend a couple of hours with me. They managed to do that about twice.
71. I went into St. Joseph's in [REDACTED] 1961 and I think my first trip home was in March 1962. I was allowed home for the weekend and then I had to go back to Tranent. My mum would write to me at St. Joseph's. She always started her letters, "My Dearest [HCH]" I also got my first Valentine when I was twelve. It was beautiful and I couldn't wait to go home. I thought someone really liked me. To my disappointment, I found out that my mum and my sister had sent it, but having them love me was just as good.
72. I can't remember any outside visitors to St. Joseph's, other than [LRM] and the odd priest who came in to serve mass. Mr Irvine, my probation officer, didn't come to visit me when I was incarcerated but he visited the house when I was with my family, but not when I went to approved school. I did come under his supervision again after I left St. Joseph's.

Healthcare

73. We saw a dentist while we were at St. Joseph's. There was a matron there, but the healthcare was minimal. There was a sick bay with a couple of beds in it. I was there shortly after I arrived. I was really ill, but the matron realised that I was homesick.

Running away

74. Boys who ran away were usually beaten in Brother PAF office. I never ran away. The fear of what you would come back to was just too much. A boy called ran away as well. Brother PAF wanted to put him in his place. He was beaten publicly. He was belted in the shower area, but the rest of us were in the main hall which was adjacent. Brother PAF wanted us to hear screams.

Discipline

75. You didn't get away with anything at St. Joseph's. The Brothers would send you out to the middle of the football field and you'd have to hold your arms outstretched. They wouldn't tell you how long you would have to stay there for. I started doing physical exercising around that time and that punishment was no problem to me. That was used as a punishment for minor offences.

Abuse at St. Joseph's

Brother PAF

76. There was a dark side to St. Joseph's. We went to bed around 8:00 pm. Between 8:00 pm and 9:00 pm, you could request to see Brother PAF. Boys would be taken down to the stairwell that led to his office, always kept silent and around six feet apart. It was the same boys who seemed to go most nights. They would then go back to the dormitory. I used to wonder what they wanted to see him about.
77. I wanted to find out about my mother, so I joined the queue to talk to him about it. When I went into his office, he had a housecoat on. I went in to tell him that my mother hadn't been in contact with me. There was something at St. Joseph's called "An Edger", which meant that the Brothers put their arms around you and gave you a cuddle. He told me to stand beside him. He put his arm around me and pulled me to him. That was uncomfortable, but he listened to what I had to say. He was very hands

on, but he only ever held me close. I found out what happened to boys who went in to see him.

78. There were a few boys who were called "Bum Boys". They were disliked and ignored by other boys. I didn't really know what it meant back then, but it meant that they belonged to Brother PAF and not the rest of us. I didn't fully grasp what was happening. On Saturday afternoons, Brother PAF would pick out two or three boys. He'd take them out in his car. The rest of us would just do what we usually did on a Saturday. When you were invited to go in Brother PAF's car, there was a fear factor. You had to go and join the Bum Boys. He took me out about twice. I learned that Brother PAF had his favourites. I was in the back of the car and his favourite sat in the front. The favourite boy would sort of flirt with Brother PAF. He was in charge of the car so he had a kind of authority. It didn't sit well with me, but it wasn't until my first summer at St. Joseph's that I really learned what was going on.
79. When we were picking berries in Forfar (the school went to a farm in Forfar every year to pick berries) we would be taken in off the fields at dinnertime. After dinner, we were made to go to bed for a nap between about 1:00 or 2:00 pm. I used to hate it because I wanted to be playing football or something outside. We slept in army barrack type buildings. Brother PAF had a caravan just outside. One day, I was outside during naptime (strictly against the rules) when I shouldn't have been. Brother PAF came out of his caravan and shouted, "HCH!" I remember it to this day. It shook me to the core and frightened the life out of me.
80. Brother PAF dragged me into his caravan. He battered me with his belt. He was hitting me everywhere. I was trying to get away from him, but he was connecting with me all the time. Brother PAF kept striking me and then he let me go. When I got out of the caravan, I could see people looking at me from within the open door in the dormitory. I tried to act gallous and said that the beating had not been that sore. Brother PAF heard me and he dragged me back into the caravan. He once again started to beat me even harder with the belt. But it wasn't as bad as I expected, due to the confined space he missed me more than he hit me.

81. As I was being belted the second time, I happened to look into the corner of the caravan where the bed was. The blankets were in disarray, but I noticed movement just before one of my fellow inmates popped his head and bare shoulders from under the covers. It was evident that he was naked. I had disturbed **SNR** in his intimacy with one of the school boys. The boy was about twelve years old, the same age as me. I can't remember his name.
82. On reflection, I think this young boy might have saved me from more serious punishment had he kept out of the way. I don't know if the belting was sore, as the fear of Brother **PAF** exceeded anything a leather strap could inflict on me. The bruised welts left evidence of what Brother **PAF** had done to me. I was black and blue afterwards. That was the only occasion that he himself belted me.
83. From that point on, Brother **PAF** never really spoke to me again. I had to see him every morning when I served Mass as an altar boy. I knew what he was up to by then, even though I did not understand it. I would see the boys that he would take in and the things that he would do. He became aloof with me. I don't know whether it was because he didn't know what I had seen in the caravan.
84. There was a boy in approved school called **SNR** or **SNR**. He was our hero because he would always argue with Brother **PAF**. He was the only one who had the courage to argue back. By arguing back, I mean that he would draw dirty looks to our **SNR** and say things under his breath. It's the first time I had heard of "silent insolence", which was a punishable offence. I remember an occasion when **SNR** had absconded. He was called up in front of us at night assembly on his first night back and Brother **PAF** told us that he was going to get six of the best from the same, leather strap that I had encountered.
85. A pair of silk tartan shorts was handed to him, which he was ordered to put on. He was taken into our large shower room, adjacent to the recreation room where we were assembled. The acoustics in this room would work as an echo chamber for **SNR** **SNR** to show us inmates how misbehaviour was treated. He would attempt to break our friend and hero. The shower door was left open for full effect on us. Where

I stood in my line up I could also see into the shower room. As the first whack from the leather strap met the backside of [REDACTED] we prayed to a boy, "Don't cry, big man. Don't cry and don't give in." No sooner had the acoustic explosion of leather on flesh echoed around the shower room when the elongated cry from [REDACTED] penetrated our souls.

86. The sound of his pain was not one of fear but one of defiance and anger. "Aaagggghh," he had screamed louder and longer than he had to, as he held his backside while running forward a few steps. I could see Brother PAF [REDACTED] face grow red as our big hero turned and defiantly stepped back to face his assailant. Slowly he turned his back to SNR [REDACTED] and bent over to receive more pain from a guardian who was not able to show compassion. "Thwack," came the punishing sound that we felt would break us all, but once again [REDACTED] went through the same routine. "He's not going to make it," I thought. He must break at the power being unleashed on him.
87. We knew what was happening, our friend was going to break down and cry and ask for mercy. This was the purpose of the public flogging. It was also to show us that Brother PAF [REDACTED] was in control. Six of the best [REDACTED] got and six of the best [REDACTED] took, and to our delight he never shed a tear. SNR [REDACTED] was furious as he shouted to [REDACTED] to get us all to our dormitories.
88. A couple of days later, our hero spent a lot of time in the toilets at break times. This ensured that every one of us was able to see the best that Brother PAF [REDACTED] could give out as punishment. But it was still not enough to break the defiance of a young lad we were all proud of. I can honestly say that when it was our turn to have a look at his welts of punishment, we thought [REDACTED] had a pair of old, dirty, dark, tartan shorts on. Outside of a Picasso, I had never seen such colours that came from bruising. My own bruising paled into insignificance to the kaleidoscope of colours that [REDACTED] wore on his legs and backside. So our hero now had the marks, welts and colours of a patriot and, even better, he didn't succumb to the intended breakdown that was planned for him.

89. Every time corporal punishment was inflicted, you had to put the silk tartan shorts on. Brother PAF would order you to put them on. You'd bend over and Brother PAF would whack you with a belt. That happened about once every couple of months or so but never like the punishment that was carried out on [REDACTED] That was a public beating to cast fear into the younger boys. I had witnessed sexual abuse by Brother PAF as well. I was always living in fear of the man. He had a power over us. I stayed out of his road.

Brother LUU

90. Brother LUU whose nickname was LUU, was an Irish De La Salle brother. He was very quiet, but he was the most violent man I've ever met. His violence knew no bounds. When we were in the dining hall, we had to be quiet. We'd be in the playground and one of the Brothers would clap his hands. That meant that we had to be quiet. We'd go in our lines, march into the dining hall and sit at our tables with our arms folded. One of the Brothers would clap his hands again, which meant that we could talk and eat. At the end of the meal they once again clapped, we had to be quiet again. The tables would be cleared as we sat in silence with arms folded. If you started to laugh or talk, Brother LUU knew. He would walk in and out of the aisles slowly biding his time. His hands were usually folded in his cassock. He used to carry a butter knife with a large, bone handle. He would pull it out just when you thought you had got away with a slight misdemeanour and hit boys over the head with it. I saw boys with cut heads because they had spoken out of turn. If he didn't use the knife, he used his knuckles. Brother LUU assaulted everybody. He knuckled me to the head many times, as he did to any of the boys who got in his way.

Bullying

91. I was about to turn twelve when I went into St. Joseph's. At this time I had an older boy who started bullying me. That was the kind of environment we were in. I'll never forget his name, [REDACTED] We used to wear hobnail boots with metal studs at the bottom. When we went out after our evening meal, we would line up on one side of the playground. There were twelve balls and the first twelve boys out got a ball.

There were always competition to get in the queue first. The first time I came across [REDACTED] I had managed to get a ball. He asked me to give him it but I wouldn't. He booted me right on the thigh with the hobnail boots and took the ball off me.

92. [REDACTED] was a bit of a rascal. He fought me regularly. I got nearer and nearer to holding my own as I got older. I could almost match him. I went through puberty and took a bit of a stretch. It took me about twelve months, but in essence eventually I got my ball back. I was getting stronger and he started to leave me alone. There was no protection against that. The bullying was always underhand so I don't know whether the Brothers knew about it. When I was at St. Joseph's, I was always anxious about whether Brother PAF or Brother LUU or [REDACTED] were around.

Reporting of abuse at St. Joseph's

93. I didn't tell anybody about the bullying. I couldn't because that would have made me a grass. I didn't tell my mum or anybody else that I'd been beaten by Brother PAF. I thought that I was in the wrong and that it was my fault. I thought that I had to be a grown up and get on with it.
94. Brother LVD [REDACTED] was a young man of about twenty. He wore pointed shoes with side lacing's under his cassock. When he wasn't wearing his cassock he wore an Italian leather jacket with cloth buttons. We all loved him and not just for his style. He was amazing as he always had time for us. One day, he just wasn't there. Although he was new to the home, his absence was a disappointment. We all had different thoughts.

Leaving St. Joseph's

95. There were good things about St. Joseph's. I didn't enjoy them at the time, but I realised when I was older that the love of cricket and the experience of playing the bagpipes still lingers with me. Although there were things that were okay at St.

Joseph's, the separation from my family was on my mind all the time. I missed my family 24/7 at that young age. I also need to record that I had good experience in practical teaching in the three workshops at St. Joseph's. I made my first pair of long corduroy trousers at the tailors and I was allowed to wear them. I picked up a lot of skills with machines at the ironwork class and the joinery class taught me things that I have perfected over the years. But there was also the constant fear of living with a dictator once you left these three training classes. The three civilian teachers who ran these departments were caring and fully committed to teaching all of the children in their classes. Every Brother who worked at St. Joseph's threatened us with Brother PAF I served Mass and kept my head down for the last nine months or so at St. Joseph's, just to stay under the radar.

96. The day that I was told I was getting out was the day that I was released, [REDACTED] 1963. I was walking around the playground. I always kept away from Brother PAF, but he suddenly appeared by my side. He had his hands folded in the sleeves of his cassock. As he walked past me he asked me how long I had been there. I told him that I had been there for eighteen months and he said, "You are going home today" I didn't know if he was saying that in jest, just to kid me on but my insides were churning as I started to wonder if that is what he had really said to me.
97. Brother PAF went into the main building and left me standing bewildered. I was never to see Brother PAF again from the last words he had spoken to me. Everybody else was playing. I couldn't kick a ball. I didn't know whether it was New Year or New York. As we lined us all up to go for our dinner, another Brother called out, "HCH" and somebody else's name, for us to fall out. We were taken upstairs and I was given a brand new suit, shoes and five shillings or something in that region. That was us out. That was the nightmare over, it was great, I was going home.
98. The new Italian suit with cloth buttons that I was given was slightly tight for me, but I didn't care. I had got on the train in Edinburgh and had arrived in Glasgow all by myself and as I walked up [REDACTED] I did not realise that my childhood was over. My mum didn't know that I was getting out and it took her a while to accept that I had not run away and that I was now home. I had been through a nightmare and I was now

free. I had to go back to normal school. This was a disruptive time for me as I could not adjust as I went to St. Thomas Aquinas School. I never did settle. I didn't know what I was or who I was. People thought that I was a hard man because I'd been in an approved school. It was just a total mental turmoil.

99. I remember being cheeky to Mr McFadden, the French teacher. He told me that I was getting the belt and I refused to take it. He told me that I wouldn't get home so I said I would stay in the classroom. He sat down with me and told me that I was being out of order. He said that all he wanted me to do was take three of the belt and then he would let me go. I looked at him and said I would do it. I realised that I was the one who had been at fault, so I took the belt and went home. I only lasted for about a year at St. Thomas'.
100. I've always been a worker. My dad used to chop sticks in a sawmill for fires and I would help him. The winter after I got out of St. Joseph's, I decided to go and be a milk boy at a dairy called Stoa's. They paid two guineas a week, £2 2 shillings, but Sloan's Dairy only paid £1.75. A friend and I decided to go up to Stoa's and see if we could get a job. The horses started going out at 3:00 am so we went up there for 2:00 am. We were walking towards the dairy through a lane. It was the back of Anniesland Cross and we were looking at the rear shop windows that were secured with metal bars. We had a torch and two policemen stopped us. They asked us what we were doing in the lane and we told them that we were going to be milk boys. They let us go but then came back and arrested us. We were charged under the Powers Act because we had a previous convictions for theft and we were out too late at night. I was sent to my second approved school, St. Mary's, in 1964.

St. Mary's Approved School, Bishopbriggs

101. I was fourteen when I was sent to St. Mary's. I was there for just over a year. It was entirely different from St. Joseph's. I had a bit of street credibility and a reputation because I had already served time in St Josephs. I was a strong boy and I was respected. My number was [REDACTED] in there. I think we had uniforms, but I can't remember.

102. I think St. Mary's was ran by the Catholic church before it became a list D school. I don't know who was in overall charge. There was a Brother in there, but he wasn't part of De La Salle Brothers. I think his name might have been Brother GTQ. I never had any problems with the Brother. He played a lot of snooker. I continued to serve Mass at St. Mary's as I had done in St Joseph's. There was a priest in there as well, but it was mostly civilian staff at St. Mary's. I remember one of the teachers was called Mr Armstrong. He was a good man who cared.
103. As a regime, it was more relaxed than St. Joseph's. St. Mary's had a great football team, which I enjoyed. Although there was abuse, it was an establishment that was pleasant as far as institutions go. I think it helped having different departments and diversity, unlike at St. Joseph's where the De La Salle Brothers were in charge of everything and ran it with an iron fist. There were staff in St. Mary's who genuinely cared.

Routine at St. Mary's

Mornings and Bedtime

104. When we got up in the morning, we made our beds and then sit on our lockers. The staff would clap and we'd go down to the shower room. After we got washed, we went into the dining hall for breakfast.

Chores

105. After breakfast, we all did our housework. Because I was in the maintenance team I did the bins. After the housework, we went to our different classes.

School/training

106. There were a lot of workshops in St. Mary's. I learned how to do marquetry and cobble shoes in there. Some boys worked in the bakery, the cobblers or the joiners. It was really interesting. I went to a teacher called Mr Clark's class for about six months before Mr LYT asked me to come out of that class to help with his maintenance department. I loved working in maintenance. We did different things every day and we were called to any emergency that arose. Although Mr LYT was a silent abuser, he wanted to show us his skills. The older teachers in the cobblers and the joiners were excellent in what they did.
107. I turned fifteen at St. Mary's so I was able to go to outside work. I was allowed to get a job at ██████████ Bakery in Partick. I found the job myself. I would go out to work in the morning and come back to St. Mary's at night. I had to carry one hundred weight sacks of flour up staircases. I would do it, but it would knacker me. I worked there for about four weeks.

Visits/Inspections

108. I got to go home on a Sunday. We got out after mass/breakfast and we had to return to St. Mary's for 6:00, 7:00 pm. I didn't get any visits at St. Mary's at all. When I left, I had to pick up with my probation officer again.

Discipline

109. There wasn't much violence at St. Mary's. We got the occasional slap on the head, but that was the way it was back then. I was in a serious fight with a Highland boy once, but there weren't any bullies in St. Mary's. There were too many boys at the same age level for bullies, which was good. I think the belt was used for discipline, but I never received any corporal punishment in there at all. I remember being called in about the fight I had with the Highland boy. Because we had admitted it and made up, we were let away with it.

Abuse at St. Mary's

110. There was a bit of abuse at St. Mary's. There was a man there called LYT who was the maintenance man. The boys used to say, "LYT he's a queer," which was approved school talk. He picked me for some reason. When I look back, I think he wanted me for a bit of collateral. As far as approved schools went, I had the experiences of "doing time" so nobody questioned me or would say anything about what he was doing if I was there. He asked me to come and work in the maintenance department with him. He started to show me painting and decorating. We would empty the bins, joinery, electrical work and anything else to do with maintenance.
111. After our shift was finished, other boys would still be in classrooms, the bakery or the workshops. Mr LYT would take me and another two boys in our team to get our showers early. Everybody else had their showers at 4:30 pm but he would take us in at 4:00 so it was just us. We would strip naked. On one occasion, he touched my penis. We were laughing. I told him that wasn't happening or words to that effect. He left me alone after that.
112. Mr LYT got another two boys working for him, so there were three of us. He did the same thing to these other boys. We would all laugh and I laughed myself. He touched their penises, we would laugh and then we would all run away from him. I can't remember the names of the other boys. There were two brothers and LYT used to touch one of them every day. We didn't feel threatened, but at the back of our minds we didn't think it was right.
113. There was no other sexual abuse, other than LYT. We used to sing a song about him, "Oh LYT, he had a brown cow. He tried to milk it but didn't know how. He got all up a stool and started to pull and then they discovered that the cow was a bull." We used to laugh at that much to Mr LYT's delight. The sad thing is that I liked LYT. We all did. Even when he was touching boys, we were laughing but he was abusing us. We didn't realise it. He was a good teacher. I was fifteen and I could paint and decorate a house and do electrical things but underneath it all, there was this sexual abuse.

Leaving St. Mary's

114. I was due to get out of St. Mary's on the Saturday. On the Friday night, I told the bosses at the bakers where I worked that I was leaving so they could get my wages set up for me. I planned to go back to the approved school, get out in the morning and go home. On the Saturday morning, Brother ^{GTQ} asked me if I'd quit my job. I couldn't lie to him. I told them that I'd chucked it and he sent me back up the stairs. I had to stay at St. Mary's for another month.
115. I got another job and I got out of St. Mary's a month later. I was working at [REDACTED]. I grafted away until [REDACTED] 1966, when I was charged for carrying an offensive weapon. It was gang warfare in Glasgow at that time. I had a stick and pushed it into a broken bottle just as I was being arrested. I was sent to borstal for that, after being charged with having an offensive weapon. I was sixteen and a half. Polmont was full so I was sent HMP Barlinnie as where all the overspill of borstal boys.

HMP Barlinnie, Glasgow

116. I had been in two approved schools and had been in Larchgrove on numerous occasions, but I didn't think I would end up in Barlinnie. I was totally broken inside when I went there although I would never let the authorities know so I used to put a brave face on. It was late afternoon when I arrived at Barlinnie C Hall so it was time for untried prisoners to get locked up for the night. I was put into C Hall. When you stand in the hall, you can see the roof far above where you stand. There are galleries that go right round and it's on four levels. I was signed in and I had my bed block with sheets and toiletries. I was sent up to the top flat. Every prisoner was locked up so it was only me and the prison officers in charge of each landing.
117. The prison officer put me into my cell and slammed shut the door. I was standing inside the door with my bed block and my toothbrush. The smell of the place was terrible. It was a freshly painted cell, but the smell of urine was atrocious. There was a chanty in the corner that had what seemed like a fur coating on it. There was literally a growth

covering it. The small glass windows, high up on the facing wall, were situated into a four inch square framework. Some of the glass was missing and those squares had bits of paper stuffed in them. There was a bunk-bed with metal strands across it. It had an old, rolled up mattress on it. There were bits of the metal strands missing. I stood there for a few minutes and I thought they must be kidding me on. I thought it was just to frighten me and to teach me a lesson.

118. Nobody came so I pressed the buzzer. I stood there for about 30 minutes and finally the cell door latch went up. I was still standing. The prison officer asked me what I was doing. I told him I was thirsty and that I'd had nothing to drink. I asked if I was being left there. He said that the next time I rang the bell, I'd better be dead because if I wasn't dead he'd come in and kill me.

Routine at Barlinnie

119. I was in Barlinnie for two or three months. We were all treated as prisoners but we were taken to do some labour work on each of the five working days. I found that I preferred to be alone in prison so having a single cell suited me. The prison guards would get us up at 6:00, 6:30 am. We had to slop out, so we would take our chanty and empty it. We had to get a basin of water, go back to our cell, wash our face and then flush away the dirty water. We didn't get out for breakfast, it was brought up to our cells.
120. After breakfast, you would be taken downstairs to a workshop. I would stitch mail bags or work on telephone cables. We would strip telephone cables and separate the copper from other metals. We'd then go back up to our cells for dinner. The food was basic, bland and steamed. We did some more work on mail bags, eight stitches to the inch, or telephones in the afternoon and then went back to our cells. We got half an hour exercise every day and we would walk around in the yard. At the weekend, we stayed in our cell. We were given an hour of exercise to walk around in the yard. Two or three times a week, we got an hour in the gym or playing football.

121. The library at Barlinnie was non-existent. There were hardly any books to be had in the whole of C Hall for borstal boys. I managed to get one and I forced myself to read it. The prisoners on the landing below were untried men. They could get money into the prison, which meant they could buy newspapers. They'd pass their old newspapers up to us. If you got a day old paper, it was a luxury. Some of the older men downstairs would make their own transistor radios with crystals. They would shout up the football scores and things like that. If you stepped out of line, you would be put on report. Your recreation could be taken away from you.
122. There was hardly anything to do at all in Barlinnie. It was a difficult time. My three months in Barlinnie really hardened me, I think it went in the direction of institutionalising me.

Polmont Borstal

123. After Barlinnie, I was taken to borstal at Polmont. It was strict, more like a military institution. By then, I had started to do one hundred press-ups every day due to the circuit training that was part of borstal training. I was in the reception Hall initially and then I was moved to Rossy House, which was within the same building. My cousin was in Wallace House in Polmont, so I was quite happy to stay there. About two months later, I was called up before the governor. He told me that I was being transferred to an open borstal in Forfar. I said I didn't want to go because my relative was in Polmont. He said that I was mad and that everybody wanted to go to an open borstal. He refused to allow me to stay and I was sent up to Noranside open borstal in Forfar.

Noranside Borstal, Forfar

124. I was sent out to work in the fields at Noranside. I was put in charge of a huge mound of cow manure. My first weeks were spent shovelling dung onto a trailer. The staff found out that I could use sewing machines, so I was then transferred into textiles and

making shirts. I had to make five shirts a day. It was straightforward, it was just borstal. I don't remember having any visits and I didn't get out. It was too far away from Glasgow anyway. I wrote a lot of letters home. It was just the jail. The jail was the jail. It was cold and uncaring.

Leaving Noranside

125. I was in borstal for twelve months in total. I got out on [REDACTED] 1967 at the age of seventeen. My probation officer approached me again after my release. Mr Irvine asked me what I really wanted to do. I'd seen a TV programme about trawlers and I told him I'd like to get into that. Mr Irvine was from Aberdeen. He got me a trial trip with the [REDACTED] in Aberdeen. I was to go out with them for two weeks to see if I could qualify to be a trawler-man. I was so excited to be given the chance.
126. The boat was filled with fish after ten days so we returned to shore early. I loved being on the trawler. Apparently, I passed my "Trial Tripper" course with flying colours. I think it was a Friday and I was told that I had passed my course on board the trawler and that I could start on the Monday. I was supposed to go in to college for ten days and then I'd officially be a trawler-man. I said I'd need to get home to my family, but they told me I had to stay in Aberdeen. They offered me lodgings at the Seaman's Mission. I promised I'd come back again to start on the Monday, but they told me that this was not in their rules and that was not possible. I had to choose between being a trawler-man or going home to my family, and I chose my family. I was always grateful to Mr Irvine for that chance, but I never saw him again after that.

Life after leaving care

127. When I came back from working on the trawlers, I got a job delivering furniture for a company in Partick. I was only sixteen, seventeen, but I was quite strong. I loved that job. I then got a couple of jail sentences. When I left borstal, I got caught up in violence. I got a six month sentence for assault and then a further eighteen months in detention

for police assault. I've never wanted to go to jail. During this time at Longriggend Remand home I was put on report and put in the digger for three days, which meant solitary confinement. Each night I would be woken by a prison officer and told to do fifty press-ups. I would do one hundred as a sort of retaliation.

128. When I got out of jail, I was approached by a Glasgow businessman who worked with a retail milk business. He wanted me to be his minder. I delivered milk for him. We went to Ireland to buy milk in bulk. I lived in Dublin for a while. I listened to propaganda about the Catholic population in Northern Ireland and got involved in certain things. Eventually, I allowed a man to stay in my flat in Dublin and he stole everything. I remembered I had left a suit at the cleaner's. When I collected the suit, I found £40 in the pocket, which was enough to get me home to Glasgow. That night, I left Ireland and all that garbage behind.
129. When I got back to Glasgow, I got a job as a bingo caller. That was where I met my wife. Whilst working there, I got another eighteen month sentence for assault. I told my employers about the charge and they asked me to go back to work upon my release. When you get out of prison, there's a week's honeymoon period and then you get a depression. I worked for two weeks and then I felt the depression coming on. The bingo were going to let me take two weeks off and return, but they were paying a girl off because I'd started. I couldn't accept that so the bingo gave me a lump sum and I left. I was delighted with that and used the money to get into taxis. I've always worked. I've had two taxis on the road, I've had a garage which bought and sold cars, I've had a sandwich company which employed seventy staff. We used to do thirteen thousand sandwiches a day. I've been a businessman.
130. I didn't take any drugs until I was 29. My mates and I were amongst the first to inject. I took drugs until I was 32. Nobody knew. I had hepatitis twice. I was still a workaholic. I used to do my work and take drugs at night, just to get me to sleep. I then became a Christian in 1983. I didn't want to hate anyone anymore. I hated the life that I'd had and I hated everything that was in my past. I abandoned myself and repented the whole lot. I left drugs and criminality behind.

131. When I sold my sandwich company, I invested the money in a derelict building in [REDACTED] I intended to develop it. Around that time, I felt a pain in my chest and needed a heart bypass. That knocked me back. I met [REDACTED] [REDACTED] She takes in drug addicts. I volunteered with her for three or four years whilst I tried to develop the building. [REDACTED] bought the building off me and it's now a drug rehabilitation centre [REDACTED] She asked me to go and work for her. A friend of mine did upholstery. I got a couple of grants for the two of us to do furniture restoration. We got a factory in Port Glasgow and started doing furniture. We got seconds from Marks and Spencer's, repaired it and sold it. I worked with [REDACTED] for five years up until 2010. I wanted to work with offenders after that.
132. I started a social enterprise, [REDACTED] which supports offenders through employment and training. We manufacture and recycle furniture and white goods. We've had two hundred or so men come through our doors of [REDACTED] I really home in on the younger guys because of what I went through myself. I've been working with a young guy for about three years and he's served two sentences. He's due out of prison again next month. I'm not giving up on him. I can relate to him. I realise that I also need the expertise of the social work department. Prisoners don't look at social workers as social workers. They look at them as part of the government and authority.
133. I'm involved in something called [REDACTED] It was started by former members of [REDACTED] who became Christians in prison. In America, they don't allow religion in the prison. They took God out of the prisons. [REDACTED] finances pastors to go in. I've visited a prison in Atlanta, Georgia as part of [REDACTED] and spoken to five hundred prisoners. They listen to this wee guy from Glasgow who was in approved school and got done for 33 pounds of cannabis.
134. I got married in 1982. We shouldn't have done it, but I got three kids out of it so it worked out alright. I'm divorced now although I'm still the best of friends with my ex-wife. I look after my son every weekend and have done for twenty years. He has Down's Syndrome. He's my pride and joy. Getting him every weekend is my delight and my main purpose in life. We love our family and we love our children, but when you have a child who's disabled there's something that goes above that love. It's a

thing called compassion. I've got serious compassion now and I can use that for other things. I love the life that I have now and I wouldn't change it.

Impact

135. I can't stand my birthday or Christmas time. Christmas is a heavy time for me. I'm 71 years old and even to this day, I still don't like Christmas. I still have four unopened gifts. It doesn't mean anything to me at all. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

I remember being at home for Christmas 1954. I wasn't well and my mum brought me a Roy Rogers book. My sisters and I got tangerines out of our socks and we shared the toys that we got. I was happy. Christmas was delightful then. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Instituti

136. I didn't get a good education. I was at about seven different schools. I don't have any education, but I have experience in woodwork, tailoring, ironwork, painting and decorating, all of which I learned in these institutions. I used to think that social workers were a waste of time and that it was all theory. As I got older, I realised we need the theory as well as the practical side. People like me need to work with social workers, to get people like I used to be to work with them. I think that both practical help and theory will help to alleviate anybody that has had a bad experience of abuse and incarceration. These thoughts have only come around as I have concentrated on this statement. I run my charity on this premise.

137. When I became a Christian, something started in my feet. It was a tightening, all the way up my legs and body and to my chest. I thought that I was having a heart attack. Something was happening to my body. I wept. I was 33 years old and I'd never wept like this before. All the abuse, all the violence, all the hatred, all the vengeance and all the hurt came out of my eyes in tear form. The release was unbelievable. It was so good that I didn't want to stop crying, but I didn't want to do it in front of my wife. As I lay in bed that night I was trying to cry out of one eye, so that my wife would not know of the tears being shed. My life totally and utterly changed. I felt that the Lord had

touched me. God is my life and my passion now. That experience took me away from criminality, it took me away from drugs, it took me away from swearing, it took me away from everything especially the abuse that was meted out to me. It also allowed me to ask for forgiveness for the wrongs I have done.

138. I've been too busy to think about my time in care for most of my life. I've thought about it more this past year. The last few years, I've been getting flashbacks, especially when I meet young men through my work. I've forgiven everybody who was involved in my younger years. I've been forgiven a lot so I know how to forgive. Going through it again has brought things up, especially how difficult I find relationships. If someone phones me, I can't wait to get off the phone. I've never been able to stay with anybody. I live by myself. I find it easier to be on my own and have always found staying with a partner uncomfortable.
139. Because of the experiences I've had, I find relationships very difficult. My wife left me twenty years ago. I could not care for her the way a husband should and she felt that. I was more bothered about my work. I was supposed to get re-married about five years ago but I had to call it off and postpone the wedding. I just couldn't do it. There has been an effect, but that's the way I am now and there's not a lot I can do about it. It is lonely and I miss the fellowship of having a partner. What I do is throw myself into what I'm working on just now. My spare time is spent with the joy of my life, my son [REDACTED], who has Down's Syndrome, as I get him four days per week. My ex-wife and I work together to make sure he is fine.
140. Although some of my experiences were horror shows, it's worked out for my good. I thank the Lord for what happened to me. I wouldn't change one bit of my past. It took me to the point of making a decision that I had to make for I knew that I couldn't keep going on with the life I was living. My background has been a source of learning for me that has taken me onto different things. I know how to do things and I know how to work with people, especially people who have been abused. I've never had any counselling, but I have my faith and my beliefs. I do a fair bit of biblical studying and I trust the Lord. I believe that what I'm doing is something I've been given through the path I have walked.

141. I think counselling is important for people who have been abused in care, but I don't know if it would suit me. Maybe it would and maybe it wouldn't. I'm contented in myself. The past just gives me memories and experience to continue what I'm doing. I'm probably one of the lucky ones.

Reporting of abuse

142. Until I came forward to the Inquiry, I had never reported the abuse I experienced in care. I was too ashamed to report it. I have recently applied for compensation from the redress scheme at the Scottish Government.

Records

143. I have a disclosure which details the dates that I entered most of the institutions I was in as a child. I obtained that in 2005 when I started work with the [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. It shows that I had five custodial sentences, although I have been incarcerated over eight times. That's the only record I have I have from my time in care. I've never sought any other records from my time in care.

Hopes for the Inquiry

144. I hope that something really good comes out of the Inquiry. I just hope there is serious caring outcome as a result of it. I think the Inquiry should encourage people who have been through it and who have experienced care to go and get the training to work in the care system. People working in the care system need to have the heart for it. They need to care and genuinely have a passion for care. One person like that will make more of a difference than ten people who don't have that commitment with experience.

145. It can't just be theory. Theory doesn't work. It's just a theory. People need to have been through different walks of life, there needs to be a blend. They need to know about the practical theory as well. I've been running against the wind at [REDACTED] It's only now, after ten years, that people who know the theory are coming to work with us. We're listening to what they say and getting a good blend that will perfect what we are trying to do. We need them as much as they need us. This has got to be a team effort.
146. I don't want to see condemnation as a result of the Inquiry. What's in the past is in the past. We need to forgive people for what's happened in the past and comfort those who have been damaged. I've got things to help me get by it, but I know there are plenty of people who don't. I know there are many who are broken by what happened to them in care. I couldn't live with those things stuck in my mind. It would be too much to carry. There's a guilt that comes with it too. I would often feel guilty for the things that I was saying and doing during these times, as if it was me who made them come and behave in the way they behaved towards me.
147. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed..... HCH [REDACTED]

Dated..... 23 March 2021