

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

GST

Support person present: No.

1. My name is GST. My date of birth is 1954. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### Life before care

2. My dad's name was and my mum's name was. She came from the Faroe Islands. My mum and dad met during the war on the Faroe Islands. They moved to Scotland before I was born. I was one of six children. I have four older siblings and one younger. There is, who is about three years older than me, who is a year older than, who is six years older than me, and who is eleven years older than me. is four years younger than me.
3. When I was growing up, we all lived together in Uphall. When we were still there, my oldest brother, left the family home and got married. He moved to Bathgate and got a cottage through working in the shovel works. My dad worked during the day as a brick layer. My mum worked nights at the hospital when she could, but it was difficult with having us children. Life was okay at home, just the normal rough and tumble of bairns.
4. My mother and father split up when I was about eight or nine. We were evicted out of the house. I didn't know we were being evicted, but I came home from school and the furniture was out on the street. I went to stay with an aunty in Uphall for a couple of weeks with my next eldest brother. The next again eldest brother went to stay with my

mother in Bathgate. We decided to walk to Bathgate. My father was at his work, but my aunty must have phoned him or something. He came along in a lorry and he caught me, but my brother just ran away. I went back to my aunty's, but I wasn't there for long before I went to live with my mother in Bathgate. By that time, she was living with my older brother who had a tied cottage to the shovel works. My sister lived across the road.

5. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] both went into care before me. They were in St. John Bosco's in Fife. They came out of care and then they got into bother again. One went to St. Joseph's in Tranent and the other went to St. John's in Glasgow when I was about ten. In between my brothers being in and out of care, we were all just sort of in that house or another house and moving back and forwards. [REDACTED]'s wife didn't want any commotion, so she didn't want us in the house. It was a bit of a problem.
6. Eventually, my mother got a one-bedroomed, ground floor tenement flat in [REDACTED] Bathgate. By that time, my sister had got married. It was my mum and four boys in that house. It was a bit crowded. There were four boys in the one room and my mum slept in an alcove in the living room. It was okay, but we were getting into bother quite a bit. I wasn't in that house long before I got put into approved school. I wasn't settling in to school because of all the upheaval. I wasn't given any extra help. I went to St. Mary's School for a couple of months, which was a Catholic school in Bathgate. I then moved to Balbardie School in Bathgate, which was non-denominational.
7. I had a social worker called Mrs Tickle. She might have become involved through the school because I wasn't attending. I don't think she was involved much. I only saw her twice and once was when she was driving me to St. Ninian's. The other time I saw her was in the house, but she wasn't speaking to me, she was speaking to my mother.
8. Mrs Tickle may have spoken to my mother, but nobody explained to me why I was going to St. Ninian's or for how long. I was just told how great it would be in the car on the way there. I didn't speak to my mum about what was happening. It was a crowded house. I don't think my mother knew that I was going prior to the day that I left. Mrs Tickle took me to St. Ninian's in her wee Morris Minor. We were driving along the

country roads to St. Ninian's. I remember I needed a pee. I asked if I could just nip out behind a bush. She told me not to run away and I didn't. I ended up at St. Ninian's

### **St. Ninian's, Gartmore**

9. I went to St. Ninian's when I was ten years old. It was about a week before my eleventh birthday in [REDACTED] 1965. I was there for about a year. I did get home for a while, but I was taken back. St. Ninian's was like a big mansion type house. The ground floor looked like you might expect for such a house. We weren't up there that much. There was a TV room up there. The bedrooms were up above the ground floor.
10. The basement was different from the ground floor. It had concrete floors with big pipes running along the top. In the basement, there was a wee tuck shop. There was a door that took you into the dining hall area. Brother Benedict's office was down there. There was also a nurse's station opposite Brother Benedict's office. There were showers and toilets in the basement. Along from the toilets, there was a door which took you outside. Outside, there was a concrete football pitch with a fence around it.
11. When I first arrived, [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED] was Brother [REDACTED] MCA [REDACTED]. Not long after, Brother [REDACTED] GSU [REDACTED]. All the staff were Brothers, apart from some civilian teachers. I knew they were religious Brothers, but I didn't know what type of Brothers they were at the time. The brothers wore big black cloaks with white collars and a tooth coming down. Brother Benedict was in charge of discipline. He was known as "Bootsy". He looked after mealtimes and supervised when you were out playing. He was also in charge of the boots, shoes and things like that. I remember some of the teachers. Mr [REDACTED] MCK [REDACTED] taught things like [REDACTED]. Mr McKenna taught metal work and wood work. Mr McDermott lived in a lodge at the start of the driveway. He taught technical drawing.
12. I think there were forty children there, at the most. They were all boys. I was just about to turn eleven, but there were boys younger than me. I think the youngest would have been about nine or ten. I think they only kept boys at St. Ninian's until the age of about thirteen. We were split into houses. I was in St. Andrew's house. I had blue tags on

my socks and on my shirt and blue stripes around my socks. There was a yellow house and a red house, but I can't remember their names. I think the dormitories were split according to which house you were in. When we were there, we were called by our second names.

### **Routine at St. Ninian's**

#### *First day*

13. I was okay until I got there because I had a bit of bravado. When I got there, I was a bit wary about what exactly was happening. It looked like an old castle. It was a big, massive place. Mrs Tickle spoke to one of the Brothers and then she just left.
  
14. One of the Brothers, Brother Benedict, took me down to get my clothes off and get my uniform. He had an office down in the basement. There were boxes down there where you kept your boots. Your clothes would be rolled up and put in there. Brother Benedict gave me a green shirt and green trousers. I was given a number and everything had that number on it. I was number ■. It was on everything, even my handkerchief. I was told, "Don't lose this, don't lose that." He gave me big boots to wear. It was still summer, but we had to wear these big boots for some reason. Nobody spoke to me to tell me what was happening, I was just put into the general population of the school within an hour. That was that, I was there.

#### *Mornings and bedtime*

15. The dormitories went right along the first floor of the building. I think there were usually two Brothers supervising the dormitories. When I first went to St. Ninian's, my dormitory had about eight beds in it. Some of them had more, some of them had less. I had a locker next to my bed. I would put anything I had in the locker, books and things. The dormitory had a doorway without a door which led into another dormitory. There was then a big doorway into a passageway which led to other dormitories. It was as if there had been rooms with doorways, but they'd taken the doors off so it all

joined together. I was shifted round about the dormitories a lot. I ended up in the bedwetting dormitory in the end.

16. We got up early. I think one of the Brothers just came round and shouted at us to get up. We got washed and put our clothes on and went down for breakfast. We would then go outside for a wee while before going to school.
17. I think bedtime was around nine o'clock. We would go upstairs, get our jammies on, brush our teeth and get into our beds. The lights would be on for a while and we could read for a bit. The lights would then go off and that was it. There would be a Brother around at bedtime, whoever was there at the time. You would see him and you wouldn't see him because he'd be looking after so many dormitories.

#### *Washing and bathing*

18. In the morning, we got washed on the same level as the dormitories. At either end of a passageway, there was a shower or you could wash in the sinks. The showers were there, but they didn't get used much. There was always a Brother there when we got washed. We didn't have a shower every night. There were also showers down in the basement. There were no baths. A load of us would shower at the same time. The water was tepid. A Brother would stand at the door while you had a shower. We would shower and then get our clean clothes on. Our old clothes would go in the basket.
19. Whichever Brother was on duty would check our underwear when we put it in the basket. It was usually Brother Benedict supervising the basement area. He was looking to see whether there were marks on our underwear. If there were, we had to go and wash them out by hand in the sinks. It happened regularly so I don't think anybody really got embarrassed by it. A Brother would stand at the door of the toilet when you needed to go. He would give you two or three squares of toilet paper and that was all you were allowed, hence why some boys dirtied their pants.

### *Clothing*

20. We didn't have our own clothes. I think the clothes I arrived in must have been dumped. We wore big boots. We also had gym shoe type things and sandals. We didn't have a separate school uniform. We knew which house we were in by the colour of the circles on our socks. We got clean clothes every week, but it was the same stuff. Everything was numbered so we got our own clothes back.

### *Mealtimes/food*

21. We went down to the basement for our meals. There was a dining room there. It had another small dining room attached to it. There was a door leading out of the dining room to the outside, to the front of the building. There were tables dotted around the dining room. We were put to a table when we arrived and we stayed at the table we were allocated to. The tables were allocated according to which house you were in.
22. There was a woman who prepared the food in the kitchen, but we didn't see that side of things. She was a pretty elderly woman, but I didn't speak to her at all. The kitchen adjoined the dining room. We lined up to get our food and then sat down. It was always a Brother serving the food. The cook would be through in another part of the dining area. The food was pretty poor. For breakfast, it was usually porridge. I never liked porridge. I had to eat it. We were forced to eat it by Brother Benedict, who was usually in charge of the dining area. I would force the porridge down or slip it to my pal when Brother Benedict wasn't watching. Occasionally, another Brother would also be supervising the meals. I can't remember his name, but he had red, thinning hair and a lot of freckles on his face.
23. At the end of the dining hall there was a huge mosaic. It said something like, "Suffer the little children to come to me." It sticks in my mind. I was always puzzled as to what it actually meant.

### *School*

24. The school rooms were across from the big mansion in a new building. We went to classes at 8.30, 9 o'clock, then we had break. We would go to another class. We got our dinner at about midday, then out to play for about an hour. We went back to lessons wherever we were put, maybe for an hour or two. It was basic education, like you would get at a school, reading stories and writing. We had woodwork class, but that was another story. I never really liked the school at all. I just didn't feel that I should be there and it felt totally strange to me. I must have learned something because I can read and write.
25. Mr McDermott taught us technical drawing. I remember having to do a scale drawing of the QE2, which had just been built at the time. He was strict but fair. He was never physical with me and I can't remember him being physical with other boys. His voice would do it all.

### *Chores*

26. We would tidy up and sweep floors, stuff like that. We didn't do that every day. I remember sweeping the floors and the big bumper we used to polish the floors. The basement was just concrete floors, but we had to polish the floors on the ground floor. They didn't have cleaners coming in so we basically did all the cleaning.

### *Leisure time*

27. We had quite a lot of free time. After lunch, we went out for an hour or so, sometimes longer. We would just sit on the grass. There was a concrete area with a fence around it, so we could kick a ball around. There was a tree, but we weren't allowed to climb it. There were ponies, but I never saw anybody get a shot of them.
28. At night time, we would do hobbies. The Brother with red hair and freckles supervised it. I remember making a basket out of lollipop sticks. I weaved a tray. There were books that we could read. I liked reading a lot. We could watch TV in the TV room, but only

when we were allowed. I don't remember seeing the TV too often. It was all supervised. We couldn't go in and just switch the TV on.

29. I was in a play, which we did in an old hay loft. The kids who were in the play were called the hay lofters. Mr MCK was [REDACTED]. Mr McKenna had built the stage and he was in charge of maintenance. If anything went wrong he would fix it, so he was always hovering about. We put on a play for people coming to visit. That was okay, because we were out of the class routine. Your family could come to see the play, but mine didn't because the school was too far away from my home. I don't know who all the people were that came to see the play.
30. When I was in the play, everybody in it would gather in the basement after lunch. We would be given a tablet by the nurse and put to our bed for the afternoon. I didn't know what the tablet was at the time, but now I think it must've been a sleeping tablet. The play went on a bit later, till about eleven o'clock. Normally we would have been asleep by that time, so we were encouraged to go to bed and have a sleep. We were woken up at about four o'clock. We'd get showered, then go over and get dressed for the play. That part of it was okay, because it meant escaping the routine of Brother Benedict.

#### *Trips/Holidays*

31. I had a teacher from the school I went to before St. Ninian's. She must have liked me. She once took me to the pantomime at the theatre in Edinburgh, the King's Theatre or one of the theatres in Edinburgh. She must have found out from the school that I'd been moved to St. Ninian's. She wrote to me. Her husband made films and things like that. She asked if I wanted to take part in some of his projects. I wrote back to say that would be great, but the Brothers didn't post my letter. I was pulled to SNR [REDACTED] room. It was Brother GSU [REDACTED] by that time. He asked me what it was and said that I wasn't allowed to do it. The letter just didn't get posted.
32. I remember doing canoeing once. We also did a lot of walking. They were famous for taking us out on the big blue bus, out to the Trossachs. We would spend the day



climbing big mountains. They took us down to Lake Monteith and we could paddle about in the water there. I enjoyed those things. We were supervised all the time.

33. Once, when I didn't get home for the holidays, they hired a mini bus. They took us away up to the West Coast and we climbed to the top of Ben Nevis. I think there were about a dozen of us and the rest of the boys would have got home. There were two Brothers with us. We wore our normal clothes, but we had a waterproof anorak. We were away for about a week. We stayed in an old RAF type barn with beds in it.
34. Some boys got to go home in the summer holidays. I think it was for a week. I was never able to go home. My mother was still in the one-bedroomed house and there were too many in the house.

#### *Personal possessions*

35. I didn't have anything that was mine. We used to get pocket money if we behaved. It wasn't very much, just pennies. There was a tuck shop in the basement and we would spend it there. Brother Benedict was in charge of that.

#### *Birthdays and Christmas*

36. I was there at Christmas and it was celebrated. We got a wee present. I think it was a bar of toffee and a bit of chocolate. Birthdays weren't celebrated. Some of the kids there didn't even know it was their birthday.

#### *Religious instruction*

37. A great deal of praying went on at St. Ninian's. I hadn't really been religious before I went there. I had been baptised and confirmed, but I didn't attend chapel or anything like that. That changed at St. Ninian's, they had their own chapel on the ground level. We were there two or three times a week. We were taught prayers. We had to stand up to say prayers before and after meals. We would then all file out the dinner hall. We had to pray in the morning and at night. We had to kneel at our beds. It was just

part of the routine and we had to do it. We were taught religion at school as well, for about an hour every morning.

#### *Visits/Inspections*

38. I didn't get any visits from my family. It was too far away. I think visits were allowed, maybe on a Sunday. I just never got any. I never saw the social worker again. I had only seen her twice, once before I went to St. Ninian's and once when she took me there. I didn't see any inspections or anything like that.

#### *Family contact*

39. I never got to go home for the holidays. I wrote to my mum every week. It was the same letter every week, "Hi mum, hope you're fine, I'm fine." My mum didn't write back. She couldn't write in English, as Danish was her first language. She spoke English, but she wasn't very good at writing it. It was part of the routine to write home every week. We didn't have a phone to call home. We couldn't contact anybody in any way, apart from letters.

#### *Healthcare*

40. There was a nurse at St. Ninian's, but we seldom saw her. She had a tiny wee place. I never saw a doctor and there were no health checks. I was pretty healthy and never really had any problems. I visited a dentist in Stirling when I was about eleven or twelve. He took all of my bottom teeth out. The dentist was in an old army barrack type place in the Stirling area. We were taken in the St. Ninian's bus, which was a really big, old, blue bus. I can only remember going to the dentist once.

#### *Bed wetting*

41. I started wetting the bed when it dawned on me where I was. I didn't know how long I was there for or what was going to happen next. I was moved to the bed wetting dormitory, which was right at the end of the building. The Brothers would come round

and feel under your covers every night, when you were in bed. If you had wet the bed, you got a slap about the head and shouted at. I can't remember the name of the Brother who did that, but I only ever saw him at night. The Brother put me out into a long, stony corridor. I remember standing there in a night shirt. I hadn't long been in the place. I was shivering. I think I was left there for half the night. The Brother came back a long time later with another night shirt and fresh bedding. He told me to put the night shirt on and I went back to my bed.

### *Discipline*

42. If we swore, we had to stand with soap in our mouths. It felt like it was for about an hour. Whoever was in charge would make us do that, but nine times out of ten it was Brother Benedict. We would get disciplined for being out of line. We would get a slap over the head. It was what was happening at the time and to be expected. It was usually Brother Benedict, but often another Brother would be there.
43. In the school, Mr MCK was pretty fierce. You didn't step out of line with him or you got the belt. He would give you the belt for talking in class. It was a normal belt, split down the middle. He would belt you on your hand four to six times, whatever he thought you needed. It was painful. That didn't happen every day, but it was pretty regular.

### *Leaving St. Ninian's for the first time*

44. The first time I was at St. Ninian's, I was scared of that place and everything about it. They let me out after a while, but I was brought back. My mum got a house in Blackburn. It had three bedrooms so we were all there and things were okay. I just didn't settle at school. I went to St. Kentigern's in Blackburn. I sometimes went to school, but I didn't go often enough so I was taken back to approved school. There was a meeting at the school on one of the rare occasions that I was there. I remember waiting outside the SNR office. He was meeting another social worker from the Bathgate area, whose surname was Forsyth. I was then sent home and they

must've spoken to my mother. The next day, I went to school and I was taken from school to St. Ninian's by Mr Forsyth.

### *Running away*

45. I didn't run away during my first period at St. Ninian's. I was too afraid. I was getting a bit wiser to St. Ninian's when I went back for the second time. I knew the wee tricks to avoid getting into bother. I hated the place. I must've absconded about six times the second time that I was there. We played next to the woods. I would just jump the fence, go through the wood and I'd be away. That was enjoyable because I was away from the place. It was fun, until I got hungry.
46. The furthest I got was Stirling. I walked along the railway track. It was all just heather and peat. I had to be careful when I was running through it because there were big ditches. I was only away for a day until the police caught me. The police didn't speak to me about why I had ran away, they just told me to get in the car. I would get taken back and slapped. Nobody at the school asked me why I was running away.

### **Abuse at St. Ninian's**

#### *Bullying*

47. I was bullied by some of the older boys. They would pull me about, knock me, punch me, slap me, kick me, basically bullying for any reason. It happened the first period that I was there. I don't remember the names of many of the bullies. There was one in particular who came from Glasgow called [REDACTED]. He was older and he was big built. A year made a big difference at that age. He bullied most folk. The bullying could happen anywhere. It happened when you were walking from class to the dining room. You would walk down a leafy lane from the classrooms to the dining room and a bit of bullying happened there. There was also a lot of bullying when you were at play. Brother Benedict supervised play times. He was bound to have seen the bullying

but he never interfered. I think the other Brothers would also have seen bullying going on. Nobody ever spoke about it.

*Physical abuse*

48. Mr MCK would take us for walks through the Queen Elizabeth Forest near Aberfoyle. We would walk through all these glens and things. I think it was a way to kill time because we seemed to walk for hours. He would have his riding crop and he would whack us over the back of our legs with it. He did that if we fell behind or were carrying on. It would leave big, red marks on your leg. He did that to me and to other children.
49. Most days, somebody got a slap about the head or a knuckle to the head. Brother Benedict was the main man for that kind of thing. He was a stocky man. When I attended court as an adult, I found out that he could only have been in his twenties, but I thought he was a lot older at the time. Children would be slapped about if they refused to eat the food given to them. Brother Benedict would stand over us with his big, red face and black-rimmed glasses. You could see it in his face when he became angry. He would slap us about the head. He was a terrifying man to a kid.
50. We were forced to eat and that was it. There were children who were actually sick. They still had to eat what was put down to them. On one occasion, we were given semolina for our dinner. I never liked semolina, but it had big lumps of powder in it. I just spat it straight back out. I was slapped over the head and forced to eat it by Benedict. That was the done thing. You didn't get a warning. He just came straight for you and slapped you. The Brother who had red hair and freckles was sometimes present when Brother Benedict was violent in the dining room. He certainly saw that plenty of times, but he never reacted at all.
51. I didn't like the fish because it always smelt off to me. I used to put it in my hanky and smuggle it out of the dining room. When we got out to play, I would throw it away for the birds. Brother Benedict caught me doing that one day and I got leathered for it. He was slapping me about the place and kicking me, all over my body.

52. Brother Benedict knocked lumps out of me on another occasion. I was in the smaller dining room. I was just looking out of the window. I heard the table screeching along the concrete floor. I saw Brother Benedict come running at me and he slapped me, right over the head. He whacked me again and I went down. The table had metal legs and I went under the table. He was kicking me, all over my body. He was furious because I hadn't been mouthing the prayer that I was supposed to be saying.
53. After he knocked me under the table, I had a big lump on my head. The skin wasn't broken, but there was a big bump. Brother Benedict told me to go and sit and wait for the nurse. I was terrified in case he was going to come back. I wet myself. The nurse looked at my lump and I got sent to my bed. She never commented on the fact I'd wet myself. I had to have a shower first and it was sore. I was in my bed for the rest of the day. I was brought food when I was in bed. The nurse didn't ask what had happened, but she knew what was going on. It was just par for the course. There was always some crying or something like that.
54. We played football out in the play area. Brother Benedict would slap me about the head because I kept falling over. My balance wasn't that great. I just tried to avoid kicking the ball. That sort of thing happened all the time, to me and to other children. I don't know how often it happened to me. It seemed like it was every day, although it wasn't every day. I just took it because I thought that was the done thing. I thought that was what you got when you got sent to St. Ninian's, that it was part of the punishment.
55. After I had ran away, I would be taken back to St. Ninian's by the police. I would get the belt on my hands from Brother [REDACTED] until I was crying. There were times when he would lose the rag with me and he would just slap me wherever he got me. He was a calm looking guy, but when he lost the head he would go mental with me. I'd be very sore afterwards because I was getting the belt and then he would belt me again wherever he could hit me. He would aim at my bum, but it just hit wherever he got me. I would then go back into the routine and have Bootsy to deal with after that. Brother Benedict wasn't happy about it either because I was running away from the play area,

where he was in charge. He would leather me and slap me over the head. He would shout and bawl in my face. He was terrifying.

*Sexual abuse*

56. Mr McKenna was a civilian teacher who taught woodwork and metal work. He used to wear a big, brown, linen-type coat. He sexually abused me and other kids. He would pick on someone at random and say he had been chatting. He would put the boy over his knee. We had little short trousers. He would pull them up to the crevice of your buttocks. He would rest his hand on your buttocks, stroking it, and slap you. He would pull you into his groin and you could feel that he had an erection at the time. That happened to me quite a lot when I first went to St. Ninian's. I saw the same thing happening to other kids.
57. If you had a piece of wood in the vice, Mr McKenna would come up behind you and pull you in tight. He would tell you that you were doing it wrong and hold the plane with you, to teach you how to do it. You would always be pulled in against him, too close. I could feel that he was aroused when he did that. He did that to me and I saw him do it to other children. It was a daily occurrence.
58. I was in a play when I was at St. Ninian's. Mr McKenna built the stage and did the electrics. When we were getting fitted for our outfits, he was always touching you round about your private parts. I remember him saying to me once, "What side do you dress to?" I didn't understand what he was talking about. He said, "This is what I mean." He then started messing about with my private parts, saying, "Left, right, left, right." His hand was on top of my pants, but he was moving my bits. That only happened once to me. I knew what he was about and I tried to avoid him. I saw it happen to other kids who were in the play with me, but I couldn't always hear what he was saying. Nobody ever spoke about what was going on. Those things didn't happen to me during my second spell at St. Ninian's. I tried to stay out of McKenna's road and out of the way.

### **Reporting of abuse whilst at St. Ninian's**

59. When the nurse treated me for the lump on my head, I didn't tell her what had happened to me. It wouldn't have made any difference. I wasn't allowed to speak to her. I just had to do what I was told to do. I didn't tell anybody about the sexual abuse by Mr McKenna. There was nobody to talk to.
60. I wasn't in contact with anybody. I was writing to my mother, but I never received anything from her and I wasn't in phone contact with her. I was aware that the Brothers read our letters home because they intercepted my letter to my former teacher. I didn't see a social worker. I didn't feel able to tell any of the staff. I thought I'd get into trouble. It was a them and us type thing. We just wouldn't report anything to anybody else. There was nobody there who was actually approachable.

### **Leaving St. Ninian's**

61. After getting a wee taste of freedom, I just wasn't for settling. I was running away so often. I don't remember being told I was being moved to St. Mary's, but I think it was because I had been running away. It was just something along the lines of, "GST [REDACTED], you're away." I remember getting in a blue saloon type car with a member of staff from St. Mary's. I was relieved to be getting away from the place, but St. Mary's wasn't a great place to be either.

### **St. Mary's, Kenmure, Bishopbriggs**

62. I went to St. Mary's when I was thirteen, maybe going on fourteen. I think I was there for about a year or maybe a little more than a year. It was a mansion type building, but not as big as St. Ninian's. It was in Bishopbriggs. When you went in the front door, the SNR [REDACTED] office was to the left. There was a long passageway with doors leading off it. There was also a dining hall, showers and a tuck shop on the ground floor. There were stairways at either end of the building, which led up to the dormitories.



63. It was all boys in St. Mary's. There were more boys there than in St. Ninian's, maybe about fifty. They ranged from aged thirteen to seventeen. I can remember the SNR [REDACTED] and I can remember the nicknames we gave the staff. There was a class for [REDACTED]. They would teach us different trades. The [REDACTED] teacher's nickname was, "LYT [REDACTED]".

## **Routine**

### *First day*

64. I can't remember the name of the member of staff who took me to St. Mary's. He was a teacher, but he was okay. It seemed like we were in the car for ages, but it was probably about an hour, maybe less. When we got there, he introduced me the SNR [REDACTED], Mr LNI [REDACTED]. I was told to do as I was told.

### *Mornings and bedtime*

65. There were dormitories upstairs and we were split into houses, like at St. Ninian's. I can't remember which house I was in. The dormitories were surrounded by walls that were half glass, so you could see into the corridor and into the other dormitories as well. There were maybe twelve to twenty boys in each dormitory. We went to bed at around nine o'clock, but I can't remember the bedtime routine. I didn't have any problems with bed wetting. It did happen to other boys there, but I don't know how it was dealt with. I saw a boy with his sheets under him one morning and I guessed that he'd wet the bed.
66. We all got up in the morning at about seven. We were woken up by a bell. There was a big row of sinks at the end of the hallway. We got washed there, got our clothes on and went downstairs for breakfast. Whichever staff member was on duty would supervise us. Occasionally, LYT [REDACTED] would be on duty in the morning.

### *Washing and bathing*

67. There were showers rather than baths. There was a whole line of showers along a wall. There were no cubicles. There was a changing area with pegs where you hung your clothes up. We didn't have a shower very often. I think it was weekly. You went with the rest of your house. Boys would carry on in the showers, but there was no bullying there. It was supervised by various staff members, depending who was on duty.

### *Mealtimes/food*

68. The dining room was underneath the dormitories. There were tables laid out in lines and there were four boys to each table, but I can't remember how your place was selected. We were given three meals a day, breakfast, lunch and dinner. Breakfast was usually porridge. I can remember having cornflakes, but I don't think that was normal. There was a cook there, an old lady. There were boys working in the kitchen as well, helping to make the food. We went up to get our food and took it back to our tables. The food wasn't great, but it was edible. If you didn't like the food, you could scrape your plate and put it in the bin. If we were hungry in between meals, we didn't get anything but I worked in the bakery so I got enough food.

### *School/training*

69. There was a school at St. Mary's, but I didn't have any lessons there. It had a big gym with an indoor football area. I was getting to the age where there wasn't much teaching. You left school at fifteen in those days and I was fourteen going on fifteen. I think my schooling must have been finished, but I'm not too sure. There was a bakery in St. Mary's and I was working in there. There were a few of us there and we were being taught. I would go to the bakery after breakfast and I worked there all day. They cooked all their own things in St. Mary's and our bread and things were used within the school. The baker was a nice enough guy, within reason. We got paid, but it wasn't much.

### *Chores*

70. We had to clean the upstairs of St. Mary's. We used big bumpers to clean the dormitories and the passage way. They had to be buffed right up. I can't remember how often it was, but it was quite regular. They had to be kept really clean.

### *Leisure time/trips*

71. There was a big games room on the ground floor. There was a table for playing draughts and things like that. There was a TV and we could watch that at set times. There were plenty of books and I enjoyed reading. At the weekend, we were taken to the pictures or swimming on the Saturday. We never went on any holidays.

### *Birthdays and Christmas*

72. We didn't get any presents for our birthdays. I don't remember a Christmas at St. Mary's. I'm not sure whether I was there over Christmas.

### *Religious instruction*

73. There wasn't really a religious element at St. Mary's, although it was a Catholic school. There was a chapel in St. Mary's, but we just went there on a Sunday and that would be it.

### *Personal possessions*

74. We had a bedside locker. I didn't really have anything to put in it. It was basically my toothbrush and that was about it.

### *Visits/Inspections*

75. I never got any visits from my family. Some people did get visits and that was allowed. I never got visits from social workers, but Mr Hughes was the social worker within St.

Mary's. My dad died about six months after I arrived in St. Mary's and he took me to the funeral. He also took me to my mum's house one day. They were thinking of releasing me. Mr Hughes actually got another bed from St. Mary's to put in my mum's house, so that there would be space for me. You were allowed to go home every second week if your behaviour was good. I got to go home close to when I got home for good. They would take us to Buchanan Street Bus Station and leave us there. I got the bus to Bathgate from there.

#### *Healthcare*

76. I didn't see a dentist or have any dental treatment at St. Mary's. There was a nurse there. I think she did the cooking as well. I never went to see her.

#### *Running away*

77. When I got the job in the bakers at St. Mary's, I settled down for a while. However, after I'd been at St. Mary's for about six months, my father died. I got to go to the funeral, but I was taken straight back to St. Mary's. That cut me up a bit. I started absconding after that. I went back to what I had been at St. Ninian's and the first chance I got, I would be away. I absconded from St. Mary's loads of times. I had a friend there called [REDACTED]. We were pretty close. We would always run away together. St. Mary's was on the outskirts of Glasgow anyway. He was from the Bridgeton area, so it was easy enough to get there. I ran away because I hated the place. I hated the bullies and everything about it. We were always brought back by the police. They never asked us why we were running away and we never told them. We were more a nuisance to them than anything else.
78. I can remember running away on one occasion when [REDACTED] and I went away up the east coast. We broke into a shop at Carnoustie. We got some money and we went from there up to Macduff in Banff. We needed some clothes so we broke into a tailor's. We were staying in bed and breakfasts. We went out to catch the bus to Inverness in the morning. We weren't sure how far away Inverness was. We got caught at the bus stop. We were taken to court and we went up in front of a sheriff.

*Craiginches Prison, Aberdeen*

79. When [REDACTED] and I were taken to court for breaking into the shop in Macduff, we were remanded to Criaginches Prison in Aberdeen. I always knew that was totally wrong. We were actually in the prison for about two weeks. We were only fourteen. It was an adult prison and it was for older prisoners, over 35.
80. [REDACTED] and I had nits. When we were taken to the prison, I laughed at [REDACTED] because he got his head shaved. I didn't know that it'd be my turn next. We were put into one of the big halls in the prison. There were lots of cells. We were on the first flat, in cells next door to each other. We never got in with the rest of the prison population, but prisoners would come and look through our peepholes and shout through to us. It was just daft things, but I was only a bairn and I was terrified. [REDACTED] had caught a pigeon and he killed it. A boy came to my door and was shouting at me, calling me a murderer. I said it wasn't me and [REDACTED] must have got it as well.

**Abuse at St. Mary's**

*Bullying*

81. St. Mary's was bad for bullying. It was worse in St. Mary's than it had been at St. Ninian's because the boys were a lot older. If you weren't from Glasgow, you were a Teuchter. The older boys would hit you and throw their weight around, just for the fun of it. You learned to stay out of their way. I remember I was sleeping one night in the dormitory. I woke up and this bully was peeing on me. I can't remember his name. He was a big, red-haired boy. He was a lot older than me. He would get out of the school to go on a work placement. I didn't see him much during the day because he was out, but he liked to throw his weight about at night time. He was known as '[REDACTED]', which meant that he was the best fighter in the school.

### *Physical abuse*

82. After [REDACTED] and I were remanded to Craiginches, we taken back to St. Mary's. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED]. He told us to get in the showers. We thought that was it, we'd just get a shower and that would be it. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] came in with the belt and he leathered us while we were in the showers. He hit us anywhere and everywhere. That's the only time I can remember being hit all over my body at St. Mary's and the only time I was abused by a staff member. The rest of the time, I was hit on the hands but that was normal. The belt was used quite a lot at St. Mary's. We'd get the belt for fighting or if we'd done something stupid. I can't remember there being any other forms of discipline at St. Mary's.

### **Reporting of abuse at St. Mary's**

83. To my knowledge, the bullies were never dealt with at St. Mary's. The staff would have been aware that it was happening. I never told anybody about the bullying. It wasn't the done thing and you knew yourself that it would just get worse. I didn't think I would be believed if I did report anything. It was just the situation we were in and if we reported it, we were more likely to get into bother. I never even told my mum about it because I didn't want to worry her. I just tried to keep myself to myself and stayed with my friend, [REDACTED].

### **Leaving St. Mary's**

84. I was fourteen nearly fifteen when I left St. Mary's. Mr Hughes, the social worker, told me that I was getting to go home the next day. He said I'd been out of bother and I'd been good. It was a great feeling, walking away from the place. After I left, I got a job in the shovel works in Bathgate. I got the job by myself. My older brother worked there. It was okay and it was good to make some money. I only did that for a couple of months. I kept out of bother for a while and then eventually I got into trouble again.

85. I was into all sorts. I was running about with boys from the Bathgate area, causing trouble. One Saturday, I was with my pal. He went on ahead and I used the public toilets. When I came out of the toilets, these two boys jumped me and I got a severe doing. I caught up with my pal near the youth centre we had been going to. The two boys who had jumped me were going to a party down the road. My pal had a tattie knife. I told him to give it to me. I was going to stab one of the guys who jumped me, but it snapped on his coat. We were fighting. I picked up a brick and hit the boy with it.

**On remand in Gilmerton Remand Centre, Edinburgh and Saughton Prison, Edinburgh**

86. I was arrested and taken to a remand centre in the Gilmerton area of Edinburgh. I wasn't there for very long. I got into trouble there. I was fighting. They had rooms that were like cells upstairs. I was locked in there and then taken up to Saughton Prison. I was put in Forth Hall. I was locked up in the bottom flat of Forth Hall. My brother, [REDACTED], was also in Forth Hall. I could see him through the spy hole, but I wasn't allowed to speak to the other prisoners. I was kept away from them because of my age. My brother used to get his pal to pass a fag down to me in a plastic cup on the end of a piece of string.
87. I was in Forth Hall for ages and then they moved me to the hospital wing. I was in a wee cell on the bottom flat of the hospital wing. They locked me in there for a long time. I got taken out for exercise. I would be taken to walk up and down a path for about an hour and then I was locked back up again. That was the only activity I got at Saughton. I was kept completely separate from the older prisoners. I heard plenty, but I never saw anybody. I was just along from where the doctor would be so I heard prisoners coming in and out.
88. I think I was in Saughton for a couple of months. I then went up to court and the Sheriff sent me to St. John's. I probably could have had a lawyer, but I didn't have one. I was never given a set time that I was going to be at St. John's, I was just sent there. I felt like, "Here we go again."

## **St. John's School, Edinburgh Road, Glasgow**

89. I was fifteen when I went to St. John's. I was taken from the court to St. John's. I was met by someone who showed me where I would be sleeping, where my kit would be and stuff like that. I thought it was okay. My experiences at St. John's weren't quite as bad as St. Ninian's and St. Mary's. There were dormitories upstairs. The dining hall was on the ground floor. They had a wee swimming pool in the building.
90. It was all boys at St. John's. The boys were of a similar age to St. Mary's, but maybe a bit older. I was in the middle of the age range. Some were younger than me and some of the boys were older and got out to work. I think there about forty boys there, but there might have been more. The headmaster was an Englishman named Mr Gargan. We didn't see much of him. I can't remember the names of any of the other staff, but I can picture them.

### **Routine at St. John's**

#### *Mornings and bedtime*

91. There were about ten boys in each dormitory. We had a locker next to our beds. The toilets were at either end of the corridor outside the dormitories. We were woken up by the night watchman, but that was the only time we ever saw him. We would get washed, put our clothes on and go downstairs to the dining area. We went to bed at around nine o'clock. I didn't see any issues with bed wetting there.

#### *Washing/bathing*

92. We showered together in batches. It was supervised by staff.



### *Mealtimes/food*

93. I think we could sit wherever we wanted. There were two women who did the cooking. Meals were supervised by staff. If you didn't like the food, you could just put it in the bin. The food was okay. We had three meals a day and we had enough to eat.

### *Education/training*

94. I didn't get any schooling at St. John's. I was allocated to work in a garden on the grounds of St. John's, growing things. I was mainly doing weeding. I would also sterilise the soil. I had to shovel it into this machine. It would be smoking and then it would come out the other end. I wasn't taught anything, I was just told what to do. It was just a job rather than a lesson. We got pocket money for it, but it wasn't a lot.

### *Chores*

95. We had to do cleaning at St. Mary's. We would sweep up, use the bumper and dust. I think we did that most days.

### *Leisure time*

96. After dinner, we had some leisure time in the evening. We could play table tennis or go and watch TV. There were board games and plenty of books around. St. John's was okay that way. There wasn't much to do at the weekend if you didn't get to go home. They took us swimming, but that was about it. We didn't go on any holidays.

### *Birthdays and Christmas*

97. I don't remember being there at Christmas, but I was there over the winter. I ran away just before my sixteenth birthday.

### *Religious instruction*

98. St. John's was a Catholic school, but it wasn't as religious as St. Ninian's. We had to go to mass on a Sunday and Benediction on a Thursday. That was about it.

### *Personal possessions*

99. We were allowed to smoke at St. John's. There was a tuck shop and we could buy fags there. I would spend my pocket money on fags.

### *Visits/Inspections*

100. People did get visits, but I never got any. I never saw a social worker. By that time, my mum was really bed-ridden. After a certain amount of time and if you're behaviour was good, you got to go home at the weekend. I got to go home a couple of times, but not often.

### *Healthcare*

101. There was a nurse, but I never had to go and see her. Her room was just beside the dining room. I never saw a doctor or a dentist there.

### *Running away*

102. I had one pal who I ran away with, [REDACTED]. I ran away about three times. I'd had enough of the place and was running away for an adventure. I just didn't think I was ever going to get out of there. I didn't feel as if there was any end in sight. The first two times, I just went home. I would get arrested and taken back to St. John's by the police. The third time, we went up to Dundee. We came back down and got into bother in Stirling. We were caught there and were locked up in Longriggend, a remand centre, while they did reports on us.

### *Discipline*

103. St. John's was pretty strict, but not unnecessarily so. We would get the belt for fighting and things like that. We would be belted on the hands. We knew what we were getting it for.

### **Abuse at St. John's**

#### *Bullying*

104. I didn't get bullied in St. John's. There were boys there who I had been with in the other approved schools, so I was alright. Some boys would bully the younger boys, so there was quite a bit of bullying. Nothing was done about it.

#### *Physical abuse*

105. At lights out, there was a carry-on in the dormitory I was in. The night watchman told one of the teachers, Mr [redacted]. He blamed me, but it wasn't me. Mr [redacted] dragged me out of my bed by the hair before any of the other kids were up. He dragged me into his side office, where whoever was on night duty would be. I was smashed up and down the place. He kicked me, slapped me and punched me in the side. He hit me about the head as if he was hitting a man. I wasn't injured but I was really sore. That only happened on one occasion and I never saw anything like that happen to anybody else. I never told anybody and this is the first time I've spoken about it.

### **Leaving St. John's**

106. I absconded from St. John's about a month before my sixteenth birthday. I got into bother in Stirling and was remanded to Longriggend for reports. I didn't see a social worker while I was at Longriggend. I went back to court in Stirling and that was when I was sent to borstal. I didn't have a lawyer at court and nobody went over the reports

with me. I think it was just read out to the judge, but I wasn't involved. I wasn't given an idea of how long I would be going to Polmont for. I was taken straight from the court to Polmont.

### **Polmont Borstal Institution**

107. I was in Polmont for a year. I had just turned sixteen when I was sent there. I wasn't looking forward to getting there. Initially, I went to allocation, which was a big hall. It was like a prison with cells off the landings. The staff wore civilian clothes, but they treated us like we were in the army. We had to sit and stand when we were told. We spent half the time buffing up our boots. The governor of allocations was really strict. We had to do marching, every day. It didn't matter where we were going, we had to march. You were there for about two months until they allocated you to whatever hall they were sending you to. I was allocated to North Wing.

### **Routine at Polmont**

#### *Mornings and bedtime*

108. I slept in a cell at night, just like a prison. Each landing had rows of cells. I was on the second landing. There were toilets and communal showers half way along the landing. There was a gym, which was just as you came out of the allocation hall. It was an old building.
109. Every morning, at six o'clock, we had to get up and get our gym kit on. We would march to the gym and we had to run round in circles for about an hour. We then marched back to our cells, marched out of our cells to get fed and marched back to our cells again. I then marched back out to go to the pallets.

110. At night time, we would go and get a mug of tea. We then went to our cells and the door would be locked and that was it for the night. We had a chancy pot in our cells for peeing in. We had to slop out.

#### *Mealtimes*

111. There was a dining hall with four to a table. I think we just sat where we wanted to sit. We would queue up to get our food from the hatch. The food was okay. It wasn't great, but we didn't have to eat it. There were quite a few staff supervising the meal times.

#### *Work*

112. I was never offered any lessons at Polmont. There were classrooms so others must have gone to classes, but I was never taught anything. I was given a job doing the pallets for forklifts. We made them and repaired them. We got paid for that, but it wasn't a lot. We could buy things from a canteen, but we weren't allowed to smoke.
113. Your cell floor had to be shining. Everything had to be spotless. We had to make our bedding up into blocks, blanket, sheet, blanket, sheet and one wrapped round it. We had to clean the cell floor and clean the toilets. I remember one occasion when there were two officers on duty. One of them was sitting with his feet on the steps. I had to come out of my cell and brush his shoes for him, while he was wearing them. I think it was just a show of power. It made me feel pretty small. That only happened once.

#### *Leisure time*

114. I didn't have any personal possessions in my cell. We weren't really allowed to have them. I did have access to books. There was a section where you could go and get books. It wasn't a library as such, but shelves of books. I was able to read when I was locked up. Other than that, there was nothing to do in your cell. We had to do star jumps, press-ups and run round the gym.

### *Birthdays and Christmas*

115. I wasn't religious, but you would have been allowed to practice your religion if you were. At Christmas, we were allowed a parcel from the outside, from our parents. The food was also better. That was about it. There were no birthday celebrations.

### *Visits/Inspections*

116. I had one visit at Polmont. My brother and my mum came to see me. It was an half hour visit which took place in a classroom area. I wrote letters home regularly, but I never received any.

### *Healthcare*

117. I don't remember seeing a doctor or a dentist, but there would have been healthcare facilities. I never bothered to complain about toothache after St. Ninian's.

### *Discipline*

118. I couldn't run away at Polmont. I would have, if I'd had the chance. I was pretty well-behaved there. Discipline was dealt with by sending prisoners to the digger, which meant you were isolated. That never happened to me, but I knew people who were. You could be sent there for up to thirty days at a time. In North Wing, the digger was actually underneath the hall, downstairs.
119. There was bullying wherever I went, including at Polmont. I wasn't bullied there. The staff were like army officers. They were never physical towards me and I didn't see any abuse at Polmont. You didn't see much because you were locked up and then you went to do what you were doing. It was a mixture of being in the army and being in prison.

## **Leaving Polmont**

120. I was in Polmont for nine months. Nothing was done to prepare me for leaving. I was told that I was being released about a week beforehand. That was it, they opened the door and away you went.

## **Life after leaving care**

121. After I left Polmont, I ended up back in Bathgate staying with my mother. I got job in the chicken factory, but I only lasted about a month. I got into more bother again and ended up in the Young Offenders' Institute in Edinburgh. I got out of there and ended up in more bother. I ended up back in. I was in and out of prison right up until the age of 26. It was a waste of time. I was mixing with people who were committing crime. It was what I was used to.
122. When I wasn't in prison, I lived with my mum and brothers, [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. We were all getting into bother. I never took drugs, but my brother, [REDACTED], got himself hooked on heroin. He got the virus and eventually died. He had been in care as well, in St. John Bosco's, Aberdour and St. John's, Springboig. After leaving care, he was mainly in young offenders' and prison.
123. I got married when I was nineteen, but the marriage didn't work out. I met someone else and moved to Fife. I settled down and gave up crime. I realised it didn't work. My last conviction was when I was 26, although it was for offences a couple of years before that.
124. Life was okay. I was always working. I worked as a manual labourer, in factories and on building sites. I worked with rough casters for a while. I lived in Fife for about twenty years. I have two children, who still live in Fife. I see my kids and I have four grandchildren, aged twelve to fifteen. I came back to Bathgate and got married again when I was forty.

125. I worked up until 2006, but then I couldn't manage due to ill health. I've had psoriasis since I was a child. It developed into psoriatic arthritis in the 1990s. My toes splay and buckle. It's very painful. It makes it difficult to walk or stand for any length of time. I also have Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disorder.

### **Impact**

126. I feel that my experiences in care wasted my chances. If I hadn't gone to St. Ninian's in the first place, I don't think I would have ended up in prison. It's not in my nature. It just seemed to snowball and I went from one place to the next. The education I got could have been better. I only ever worked in manual labour. I'm not saying that I'm super intelligent or anything like that, but I believe that I could have done better if I'd had the chance.

127. I'm a total atheist now. I don't believe in anything. I think it's because of my experiences in care. How can a religious man behave like Brother Benedict? It wouldn't have happened if it was true.

128. I try not to think about my time in care. It's depressing. When I do think about it, it tends to depress me for a while. I was getting treatment for depression from my doctor, but I didn't like the tablets he was giving me. I was prescribed amitriptyline and it was playing with my head. I get painkillers already and I didn't want to take too many drugs, not after what happened to my brother. I've never been offered any counselling. It might have helped years ago, but not now. I'm too old for that now.

129. I'm an alcoholic. I've been dry for over nine years. I don't think I'll ever go back to it. I can't even have a wee glass to celebrate. I'd always had difficulties with alcohol. It got worse about thirty years ago. I was constantly drunk for about twenty years. I lost jobs, lost relationships. I don't know whether my alcoholism is connected to my experiences in care. It could have happened either way.



130. It's hard to say whether my physical health problems are linked to my time in care. I can't say whether I would have been a healthy person if I hadn't been in care, but my psoriasis did flare up every time I started worrying about things.
131. I've always tried to analyse myself. I don't seem to feel the emotional side of things. I don't feel emotionally attached to anybody. There's a barrier up. I can walk away from things and it doesn't bother me. That's just the way I am. I think that's because of my time at approved school. It affected me as a father. How could I just walk away? It's not that I don't feel emotion, I do. I just seem to put up a barrier and nothing seems to affect me. It's hard to explain. I find it hard to interact and I'm a bit of a loner now. I tend to be standoffish and it gives people the wrong impression. I watch too much and expect something's going to happen.

### **Records**

132. I've never asked for my records. I don't even know who to ask. I'd like to get my records and get an idea of timescales and things like that.

### **Reporting of Abuse**

133. I've never spoken to anybody about what happened when I was in care, apart from the Inquiry and the police. Before I phoned the police, I thought about it and thought about it and thought that what happened couldn't be right. I contacted the police about fifteen years ago. The police didn't say anything at the time. They asked me if I wanted to report it and I said that I did. A detective came to visit me and took a statement. I didn't have any contact with the police after I gave my statement. The next thing I heard, I received a citation for the High Court. Nobody came to ask me if I wanted to be a witness or anything like that. I read about St. Ninian's going to court, then I received the citation. It was then in the papers when the court case started. There had been loads of other boys involved.

134. The High Court trial was about eight years ago. I knew Brother Benedict and McKenna were standing trial. [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] I was very nervous about going to court. I waited at court for two days, but I wasn't called to give evidence. Nobody explained why I wasn't called and I didn't see a lawyer at court. There was another boy waiting there as well, but he never got called either. The usher just came in and told us that we were free to go home. I was relieved about that.
135. I saw Brother Benedict at the High Court. He wasn't that terrifying. When I was a child, he was big and fat and he had rosy cheeks. He'd lost a lot of weight. He was kind of frail looking and I wondered what I had been afraid of him for.
136. When the trial finished, nobody got in touch to tell me the outcome. I saw it on the news. The three men were found guilty, but I don't know what the actual charges were. They were sentenced to three years imprisonment.
137. The police got in touch with me in November of last year. They asked if they could come and take a statement. A DC Leak based at Springburn came to see me and went through my old statement. She asked if I had anything to add. She asked if I would be happy to be a witness again and I told her that I would. I then thought about it and I didn't really want to do it again. When I was at court previously, I had a splitting sore head because of the nerves and the pressure and you're there all day. I phoned the police to tell them that I didn't want to give evidence and they said they'd take a note of it, but I might still get called.
138. There was a lawyer acting for ex-pupils at St. Ninian's shortly after the criminal trial. He was based in a big Glasgow law firm. He was going to try and sue St. Ninian's in the civil courts. He added me to the list of claimants, but it turned out that it was time-barred so that was that. I did get £3000 Criminal Compensation about eight or nine years ago, after the High Court trial.

**Lessons to be learned**

139. I think nowadays things have changed. More people are interested in children's physical and mental well-being. Back then, you were dumped and that was it. Children should have someone they can go and talk to. Somebody needs to explain to them what's happening and that it's not going to be forever. I hope that things will get better for children in care.
140. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed...  .....

Dated... 13th february 2020 .....